

Hexed-Up Bimbos (Bimbo TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Commissioned by Razor-Croc

Matthew and Jared are two good friends out on the town trying to pick up girls. But when the more jock-like Jared ticks off the wrong woman, he finds himself the victim of an unjustly cruel curse that changes his body to that of a hot bimbo. By sheer accident, the magic infects Matthew as well, and soon the two former men are struggling to save themselves as their minds become increasingly bimbo-like too.

Hexed-Up Bimbos

The Club

As usual, Matthew was being dragged to a club by his best friend Jared, who was intent on playing wingman for his friend.

“This is another harebrained scheme to get me a date, isn’t it?” Matthew asked.

Jared grinned at his friend. “Of course it is. C’mon man, you haven’t had a hot date in months.”

“I don’t think I’d hate a *hot* date in years, to be fair.”

“That’s exactly why we gotta find you a nice girl, even if just to have some fun with!”

Matthew sighed, giving into his friend’s doggedness as they entered a bar called *The Porter*. It wasn’t one Matthew had been before, being tucked away on the fringe of the city centre and easily missable. Its interior was vibrant, with exciting lights, a waiting line at the bar, and an exciting vibe. Numerous patrons were dancing to the bass tones of the loud music, while others were relaxing in the recessed shadows of the booths lining the walls. There were many people his own age there, particularly some rather attractive women.

Better than the last place he dragged me to. That was a disaster.

It wasn’t really Jared’s fault. Sure, his friend was a bit of a jock, but he was a good dude. He could just come across as a little meat headed at times. His mouth had a habit of working independently of his brain, and when he latched onto an idea he was sort of like a dog: eager to pursue it no matter how badly it turned out. He was used to life working out for him, so he often assumed (wrongly) that the same applied to others. He thought of himself as a bit of a player, and you could even see it when looking at him. Jared had a tall, fit muscular figure with a classically square jaw and tousled brown hair. He had a charming smile that often got him the attention of the ladies, and he knew it, which didn’t exactly help with his slight ego.

Matthew, on the other hand, was much more the nerd of the two. He had an average build and height, especially compared to Jared's 6'2 stature, and had dark hair that often refused to behave, sticking up even after he used a variety of hair care products. It gave him a bit of a kiddish look, despite being twenty years old, and with his slighter frame it made picking up dates a bit harder. Still he wasn't ugly, just average, so he had the occasional success in relationships, some of which he had Jared to thank for by association. The two had been friends since they were teenagers, and even if they were quite different in many ways, their taste in movies, games, and love of nights out kept them close enough to share an off campus apartment together, which was the location for more than a few hijinks. The kind of hijinks Jared was taking him on right now.

Okay, this place actually looks quite nice, he thought.

"See? I told you it wouldn't be so bad, Matt," Jared said, patting him a little too hard on the back. "Remember, drinks are on me! Happy twentieth birthday!"

Matthew chuckled at his friend's words. "Well, I turned twenty last week."

"Yeah, but we got so drunk we can barely remember what happened, so I thought something a little more low-key for my mate would work best. Maybe get some romance brewing, eh?"

Matthew rolled his eyes. *Yep, he's set on this, alright. Still, it wouldn't be terrible to find a date, I suppose. It has been a while.*

"Okay, okay!" he said. "Since you aren't letting this go, and you're intent on playing wingman, then at least get me a nice bourbon."

"I'll get us *two*," Jared said, giving his usual charming grin before strutting to the bar. Matthew couldn't help but feel just a little bit jealous as he noticed a couple of women checking his friend out already. He had a bit of an uphill climb in the presence of his friend and roommate, but the truth was Jared was a loyal mate, and no doubt was going to do his best to score Matthew a date. While he waited, Matthew stood back, enjoying the vibe of the place but finding it difficult to occupy a specific place. With his more shy demeanour, he was well aware that he found clubs a little difficult despite their innate enjoyment: he needed Jared to help build his confidence, otherwise he just stood in the corner and swayed slowly to the music, probably looking like a bit of a loser.

God, I'm doing exactly just that. And trying not to stare at the hot girls.

That was one thing he knew well: an attractive chick in a tight cocktail dress appreciating your stares a lot more if you were good looking. Less so if you were just kind of average. Matthew was just glad he wasn't ugly, or else he'd have no chance. Still, he couldn't help but keep his eye on a deeply attractive young woman by a corner booth. She had long blonde hair, almost platinum blonde in fact, and a face that looked ripped right out of one of his favourite old noir films: defined eyebrows and perfect cheekbones. She was

wearing a red dress that showed plenty of desirable cleavage - she must have been a full D or even Double-D cup - and the rest of the dress revealed a stunning body, at least from what he could see from his position. Certainly, sitting as she was sideways to him, it was easy to see she had a set of beautifully long, shapely legs that ended in impressive high heels.

Jesus, she's on another level. I think even Jared would have a hard time landing her.

She was on her own, but seemed to be enjoying the ambience of the place, and it made Matthew want to not distract her. Not that he was confident enough to approach her in the first place, but unlike his friend, he was pretty good at sensing when people wanted to be left alone.

It was at that point that Jared returned, holding a glass of strong drink.

"Here you go buddy, now let's find a nice hot date to - Woahhh! Holy fuck! Get a load of that chick? Is that who you were just looking at?"

It took a moment for Matthew to reply. He was too busy thinking, *whoever that girl is, she's the most gorgeous thing I've ever seen.*

"Uh, yeah, I guess I noticed her."

Jared ribbed him in the side playfully. As the music continued to play loudly, he spoke just loud enough so that only Matthew could hear.

"Just noticed her, huh? You'd have to be blind not to! Get a load of that sick rack - those titties have got to be E-cups or something. And those babymaking hips, fuck yeah. I'm gonna go talk to her."

Matthew chuckled. "I think she might even be out of your league, buddy."

"Nonsense, chicks dig jocks like me. I got that gym bro look that girls like her go wild for. But I'm not trying to chat her up for myself - I'm going to hype *you* up to go out with her."

Matthew nearly coughed. "Dude, that is so not happening! Look at her!"

But Jared was already moving towards her.

"Nonsense!" he said. "After I accidentally got us too piss drunk on your birthday, I owe you one. Trust me dude, I'm taking one for the team here: I'm gonna set you up with this chick. Ride or die as best friends, right?"

Matt sighed. "Fine! But don't be surprised if this all blows up in our faces again!"

"Not a chance!"

Jared moved to talk to the woman, and Matt simply watched from a distance. He tried to act casual as possible, leaning against part of the wall and tapping his foot to the music. It probably wasn't working for him. He'd always prided himself on his intelligence - he was among the top highest scoring students in his college physics courses, after all - but when it came to social dynamics, he always felt a little out of place. And on the dance floor, he most definitely had two left feet. It would certainly take some impressive hyping up by his best

friend to make a woman like that even consider him for a date, let alone the pleasures of a one night stand. Still, he couldn't help but imagine it: what it would be like to hold those big, soft boobs in his hands and thrust into a woman like her. It made him a little hopeful.

Those hopes were dashed as he turned his attention back to Jared and the woman.
Uh oh. He's doing it again.

He loved Jared like a brother. A big brother, given he was just one year older. But some brothers could be total morons and not take a clue, and Jared could be like that when a woman was clearly trying to fob him off. Matthew could only overhear some snippets over the loud music, but he heard enough.

"I'm telling you, he's a real cool guy. A hot, sexy lady like you would love him!"

"Gross to comment on my body like that. I'm not interested, *again*. I don't care if he's . . ."

". . . not like that. It's not harassment, I was just thinking, a gorgeous lady with a figure like yours - I mean, you're practically showing off those big . . .

". . . uck you, you pervert. This is your last chance, or you're going to regret it, okay? I don't appreciate being bothered when . . .

". . . fine, fine! Jesus! I'll leave you alone. It's not like you were dressed to impress or anything, wearing that tight number, but whatever! Have a good night teasing guys who are just interested."

Matt cringed a little. Jared was a little tipsy and insistent, and clearly the woman hadn't appreciated it. Still, at least it had ended, and Jared had given up.

At least, that's what he thought for a moment. That particular impression was shattered as Jared muttered rather loudly under his breath, his tipsiness getting the better of him.

"Fucking bimbo," he spat.

The woman stood in a huff, her perfect body turning towards Jared, who was already walking away.

"YOU KNOW WHAT?" she shouted over the music, loud enough for both of them to easily hear. "YOU DO DESERVE TO REGRET IT!"

Jared spun, putting up his hands in a placating fashion.

"Hey, look lady, I didn't realise you could hear me! Really. I'm just a little tipsy and was trying to play wingman for my friend."

"You called me a fucking bimbo!"

"Well, I guess if the shoe fits, right?" He seemed to realise he had gone too far, because he scratched the back of his head. "Ah shit. Look, that was a bit much. I'm not usually like this. It's the alcohol, maybe."

“Maybe!” she declared, extending out a hand. “But frankly I don’t give a shit. I’ve had guys bother me all night, hitting on me and commenting on my body. I don’t care if your friend was the hottest, most gentlemanly guy on the planet, I just want to be left alone. And unluckily for you, I have the power to punish even this slight annoyance in a way you will regret for the rest of your freaking life.”

Jared shared a glance briefly to Matthew, who just shrugged.

What is this woman going on about? Seriously, she sounds nuts!

“Whatever, I misspoke, I’m sorry and I mean it,” Jared said, backing away. “If that was a dick move then I own it. I won’t bother you again.”

She just gave a mad grin, her hand still extended, and now tracing little patterns in the air. “Oh, you’re right about that, *mister*. You won’t give the slightest bother to me ever again. You want to comment on a woman’s body, point out her big tits and her tight ass and her wide hips? You want to call her a bimbo and act like she just has to take it? Well, maybe it’s time *you* took it. Maybe it’s time *you* learned a lesson. One that will change you for the rest of your life.”

She waved her hand, speaking in some strange tone, and then she walked away.

“The actual fuck was that?” Jared asked me as he returned. “That bitch was genuinely terrifying to me.”

“Must be Wicca or something,” Matt replied. *Or maybe just a mentally ill chick or something. That look she gave was wild.*

“Yeah, she was crazy, that’s for sure.” Jared said, before grinning. “Crazy hot though, am I right?”

I chuckled. “What did you even say to her to get *that* kind of reaction?”

“That’s just the thing! I didn’t say anything crude at all, dude. Well, okay, I did comment on her body a bit. And with those perfect tits staring me right in the face, how could I *not* mention them? But I wasn’t even ogling or anything - that was a big effort, I can tell you that. I just took a couple of peaks. Maybe four or five. I guess she noticed. But mostly I just said she looked a little lonely and that I had the perfect friend she could get to know. She told me she wasn’t interested, and look, I admit I was a *little* insistent that you were a great guy who knew how to show a lady a good time and all. She tried to get me to go away, and maybe - just maybe - I said a hot girl like her should be looking for a good time, and that those hips of hers weren’t made for sitting. But, like, I didn’t even say a word about how hot that dress looked on her.”

Matthew put an arm around his bigger friend, chuckling a little. “Man, you totally fucked up dude. Even worse than I would have! Well, I guess you’ve finally learned what it’s like to be rejected by a woman who’s hotter than you. Doesn’t happen too often to the great Jared, I bet.”

“Barely ever, though I can’t say I’ve ever had that reaction before. A lifelong change! Oohhh, scary! Let’s go and dance up on some other, less uptight chicks instead. I’ll show you how to get them really going for you.”

I doubt I’ve even got the confidence, Matt thought. “Sure,” he said. “I’ll give it a try.”

“Nice, and maybe we can still find you a hot blonde with big - NNghh!!”

Panic filled Matthew’s chest as his friend suddenly doubled over. He managed to catch him, but Jared looked to be in serious pain, holding his midsection and groaning loudly.

“Dude, are you okay? You look like you’re hurting, what’s happening?”

Jared cried out, causing a number of the club goers to look in their direction.

“It’s my s-stomach!” he grunted, his breaths coming quick and heavy. “It f-feels like it’s on f-fucking fire! And m-my chest t-too! G-God! FUUCK!”

Matthew helped pull him up, and his friend swayed briefly. His face was covered in a sheen of sweat already, and his eyes were darting about in a panic.

He looks like he’s having a heart attack.

“We need to get you out of her and call an ambulance!” Matt said.

Jared nodded, groaning through his clenched teeth at what must have been an excruciating pain.

“The s-side door! Let’s g-go! OOhhhhh - Nnghh!”

They moved quickly, Matthew helping his friend escape out the side of the building. A number of other heads turned their way, but all in all they were just a distraction from the nightclub fun, and quickly ignored. The two friends burst out the fire exit and shut the door. They were in a dark, grungy alley that was mainly lit by the ambient light of the nightclub signs and the streetlights beyond. It was a perfect place for privacy, and Matthew was glad he was able to hear his friend and call an ambulance.

“What’s happening Jared?” he asked. “Talk to me!”

His friend let loose a scream that was lost in the background noise of the city, but certainly loud to Matt’s ears.

“EEeEEeEEeUuUURGGGGHHHhhh!!”

He pulled away from Matthew, practically *shoving* him away and knocking the phone from his hand. It spiralled off into a dark corner somewhere, but Matt barely paid attention to its loss: he was staring in shock at his friend, whose body was, impossibly, *transforming*. Jared’s skin was shifting, lightening a little in pigmentation even as it took on a womanly softness. He scratched and clawed madly at his arms as the hair fell away, clearly feverish from the rampant itchiness the sensation was producing. He pushed back against the wall again, nearly injuring himself as his fingers audibly *cracked*, before thinning down to become oddly dainty and slender.

“Oh G-God! What’s - Agghhh! - what’s h-happening to m-me!”

His neck suddenly cracked, and for a moment Matthew was filled with a piercing dread that something had broken, and his friend died. Jared’s eyes went wide, but he quickly twisted again, silent in pain as his Adam’s apple practically *wrenched* back into the skin, his neck slimming dramatically. He grasped it, wheezing as he collapsed further into the corner.

“C-C-Call . . . c-call the amb - ambulance! AHhhhh . . .”

More of his features stretched and changed. Matthew was momentarily frozen in terror as he saw his friend’s eyebrows thin, becoming defined and feminine. His shoulders shrunk in with two large *CRACKS*, causing him to yelp in a voice that rose in octave as the changes to his neck completed.

“CALL THEM!” he whined, his voice breaking again. “Everything h-hurts! IT WON’T STO-OHHHH!!!”

“I - shit! I’ll find the phone. You knocked it around somewhere here.”

“Be q-quick,” he cried arching his back. Vertebrae by vertebrae audibly *crunched* as he impossibly shrunk in height.

His voice broke up yet another octave, now sounding positively womanly, like a high shriek by a girl who’s seen a spider nearby. As his cry reached its crescendo, his hair extended, pushing out of his scalp rapidly. He clutched the sides of his head and screamed, more hair pouring forth, which was now a dark dirty blonde instead of its chestnut brown colour.

“My h-hair! What - MPHMPH!!”

Matt looked up from the grimy edge of the alley where he was scrambling to find his phone.

“Holy shit Jared, your lips!”

His friend was momentarily unable to speak as his lips puffed up. They became big and full, exactly like those of the girls Jared preferred to chat up and date: the kind he referred to as ‘nice, big, dick sucking lips.’ And now they were his!

“Ph-phone!” he cried, voice becoming ever softer, ever more sultry. He twisted, writhed and squirmed as tendons shifted, pulled, stretched. His wrists twisted in unnatural ways, cracking loudly, only to be left thin and womanly. His hips stretched the confines of his casual pants, growing inch by terrible inch in a way that was clearly agonising. Tears ran down his eyes as he pleaded, but torn between the impossible view of his friend’s changing body and the dark grit of the alleyway, he was struggling to find it.

“I’m trying! I’m trying!” he cried, panicking.

Where is it? Where the fuck is it? And how the fuck is Jared turning into a - into a woman!

The thought was accompanied by yet another horrifically high screech from his friend. Matt finally found his phone part way down a small gutter, yet couldn't help but look over first to see what fresh terror was awaiting his friend. He could barely think, barely believe what he was seeing.

"M-my HIPS! OH GOD, MY HIPS! THEY'RE S-STRETCHING! AARGGH!!!

Tears streamed down Jared's eyes, which had shifted from a hazel colour to a grey-blue. Matthew hadn't even noticed. But it was a small fry change compared to what Jared was experiencing. The man's former jock body was unrecognisable, but now it was taking on what could only be described as a pure hourglass shape. With an audible *POP* his hips seemed to dislocate from his pelvis, causing him to collapse against a trash can. He whined furiously, and Matthew was overcome with pity for his friend.

"C-CALL! F-FUCKING C-CALL!!"

Matthew scrambled with the phone, even as Jared screamed again, his voice now undeniably that of a woman, his hips popping out yet further. His thighs swelled, and he scrambled to unbuckle his belt.

"WAIT! H-help me FIRST!!"

Matthew had dialled 9-1-1 but didn't even know yet what to say. Whatever was happening was impossible. He heard the voice asking him to specify his emergency, but it was impossible to think clearly, everything was happening at once! His friend had to take priority: if his hips stretched any wider in his tight pants it could kill him!

"Hold on! Just a moment!" he yelled into the phone before dashing to his friend. "Jared! Put your hands away. Let me help!"

"MMHhmmmm . . . s-so painful. B-bones b-breaking and s-stretching! Why d-do I s-sound like a woman!? F-fuck! Am I b-becoming a woman? I - OOhhhhhh my d-dick!"

Matthew tried to control his breath as he helped unbuckle his friend's pants. The whole situation was a nightmare, but it worsened as Jared's newly daintified hands began to rub furiously at his crotch, as if he were in some kind of mad trance.

"Dude, I'm trying to help you here, why are you fucking masturbating right now?"

Jared groaned in a voice that was far too sexual for Matthew's liking.

"It's - oh God, it's so p-painful, but I f-feel so t-turned on. My b-balls, too much p-pressure! I need to g-get it all out dude!"

"Well, wait till I'm done!"

His face continued to beautify, his figure becoming more slender, yet curvy in around his ass and hips.

"I c-can't! I - I need to get it out! It's burning up inside m-meeeeee!"

Matthew just had to ignore it, even as the hard and impressively large erection of his friend tented out his trousers. Jared's hips popped out wider again, constraining the fabric,

and there was no telling if it would cause serious damage if the pants weren't removed: they were already nearly cutting into the skin. He unbuckled the belt, working around Jared's hands as they rubbed his own cock, and finally Matthew managed to get them freed. He pulled down the trousers just in time as his friend's hips expanded yet again, becoming wide and curvy. At the same time, Jared moaned like a whore in heat, his voice now oozing sexuality, and he pulled down the waistband of his underwear, exposing his meaty cock.

"What the fuck dude?"

"I c-can't help m-myself! OOHhhhhhHhhh!!!"

Oh shit, he's cumming, and I'm in the firing line!

Matthew stumbled back, but was too late to avoid what happened next. Jared cried out in a strange mix of what appeared to be pain and pleasure. Even as his waist pulled in tightly, he continued to stroke his girthy shaft, and suddenly it pulsed. The transforming man roared like a lion - no, a *lioness* - as his balls throbbed and his penis ejaculated. Thick streams of his cum shot through the air and landed across the alley.

"Oh God! Oh God! My d-dick! It's t-taking everything and I c-can't s-stop!"

His cock spurt more and more of his seed, expending all of it. *All of it*. White warm semen erupted from his manhood, but the manhood itself was shrinking rapidly, sucking back into his body. Matthew opened his mouth in shock as he saw his friend's flesh reconfigure into a pussy, his balls popping back into his body with a painful *PLOP PLOP*, shrinking away with each new ejaculation.

And then it happened. Some of the cum got on *him*.

Most of it landed on his shirt. Some of it landed on his face. A small glob of it landed on his *tongue* and in his *mouth*. He fell to coughing and wheezing in disgust.

Fuck, fuck, fuck! I've got his fucking cum in my mouth! What the hell is going on?

He gagged, trying to cough as much of it up as possible, but he knew deep down that a part of it had gone down his throat. He wiped away the sticky stream that landed on his face using his clothed forearm.

"I'm s-soooooooyyyy," Jared cried, now openly sobbing. "I c-couldn't help it! Now I've got a f-fucking pussy! A fucking pussy, Matthew! Jesus Christ, I - OOHhh! My - MY CHEST!!!"

For the smallest moment, before he turned his attention back to the insanity of what was occurring to his friend, Matthew thought he spotted something strange. A little flicker of energy that seemed to emanate around Jared's stain marks on his forearm, his shirt, even the small puddles of it on the ground. And from Matthew's own breath, after swallowing it. It looked sort of purple, little tendrils of coiling magic.

And for just the smallest moment, the taste of cum switched from tasting horribly, to having a delicious salty sweetness.

What the fuck? Did I just think of my friend's fucking cum as delicious?

He couldn't deny that it had tasted that way, for just the briefest second. And then he was back in reality, as his friend squealed in terrible new pain. A pain that Matthew could guess at what it signalled, as it was clearly centred on his chest. Jared panicked as he grasped and scratched and massaged his chest. He was clearly in torment, but his mental torment was perhaps worse. He now looked all female, gorgeous in fact. He had a seductive heart-shaped face with mysterious grey eyes and full, enticing lips. His hair was long, falling down predominantly over one shoulder, an attractive dark blonde colour that appeared shiny and lush. Her hips and ass were incredible, and her legs were like a femme fatale's, much like the woman who had evidently done something to him. But there was just one ingredient missing.

No, two ingredients, Matthew thought. Oh God, I'm so sorry Jared. You're about to grow a set of tits. She really did do something to you.

"Matthew - d-don't call the services! It's t-too late! I d-don't wanna end up on national TV or s-something. Just s-stay with me man! Fucking stay with MEEEEEE!"

Matthew held his hand, surprised at its softness, as the final change came over his friend. Jared cried out as his chest visibly expanded against his button shift. The shirt was quite loose now, given her reduced size, but not as loose as one might think: Jared had always liked shirts that strained against his figure, in order to show off his muscles.

They were showing off something altogether different now.

Jared managed to stand on two unsteady legs, aided by Matthew. He grit his teeth, groaning like a woman, as two round bumps began to expand from his previously impressive pectoral muscles. They grew slowly but implacably, increasing in size and heft.

"My nipples! They're g-growing! FUCK!! NGGHH!!"

Holy shit, they really are, thought Matthew. They're literally tenting out through his shit.

They throbbed visibly, hardening with arousal or fear or some strange mix of both. And still the breasts they sat on top of grew, the flesh pooling in magically. Jared wailed, relying on Matthew to keep him standing. He thrust out his chest, arching his back as if trying to push his own growing boobs as far away from him as possible. It only had the effect of revealing them more: due to his preference for low collars, a deep and alluring line of cleavage was increasingly on display, and diamonds of skin showing as the fabric grew taut.

The 9-1-1 operator asked again for specification in the background, and Matthew was briefly torn. But his friend shook his - or perhaps *her* head - even as she clenched her eyes shut in response to the overwhelming sensations.

"N-no! D-don't t-tell them! Fuck! They're s-so big and heavy!"

The buttons strained, and the material stretched so tightly that Matthew could hear the seams begin to give way. Jared was growing a more-than-impressive bust, and was

helpless to stop it. He placed his little hands over his expanding bosom, trying in vain to push it back in, and Matthew could only watch this partly-comical sight. Jared could barely keep his hands there for more than a few seconds before removing them back to his hips and thrusting out his chest yet further.

“Nooo - can’t f-fight it! They’re too. Damn. SENSITIVE!! NNGGHH!!!”

Matthew’s jaw fell as the shirt reached its breaking point - literally. One by one the buttons erupted from top to bottom, ping-pong off in different directions. Jared’s incredible breasts flopped out as the shirt burst apart, the top four buttons having shot off. The last hit Matthew square in the forehead.

Holy fuck, he’s stacked. She’s stacked.

His or her breasts were spectacular: they were either a large C or small D-cup. Not as big as the woman who had put a curse or hexed Jared but certainly a handful each regardless, and enough to form a lovely line of cleavage, being the size of well-proportioned mangoes. They wobbled impressively, large pink nipples still hard with what must have been arousal. Jared grunted, his breath quick in a way that caused his perky chest to rise and fall. The split shirt hugged the sides of his new, busty boobs, but no longer did anything to hide them.

“Tits! I’ve got fucking tits! Oh God, what the fuck has happened to me, Matt!?”

With each panted word, the former man’s chest bounced and jostled slightly. Her body was covered in sweat, yet despite her exhausted and pained look, Matt couldn’t deny that she looked unbelievably hot: as sexy as the woman who had - who had *hexed* Jared.

“That woman - we need to find her!” Jared said.

Jesus, even when trying to sound decisive, she just sounds like she’d begging to be fucked. The curse or whatever it is has done a number on her. I mean him!

“Yeah, yeah! Yeah! Of course. She turned you into a woman. She can turn you back. Can you walk?”

She nodded her head, setting off another series of wobbles on her impressive chest.

“I’m a fucking woman. How is this possible? What the fuck. What the actual fuck, dude. I’ve got a pussy. She took away my balls, man!”

“I know, I saw. You came all over me.”

“I couldn’t control myself!”

“Let’s just check in the club. Cover yourself as best as you can, alright?”

Jared nodded, but it was clear to Matthew that covering herself was more difficult than they assumed: the pants were too tight to go over her wide, baby-making hips, and her shirt was ruined. They had to make do by holding the shirt as far over her lower half as possible, all while hoping the deep v-neck of its front covered her tits long enough to avoid trouble. The result was a woman who looked like she’d fucked all night and was now

wearing her boyfriend's clothing, and her 'come get me' face with its full lips and longing eyes didn't help matters. Matthew gulped and looked away, leading her back into the club.

They spent the next hour searching to no avail. The woman was gone, and what's more no one could remember her whereabouts or who she was. She really had wanted to be left alone, and whether it was through magic or simply being a private person, there were no leads, and no way to convince the staff to show them the security footage. The whole time Jared became more and more panicked, particularly as he attracted further attention due to his scantily-clad nature. Several men threw comments his or her way - Matthew kept mixing up the pronouns, much to his internal annoyance.

"Hey sexy! Looks like someone got busy - mind if I jump in?"

"Nice tits! I dare you to tear off the last buttons baby!"

"Jesus, is that even a dress code? What a slut!"

The last came from a woman, making Jared even more clearly embarrassed. Matthew took his friend's soft hand, pulling her through the crowd as they continued to search, but it was clear that Jared had lost much of his energy, and was starting to flag as the night wore on. Matthew himself was panicking too: he had no idea what to do in a situation like this.

And it was a situation that quickly changed to become even stranger.

"Nice shirt Janet! Even by your standards, isn't that a little showy?"

At first Matthew didn't even realise the comment was directed at his altered friend - Jared certainly didn't. But then he saw that it had come from a girl named Gina, who was a fairly popular Latina girl from college. She was staring straight at them.

"She looks a little out of it Matthew, is she okay?"

That was when his friend realised, whipping his gorgeous head around to see Gina talking to him.

"Hey Janet! Can you hear me girl? What's up? Why the hell are you wearing a man's shirt and pants? You know you can keep your own clothes after a one night stand, right?"

Matthew felt Jared practically claw his hand, he became so tense.

"Uh, y-yeah. Did you just - did you just call me Janet?"

"Duh, I did. That's your name, isn't it? Janet Stayfield? Jesus girl, you must be *drunk* as *hell!!!* Matt, you are taking her home, right?"

He nodded, not sure what else to say. "Sure. I, um, I'm getting my roommate back."

"Good," Gina said. "I still don't understand how you two live together but stay friends - everyone is pulling for you two! But I guess she has a true friend at least. Can I call you the cab?"

"No - um, I've got it."

He pulled away from Gina, trying to absorb everything that had just been revealed.

He hasn't just changed body, but identity too. How much has changed? Does he have new clothes? A new ID card? What about bank statements or family photos?

He didn't want to freak 'Janet' out though: she was already looking faint, overcome with everything that was happening.

"Home," she mumbled. "Need to get home. F-feeling really tired."

Matthew took one last cursory glance around, trying to see if he could spot the witch or Wicca woman or whatever she was. But there was no sign, and his poor friend was beginning to almost collapse, delirious with confusion and the aftereffects of the change.

"Okay, let's get back to the apartment. We'll . . . shit, I don't know. We'll make a plan back there, figure out what to do. It's going to be okay, buddy."

Together, the two left the club a second time, and several more fellow students their age from college commented on Jared's appearance, referring to her by that name and wondering why she wasn't in her 'usual hot cocktail dress'. Matthew guided his friend to the cab, trying to ignore how hot and curvy her body was against his, and the two were driven back to their apartment off campus. Jared was weary, her mostly-naked body shivering.

"Why am I a woman? Why am I a woman? How could this h-happen? How do I t-turn back?"

Matthew was asking himself the same questions as they pulled up to their shared apartment. He helped Jared out, ignored the way the lecherous cab driver was staring at his friend, and got them back into the apartment.

Jared had barely hit her bed before she fell into a deep sleep. Matthew too felt tired, as well as exhausted and terrified. His mind raced with confusion as he looked over the sexy, sultry appearance of his bimbofied friend. Once again, that small little spark of purple energy emanated just briefly from his forearm and from his breath, and that sweet taste tingled on his tongue.

What the fuck do I even do here? He thought.

One thing was for certain: his friend was still in there, but his body was now completely, utterly female. And if the sorceress lady was speaking the truth, then this could well be his body for the rest of his life.

Matthew took an hour to go to sleep himself, much of that time filled with concern for his friend and an internal fight not to think about how hot she now looked.

He dreamed of her sexy good looks anyway, her pert tits and gorgeous flowing dark blonde hair. Those full lips, perfect for sucking dick, despite how totally wrong it would be to receive a passionate blowjob from his friend. Though something felt a little different about *Matthew's* body in that dream too. Like there was a heavy weight upon his chest, a missing something between his thighs, and a deep-seated need within his loins that required filling. It almost as if he too was in a different body, and one that had strong needs of its own . . .

The Next Day

Matthew woke with one thought on his mind: *Did that really happen last night? Sure it was just some sort of madcap dream.* And yet it had seemed so real. He distinctly remembered the horrific screams of his friend, the painful contortions of his body, the way his breasts had burst into existence, flopping about after destroying the buttons of his shirt. And he swore he could remember the taste of Jared's cum as it shot accidentally into his mouth. Its salty yet sweet taste as its globules glided down his throat.

For a brief few seconds, his penis hardened as he thought of that taste, and the look of his friend after the change. Then he realised what he was thinking.

"Jesus, what the hell?" he said to himself, sitting up in bed. "I must have drunk too many shots or something last night. I bet that means Jared is completely wasted."

He got up out of bed, had a shower, and set about making himself breakfast. Still, he couldn't quite shake the feeling that something was wrong, and that perhaps he could check up on his buddy. The memory of that strange woman, the way she spoke and moved her fingers, as if casting a spell . . . it all seemed too real.

His fears were jolted to life as a piercing cry practically shook the foundations of the house. It was high and feminine, and it made him nearly drop the plate of bacon and eggs he'd made for himself.

"Shit!" he cried. He ran to Jared's room in their shared apartment, bursting through the door, heart racing.

Please let it be a dream, please let it be a dream!

But it wasn't. There, standing in front of him, mostly naked but for a set of ill-fitting briefs and a torn button shirt that barely contained her impressive bosom, was one of the most beautiful and sexy women that Matthew had ever seen in his life. The light of the morning filtered through the open door to reveal her, and now that they were no longer in a dingy alley, he could see her perfect dark blonde hair with its straight, sleek look, her full pouty lips, her frankly incredible hips with her big, peachy ass. She looked like she'd jumped straight out of one of his teenage wet dreams, and her D-cup boobs were something else: round and full without being saggy, her prominent nipples only half-concealed by the halves of her shirt. Despite his panic and concern at realising it was not a dream last night, he couldn't help but be a little aroused in her presence.

She turned to him with a look of abject fear, her full lips pouting, her grey eyes widening in terror.

“Holy shit Jared, it actually happened!”

“I know, I know!” she cried. Her voice had a sultry, sensual quality to it, even in her panic. It had a slight rasp that gave her a femme fatale vibe. “I just woke up Matt! I’ve got tits! I’ve got a fucking pussy! Why the hell do I have some bitch’s body? What the fuck is going on with me?”

She was breathing heavily, and it was causing her breasts to rise and fall. Matt tried not to stare, but she caught him looking. There was an awkward, frozen moment as she paused, then hurriedly pulled the remains over her shirt around her chest to obscure them. Ironically, it only had the effect of pressing her perfect breasts together into a line of perfect cleavage.

“OOhhhh f-fuck. Why are they so sensitive?”

Goddamn, do they look perfect. Was this the club lady’s punishment of him? He did call her a bimbo after all . . .

Jared wiped several tears as he - now she - slumped on the bed.

“This can’t be happening dude. I need to wake up. I need to wake up. She’s stolen my damn cock! I’ve got this . . . oh God, even my ass feels ridiculous sitting down. Seriously, huge!”

“Do you remember everything from last night?”

She nodded meekly, and her dark blonde hair fell over her face. She struggled for a moment to blow it away and put it behind her ears.

“Goddamn, even my hair! And I’m blonde now, what the fuck?”

“We need to calm down and think,” Matthew said. “Do you feel okay?”

She looked up at him with a furious expression. “How the hell would I be okay, Matt? Look at me? Look what I’ve become!”

With each frustrated gesture at her body, her boobs wobbled on her chest. She bit her lip, and returned to bracing them with her forearms. Once more, it emphasised her impressive bust. Matt decided it was easier to look just above her head, over at the windowsill. Less distraction that way.

“I mean, do you feel ill? Sick or anything?”

She sniffled. “No, I guess. I feel way weaker, though. All my damn gym gains are gone. And I’m shorter too. I feel smaller.”

“Yeah, you’ve definitely lost like a foot of height or something.”

“A FOOT!?”

“Okay, okay. Probably not a foot. But, you couldn’t be taller than 5’6 now, and you were 6’3 or so before, right?”

Again, she nodded meekly. “Goddamn. How the hell has this happened to me? People don’t just turn into chicks. Especially hot ones!”

“Well, I’m glad you said it. No offence dude, but you’re super hot. Like, if I didn’t know you were Jared, I’d be all tongue-tied talking to you.”

“Gee, thanks. When I tried to play wingman for you, this wasn’t what I had in mind, that’s for fucking sure.”

More tears welled in his eyes. Matt left and returned with a box of tissues, which she took eagerly, her cheeks going a cute red colour.

“Even got a woman’s fucking hormones. I never fucking cry,” she moaned.

“While you’re, uh, dealing with that, I thought I’d tell you my theory.”

It wasn’t so much a theory as a straight line between two points. Matthew summarised what had happened the previous night with the woman in the red dress. Jared had less of a memory of it all than he did: between her tipsiness and the horrid exhaustion post-change, along with the excruciating pain of the transformation, it took some time for it to come bubbling to the surface. But when she remembered, she certainly remembered. She whimpered as her friend recounted what he could recall of the woman’s words, about punishing him in a way that was ‘for the rest of your life.’

“She can’t mean I’m stuck like this, can she? Why did that bitch even change me like this?”

“I suspect it’s because you called her a bimbo, remember? You commented on her body - mentioned her boobs and her hips and ass and dress and all that.”

She buried her face in her slender hands. “Oh God. Oh fuck. I’m usually not that bad, you know that, right? Like, sure, I like a hot chick and I’ll let her know, but I’m not some creep!”

It was true. He’d gone way too far last night, but he wasn’t some lech or anything. And he’d back off eventually. Matthew didn’t blame the woman for being angry, or even giving him some light curse, but turning him into a woman for the rest of his life? Surely that was insane!

“Okay, I need to get my head around this. God. Shit. Fuck! I need a shower and some breakfast. Can you make me up my usual platter of bacon and eggs dude?”

Matt nodded. “Of course, you go take care of yourself, buddy. Just watch out for the long hairs in the shower now.”

Another glare. “Don’t even fucking joke about this.”

She walked through the door, and Matt could tell she was further frustrated: her body seemed to automatically sashay her wide hips from side to side as she walked. She had a magnificent ass now, and he was glad she couldn’t see his growing erection. As she closed the bathroom door Matthew felt that strange taste on his mouth again. It made him shiver in disgust that he’d accidentally swallowed his own transforming friend’s sperm. He coughed,

for just a second he could have sworn he could see little swirls of purple energy exhale from his mouth.

He shivered, then got to work making breakfast for Jared.

Jared took much longer than usual to shower and clean, no doubt because she was looking over her new body. Matthew took the time to investigate while cooking, and see if anything else had changed. There was some evidence, in fact, which troubled him. The big one was that the photos around the apartment had changed. They weren't big display people, them being guys, and Matt being just twenty and Jared twenty one. But they still had some photos framed of big moments from their friendship. All of them had changed.

The time they went tuna fishing with Matt's uncle and actually managed to haul up one of those monsters had altered. Now, in the photo with the caught fish on the docks, instead of Jared standing proudly in a soaked t-shirt and shorts, now there was Janet. She looked like a dream, her impressive hips fitted tightly into denim and a sexy green bikini top cradling her perfect breasts. Her hair was in a ponytail, whipping in the wind. She was beaming proudly, her smirk even a little sexual.

Another photo was of them drinking at a friend's eighteenth birthday party. Whereas before they were both in smart casual shirts and jeans, their arms around each other as they held up our drinks, now *she* was there in a tight cocktail dress that dipped low - very low - revealing a perfect line of cleavage. Her breasts looked a little smaller - they must have been underage and drinking on private property at the time, so this hex was clearly inventing an entire past for them.

The next photo proved it. It was the earliest photo they had of their friendship, when they were just twelve years old and standing by their bikes along the same neighborhood they lived in. But now a cute girl with bright blonde hair was standing next to kid Matt, grinning cutely. Her hair must have turned darker over the invented years.

"Fuck," Matt said. "It really is changing everything. At least he remembers who he is, though will anyone else? Why do I remember, if Monica at the club thought he was just Janet?"

Maybe it was the cum. That purple tingle. Maybe by accidentally swallowing it . . . some of the magic transferred to me, allowing me to remember? Gross, but it's the only thing that makes sense.

If that was the case, he was kind of glad for it. He licked my lips again, before halting.

"Yeah, I don't like that part though."

A sultry voice replied. "What part, Matty?"

Matthew turned to see Jared standing at the entrance to the kitchen. Her hair was still dripping wet - clearly she didn't understand towel etiquette for girls . . . yet. But the rest of her was dry, and looking fantastic. She was wearing her male clothing, but somehow it only made her look hot in a different way, like a woman who'd slept with her boyfriend and was comfortable wearing his clothes. She had a new green shirt on that was loose everywhere except her bust, and she had an overly-large set of trousers on that she had buckled high up on her waist, emphasising her *rondure* hips and rear.

"Matty?" Matthew said. "Since when do you call me Matty?"

Her eyes widened, and she clutched her head. "I don't. I meant Matt. This whole change shit has got me going round the bend. Look."

She threw her open wallet on the table, and Matt looked over it. Sure enough, her new identity was clear: Janet Strayfield, aged twenty.

"Wow, it even de-aged you to twenty, I guess."

"All my records have changed! Even my fucking phone has a new background."

She showed him. Sure enough, it was her on a beach wearing a red bikini. She was in profile, and posing in a way that emphasised all her curves while she smiled in a lusty way at the camera.

"Okay, put that away man. It's . . . weird."

Hot. The word is hot, Matt thought.

"This is too weird," she muttered. Her stomach growled, and so he served her up her food. For a time, the two friends wordlessly ate, the remaining male trying very hard to ignore how pretty the new female was. It was difficult, given she wasn't wearing a bra, and her large nipples pushed prominently against the fabric.

She was done earlier than usual. Matt often joked that half their expenses came from his jock friend's grocery bill, which was an apparent necessity due to him constantly burning energy playing football and going to the gym. Now as Janet, she pushed the plate away half-filled.

"You finish it Matty," she said miserably, "this stupid girl stomach can barely take anymore. God, I feel so damn weak!"

Matt did so, his mind racing with solutions. In the end, only one seemed totally viable.

"We need to find that woman."

"Agreed. Force her to turn me back.

"But we couldn't find her at the club, and no one knew her name, remember?"

She sagged, before jolting up right: she'd accidentally squished her breasts against the table. "Stupid big tits!"

"Sorry, buddy. But we can go the club again tonight-"

"It's closed tonight. Last night was a Sunday. Doesn't open up until Wednesday night."

"Fuck, okay. We go to the club in three days, then. But in the meantime, we try to find out what we can from campus, from other students who might remember you. Maybe even hit the library and look up curses."

The woman with the perky chest perked up herself. She gave a playful smirk, ribbing Matt in the side as she often did.

"There's my nerd! I knew you'd come through. We'll get me turned back. No way I'm staying stuck looking like a bimbo."

"Yeah, that'd suck. No offence dude, but be prepared to be hit on."

She raised an eyebrow. "No. Surely not?"

She was. Repeatedly. Jared kept close to Matthew after they drove to campus. Whereas before she commanded respect, it was clear to Matt that his friend's reputation in this altered timeline was altogether more . . . slutty. Numerous girls and guys threw out comments as they made their way to their regular classes: Matt had convinced her to try and 'act normal' in her new life to get a sense of any clues about rules or tests they could pass. It seemed as good an idea as any, but it didn't stop his friend from turning red as a tomato when a group of girls passed and started a conversation.

"Heyyyyy Janet! How's it going? Why are you all dressed up in men's clothes - did someone get lucky last night?"

"Oh, uh. Sure. I mean, no!"

One of them chuckled. Matt recognised her as Haylie Leeheart, a popular girl on the cheer squad. "Oh girl, you don't have to play coy, we know you like to play around. No one here's judging, unless you come for one of our men, and you wouldn't do that."

She went wide-eyed. "Oh, no! Not at all. I only like hot hunks who are single, you know that."

Matt was a little surprised. She was adapting to the role well.

"Well, whoever it was that got lucky, I hope you still have some energy for Harvey Jarvis. He's on the prowl for you again, you know."

Both of them were surprised at that. Jared gave an awkward goodbye to her apparent new friend, but immediately turned to Matt afterwards.

"What the fuck? Harvey Jarvis is my friend! He's on the damned football team."

"I think in this new life, you're a bit of a player still. Only you bat for the other side."

“Fuck! And everyone is looking at me like I’m a piece of ass - it doesn’t help that I can’t *not* walk like this, with my hips going from side to side. I look like a fucking pinup!”

Indeed, a number of other college students evidently thought so. In the twenty or so minutes they walked around the campus prior to their scheduled classes, Jared was catcalled and flirted with several more times, and this was apparently the norm. She called back at one man who had commented on her “amazing ass!” by screaming back “fuck off, asshole!”

The man looked shocked. It was one of Jared’s old gym bros, and he apologised profusely.

“S-sorry Janet! But you - you always love it when I say that! You said you ‘love to show it off and please the crowd’ just the other day?”

“Well, not today! Stop talking about me!”

She mumbled to Matthew. “This new life is fucking awful. That witch has turned me into a real slut or something.”

Or a bimbo, like you called her. Matthew didn’t say the thought aloud.

It was clear not everyone liked Jared’s new Janet persona. A number of girls turned up their heads as she passed, and a few even made some cruel comments.

“Slut.”

“Whore.”

“Jesus, who have you slept with now, Janet.”

“Bet her pussy is as loose as her morals.”

Other guys made similar degrading comments, some of whom had clearly slept with Janet in the past of this alternative timeline.

“Get your tits out for us, Jan! If you’re willing to do it so often in the bedroom why are you hiding them now!”

“Hot piece of ass coming through!”

One even tried to smack it, and it took all of Matt’s nerdy musculature to try and pull her back.

“Watch out, we got a feisty one here!” a young man yelled, laughing as he backed away. “Thank God her virgin roommate is here to help. How does it feel to share an apartment with such a hottie Matthew, but know that she’ll never sleep with you!”

It was enough of a wave of humiliation to break her down into tears again, and Matthew did his best to comfort her. He hugged her once, but had to pull away: with her chest against him, it had the effect of making him slowly get hard.

“Dude! What the fuck!?! You too!?”

He went red. *Shit.* “I’m sorry! I didn’t mean it, Janet. I mean, Jared! You’re just - I’m sorry, but you’re super hot. It’s just a reaction!”

She sagged down into one of the public outdoor seats near her lecture theatre.

“I know. I know. Fuck. What I wouldn’t give to have sex with this body if I was the guy. Now all the guys think I’m some sort of fuck doll, even Harvey! Did you hear what he said to me?”

“To be fair, he sounded like he liked you a lot. Most of the guys did, in fact. Only a few were assholes about it. Same with the girls.”

“They think I’m a slut.”

“A fun slut, at least? They seem to think you’re good company. I mean, Harvey invited you to the movies.”

She sagged further. “Yeah, probably so he can put his hand up my fucking skirt - since he expected me to probably wear one. Jesus, this sucks! I was checking my phone, and I’m not doing a sport science major anymore. I’m doing a fucking beautician course! I’m in a different wing entirely!”

Matthew put his hand on her shoulder. “We’ll sort this out, dude. I promise. We’ll deal with the day, see if you notice the lady around campus, and I’ll keep an eye out too. I know it sucks, and everyone keeps looking at your boobs and your ass - me included.”

“I don’t blame you. I do look fucking hot. Fucking bitch turned me into a wet dream.”

“Yeah, well, I’ll try to treat you the same as you’ve always been. I’ve got to run off to my engineering lecture, but during lunch we’ll talk again, okay? Just try to ignore the comments and go along with them. It’s not like the spell has *actually* made you a slut, right?”

She smiled up at Matthew in a way that made his heart melt, despite knowing it was his friend. She placed her hand on his, and he shivered a little at her touch. She wasn’t meaning to do it, but her expression looked almost flirty, daring.

“Exactly. It’s still me in here,” she said.

Busting Out

It was a stock standard lecture on mechanical engineering principles, one which Matthew already knew backwards and forwards. He had always been called smart, and Jared in particular had always been in awe of his natural intelligence, calling him ‘the smart one.’ So it was a good thing he wasn’t missing any valuable learning, because his mind was one hundred percent focused upon solving poor Jared’s dire situation.

God, I even slip up and sometimes think of her as Janet now. Friends since we were twelve, known him as Jared all his life. And now, just because he’s got tits and ass and looks

like he fell out of a Maxim magazine, I start occasionally thinking of him as a 'she' before I stop myself.

"Mr Cottage, can you hear me?"

Matthew realised he was being talked to by Professor Acreridge.

"Sorry, Professor, could you repeat the question?"

The professor arched an eyebrow. "Most unlike you to not be paying attention, Mr Cottage. I'll repeat it then. Can you list the five major principles of mechanical design as it pertains to aerospace engineering? I'm referring to the Hawthorn reading."

Matthew stood, remembering the information off the top of his head - he'd done the reading twice already. For just a moment, he could feel that strange sample of lovely taste upon his tongue, the taste of Jared's sperm from the previous night. He forced it away.

Where had that come from?

"Oh, that's easy Professor," he said. "The main principles from the *reading aRE-!*"

His voice broke loudly, squeaking up several octaves in an embarrassing break.

"Nice ball squeak!" someone sniggered.

Matthew went red, feeling a pressure over his body. He assumed it was an effect of the public embarrassment.

"Sorry," he said. He coughed again, trying to iron out the strange wrinkle in his voice, the return of that increasingly deliciously wrong taste. "Um, as I was saying. The first principle is obviously the *basic adherence to the concept of-!*"

He halted again and clutched his throat, wide-eyed. His voice hadn't just broken a second time, but had sounded completely *feminine*. It was like a totally different voice, one that was a high, sweet soprano that sounded almost bubbly. The professor looked at him in confusion, and numerous other students as well. Many of the boys in particular chuckled, and some of the girls - including Deborah Parley who he'd long harboured a crush on - couldn't help but giggle and gossip at the strangeness of his voice.

It was then that he felt the pressure grow in his body, becoming a harsh ache around his chest, his hips, and spreading down to his crotch and legs.

No. No! Fuck. It can't be happening to me!

He exhaled, his gasp sounding like a womanly squeak. The pressure grew quickly, becoming increasingly painful.

"Something the matter, Mr Cottage?" the professor asked.

"I have to go!" he squeaked. Even trying to keep his voice low, it still cracked, even higher than Jared's new voice. He pushed past several students near him, nearly tripping over in a panic, his breath coming fast and terrified. He *was* terrified, particularly since he could feel that strange tingle again. He coughed as he fled out of the room, and small tendrils of purple energy coiled in the air before dissipating, invisible to everyone but him.

Oh God. Oh fuck oh God oh no no no no!

He ran, nearly crashing over several students. He had to get to the bathroom, escape the notice of anyone. He prayed that it wasn't what he thought it was, but even as he hoped against hope that he wasn't changing, he felt his nipples tense and harden. His lips became a little numb, his scalp itched, his ribs felt compressed as if by a giant, invisible hand.

"No! Don't let this happen to me! Make my voice go back to normal!"

I sound like a total ditz. Fuck!

He rounded the corner. The bathroom was so close. He chose the one usually reserved for disabled people: it only seated one, and it had a lock on the other side for privacy. He needed privacy above all.

"Hey Matthew? Are you okay?"

He didn't even have time to see who it was before he flung himself into the toilet cubicle and slammed the door shut, locking it. He was just in time, because that's when the changes started.

It began as a horrific pain that coursed down his neck. The 'infection point' of the magic, as he was beginning to think of it, had been when Jared expended the last of his semen in that horrific transformation. The sorceress, the witch, whoever she was had clearly only intended to affect Jared, at least that's what he assumed, but by freak accident he had imbibed some of his friend's issue while it was still imbued with her magic. And that meant the point of infection was where he was changing first: in voice, and now in structure.

"AAaahhhhhh!!" he cried in his new feminine voice, as his neck reshaped painfully. It felt like it was on fire. His Adam's apple crushed back into his throat as if it had been jabbed by an elbow, and he grabbed it, tears already streaming from his eyes.

How did Jared keep from crying straight away? He was always so much tougher. Fuck, this is too damn painful!

He roared, hoping that not too many people were hearing him in the halls. The changes swept across his face, which pulled and twisted as if every muscle was going tense. That was where more of the cum had landed, and now it was causing his scant facial hair to pull itself from his face, like it was plucked by a thousand little hands. His cheekbones rose, agonising him as they audibly cracked into their new placement. He felt his eyes shift, like sand was thrown into them. He stumbled to the mirror and saw that they were now a bright, innocent blue. A stark contrast to his dark brown.

"F-fuck! I really am ch-changing! Oh G-GOD! NNGHHH!!!"

More changes followed. It was like the transformations from a werewolf movie: bones snapping into place and taking on painful new configurations. Except instead of gaining hair, he was *losing* it. His chest hair plucked itself from his chest, his arms, and his legs. His right

hand spasmed, caught in a horrific seizure, until it compressed and thinned. He screamed as it became dainty and feminine - even more so than Jared's hand.

"Fuck! FUCK! That's the one that touched his fucking cum! Maybe - oh God, maybe that's the o-only p-parts that will be changed!?"

But his new voice just sounded like the naive wonderings of a valley girl stereotype, and were swiftly proven wrong. He held up his hands, comparing his small and slender one with its thin fingers and long nails to the other with its thicker, masculine qualities.

And then the other one began to change to match its female equivalent.

"N-n-NOOOO!! P-please s-stop! I'm not even the intended v-victim of this f-fucking curse! PLEASE!"

But it was pointless to beg and he knew it. His other hand changed excruciatingly, pain coursing down his arm and altering it, causing it to thin. His muscles, never particularly impressive, dissipating entirely, melting away with an acid-like heat that left him slumped against the sink. The same occurred to his legs, which thinned and shrank. His vertebrae clicked, collapsing down with such a pressure that he worried for a moment that he would pass out from the nausea and discomfort. He didn't, but instead watched, terrified, as his height reduced from a standard 5'9 down to a short little 5'3. Short even by the standards of an average woman.

And he was becoming a woman: the dreadful pressure on his waist confirmed it. Like a metal hoop around his midsection, it contracted, pulling his flesh inwards, altering the very bones.

"F-fuck! J-just let me k-keep my penis! I d-don't d-deserve - MMHPPH!!"

He had almost forgotten his facial changes, until his lips plumped up as well. They were full now. Not as much as Jared's, but definitely still alluring. His cheekbones were not as prominent either: instead they shifted to give him a heart-shaped face that was more cute than slender, a rounded look that was not at all chubby but added a naive, innocent quality to her. A burning in his scalp preceded the awful expansion of hair to complete this effect: it spiralled out from his head, lightening more and more from its black tone to become honey blonde.

"I I-look like a fucking d-doll!" he screeched, panting heavily in response to the pain. His hips popped out wider, inch by agonising inch, and it was followed by a forced compression of his shoulders. It was all too much, and he could barely think underneath all the discomfort and horror.

"It's actually happening. I'm actually becoming a woman. I'm going to have a vagina. An actual v-OHhhh! H-here it c-comes!"

Even as his body took on a gorgeous hourglass shape, as flesh shifted unnaturally and uncomfortably to his ass, Matthew's attention was on his manhood. He swiftly worked to

unbuckle his trousers, foreseeing the same problem that caught Jared unawares. Already, his widened hips were compressing against the fabric. He breathed a feminine sigh of relief as he removed them, and quickly shoved his hand down his underwear. He wasn't really thinking, his only thought process was a desperate hope in the notion that by clutching his balls and penis, he could keep them from being suckered in.

Instead, he felt his member begin to harden, a growing pleasure emerging from the pain. He refused to masturbate, to give in to the arousal, but as his body twisted and altered, it was as if a valve needed releasing before the dreadful torrent destroyed him. Something about the torture and torment of his changes only made his growing erection more enticing, more in need of addressing.

Fuck! I h-have to! This is so goddamn humiliating! Why me!?

He grabbed his shaft, which had never been too impressive, and began to tug himself off. He groaned and grunted, his ditzzy female voice a sharp contrast to his actions, and soon his pleasure rose and rose, nearly overtaking the pain for just a few blissful seconds. His balls pulled ever closer towards his skin, tugging into his body. And then they let loose.

“OOHhhhhhhh! F-fuck! OHHhhhhhhh God! OOHh - ah - ah - ahhhhHHHHH!!!”

He exploded into orgasm, bigger than any he had ever felt. He went lightheaded, afraid he would faint. But he was brought back to consciousness as long streams of his semen ejaculated from his body, over and over again. He screamed in renewed pain: he was being milked dry by his own transforming flesh, his balls squeezing into nothingness as they were emptied of all masculine essence. His seed splattered on the mirror and walls and floor, briefly emanating that purple energy. It was a cruel reminder of how he was changing. He held onto his cock for dear life, but nothing could keep it in place. As his stomach churned, burning in response to the formation of a womb, he wept bitter tears.

His cock pulled back into his body, a shameful *SLURP* following its retreat. The skin around it burned. Pulled. Tensed. Labial lips formed into place, and then an entrance dug into his flesh, clawed into place by invisible fingers, leaving him with a dripping pussy.

Leaving *her* with a dripping pussy.

She gazed at the mirror, overwhelmed by the pain and terror. Everything throbbed. His body was exhausted. Hers. *God above, I'm a 'her' now.* But there was one change left to go, and judging from the labouring of his lungs in response to the dreadful pressure, it was bound to be a doozy. He gazed at his big blue eyes in his reflection, taking in the ditzzy demeanour of the woman he'd become. She still had a flat chest, but not for long.

“Fuck,” she breathed. Then it began.

His nipples tensed, distended outwards as if trying to escape the confines of his flesh. Matthew squealed, sticking his chest out in a ridiculous attempt to force out the pain,

just as Jared had. It only emphasised the changes. He felt his nipples stretch and grow, the skin tingling around it to form what he had to assume were wide areolas.

“Eeuuurgh! AArrgghhhh!”

He squirmed, rotating his shoulders as one growing mound tensed, then the other. He tried to hold them in, just as Jared had, but immediately pulled his hands back in response to the overwhelming sensitive.

So f-fucking sore. They better not be as big as Jared's! My hips are thinner, my ass isn't as big. Maybe the viral transmission of the c-curse, if I'm right, means my boobs will be s-Ohhhhh!

His thoughts were mirrored by his mouth as he moaned in a highly sensual way. His voice was certainly higher than his friend's, and it made her sound like a party girl bimbo being fucked into deliriousness. The flesh on her chest rose, muscle giving way to boob flesh as the unbearable pressure broke. Like a dam holding against an ever swelling river, there was no keeping it at bay, and finally the changes came flooding through. His - *her* - breasts swelled.

They grew rapidly, far quicker than he could have believed. The pressure gave way to the painful buildup of fat and tissue as *her* breasts surged. They raced past AA and A cups and onto modest Bs, gaining a firmness and jiggle that terrified Matthew. All dreams of them remaining so humble were shattered as they expanded to full, rounded C-cups, and then onto D-cups equal to Jared's own chest. They felt heavy on her shoulders, but they were not nearly done yet, continued to build up and up and up, pressing against the confines of his t-shirt.

“Oh God! Oh G-God! So b-big! So d-damn biiiiig!”

She practically *squealed* as they continued to stretch the fabric, bulging beyond fat, teardrop Ds to swollen Es and then onto mammoth F-cups: at least, she could only assume that was their cup size: everything got hazy and difficult to measure beyond a certain point. What she did know was that she was starting to suffocate as they swelled: they were so tight against her shirt it was compressing her lungs, and she was unable to pull off her top because her new female melons were too big.

“T-too tight! C-can't b-breathe!”

They shuddered, surging forth one final time to what could only be full-on H-cups. With a dreadful, high cry, Matthew did what he had to. He couldn't breathe, nor remove the top in the conventional way. Despite his weaker strength, he clutched at the material, which was already stretched, and pulled with all his might.

“EeeuurRRGGHH!”

He let loose a high-pitched womanly cry, and the fabric gave way, ripping in the very centre of his cleavage. He felt the shirt burst open, her breasts practically exploding out and

flopping heavily about. They were immense. Each had to be equal in size to her own head, and the weight of them was incredible, like two sandbags affixed to her chest. They were easily over twice as big as Jared's tits, making them look like conical pimples compared to the impossible bustline she now had when looking down.

Oh God, I can't even see my feet! And they're already wobbling with every movement.

She looked in the mirror as the pain of the changes slowly subsided, and the exhaustion of the post-transformation stage set in. In the mirror was the ultimate bimbo: her expression was cute and innocent, with her wide blue eyes and honey blonde hair. Her figure was a gorgeous hourglass, and while she didn't have as impressive a set of hips or ass as Jared, her chest more than made up for it. They were definitely the size of her own head - she could see it easily in the reflection - and yet they were wonderfully perky, standing huge and proud on her chest, her enormous pink nipples and wide areola just aching to be touched.

I barely have any experience with girls anyway, I never even made it to second base, and now I have these attached to me!? I have zero experience with breasts!

They were large enough that she suspected she could actually place one of her own nipples in her mouth. Large enough to weigh on her shoulders and back, and requiring support. Large enough to break open a perfectly good t-shirt.

Yet they still had a perfect teardrop shape that created a canyon of delectable cleavage, even without being pushed up by a bra. Yes, her nipples were lower than most women, but that was simply the size of her bust. They were still the biggest, most astonishing set of tits she had ever seen. And now they were all hers.

She held them up with her dainty hands, appreciating their enormous weight and heft. Her fingers sunk deep into her own flesh, they were so supple, and she whimpered at the sensitive pleasure it brought. Her large nipples became erect.

"What the fuck do I even do now?" she said, before cringing. She gazed at the mirror again. "Oh Gawd, I even *sound* like a dumb bimbo now."

A new name entered her mind out of nowhere. She rejected it. She was Matthew, dammit! But still, she somehow knew how the world would think of her.

As Melody.

New Lives

"Oh my God, your tits are huge!"

Matthew crossed her arms over her chest, only to immediately regret it. Not only did it just smush her breasts together, but it also caused her to moan lightly in response to the feelings.

“I know! I can tell!”

“They’re like, three times as big as mine dude!”

“I’m well away: you thought *you* had back problems. This is all your fault!”

“My fault? The witch bitch cursed us!”

Matthew stuck out a thin little finger. Even that motion caused her heavy breasts to tremble. “No, she cursed *you!* I got infected by the residual magic or something when you fucking came in my mouth!”

“What?”

“You heard me, dude. When you jacked off during the change, some of it landed in my mouth, and I got infected. Now I’m stuck looking like a bimbo too, all because you were too much of a pushy jock, as usual.”

The two friends fumed, but Matthew wasn’t truly angry at his friend, so much as *her* new situation. She’d had to make it back to their apartment despite having ripped and ill-fitting clothing, all the while dealing with questions and comments on ‘how poor Melody busted out of her clothing yet again.’ Already, reality had changed to suit her, and her new name. She was Melody Cottage, an incredibly busty woman with adorably cute features and a penchant for wearing revealing clothing, particularly around her mammoth bustline. Like Janet Stayfield, she was now enrolled in a beautician’s course, much to her anger. And like Janet, she had a reputation for really getting around, though apparently Janet was the more sex-obsessed of the two, with Melody just enjoying it for the fun rather than basing half her life around it. She’d manage to pick up as much from the humiliating comments and discussions she endured on the awkward trip home.

“Hey Melody! Bust out of your clothing again, girl? Ya’ll need a custom-bra for those tits, girl! Trust me, I have a hard enough time with my ‘little’ E-cups!”

“Melody, do you want to hang out tonight? I can show you a good time: I know you like a good time, right? If not, um, do you know if Janet is free? I know she *really, really* likes a good time.”

“Mel, you look scared as a lamb, babe. Did you forget where the beautician class is - I’ll show you. I just came from there.”

“Holy fuck, I never get sick of seeing those big tits! Show us the melons! Show us!”

She had blushed red and tried to avoid showing off her body, but it was impossible: not only did her hips sway much like Jared’s, but she also found it impossible to stop her huge boobs from wobbling and jostling and jiggling and bobbing and bouncing. They were

too big to even hold in such a way to arrest their pendulous movements: some part of them spilled out of her arms and flopped about.

But she'd eventually made it home, and tried to ignore her body as best she could, despite the continual arousal that came with accidental brushing her sensitive breasts. The photos had changed once again. Now Janet's gorgeous, hippy beauty was contrasted against the bubbly smiles of Melody, whose head-sized tits grabbed one's focus like a blackhole. But more than that, the entire content of the photos had changed. In the photo of them as children, now they were two cute girls getting their first pre-teen makeovers, along with their dressed up blonde Barbie dolls. The underage party photo now had the two of them in a similar pose, albeit wearing tight revealing dresses and thrusting their chests out along with a row of other girls. It looked like a slumber party. Most alarmingly, no longer were the two of them fishing in the tuna photo. Now they were upon the beach, posing sexily, with 'Melody's' bikini top barely able to contain her. In fact, they were both pulling their bikini tops down, flashing half their nipples at the photographer, giving turned-on expressions in a playful manner.

Who the hell took that picture?

Eventually, Jared returned after an equally miserable but less surprising day, and had stopped in shock at the sight of her friend.

That's right, I'm like you now, Matthew had thought, but now she simply put up her hands in a placating manner.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that. You *were* a pushy jock, but you didn't deserve this, me even less so. It's not your fault, Janet."

"Jared."

"Sorry, it's just . . . the names."

"They feel right, don't they? Part of the curse or something?"

I hope not. But despite thinking that, Matthew nodded.

"I imagine so. When I think of myself, the word 'Melody' tries to slide right in. I have to focus - just a little - to say the right name. God, this sucks so terribly. I knew I wasn't experienced in girls. Hell, I'm still a virgin! But I never wanted to *become* one, especially with a body with such big tits!"

"They *are* massive."

"Great. Thanks. I am *exceedingly* aware, on account of how freakin' heavy they are."

"Seriously," Jared said, standing up and walking rather in a rather sensual motion around her friend. "Those are the kind of tits I would have been all over as a dude. I would have loved sucking on this big, ripe-"

Matthew stood, and her bosom wobbled with each movement. "Okay! Okay! I fucking get it! My boobs are huge! They won't stop moving!"

“Well, at least I still find them hot. That’s a good sign, right?”

Matthew considered this. “Okay, that’s a good point.”

Jared placed her hands on her friend’s shoulders. “I shouldn’t be the one making the good points. *You’re* the brains of this outfit, you always were. I don’t care if reality says you’re a beautician or whatever, you’re still an engineer. So let’s engineer our way out of this.”

Matthew, who was still struggling not to think of herself as Matthew, nodded. She wiped away a few stray tears, cursing her new hormonal body.

He’s right. I’m the thinker. Need to think our way out of this.

“Okay,” she said. “We scour the internet. We grab books. We read up and study this shit. And we post searches for the woman that changes us, whatever information we can find. On Wednesday night we’ll visit the club, and see if we can find her. We’ll continue living our lives as women, even if it totally sucks, because that way we can see any anomalies that don’t fit.”

Jared nodded. She reached a hand around her friend and hugged her - it was the classical ‘bro hug’ they always did, but now it felt entirely different as they ample chests pressed against one another.

“Ohhhhh,” Matthew moaned. “That’s . . . that’s different.”

“Yeah, fuck. Still, it sounds like a plan. Please God, I hope it fukcing works.”

Matthew wiped another stray tear. *I’m so emotional now!*

“Me too, dude, me too.”

Over the next two days, the two transformed former males did their best to put their plan into action and find anything they could to help them out of their situation. They were trapped in their new bodies, and their reputations followed them everywhere. As far as Matthew could tell, Janet was considered *the* sex hound on campus, or houndess.

Okay, the campus slut, let’s face it. Or ‘megaslut’, as some of the girls call her.

Jared complained frequently about it: half the boys on campus were outright confused that she was turning them down for sex, and not going out on the town in slutty outfits, and not offering to suck their cocks behind the bleachers. Some were calling her a ‘bitch’ for refusing it, and some girls were happy that the ‘megaslut’ was ‘finally cooling off’, but for the most part it seemed Janet was popular because she knew how to have a good time both in and out of the bedroom, and her absence on the social scene for just two days alone had people questioning if she was alright.

Matthew, on the other hand, was known mainly for one thing. Well, two things to be specific. Her ‘gargantuan titties are to die for’ as a particularly specific bit of toilet graffiti in

the mens bathroom allegedly spelled out, and it was obvious that men went gaga over her huge boobs. She couldn't blame them, as humiliating as it was. She had a reputation for being a bit of ditz, though it was impossible to tell if she was genuinely stupid in this reality, or if her innocent, wide-eyed look lent itself to that dumb blonde stereotype. Regardless, it meant no one took her seriously, which infuriated her, particularly as her classes now lacked the academic rigour she thrived in.

The one place I had power in, taken from me. I sucked at picking up girls, sucked at sport, but I always had my smarts. And now reality is acting like I don't even have that!

It was such an ingrained view of her, that when Matthew repeatedly said something intelligent or relevant to her engineering degree (well, *Matthew's* engineering degree), it was repeatedly shrugged off. While Harvey Jarvis was trying to flirt with Jared, failing to understand why she wasn't flirting back, he said something that totally devastated Matthew, and made her feel overwhelmingly emotional.

"That's real clever, Melody. Which of your boyfriends told you that?"

Other comments followed, for both of them. Catcalls while grabbing groceries. Rude comments about their asses from construction workers. Gross stares from men in their sixties at their tits - especially Matthew's. It was a struggle to even walk right, and not just to avoid swaying their hips sensually either. It was like their new feminine feet were contoured to wear high heels and nothing else, it practically hurt *not* to wear showy shoes like that! All of it Matthew probably could have stomached, if their research went anywhere. Jared didn't have any more of a mind for it than she had as a man, and so it fell to Matthew to do it instead, with Jared simply working the internet for leads. They had no luck finding anything of the woman based on their vague descriptions, nor anything about the kind of magic that could twist bodies like she had. Just a lot of Wicca and Pagan and New Age nonsense. It made her practically try to tear her long blonde hair out - it was already trailing down to the small of her back, but every time she tried to cut it down something prevented her.

All in all, her unfair fate kept her awake that second night. She tried to lie on her stomach a couple of times to sleep, but it was no longer desirable: it was too painful on her huge boobs. Trying on her back had a lot of weight too. She had to sleep on her side, one boob spilling over onto the other, constantly reminding her of their existence.

"This sucks soooo much," she mumbled to herself.

Jeez, when did I start talking like some ditzy valley girl too?

She hoped it was just a one off thing. But she couldn't quite escape that slight tingle on the tip of her tongue, as if a residue of the magic that had infected her still remained. Worse, from the other bedroom in the apartment, she could hear the sleep talk coming from Jared.

"Mmhhh . . . sexy boys . . . soooo sexy . . . and such a cute dress to see me in . . ."

The Fairer Hex

Wednesday came after an eternity. The two former males had continually struggled to get used to their new, incredibly sexy bodies, Matthew particularly. His/her huge boobs were an utter nuisance. They were exactly the kind of tits he would have gone gaga over as a man, masturbating to on the internet due to her overdeveloped features. Now, they were hers, and she was starting to realise that huge boobs were their own ordeal. To her utter dismay, she had to use an improvised wrap to hold them in, even if it wasn't a perfect solution. After all, there was no way she was wearing an actual bra.

Of course, the very morning of the day they were to re-enter the club and try to find the witch woman who cursed them, bras had suddenly become available.

"What the, like, actual fuck?" Jared proclaimed in a slightly bimboish tone. She called Matthew over, who gasped at the cupboard space in their shared apartment.

"Holy shit, what the hell? When did this change?"

Over half the cupboard space had altered. Whereas before it contained numerous shirts and shorts and trousers and briefs and so on, all male clothing, now a majority of it had become women's clothing, and not exactly the most modest kind of coverings either. Brightly coloured tops, many of them crop tops or low-cut shirts, were piled on each other, and cute cocktail dresses hung on the rack. A collection of D-cup bras was on Jared's side, and a couple of what looked to be H-size bras with massive cups to contain Matthew's enormous puppies. Most of the female clothing seemed to belong to 'Janet', but 'Melody' had her own sets for her figure too, mostly in cute pastel colours.

"Girl, this is soooo wrong," Jared said.

"I know, right?" Matthew said, astounded. "It's, like, the magic is still working on us or something. They've even given me dresses too."

"And in super cute colours, too. But you've still got some male clothes, at least. Mine are all gone. I'm so fuckin' jelly!"

There was a moment of realisation, and they both widened their eyes.

"What the fuck was that?"

"Holy shit, we were even talking like valley girls!"

"I've *never* heard you use the word 'like' as a filler, Matthew."

"You said those colours were cute!"

Jared gritted his teeth. "This hex thing fucking sucks! It's tots – I mean, *totally* – unfair! I'm not meant to be some bimbo bitch, and now it's making us talk all funny."

Matthew thought back to the last couple of days. Indeed, he could think of several strange lapses in speech. Jared seemed to make them more often than she did, particularly when it came to elongated out hyperbolic reactions. Just yesterday she'd said that a girl who was clearly jealous of her body was 'suuuuuch a bitch, girl.' Matthew had assumed she was just making a self-deprecating joke, but now . . .

"We need to be vigilant," she said. "I – I don't know what's happening, but I think our minds are being, li – fuck! I mean, *affected*. See? I just went to say *like* automatically again?"

Jared shivered. "Goddamnit! I wish I'd never chatted that bitch up!"

You didn't chat her up. You harassed her. Didn't make you deserve this, but fuck if it's not your fault we're in trouble.

"Look, maybe we both call in sick for the day?" Matthew suggested. "It's just beauty studies. It's not like the world thinks we're academics – which is a whole other can of humiliating, by the way."

"I know girl, I know."

"Girl. You just called me 'girl.'"

Jared froze for a moment. Matthew couldn't help but think of how sexy his friend looked in that moment, her full lips pouting in a sexy way, her hands on her wide hips that were cocked to one side. It made her wonder if her friend was subconsciously being affected in her body language as well, but she decided not to say anything just yet

"Look, my point is that we're still in control, right? This curse or whatever is taunting us, but we're stronger, aren't we."

"Damn fucking straight," Jared said, fist-pumping the air in a way that made her breasts wobble in her too-tight male top. He followed up with a bit of a giggle, only to halt midway.

"Fuck, I've starting giggling too."

They elected to stay in the apartment that day, nervous about the eventual opening of the club that night. Matthew tried to keep a cool head, but his bimbo body continually reminded him that he was female. Despite the availabilities of bras, he refused to wear one still, and though he had to unbutton a male top to show a lot – a *lot* – of cleavage, it still managed to fit, sort of.

I'm not giving into this life. I wasn't even meant to be cursed! I was innocent!

It must have worked somewhat, because he realised he was thinking of himself as 'he' again. It came as an enormous relief, particularly since occasionally his mind wandered to what he'd be wearing that night, and the thought of a cute cocktail dress in light blue kept popping in his mind.

No! I am a man. I have a male mind. This is just a little taunt of the curse.

This was despite the numerous messages that were hitting his phone, a phone that was now bright pink. Melody apparently had a wide social circle of friends and even lovers who were checking in on her given she was absent. Infuriatingly, a number of men asked if she needed 'cheering up.' She knew exactly what that would mean, and texted a flat 'No' in response. Still, she received bits of gossip, images of cute bras girls sent her – 'Maybe this will come in your size? So cute!' – and discussions about what to wear on Saturday night while on the prowl. It made her feel increasingly humiliated – none of it was even about her actual nerdy passions!

Fuck, I'm thinking of myself as her again. I was doing so well!

Jared was on the same text chain, and as they retreated into their personal spaces over the course of the day, Matthew overheard light giggles coming from his friend's room. They were very unlike his jockish friend, and once or twice she even overheard a high, feminine gasp followed by a muffled, "oh em gee, that *is* cute! Those shoes would look – goddamnit! Fuck! FUCK!"

When the two settled down for lunch they could barely look at each other. They were itching to get to the club, but the day was going slow as a tortoise walking on a slippery glacier. As Matthew ate her sandwich, she saw something that worried her.

"Holy shit, Janet – I mean Jared – you're still changing! Look at your nails!"

Jared looked at her nails. They were a muted red, and for a brief flash Matthew thought it would look hella sexy with ruby red lipstick.

Not an important thought!

But Jared only blushed deeply, trying to hide her nails. "Um, that wasn't, like, part of the change, Melody. I mean, Matthew."

She gave a light giggle, one that had a strong hint of bimbo to its flavour.

"What do you mean?"

"I – I was feeling really stressed out! I can't explain it, dude! It was, like, I wasn't right! I know it's all wrong, but I *needed* to do my nails, and somehow I knew how to do it, too! If I didn't do it I was going to twist myself into a pretzel with stress."

Matthew took this all in. "It's a compulsion," he said. "Were you on autopilot or something?"

She nodded, causing her chest to jostle a little. "Sorta. When I was actually painting them, but *not* having my nails done as freaking me out, girl!"

“Guy! Fucking hell, Jared, I’m a guy! Don’t call me a girl! Don’t call yourself one!”

Tears rose in Jared’s eyes, and Matthew realised she was feeling highly emotional too. She sat back down.

“Let’s just focus on tonight. We’ll find her. We *have* to.”

Matthew was feeling nervous as they parked in town. Not only was she worried about finding the witch, but she was also finding it almost impossible not to think in the feminine pronouns again. Was there a minor mental element to the curse, or was she just adjusting quickly? She hoped for the latter, but Jared’s behaviour was making her fear it could be the former. The reason?

Her friend was wearing high heels.

“Just to, like, blend in,” she said with an embarrassed giggle. “Same as the dress, girl.”

“Guy,” Matthew insisted, “*guy*.”

Jared bushed in clear embarrassment, placing her pedicured fingers on her cheeks. “Shit! Oh shit, why am I saying this? I’m wearing *heels*, Matthew. It – it seemed like the right idea! I don’t even know how to wear heels, and a fucking dress!”

“I told you not to wear it, Janet. Jared.”

“I knooooow. It’s just . . . it looked pretty. At the time, I mean. Fuck! I feel like my head is getting messed with.”

“Well, at least it’s not a tight cocktail thing.”

In fact, it was more of a loose women’s long jacket. Stylish, yes, but beneath she was wearing masculine clothing, and her trousers were baggy, having been stolen from Matthew’s remaining male closet.

Jesus, it’s like she slips into another persona at times. Thank God it’s only occasionally, even if it is supes embarrassing. At least it’s not, like, affecting me so much.

They got out of the car and headed for the club, Jared awkwardly clutching the woman’s dress jacket around herself and trying not to look fabulous in it. As they drew closer, Matthew realised to her astonishment that her friend was swaying her hips seductively from side to side without even realising it.

“I can’t help it!” Jared said, cringing at her movement. “It just, like, happens naturally or something! You’re doing it a little too!”

Matthew realised she was right: she was doing it! She didn’t have ‘Janet’s’ amazing hips and ass, but she was still walking in a hyperfeminine fashion. But at least she wasn’t wearing heels: her friend was able to walk in them as if she’d been doing it all her life.

“I don’t get it! It makes my ass stick out way more too!” she whined. “And these dumb tits! Make me jealous yours are so much bigger than – Agh! Bad thoughts!”

She shook her head like she was an infected person in a zombie movie, then spun to Matthew. “Don’t say a word.”

I won’t, but holy shit. Do not ask for that. You have no idea how much of a problem these fabulous big boobies are.

The club was big, but not too big. After an initial scan around, the two transformed females were finding it difficult to bat away the men that were constantly assailing them.

“Hey Melody! Missed you on campus today, where’s that cute dress you promised to wear for us?”

“Janet – looking sexy babe. Are you taken tonight or am I getting extremely lucky?”

Harvey Jarvis was there too. “Janet! Come over here! We’ve got a seat for you. We know you love the hard shots! Let’s get Party Janet going!”

The two of them did their best to ignore the commentary, and instead focus on their mission, but Matthew couldn’t help but notice that her BFF was occasionally swaying her impressive backside a little to the beat of the music, and occasionally flicking her hair with her hands, styling it. She giggled at a few of the catcalls, and even gave a little girly wave to Deborah Parley, who asked if she was ‘Melody’s minder’ for the night.

“Dude, quit it!” Matthew said. “You’re acting like a total fucking bimbo!”

It was then that Jared’s eyes refocused, and she retreated away to a dark booth and took a few moments to catch her breath.

“I’m sorry, Matt! I’ve got no idea what came over me. It was like I was just . . . forgetting myself.”

Matthew was about to say something determined and reassuring when he spotted her. The woman who had cursed them. She was in a different dress this time, slightly more conservative but still doing nothing to hide her gorgeous curves: gorgeous curves they now shared. It occurred to Matthew that though this woman still looked a little different, both she and Jared could composite as her: Matthew had much larger breasts and Jared much larger hips and ass, but if both were averaged out, they would look similar.

“Holy fuck dude, there she is!”

Jared spun and gasped. “Oh my God, she is. I’m gonna kill that bitch! C’mon, BFF!”

Matthew had to cling to her to stop her; she was still the weaker of the two, and it nearly caused her boobs to spill out of the cleavage of her open-button top.

“Dude, wait! What the hell are you thinking? You’ll make this worse! You’re not this dumb!”

Jared gave her a stunned look. “You’re right. I’m . . . I’m not that dumb. Right?”

“You aren’t. Let’s just approach as carefully as we can, okay? Be respectful. I don’t want her to be angry with us.”

“Especially since our bods are totes better. I mean, especially because I ticked her off.”

“Right.”

Nervously, the two approached the woman. Her eyes lit up at their approach, and a malicious smile appeared on her lips.

“Well, well, look who comes crawling back. I recognise my handiwork alright. Call me a bimbo? Enjoy *being* one. Who’s your big-titted friend? I imagine those things weigh quite a few pounds.”

“They do,” Matthew said, trying not to cringe. “I’m Melody – I mean Matthew! His friend from last night. The one who he tried to play wingman for.”

After a moment’s pause, the woman broke down laughing. It took some seconds before she regained herself. “By the powers of shadow! Spread of a hex for that spell can only be transmitted during the transformation, and by . . . oh! This is rich! Caught in the crosshairs and all by accident!”

Jared stepped forward, taking the lead. “Please, I don’t want to, like, fight you or anything. I just want to, like, sit down and talk.”

The woman gestured a seat. “Then talk. But remove your jackets, I want to get a better look at my handiwork.

They both sat, their ridiculous female bodies on display as they did as she said. The woman did not give her name but did ask for their new identities, relishing their humiliation as they gave them. Matthew had to push back at the ‘rightness’ she felt at labelling herself Melody.

No. I’m Matthew. This magic won’t take that from me.

“I wasn’t wrong,” the woman continued. “That is a mighty impressive chest. Seems part of the hex infection has given you more impressive attributes than my initial target.”

“That’s, like, not fair!” Jared piped up. “She may have bigger tits, but my hips are waaaay better, and I’ve got, like, a much better ass.”

She seemed to realise what she’d said, her voice even sounding bimbo-ish and haughty in defence of her looks. She sat back down, and was frozen in silence.

“Can we turn back?” Matthew asked. “Please, we’ll do anything. I know my friend acted wrong, but he’s not that bad. Neither of us, like, deserve this.”

“Yeah, our lives have totes gone upside down. I’m wearing heels, and looking really good in them!”

“And that’s happening too: we occasionally say or forget things, act like we’re not supposed to until we remember we used to be boys. I mean, guys. Dudes.”

The woman listened with interest as they recounted, with a little difficulty, all the ways they had changed. She seemed relish the retelling, drinking her cherry drink through a straw as she took it all in. Finally, when they were done, she circled the top of her glass with a manicured finger as they awaited her answer.

“No, I won’t change you back. I’d advise you accept your new lives and whims: they’re only going to get stronger. I won’t give the game away, that would ruin the fun. Suffice to say that the longer you fight it, the more you’re going to lose out.”

Matthew gulped. She looked down at her huge, heavy tits, already pulling at her shoulders. Even with the wrap, her nipples poked against the shirt, drawing the attention of far too many guys a few booths over. Jared actually gave a light wave to them before realising what she was doing.

“By worse, d-do you mean we’re going to act more and more like bimbos?”

She smiled. “You’re already bimbos, you just don’t know it yet. Have fun swinging those hips home, honey. You probably won’t ever see me again, but I might see you, just to enjoy how you end up. Remember, if you keep fighting it, it will be all the worse for you.”

With that, she stood, letting them get one last look at her spectacular figure – a figure that Matthew realised to her horror now had no sexual appeal for her – and she began to move. She went to stand, to chase after this woman, demand answers if need be, but for some reason she was rooted to the spot. Some silent hex or under-the-table spell of some sort meant she was fixed there, like a puppet who had been dropped to the ground.

“Are you s-stuck too Jared?”

“Mh-hmm,” she replied. “It totes sucks. I mean, *totally sucks*, girl. Dude. She gave us nothing! And it might get worse? This is fucking nuts!”

Nuts is the wrong word to describe it, my friend. We lost those three days ago.

After fifteen minutes, during which Matthew couldn’t help but notice her friend spent occasionally glancing at some rather fit boys across the club, they were finally able to move. They searched everywhere: the club, the street, and alleyway, but there was nothing, and again no one could help them find the witch who had done this, if she even was a witch. The two eventually headed home after a stiff drink: too many guys were hitting on them, and even grabbed Jared’s ass, causing her to moan softly and grin. It took Matthew slapping her lightly on the face to rip her from that strange ‘Janet mode’ she seemed to slip into, after which she was supremely embarrassed.

As Matthew went to bed, freeing her huge tits from their constraints and massaging their soreness, she was briefly tempted to touch her slightly lubricated pussy. Like Jared, the sight of those men had been oddly magnetic for a few moments, and she'd had to stop thinking about them before her nethers got too moist. Now, they were moist again, and it was a dreadful temptation to rub her new, sensitive clit. She held off.

I don't care what that witch says. I'll fight this. I have to. What could be worse than this?

Before she went to sleep, resting on her side to give space to her huge boobs, she heard the long, muffled moans of Jared in the other bedroom, clearly giving in to the temptation Matthew had just faced.

"OOhhhhh . . . f-fuck! S-so good!"

Matthew blocked her ears.

Have to be strong. Have to fight it.

But the sounds were so damn delightful, so tempting. She slept awfully.

Going Mental

The changes to their lives continued over the next five days, and in ways that increasingly made the pair of friends terrified. Matthew's reality change, like the rest of her changes, lagged behind Jared's, a fact she attributed to the nature of her magical infection as well as her own greater willpower. But it didn't save her wardrobe, which apart from a single remaining male short and set of trousers was now entirely female, and entirely revealing. All her underwear were now cut little panties, and her H-cup bras were in a large stack that ranged from practical to push-up to plain sexy. Her tops were now almost entirely cute crop tops and tight t-shirts, as well as dress tops that would no doubt pull around her large breasts, revealing their enormous size.

Not only had her clothing changed, but the apartment had transformed further. Her room was now entirely 'Melody' in nature: the walls were a hot pink and the photos all displayed her amazingly sexy body in midriff-baring outfits in girly settings. There were also adorable little plushies lining the new shelves, little soft cows and pigs and unicorns and the like, which Melody evidently liked, even if Matthew thought they were childish. Jared, on the other hand, had soft red walls, and an elaborate dresser with numerous makeups. Apparently, though she was too embarrassed to show Matthew, there was also an entire cupboard full of sex toys now too. After all, Janet was the sex fiend of the two of them, in this new reality.

But there were other, worse changes.

Jared's speech had continued to alter, for instance.

The signs were already there, for both of them in fact. They occasionally said 'like' or 'um', peppering their sentences with them when not careful. They both occasionally made small compliments about one another's hairstyle – hell, in the morning they were able to even *do* their hair so long as they weren't thinking!

But Jared's speech was increasingly girly, far more than Matthew's. She'd first noticed it when they tried to cheer each other up the day after the witch meeting by grabbing some fast food together. Jared had been . . . a little *too* excited.

"Oh em gee! That's, like, the best idea evaar!" she shouted, jumping a little and clapping her hands. "I'm totes down for an icy cream, girl! Plus, it'll be great practice for when I lick a nice big . . . what the hell am I saying?"

"I have no idea," Matthew had responded, horrified, "but it doesn't sound good."

"Oh God, I sounded even more, like, a totes bimbo. A total bimbo!"

"Let's just get the food."

But the trip hadn't been any better. Without even thinking, Jared had thrown on a cute crop top that emphasised her chest, and a pair of denim shorts that absolutely showed off her wide hips and incredibly bouncy ass. This time she didn't even notice without prompting, and it was only when she put on some gorgeous red lipstick – a shade that Matthew thought *totes* looked great on her – that her friend thought enough was enough.

"Jared! You're doing it again!"

Jared spun, her eyes going wide, as she looked over her sexy, feminised body in the revealing outfit she'd chosen. "Fuck! FUCK! I keep not noticing what I'm doing! Matthew, what's happening to me?"

She'd done her best to comfort her friend, but the truth was she was fighting her own battle. The hex that was making them into bimbos wasn't just compelling them to act like that, but it was also affecting even their sexual interests. Again, Matthew noticed it with Jared first, when they were on campus together trying to maintain their lives and plan their next step. They were sitting together on the greenery, and for once Matthew was trying to act more womanly: she'd accidentally brought a skirt – the first time she'd dressed even slightly as a woman – and was having to avoid spreading her legs too much. Once again, Harvey Jarvis had asked 'Janet' out, and it was so incredibly obvious that Jared was about to automatically say 'yes' that Matthew had to nudge her in the ribs.

"Oh, um, sorry Harvs! I, like, am super busy this weekend. You know, beautician study or whatevs."

The incredibly handsome footballer showed a little surprise. "Well, I'd be happy to help you study, if you know what I mean?"

Surely she'll at least see through that? Matthew thought. But she didn't.

"Oh em gee! Harvs, you'd do that for me? What could I, like, do for you?"

She practically *cooed* that last word, pouting out her lips sensually. Matthew nudged her in the ribs again.

"I can think of a few things," he said. "Quite a few things I think we'd both like."

"Mmhmhm," she moaned, "I mean, no! No way! What the fuck? Not happening!"

Harvey was shocked, to say the least. He backed up, mumbling apologies, but was clearly confused. "Thought we were tight like that," Matthew heard him say as he walked away, "happy to go down on you after a swell blowjob or something."

Jared licked her lips before stopping herself. "Goddamnit, now I'm even imagining having sex with him! It's getting worse, Matthew. I'm definitely hot for boys! Especially hot ones!"

"Met too," Matthew said, shoulders sagging, big breasts hanging over her chest heavily and wobbling in response to the movement.

It was true at that point. While Jared was glancing at every guy that passed them, sometimes even licking her lips or moaning out loud, Matthew was either further behind or was able to resist the temptation. It didn't stop her from being able to 'admire' their shapely forms, their hard muscle, their confident grin and square jaws. She found herself gasping a little as they walked by, their confident swagger the kind she'd wished she'd had a guy, but now something that turned her own. Her huge nipples were proportionate to her gigantic breasts, so everyone could see when they 'lit up' like flashlights at an approaching man. She would breathe heavily, further gaining attention, and it would only be after a man had winked at her, ogled her big boobs, or directly flirted that she pulled back, realised what she was doing, and either fled the scene or shut the encounter down, hard.

"No, not interested! Don't care, not interested, and stop, like, looking at my huge titties already!"

But Jared was already beginning to perform more overtly sexual movements when in the presence of hot men, especially men as hot as Harvey Jarvis. She would thrust out her chest, or sway her hips even further, or if stationary, she had a habit of sticking a pen in her mouth and moaning softly while she thought of a response to their comments.

"I don't realise when I'm doing it!" Jared cried when they returned from their day on campus that Monday. "It's like my brain is, like twenty percent bimbo or something, and I've still got ninety percent of me."

Eighty five percent, you loveable moron. Eighty fi - wait, what the hell? It's eighty percent! Where did I pull that extra five from?

Matthew ignored that thought and placed her hands on her friend's soft shoulders.

"Jared, keep your head on your shoulders. Whatever the continuing effects of the spell are, it's clear it's, like, totes trying to make us all bimbo-ish."

"Yeah, totes. But the witch said we were, like, doomed!"

“Don’t listen to the witch, alright? It’s, like - I mean, *its* something we have to overcome. Why would she tell us the truth? She *wants* us to be bimbo hotties.”

Jared clenched his eyes shut. “It just sounds soooooo good, though. I don’t want it, but sometimes it’s, like, there’s this desire to be having sex with boys and y’know, girls just wanna have fun and everything!”

Matthew paced around the room, trying to ignore the tremulous wobbling of her chest. She refused to give in. She patently refused. She was going places, dammit! She wasn’t going to be some flirty bimbo or whatever.

“We need a plan of, like, attack, okay? No more girl clothes! No more saying, like, ‘like.’ No more checking out hot boys.”

“But they’re so - shit! My mind just went there! Gawd, I’m way worse than you, Melody!”

“MATTHEW!”

“Matthew!” she pouted, correcting herself. “I need you to take the lead, sister. I’m further gone for you. I might even be, like, forty fractions of bimbo.”

“Percent, fucking hell Jared, I can’t even tell if that your jock mind or your bimbo one.”

She gave a slight smirk. “It was a joke, that time. But whatevs. You need to take the lead, please girl! I know I always did back when we were, like, dudes with penises and stuff, but I can feel my head filling up with boys and clothes and sex and having big cocks rammed right up my-”

Matthew threw up her hands, causing further annoying disturbance to her tits. “I get it, I get it! Just . . . no more masturbating, okay? I’ve managed to withhold myself. You need to do the same.”

Janet cringed. *Jared. Fucking Jared is her name!*

“That’s be supes hard, but I’ll try. It’s just soooooo good. Seriously, you’ve got no idea what a total orgasmatron it is!”

“And I don’t, you know, wanna find out. We’re gonna find something to help us. We’re hitting the library again.”

“But libraries are soooooo boring,” Jared said, lying back dramatically on the couch and kicking her lovely legs into the air. “I haaate them. So much! I remember you dragged me once to a library thinking all the nerdy boys would be super hot, and it’s like, literally the only time I liked the library, and that was just because we literally ‘blew’ their minds that day. Well, their cocks.”

Matthew smiled, remembering - *what, what!?! We never did that!*

She said as much to Jared.

“Yeah, we totes did. Remember I had to teach you how to rub the shaft the best way? And I swallowed but you didn’t. But then you got all sad because I said it tasted totally hot, and - and - and none of that fucking happened. What the actual fuck?”

Matthew realised with a dawning terror exactly what that ‘fuck’ was.

“You’re getting new memories,” she exclaimed. “Just like the photos, except it’s your mind.”

The two were still a long time, the reality that they couldn’t actually trust ‘reality’ sinking in.

“Oh, we’re like, totes fucked,” Janet said.

And this time, Matthew found it almost impossible to correct her mind to think ‘Jared.’

“Library,” she said. “First thing.”

Clothes Maketh Bimbo

The next morning, the two headed out as quickly as they could. Matthew was intent on leaving as soon as possible, but it took a while to get Janet out of the shower, as she was busy doing her makeup. Even with the knowledge that she should be a man, apparently it just felt ‘too wrong’ not to do herself up. It made Matthew fearful about whether she would go down the same path. They skipped breakfast, the two of them feeling peckish for something they just couldn’t quite define. And then they found out exactly what it was when they passed the campus coffeeshop.

“Oh em gee!” Janet cried. “We totes need a smashed avo platter with some pumpkin spiced latte!”

“What are talking about, we - mmhmm . . . that *does* actually sound good.”

Some crying part of Matthew’s brain told her they needed to *not* do this, so she instead ate some bacon and eggs despite her immediate thought being how bad it would be for her figure. Janet, on the other hand, embraced her new appetite.

It’s getting worse for me too, but she’s further along than me. She doesn’t even realise her appetite has changed.

Other aspects of her friend’s behaviour were different too. Janet continued to inspect her new nails by holding her hand out with the ‘palms out’ gesture that was unique to women as opposed to the curled finger look of men. She also was squirming a little, shifting her feet constantly.

“What are you doing?” Matthew hissed, adjusting her male hoodie, one of the few remaining bits of male clothing she owned.

“It just, like, feels way too weird to be wearing flat shoes. Dude, I know it’s all wrong, but heels would be way better on my feet!”

“You’re not a girl Janet, not really!”

“I knooooow! That’s what makes it suck so much, because - oh fuck! Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck!”

Matthew spun around to see what she was worried about, only to see that some of Jared’s old sports buddies, including Nic Langer, were coming over to chat. She herself had to hold her breath a moment as she sized up their handsomeness. A brief image of being fucked by Nic entered her mind, and she focused at rejecting it. The man was a moron. He wouldn’t even know the base value of *pi*.

What, what is the base value of pi? It’s only three digits, right? That should be supes easy to remember!

But then the boys were sliding over to say hello.

“Hey there, hot girls? Why are you two acting all weird lately? We miss your cheers on the field, especially yours, Janet? You didn’t turn up to flash us with your good luck tits last game! Neither did you Melody, but we just assumed you got lost across campus.”

The boys all laughed. Jared giggled in her high nervous way. She was licking her lips again, staring at each of them.

“Mmhm, maybe next time I’ll be there in the bleachers, ready to show you a good t-time to go Melody! We’re in a rush - to that thing, remember?”

Matthew was always quick on the uptake. She knew she was. And yet it took several insistences by Janet to get her moving.

Fuck, my mind is all over the place right now. I feel like a real ditz!

They exited, both giving apologies to the boys, Janet particularly.

“We need to figure this out, sis,” she said. “I was . . . I was remembering fucking each of them! They’re my sports buddies, but for a moment I forgot they were anything but totally sexy lovers! I didn’t even, like, realise I had gone into bimbo mode, Melody.”

“You can call me Matthew again now,” Matt said. “They’re not in hearing range.”

Jared froze as they moved across campus. “Matthew. Yeah, right. That’s your name. How - how am I forgetting that?”

The same way we’re both forgetting to run and walk like men: we’re moving with our arms folding up to hold our damn boobs, and when we slow down we’re practically shaking our asses at everyone. We’re becoming bimbos in mind and body and memory.

“Let’s just go faster!” Jared suggested.

“Easy for you! You don’t have these huge tits.”

“I know. Gawd, so fucking jelly.”

Matthew's heart raced as they half-jogged to the library. She was terrified beyond all measure, and her pulse was evidence of that. She was also terrified of the fact that she was feeling oddly proud of how much bigger her boobs were than her friends.

Matthew had been in the library thousands of times, and yet she was having difficulty recalling where all the proper shelves and categories were. It was like a vacuum was slowly sucking away her memory.

Speaking of sucking . . . did I actually give a blowjob to those total nerds. No!

She breathed a sigh of relief. She'd been able to banish that thought much quicker than Jared had hers. Still, it was a warning. Dragging her friend around the library, they got to work scouring as much as they could about wicca and hexes and transgenderism and witchcraft and wicca and hexes and -

Wait, Matthew realised after the third horrible hour of study. Oh em gee. I'm reading the same frickin' books again! How have I not noticed! Gawd, embarrassing as!

It was just like Jared said it was the previous day: like slipping into another version of herself and forgetting what she was doing. But something else was going on too. She was finding it impossible to focus and remember exactly what she wanted to do. She occasionally giggled at a random word - 'titular' had the word 'tit' in it. She knew it meant something, she'd used it in an essay once, but all it did was make her think of her own huge tits.

"Hey, Janet, this word is about me, right?"

The two giggled.

"Nice joke, Melody."

"Oh, it wasn't a joke, I - I know what that word means. It means from the title. Gawd, this fucking curse, sis - I mean dude!"

Fuck, it feels like I'm following her trajec - trajec - her arc! At least my memories aren't changing . . . yet. Though would I, like, even know?

She looked up to find a quizzical Deborah Paley looking at her.

"Um, what's up Debby?"

The beautiful woman - though not, Matthew thought, as beautiful as *she* was now - raised a curious eyebrow.

"Girl, why are you wearing a men's size hoodie? Did you forget to change again? Seriously, what's up with you two lately? We miss our sluts on campus!"

The weird part was, being called a 'slut' seemed endearing, like a term of friendship between the popular girls.

"Um, we're just, like, trying something different I guess?"

Deborah just sighed. "Okay, well, we all miss your style. And no offence Melody, but you look way better when you show off those big tatas of yours! Not exactly cheerleader material without them, right?"

"Um, like, totes, yeah."

"Anyway, I was just here to return something. You take care of Melody here, okay Janet?"

Janet nodded eagerly. "We all know she needs it!"

It was only when Deborah left that they both snapped out of their weird personas.

"Since when I you give *you*, like, library guidance, or whatever?"

"I don't know, but it's totes not a good sign," said Melody.

MATTHEW.

Study got worse and worse. Half the words were a struggle for Matthew, and so much of the rest was just. Plain. Boring. It was like the smart person she was meant to be was disintegrating beneath the hex, not that she'd even know how to pronounce of spell 'disintegrate[anymore. She found herself weeping occasionally, and it only made things more embarrassing when some of the nerdy girls checked in on her. Evidently, Melody was at least quite liked by all the different cliques.

In the end, they chose to break for lunch, especially since Janet was caught looking at pictures of high heels and giggling at images of hot boys on the library computer. During the break for lunch Janet ordered another pumpkin spice latte, and this time without even thinking about it so did Melody.

MATTHEW. I'M MATTHEW.

They ate their light dishes, their smaller stomachs keen for salads, and this time Matthew consciously gave in to this as well. She had a stack of several books she'd brought that *could* be useful, but there were tears in her eyes as she looked over the titles. They couldn't be anything more than middle school texts. She hadn't been able to get through a single upper school or university level text.

"Oh em gee," she whined. "I'm getting dumber and dumber. I feel like, such a ditz already, and it's only getting worse!"

Janet smiled at a hot man walking past, pursing her lips and fluttering her fingers at him.

"Janet! Aren't you, like, hearing anything I'm saying! I'm getting real stupid!"

Janet blushed. "Sorry Mel, I was checking out those hot boys and - fuck! Wait, you're getting stupid? I mean, I'm like, easily distracted but I don't feel supes dumb. Just sooooo fucking horny all the time, sis."

Melody despaired. Her friend was barely able to pull away from her persona at all, but why was *she* getting dumber? Was it because she was fighting the hex more? But that wasn't fair!

"We can't give up," Melody despaired. *Matthew. Damnit!*

"But we're never gonna find a cure. We're so fuuuuuucked," Janet said, stretching out the word in a long moan that gained the attention of several others in the area. She licked her lips again, closing her eyes and continuing the moan.

"Janet, like stop already!"

Her eyes opened wide. "Oh God, oh God, Me!! I was imaging getting fucked by a big long dick. Just the thought of it makes me s-so horny now."

"W-we just need to beat thing th-thing," she said. Matthew was feeling horny as well, but didn't want to say it out loud. There were several hot guys in the eating area, including Steven Patterson, who was on the swim team. Just looking at his shoulders alone was making her giant nipples tense. She brushed her honey-blond hair in an attractive pattern while eyeing him.

"Oh em gee, Janet. If I was, like, wearing something way cuter it would totes make him into me."

"Ohmigod it supes would! He would like something totally adorbs, right? But also showing off those head-sized titties of yours!"

"Right? Something light blue-"

"To bring out your eyes! Fuck yeah - he'd be all over you, fucking you senseless."

"Mmhmm," Melody moaned.

This time, it was Janet that managed to pull away from her bimbo self. Melody saw Janet suddenly flail, breathing heavily and looking with alarm at her.

Why is she, like, looking at me like that? Did I totes forget to do something obvious again! Gawd, I'm so dumb! It's a good thing I'm a super busty hottie!

"Melody! Melody! Melody, I can't remember your male name but you need to, um, snap out of it or something!"

Matthew regained control. It was like she'd just disappeared into the bimbo. Like her identity had just briefly . . . died.

"Holy shit!"

But not everything came back. She looked at the most advanced of the books before her, and realised to her terror that it looked waaaaay too complicated for her. She clutched her head, tears forming.

"I'm getting, like, sooo ditzzy! Janet, don't let that happen again!"

"I barely managed to get out myself!"

They sat in silence a while, the attention of a number of men still gazing at their gorgeous bodies hidden beneath their ill-fitting clothes. Janet was a bit girlier: she was wearing a skirt and headband, after all, but she'd borrowed some male clothes Matthew had procured.

"Melody-"

"Matthew."

"Yeah, that's what I said, I think. Maybe if we, um, keep our bimbo selves happy, just a little bit, it'll, like, hold off the changes a bit? These clothes are just really, really tacky, why don't we just not fight it - just for a little bit - by putting on some super yummy clothes?"

Matthew felt there were holes in the plan, but thinking through exactly why was increasingly like swimming through molasses. Even regular thought seemed to be taking longer, and the cute guys nearby were distracting her every few seconds.

"Okay," she said, "maybe just, like, a little bit of shopping."

"Don't worry, we're not getting, you know, girly shit!" Janet insisted, even as she bit her lip. "We're just getting stuff that actually fits us a bit more."

Matthew nodded, feeling suddenly quite eager.

I remember the first time we went bra shopping together, and that was totes fun.

There was something wrong with that thought, and it continued to bug her on the way to the mall.

The girls begrudgingly headed for the women's section, their hips swaying hypnotically even in their baggy clothing. With her skirt, Janet's legs were on display, and Matthew occasionally caught her smirking as she passed men around her own age, grabbing their attention with her child-bearing hips.

"Remember, we're just grabbing plain underwear and bras and plain clothes," Matthew reminded. "Instead of the totes hot stuff at home."

"What about a cute nightie?" Janet said. "We used to love playing dressup during girl sleepovers before going to bed in our cute nighties."

Matthew nodded. They certainly had.

But we were boys. Weren't we? It's getting soooooo hard to keep track of what's me and what's Melody!

But Janet seemed even more certain. They entered the women's section, and almost immediately had to assure the staff they didn't need help. After all, they had distinct

memories of this place, despite knowing they were false. Over the years, they had often frequent *Coquette's*, the premier place for hot and sexy fashion for chicks like them.

Even though I've never been here in my life, Matthew thought.

They spent twenty minutes or so quickly finding panties and bras that would fit them without being showy. Matthew was extremely grateful they actually had something in her size that could support her heavy bosom, and wondered if that was the standard given her abnormal amplexity. That was, until one of the store women approached her.

"Melody! It's great to see you again - I thought we'd lost your business. I've made sure that we've got plenty of bras in your size: you know we take care of loyal customers!"

"Um, thanks," she muttered, before finding some excuse to sneak away and try her things on. "Oh Gawd, *I'm* like, *the* reason there's huge bras are here. My boobies are like, top sellers for them!"

She managed to find some women's jackets and pants that would fit her, even if they stretched tight around her bust. So long as they concealed her. Janet found much the same, though Matthew noticed that her jackets were much tighter. One even bared her toned, flat stomach.

"What? I just think it's, um, supes comfortable!"

She decided they needed to get out of there, particularly since she'd just seen a set of cute heels that were totally her colour, and it was increasingly hard to resist trying them on.

"Janet!" she called, banging on the change room door. "Janet! We need to get out of here! This was, um, a really totes bad idea! Open up!"

"Um, can it wait a mome?"

"NOW!"

The door swung open, and Matthew gasped. Janet was no longer even wearing modest clothing. She had a loose summer dress on, one that did not conform to her wonderful curves but at the very least suggested them. She had managed to resist heels, but she had abandoned a normal set of sneakers for women's sandals. She even had what must have been a pushup bra on, because her ample DD's now looked like impressive E's.

"Janet!" Matthew cried. She wanted to remind her friend of her male name, but it was slipping from her mind at that moment. "What are you doing, you stupid bitch!?"

"Me stupid? You're the one, like, struggling to read now! I was just . . . I know it's cray cray, but it's sooo hard not to wear something cute!"

Matthew gritted her teeth, resisting the urge to say something mean. In fact, it was hard to even *think* of something mean at all.

Being mean is, like, super bad anyway. Way better to be nice!

“Janet, you look super adorbs in that outfit. Really yummy! But we need to, like, fight this, remember? We tried indul - indul - feeding it, but it’s only making us even more like stupid bimbos, me especially!”

Her friend nodded, becoming a little teary eyed. It broke Matthew’s heart, which was strange as she’d always been more of a stoic person as a guy.

“Can - can we just try on one proper girly outfit together? Like, just one?”

It would be good to just try one . . . just one.

“Fine,” she said. “Just one!”

Janet and Melody giggled intensely as they tried no numerous outfits. They’d been in the store for nearly an hour and a half, and already bought several articles, to the great pleasure of the staff who all knew them on a first name basis. What had started out as just a single, only slightly feminine outfit test had quickly snowballed into an outright smorgasbord of clothes shopping. Somewhere along the way, the loud cries in Matthew’s mind had died away, and *Melody* was simply wide-eyed and keen, following Janet’s every bit of advice on what would work on her figure. The two tried on crop tops, women’s ripped jeans, low-cut sports tops, tight skirts, summer dresses, cocktail dresses, midriff-baring two-pieces, and with all manner of matching bras and panties to match. Each outfit was more feminine than the last, Janet emphasising her perfect ass and hips, and Melody her unbelievable bust. The two couldn’t help but giggle and compliment each other on their styles. At first, their words were only mild:

“That looks really good on you, Melody.”

“Cheers, I guess. I’m not used to having my big boobies pushed up like this!”

But then it accelerated as they wore tighter skirts and tops.

“What do you think? Does this show off my big, juicy ass enough?”

“Oh yeah, it totes does! I’m so jelly of your baby makers!”

“You jealous? Look at them big titties, Mel! You should try on this crop top!”

“M-maybe. Weren’t we, like, only doing one? Or was it two?”

“Let’s split the different and do three!”

“That - that math works out. I think.”

As time wore on, they were critiquing outfits and each other’s body parts as if they’d been bimbos all their lives. In fact, for the last hour, that’s all they imagined they’d ever been. Melody found herself hanging on Janet’s every word, following her lead, and feeling embarrassed when an outfit didn’t work.

“No, no, no Mel!” Janet said when she tried on a tight black number. “That dress is, like, way to wide in your hips. You gotta show off your big boobs, girl! Play to your strengths!”

She smacked her forehead lightly. “Oh, of course! I’m such a silly girl sometimes. What about this one?”

“Mhmm, maybe not the colour of your hair - is there a green or blue one?”

“Oh, this one has sunflowers on it!”

“You and your sunflowers. Alright, let’s set it - but I *better* see a big ole canyon of cleavage, you hot thing!”

Melody giggled, beginning to strip off her current dress.

“In the change room, Mel! Wait till the change room!”

“Oh, like, *duh!*”

She bounced on her feet towards the change room. There was something wrong. She knew there was something wrong. But all she could think about were all the times she’d gone shopping for sexy outfits with Janet before, and how her bestie friend for life was soooo good at finding outfits to attract hot guys. Plus, she was having too much fun: there were so many pretty colours and distractions, and she had no idea why she’d been so annoyed about her big bust size: having huge tits was great! Sure they bounced and wobbled all the time, and gave her back and shoulder ache, but they looked so damn good on her figure. She had a cute, innocent vibe to her, and it made her massive mammaries all the better fitted to her: like a sexy farmgirl who needed a big strong man to teach her everything, and ‘milk’ her in private.

“MHmm, I can just imagine a sexy boy like Chad Borstein grabbing my big boobies and sucking on my nips!”

“I knooooow,” declared Janet, trying on her next outfit. “And he’d be so good fucking me. He definitely was a month ago. He bent me over his kitchen table, grabbed this wide babymakers, and shoved all nine inches of his big, thick cock right up my - my - my . . .”

Janet froze, and for a moment Melody was confused.

“Oh God!” she cried. “Oh God! Melody, look at me.”

Melody checked out her friend, who had just finished dressing up. Janet was wearing a tight red cocktail dress that just spoke of sinfulness and raw sexuality. It hugged her hips, following the curvature of her rondure backside before terminating at her thighs, revealing her shapely legs. Her large Double-Ds were pushed up by the built-in brassiere, showing a delightful curve of cleavage. She’d used a hairband to give herself a styled ponytail that fell over her left shoulder, and along with her makeup from the morning she had all the appearance of a goddess in red. A goddess of love and sex. She had frozen mid-pose, her hip cocked deliciously to one side, her hand upon it, the other hand extended out in a feminine fashion, as if she were examining her perfect nails and pretending to ignore the

guys who were interested, even as she put on a show. It was an invitation to come up and flirt, and she must have known it.

“I look . . . I look beautiful. Oh em gee, Melody, I’m about to lose it! I nearly lost myself for, like, ever!”

It all came crashing down for Melody as well. She dropped the outfits in her hand, and looked down at the blue casual dress she was wearing, the one that exposed a good two-thirds of her tits, by the looks of it.

“Holy f-fuck! Me too! Shit!”

Tears ran down Janet’s eyes. “But I fell in first, and like, dragged you with me! Oh Gawd, Melody, I can’t even remember your old name at all!”

Me too. What was it? No, no this isn’t right!

“Matthew!” she cried, a little too loudly. “It’s - oh thank goody, it’s Matthew.”

Janet wiped more tears. “I’m going to lose myself, Melody - I mean, Matthew! I had all these memories of us as little girls while playing dress up, and now I can’t remember what memories they, like, took over!”

Matthew focused. She could just *barely* recall playing cowboys, firing fake guns, running through the bushes and climbing trees. But it was overlaid by dolls, dresses, playing princesses, and those memories were stronger. Even memories of beginning to grow her boobs super early, and them not stopping till she was nineteen.

“Janet, just breathe, okay? We’re gonna figure something out!”

But Janet was hyperventilating, her chest rising and falling. “I need to get out of here! Melody, I can’t stay here! I need - oh gawd I need fresh air!”

She took over, running out of the store and still wearing clothing she hadn’t bought yet. Melody/Matthew tried to pursue her, but was halted by the staff.

“Wow, it’s usually *you* who forgets to pay, not Janet,” one of the clerks said. She recognised her as Camilla, even though they’d never actually met. “Do you mind covering your friend? It’d save us calling her back later.”

“Um, sure,” she said, trying to see where her friend had run off too. “But, like, can we do it super quickly? My stuff too, I guess.”

Quick as we can. I need her! She like, needs my help!

Now would normally be the time when Matthew formed a plan in her mind.

But now, nothing came at all. It was too hard to think that far ahead.

Melody struggled to find her ‘bestie BFF’, particularly as she was carting around some quite expensive and heavy bags of clothing. She didn’t know why she’d bought them, but they

were all so good looking! Janet had left in shock and tears, but she wasn't in any of her usual places of comfort: the ice cream parlour, the karaoke bar, or the makeup parlour. The only place left was one she feared the most. Her memories intermingled, a strange soup of Matthew and Melody, and it was getting harder to sift through which memories were truly hers, particularly as her ability to think became slower and more difficult. But she was still Matthew enough to worry about the possibility that she'd gone not to where the *girls* went, but the *boys*.

Janet always did run to the boys for comfort . . . wait, no she didn't! She's, like, a fucking jock or whatever! With a big, hard dick and everything! At least, she's supposed to be . . .

She ran, folding her arms beneath her breasts in a quite feminine fashion to stop them from bouncing. It didn't work - boobs her size wouldn't stop bouncing for Judgement Day itself - but it at least mitigated their enormous wobble. She tried to ignore how cute and attractive she probably looked in her blue dress, and she determined that the moment she got back with Janet she'd rip it clean off and put a male hoodie back on. But for now, she needed to find her friend.

She found her at the bowling alley.

Janet was there, laughing and giggling with several of the boys - Nic, Gerald, Brad - but chief among them was Harey Javis, who had an arm around her shoulder and was making flirty comments over the sound of the music.

"Good to see a return of my personal favourite *bowling balls*," he said suggestively, his hands creeping upwards to her tits. Matthew's eyes went wide as Janet showed a brief moment of resistance, taking his hands and trying to push them back down, before falling into another fit of giggling, squirming against his body and even *sitting* her rounded ass on his lap as he cupped her chest for several moments. She groaned in a highly sexualised manner.

Don't do this Janet! He used to be your sports buddy! You know this!

She could see in her BFF's eyes that she did. Janet looked caught between pleasure and pain, between utmost shame and wanton needed. She was practically *drooling* in the presence of those hot guys, and Matthew could feel her own pussy becoming moist, making her wonder just how completely soaked Janet's own hungry pussy likely was.

"How about we quit bowling and get out of here?"

Matthew advanced, trying to push past the much bigger people around her. She cursed her shortness, the shortness she'd had ever since she was a little girl, and her topheavy tits. She needed to get Melody's attention, but already the reply was coming.

"Mmhmm . . . I shouldn't. I, like, know I shouldn't. But I really, really wanna be cheered up now."

“Then let’s go cheer you up, the way I know you like best.”

They were loud enough to hear, but they hadn’t spotted Matthew/Melody yet. She tried to get their attention again, but tripped over someone’s food and fell onto her large boobs painfully. They were not like cushions, because pain radiated through her form. Gerald noticed and ran to her side, helping lift her up.

“Hey, Melody! You’ve gotta be more careful. You’re always falling over.”

“High centre of, like, gravity,” she said, though even as she said it she didn’t know what it meant. She looked around for Janet, but she was out of sight already. “Where - where’s Janet?”

“Oh, she’s gone off with Harvey, lucky man. Of course . . . I don’t have any plans. Remember last month when we . . . anyway, would you like to come back to my place?”

Gawd, he’s so fucking handsome. I’d love to squish his big dick between my huge titties while I suck his cock dry!

She exhaled in shock, pulling back. His eyes were glued to her cleavage, so she threw her hands over them, barely covering much at all.

‘N-not now! M-maybe, like, another time, Gar! I have to, um, tell Janet something!’

She ran past him, trying to find where Janet and Harvey had gone. She was pointed by Nic towards the entrance to the mall, and she burst out from the entrance to the astonishment of several onlookers, many of whom murmured that ‘poor ditzzy Melody’s lost her way again.’ She ignored them, searching for her friend. And that’s when she spotted her, getting into Harvey’s car.

She had a smile on her lips, and was pressing her body against him as he helped her in. They had a long, luxurious kiss, and in that moment, even over thirty feet away, their eyes locked. Janet blushed deeply, her expression one of utmost shame at war with her endless lust.

But it was too late. Harvey closed the door and went to the driver’s side, and Melody was too frozen in shock to say anything. The last thing she saw of her bimbo friend was her biting her lip, embarrassed and yet far too horny to stop what was happening.

I really, really hope they’re just making out.

Fucking Their Brains Out

By the time Melody managed to get back to their apartment, she knew she couldn’t save her friend from herself. She’d taken too long to arrive. Between having to order a taxi and require some help with the addresses, to the fact that she’d somehow forgotten the location of her

apartment three times in a row, she was feeling dumber and ditzier than ever. She'd even knocked on the wrong door and started flirting with an older neighbour before realising her stupid mistake. When she finally got past the right door, the sounds emanating from the living room were too loud and passionate to be anything but steamy hot sex.

"OOhhhh f-fuck! This is s-so much better than I ever imagined! Your dick is so big and my pussy is all wet!"

"It's only b-because you're the f-fucking hottest girl on campus, Janet!"

"MMh - Ohhh! Even h-hotted than - ahhh! - than Melody!"

"Even hotter! Everyone knows you're the p-party girl. Melody's nice, but she's t-too simple to remember all the great dirty s-stuff you do! That thing with your t-tongue - oof!"

"NNghhhh - s-so big! Keep thrusting! Keep fucking thrusting! I wanna cum so badly! Suck on these big titties!"

"So big."

"Not as b-big as Melody's though."

"But just perfectly sized. I'll show you what I mean."

"OOHHHHH!! F-FUCK! YES! YES YES YES YES!!"

Melody could barely stand to listen to it. It was just around the corner, and the moans of the two of them were so intense that it was making her incredibly aroused. Janet sounded like a whore in heat, and she had to fight the instinct to *be* that whore herself. She was actually jealous of her friend.

It's the bimbo thinking. It's, like, my bimbo mind or whatevs!

But the sound of thrusting, the slap of flesh on flesh as Harvey fucked her friend into delirium, it was too much. She gave in to an instinct she'd been fighting for too long, and lowered her hand between her thighs. She bit her lip, trying to avoid making noise as she rubbed her own wet clit in tune to the sounds of sex. She had to interrupt them, stop them!

As soon as I've had a big cum. I really, really neeeeed it!

The pleasure was sensational, so different from having a dick. Not that she could remember much of what having a dick was like. It was a distant memory, and growing all the more distant as she masturbated. Her breasts throbbed in her hard dress, her fat nipples distended. She reached a hand inside her bra cups and began massaging them one at a time, cooing in bliss at having them felt up. It was almost impossible not to imagine a hot, tall, muscly guy grabbing her huge breasts and playing with them. She imagined it was *she* who was fucking Harvey, instead of Janet.

What would it feel like, to have a big dick inside my pussy?

Janet certainly knew. She continued to gasp and moan and whimper as their thrusts increased in speed and ferocity. She took a peak around the corner and saw that they were on the couch, neither able to see her. Janet was on her back, her legs wrapped around the

muscled sports star as he took her by force. Her face was one of pure ecstasy as he thrust into her, and her perfect tits bounced, wobbling up and down with the motion of their bucking hips.

“I’m - so - fucking - close! Ohmigod!!”

“I’m gonna cum! I want you to cum with me Jan! Fucking cum with me!”

“I - I am! Yes! YES YES! I’M CUMMING! OHHHHHHHHH GOOOOOD!!”

Melody watched in fear and arousal as her friend exploded into orgasm. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she actually *drooled* out the side of her mouth, she was so overcome with pleasure. Melody rubbed her lower lips even more, so close to the edge herself. She shook, her bosom trembling as the first cusp of orgasm was hurdled over. The sight of Matthew spilling his seed inside her friend was enough to make her cum, even if the pleasure was not nearly that of having a man inside her.

At least, that’s what I remember, right? It’s so fucking yummy!

In the aftermath of the moment, she realised she needed to confront her friend. She *had* to. She couldn’t do it alone.

She stepped around the corner, to where she was lying naked on top of Harvey.

“Janet, we need to, like, talk and -”

“Melody you absolute klutz! I’m, like, enjoying the post-coital bliss here!”

She was jarred momentarily, realising how stupid she was being. She hadn’t even knocked the wall to inform them! Harvey gave a sheepish green, and waved lightly to Melody.

“Uh, hey Melody.”

“Um, hi. Can I - can I borrow Janet for a moment?”

He looked her over for a moment. “Right - right now?”

She nodded eagerly, trying not to notice how handsome he was. Or how big his cock was. *She fit all of that inside her? Wow. I wonder what it feels like. I bet it’s amazing.*

Janet sighed. “Just a moment Harv, then I give you the total encore, kay?”

“Alright,” he said with a grin, as Janet joined Melody in the latter’s room.

Melody tried to keep her breath steady. “Janet - I mean Jared - are you still, like, with me?”

Janet chuckled, raising an eyebrow. “Uh, *yeah* girl, I’m here. Like, I’m in front of you.”

“No! I mean, fuck, I don’t know how to word this anymore. Like, do you remember having a penis and everything?”

Janet licked her lips. “Mhmmm, yeah I do. Just before you pulled me off my man. I want to go get some more, so spit it out, girl! Did you lose your keys again or something?”

“No! No! I mean do you remember *being a - a dude!* Do you remember being Jared! You’re totes meant to be a dude!”

Janet looked at her like she'd grown a second head. "Did someone give you some of the strong stuff, girl? Seriously, you're like, off your head or whatever. Go have a lie down - hell, have a hot little listen in if you want. But don't, like, ruin this for me. I'm so, so, soooo fucking horny and I really want to get fucked sooo badly by Harv. I promise I'll find you a guy to play with your big fat titties, m'kay? But for now, let your BFF get her little brains fucked out."

She gave Melody a playful wobble of her tits before turning and leaving the room, not a hint of recognition upon her face.

"Jared!" Melody called, "remember we used to take out, like, trail bikes up into the forest. We tried to build one of those fort thingies!"

For the briefest moment there was a fleeting glimpse of her old friend there. A horrified, shocked expression that lasted barely a second, a terrified realisation of what she had become, and what she had given herself over to. And then it was followed by a further horror, as she visibly lost control, her features rearranging to become confident and womanly and aroused.

"That sounds, like, so gross with bugs and everything! No way that was us! We were into the same thing, remember?"

Melody deflated, her heartbeat slowing as a chill settled over her. "What - what was that?"

"What do ya think, girl? We were all about *boys*. And we still are."

And with that, she left the room, leaving Melody all alone with her own growing arousal and fear, and her own grasp over her former life slipping away with every second.

The moaning and thrusting started up again not long after that.

It was still going that night when Melody fell asleep, her face matted with tears.

Total Surrender

It was two days later when Melody saw Janet's bimbo personality falter again. After the clothes shopping trip and the many acts of sex with Harvey, her old male self had been all but obliterated as far as Melody could tell. Melody herself was failing against the spell. She knew it wasn't fair, but she could barely even remember if there was, like, a way out of it or whatever! She was constantly distracted by her big boobies and how fun they were to play with, and people kept treating her like she was a ditzzy dumb blonde bimbo constantly in need of care, as if she was too stupid to be independent.

"Melody, great to see you! Please tell me you remembered to bring your textbooks to class this time?"

She hadn't.

"Hey Mel! Looking hot girl. Might want to put a bra on though, unless this is a new look for you?"

It wasn't. She had forgotten.

"Hey Melody, me and the girls are heading out to club tonight, why don't you come? Don't worry, we'll all be there to make sure you don't even up drinking too much and hopping in some stranger's car, okay?"

She barely managed to avoid going clubbing, but it gnawed at her all night. It sounds, like, sooooo fun. She imagined wearing sexy tight dresses that showed off her body, and being too cute for all the hunky sexy boys to even dare resisting!

"And don't forget to wear contraception again! God, I still have nightmares from last time when you came close to getting preggers."

It made Melody blush and feel stupid. She *remembered* it happening, even if it hadn't really happened. Had it? Either way, she thanked Deborah, calling her such a good girlfriend.

She was nearly totally lost. It was like barely ten or even five percent of her old male brain remained, and it was exhausting itself fighting off the loss of its identity to come. She came home, tears falling down her cheeks, her ridiculous female body and boobs reminding her continually of her fate, when she saw Janet holding up a photo and looking wistful, not at all like the seductive sexy-hungry nympho she'd become.

"Janet? What's, like, up?" Melody asked.

Janet was silent a moment, also unlike the new her.

"This is, like, wrong, isn't it? We weren't Janet and Melody, and we weren't wearing bikinis. We were, like, fishing, right?"

For just a brief moment the two exchanged a knowing glance. In Janet's eyes, Melody's brain - even as compromised as it was - could make out what was being said: *I'm still in here. Even when Janet's fully in control, I'm just dormant. I can still resurface.*

But only for a moment, because then Janet screwed up her face.

"EEEWWWW! What am I saying? Fish are like, so gross!"

"So gross!" Melody agreed, the memory slipping away into oblivion. "Gross and like, soooo slimy. Totes gross!"

"Totes gross!"

And the two fell into giggles and laughter, before doing each other's hair, giggling about how cute their old bikinis were before they 'out-sized them', and then styling each other's dresses for a night out. Melody couldn't help it. Matthew, the male part of her, was shrinking more and more, and it was becoming impossible to keep away the ditzy bimbo she'd become. Her favourite colour was now pink and blue, and she wore a tight dress in the

latter, since it, like, totes matched her eyes. It showed off her big boobies, and by the time she and Janet were starting their night out and she realised what was happening, it was already too late. She was already in her dress and high heels, laughing and drinking with Janet, and too stupid to know what her own limit was. There were so many cute boys around her, and they were all looking at her. Janet kept a look out for her, and she tried to imagine that it was because Jared was still in there somewhere, fighting. But in truth, she knew Jared had given over to the bimbo.

“I’ve, like, got to fight it or whatever!” she proclaimed to herself as she went to check on her makeup and fix it. But when she got back out, Janet was no longer on the dance floor. She’d abandoned her for the one thing that was supes important: having sex with a super hot guy. Melody could see her in the corner booth, flirting and making out with Bob Avason, who was, like, totally not her type in Melody’s opinion. Evidently, she wanted a different flavour tonight, and was liking the idea of a goth guy fucking her brains out. It made Melody feel her nipples for a moment, until she realised what she was stupidly doing and stopped, going red at the looks she was receiving.

“Melody, what are you doing girl!?”

Melody spun, setting her big tits wobbling in a way that once would have embarrassed her, but now she kind of loved.

“Oh my Gawd, Deborah! What are you doing here!?”

It was Deborah Parley, Matt’s old crush who was no Melody’s girlfriend and occasional minder. She had an amused look on her face.

“Uh, we *invited* you to come, remember? Like, literally the other day?”

Melody racked her brains. “But, I didn’t come. Wasn’t that, like, nights ago?”

Deb laughed, putting her arm around Melody.

“Oh, poor Mel. God, we love you. That was on Tuesday. We were inviting you for tonight - Friday! This place isn’t even open on Tuesday, remember?”

Melody put two and two together, a lot more slowly than she would have.

“Oh yeah! That’s like, so obvious!”

Another laugh. “Yeah it is. Where’s your BFF?”

“She’s, like, totally seducing Bob Avason right now.”

“Him? She can do better!”

The bimbo was getting stronger. “I know! It’s super weird, but maybe he’s got like a huge sexy cock. Gawwwwd, I’d love to have a big cock in me right now. There are sooo many cute guys here.”

Deb just put her hand on her forehead, smiling briefly. “Oh Mel, we can always count on you to say what you mean, and hold nothing back.”

Melody interpreted this as a compliment, and it was only the last second intervention of her old male smarts that made her realise what was being said. She flushed a little red.

"It's, like, not fair! I'm just super ditzzy and stuff! I don't want to be dumb!"

Deb gave a sympathetic smile and hugged Melody a little closer. "You're not dumb, Mel. Okay, maybe a bit. But you're so earnest! And sweet! Everyone loves you like this - and besides, those big tits that make the rest of us girls jealous more than make up for it, right?"

Melody grinned, nodding her head, her sadness immediately dissipated.

"C'mon, let's find you a cute boy. I'll help you, uh, get the best deal. And avoid the creepos."

Melody was hit with a fear she couldn't push back against. It was mingled with her growing horniness. Her pussy was already wet with arousal, and her nipples were utterly *straining*, throbbing with an aching need to be sucked upon. Gawd, she loved her big boobies, even as part of her knew she should have hated them. But the music was too poppy and fun, and the drinks she'd already consumed making her lose her inhibitions. And Janet was nowhere to give her strength: she was already making out with Bob, and the two looked ready to leave. And so it was that Deb brought her in that state not to any of the big hunks, but to the worst possible person she could have chosen.

Timothy Harking.

He was standing a little alone. Introverted, a bit awkward, but trying to participate and have a good time. The same way Matt himself had always been, back when he was Matt. It made Melody's heart reach out to him, overcome with sudden empathy for this poor, poor boy who was all alone and needed a sexy girl to treat him right.

"That's Timmy Harking!" she declared. "He's, like, one of my old friends from science!"

Deb gave a funny look. "You did science?"

Another flash of false memories overcame Melody. She remembered *flunking* science now, but Timmy had been there to help. He was always a real sweetie. She knew the memories were not right - after all, they'd been *friends* who were quite nerdy together, and Timmy was even less lucky with women than Matt was. But that conception of the man was slowly eclipsed, even though some association of friendship remained. The fear throbbed in her remaining male brain. She couldn't flirt and fuck this man. He was a friend! It was all wrong!

And yet he looked so cute and yummy. And she wanted to make him feel soooo much better, the poor guy!

"What do you think? I know you like nerdy types, and Timothy will make sure you get home safe, unlike some of these other perverts."

Melody tried to say. Tried to fight it. But instead the bimbo beamed. It was, like, the perfect plan!

“Oh my gosh, Deb! You’re, like, the smartest person I know! And so is he! I’m gonna make his night with these big boobies of mine!”

Another chuckle. “I bet you will. Let’s go see him. Hey Timothy!”

The blonde-haired young man with the thin stature and frame looked up, quite surprised. “Oh, uh, hi Deb! Hi Melody!”

Melody bit her lip, grinning as they approached.

“My friend Mel here is feeling a bit lonely, and I’ve got to go. Janet is out with some other guy, so is it okay if Mel spends some time with you tonight.”

“Oh, uh, are you sure?” he said, obviously shocked and a bit flustered. His eyes kept going to Melody’s deep, deep cleavage, and it only made her more excited. She beamed, nodding.

“Like, totes! I’d loooove to dance with you!”

Deb smiled, and walked away, but not before placing their hands together. “Looks like my work is done. You can thank me later, you two!”

“Byyye Deb! Thanks super much!”

And they then were alone, and the final portion of Matt’s mind was screaming.

Don’t dance with him. Don’t make out with him. Definitely don’t fuck him! He’s my friend! It’s not right! But . . . he’s also soooooo cute. And he keeps staring at my big tits. I’d love to shove his face right up in - NO!

She decided on the least bad of all options. “C’mon, Timmy, let’s dance! I want you, like, up on me, okay?”

“Uh, sure! I’d really like that. I’m not the best dancer!”

“I’ll show you how to do it. Just stay close, hot stuff.”

He grinned, confidence growing. It made her sweet heart melt. “You really are beautiful, by the way. Your dress is amazing on you.”

“Mhmmm,” she moaned, just imagining taking it off for him. She pushed back, but only just. “C’mon!”

The two danced. Unlike Janet, whose moves were sensual and calculated to attract boys, Melody was more a free spirit, and she let her moves be energetic and bouncy just like her personality. She jumped and jiggled and wobbled about, her huge boobs nearly spilling out of her top. It made Timmy laugh, and soon they were both having a great time. She dared to press her body closer against his, and it only made him bolder. Soon, with her reluctant encouragement, he was placing his hand around her waist, and taking her soft hand and dancing with her, or simply allowing her to shake her chest in his face.

And perhaps she could have survived the night, humiliating as it was, if that was as far as it went. But they were both emboldened not just by the exhilaration of dancing, but the freeing effect of the alcohol in their systems. She was tipsy, thankfully not drunk, but certainly carrying less inhibitions. And Timmy, while in full command of his faculties, was more confident for having a drink or two in his system. And in the end, he worked up the courage to ask the question.

“Hey, uh, Melody. You’re so pretty, and, well, I really like you. Would you like to get out of her?”

Say no say no say no ooohhh but I want it soo bad this isn’t fair!

“Totes!” she grinned.

Timmy was showing her his apartment. It was filled with nerdy stuff she used to be into. *Star Wars* and *Star Trek* and tabletop games, as well as numerous science books, fantasy novels, and all kinds of posters and media you would expect to see in a geek’s bedroom. She marvelled at it, even as only faintly recognised what she was seeing.

“This is all, like, so cute! Such a collection!”

“Yeah, I guess you say I’m a bit of a geek.”

She ruffled his hair. “A sexy geek. You look so hot in your native invidement.”

“Um, do you mean natural environment?”

She giggled, tapping her teeth with her fingernail awkwardly. “Oh my gawwd, like, probably! I’m not a smart, big-brained guy like you! I think it’s really hot though.”

He raised his eyebrows. “You do?”

“Mhmm, totes. I think it’s so fuckin’ sexy. I’m, like, really dumb and blonde. It’s alright, I’m supes okay with it. But a guy with a big brain like yours just makes me so fucking horny, I swear.”

Oh gawwd. It’s true! I don’t want to be, but my pussy is sooo wet. I want his hands on my big, fat nipples! I want him to suck on them! But I don’t want to end up like Jared! Surely I can still, like, fight this!

Timmy leaned closer. “Are you horny right now?”

She could practically *smell* how turned on he was. Goodness knows, he had a surprisingly big erection tenting his pants, and was no longer trying to awkwardly hide it. His eyes were locked on her chest as it rose and fell. Her breath was laboured, filled with the anticipation of sex, and it made her breasts strain the fabric of her dress in a way that she knew would entice further.

She nodded, biting her lip. “Mhmm. So, soooo much.”

She was on the razor's edge. Right before the point of no return. At the crossroads. She knew that if she gave in now, she would lose. Matt would be gone, or at least just a prisoner trapped in the mind of the bimbo forever, destined to resurface only occasionally, much to her humiliation. She didn't deserve it. It had only been an accident that left her infected. But then, Jared hadn't deserved it either. They were both a victim of chance and cruelty, and now they were hexed to be bimbos for good. She put up one last weak effort, planting her hand on Timmy's chest.

But it only aroused her further, and came across like she was feeling him up.

Which I want to do. I want that soooo bad.

She looked around the room. She used to have so many of those books. Those DVDs. Those posters and those interests. She couldn't make heads or tails of them now. It was all weird science gibberish that was too smart for her dumb blonde bimbo brain. Just thinking about how complex it all was made her giggle sheepishly. And that's when she truly realised.

Oh gawwd. I lost out big, didn't I? The witch lady was right: the more I fought the hex, the more I paid for it! It's made me supes dumb! Oh Gawwwd, I could have ended up like Janet! She's not stupid, at least not like I am. I fought for so long, when if I'd just stopped and given in earlier, I wouldn't be such an absolute ditz who needs to be minded by everyone!

A tear trickled down her eye, but she wiped it before Timmy could see, his eyes glued presently to her chest. She'd never had a chance, she realised. She'd never had a hope of escaping, not when every attempt to do so only made her dumber and less capable. It was totes wrong of that witch, but there was nothing that could be done.

She gave into the bimbo, and pressed her face against Timmy's, kissing him with her full, sensual lips. They tasted wonderful, and soon he was kissing back, and holding her itty bitty waist, and she was pressing her overly full chest against him

"I want you soooo bad!" she cried. "I want you to fuck me!"

"I want that too!" he exclaimed. "I can't stop looking at how beautiful you are."

"And how big these heavy, bouncy titties are, right?"

"Oh God, yes! They're amazing!"

She planted his hands on them through the dress, and he *squeezed*. She groaned in ultimate arousal, her boobs sensitive beyond belief, as if it were part of the hex. She had given in, and already her childhood memories, the ones that remained to her as Matt's, were dissipating and being replaced. She remembered dolls' houses and playing with babies. She remembered wearing her first dress and trying on lipstick for the first time. Her mind was being turned fully into Melody's, but now that she had stopped fighting she could only welcome it.

I want to welcome it! I want Timmy to suck my fat nipples and fuck me with his big cock! I want him to cum inside me! I don't, like, care anymore!

Soon he was stripping her dress away, and she was pulling off his top. Her big jugs bounced in her tight bra, nearly spilling out of it. She giggled, shaking her shoulders to show them off. Timmy became bold: he unclasped the bra, threw it across the room, and pushed her back onto the bed, causing them to wobble even more heavily on top of her. He kissed and nuzzled her neck, still feeling her tits, but working his way down to them.

“Mmhhh, that’s right - oohhhh! Kiss them! Feel them! I want you to suck my titties!”

He did exactly that. She didn’t know if he was a good lover or if she was too stupid to know what that entailed: all she knew was that she was in heaven, and her nipples were sending pulses of absolute euphoria all throughout her body, like electric shocks of pure bliss. She whined in her high voice, crying out in passion and spreading her thighs beneath him.

“Tear off my panties! I want you to cum inside me!”

“Condom first!” Timothy said.

“Oh, like, yeah! D’uh! Obviously!”

She was so dumb she’d nearly forgotten. *Oh shit, I can get preggers now. And I’m dumb enough to do it unless, like, smart people help me!*

He put it on, and it seemed the longest wait of Melody’s life. But then his slightly above-average cock - she knew the sizing here, as memories continued to fill in of previous acts of sex - was covered, and together they positioned its head at her entrance.

Oh God it’s happening! It’s happening! This wasn’t meant to be my life but I’m so fucking aroused I can’t stop this from happ - OOHHHHHH!!!”

It was the single greatest pleasure she’d experienced, as his dick parted her walls and slid into her tunnel, filling her to the brim. He worked his way in slowly, eliciting a pleasurable cry from her, but soon he was thrusting, patiently at first but then with increasing arousal. She bucked her hips, letting her tits wobble. He squeezed and caressed them, lifting them up to suck upon as he continued to thrust into her.

“This! Feels! Like! Soooo! GOOOOOD!!” she cried.

“I’m g-glad,” Timmy grunted, sticking his face into her chest. She wrapped her arms around the back of her head to suffocate him even further into her boob flesh. Judging from his continual moans, he was all the happier for it.

I, like, luv making people happy. Especially cute boys like Timmy!

He came up for air. “Your tits are so fucking amazing!”

“I know, right? They’re sooooo sensitive! Don’t s-stop! I’m close! Mhhmmm!!!”

They fell into wordlessness as they found a wonderful rhythm. She couldn’t believe she had fought so long, made herself so stupid, all to avoid this. It felt sooo good! Having a

big dick filling her up was, like, the best. She especially loved the feeling of it withdrawing almost completely out, only to ram all the way back in, igniting every nerve of pleasure in her wet tunnel. Her pussy was tight on his dick, gripping it as if not wanting to let it go. Gripping it hungrily. She wailed, squirmed, especially as Timmy continued to suck her titties. Soon, after just a couple of minutes of thrusting, she could feel the orgasm building. It was like a freight train, gathering speed and coming straight for her. She welcomed it by wrapping her legs around Tiimmy, wanting to feel every part of this cute boy.

“I’m gonna - I’m gonna cum!” he exclaimed. “I c-can’t hold it in much l-longer!”

“Then don’t, cutie!” she giggled. She pulled his head back into her cleavage, loving the way his face smushed against her big boobies.

Another thrust, and she was thrown over the edge completely. The orgasm that had been building finally exploded over her body, setting off like fireworks first in her pleasurable pussy, but then igniting in her core, spreading out to her limbs, reducing them to jelly. Her tits also became supremely sensitive, and she wailed out.

“OOHHHHH!!! YES! YES! YEEESSSSS! I LOVE IT!!!!”

She squeezed him with her thighs, and moments later he grunted loudly, and his hard cock *throbbed* again and again within her. Part of her was a little disappointed: she loved the feeling of cum in her vagina, she remembered.

So warm and sticky! But it’ll make me preggers so I can’t!

Still, it only added to her own pleasure. Another orgasm rippled through her, followed by another, then another. Like fireworks, they kept setting off, overlapping and causing her to moan incoherently.

Finally, they collapsed against each other, still panting in euphoric bliss. Melody purred, stroking her lover’s back, loving the way this cute boy had his face pressed against her chest.

“Mhmm, that was, like, sooo nice.”

“Yeah, wow. It really was. You’re amazing Mel.”

“Aww, such a sweetie! You know, it’s funny. I was, like, upset about something before coming here. But you know what’s weird? I can’t remember, like, what it was. Weird, huh?”

“Yeah, real weird. But you’re happy now?”

She giggled, hugging him against her, relishing the feeling of his slowly softening member inside her.

“Yeah. Totes happy.”

Hexy Girls 4 Lyfe

Janet and Melody lived their bimbo lives in the months to come. Janet, as per her new personality, was constantly sex hungry. Her reputation as a total nympho became truly earned as she slept with every single man on the football team, as well as any of the other athlete hunks on campus. She always dressed super sexy, wearing tight things that showed off her amazing hips and ass, and she delighted in letting her goods wiggle to entice the boys. One of her favourite positions was to lean over a counter or desk or table while a guy fucked her, just so he could hold her amazing hips and cherish her perfect peachy ass. She wasn't the smartest, but that was mainly because her incredible libido was a constant distraction. Still, she was able to succeed purely by seducing the smart boys to do a lot of work for her, in exchange for blowing them, an act she absolutely loved. And while some girls resented her, and religious members on campus viewed her with horror, she was largely well-liked as a carefree slut who loved making people's day with some nice, hot sex, no attachments required or asked for.

Melody also had a nice reputation, though also one marred by a lot of sympathy and pity. The poor girl was too damn dumb to make it through life on her own, but she was bubbly and kind and sweet as apple pie, and so the popular girls cohort took to taking care of her, making sure she remembered when her exams and assignments were, helping her through them, and constantly reminding her to use protection. She was very thankful to Deborah and her friends, but Janet was her ultimate BFF. They two of them stuck together like glue, and they had no intention of moving out separately: they wanted to be best friends for life. For reasons they didn't understand, they started calling themselves the 'Hexy Girls', often adding '4 Lyfe!' to their texts to each other.

But Jared and Matt were not completely gone away, not truly. The witch had hinted at this in her words, but neither had fully understood what she meant. The two bimbo girls had no memory of their old lives, no remnants of their personalities left, as if the boys were actually dead and gone. That was, until the occasional moment where they cropped up, returned just for floundering moments before being dragged back down.

The first time for Melody was when she was letting a beautiful man fuck her on campus behind the bleachers. She was lying on the grass, giggling as he steadied his impressive cock, ready to plough her fields. And then all of a sudden, Matt resurfaced. He couldn't control his body, could only quake a little in terror, give a brief expression of shock and terror at the approaching cock between his thighs, at the immense weights upon his chest. And the knowledge that he had been doing this all that time, for he still had Melody's experiences in his memory too.

"Oh G-God! Oh God I'm going to get f-fucked!" he cried in his sweet voice.

And then the cock entered her body, and she moaned in unwanted pleasure as she was fucked in full. With each thrust, Matt's mind was pushed further down, but he kept trying to force it up again. Until finally the man came inside her, and she couldn't help but cry out in desperate relief. The orgasms shattered against Matt's mind, and sent him back down, the bimbo taking over once more, and relishing each moment.

She had seen Janet have a similar experience. Once, they were changing together, trying on cute bras in the clothing line store they loved, and Janet was talking on and on about all the different sexual positions she wanted to try, how hot Harvey was and maybe they could go steady for a bit, just maybe. And then suddenly her eyes glazed over, and so did Melody's, and the two had a brief moment as they stared at one another.

"Oh God, Matt, is that you?"

"Jared? You remember?"

"Everything! Shit, I've been fucked by so many guys. I've had so many cocks inside me. I can't stop! I sometimes remember, but then it all goes away again."

"Me too! And at the worst moments. I was sucking Timmy off again, and right as he came I was me again, and I had to taste it! And it tasted *good*."

"We're not - we're not getting out of this, are we Matt?"

Matt shook his head, tried to ignore the wobble of his heavy chest on his small frame.

"No, Jared. I think - I think these will be the only kind of moments we get."

And then, as the two looked at each other, and their reflections in the mirror, their minds slipped away, still thrashing against the tide, and losing inevitably.

"Like, what were we saying, Mels?"

"No idea, lol! But I think this dress looks soooooo cute!"

There were other little moments of maleness that occasionally crept back into their behaviours, particularly for Melody, due to her continued resistance right up until the end. For example, on the train across town, she often had her legs quite parted, just as she had as a man. This despite her habit of wearing cute skirts that revealed her panties when she did so. And while she and Melody adored pumpkin spiced lattes like the total valley girl stereotypes they were, occasionally Janet found herself ordering a nice cappuccino, and Melody a double shot black coffee, and neither knowing why except that it was just what they wanted at that very minute. Each time, they just wrote it off as a shared dumb blonde moment.

What Jared and Matt eventually discovered, as time rolled on, was that they often regained their mind in crucial moments, often humiliating ones. When they were sucking off two guys in the same room, and shared a horrified glance as each blew a load down their throats. When they were resting on the beach in highly revealing bikinis, being ogled by boys they just knew were going to fuck them later. When they were felt up on the dance floor.

When they were fucked from behind. When they found themselves wearing a tight cocktail dress on some guy's arm, feeling his strong muscles. They always lost control before they could make a difference, but their expressions to their other friend said everything, and their consciousness lingered long enough to experience a reluctant orgasm, a whimper-inducing grope, the feeling of a sleeping naked man against their sides.

And so this continued, the giggling pair of bimbos having tons of hot dates and even more hot sex, particularly Janet. Melody remained her dumb, ditzy self, but sweet enough that everyone took care of her, especially guys and even some gals that wanted to feel her humongous tits.

It was five months after Melody lost herself to the bimbo that the pair of them were getting ready to head out on hot dates to the club; the very same one where they were first hexed, and always felt strangely drawn too.

"Don't forget, like, your birth control, Melody," Janet reminded her as they were getting ready in their tight, revealing cocktail dresses.

"Oh, yeah! I, like, always forget that!" she giggled in response. She was so thankful for her friend. "What would I do without my BFF?"

"No idea, girl, but that won't happen. You and I are stuck together forever!"

There was a brief look they exchanged.

"It's true, isn't it?" Melody said, regaining her old self. "We're going to be like this forever?"

"Yeah," Janet said, still applying her lipstick, even though she could have stopped, she didn't care to by this point. "We're going to be sluts for life. Me especially. I'll be horny nympho. Probably end up as some fucking cougar on the prowl one day, or just a super loyal wife always pleasing her fuckin' hubbie."

Melody sagged. "Yeah, and I'll probably be some business exec's ditzy trophy wife, always hanging on his arm and giggling at everything he says."

"Probably get knocked up too, the way you're always forgetting birth control."

"Yeah. Fuck, if that happens, I bet I get my brain back when I have to give birth."

Janet winced. "Fuck. Fuck, you're right. I'm so - I'm so sorry, dude."

"Yeah, I know. God, I still feel so fucking horny, even though I'm me again."

"Me times triple," Janet said. "God, I almost *want* a guy to fuck me. This is torture!"

"And we'll never be free. We're bimbos for life."

The two shared a long, sad look, but then their minds slipped away again, and the bimbos were back. They shared a brief look of confusion.

"Like, what were we just talking about?"

“No idea, Mels, but it couldn’t have been important! Let’s go to the club and find some hotties to ogle us in our cute dresses, then take them back here to fuck our brains out.”

Melody giggled. “Janet, you always have, like, the best plans!”

The two finished their makeup, put on their high heels, got their purses, and headed out to call a cab. They were free and wild, sexy and aroused, and the witch’s hex would ensure this would be their ultimate fate for the rest of their lives. Matt and Jared would simply have to get used to the situations they found themselves in, because the bimbos were in control now.

The End