

Beach Competition (TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Tyrone and Chad are two self-proclaimed 'alpha male jocks' who are headed to the beach to compete against one another for who can pick up the most chicks. But when a witch rejects them, she curses them to feminise further for each time they continue to get rejected by a woman for their behaviour. But the witch underestimates how far they'll go to win a bet, even if it means becoming a woman!

Beach Competition

Tyrone and Chad strode out onto the warm summer beach with purpose. The two men were both over six feet in height, both possessing the strong musculature of gym-fanatics, and both impressively handsome. Tyrone was a black man with a slightly larger build, with short black hair and a very, very impressive package currently hidden beneath his swimming shorts - for now, that was. Chad, on the other hand, was a tall white man who was just a little taller than Tyrone, and had blonde hair and blue eyes. He wasn't quite as well-endowed as his friend, but he had a chiseled jaw and a charismatic gaze to make up for it, though no one could quite flex muscles like Tyrone when it came to showing off their bodies.

"Are you ready for this?" Chad asked, surveying the popular and well-populated beach before them.

"I was born ready, dude," Tyrone replied. "I'm gonna pick up way more chicks than you. Just you watch, I'll be the most in-demand guy at Fucktown while you're still trying to get in the door."

"Please," Chad replied. "I'll have one girl blowing me while another is already rubbing her tits in my face. *And* my girls will be hotter too, just you watch."

Tyrone chuckled. "With that little body of yours? Good luck."

"You forget, chicks dig height more than muscles."

"I ain't tiny, chief. Besides, you can smolder all you want, but when it comes to reputation, everyone knows a black guy is gonna be more well-hung than a white guy."

"It's not about what you have, it's about how you use it."

"Well, that tiny pecker of yours better get used well, dude."

The pair chuckled, then each extended a hand. They shook, but it was an act of dominance. Tyrone slowly won out, but Chad twisted his arm at the last second, forcing them to break apart.

"You're on!" the white man said, looking out at the beach again. "Let's pick up some hotties. Love 'em and leave 'em."

“And leave some sluts wanting more,” Tyrone said.

“It’s alpha male jock time!” they proclaimed together, a little slogan that always preceded their sex-obsessed hijinks. The pair headed out, Chad to the left side of the beach and Tyrone to the right, the pair of them keen to one-up the other. This had been the dynamic of the pair ever since they had become friends back in high-school. They had always been jocks and sports legends. Chad was a star quarterback, and Tyrone a star basketball player and weightlifter. The pair took great pride in being alpha males, and for them, women were little more than hot chicks to fuck and forget, unless they were hot enough to see a few more times. Love? Devotion? A long-term relationship? That stuff was for soyboy cuck pussies as far as they were concerned. Tyrone occasionally had a girlfriend for a little bit, but it always fell apart when he looked at other ladies. Chad, on the other hand, had no plans at all to settle down. He wanted to be like Leonardo DiCaprio and fuck hot models in their early twenties until he died of a heart attack in his eighties. He promised girls the world, then ghosted them after getting laid a few times. Neither had any regrets about this life. Women were there for men to look at, to feel, and to fuck. Anyone who bought into genuine feelings and commitment was just being a submissive beta in their philosophy.

It was a philosophy that played out over the next hour. Chad got the initial edge; he sweet-talked a cute blonde and got her number, and then found a hot Persian girl with an impressive pair of knockers. She’d been playing volleyball, but now wanted another kind of activity, and he was more than happy to take her into the beach tent he’d set up just for this occasion. She moaned like a whore in heat, and when he came inside of her, he was already grinning at the fact that he was ahead of Tyrone.

The lead didn’t last long, however. The dark-skinned Atlas of a man joined a cook-up on the beach, a little party celebration for a chick who just turned twenty one. He mingled and pretended to know her, all while finding the girls who had the nicest assets and the willingness to show them off. In the end, he settled on a woman named Sadie, a black girl with a damn nice ass and a tight blue bikini that showed it off. She’d been checking out his muscles, and not long after he took her to his own tent, and then convinced another guest not long after to have a second bout, this time in the parking lot behind the beach where his car was parked. When he came back onto the beach again, he held up two fingers and grinned. Chad threw him a playful middle finger back, and got ready to continue their competition. It wasn’t just sex, either. They knew to play the long game, too. They were also collecting numbers to call; women to add to their socials. Any girl they fucked from today would count towards the final score in the end, so things were just getting started.

“I’m getting numbers!” Chad called out to him as they made their way closer to the waves, where some swimsuited beauties were just emerging from the water.

“And I’m getting my wick *dipped*, son!” Tyrone bragged back, gesturing to the volleyball game further up, where an attractive redhead was playing. He didn’t tell Chad that he’d actually been rejected by her, nor did Chad mention that a girl had slapped him after he’d complimented her ass. Neither talked about the rejections. They were alpha males, after all. They didn’t *get* rejected, even if their attitudes actually made it more common than their successes. In the end, only the successes mattered right?

They were both about to head over to their respective zones of interest, when *she* emerged from the water. She was the most beautiful woman either had seen, a girl in her mid-twenties with dark skin and thick eyebrows, and lips that were pursed in a way that made them both think of how good she’d be at giving head. She looked South-Asian, perhaps Indian, and her figure just wouldn’t quite. Her hair was full and dark, wet against her back as she pushed it behind her shoulders, and she had a defined aquiline nose that suited her exotic face - exotic for these two, at least. Her breasts were full, D-cups at the very least, and she had a perfect hourglass figure with hips that rocked from side to side as she strode up onto the beach.

“Holy fuck, she is sex on legs, man,” Chad said. “A freakin’ goddess.”

“Hey, get off, I saw her first,” Tyrone responded. “Besides, you’d waste her on a single lay. I’d at least get a few weeks used out of her.”

“Fuck that, I’m in love. Tyrone, I’m not even joking. This chick will be my perfect trophy wife. I’ll have her on my arm when I win the championship.”

“Nah, dog. That’ll be me. A basketball legend. An alpha male with an alpha female. Just look at her. I bet she fucks like a total porn star. I’d get her pregnant in a hot second.”

“Fuck that. I’d get her knocked up and then some. Look at *dem hips*, bro. I swear I never wanted kids until this moment, but I’d make ‘em with a babe like that.”

“It’s decided then,” Tyrone said, extending his hand out again. “Whoever wins this chick gets to try and make her the perfect trophy wife. About time, right? We’re both twenty five. I’m looking forward to settling down with my hot brown beauty.”

“Please, you won’t have the charm. You just watch. I’ll bed her, and then wed her, and she’ll be a trophy on my arm making *you* jealous in no time, dude. I will spend every day tittying those perfect boobies and getting her to suck me off with those lips. Woof woof!”

Tyrone chuckled. “I’ll be doing even naughtier stuff than that, man. To the winner goes the hottie!”

Both men advanced towards her. They both understood that the competition had gained a new dimension: whoever wooed and bedded this woman would be the default winner, and gain prestige in spades. The mystery woman towed herself and then laid back in a sun chair, a book by her side. Suddenly, she was in shadow again.

“Hey there, girl,” Tyrone said. “I couldn’t help but notice you out there in the water.”

"You were making waves," Chad cut in. "I've seen some pretty women before, but no one like you."

The woman arched an eyebrow. "You're in my sun, boys," she said.

Chad moved to the side, and Tyrone to the other. "I'm Chad," he continued.

"Charmed, I'm sure."

"I'm Tyrone," his friend said. "We come here often. I would have remembered you, though."

"I imagine you would."

"Can a guy learn your name?"

"Priya," she said, putting on her sunglasses and crossing her legs. Both men looked over the perfect shape of her body as she posed it a little. "Do you boys have a reason to come over here and see me?"

Tyrone put on his most charming grin and flexed his muscles. "Just looking for some new people to meet. Wondering if you wanted to go for a swim."

"I think you're more of a volleyball gal, actually," Chad said, hedging his bets. "We could make a good pair."

Priya sat up a little, her breasts now more prominently displayed upon her body, capturing the attention of both men.

"Speaking of a good pair," Tyrone said, grinning as he perved at her tits.

"Oh, you like my chest, do you? I like it when men are forward."

Chad's eyes bulged. He'd been trying to charm instead of getting straight to dirty flirting, but Priya's body language had shifted to Tyrone, showing his buddy more attention.

"Well, you won't find more forward than me," he declared. "People call me The Chadster. Tyrone here may be all muscle, but I'm the real star. Local football legend, in fact. And I've got stamina, if you know what I'm saying."

"Mhmm," Priya murmured, placing her hand under her chin. "Tell me more."

"Hey, if you want a little white willy, you go with Chad, girl. But if you want a big black stud with a big dick that'll leave you satisfied, you go with me. I bet you're looking for something more long term, huh? Well, go with Tyrone, then. I promise you'll be looking to date me long-term after the first night of passion."

"So tempting," she said teasingly. "You're both so strong, so handsome, so muscly . . ."

Both men exchanged a grin. They could tell they were winning, but both wanted to get an edge.

". . . and both so revoltingly misogynistic and disgusting."

Their faces fell. "Hold up," Tyrone said.

"No, you hold up. I came here to enjoy a nice beach experience. And yes, I wouldn't mind having some fun, carefree sex, but then I overhear you two *dogs* treating me like I'm a piece of flesh to be forced into becoming a submissive housewife. Don't deny it. You talked about 'tittyfucking my boobies', what ridiculous language. And you talked about making me little more than a trophy wife, there to be fucked like a sexdoll without a care in the world for what I *want*."

Chad swallowed. How had this woman heard them? They'd been practically whispering to one another across a busy beach while she'd been over thirty feet away. Her hearing must have been borderline supernatural.

"Hey, we clearly got off on the wrong foot," he said. "Tyrone and me, we're the alpha male jocks, you see. We talk a lot of shit, but it's all testosterone."

"Yes, a little too much of it. But I tell you what, boys, perhaps you *do* have a chance with me."

Tyrone paused. "We do? Because trust me, you won't regret it, girl."

"Oh, but *you* might. You see, I'm a witch. A very particular kind of witch, in fact. Priya the Lady of Chance, they sometimes call me. I like to leave my magic up to chance and fate, and let it weave wonders . . . and terrors. So how about you *prove* to me that you can be alpha males, as you so stereotypically put it?"

"Hey, I can do a hundred pushups."

"I can lift anything!" Tyrone added.

But the beauty shook her head. "I'm talking about something different. A real alpha male would *never* get rejected by a pretty woman, so prove your worth to me. Scour the beaches and get as many numbers as you can from the prettiest women - not that they can compare to me - that you can. Whoever gets the most has a chance with me."

The two men looked at each other. Neither could believe it, and yet even the *chance* to snag a woman like this and make her theirs was too much to resist. Hell, Chad the perpetual one-night stander was already imagining breaking this woman in as his long-term girlfriend and eventual trophy wife. She was a goddess; the perfect woman!

"Fuck yeah," he said. "Just you wait. I'll show you what an absolute stu-"

"Wait," she said, holding up a hand. "I haven't gotten to the good bit. You have one hour, but for every rejection you receive, you'll become more and more feminine, until *you'll* be the ones who are the perfect trophy wives. And hell, since you made all those comments about getting me knocked up, I'll even leave that on the cards too. I do so like card games."

Tyrone chuckled. "What are you, some kind of witch?"

"I just said I was before. Clearly your friend is the genius of the pair."

She clicked her fingers, and both men felt a strange sensation spread across their skin, like a light electric buzz.

"There, it's done. You have one hour, boys. Be back to see me when you're done. If you're successful, we can enjoy one another. You'll have earned it! But if not . . . I'll enjoy seeing you make some other men rather happy."

"Well, I won't let you down," Chad said. "And trust me when I say I'll have you moaning like crazy soon."

"Nah man, that'll be me," Tyrone said. "This alpha male is gonna win you, Priya! You'll be my queen, just you wait!"

He turned and ran away, and Chad was just behind him.

"Ha!" Priya laughed. "Good luck, boys! Let the beach competition begin!"

Chad had gotten two numbers, but one girl had already rejected him. He wasn't going to tell that to Priya, and certainly not admit it to Tyrone, but he'd severely misjudged a total hottie with a damn fine pair of legs he'd seen. Chad had always had a thing for Asian girls, but when he'd used the word "exotic" to describe her, she'd replied with a Californian accent.

"And what about me is exotic, exactly? Is it because I'm Asian?"

"Yeah babe," he'd said. "You got that hot eastern look. It drives me wild."

"Fuck off," she'd replied. "I don't need none of that racist shit."

"Hey, don't be such a bitch. I'm complimenting you here. It's not like you've got much in the way of curves, I'm just being nice to you!"

She stuck her nose up at him and walked off, telling her girlfriends to march away with her. Chad had been about to blast her for being a prude and a slut, only to feel a strange buzz across his skin that left him shivering on the spot. When it finished, his hair had grown a little longer, and his fingers were no longer callused, nor were his muscles quite as pronounced. He failed to notice any of this, however, and simply focused upon the rejection.

"I'll get the next one," he muttered, voice cracking just a little. He cleared his throat and thought nothing of it, instead casting his eye across the beach where Tyrone was chatting up a group of girls in the water.

"C'mon!" Tyrone was saying. "Don't any of y'all wanna let me lift you up? I promise I can be very gentle."

"Dude, we're having a get-together here. We're all lesbians," one of them said, a fine-looking chick with dyed blue hair.

Tyrone just winked at her, eager to at least get a number. "That's no problem, I'm into chicks too, and I bet I can *convince* you to bat for the other team, if you know what I'm saying. Trust me, I can turn any lesbo straight."

What he got was a splash of water in his face. He didn't lose his cool like Chad, but he did fall back into the water as that strange shiver spread over his body like an electric buzz, much like when Priya had placed her so-called 'curse' upon them. The group of lesbian friends laughed as he stomped away, humiliated. The heavily muscled man failed to notice that his shoulders shrank a smidge, and that his wide face thinned a little, though his cheeks became a little rounder. His hair, short and curly, grew out a little more until some of his curls hung over his forehead. He scratched his rear, irritated by the strange pressure there. It was actually growing, just half an inch for now, but it would get a whole lot bigger if he kept striking out. But Tyrone's focus was simply upon Priya on the beach, sunning herself and relaxing with a book, her perfect beauty on display, her skin a gorgeous brown and without blemish. She waved to him with a smile, and he felt a surge of confidence.

"I'm gonna win!" he cried in a voice that was slightly higher than before. "Just you wait, Priya! We'll be dating soon, girl!"

"Keep bringing those numbers in!" she shouted back with a grin.

Chad overheard this, and was determined to catch up and supersede Tyrone. He made his way to a number of sunbathing ladies, recognising that a few were looking at passing guys and giggling, pointing them out to each other. Clearly, they were on the prowl as well.

"Hey ladies, I see you looking, and I just want you to know that I'm looking back."

One of them lowered their shades and smirked. "I was checking out *those* guys, actually."

He chuckled as he spotted the men who were heading out with surfboards. "Please, those look like total betas. I bet I could take them both on. But I'd much rather take one of you lovely ladies on, to be honest."

"Ew, no thanks!" another one piped up. "I'm not into guys with freaky big nipples."

"Yeah, what's up with those?" the third of their number said, sitting up a little. "They seriously look like dollar coins. Were you rubbing them or something?"

"Whatever," Chad said, his mood darkening. "If you bitches can't appreciate a total stallion, I'll go elsewhere."

As he turned, that vertigo hit him, and it left him trembling on the spot for a few moments as the women laughed behind him. Chad had never been good at taking rejection, especially when a woman dared to mock him. *Him*, a total alpha male! He stormed off, muttering about what "total bitches" they were, but even as he did, the weight of three rejections at once further transformed his body. His hips started to sway more noticeably as they spread further apart, and his penis began to withdraw, shrinking in size until there was a whole inch of empty space in the crotch of his shorts. The blonde-haired man winced, rubbing his waist, not even realising that it was pulling in further. That was to say nothing of

his chest, which started to push out further, his nipples swelling yet further. He grunted, cupping his chest a little.

“The fuck? Why is my chest so sore?”

The evidence was right in front of his eyes; tissue and fat and glands were all forming to give him a pair of noticeable breasts. Only A-cups, but breasts all the same, and this effect was magnified by the way his shoulders shrank yet further, and his overall musculature too. He lost an inch of height, and his hair fell further until it was just shy of touching his shoulders. Chad was forced to absent-mindedly push several long strands behind his ears, even as the odd pressures continued throughout his body. No one, including the man himself, seemed to notice his obvious bodily changes. Reality itself was being rewritten, but he caught Priya’s smile across the beach and waved back to her.

“Another three numbers!” he lied, coughing a little to keep his voice low despite his Adam’s apple slowly sinking back into his neck. “Just you wait, hot stuff!”

“Oh, I can’t *wait* to see how you turn out!” she replied, before returning to her book.

It filled him with confidence despite his recent failure. The beach was getting busier, and he couldn’t see where his best friend was.

“You better be getting a few rejections too, Tyrone.”

In fact, Tyrone had just gotten a girl named Sari to agree to make out with him. She was a playful cutie, a brunette with a kind of Eurasian look, her hair straight and silky, and though she was wearing a one-piece rather than a bikini, she was rocking it with all her confidence.

“You’ll get my number if you can show me you’re a good kisser!” she teased. “Come on then, Tyrone, wasn’t it?”

“Tyrone and in the zone,” he said. “You like muscles, babe?”

“Me do likey. Yours could be a bit bigger, though. I’ve seen bigger. So show me what else might be big.”

He ignored her jibes. How could he not be the biggest guy she’d ever seen? It was clearly just a way to tease him and draw him in for further passion, and he grudgingly went along with it to earn her number. Ordinarily such a woman would be his pursuit, but he wanted Priya more than anything. A fire had lit inside of him that demanded she be his trophy wife and future babymama, so he pretended Sari was her while she kissed him. He kissed back, sliding his tongue into her mouth. It was going well. Hell, he was getting hard, though he didn’t feel quite as well-endowed as usual for some reason.

And then he moaned, and everything went wrong.

It wasn’t his normal sound; bear-like and primal. The kind of grunt of pleasure and appreciation that ladies liked. No, it was a soft, oddly high-pitched moan that made him

sound ridiculous. Hell, it made him sound like a *woman*. Worse, he couldn't help but make it again and again, and quickly Sari broke off the kiss.

"Hey, uh, I think I heard a friend calling. Nice, um, sounds you have there. Best of luck with someone else, hey? Thanks for that interesting . . . experiment."

She dashed away across the sand, leaving him alone on his towel even while other loving couples were around him.

"Damn it," he said. "Tyrone, you really fucked that up. What the hell was that sound? Why did you - woahhhhh . . ."

That wave of discomfort hit him, just as it had hit Chad not long ago across the beach. Tyrone's vision became murky and unclear, and he nearly collapsed back onto the towel until he managed to steady himself. The man moaned, voice still embarrassingly feminine as the next stage of the magic curse hit him. With another rejection came the swelling of new breasts, just like with Chad. His were likewise only A-cups, but his ass and hips were where the real developments took place. The man rubbed his rear, making a shameful scene as it grew and softened, stretching his swimming shorts to the point of discomfort. His waist thinned, but only a little. It was clear that he was developing a very fertile-looking pear-shaped figure with a great ass, but his limbs gained a new softness on them. Body hair fell clean away, and his nipples became darker. Larger. Female.

"Ohhhh," he moaned, rubbing his changed chest. His jawline cracked, his wide-set face thinning considerably until he had lovely cheekbones. Tyrone's hair was now a loose afro, his hair a series of tight black curls that bounced and shifted when he moved his head too fast, which he did as he tried to spy Chad.

"Where is he? There's no way he can win! Time to go into real bitch-hunting mode. Lower your standards, Tyrone. Get numbers from the fatties, the sluts, the dumb bimbos, the works. Treat it like the gym and pump up those damn *numbers*."

Little did he know that Chad was following a similar philosophy. He was no longer pursuing the women with elite bodies and elaborate curves, because they were rejecting him in greater droves than ever before. Instead, he decided to use the good old tactic of 'negging'; insulting lower-value women to erode their self-esteem, then build them back up again with compliments.

"You're so brave to wear that bikini, you know," he told one slightly larger girl. "I admire bravery like that. I bet other guys don't think much of you, but I do. I see a girl like you and I know you're not afraid. That's kind of hot."

All it got him was a splash of cold water straight in the face.

"Fuck off, jerk! I hate you pick-up artist types. Besides, you're not exactly an alpha male yourself!"

"Hey, cunt! I'm a goddamn footballer?"

"Of what, the D-lister league?"

The rejections mounted, and the more they did so, the more his aggressive side was let out. Chad burned with humiliation, and soon word was spreading of a blonde figure - perhaps male or female, it was hard to tell - who was bothering women. At one point, he noticed a fairly plain-looking girl with dark skin approaching the water, and he decided to intercept her, only for her boyfriend to suddenly shoulder check him backwards.

"Hey, fuckwit! Everyone knows you and that other creep are making the women uncomfortable here. You got one chance to walk away or I beat your ass. Got it?"

Chad stood taller, balling his fists. But then he faltered. This man wasn't too strong. He wasn't too big. Chad should have been able to take him with ease. The words 'should have been able' being the operative ones here, for somehow this man was actually taller than Chad, wider than Chad, and looking far more confident than Chad.

"What the hell?" he squeaked, voice cracking up yet another octave.

"My boyfriend says piss off!" the girl added, clinging to her partner's shoulders yet hiding behind him. "I don't want to talk to you."

It was enough to count as a rejection, because the wave of vertigo mounted once more, and it was perhaps the most transformative yet. Chad's vision wavered as he stumbled away, clutching his head even as his blonde hair erupted from his scalp and grew halfway down his shoulders. His form shifted to give him a perfect centrefold figure, and his breasts rose and expanded until they were undeniably a set of female tits; the kind of C-cups that he would have been all over on a woman. No one noticed how odd this transformation was, not even when a bright pink bikini top manifested around his tits, cupping them up and pressing them slightly together to provide a lovely curve of cleavage.

"Ughhh," he moaned, and there was nothing male in his voice now, just like there was nothing male in his presentation apart from his manly jawline and thick forehead, and the package between his thighs. "N-need to get more numbers. An hour is almost up. If I don't . . . I won't get her."

He needed to get some numbers. Yes, that was it. He needed to get some cute *men* to give him - *her* - their numbers. For a second Chad halted and rubbed her left temple. Something was wrong. Something was off. But she couldn't think of what it could be, and besides, there was a cute guy who had just returned from a rather impressive ocean swim. Maybe he was single?

Even as this occurred, Tyrone was in the act of change himself. Chad's charms had already been deteriorating, but Tyrone had never been the wordsmith of the pair. He let his gym-made muscles do the talking, not to mention his height and good looks. It was catnip for a certain class of attractive woman, but those features had been seized from him, and his squeaking, cracking voice and weird way he swayed his hips made women assume he was

a gay man who had yet to leave the closet. One woman at the volleyball game even told him as much.

“Hey, look man, you can totally join us for a game. You’re probably quite good just looking at your athletic figure, but, like, I don’t know how else to put this, but you are definitely gay, right? Like, you’ve got the voice and the mannerisms and everything. I’m sorry to be offensive but you’re like a flaming stereotype and, like, everything.”

Tyrone got a little teary-eyed in protest, his emotions heightened as he transformed more and more. Just like Chad, this bout of vertigo infected his mind. The tall black alpha male was shrinking further, and his booty was expanding to terrific proportions. A low moan erupted from him, and his voice transitioned from a semi-manly tone to a husky tone that would leave any red-blooded male weak at the knees. His breasts, previously just small bumps, became a pair of lovely cantaloupes, full and round and pert upon his chest.

“Wh-what’s g-going on? I f-feel kinda w-weird?”

The image of the volleyball woman shifted and blurred in front of him. “You okay, lady?” she asked, a statement which greatly confused Tyrone, despite the fact that his shorts were stretching up over his body, becoming a tight white one-piece swimsuit that left his back displayed and pushed up his breasts, all while exposing his wide hips and plump thighs. The colour contrasted his dark skin and growing beauty, but a small bulge pushed against the leotard shape of the fabric between his legs, causing a bit of discomfort. He scratched at the tiny remnant of his penis there, shocked by what was going on. The vertigo quickly affected his mind, however, and he finally stood upright and placed his hands on his hips in a rather empowering female pose.

“Mind if I join you?” she asked. “I’m looking to show off to some of the total hot hunks around here. I really need to get some numbers.”

The woman grinned. “Hell yeah, you can. I’m Kaley. What’s your name?”

There was only the most momentary of pauses from the transforming male before his mind caught up. “Tyrene,” she said. “Mind if I serve? Something tells me I’m good with a ball.”

Across the beach, Chad’s name had also changed. She was introducing herself to a number of prospective, and rather male, suitors as Charli, and they were *really* liking her, especially a muscled group who were on the prowl themselves.

“You guys sure do have a lot of muscles!” she declared, cocking her hip to one side and thrusting out her impressive bust, which was nicely displayed by her bikini. “Do you mind if I have a feel of some of them? I just wanna see who’s the strongest among you. I’m running a competition with my friend to see who can get the most numbers from various hotties, but I only take the best, fellas!”

The four men almost tripped over each other to be the first in line to have their biceps felt. Charli's body buzzed with excitement. These men were all so *shiny*, their bodies oiled up for the beach and the sun illuminating all their lovely delts, abs, pecs, and lats. Not to mention those *glutes*! She in turn made sure to show her body off, enjoying the way they looked at her curves, especially her cleavage, and how much they were taken in by her cute face and lovely blonde hair. In some ways, it felt almost novel, but that couldn't be, right? She'd always had a body like this, and in order to earn Priya's favour, she had to work all the curves her momma gave her!

Unfortunately, as she pressed her body up against these men - particularly one man who was *also* called Chad, not that she understood that irony - the curse continued to change her, because two young women quickly approached, anger in their eyes and their fists balled and ready to throw down.

"Hey slut! What do you think you're doing with my boyfriend?"

Charli actually found herself giggling. "Wait, is Doug here your boyfriend? But he just gave me his number!"

"Doug, what the actual fuck?"

"She needs it for a competition, babe! She's competing against her friend to see who can get the most-"

"Oh no!" the woman declared, shoving Charli back. "You are *not* doing this today, not while we're having a nice beach day! Doug, you and I are going to have a long conversation. As for *you*, you blonde slut!"

She poked Charli in the boob, causing pain to bloom there. Again, there was that sensation of novelty that made no sense.

"As for you, you can fucking *scram* before we get into a catfight right here on this beach. Got it?"

Charli hurried away. Normally, she'd be up for a fight. Hadn't she been good at fighting? But then she looked down at herself and thought that was silly, for her limbs were thin and her form weak and womanly, better to be appreciated in the bedroom rather than on the battlefield. And because she had just been rejected, any attempt to salvage some hidden male pride disappeared in the fog of vertigo that followed. The woman swayed, cursing and clutching her head. This time, the changes had no mercy: her pinup model figure became ever lovelier until she erupted, her body transforming into what she once would have deigned "the Perfect Ten." Her breasts became ripe melons, heavy and huge on her chest, yet perfect in their teardrop fullness, heaving with each breath. Her ass finalised its peachy appearance, and her legs were long and luscious, enough to catch any man's eye if the rest didn't already grab his attention. Her hair now fell down to the small of her back, light blonde and wavy, while her skin gained a natural tan that marked her as a total beach babe. A pair

of dark sunglasses appeared over her eyes, and to finalise the change she even gained a pair of golden hoop earrings, a bellybutton stud, and a new manicure. Well, there was one last thing too; the one that left her moaning and feeling herself, rubbing her genitals as they pulled up inside of her and became a very libidinous new womanhood, already damp with desire.

“Ohhhhhh!” she moaned. “That feels - what am I f-feeling? It’s, like, so - ahhh!”

She writhed, squirming on the spot until the vertigo and pleasure finally passed. She was completely female now, and as far as she was concerned, she always had been. She was Charli the blonde bombshell, Charli the chick with the huge rack, Charli the sexy cheerleader and totally hot slut. The woman licked her lips, ready to take on the competition. There were so many fit and handsome men on the beach, and more than a few were single.

“Need to win,” she declared. “Need to show Priya I can get a hot husband!”

After all, she was competing to become a total trophy wife, wasn’t she?

Tyrene was making the same calculus as her own body continued to change. She had thrown herself too eagerly into her volleyball game, and her competitive spirit had risen up. When she launched herself into the air, her vast derriere shaking impressively during the act, she *smashed* the ball over the net and right into the face of a petite little Asian woman who fell backwards with a cry. Immediately, the other players rushed to help her; she was bleeding from her nose as a result of the impact.

“Hell yeah! A point for us!” Tyrene had declared, only for Kaley to sigh and move back to Tyrene, taking her hand and leading her away.

“Hey, you really knocked poor Ann-Li out there.”

“C’mon, she can take it. We’re in it to win it, right?”

“Look, we just met, but I don’t think you’re a good fit for our group. Um, thanks for the game, I guess. There’s a few guys looking your way; maybe just go grab their numbers like you said you were aiming to and call it a day, huh?”

It was a polite way of telling Tyrene to keep her distance from the group, but as far as Priya’s magic was concerned, this was another rejection, one that caused her final transformation into a woman. She gasped and groaned as her booty swelled to become that of a goddess, a holy object worthy of worship and veneration, stretching the swimsuit so tightly that either side of her cheeks were clearly on display and ready to be squeezed by a man daring enough. Her hair was long, falling in curls down over her shoulders, while her lips were thick and lovely, primed not just for kissing but sucking dick and then drinking a man dry. Her waist was thicker than Charli’s, but no less lovely, a perfect Venus belly that spoke of fertility, especially when taking in how her hips spread out. She was slightly taller and more athletic than her friend as well, but this only added to her beauty.

“Ohhh, m-my dick! My - I mean my pussy! Mhmmm! It f-feels so f-fucking good, man! God, what is h-happening to me, g-girl!?”

She shivered, a minor orgasm coursing through her body as she became fully female. Her stomach shifted just a little as her uterus and ovaries formed, and the woman couldn't help but rub her new Venus mound as well, feeling her new warm and wet opening and sighing happily. No one noticed this strange deviant behaviour, and thankfully she lifted her hand before the new reality set in entirely.

“What was I just doing? Get your head into gear, Tyrone. Er, Tyrene. Y'all got a fine hubby to seek out! That'll show Priya that I'm the biggest winner!”

She set off, marching across the beach, her skin soaking in the rays of the sun, beautiful and blemish free.

Only fifteen minutes remained of the beach competition, and they were spent turning male heads, though more than a few jealous women looked their way. Neither even realised that they had changed; as far as they were concerned, they had always been as they were now. Charli was the ultimate blonde bombshell, with massive tits and a perfect hourglass, and gorgeous blonde hair that framed her cute and mischievous face, a far cry from the alpha male she had once been. Tyrene was a divine black beauty with hips that looked ripe for baby-making, and an ass that *bounced*, and her face could light up a room. Hell, it was lighting up an already bright beach from the way she beamed at the various men who were practically throwing their numbers, their social media profiles, their contact details, even some of their addresses, all for the hope of a *hope* of a chance of getting to sleep with this woman. Charli was no slouch when it came to such attention either, however. She pressed her female body against various well-muscled men, giggling and playing with her hair as she posed in such a way that they could look down her bikini top, which was barely holding together. She talked out loud, as did Tyrene, about her need to hurry up and get a husband. And when the pair met, they instantly narrowed their eyes at one another, recognising that they had come to the same little beach party where various athletic men were congregating.

“I just wanna be the perfect trophy wife, you know? I'd love to hang on my husband's arm, let him walk me along the beach. I'd wear the skimpiest bikinis for him!”

Tyrene scoffed. “I'd go a lot further than that, dude! I'd go down on my man each morning after he put a ring on my finger. I'd wear the sexiest outfits, and fuck his brains out three times a day, *at least!*”

“Well, I’d let him do anything to me!” Charli retorted, grabbing the arm of the nearest beach hunk, one who was already being held on the other side by Tyrene. “And I’d totally do anal, by the way. And I’d *love* it. I’d have his baby.”

“I’d have his *babies!*” Tyrene exclaimed, pressing her body against the increasingly confused man, who was starting to have the look of a deer in headlights. “And I’d let him feel my big brown belly all the time, so he’d know I was *his* sexy trophy babymama, ya know?”

“Er, I have to go,” the man finally said. “My, um, fridge is open. Yeah, that’s it. I left it open.”

His friend was less perturbed, and he shuffled between the women.

“So you’re saying that if I give you both my number, there’s a chance I get one of you, right?”

The two women grinned, and practically leapt upon him. This situation proceeded several more times, right up until the very last second where a rather terrified man was wondering if he’d made a bad wish on a monkey’s paw from the way two unbelievably attractive women were competing to become his personal sex object in the most rabid way possible. Thankfully, before a rather nasty scene could erupt between the two, they heard a loud *ding* from across the beach, followed by Priya the self-proclaimed witch’s voice.

“Well done, Charli and Tyrene! Come back to me, Priya, to claim your prize!”

The two, who had been almost ripping their latest target apart, suddenly chuckled as they realised what they were doing and let him go. Charli patted his pecs, while Tyrene quickly pinched his rear.

“Sorry, dude!”

“Yeah, we were just having a friendly competition!”

“Nothing personal. Don’t think your dick is big enough for a buxom blonde hottie like me anyway.”

“And especially not a black beauty like me, dude.”

They walked back together, the pair calming as they carved a path towards Priya. Heads were still turning their way, and both women walked in a supremely feminine manner, their breasts wobbled with each step, their asses bouncing, their hips rocking. They were raw sensuality personified, a far cry from who they had been, but neither realised this, and so they strutted their stuff until they reached Priya. The witch looked very, very satisfied with her handiwork, particularly once she stood up from her deck chair and inspected the pair of them with lowered sunglasses.

“My, my, you two look like you’ve been very successful.”

“Obviously!” Tyrone said, flexing not her muscles, but her body, which involved sticking her ass out and placing her hand on its curve to demonstrate her best feature. “And I have no doubt I’m the winner, girl!”

"Please, like you'd be the winner!" Charlie snapped, folding her arms beneath her pendulous breasts and lifting them up for further emphasis. "One look at my rack and those guys were falling for me left, right, and center. I have the charm, Tyrene."

"And I got the swimmer's body *and* a dynamite booty, Charli. You are goin' *down*, girl!"

They both smirked at one another, their competition friendly, yet fierce. Neither seemed to recognise just how much they had changed, or even have a good notion of what they were competing for anymore. Something about a blessing from Priya, wasn't it? They were just as hot as her now, though she still had a certain magnetic quality that neither quite possessed.

"Well, I'm happy to inform you," she said. "That you *both* won. And you both *lost*."

Charli, who had been ready to leap into the air and let her large bosom quake, suddenly pouted. "Wait, what?"

"Yeah, what's this about now?" Tyrene said. "I don't lose. I just ain't about that."

Priya chuckled. "You remember when I said that every time you were rejected you'd be feminised and changed? Well, that's exactly what's happened. Ah, but my magic has stopped you from remembering, hasn't it? Let me help you with that."

She clicked her fingers, and suddenly the true set of memories from their original reality returned in an instant. Charli looked down over herself and shrieked, clutching her breasts and trying to hide them, an act she was destined to fail at thanks to their ample size. Tyrene, on the other hand, gripped her booty and gasped as her fingers sank into her own divine flesh.

"What the fuck, dude!? I can't have an ass like this!? Where the hell is my big dick?"

"Mine's gone too!" Charlie shrieked. "What the shit have you done to us?"

"I told you," Priya said calmly as she adjusted her stylish sunglasses. "There would be a consequence for rejection, and because you two were utterly poisonous in your misogyny, you appear to have struck out too many times. I don't blame a woman for rejecting either of you, really. Such crude and disgusting come-ons and pick up artist tactics deserve nothing more than having the door shut in your face. Of course, I was happy to leave things to chance; you might well have succeeded in bedding me, but instead you'll be bedding someone else. Someone male."

Both former men suddenly went wide in the eyes. Both were very, very aware of just how strong their libidos now were, how submissive their new minds felt, and how deeply they were attracted to a strong, muscly man who could just *dominate* their curvaceous female bodies.

"Oh God, oh fuck," Chad whined.

"No way!" Tyrene added. "You can't do this to us! We're sorry!"

“Please change us back!”

But Priya the chance-based witch simply shrugged. “I would, but like I said, I like to leave the chips where they fall. I’m a magic gambler, you might say. But since you still succeeded in catching a few flies with your honey, I’m willing to give you a bonus. A jackpot, you might say. Remember all that stuff you said about making me a trophy wife? Well, like I also said, you two have become the perfect trophy wives yourselves!”

Her eyes glowed green as she recited something in a strange and unfathomable language. Despite their former alpha male aggression, neither changed woman could try to move against Priya; they were too submissive in their new forms, too delicate and pliable. And now a new change occurred: a wedding ring and engagement ring appeared on the left hand of both women.

“What the -!?” Tyrene gasped.

“You can’t make us marry each other!” Charli shrieked.

“Don’t be stupid,” Priya said, her eyes returning to normal. As before, no one seemed to notice anything up with the magic that was occurring around them. “Now the pair of you really *are* trophy wives, married to a pair of hot beach hunks right over . . . there!”

Both women turned, and instantly felt a strong connection binding them to a pair of tall, broad-shouldered men with lovely muscles who were walking across the beach towards them. Somehow, Charli instantly recognised the dark-skinned man as her Aaron, while Tyrene was immediately smitten with Kyle, the Caucasian man with lovely blonde hair. There was clearly a bit of deliberate irony on Priya’s part here, because in a way, they were now each married to a man who was much like their best friend *used* to be.

Charli gulped. “Why am I - why am I thinking of Aaron as my husband? I d-don’t even know him!”

“Sure you do, just as Tyrene knows Kyle there. You’re both freshly married, and both of you are perfect trophy wives. Your husband works, and you both stay at home, cooking lovely meals, keeping the house clean, and generally looking hot and beautiful so you can hang off their arms during work events. They’re both high-powered young executives at the same company, so you two will see a lot of each other at your husbands’ work dinners, I’m sure, and no doubt wearing lovely and sexy dresses!”

Neither of the new women knew what to say. Both were feeling their arousal rising, their need to please and *pleasure* their husbands becoming utterly overwhelming.

“N-no! You bitch!” Charli managed to screech as she turned back to face the witch. “You slut! Change us back now!”

“Yeah!” Tyrene yelled. “Or we’ll seriously fuck you up! I’m not afraid to hit a girl now that I am one!”

Priya sighed. "So emotional. Clearly, I need to correct your behaviour. Perhaps give you something to make you both responsible. And since you had all that talk about knocking me up before . . ."

Both realised what was about to happen, but it was too late: Priya was already speaking a new incantation, and it caused a great wave of vertigo to sweep over both men. They moaned, arousal and pleasure and discomfort all mingling together. The magic caused their bellies to tighten, then stretch forth, growing and bulging out until both women were undeniably pregnant-looking.

"D-dude, you look knocked up!" Tyrene moaned, even as she grew a big belly, her bust even growing another cup size.

"N-no!" Charli gasped. Her bikini top grew to accommodate her set of huge milkers, and her naked pale belly swelled outwards until she looked seven or even eight months along. "This can't b-be - ohhh! Ughh! Something's m-moving!"

"M-me too! I can feel something! Oh shit, Charli, this is f-fucking weird! I can feel a baby in here!"

The same was true of Charli; an alien presence was now shifting in her belly, changing position in a very full uterus. She cupped her belly, trying not to fall over from the sudden change in her centre of gravity. Tyrene was managing better, but only because her huge ass worked as a counterweight against her even bigger dome of a stomach.

"There we are!" Priya declared. "Perfect trophy wives doing what perfect trophy wives do; making babies for their alpha male husbands."

"Looking good, Charli!" Aaron called out as he approached.

"And my Tyrene, my babymama goddess!" Kyle exclaimed.

They were so close now. Both women were barely able to resist the urge to approach the handsome men and kiss them lovingly. The urge to press their swollen bellies against their mate was almost impossible to fight. Charli knew her baby was somehow Aaron's, just as Tyrene knew the same about Kyle being her baby's father in this altered reality.

"F-fuck you!" Charli gasped, clutching her mound.

"Yeah, what sh-she said!" Tyrene panted. "Change us back, damn witch!"

Priya rolled her eyes. "Well, let's leave this one up to the fates, shall we? You can't turn back; I've set the magic as permanent now. But I'll let you slip back into your unaware selves and make you forget you were ever men . . . for a time. You can enjoy the fruits and pleasures of being trophy wives and expectant mothers, right up until the hands are dealt out, and you'll have to finally look at your cards. Let's say . . . when you go into labor. That'll be fun for you both to remember who you really are, and by then your instincts will be too powerful to resist anyway, and you'll be submissive and very passionate trophy wives whether you want it or not, and no doubt you'll be very familiar with better beach babe

etiquette by that time. Feel free to pass that onto your many, *many* children when you're out here making sandcastles in the years to come. Enjoy!"

Charli's jaw fell open. Tyrene gasped. Both women went to plead with Priya, but then the woman snapped her fingers, and her eyes glowed briefly that same vivid, magical green.

"Um, what were just talking about?" Charli giggled. "I swear, I can't remember a thing while this baby is growing in me!"

She rubbed her belly for emphasis, and Tyrene laughed. "Hun, I know *exactly* what you mean."

"You don't have to remember anything," her handsome white husband said as he wrapped his arms around her and placed one hand on her belly and the other across her very expansive butt. "So long as you look beautiful, my gorgeous black goddess."

"Mmmh," she moaned. "That's okay by me."

"And the same goes for you, babe," Aaron said as he turned Charli around and kissed her, letting her press her huge tits against his body. He cupped one, uncaring who on the beach saw him getting frisky. "I love how curvy your pregnant body is. We gotta get you like this again."

"As many times as you want, babe," she replied with a pixie-like grin. "You know I'm your trophy wife. That's why I wear my skimpiest bikini for you."

The man laughed, and so did Kyle, but this moment of amusement turned to passion as the two pairs kissed. The women moaned into the mouths of their lovers, their loins stirring with a need that was only strengthened by their pregnant state. The hormones will do that, as both were well aware.

Priya smirked. "Well, I'll leave you lovers to it. It was nice meeting you, Charli and Tyrene. I wish you all the best with your husbands! I'm sure you're going to love your lives!"

They bid her farewell, too wrapped up into their husband's attention to think on what they'd even been talking to this beautiful woman for. The Indian witch chuckled to herself as she returned to sunning herself on her beach chair.

"I'm sure they will love their new lives," she whispered to herself as the couples moved to swim together. Charli was already leaping up into her husband's arms so he could carry her in. "That is, until labor arrives. I imagine it'll be very interesting for them to suddenly remember everything right as the contractions begin!"

Such was how the cards had fallen. She couldn't wait to tell the other members of her coven how this had gone down. For now though, Priya simply laid back to enjoy the warm sun on her lovely body, and enjoyed the sight of Charli and Tyrene clinging to their husbands. Only time would tell if they had truly won, or lost, the beach competition.

The End