

## **Bimbo Besties, Part 1 (Bimbo TG)**

**By FoxFaceStories**

### **A Commission for AI**

*Chris is a driven yet emotionally distant college student focusing on his future in architecture. But when an old flame confronts him over the fact that he saw her as nothing more than a 'valley girl bimbo' and only dated her to make her brother - his college rival - angry, he soon finds out exactly what the bimbo life entails. After all, as Chris once said, the two would be 'better off as friends.' Bimbo friends.*

### **Bimbo Besties, Part 1**

Christopher Galford grit his teeth as he focused on the design plans before him. There was something wrong with the design that he just couldn't quite figure out, and yet he knew the examiner would instantly spot. Every crevice of the blueprint needed to be perfect, every socket placement, every window, every inlet of air and consideration of both privacy and desire to allow space for public life.

"Hm, needs more interior lighting on the second floor."

That *had* to be it. The morning light would be impressive, but there was nothing to provide a little afternoon sun. He began redrawing the plan, scratching the back of his head as he concentrated. It needed to be perfect, after all. The kind of house he could only have dreamed of as a kid, growing up in a household that was constantly scraping for money, always desperate to make ends meet. The memories of having to chop the edges off of his morning toast just to avoid the mould haunted him, as did the sheer stress his mother visited upon the household when those hard months came, when the bills just piled up and up, and the power had to be turned off just to cope with it all.

*This house won't have that problem*, he thought, adjusting the specs again, as he considering the placement of the solar panels. *Whoever lives here will live like a king or queen, and still pay less on bills than me and Mom ever did, back when she was around.*

It was a thought that calmed and centred him. All his life, he'd dreamed of nothing more than financial security. Growing up poor and desperate, living in public housing that they still struggled to maintain, he had looked with envy at the rich mansions of suburbia beyond his neighbourhood. At least, they had seemed like mansions to a child like Chris. The fact that even bigger houses loomed elsewhere would have shocked the boy version of him into near-catatonia thanks to the utter disbelief.

So when Chris managed to gain a scholarship to a local yet prestigious university, he was adamant that he would use it to pull himself out of the financial mire that he had been born into, and left to since his mother passed away. Friendships were not important to him, and relationships were even more fleeting. Even Angelica, who he'd dated for over twelve months in his freshman year at the campus, was eventually let go. She'd been gorgeous, fun, and light-hearted. But her rich background, her wealthy family, her snobby twin brother, and her completely carefree attitude had slowly grated on him. She'd claimed he was emotionally distant, but he'd known that wasn't true. She was busy being a partygirl bimbo, while he was focusing on his future career at this prestigious college he was lucky to be going to. Besides, he'd only dated her so long because it made Emile, said twin brother, angry.

*Such an asshole. I'm going to score higher than him, and win the Murlowe Architecture Award while I'm at it, too. He may have all the riches and resources, but I'm more focused than he is. I bet deep down he's as simple as his sister. He just pays good tutors to make up for what he lacks deep down, which I possess. The drive.*

Chris pushed those thoughts aside. He tried not to mire in the past too much, especially on that ongoing rivalry when it wasn't relevant. Instead, he adjusted his thoughts to the future, to the specs of the house design before him, with its double-space garage, its spacious backyard, its sundeck and comfortable upper floor, its open island kitchen and expansive living room. Hell, the living room was big enough to fit his entire apartment into it.

It was his dream. *His* house. Sure, it was for an assignment. And yes, he had adjusted the design to focus on the assignment's priorities regarding sustainable living principles and natural lighting theories, but it was, in essence, the house he wanted to have. The one he was *going* to have. And he wouldn't let any Angelica or Emile or anyone distract him from that goal. He didn't care how closed off, how 'blunt' or 'tactless' he had to be, if it meant that one day he could reside in that home and call it his home.

It was the ultimate security.

*My security.*

Chris checked his watch. It was far too late at night to keep working. His ability to be creative and consider all the principles of design was dimming as he grew tired. He decided to give himself ten more minutes, after a short break to grab a glass of water. He had a habit of not drinking enough fluid when he was 'in the zone.'

But when he returned, something caught him off guard. He had a new message, and it was from someone he hadn't talked to in over a year.

It was from Angelica.

*Why would she want to contact me? God, please don't tell me she wants me back. I mean, she's hot, but the complete lack of drive, the total naivete, the whole bimbo aesthetic .*

*. . . it's too much. We're from different worlds, and frankly I can't see myself being with someone that dumb now that my future career is getting closer.*

Still, curiosity got the better of him, and he opened the message. Her new profile pic was quite . . . showy. Angelica was blonde, with a nice hourglass figure and nice B-cups breasts, and wavy blonde hair that fell to the small of her back. She was posing like a total partygirl: arms spread out as if cheering, one leg raised behind her, hair hanging slightly to the side with the motion. She was wearing a tight red dress that lifted her breasts nicely, and she had her blue eyes scrunched closed and her mouth wide open as she cheered. All in all, she didn't look like she'd changed much. The high heels were a nice touch, though.

Still, it did stir some nice memories for Chris. She had been quite wild in bed, and a great de-stresser before exams in that way. The woman certainly knew how to fuck, that was for sure, and her enthusiasm while riding cowgirl was something to behold. Just thinking about those old times made his member go a little hard.

*And that moan. Jesus, that moan. I need to get a new girlfriend . . . after I graduate, of course. Don't have time to set up a fuckbuddy system or anything right now.*

But then perhaps that was what Angelica was offering, after all, her actual message - once he finally stopped looking at her body and got around to reading the actual text - was quite cryptic, in her own Angelica sort of way. It read:

*Heyyyy Chrissy! It's been, like, waaaaay 2 long since we talked, right? How r u? Emile say you an him are neck2neck for the Marlin Award or whatever its called. Best of luck, lol. Was wondrin if u were free to meet me tomorrow at mine? Emile won't be there, promise! Just want to talk about us. I no u don't want to get back 2gether but I be missing you, totes bad! Mebbe we can work out a deal we can have a lot of fun with, huh? Text me back if u want a good time, lol*

Christopher couldn't help but smirk a little. "A good time, huh?" he said, chuckling. "That's not very subtle."

He checked her relationship status on several of her socials, and sure enough, she was recently single. It all made sense. He was the rebound guy. Well, more like the rebound *lay* or rebound *fuck*. However you wanted to put it, it was clear that Angelica just wanted a bit of fun like they used to have back when they were dating. Once again, those delightful moans of hers rang nostalgically in his ears. God, she was relentless. Of course, that carefree, bimbo-like relentlessness had made him tire of her, but it had been fun while it lasted. And it had also pissed off Emile.

*Wait a minute, this could be perfect.*

The prospect of having just a bit of sexual tension released was already good enough, but now more thoughts and plans were coming together. Even when he'd gotten sick of Angelica's valley-girlness, he'd continued to date her not just for the sex, but also because her twin brother was constantly Christopher's rival for the top marks in their architecture and design major. He had all the benefits of good living, good education, and the best help money could buy, and *still* Chris was neck and neck with him. Neither got along, and so going out with Emile's sister was a wonderful way to rub it in his rival's face.

*And keep him offguard. He thought I didn't respect her, and maybe I didn't. But I know the truth. He didn't like someone with my background dating her. It threw him off his game. And now I can do that again.*

With a cunning smile on his face, he began to type a reply to Angelica. Already, he looked forward to fucking her. He'd told her they were 'better off as friends' quite clearly when he'd dumped her, but fuckbuddies were a type of friend, right? And if she had any illusion about what they might become, well, that would be the fault of her dumb bimbo brain. So long as Emile was fuming once more, then not only could Chris relieve some tension, but also come out top of the class, top of the school, and top of the state with his grades, and carry the Murlow Architecture Award all the way to a job at one of the nation's best firms.

He chuckled at the thought of it, and hit *Enter* on his message:

*Hey Angelica. Great to hear from you, it's been too long. Would love to catch up for some 'good times'. When would you like me to come over?*

He went to bed happy, thinking of that house he wanted to have, was *going* to have, and how he was going to get there. The goal was all that mattered, nothing else. Angelica and Emile were just stepping stones to reach it. He slept very well with that philosophy in mind.

\*\*\*

The next day, Christopher drove to Angelica's place. She lived on Hartford Avenue, the ritzy side of town that occupied a set of lovely hills that had a gorgeous view of the seaside as well as the city proper. It was a far cry from his own sad neighbourhood, which was known for its crime, its plummeting housing prices, and the fact that Old Mallory's house had to be pulled down last year because it was full of asbestos. He couldn't help but feel that twinge of resentment as he looked around at the fine living that so few people had, weighed against so many.

*This better be some damn good sex, Angelica*, he thought to himself. After all, even his shitty banged up Subaru was in need of service he could barely afford, not even from his nights working at the supermarket, so he was loath to drive it around too much. But there

were no bus routes that went direct from his neighbourhood to Angelica's. Why would there be? You'd have to be lost going from there to here. The wall of perfect hedgerows guarding the various stately houses was more than enough to give the impression that he didn't belong.

With a sigh, he parked a bit away from the gates to her family's house. It was a large, three story place with numerous bathrooms, a massive backyard complete with an immense pool, and enough finery to set him up for life if he ever became a professional burglar. He got out of the car, didn't even bother to lock it - who would steal it, after all? - and made his way to the gate and hit the buzzer.

*'Like, hello?'* came a familiar voice. It was sweet, honey-sounding. Just as he remembered it.

"It's me, Angelica," Christopher said. "Sorry I'm a little early."

*'Chrissy! Not a problem! I'm soooo happy to see you. I've just totally opened the door. Come on in, girl!'*

He raised an eyebrow at her words. *Why the hell is she calling me Chrissy? And she knows I hate it when she uses 'girl' like that, even if it's a term of endearment. God, she hasn't changed, I bet. Still using 'like' every other sentence as well.*

Still, he was in for a penny, in for a pound, so when the gate unclicked he walked on through, hoping at least that the rather hot looking bimbo of a former girlfriend would be wearing something sexy. Something he could help her slip out of. Certainly he'd done his best to dress to impress on his limited budget, and show off his fairly toned body. He'd even bought some product to bring his brown hair over to one side just how she liked it. *If she's anything like before, then I've got this in the bag. Well, until she starts annoying me again . .*

Unfortunately, when he went to knock on the front door, it opened with a very unexpected individual on the other side, one that nearly took him aback until he stood his ground and clenched his fists at his sides.

"Emile Halloway," he muttered.

"Christopher Galford," Emile replied flatly.

The two stared at one another for several long moments, taking in the presence of the other. Emile looked like a typical rich boy. He was tall (though Chris was rather smug about being taller), handsome, and always wore crisp collared shirts. He had blonde hair like his sister, though it was obviously short, and a little darker. All in all, he cut quite the figure, and so it was no surprise that numerous women flocked to him, which earned him a well-deserved reputation as a ladies' man. Of course, none stuck around long. He had a habit of cutting women loose, presumably for similar reasons to Chris. But that was where the similarity between the two ended.

"What brings you to my house, Chris?" Emile said, losing the staring contest.

“I thought it was your parents’ house,” he replied. “You know, the ones that pay for everything.”

Emile narrowed his eyes. “You didn’t answer the question. Are you here to solicit help for your architectural major?”

Chris smirked. “I’m not here to see you, don’t worry. I’m doing just fine with my assignment proposal, and don’t need tutors to help me. No, I’m here to see your sister, actually.”

At that, Emile’s eyes widened again, and he was clearly caught off guard. “Angelica doesn’t want to see you.”

“Funny, she just texted me otherwise.” He showed Emile his latest message from her, which read, *‘Are you cumming up or what?’*

The use of the word ‘cumming’ instead of ‘coming’ was more than enough to make her twin brother cringe.

“For fuck’s sake,” he said, clearly irritated. “I thought you dumped her. Broke her heart. Are you angling to get together? You already hurt my sister once.”

“I know, I know. I’ve heard the whole spiel. You said I was ‘emotionally distant and causing her harm.’”

“Well, you were, Chris. My sis is lovely, and I take care of her. She just wants to have a good time and enjoy her beauty major and there’s nothing wrong with that, but you treated her like she was an idiot.”

Chris bit back his next words, but he thought them quite clearly. *Well, she is a bit of an idiot.* Instead, he just stuck his hands in his pockets nonchalantly. “Well, you’re blocking the door. Can I go in? Or are you the dominant twin or something?”

Emile just huffed, rolling his eyes dramatically as he shifted out of the way. “Fine, if my sis wants to make another mistake then so be it. But don’t you dare crush her again, or try to make this a long-term thing. I’ve got places to be.”

“See you in class, Emmy,” Chris said as he moved into the manor. It was a nickname he knew the other man hated, but he shut the door behind him before he could reply. Emile did not move for a moment, clearly debating whether to say something back through the door or instigate an argument, but he thought better of it and walked audibly down the steps.

Chris glanced around again at the finery of the home he was entering.

“Fucking privileged,” he muttered. “But I’ll have it all some day. And I’ll *earn* it.”

He made his way up the staircase to the spacious rear veranda on the second floor, where Angelica was supposedly waiting for him. He gingerly opened the door, and was greeted to a wonderful sight: Angelica lounging on a sunchair in a flowery summer dress, her slightly-bronzed legs on display, a large pair of stylish sunglasses obscuring her blue eyes. She was just as delectable as Chris remembered her to be, her lovely curves obvious, her

B-cup breasts displayed wonderfully in the low cut of the casual dress. She twisted her head, flicked off her glasses, and *jumped* to her feet.

“Chris! Ohmigod, Chrissy! It’s soooo good to see you, hun!”

She ran to Chris before he could reply, and he barely had time to prepare himself for an embracing hug. He closed his arms around her, remembering the feel of her. The sweet, rosy smell of her. It almost made him nostalgic, until she pulled back and continued to talk.

“Like, I’m so glad you’re here, Chrissy. I didn’t know if you’d respond to my text. You were supes distant after we broke up, and I was crushed. Seriously, my heart was, like, totally crushed by that, you have no idea. I ate soooo much ice cream, and watched sooo many sad movies.”

Chris awkwardly scuffed his shoe on the ground. “Yeah, well, sorry about that. But I really meant what I said, you know. We were better off as friends . . . at least at the time. But you said you wanted to have a good time, and I thought I might come over. You look good. Really good.”

She beamed, twirling in a circle to show off her dress. “I know, right? It’s so cute I just can’t stand it! It totally suits my figure. You remember my figure, right?” She gave a knowing wink.

“Oh, I remember that very much,” Chris replied. He was beginning to feel more confident. “I’m sorry to hear your boyfriend broke up with you.”

Her expression became sober, but just for a moment. “Yeah, that sucked. He was cheating on me. He was a real asshole.” But then she broke into a huge smile, and her bright blue eyes widened to saucers. “But then, I was like, who needs a man, right? Like fish need a bicycle or whatever. I need a bestie! And because everyone always calls me a bimbo and stuff, I thought, why not have a bimbo bestie!”

*Okay, weird way to put it,* Chris thought, though the likelihood of imminent sex was growing in his mind. *But I guess it’s fuckbuddy time, then. At least she’s grown up and won’t cling to this delusion that I’m all in love with her or whatever. That shit was exhausting.*

“Well, I guess that’s me then, your bimbo bestie,” Chris said, straining to even say the words. “I saw your brother downstairs, by the way. I thought you said he wouldn’t be here.”

She smacked her forehead. “Ohmigod, I’m so embarrassed. I totes forgot he was staying back a little on some assignment thingy. He’s setting on winning some kind of award, I think.”

“Yeah, he may end up losing to me, though,” Chris said, feeling a little smug.

“We’ll see,” she said, and it was a weird tone in which she said it. Like she knew something Christopher didn’t. A strange kind of tone, given that he knew how much dumber she was than him.

“Well, what did you want to do?” Chris asked. He reached out with his hand and felt up her arm, teasing at the strap of her dress suggestively. “I can think of a few things, myself.”

She grinned, and it was obvious from the outline of her nipples against her dress that she was becoming more than a little aroused. “Mhmm, that sounds nice. Come on in. I want to show you something.”

“Does this something remind me of what things were like during freshman year?”

“Oh, yes,” she said, giggling as she drew him away from the veranda, and into the upstairs living room. She took his hand, and he too began to become aroused. His dick hardened, and he did little to hide his obvious erection. He wanted her, all the better to embarrass and annoy Emile, as well as to relieve his stress a bit. After all, it wasn’t like he’d fall into the role of boyfriend again. She was just too . . . blonde, to be his type.

She suddenly dropped his hand, turned, and instead of clearing away the nearby table so he could fuck her against it, or something equally provocative, she instead pulled out a scroll. An actual scroll.

“Uh, what is this?” Chris asked.

“It’s, like, a spell scroll. I’ve been learning magic. It totally comes from my Mom’s side. She’s fucking awesome.”

Chris snorted a little, trying not to laugh openly. Even for Angelica, this was pretty stupid. *Magic? Jeez, she must have skipped straight past homoeopathy and putting eggs in her vagina or whatever that crazy health guru celebrity recommended.*

“Uh, that’s nice, Angelica,” he said, trying and failing to humour her.

“You don’t believe me, do you?” she said.

“I - well, uh, no. No, sorry, I don’t.”

Her brief sad expression became joyous again. “That’s okay, because I can show you! My mother’s line go all the way back to, like, England covens and stuff. Before she and Dad left on their Europe trip, she left me this book of spells to learn, and I’ve picked them up faster than any book I’ve ever read, like it was *meant* for me, ya know? And I’ve been practising too! Readying myself for, like, the perfect spell and stuff.”

Chris paused. “The perfect spell?”

“Of course!” she said, giggling a little madly. It was mad enough to make the man feel a little concerned for his former girlfriend. “I was soooo sad when you broke up with me. It was super unfair. You said I wasn’t smart enough for you, and you were all closed off. You never wanted to relax, or do things with me, or meet my friends. You were actually pretty rude to them that one time, remember? It’s like you put up, like, this wall or whatever and didn’t let people past it, and just because I like pretty things and studying makeup and



beauty I was just kind of this doll on your arm or something, which I totes aren't. I'm my own person."

Chris didn't know how to respond. In her own way, Angelica had just been more eloquent than he'd ever heard her before. It was kind of startling. Still, he rejected the premise outright.

*I wasn't withholding or anything. I just had bigger goals. It's the same reason I didn't pursue friendships. No time for that when you have to focus on the goal. When you have to succeed in the rat race above everyone else.*

"I understand that, Angelica," he said soothingly. "But this magic stuff . . . it's all a bit unbelievable. Is this just because you were broken up with by Brad or whoever it was? I thought you wanted to have some 'good times' with me?"

She beamed again, and it was a slightly manic beam.

"That's right, and it's, like, time we got down to it, Chrissy. You weren't the best boyfriend, and I guess I wasn't, like the proper chick for you. But I can't stop thinking about how you said that we were 'better off as friends', and that's kind of poetic, right?"

"I mean, it's a really common saying when two people bre-"

"And so that's what I'm going to do! I'm going to make you my totes perfect bestie, and make it so you've *always* been my BFF, and that way you can understand what it's like to be sort of like me, and totally relax and have fun and stuff! It's going to be amazing!"

Christopher sighed. This was going in a very unusual direction, one that pointed towards future therapy for the ditzzy woman.

*No sex is worth this*, he thought to himself. He went to quietly and calmly disengage from Angelica, viewing her now less as a ditz than a complete fool who'd gone waaaay down the rabbit hole of kooky scams for bored rich girls.

That was, until she unfurled the scroll with a kind of practised ease, and began reading from it.

*'Esac eht saw siht taht ytilaer ekamer. Lrig siht syawla saw eh taht os ti ekam osla dna, twah pu sserd ot deen a leef mih ekam. Meht rof toh yllaer, ekil, si dna syob sevol yllatot ohw obmib yxes, ytuc a mih ekam. Reverof dneirf tseb ym otni nam siht ekam!'*

There was something weird about the words, like they were all jumbled or something, and yet still utterly Angelica's, written upon this magic paper. And it had to be magic, despite his earlier disbelief, because right before his eyes it glowed a brilliant orange hue and lit up impossibly bright, before rising from Angelica's hands, a strange wind carrying it calmly into the air and whipping golden dust all over Chris' form.

"What the fuck? It's real!? Stop it! Angelica, cut this shit out! What the - NGH!!"

He doubled over a little, and before he could flee in terror, he found his feet somehow magnetised to the floor. He looked up at Angelica, and to his astonishment, his former

girlfriend's eyes were glowing a powerful gold, and her fingers were emanating streams of magic that coursed not just around him but into him and *through* him. It tingled, causing strange pressures and sensations to bud through his body.

*This is impossible. It can't be. Magic isn't real. But then how is this happening!?*

Angelica gave no hint. She was too busy reading the scroll's contents over and over again, even as the floating paper ripped apart and shattered into tiny glowing fragments that imprinted into Christopher's skin before vanishing beneath it.

*"Make him pretty!"* Angelica cried, now in common English, at least that's what it sounded like to his ears.

He grunted as his facial features rearranged. It wasn't painful, but it was strange, alien. His nose shrunk, becoming button cute. His lips expanded to become full and feminine. He gasped as his eyebrows thinned, raised to become further arched, and then again as his jaw cracked, becoming rounded and giving him an oval face shape.

"What are you d-doing!?" he cried, but it was like she couldn't hear him anymore. All she could focus on with those golden glowing eyes was the spell that was impossibly changing him.

*'Give him long brunette hair, shiny and silky!'*

"No! Oh, n-no!"

He gripped his scalp, but he might as well have tried to fight a hurricane. His hair grew out from his head in a manner that felt all wrong, as if snakes were pouring from his skin. Not only did his chestnut brown hair extend, but its consistency became silky, and it lost any small waves and erratic curls to become perfectly straight, the kind of hair one would expect from a shampoo and conditioner commercial. The kind that had a reflective sheen to it and would be almost fun to play with, parted easily between one's fingers. Except this head of hair was on *him*, and it gained a surprising weight upon his head and neck as it lengthened all the way down to his ass, so that the great curtain of hair tapped lightly against the fabric of his jeans, just barely perceptible.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, this is crazy. I've got long hair. Angelica, snap out of this, now! You're doing something unintentional! I don't think you know what you're doing!"

But that didn't matter, because she just kept on talking. *She can't hear me.*

*'Let him have a cute hourglass shape, with nice wide hips if he, well, more like she, ever wants to have lots and lots of cute babies!'*

Suddenly a tension rose in his waist, in his hips, in Christopher's usually wide shoulders. He whimpered as the bones compressed and rearranged. He squirmed in discomfort, particularly as his hips began to creak wider and wider, becoming ever more womanly in shape. They pressed against the fabric of his jeans, and he quickly realised that soon either they would break, or he would. Something had to give.

*This is insane! I'm turning into a - into a damn woman!*

He unbuckled his pants, pausing only to give a high whine as his waist contracted suddenly, then a second time, then a third. He managed to free himself of his pants just in time for his hips to suddenly surge wider.

"Ahhhh," he sighed, almost content at the relief his sore hips felt. The relief didn't last long.

*'Oh, and let him have a really cute peachy butt. Not, like, a huge one or anything. But a really cute thang that's definitely no pancake either!'*

Christopher squeezed his eyes shut as the pressure spread to his backside. It grew and grew, pushing against his ass. He tried to hold it in, even as the magic dust seemed to collect into the skin there.

"N-not letting it h-happen!"

He grabbed his ass cheeks as they seemed to bubble and shift, pushing slightly outwards in a great shudder. He grit his teeth, focused, tried to visualise the body he should have had. But it was no use. This was real magic, the kind he never thought possible, and it was riding roughshod over his maleness.

"NNghh! OOhhhh!!"

He nearly jumped, and would have were it not for the magic keeping his feed in place. His ass surged out, becoming round and bouncy and perfectly peachy. It felt ridiculous on his body, but it clearly matched his newly feminine hips and was accentuated by his thin waist. He felt its soft pillowy halves, which had almost absorbed his underwear between its cheeks as if it were a thong.

*'Let him be a little taller than me so I'm still the cute one, but with a set of nice hottie female legs and soft arms too. Definitely no body hair except down there, if you totes know what I mean!'*

His breath came in short stabs as his limbs reformed and his spin clicked audibly, shrinking his height. He had always been proud of his 6'1 stature, but inch by inch he fell until he was a mere 5'6, an average woman's height at best. His legs became shapely, thighs thickening in a way that made him glad that he wasn't wearing his jeans currently, and all hair sucked back into his limbs, as well as upon his chest.

"Sh-shit!"

*'And, like, he should obviously have a pussy. And just like mine, a really hungry one so it's not just me turned on by cute boys!'*

"Fuck you!" he yelled, but she was unable to hear. "I don't want to have a pussy! You can't take my dick! You can't take - no! No! NOOO - UUGGHH!!!"

His penis scuppered back inside his body so quickly he didn't even have time to try to grab hold of it. It was like an eel darting back into its cave, and just like the eel, it left a cavernous space behind.

"NNhhnnnn!" Chris whined. His voice suddenly shot up several octaves, not stopping until it was not only feminine, but a high and sweet soprano that was as stereotypically ditzy and valley girl as they came. "T-too much! Oh f-fuuuuuuck!"

His balls retreated as well, folding inwards. Suddenly, the front of his underwear was a *lot* more empty and spacious, as a venus mound formed, complete with labial lips, a little clitoris, and a finished vulva. He could *feel* it form, his tunnel gaping open inside him, leading all the way to a new organ that pushed aside his intestines to make room.

*Room for a womb. Oh God. Oh GOD NO S-STOP. IT FEELS ALL WRONG.*

But he couldn't say the words, and instead that allowance went to Angelica, whose mutterings were only becoming even keener.

*'What the hell, I don't care if she has, like, even bigger boobs than me! Sometimes guys can be waaaaay too eager. Maybe she can cut me some slack, lol! So let him have some big ole Double-D Degrees. Really nice ones to feel too!'*

Christopher was still getting over the fact that he was technically a biological woman now, and certainly looked like one. But then his chest actually *rumbled*. The flesh actually rolled as if experiencing an earthquake, and said earthquakes were centred on his nipples. He tore off his shirt quickly, hurling it aside to see the incoming damage. He could only place his hands over his chest, cupping it as if to prevent the inevitable. Instead he had to pull his hands away as his nipples suddenly became incredibly sensitive. His whole body shivered with unwanted pleasure as his nipples dilated, dish-like areolas growing around them as they pressed out. They became more pink-like in colouration, until they were the kind of nipples he just loved to suck on.

But that was only part of the change. Next came the true result of the rumbling. The flesh rose like two souffles in the oven, spilling out over his palms. They were mere A-cups one moment, then solid B-cups, then ample C's that couldn't be hidden by his now dainty fingers. But as per Angelica's description, the change was now directed to a much more ample size. Chris watched in horror as his chest *heaved*, enlarging until he had a crop of America's best blooming from his chest. His new tits were surprisingly heavy, and easily blocked the view of his own toes below. With his hands as a makeshift bra, a lovely line of cleavage suggested the sheer fullness of his feminine bustline, the kind that he'd never felt himself but had always desired on lonely nights. Only now they were *his*. And they were *sensitive*.

*I need to get rid of them, he thought erratically. I'm a full woman now! What else can she do to me?*

But he was about to find out, because the golden-eyed form of Angelica wasn't yet finished.

*'That's all the physical stuff, but he should, like be a she now, and have feminine protowns or whatever they're called. And she should totally go by Christina - Chrissy for short - now, it's sooo cute!'*

Christina gaped. The golden flakes of magic worked their way into *her* mind, making *her* see *herself* as female. It was impossible not to. She knew, intellectually, that she was meant to be a guy, but even a focused attempt at bending her thinking in that direction yielded nothing. She was Christina Galford. And she was a woman.

*How could she do this to me?* she thought. *I'm a woman, dammit! I mean, I'm a woman! Goddamn it!*

Angelica continued: *'Make her like me: ditzy and, like, a bit of a valley girl bimbo, I totes admit it. And a beauty major, so we can have classes together and talk makeup and dresses! But also Chrissy should be super sweet with a totes loving heart: we've always been friends and our families are supes close and we helped her out in the past because it's totes not fair she grew up poor!'*

More mental changes. More personality rearrangement. Christina twitched, groaned, grunted and blinked as her mind was further tweaked. Strange flickers of memory that never were passed by her brain. One of her as a young girl, deciding to grow her hair out. Another of meeting Angelica when they were just five years old, and playing constantly at school together. A third flicker, and she remembered something which also never happened: the day she got excited about her boobs growing. Then the first time she went on a date. The time when Angelica bought her tickets to a girly concert with a hot boy band and they squealed in excitement in the first row.

*N-no! It's not real! None of it is r-real! It's, like, totally fake or something!*

Even her thoughts began to simplify. Intelligence drained out of her brain. Her architectural knowledge dissipated entirely, as if drawn through a fine sieve that parted it from the rest of her substance. It was replaced by understanding of the best lipsticks, dress colour coordination, proper heel movement, how best to move in a sexy manner, and how to deal with periods, among many other things.

*'And let everyone remember Christina like that, except me and her, of course!'*

A golden circle of energy radiated from Angelica, hovering in the air a moment before expanding so quickly it exploded like a great sonic boom. Then the golden magic in the air disappeared, and the ditzy spellcaster closed her eyes. When she opened them again, they were their previous bright blue, and her trance was over. She took a moment to centre herself, then looked at Christina. At her handiwork.

"Like, ohmigod, it totally worked! This is amazing! How do you feel, Chrissy?"

Christina looked down at her mostly naked body. At her big, jiggling double-D breasts. At her wide, seductive hips and peachy rear. At the long strands of chestnut brown hair that ran all the way to her bottom, and the slender hands there were currently running through those strands. She swallowed, taking it all in. Her thoughts were more sluggish than they should have been. A part of her that should not have existed was telling her to be proud of this body. She managed to clamp down on it.

“M-mirror,” she mumbled.

“Huh?”

“Like, I need to see a mirror, Angie. Like, now!”

“Oh, *Duh!* Come with me, you hottie of a BFF.”

She grabbed Christina by the hand and hauled her into the pink, fluffy room that was Angelica’s. By the dresser was a full length mirror.

“Go on, have a look. You are *soooooo* fantastic, by the way. God, I’m actually jealous, and *I* was the one to make you! I’d be all over you if I was a guy, or a lesbian or whatever. Heck, maybe we could experiment a bit!”

Slowly, cautiously, with great terror in her fast-beating heart, Christina approached the mirror. She didn’t know what to expect, especially since those new false memories seemed only to target a few childhood and teenage moments. She could remember having, like, B-cups or something.

*But these titties are bigger, right? They seem bigger. Gawd, I feel dumb. Why am I thinking like this? I should be, like, super smart and all that jazz. But she’s made me a total dummy. What do architecture people even do?*

She stepped in front of the mirror.

She paused.

She breathed, breasts rising and falling with each intake of air.

She beheld the woman in front of her, this sexy, long-haired, hour-glass figured, busty bimbo type with a nervous smile on her face and a strangely empty look in her eyes that spoke of a cute naivete and boundless optimism.

*Oh gawd, I’m a total bimbo. She’s made me her bimbo bestie!*

Angelica finally came up behind her, grinning from ear to ear. “Well, what do you think, bestie? Is it totes great or what?”

It was, and it wasn’t. It was normal, and it was abnormal. It was super sexy, and all wrong. Her head spun, trying to make sense of it all through a brain that was now nowhere near as smart as it used to be, and still overwhelmed by new knowledge and knowledge lost. She cried, tears streaming down her face. She choked on a sob.

And then, finally . . . she fainted.

The floor rushed up to greet her, but the darkness claimed her first.

\*\*\*

Christina had a strange dream. First of all, it was strange because she was a woman, and her name was Christina. But in the dream, that was sort of normal. She wasn't very smart in the dream, but that was normal too. She dreamed that she was riding a bicycle across town. She was wearing a cute set of shorts and a crop top that totally matched her cute figure. She'd been experimenting with makeup, and was pretty happy with how her ruby red lips looked, and the eyeshadow she'd carefully applied that had a green tint to it. Her green eyes were nicely accentuated by the result, and she couldn't wait to show Angelica. She'd be soooooo pleased by the results, and they could even have fun experimenting styles on each other after Chrissy showed off her new look. She'd even managed to convince her mom to let her avoid a haircut. She was thinking of growing it out long. Some boys really liked it long, and besides, she thought it would look cute as hell, too.

She pedalled a little faster, moving up the hill towards Hartford Avenue. She felt a tinge of jealousy at the richness of so many families here. It didn't make sense to her that some people were soooooo wealthy, but others like her mom and her were super duper poor. Mr Brickens had tried to explain it in class once, but it didn't make any sense to her. Something about 'economics', but whatever that was had been lost on her. Maybe Angelica would know. She'd always been the smart one. Chrissy just got the better looks. But her bestie buddy was always looking out for her anyway.

*I hope Emile is there, she thought to herself as she reached the gate of the Halloway house. He's looking extra cute since that haircut. Maybe he'll want to take me to prom.'*

\*\*\*

Christina woke slowly, strange memories of two lives filling her head. She groaned, her high, sweet voice filling the air. It took a few moments to get up, particularly since there was a set of fleshy weights upon her chest that she was both very used to, and very much not used to, depending on the right memory. Her long chestnut colour hair spilled around her as she put her head in her hands, trying to make sense of it all.

"N-no way. It - it was a dream, right?"

She pulled the hands away, now sitting upright. In her vision was now a large set of breasts pushing against the fabric of a shirt that was far too large. In fact, it was only around her improbably-sized chest that it drew tight at all, and the tightness was obvious. Her large nipples were outlined against the thin fabric.

"Like, why do I have boobies? Aren't I totally a guy?"

It took her recently bimbofied mind a few more seconds to put two and two together.

“Holy shit!” she cried, launching to her feet and setting her bosom wobbling again. She nearly overcorrected and fell forwards thanks to her altered centre of gravity, but she managed just barely to stay stable, even if it meant she stuck her rear right out like she was shaking her money maker. While she was apparently wearing lame old track pants, they did certainly cling around her rounded ass quite nicely.

“Ohmigod, ohmigod!” she cried, shaking her hands in a mincing, feminine manner as she hopped from one foot to the other. “I’m a girl! I’m, like, a total babe! I’ve got a pussy and everything!”

*I’m even thinking of myself as Chrissy, she realised internally. Even though I should be Chrissy. I mean, Christina. Gawd, this fucking suuuuucks!*

She began to feel her breasts beneath her shirt, cupping them. They were heavy, perfectly rounded, and wonderfully soft despite their pertness. She moaned a little as she touched them, unused to the pleasure.

“Like, this feels sooooo good! Is this what nice titties feel like all the time when you have them?”

She felt her womanhood begin to moisten, and she rubbed her thighs together a little, savouring that growing arousal as she played and teased at her nipples. It was only as she saw herself in the mirror that she realised what she was doing and gave a light squeal.

“Holy shit, I’m acting like a total horny bimbo! Pull yourself together, Chrissy! I mean, Chrissy. Ugh! Whatever!”

Her mind raced as she looked at the gorgeous valley girl hottie in the mirror. She was lacking any makeup, and was quite daggy in her obvious men’s shirt and old track pants, and her flustered expression was doing her no favours, but there was no doubting the attractiveness of the woman. Even with her slightly anarchic hair (though still impressively silky for the most part), she looked like a woman who was a total ten, and more than that, one who could go off the charts if she were to really dress herself up. Just the sight of herself made her a little more aroused, even if the arousal was more to do with what she could *do* with this body, rather than the body itself.

“Gawd, this is a total nightmare,” she managed to say, after staring far too long at herself. “I’m a hot gal, and my brain is like, super empty now. I can’t even *think* about architecture! Not at all!”

*This is all, like, Angelica’s fault. She trapped me to be her bimbo bestie all because she was too dumb to realise I don’t actually like her! I just want to break up but leave things open so we could totally fuck like rabbits in the future, especially after I bested her hunky-looking brother.*



Her thoughts stopped instantly, and her eyes widened. They were now a gorgeous green colour, rare and striking like her mother's had been, but her concern wasn't for what they'd become, but what that particular thought had just been. Her nipples throbbed a little, imagining Emile Halloway. His tallness, his muscles, his confident smile, his rich voice. It made her insides quiver, and her pussy became just that little bit warmer with arousal.

"ANGELICA!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. She moved out of the room, purging that horrible attraction to Emile from her mind as best she could, and only partially succeeding. "ANGELICA! WHERE ARE YOU, YOU BI-"

An instant flash of memory came over her. The time when she and Angelica had just been kids, and gone swimming at the beach together. They were both so excited to hang out, and Christina's mom had been treated so nicely by Angelica's parents, and they'd gotten to talking while the two girls played Barbie on the sand.

The flash ended, and she staggered a little, nearly losing her balance. It had seemed so real. It was real, sort of. At least, that's how the world would remember it, if she could recall Angelica's spell correctly.

"Gawd, now I'm getting new memories. It's all fake. Isn't it?"

It was getting confusing, and that made her further frustrated. After all, if she were still a man, as she was supposed to be, she'd be able to figure it out.

"ANGELICA! PLEASE, LIKE, COME OUT OR WHATEVER!!!"

There was a sudden shriek. Not a terrified kind, but one of pure *excitement*. One that Chrissy recognised well from her female memories as well as her more set-in male ones.

"Oh Gawd," she sighed, as the figure of Angelica came soaring up the stairs from the ground floor. She was squealing, clearly keen to talk to her 'best friend.'

"Yes! FINALLY! You've woken up, girl!" she screamed. Her breasts bounced in her summer dress as she ascended the steps in excited leaps. "I'm soooo keen! Show us how you look, girl! I didn't want to pry too much except to change you so you wouldn't totally freak out and go hella ballistic! How are you feeling?"

Chrissy crossed her arms beneath her breasts, feeling a little odd as she accidentally pushed them up to reveal more cleavage through the overly large neck hole of her shirt.

"How am I feeling? How am I *feeling*? You turned me into a fucking bimbo! My brain is all mixed up! I remember stuff that totally didn't happen, or at least I don't think happened. Shit, it suuucks! You suck!"

But Angelica hugged her anyway, and Chrissy was subjected to the strange sensation of having her breasts pressed against someone else's. It felt nice. Comforting. An embrace of sisterhood.

“Mhmm,” she murmured pleasantly, reaching to hug her bestie. Then she realised again that she was slipping. She shoved Angelica away just as quickly. “No! Like, get away from me!”

Angelica looked wounded, but she bounced back quickly like before. “Awww, it’s okay, Chrissy. It’ll take time getting used to, but don’t worry, you’re totally gonna love being a hot chick. Trust me, it’s the best. I mean, there’s sexism and people touching your boobs without permission and no one taking your opinion seriously and stuff, but you can also have sooo much fun, and the outfits are to die for. Not to mention all the makeup!”

Chrissy had to compose herself, especially since she was reminded of how much her body was weirdly craving that she get her face all done up.

“I don’t care about any of that!” she snapped. “I wanna have my big cock again, instead of this really horny pussy you gave me. I don’t want to have big tits, even if they are, like, really super sensitive and fun and bouncy. I want to be a man!”

But Angelica just shook her head, even wagging her finger like she was a parent telling off a child acting badly. “No way, Jose, I’m keeping you this way, at least for a time. You said we would be best as friends and this is what I’m doing. Plus, it’s, like, vengeance and whatever. You were really mean and closed off when we were dating, and you’ve been saying such mean things about my twin brother-”

“He says mean things about me!”

“And I want to protect my brother. I’m the older one by, like, ten minutes or something. I forget how much exactly. But you are always competing with him and being snobby and stuff.”

“Me? I’m the snob? He’s the snob! He’s, like, always looking down on me and stuff.”

What the ‘stuff’ was had become hard to explain. *It’s because he’s super rich and I’m not, but also he narrows his eyes and calls me by my full name and stuff like that. Why can’t I fucking summarise this? GRRRR!!*

“Well, maybe you can be on better terms with him now,” Angelica suggested. “In this new reality, I bet he has a total crush on you. And I know you’d find him hot. How cool would it be if my former boyfriend, now best friend, became my sister-in-law! EEE!! It just makes me so excited!”

But Christina was adamant. “Turn. Me. Back.”

“Not until you’ve at least tried your new life! I want you to be a total hottie until you’ve learned what being a total girl is all about first. Just enjoy being a fun, ditzy party gal like me. I’ll only turn you back if you do that. Though imagine if you didn’t want to turn back!”

Chrissy couldn’t *possibly* imagine a future where that was even remotely the case. She certainly wasn’t meant to have tits, or a pussy, or look really pretty or be thinking about

how cute a pink dress would be. *Which I totally am, which is really unfair!* She gritted her teeth.

“You definitely won’t change me back then, bestie?”

It was the closest to manipulative and cunning as she could manage given her reduced intelligence, but calling her ‘bestie’ had to do some good. But perhaps Angelica was a lot smarter than she ever gave her credit for, because she just gave a light giggle.

“Oh, Chrissy, you’re so cute! But I know you’re not my bestie *yet*, even if the memories will, like, help stuff along and stuff. No, you need time to get used to being a total cutie, and to learn how to dress! So I’m only going to change you back like I said: once you’ve had a really serious go at this. And, just to make sure you honour this agreement, you’ll have to make the most serious deal there is.”

With a look of utmost seriousness, Angelica thrust forward her hand. But it wasn’t a handshake she was after: her pinkie finger was extended. *Seriously? She wants to do a silly pinkie promise?*

Chrissy had no choice though. She extended her own pinkie and shook it, binding the deal. As she did, a quick montage of memories flashed of them giving pinkie swears all the way back to when they were just five years old. It was their *thing*. She remembered a particular time in their teens when after a terrible first day at high school, Angie had comforted her with one.

*She told me that she’d pinkie swear to always be my bestie.*

“Great!” Angelica exclaimed, bouncing on the spot and looking like the spoiled rich girl she kind of was, even if she’d been spoiled sweet for the most part. “Now it’s a promise, and you can’t break a promise!”

*You totes can*, Chrissy thought, navigating her bimbo mind with some small degree of success, *when you cross your fingers behind your back. Lol.*

“Fine, so I’m stuck as a girl. And magic is real, somehow. And I’ve got big titties. And I’m a girl!”

“You said ‘girl’ twice,” Angelica said with a giggle. “See? You totes *are* my bestie? We’re both such airheads at times, am I right?”

Chrissy managed to contain her frustration. She had to play the long game and get out of this. Even with her reduced intellect and weird current desire to bare some more skin, she could figure *that* out.

“Whatever, I didn’t ask for this,” she said, very aware of the annoying weight of her boobs on her shoulders. “What do I have to, like, do and stuff?”

Angelica seemed to think long and hard about this. She placed her finger on her chin, and looked off into some empty space. And then, just as Christina was beginning to lose patience and shout something, her eyes went wide, and she broke into the biggest grin. She

hopped from foot to foot on the spot, rotating and raising her hands above her head, as if conducting a silly dance of some kind.

“Oh, yes! It’s perfect, absolutely perfect!”

“What? What’s perfect? Spit it out, girl!”

The other woman grabbed Christina’s shoulders, and the new girl was shocked at how strong that grip felt now that her own strength had evaporated away. She hadn’t realised how fragile she now was until that moment.

“We’re going to . . . go shopping!”

She gave a high-pitched squeal that rang in Chrissy’s ears, still bouncing on her feet in excitement.

“Shopping? For, like, what?”

“Clothes, dummy! You’re too tall for my stuff, and those nice big boobies of yours won’t fit in my little B-cup bras, I’m totally jelly about them by the way, but I couldn’t resist giving you a ‘cup-full’, lol. Plus your shape is a little different down below, too. So we need to get you some panties, some bras, some cute dresses, some yoga pants - obviously, some new socks and hair ties and makeup and mascara and lipstick and foundation and a sports bras and a cocktail dress and some bikinis so we can totes go to the beach and have girly fun there and -”

“Stop, stop!” Christina interrupted. “This is, like, way too much. I’m meant to be a guy, and now you’re making me some kind of bimbo with all this stuff! I can’t even pay for it!”

But then suddenly a new memory flashed. Chrissy’s first bicycle, her first surfboard, her first trip abroad to Hawaii. At every stage, when her Mom couldn’t afford something, Angelica had stepped in and convinced her own parents to give the Galford’s a helping financial hand. After all, anything for her bestie, right?

*Oh Gawd, everything’s changed. I grew up totes dependent on a bunch of rich people!*

It filled her with embarrassment, knowing that Emile would see it that way too in this new magically-shifted reality. But Angelica already had her card out, and was flashing it about.

“It’s all on me, silly! Now come on, let’s go on a girl’s trip . . .”

“Oh Gawd.”

“. . . to the *MALL!*”

Christina sighed. As with several things already, she knew that she had no choice. No choice at all.

\*\*\*

Already, Christina was finding out a few things she didn't like, or certainly didn't appreciate *having* to like, about being a woman. For one, even wearing baggy track pants and a loose shirt, men were staring at her. They were staring a *lot*. She'd tried walking 'normally' with her usual masculine gait, but her stupid feminine hips kept defaulting to shaking from side to side suggestively, a result of her new pelvic configuration and impressively wide flanks. The gait also had the effect of causing her boobs to jiggle, jostle, wobble, bounce, and bob on her chest. It was actually becoming a little painful, having no support, and made her realise just how much 'bigger' girls needed it. A category that now included herself among them.

"Everyone is, like, looking at me," she complained as they entered the mall.

"I know, isn't it the best? Watch out for the creeps though. They're probably turned on 'cause your nips are showing."

It made Chrissy want to cover them, but that would just make it all the more obvious. She tried to hunch over as best she could, but it felt wrong to do so. Already, she had a strange, unwelcome desire to show her body off. She aimed to fight it.

They continued through the mall, Chrissy feeling utterly on display despite being relatively covered up. She was vulnerable and she knew it, though she'd describe it now as 'totes fragile' due to her altered vocabulary. Just another thing to hate among many.

On the ride over, during which Angelica had driven, Chrissy had found out a lot of new things about herself by searching not through her wallet - which no longer existed - but her purse instead. Just as her mind told her, her name was now Christina Galford. Christina *Iris* Galford. Even her middle name had changed from *Evan*. Her birth date was the same, her mother was still listed as the same, and was on her phone contact list again, for some reason. A bit weird, given she was dead two years. Her photo ID showed an attractive woman with a neutral expression, but one that clearly indicated she was only not smiling because she had to have a blank face for her photo. She was listed as around 5'5, and she resided in the same place as she currently did. She also still worked at the local supermarket closest to her apartment, though apparently she was a 'deli chick' now. *Figures. But at least most things haven't changed too much*, she thought to herself. But then she looked down at her body and remembered that they had changed far, *far* too much already.

She continued to reminisce on all these changes as they approached the clothing store. It was called *Coquette's*, and it was well renowned as a rather pricey, yet very stylish and high-quality establishment.

*How do I even know that?* she thought. But then a mini-memory flashed of the first time Angelica had taken her here, and she knew. The memory wasn't real, she knew it. It wasn't a 'full' memory, per se. But it did give her information and context to what was happening.

"Ohmigod," she said. "You paid for my prom dress here. I looked sooo hawt."

"I did?" Angelica asked. "Wow, that's super cool of me. I bet it was dark blue. Was it dark blue? You'd look sexy in dark blue."

Christina blushed at her outburst, ashamed that she'd even described this totally wrong body as 'hawt.' But she did nod a little. "It was dark blue, with a sexy low cut to show off my boobies."

"I knew it! This is going to be soooo fun, girl. Trust me, we are gonna doll you up. You won't even remember being a boy by the time we're done. You're going down, like, the pink rabbit hole."

"That's what I'm super afraid of," said Christina, as they entered the store proper.

It was still unreal to know that not only was magic real, but that of all the people in Chrissy's life, it was freaking *Angelica Halloway* who could wield it, and apparently wield it well. It was like finding out that your best friend was suddenly a dark wizard, complete with an ominous black tower he had always lived in. And she was using all that power for *this*?

*To make me into a goddamn bimbo? Complete with a yummy booty and big titties? Ugh, I can't even think about my body without, like, sexualising it or whatever. I think just like her now. NO. Not just like her. Just surface stuff. That's all!*

But it didn't prevent her from following Angelica into *Coquette's*, or from greeting the staff as if she knew them personally.

"Hiya Stephanie! Hiya Janice!"

The two women gave their hellos.

"It's so good to see you, Angelica, and you, Chrissy. Shall I close down the store and let you run wild with it all, then?"

"Can you do that?" Angelica said, before stopping. "Oh, that was totally a joke, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was. But we will help you with everything you need. Was there something in particular you were looking for?"

Angelica thrust her friend forward, so that Chrissy was awkwardly standing before them in her track pants and male shirt. "Not for me, but this disaster needs rescuing! My friend Chrissy here - you know, my BFF now - she's lost everything in a fire, and we *absolutely* need to correct her wardrobe problems."

"My word!" the one called 'Janice' said, a slim older woman in her forties. "I'm so sorry to hear that."

*I didn't lose anything in a fire, why does she - oh. Oh Gawd. Why did I have such a delay figuring that out? Am I even dumber than Angelica now?*

"It's, um, okay," she managed to say, blushing bright red as a ripe strawberry.

“It will be soon,” Angelica continued, “once we get Chrissy here looking as cute and sexy as a hottie like her deserves. We want a heap of things for all occasions, so she can show off her body to all of the cute boys. Isn’t that right, Chrissy?”

‘Chrissy’ wanted anything but. No, that wasn’t true. A small sliver of her mind wandered, thinking of these ‘cute boys’ with their fit abs and spectacular biceps.

*I wonder if Emile has nice biceps beneath those shirts he’s always wearing.*

“Isn’t that right, Chrissy?”

She blushed further. “Um, yeah, I guess. Let’s just get this over with.”

“That’s the spirit!” Angelica cried, without a trace of irony in her voice. “Let’s get this woman some hot bras!”

Inwardly, the new woman groaned. *They better give me good cleavage at least.*

\*\*\*

As Chris, the former male had never stepped foot inside a clothing store for more than the necessary half hour at most. A simple duck-in, duck-out approach that was the case for most men. The fact that he’d rarely been properly clothes shopping at all, preferring to get cheaper wears from second-hand stores at the like as part of his background-influenced frugality, made him even less experienced in such matters than the other man.

And yet here *she* was, now a woman, now with the encroaching personality of a ditzy, sexy valley girl type, spending not just one, or two, but *three* hours trying on clothing at a high-end women’s fashion store. To say it was humiliating was an understatement. The fact that the new woman was hit by a rush of dopamine every time she tried on something new and fetching only made it all the worse.

First up, naturally, were the bras and panties. Chrissy was dreading them, particularly since she’d never put on a bra in her life. In fact, her only real expertise with bras was taking them *off*. Chris had never been a big player, but he at least knew the old ‘one-handed removal of the clasp’ trick while making out with a girl, something he knew turned women on a lot, particularly Angelica. But the bras her former girlfriend-turned-bestie picked out were for her to *wear*, and that was a daunting prospect indeed.

“We’ll try some standard bras, some nice lift bras to show off that hawt cleavage, and some sports bras so we can go on runs together and keep our lovely bodies in shape, right?”

Chrissy groaned, but the truth was, her eyes were glued to some of the women’s wear that was presented to her. *I know I should hate them but Gawd I love some of the lacy black frills! And that push-up bra would make these titties totally pop.*

They were thoughts from another mind, and yet inexplicably her own. And so it was that soon she was trying them on in the change stall, standing before the mirror and gazing

at her full chest. Janice helped her, a little surprised that she didn't know how to do a bra clasp up.

"Um, I'm just not used to this type of clasp?" she said a bit weakly.

But when the first one was finally fitted, and her boobs settled in the unfamiliar cups, a surge of memories flooded over her. They were distant, more like a rapid slideshow than one particular memory. A thousand different times when she'd put on bras before, from her adolescent training bras to her teenage B-cups to the steady growth that led to her currently ample chest.

"I - oh Gawd - I think I have it from here," she said weakly. Janice nodded, gave the mandatory 'I'll just be within earshot' statement that clothing saleswomen often gave, and left Chrissy alone.

*Holy shit, I know how to do bras now. And I know the best looking ones now too. She gulped, realised how deeply these changes went. I think - this is just humiliating - I think I have to try them all. They all look so good!*

The sampling began, and once it started it was almost impossible to stop. Like a small snowball atop a wintry hill, once it got rolling it only gathered size and speed until it was all that Chris could really think about, even as part of her railed and cried and screamed to stop it, all to no avail.

The bras, panties, and lingerie sets were first, obviously. Chrissy found that she loved black and red, they worked well with her brunette hair and contrasted her pale skin. There was an absolutely delectable white set she did pick up though: the bra was a push-up that made her breasts two delicious globes that would be impossible for any guy *not* to drool at. Thanks to Angelica's pushing, she even picked out a sexy lingerie set, complete with garters and straps and all the things men liked to undo in the bedroom. It was black, frilly, and perhaps most dangerously of all for the new woman: crotchless.

"Just for a bit of fun!" Angelica pushed, as Chrissy tried it on and blushed deeply. "Though who knows, maybe you'll totes end up *using* it, if you know what I mean."

"N-no way," said Chrissy, who was trying not to think of exactly that purpose. Once more, images of hunky men danced in her vision, and she had to work to dispel them.

After several more sets of these were purchased, including a pink one that Chrissy was drawn to because of its bright colour, it was time for ordinary everyday wear.

"What kind of things do *you* wanna wear?" the apparent witch asked her.

"Big jackets. Covering j-jeans. Thick tops." She'd had to grind out every word between her teeth. The male part of her wanted that, but the female part seemed so much more in control in this place. Angelica seemed to sense that, because she drew closer, put her hands on Chrissy's shoulders, and gave a smug grin.

"Are you suuuuuure, girlfriend?"



Chrissy sagged. “No, I don’t. Gawd, I want crop tops. I want tight tees. I was stuff that shows off my midriff and also cute skirts. And dresses! You’ve made me want dresses, gawd-dammit.”

Defeated, and with Angelica clearly celebrating, they moved swiftly to grab an entire swathe of articles for the new woman to change. What followed was a veritable parade of outfits, often in several pieces, which Angelica *demand*ed that Christina show off after each try on, as if she were a model on a private catwalk, and the witch was her judge. Like a scene from a romantic-comedy, when the woman was finally getting her makeover to catch the heart of the leading man, Christina trotted out in a sexy red summer dress, a pink crop top with matching skirt, a ripped denim look straight out of the nineties, a bathing suit of all things, which she’d just barely managed to pull back from being a bikini, instead opting for a one piece.

“Yes!” Angelica cried, cheering. “Don’t match pink, keep the shirt part! Ripped denim is coming back - do double-denim with the jacket!”

“I thought you, like, said not to match stuff too much?”

Angelica shook her head. “So much to learn, girl! Denim, like, *transcends* matching schemes. At least for the next season of fashion, lol. And ditch the one-piece. A girl like you needs a hot bikini to strut your stuff and show off those big double-D jugs of yours!”

Resigned, Chrissy retreated to put on the next outfit, while Angelica went and retrieved several bikinis. After okaying another few outfits, including some gym wear, some yoga pants that clung *very* tightly to her figure, and a sports bra and jogging shorts look (short shorts, naturally), it was time to try said bikinis on.

“Do I really really have to?” Chrissy whined, hating the sound of how empty-headed her voice was now.

“You don’t *have* to do anything,” Angelica said. “But I’m paying for it all, remember? And you have to *try* being a total girly girl like me before I can change you back. So rip that band-aid off, sexy, and show us your goods!”

Dismayed, and yet continually tempted to dress up, Chrissy retreated back to the stall to begin the first of several bikini try ons. *Gawd, some of these cups look very . . . small.* Indeed, that seemed partly by design, as Angelica was insistent that bikinis were a great chance to “show off dat underboob, hotstuff!”

And show it off they did, and side boob as well.

“This f-feels too revealing,” Chrissy murmured, as she tried covering her mostly-revealed body. “I don’t like how much it . . . jiggles.”

“You mean your tits?”

“I mean . . . everywhere.”

It was true. It wasn't just her boobs that bounced unsupported, her ass had a gorgeous jiggle to it too. Angelica just beamed.

"Nonsense! You look soooo hot! I'm seriously jelly, you're lucky you're my bestie! Plus it's pink, which shouldn't work for a brunette but actually kind of does. I feel like such a dummy for not realising: hot pink for blondes, but *paste/* pink for brunettes like you. It actually works really, really well."

Chrissy looked in the mirror, saw how her boobs were formed into perfect teardrop shapes, her cleavage wonderfully shown off by the bikini top. Her stomach was flat, without the muscle she'd cultivated as a hard working young man, and her hips . . . well, she wouldn't have any problems bearing children. *Not that I ever fucking plan on making cute little babies or whatever! No siree bob, mister! But . . . I guess the pastel pink does work, sorta. Gawd, this is embarrassing.*

"Okay, let's just get them all! And be done with it!" she said.

"I've changed my mind!" Angelica spat. "You should get a couple of one-pieces too!"

"What? Seriously!?"

"Yes! You looked great in that dark one, and they're sexy in their own right. Plus you can get one that *zips down the front*. Trust me, it's got, like, it's own power if it does that."

"What kind of power?" Chrissy said, briefly entranced but wondering if her new mind was missing something obvious.

Angelica chuckled. "The power to hypnotise hunky boys, obviously!"

Chrissy sagged again. *With my double-Ds and this hourglass figure, she's probably totes right about that.* She licked her lips, imagining it.

"Earth to Chrissy! You can think about washboard abs later. We're still girly shopping."

"Gawd, what could even possibly be next, Angie?"

It turned out, a lot could be next. There were, after all, still winter outfits ("how long are you, like, expecting to keep me like this? I was hoping it was just one week!") and sportswear ("I'm not becoming, like, a literal cheerleader . . . am I?") and cute hats ("Gawd, I guess it does sorta go with my green eyes"), see-through stockings ("nothing hotter than teasing a boy with tight stockings" she said before catching herself) and numerous other summer dresses, cocktail dresses, two part dresses, and dresses galore. It was humiliating, but part of that humiliation was how *good* it all felt, that delightful rush of dopamine (not that she knew what dopamine was anymore) every time she twirled her dress, or checked out her bodacious profile in the mirror with a figure-hugging cocktail dress, or adjusted her top and her boobs so that she could show what Angelica liked to call "Maximum Cleavage, capitalised and everything." Certainly, some of the dresses gave the illusion that she was

about to 'pop out' at any second, and while there was no real danger of that, she had to smother a smirk at the effect it would have.

*No, no, no! I am sooooo not enjoying this, okay? No way. I refuse to, like, get turned on by the idea of turning other people on, even though that tight green dress would totally give hot dudes the biggest boners ever.*

Soon a trolley was needed just to contain all the clothing that Angelica was buying for her. But they were still not done.

"What could possibly be next now?"

"Heels. High ones."

Chrissy groaned. She had good reason to. Because as strangely free as the dresses felt, or as sexy as the tight ones were, a set of luscious black heels upon her feet actually required some degree of skill walking in. With Angelica's steady help she slipped her dainty feet into a pair, and once more the catwalk was on. She tilted, managed to right herself, never overcorrected.

"This is hard!" she exclaimed.

"You'll get used to it, bestie!"

She saw herself in profile while walking past a mirror and rolled her eyes. "It's making my ass stick out in this posture. And my big titties, too!"

Angelica laughed. "That's the point, dummy! I think I may have made you, like, even ditzier than me, ha! But don't worry, you look great. You just need practice."

Another flash. Another memory that wasn't her own, and yet somehow was. In this strange new reality, Christina remembered receiving her first pair of heels from her mother. She had saved up for them secretly to surprise her daughter. Little did she know that Angelica had already bought her a couple of pairs, which she'd tried on in private to practice. But it didn't matter. Those simple, black heels of surprisingly quality were the most wonderful gift in the world to her. The fact that her mother had been secretly raising money for them made them a greater treasure than any other. She remembered crying when she outgrew them. *They're still in a box on the shelf next to my bed. Holy shit, I can remember it like it's all real. Um, is it real?*

She blinked back a tear, but only just. Then, stepping more confidently, one foot in front of the other in a fashion that made her ass sway suggestively and deliberately, she moved down the 'catwalk' that Angelica had arranged. The ditzzy witch's jaw fell in surprise.

"Like, ohmigod, you're suddenly amazing! Girl, you look like a damn model!"

Chrissy couldn't help but grin. "I kind of feel like one," she said, suppressing a blush. "I got a new memory. Why am I getting new memories? Am I gonna, like, forget the real me?"

“This could *be* the real you, but I wouldn’t worry. You won’t forget Christopher. But the new memories should help guide you. And they’re certainly guiding ‘dat ass’, bestie!”

There was no doubt about that. Adorned in a tight green cocktail dress that showed off ample cleavage and ended at the upper thigh, she was already a sight of immeasurable attraction. But now she was strutting her stuff confidently, her posture in the heels only exemplifying her impressive curves. It was a lot to take in for the former male, but part of her shivered in delight at the display she was creating. Which was why her next words were not spoken with exhaustion, but with a hint of excitement instead.

“So, what’s next?”

The answer, naturally, was makeup. Angelica paid a service - one she used often, apparently - to deliver the veritable mountains of clothing they had purchased to her house, so that they could sort through it together in the afternoon. Chrissy got to choose an outfit to wear out of the mall, however. And while her old male clothes were right there, she felt that tingle of excitement at wearing a cute white skirt with a pink tee, one that drew tight around her ample features.

“Great choice!” Angelica said. “And you’ve got nice shoes too! Way better fitting than the ones I had to lend you to get here.”

Strangely, the prospect of applying mascara, foundation, lip stick, hair care products, and so on didn’t seem so worrying to Chrissy by that point. After all, she’d already come so far. The most daunting thing, really, was the notion that she’d be the one actually applying them, but Angelica promised to help with the application.

“Until we can get you totally amazing at doing it yourself. Seriously, there’s no better feeling than doing your makeup just right. Well, except for the female orgasm, obviously!”

Chrissy bit her lip, and tried not to imagine them. The makeup visit went quicker than the clothes, perhaps because it was impossible to try all the products in a row, but in the end they also walked away with a large stack of lip sticks, powders, mascaras, polishes, eyeliners, gels, shampoos, conditioners, brushes, and so on and so forth. Some of it Chrissy didn’t even have an idea of what they were, at least until another memory came to mind of her mother teaching her.

*Wow, I was a lot closer to mom in this reality. I mean, we were always close, but I sorta resented her, I guess? But I’m, like, totes tight with her as a girl.*

It was enough to give her pause for thought.

They were finally done at the mall, and walked out of its centre to drive back to Angelica’s place. The witch was practically bouncing with glee at the prospect of making Chrissy her ‘fashion bestie’ on top of all the other things. It made Chrissy nervous, just how much joy Angelica was taking out of this. But it also made herself nervous, at how much fun she was also having, despite her best lingering male efforts not to.

“Hey, check out that boytoy!” Angelica said, pointing at a man walking the other way. He was young, fit, with darker skin and a confident smile on his face. He was tall, and Chrissy found herself drinking in that tallness, those muscles, that confident masculine smile. It made her heart flutter. It made her nipples tense. It made her pussy just become that little bit flushed with aroused heat. She automatically straightened her back to show off the ‘goods’, and cocked her hips a little wider as she walked. She gave him a flirty smile, and he smiled back.

“Afternoon, ladies,” he said.

“Afternoon!” they both said.

“You look nice,” Chrissy added automatically, without thinking. The man smiled wider. He clearly had places to be, but gave a flirty wink back nonetheless. Christina went bright red, turned, and walked even faster.

“Ohmigod ohmigod, why did I just say that?”

“Because you’re the best!” Angelica exclaimed, pumping her fist. “This is working out soooo much better than I could have hoped!”

\*\*\*

They arrived back at Angelica’s stately house. Apparently she and Emile had the run of the place until their parents came back in like two months from their grand trip. It had been extended yet again, a mix of business and pleasure. It made Chrissy think of the time they’d all gone to Hawaii together, something that definitely hadn’t happened to her when she’d been Christopher.

As they entered, she couldn’t help but notice that Emile’s car was present in the spacious driveway the Hallowsays had. She felt that same flush again, a strange mix of frustration, anticipation, and even a little excitement and arousal.

“Huh, little bro’s back,” Angelica mused. “Maybe you’ll want to talk to him. You might find him . . . cute!”

“I think - maybe I should just leave.”

“Nonsense! I’ve already got your room set up for the night.”

“What?”

Angelica shrugged. “I figure we always had sleepovers as besties, right? And you’re renting, so who cares if you’re not there a day. Why don’t you sleep over and we can order some Chinese?”

Chrissy nodded. “F-fine. Okay. That sounds kinda nice, I guess.”

“YAY!”

She opened the door, but Christina couldn't help but look at Emile's car one more time.

*No way. Anything but him. I can totes put up with being a bit of a bimbo for, like, a short time or whatever. But not getting turned on by him.*

But the image of his darker blonde hair, his stoic expression, his wide shoulders, all combined to make her sigh contentedly. She hoped Angelica didn't notice, as the other girl was busy depositing the makeup.

*I'll just - I'll just avoid him! Yeah, I'll keep out of his way and won't even feel these stupid silly feelings!*

She moved to go to the bedroom Angelica pointed out was hers to have for the night. It could be a private sanctum, away from any flirtatiousness. Away from Emile. Unfortunately for her, in trying to avoid Emile, she ended up running straight into him. The two collided, and to her shock she ended up grabbing hold of his shirt and pulling him backwards. She tripped, toppling onto her back on the bed. Which meant that the startled Emile landed face-first right into her cleavage.

"Ohmigod! Ohmigod! I'm s-so sorry!"

"D-don't be!" Emile said in a shocked voice. He looked up at her, and quickly realised his face was resting on her breasts, and that one of his hands was accidentally planted on her soft thigh. It was intensely arousing, and her private parts moistened immediately, just as her nipples stiffened.

"I - I think you should get me off. I mean get off on me! I mean get off *of* me!"

Emile darted to his feet, nearly as red in the face as her, perhaps more so.

"I'm so, so sorry, Chrissy. Christina, I mean. I didn't realise. I saw that the guest room was open and done up, and was wondering who was staying. You are staying right?"

"Um, yeah," she said, adjusting her top. *Gawd, his face felt nice on my boobies. Stupid girly attraction!* "Angie is letting me stay. Is that, um, okay?"

"More than okay!" he exclaimed. "I mean, it's certainly fine. You know I always enjoy having you around. Angelica adores you. Are you having dinner with us too?"

"I think Angie said something about ordering Chinese," she breathed, still fighting that arousal.

"Your favourite," he said with a smile. "I'm keen. Do you mind if I join you two at the table? I don't want to, er, pry or anything. I just, uh, enjoy your company."

*Holy shit, he's nervous in my presence. He's like, a total puppy! Where was this Emile before? Isn't he a big player with the ladies and stuff? Why is he so shy around me?*

She didn't want to confront the immediate answer, but memories brought them anyway. In this new reality, he'd *always* been shy around her, even as a young boy. Clearly

attracted to her. Unsure how to proceed with her. As if he really, really liked her, but didn't want to step on his sister's friendship. And something else too . . .

*He's like me. He doesn't want to date a bimbo, or is worried about the embarrassment of it, or how it'll affect his drive. Gawd, the tables have turned!*

She realised she was staring at him blankly. "Oh, of course, you can totes join us. I'd love to have you in me. I mean, *with me.*"

It was his turn to be briefly silent. "Uh, g-great," he said. "Always great to see you, Chrissy."

He shuffled backwards, trying to conceal a rigid erection in a painfully obvious manner. He shut the door behind him, leaving Chrissy to flop onto the bed, embarrassed and aroused. *It had felt soooo good. Why has this happened to me? And now my pussy is all wet.*

It was enough to spark curiosity within her. Slowly, cautiously, but with great anticipation, she lowered her hand down between her thighs. She slipped it under the waistband of her skit and then her panties, and began to feel at her womanhood.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned in a light voice, as she began to tease at her sensitive folds, at her throbbing clitoris. It was so sensitive, and so different from possessing a manhood.

*God, he's attractive. How did I never see it before?*

She began to explore further. What was originally intended as just a curious feel of her new equipment was increasingly becoming an act of masturbation as she slowly rubbed her clitoris. She slipped two of her dainty fingers inside herself, and she stiffened for a moment, unused to the feeling of being penetrated, even lightly.

"Oh Gawd. F-fuck, that's how it feels?"

She continued, nurturing that pleasure. But her breasts felt neglected, and so she slipped her other hand under her top, and wedged it under her bra. It was awkward, but it let her tease her body all the more, particularly her big pink nipples, which made her become delirious with pleasure as they sent jolts of sensation down to her core.

"N-not enough," she stammered. She halted her self-ministration briefly, in order to remove her top and bra entirely, so that her perfect torso was utterly naked. Her breasts wobbled heavily on her chest, flattening just slightly as she rested on her back, and spilling a little onto her upper arms.

*I always liked that look. Now I have that look. Is it weird that this is turning me on?*

Either way, she was too horny to stop now. Besides, what guy hadn't imagined what a female orgasm felt like? As far as Chrissy was away, she could be the first person to ever be able to compare the two.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, continuing to masturbate. She squeezed her boobs, caressed them lightly before groping them with greater firmness. Her fingers sank into the

soft flesh, causing her to whimper. There was a slight pain as she got used to it, but even that felt nice. *Gawd, do I have, like, a total thing for being dominated or something?*

Indeed, just the thought of being dominated by a big strong man was enough to make her rub her pussy harder and faster, bringing herself to greater heights. She pinched her nipples, pulling on them and imagining a set of male lips sucking on them.

*Emile's lips . . . yes. Yesssss. He's the one I've been saving myself for, the one that I've always wanted. Wait, am I seriously a virgin in this timeline? With this body!? Because I'm fucking saving myself for, like, Emile!?*

But somehow the ridiculous romance of that notion increased her libido. She gasped, groaned, moaned and whimpered as she came closer and closer to climax. Her vaginal passage was stimulated further by her two fingers stroking her sensitive inner walls. It was such an alien sensation. Even the smell was odd: she was used to the sweet scent of vaginal juices turning her on, instead of being a result of being turned on. It was like a lion suddenly finding itself hungry at its own smell.

“OOhhhh! G-Gawd! I'm s-so close! Yes! Oh, yes, Emile! I want your f-face in my tits again! I want your big dick insiiiiide meeeeeee!!!”

She spread her legs at the same time, closed her eyes as well. She imagined him atop her, her former rival turned lover, thrusting his hopefully big cock right up inside her, penetrating her to her fullest, and dominating her like the submissive sexy brunette bimbo she now was.

“Yes! YES! YESSSSSS!!!”

The dam burst, and the orgasm came. She went completely silent, just *barely* managed to keep her voice down as wave after wave of unbelievable pleasure surged through her. It was overlapped by another, as she continued to stroke her clitoris, then another, until she'd experienced three full female orgasms in a row, none of them giving her any rest from the endless parade of bliss.

Finally, only after she had let loose a long, primal moan, did it let up. She collapsed, her legs going all floppy just like a woman's legs often did after fantastic sex, and she cooed deliriously, stroking her nipples idly.

“That was g-good,” she mumbled to herself. “That was g-good. Oh Gawd, that was totes good.”

It was better than she could have imagined, but still her body wanted more. It wanted Emile. The male part of her cried out in frustration at the thought of banging her architectural major rival. But her body didn't care.

*Shit, she thought. I'm really in it now, aren't I?*

**To Be Continued . . .**