

From Boyfriend to BFF

“Max are you even listening to me? I asked you what you think of this one.”

Max looked up from his phone to find his girlfriend, Lisa, glaring at him in yet another yoga outfit. They'd been at the mall for hours as she tired on various leggings and crop tops, always asking for his opinion when they all just looked the same. What did it matter if one pair had a little flower in the corner or a slightly different pattern?

“It's great. You look hot babe.” He offered and Lisa just rolled her eyes.

“That's what you always say. Do you even remember what the last thing I tried on looked like?”

Nope. It had left his mind the second she'd gone back into the changing room but something told him saying that wasn't going to end well for him. He tried a different approach.

“It's just, you look great in everything!” He smiled, “They're all my favourite, I can't pick.”

Rather than being flattered Lisa groaned in frustration and Max felt his temper flare. It was her idea to drag him from shop to shop looking at outfits when she knew he hated it.

“You know what Max? I am done.”

He gaped at her.

“You're breaking up with me because I don't want to shop for stupid outfits?!”

“No, I would just rather have somebody who is actually fun. I was hoping I could change you the old fashioned way but it looks like I am going to have to take a short cut.”

Max was about to open his mouth and ask what the hell that even meant when Lisa held up her hand to his face. He flinched, waiting for the inevitable backhand but instead the ring around her finger began to glow and she smiled.

“I think Mia will suit you just fine.”

A ripple of energy cascaded down his being, leaving a strange but not unpleasant tingling in its wake that left him slightly dizzy. Dazed, Lisa grabbed him and dragged him into one of the changing rooms. Giggling, she began to help him out of his shirt much to his confusion; one second ago he thought she was breaking up with him and now she wanted to have sex in the change room? And what was that she said about Mia? These questions were immediately wiped from his mind however, when he looked down and saw his body shifting. With horror he realised his chest was swelling, skin prickling as breasts began to form. His mouth opened and closed like a fish, unable to comprehend what was happening.

Lisa laid a hand on his cheek gently.

“You’re Mia now,” She smiled, “We’re going to be such good friends.”

“My name’s not Mia it’s Max.” He mumbled but the words felt wrong coming out of his mouth, “What have you...?”

Lisa hushed him.

“Just enjoy it, Mia.”

The warm tingling was spreading across his body more now, he turned to look at the mirror with a mixture of horror and fascination. He could see his arse swelling in his jeans, filling them totally and stretching the material to its limit. His legs were slimming, his hips widening to form an hour glass figure most women would kill for. His brown hair was rapidly growing, spilling over his shoulders till it reached part way down his chest where it brushed against his nipples. The feeling sent a shiver through him.

He couldn’t look away from the mirror, from his reflection, the changes captivated him totally. He barely noticed Lisa divesting him of the jeans; his focus solely on the skin they revealed, the tight round arse and long legs. Suddenly the thought came to him, what would those legs look like in those tight yoga pants Lisa had been trying on?

His eyes roamed up to his chest where two large breasts now hung. Cupping them in his hands he felt them, soft and full. It felt good, with a satisfied sigh he kneaded them, watching in fascination as

they moved in the mirror beneath his hands. Pushing them together and apart again, taking them in at different angles. How would they look in a low-cut shirt like Lisa was wearing? Or a tight crop top that showed off their shape?

“How do you feel, Mia?” Lisa asked with a grin.

“Mia?” He turned to look at her, “My name’s...My name is...?”

What was his name? It started with an ‘M’ didn’t it? But surely it wasn’t Mia a few minutes ago, it was something else. The more he tried to remember the foggier his mind got. Blinking back the fog his gaze turned to the mirror once more, to the face now staring back at him. His grey-blue eyes were now framed with long lashes, his face rounded with full lips.

“Mia...?”

“That’s right, you’re Mia.” Lisa replied, “Just look at you! These will take some getting used to.”

Lisa cupped her new breasts and gave her a teasing smile that made Mia blush with embarrassment.

“Of course, we’ll have to buy you some new clothes to suit your new body.”

Unable to think straight Mia could only nod. She let Lisa help her into a pair of yoga pants and sports bra. Watching with fascination as the material fit snugly against her new skin, enjoying the sensual feel of the fabric against her. She twirled in the mirror, admiring her new form but then pouted.

“I think I should try on something else, this isn’t quite right?”

Lisa clapped her hands in joy and gathered several other items. Unbidden, the thought came to Mia that something wasn’t right, this wasn’t who she was, was it? Her name was...it was...

“Try this, Mia.” Lisa said with authority, handing her a loose shirt with a flower pattern.

Mia felt that warm fog spread through her mind and a complacent smile form on her face.

Mia. She was Lisa's best friend Mia, of course she was.

Lisa handed her a pair of grey leggings to try and Mia eagerly took them, savouring the feeling of the soft material as it slid up her long legs. The waist band hung low on her hips and she twisted in front of the mirror, taking in her body from each angle. This pair was tight, hugging her arse so that the shape was defined but loose enough that it jiggled with her movement.

"It's a good thing big butts are in nowadays." She teased; Mia giggled.

Carefully they cycled through crop tops and sports bras, Mia clapped enthusiastically as Lisa modelled for her making sure to carefully study each one and how they looked. The two women searched the whole store, giggling together as they compared until Mia finally found the perfect outfit.

She turned, admiring herself in the mirror, the white material on the crop top she'd picked was just slightly see through, showing off her breasts and calling attention to her midriff. Paired with the grey tights from before her entire figure was shown off at its best potential.

"You look great!" Lisa squealed, "We should take a picture! It can be the start of your Instagram!"

The idea of her picture being adored by thousands on the internet made Mia smile, but it faded a moment later.

"But I don't have any make up." She pouted, Lisa waved her concern away, producing a tube of pink lip gloss.

"This is all you need, Mia." She insisted, "You're gorgeous already!"

Obediently Mia leaned forward, pouting her lips and letting Lisa paint them with the gloss. It tasted like strawberries. She then sat down on the floor as instructed and let Lisa move her limbs so she was sitting mermaid style, a bright bubbly smile on her face. She turned her back to the camera slightly to make sure her arse was on full display.

She felt incredible, sexy, enticing!

Lisa opened her camera and as the flash hit Mia's vacant eyes all memory of her life before faded away.