

You Can't Tell Him (Friend to Hot Slut TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

Lucas and Ethan have been best friends forever, but ever since Ethan started dating his girlfriend Morgan, Lucas has started constantly third wheeling their dates and sabotaging their relationship to spend more time with his buddy. Unfortunately for Lucas, Morgan is secretly a witch, and if Lucas is so obsessed with 'guy time', then he can have it somewhere else - as a sexy woman who can't help but need a man!

You Can't Tell Him

Part One: So Your Girlfriend's a Witch?

Ethan

"This place is so romantic," Morgan said from across the table. I placed my hand in hers and smiled, gazing into those astonishing green eyes.

"It's the company that makes it so romantic," I said, as dashing as I could.

She grinned, and I found myself lost in that smile. How had I ever landed a gal like Morgan Faye? Don't get me wrong, I wasn't that bad myself. I'd always been pretty handsome growing up, and now at twenty two I had the looks of a lady killer. I mean, I was literally tall, dark, and handsome, and my participation in the football club kept me fit, that was for sure.

But that meant nothing when placed next to Morgan. I couldn't even put my finger on exactly what made her so special. She was beautiful, obviously, and had attractive brown hair that fell in waves over her shoulders, like she was from another time, perhaps the Golden Age of Hollywood. And there were those eyes, not to mention her ruby red lips, which were never without that colour of lipstick. And her body! God, it wouldn't quit. She had lovely breasts and an hourglass figure, and yet she wasn't exactly a supermodel, either. Her figure had a 'hot girl next door' vibe to it, as if she were a real person, and not some unattainable ideal. No, there was something impossible to describe about Morgan; perhaps it was just her intelligence and wit, her endless confidence and her seeming ability to accomplish everything she put her mind to. We'd only been dating six months and I was pretty sure I was head over heels for her.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked me.

I blinked. "Oh, sorry. I was just . . . lost in thought about you."

“Stop it!”

“No, I’m serious. I really was. I can’t believe a guy like me managed to not only score a date with a girl like you, but-”

“Score *with* a girl like me?” she said playfully, raising a glass of wine.

I chuckled, blushing a little. “Well, I wouldn’t put it quite like that . . . but yeah. I don’t mind that part either.”

She sighed. “I’m just glad we finally have some romantic time together. I swear, that parasitic lump affixed to your side keeps making an appearance every time we try to be alone. Alone together, I mean.”

I tugged on the collar of my shirt, knowing exactly who Morgan was referring to. “Listen, Morgan, I know Lucas isn’t everyone’s cup of tea, but he’s my best friend, has been since we were in elementary school together. He’s had my back through everything, and I’ve had his. He’s just . . . a little attached, you know?”

She rolled her eyes, unimpressed. I looked at the restaurant kitchen. The dessert menus had not arrived, and our empty plates were still on the table. I just needed to call a waiter and it would be a good distraction from this conversation. I wanted to defend my buddy, of course, but maybe I wouldn’t need to?

Unfortunately for me, Morgan was dead set on this subject. “He’s a nuisance, Ethan. A real freeloader. When was the last time he did anything for you? All he does is spend all of his time coming around to your apartment - *our* apartment - and eating our food, taking advantage of our hospitality, and sticking his beak in where it doesn’t belong. And the way he talks about women!”

I put up my hands, trying to get her to calm down. That was the other thing about Morgan; as much as I loved her moxie, she could be *really* passionate. It was awesome when we were jogging together, or travelling to new places, or, of course, in the bedroom, but it meant she had a really fiery temper.

“Hey, now, that’s not fair. Lucas is just a bit more of a player than I am.”

“Please, the man is dateless.”

“He goes on dates all the time!”

“Yeah, with the trashiest sluts.”

“So he’s got a type. It’s not like he’s assaulting them or anything.”

“*That’s* where you draw the line? At assault? Ethan, all he cares about is tits and ass! He has a calendar in his apartment of naked ladies, and doesn’t hide the fact that he’s got a Pornstar account! Did you hear what he said about that woman who asked for directions in town the other day? He said, and I quote, ‘She’s got a smokin’ ass to watch her walk away with. Too bad she had no rack, am I right?’ Who the fuck says that kind of thing about a total stranger!?”

I had. Well, I used to, back when I was a teenager, and honestly probably even when I was twenty until I started to really mature. Lucas and I had flunked out of our first year at college and had to reapply for our courses. It was a huge embarrassment. For me, it was a growing up process. For Lucas . . . well, I think he saw it as humiliating, but it also gave him an extra year with 'the college ladies,' as he put it.

"Okay, so he's a bit much," I said. "But he's been backing off, recently."

"Only because you told him to," Morgan said, frowning. "And you had to tell him more than once. He's been third wheeling every date we have, and he spends more time with you than I get to! He's a bad influence, Ethan, a total pig! Sometimes it feels like you two are in more of a relationship than you and I."

I held her hand more tightly. "Sweetie, you know that's ridiculous. I'm here, aren't I? And do you see Lucas anywhere? Of course not. I made it clear to him that he can't be here. This is time for just us."

Morgan cooled down, as I'd hoped she would. "You're right. I'm sorry. I just . . . I can't stand that man. I know he's your best friend, but he's such a chauvinist with no boundaries."

"Well, it's just us now," I said.

But then I was immediately made the liar, because Morgan began to scowl, her expression full of hate. I turned my head and could have died on the spot. There, heading straight to our table, was my best friend Lucas Galford. His short brown hair was in its usual casual-messy state, and he wore a shirt that was just smart enough to let him into such an establishment, though he still wore jeans. He wasn't athletic like I was, but he knew he had charm, and he moved with confidence that had helped me through bad times but caused just as many. And he was grinning as he saw us.

"What," Morgan said. "The fuck. Is he doing. Here!?"

Lucas

It was worth coming to the Rose Restaurant just to see the look on Morgan Faye's face. I had no idea what my buddy saw in her; she was average at best and those green eyes didn't make up for the fact that she was cold as damn ice. I strolled over to the table and grinned, dragging a third seat to their table.

"Fancy seeing you two here!" I exclaimed in my most sing-song voice.

"Ethan, what the fuck?" Morgan screeched.

"I had nothing to do with this!" he said in a panicked voice. It got a bit of a chuckle from me, but I had to back up my bestie.

"Nah, he's speaking the truth, Morgs," I said. "Don't get your panties in a knot. Ethan told me you were having a romantic date and happened to tell me the place, and I was on

my way to the nearby club - y'know, The Fun House - and I thought I'd drop by and see you two lovebirds."

Morgan sneered, folding her arms beneath her chest. She had not-bad tits, but they were only a B-cup. I definitely preferred my girls to have some big, sensitive tits, that was for sure.

"Okay, well, you found us. You said hello. Now you can go and stop being such an asshole."

"Hey, that's no way to treat your boyfriend's best friend, right Ethan?"

Ethan sighed and gave me 'the look.' Yeah, maybe this had been a bad idea, but I was hoping to rope my fella into coming to the club with me, and hopefully find a busty blonde for him to dance up on and finally end things with Morgan. Maybe then he'd go back to his fun-loving self.

"Lucas, it's great to see you-"

"Ethan!"

"-but Morgan is right. This is just a romantic dinner for us, okay? Do you mind heading on to the club? Look, I'll catch you later, okay?"

I leapt on that opportunity. "Why wait? I'm heading there now. Your dinner is finished, and besides, you've had him long enough, *Morgs*."

She hated that nickname, but then again she hated everything about me, including the girls I enjoyed my one-night stands with, so why not mess with her?

"C'mon, it'll be a blast," I continued. "We'll have some fun, get some drinks, shoot the shit like old times. It's 80's Friday, too, so you know it'll be a jam. I'm just saying man, it might be a bit more fun than eating and going home."

Morgan tensed, but Ethan looked almost meditative. I had him, I knew it.

"Oh my God, you're actually considering it!" Morgan screeched. "Are you for real, Ethan?"

"I - maybe it would be fun? We just planned to go home after this. Morgan, we could dance together, get a little tipsy."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," I replied, putting my hands up. "This would be a guys night only. No offence, Morgs, but what happens at the club, stays at the club."

Her lip trembled. Seriously, what did Ethan see in her?

"You absolute chauvinist asshole pig of a man!" she declared.

"Don't forget sexist, on account of all the big-titted 'hoes' I apparently pick up."

"That *is* chauvinist, you nitwit!" she declared. "You have the gall to barge in on our romantic date and try to pull my boyfriend away so you can, what, get him laid and break us up?"

My face slipped for the first time. Oop. *Busted!*

Ethan looked at me, and even *he* was mad. I cracked a smile.

"Dude, obviously I wasn't doing that! Are you gonna listen to her over me? We've been friends since we were kids."

He appeared swayed by that line; he always was, God bless him. It's why he was my best friend. We were loyal to each other.

"I'm sure Lucas didn't mean it that way, Morgan."

But Morgan wasn't having any of it. "Of course, believe the sexist douchebag over me, some date this turned out to be! When are you going to be a real man and kick this loser to the curb, Ethan?"

Well, that set me off. I jabbed my finger in her direction. "Listen, lady, I don't know why you get off on being such a bitch all the time, but I'm getting real tired of it. My friend deserves better, and frankly I do too. If he has to get all lame and settled down, it should be with a chick who actually gets along with his best friend, instead of always trying to stir up shit. Jesus, why do you have to be such a frigid bitch."

We were being too loud. A waiter was heading our way.

"Is there a problem here?" he asked, his voice level.

Morgan glared at me. For just a moment, I could have sworn that her eyes *flashed*. It had to be a trick of the light, but it unnerved me all the same.

"I think you should go alone tonight, buddy," Ethan said to me.

"Yeah," I replied, standing back up. "I'll get out of here."

Ethan

I thought that some making out and sex would make things right with Morgan when we got home, but she still seemed frustrated afterwards, even after I made her cry out by going down on her. I should have stood up to Lucas earlier, I know I should have, but he wasn't a bad guy, not really. Morgan was right though; I needed to establish better boundaries.

These were the thoughts that swirled through my head as I lay in bed, hating myself for fucking up our romantic date. I really liked Morgan. It wasn't love, not yet, but it was something alright. She just had this kind of . . . sway, I guess you could call it. I had to tell her what she meant to me, at least, and admit that I'd fucked up.

I left the bed and got dressed, but when I exited out into the living room, she was nowhere to be found. Curious, I peaked around a bit, but couldn't find her. It was only when I noticed the strange, sickly green glow from outside that seemed to almost emanate through the windows as an ethereal mist. I headed to the backyard, which wasn't particularly spacious but had a lovely garden courtesy of Morgan's intuition. As I suspected, she was conducting one of her rituals again.

That was the other thing about Morgan, and something Lucas had made fun of a number of times: she fancied herself a witch. Not a worshipper of the ancient earth or a follower of Wicca or anything, but an honest-to-God witch. I could largely overlook it, but sometimes it got a bit . . . weird.

And this was weirder than most times. She was chanting something as a cauldron bubbled in front of her, the light cascading out of it, the green-tinted smoke too. She was putting various items inside of it: flower petals, roots, trinkets, and what looked to be something else in her hand; a wooden figure of some sort. No, it was a doll, one with bright blonde hair and a carefully carved figure that gave it Barbie-like proportions. Her words turned to recognisable English as she raised it above the cauldron.

"May this curse find its mark. May this hex deliver karmic retribution, lifelong and permanent. And may its target never tell another so long as I hold her tongue."

She dropped the doll into the cauldron, and it lit up more brightly. Very creepy. Several of the tendrils of light reached out, and I could have sworn I was touched by one. For just a brief second, I had a split second image of a girl in a pink dress, and then it was gone. It almost felt like I'd connected with something but I discounted it immediately. Obviously, I was quite tired.

"Morgan?" I said. "Are you okay?"

She turned to look at me, seemingly unsurprised by my presence. The cauldron dimmed down until it produced no light at all, and then there was just her, basking in the afterglow of it, her eyes flashing just briefly - probably from some other source of light, I had to imagine.

"I'm absolutely fine now," she purred. "I was just doing a little magic, sweetie."

"Yeah . . . that looked kinda weird."

She shrugged. "It was a powerful spell. A hex on a girl who's been getting in my way too often. C'mon, let's head back to bed. I want to do weird and wonderful things to your body."

I practically forgot the creepy scene entirely moments later. Weird and wonderful things indeed.

Lucas

Too bad Ethan wasn't with me, because I was having the time of my life at the Fun House. I'd already danced up with a hot brunette and I was finding this Asian chick to be absolutely *fire*. Neither were perfect, of course; not nearly enough big busts for my liking, but I was sure I could find a great lay between them. This one black chick was giving me the eyes, and I was certain I could dance up against that big ass of hers.

"Lucas."

I turned on the spot, looking around the dance floor. Maybe I was just getting tipsy, but had someone just said my name?

"Lucas Galford, it's me, Morgan Faye."

Okay, that was definitely her. Where the fuck was she, and why did her voice sound like it was beaming directly into my brain?

"Sorry," I said, moving away from the chick I was flirting with. "Just gotta check someone out."

The music blared, and the throng of bodies was thick. I couldn't find her.

"You won't see me, Lucas. I'm far away. But you'll feel my power, oh yes, you will. There's something you should know about me, Lucas."

"Where are you?" I shouted, alarming a few dancers near me. I tried to keep my own moves going, just to not stick out.

"I'm a witch, Lucas."

"Yeah, right. You were always a crazy bitch, and that witch stuff was the worst of it. How the fuck are you doing this?"

A shrill laugh echoed in the air, and it sent a shiver down my spine. It was like the party music had dimmed to a low background hum, but her voice remained an impossible constant.

"I tried to be ordinary, Lucas. Just dabble in a little bit of harmless rituals here and there, live like an ordinary gal and not be the woman I once was. But YOU had to ruin all of that, didn't you? You had to be the sexist asshole always third wheeling my relationship, always claiming your best friend and trying to wreck my relationship with him? Well, that's about to change, for good. You're going to have your own problems soon, Lucas. You want to be a chauvinist? You want to go hunting for hot sluts to bang? Well, karma is coming your way. Soon you'll be too busy being the hot slut yourself to even think about taking Ethan away from me."

What the hell? This was getting psycho weird. I needed to call Ethan, or just plain get out of here. Something freaky was going on, and obviously that bitch had completely lost it. I made a move to get out, but the crowd seemed to block me at every turn. Worse, there was a strange lurch in my stomach. Where was that green light coming from, and why was it focused exclusively on me?

"Hey! Can you people get out of my way already!?"

I halted, clutching my throat. What the fuck was wrong with my voice? It sounded like . . . it sounded like a *woman's* voice.

"Morgan! Morgan!?" I cried, my voice still sounding like a chick's. "What did you do to me? How are you doing this?"

All I got in return was a devious laughter that seemed to echo all around me. The dancers kept blocking my way out, apparently not even noticing me, and my body began to thrum with a strange series of pressures. Something weird was happening, and I was starting to get scared as well.

"Enjoy your new life, Lucas," Morgan taunted. *"Or perhaps I should call you LUCY."*

Part Two: Hot Blonde

Ethan

I collapsed back onto the bed. Holy shit. Holeeeeeee shiiiiit. Since when was Morgan like *that*? She grinned as she crawled back up onto me, smiling broadly after the intimate act she'd just performed on me.

"You liked that, I bet."

I nodded, still catching my breath. "F-fuck yeah, I did."

"Much better than being interrupted, right?"

I nodded again. "Way better. I'm sorry that Lucas has been around so much lately. He means well."

"Oh, does he?" she asked. She simply cuddled up against me, still grinning widely. I frowned at this: I normally would have expected her to argue that point. Hell, she'd been *livid* the other day. Instead, she simply reached over to her bedside table and pulled out a little crystal ball, one she claimed to be able to see through. Weird Wicca stuff, as far as I was concerned. She giggled, staring into it.

"Something funny?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm just having a good show right now," she said. "It's very amusing."

I shrugged. I didn't want to spoil the moment, but this side of Morgan always seemed unsettling, like she was suddenly playing the part of a demon torturing some lost soul. She giggled again, practically *cackled*, actually. She was whispering something, as if sending a message through the stone.

"Oh, you pathetic little man. You deserve every part of this," she said.

"Who are you talking about?" I asked.

She looked at me and smiled even more maliciously. It gave me the heebie jeebies, even after so much passionate sex.

"Oh, just Lucas," she said. "Lucas Galford."

I frowned. Something was on the tip of my mind, but then, like a wave back into the ocean, it just . . . vanished.

"Huh," I said. "Never heard of him."

Her smile grew wider.

Lucas/Lucy

I was about to ask why that frigid bitch had called me Lucy, and how she was doing this, when suddenly the pressures rippled across my body. I was still trapped on the goddamn dance floor, and everywhere I tried to go, the crowd blocked me. They weren't even looking at me, except that I could hear them laughing whenever I turned my back.

"Did you pay these people!?" I yelled. "How are you doing - NGHH!"

The pressure rose in my chest, causing me to yelp. My nipples burned, growing in size and pushing against my shirt like I was some weird freak.

"Ha! That's the stuff!" Morgan's voice echoed. *"Some nice big sensitive nipples to go with some big sensitive titties! You like them big, don't you?"*

Before I could even scream a reply my chest suddenly *ballooned*. There was no other way to explain it. The skin just pushed forwards, new flesh forming there in an instant. It was the most goddamn bizarre sensation I'd ever felt, but in mere moments I had two little pillows on my chest. My nipples were further out from me than they should ever be, and when I moved in a panic to escape my entire chest *bounced*. It was like someone had tied sacks to my chest, only I could *feel* those sacks.

"What the fuck!?" I shrieked over the music. "What the actual fuck!?"

I cupped my chest, trying to push the two mounds back in, but it only caused me gasp in pain: they were *part of me*. Worse, they were weirdly sensitive, and my nipples turned hard for some reason - they were big as well.

"Oh God, oh God, I've got tits. You've given me huge tits!"

"Please, those aren't huge. Those are just starters. B-cups. Most women are around that range. I'm thinking we go bigger. Say . . . Double-Ds? You like 'em that size, as I recall."

"No! Look, you're a witch! I'm sorry for ever - Ahhhhh!"

They surged forth again, pushing up my shirt and straining the hold of some of the buttons. I was now showing off my stomach, and right in my vision as I looked down were a pair of ripe, juicy looking tits. They were twice as heavy now, and twice as big! I cupped them, trying not to salivate from their damn sensitivity. This couldn't be happening. This couldn't be fucking happening!

"Hmmm, still not big enough. A lot of girls have big boobs like that. I think we need you to really stand out. I recall that one girl you always drooled over: that Stacey Ackermann. What was she, an E-cup? I think you should beat her right out!"

"No! No, please! I'm begging you! MHMM!!"

I was humiliated, moaning as they grew yet bigger. The buttons pinged off of my shirt, flying every which way as my new tits doubled yet again in size, becoming massive melons that - somehow - still stood ripe and full upon my chest. Holy fuck, they were big and wobbling and *heavy*. They were practically the size of my own goddamn head! This bitch was giving me the biggest pair of tits I'd ever seen, and they were *perfect*, pushed up by the tightness of my shirt to show a fucking *canyon* of cleavage. My nipples were even bigger as well, and they were rubbing against the material in a way that was way too uncomfortably weird. I tried to barge through the crowd, but they were just laughing, some of their eyes now on my tits, which were bouncing so much that I had to hold them, which caused me to moan a little, which meant I let go, which made them bounce more, which flew off another button. It was a goddamn nightmare!

"Oh, you pathetic little man. You deserve every part of this."

Her voice was everywhere, and her laughter on the lips of everyone around me. I tried to push through the crowd again, these damn tits making themselves known at every opportunity, only for another ripple to pass through me.

"Nghhh. F-fuck! What now!?"

I got my answer almost immediately. I fell to my hands and knees, and couldn't help but lift my butt high into the air. My hips popped out - first on the left, next on the right - and then expanded. I could *feel* my bones changing shape.

"Ohhhhhhh G-God! Make it s-sstop!"

"Never," came Morgan's voice. *"You want to be a chauvinist third-wheeling asshole, well, LUCY, here's the prize for the behaviour! You like a set of baby making hips, don't you? Time to have your own."*

They spread wider. Fuck, I'd never felt anything like it before. My entire body shape was changing.

"A real tight waist should complement that. You always felt the need to point out my 'sexy hourglass shape' as if you had a right to, right in front of my face. Let's see how you like it."

My waist pulled in. I still hadn't managed to get up off of the dance floor, but the crowd were still laughing, none of them helping me off of my hands and knees. I tried to get up, only to lift my butt up higher. My pants were already way too tight, but now they began to rip at the back as my fucking ass ballooned, just like these goddamn tits which were hanging down against the floor.

"EURRGH!!"

"A nice, juicy ass, that's what we need next. Nothing too big, but definitely peachy. Okay, maybe a little more than peachy. We want the guys to hate watching you go, but loving to watch you walk away."

It grew. I grabbed it, only to shiver.

"Oh, and sensitive too, almost as much as those divine new assets of yours. By the way, did you notice you don't have your dick anymore?"

My eyes bulged. I reached back to feel my crotch, only to cry out in horror. It was gone! It was fucking *gone*!? I didn't even get the chance to say goodbye to it! When had that happened!? In its place was something that was undeniably a pussy. I could feel the passage, and it continued to push into me, as something shifted aside my organs.

"Can't give you the total female experience without giving you a uterus, LUCY. Try not to get pregnant!"

More changes. I was becoming delirious. It was too much for my brain. I managed to get back onto my legs, only to stumble as my height diminished. I shrank, now too small for my clothing except where my womanly assets made it too tight. As I cupped by too-big boobs, my hands became dainty, with perfectly manicured nails. My feet changed also, my shoes falling from my feet.

"Fuck! What do I have to do to turn back? You can't do this to me!"

"I can, and I will. Let's let you slip into something more comfortable, shall we?"

This time my body didn't change, but my clothing *did*. It fused together, shifting and altering until I was wearing a hot pink dress that clung so tightly to me that it was basically vacuum sealed. My legs were now naked, and I could see that they were hairless, shapely legs. The kind I loved on a woman. The dress was so short I was afraid it would ride up my ass if I bent over, and it lifted my tits in such a way that they rose and fell like goddamn ocean swells with every panicked breath. I was exposed: I'd never worn something so . . . *little* in public before. My arms were bare. My legs were bare. My new tits were there for everyone to ogle, and between the laughter they were, a number of the crowd now commenting.

"Such a perfect body."

"I love to fuck her brains out."

"I bet she'd give amazing blowjobs."

Morgan's voice rose up. *"That's a great idea. A set of dick sucking lips. That's what you always called them, LUCY. Time to give you a face - and set of lips - that any man would be pleased to see go down on them."*

I squealed. I goddamn *squealed*. Like a girl. Worse, halfway through, as my face shifted and changed, my lips plumping up and my jaw becoming soft, my voice transformed too. Suddenly, I really was squealing like a girl. I had a high soprano voice, the kind that just dripped with sex.

"You can't do this!" I cried, and for some reason, I said it in a really breathy, moany sort of way.

"By the way, you'll now always speak in a way that sounds sexy and arousing, unless it's an emergency. It'll make you really attractive to men. Oh, and long blonde hair is obviously a must!"

It flowed over my face, long wavy sheets of it, until suddenly something happened that caused it to neaten itself up and fall over my shoulder and back.

"Fucking hell!" I cried. God, even *that* sounded like I was pleading sex, my words half a frickin' sexual moan.

"You're not in hell yet, LUCY. It's time we make some changes to your mind. This way, you'll never be a thorn in my side, or Ethan's, ever again."

A fire lit up in my brain, exacerbated by the way the chucklefucks on the dance floor were laughing and pointing at me, others rubbing themselves or ogling my goddamn tits in this dress. I clutched my head, trying to fight off the change, but there was no way to do it! The crazy witch bitch was too powerful! It was like downloading a set of instructions or something: they fired right into my brain, changing everything. Morgan's voice announced each instruction. I hated that bitch, I swear!

"Your name is now Lucy Galford."

"No!"

"You love being a bimbo."

"I'm, like, not!"

"You can't tell anyone."

"I will! I'm Lucy! I mean, I'm Lucy!"

"You're such a nympho."

"Fuck you! Ohhhh, why do I f-feel warm?"

"Men turn you on."

"Those men . . . they're looking at me . . ."

"Give them blowjobs."

"Oh God, why can't I stop looking at their erections!"

"Always dress sexy!"

"I - no! I - you can't do this!"

"You love pink!"

"I don't!"

"Tittyjobs!"

"Mhmmm - I mean, never!"

"Protection is for sissies!"

"What is wrong with you!? I don't deserve this, you crazy bitch!"

"You get turned on by men treating you like an object."

The commands just kept on coming, and the more I felt them come over me, the more I squirmed.

“Enjoy your new life, Lucy. This is who you are now. And you can’t tell anybody, not even Ethan. You hear that? You can’t tell him!”

My new pussy was getting wet. My nipples were going hard. My body was on fire. It was hell. This couldn’t be possible: nothing felt familiar anymore, even my fucking ass was bouncing a little, and my hair was swaying behind me as I finally, *finally* pushed through the crowd.

Only to land into the surprised arms of a very hot dude.

“Hey there,” he said, tall, dark, and handsome, his eyes looking down at my cleavage. I suddenly felt very, very warm. My skin was flushed, my pussy hungry. I needed to get away, but instead I was unable to control my body as I twirled my blonde hair and giggled.

“Hey there yourself,” my voice said in its sexy femme fatale-kind of way. *“Wanna dance up on me, sexy?”*

The man grinned, and so did I, despite my inner panic. What the hell was happening to me!? And when was Morgan going to turn me back!?

Ethan

I had a weird dream. Normally I just dream about football or hockey or, oddly enough, gardening. I think the last one is my happy place, even though I don’t exactly have the best green thumb it’s always been a dream of mine to maintain a good garden. But this time, the dream was very different. It was a pretty sexy dream at that, even if it was . . . odd.

In it, there was a blonde girl with a stunning figure. She had big tits - we’re talking head-sized, here - and the kind of body that just wouldn’t quit, wrapped up in a tight pink dress. She was dancing with a guy on the dance floor, right up against him, even pressing her chest against him and encouraging him to cop a feel of her ass occasionally. But it was strange, because it also looked like she wanted to get away, but at the same time like she wanted to fuck this guy. In the end, the latter side won out, and she asked if he wanted to come back to her place and fuck her brains out. She was nervous as she said it, even if she was a total bimbo type.

The guy, obviously, said yes.

In the dream, it was like I could read her every thought. I was *inside* of her as surely as the guy was. She gasped and begged him to fuck her dripping wet pussy, and man did he do so. Her massive melons wobbled with every thrust, and he even began sucking on them when she begged him to do so.

“Don’t do this!” she cried. “Don’t s-stop fucking me! Keep going!”

It was like she was trying to ask him to stop, only for her voice to say otherwise, and then she was lost in so much pleasure that she couldn’t stop herself either. In the end, she was screaming out until he dumped his load inside of her, at which point she lost it. I could have sworn she hadn’t experienced multiple orgasms before . . . ever. This despite her being the hottest chick I’d ever seen, in dreams or in real life. Finally, he collapsed down on her, and after a time he rolled off, leaving her staring at the ceiling in shock.

“You - you just fucked me. I just got fucked by your big, hard dick.”

She looked practically catatonic. The chick was cupping her tits, swallowing as she looked over at herself, but unable to resist the man from snuggling against her, feeling those breasts as well.

“Yeah I did, babe. What did you say your name was?”

“L-L-L-Lucy,” she replied. “Lucy Galford. Oh God, that was . . . so fucking good. I want you to fuck me again as soon as you’re ready. Or, I could do something else for you . . .”

She said it so sexily, and yet it almost sounded like she wanted to say something completely different. She shivered in bed, and I could somehow tell that she was horrified at being there, but even more horrified by how much she *wanted it* at the same time. The pleasure had been more than any she’d ever experienced.

I woke up not long after, with the biggest, most unbearable hard-on I’d ever had. I couldn’t stop thinking about that woman’s appearance. I was nestled up against Morgan, and in my sleep I’d adopted the same pose as the man in my dream: cupping her breast as I spooned against her, my erection against her backside. I trembled, imagining that hot blonde lady even as I felt the gorgeous brunette in my arms.

“Morgan?” I whispered. “Are you awake?”

“Mhmm,” she replied. “Yeah.”

“I’m in the mood. Really, really in the mood.”

“Mhm. Go sort yourself out. I’ve had a long night working my magic. Need a recharge.”

I asked her again, but she clearly wasn’t in the mood. Damn it, I’d never felt a fire like this. I slipped out of bed, made my way to the bathroom, and sat on the toilet. It had been a while since I felt the need to yank my own chain like this, but goddamn, that blonde was in my mind. Her pleasure. Her weird reluctance. Her huge, perfect tits. I pulled down my underwear and gripped my cock.

I should have been masturbating to Morgan. Instead, I masturbated to that girl. She wasn’t even real. I didn’t even know her name.

But she had captured me all the same. When I came, she came too, at least in my imagination. The orgasm that followed was fucking *explosive*. That connection I had experienced earlier . . . I felt it again.

I cleaned myself off, feeling guilty. Why was I even thinking about this other girl? Morgan was all I needed. Morgan and . . . no one else, I guess.

So why did it feel like I was missing someone in my life?

Part Three: Slut Life

Lucy

When I woke up, it was with an instant set of compulsions. I thought for a moment that last night had been a dream, or a nightmare, but instead I could instantly tell that my body was a fucking female; My boobs were heavy on my chest as I lay on my back, and my blonde hair was in my face. I wasn't even meant to be blonde! I was meant to have a dick! And - and - and I definitely wasn't meant to be moving like I was on autopilot, my dainty little hand reaching out for Brett's dick and stroking it.

I barely had time to react before I started massaging it, slowly working it to a nice hardness. Holy fuck, last night had really happened. I'd fucked a guy. No, a guy had fucked *me*. I'd had his dick inside me. I'd laid on my back and spread my legs like a total chick, and he'd put his big cock in the pussy I'd been cursed with, and no matter how much I'd tried to beg him to stop, Morgan's curse had made me beg for more, instead. And this stupid slutty body had *liked it*. I'd actually climaxed, more than once, in fact. God, he'd even sucked on my tits! I'd cried out like I was a total hot chick with a sweet soprano voice!

She'd really screwed me over good, and I could only hope that she wasn't serious. There was no way this was my life forever, right?

I had no way of knowing, and my hand was still rubbing Brett's cock. It was becoming rigid, and I felt so gay doing it: I wasn't into guys, but something about touching his hardening penis was lighting a fire in this stupid new pussy of mine. Even my big, fat nipples were getting all tense.

"Hey there," came a male voice. "Someone's eager this morning."

It was Brett. I turned my head to look at him, and a shiver of fear and strange arousal shot through me.

"More than eager. I want you," I said. It was the curse talking, yet again. I *really* needed to get out of here!

"Mmhmm, you certainly had your way with me last night. Give me a few moments to wake up and I'll make your morning."

That was good. That bought me some time. Perhaps if I leaned into the curse a little bit in order to escape it, like swimming diagonally with a current to get away from dangerous waters? It was worth a shot, and perhaps-

"I'm not patient enough for a few minutes, baby," I found my ultra-feminine voice saying, talking like a damn femme fatale. *"How about I make your morning instead?"*

Instead of getting a chance to move off the bed, I actually pulled back the friggin' sheets, revealing his nakedness. His dick was hard, and I was already scared that I'd be compelled to ride cowgirl or something, just like we'd done last night during our second round. Instead, it was something so, so much worse.

"Let me use my mouth," I said, winking at him.

No. Oh God, no! No, no, no, no!

But I couldn't do anything to stop it. Morgan's curse had put me on autopilot, so I found myself lowering my juicy new lips down to his crotch, my long blonde hair draping over his legs. This was my worst nightmare. I *loved* getting blowjobs from hot chicks, especially after a visit to the club. Well, now I *was* the slutty, busty club girl, and I was sliding my tongue up and down Brett's pole while practically *eye fucking him* as well.

It couldn't be happening, but instead I placed my lips over his cock and pulled it up a little, curling myself over it so I could bob my head up and down, up and down, taking more of his fleshy girth into my mouth. I stroked his cock with my soft hand, working him like I was giving the best goddamn blowjob ever performed. I was actually sucking a man's dick, tasting his flesh, feeling how rigid he was. I cupped his balls, stroking them, my hands moving with a mind all of their own. It was utter madness, and it was made all the worse because my body yearned to please this asshole: I had an urgent compulsion to get him to cum.

"Ahhh, f-fuck," Brett said. He placed his hand on my head, scrunching up my hair and pushing my head down further. I'd done that all the time with girls, but it made me start deepthroating him, the dickhead! Why the fuck was it turning me on? My heavy tits wobbled with every motion, and I could feel him getting close. Why couldn't we change positions? Please God, let me change positions!

"I'm close. I'm gonna - I'm gonna - AGHH!"

His balls tensed in my hand, and his dick did the same in my mouth. I tried to mumble something, an urgent request for him to hold off. Hell, even a request for him to fuck me missionary if he really had to. Instead, my mouth was filled with hot, creamy liquid. It

streamed into my mouth again and again, some of it pouring down my throat. I moaned - I literally couldn't not - as he came in my mouth. I rubbed the shaft of his cock desperately, as if trying to extract every damn drop of his fucking seed, which I pretty much was. And of all the fucking fates to curse me with, Morgan had given me this doozy as well: I swallowed every last bit of it. Every last bit, including what was still sticking to his penis. I drank it all down, sweet and salty at once, and damn warm besides. Then I looked up at Brett with my big blue eyes and fluttered them deliberately.

"How'd ya like that, hot stuff?"

Ethan

It had been a strange weekend. A bit of a guilty one, in fact. I'd have several dreams of that hot blonde girl, the one with the head-sized tits that were all natural (not to mention bouncy), and sometimes I even daydreamed about her when I wasn't doing anything. I'd just be relaxing, and then *bam*, I'd be thinking about this buxom chick naked in bed sucking her one-night stand off. She seemed really into it, but also kinda not? And she ended up leaving as soon as she could, but she screamed when she got back to her apartment because it looked all different from what she expected: pink and feminine and everything.

Hell, I could have sworn I practically had a *vision* of this girl screaming at the mirror as she cut her hair, swearing at her appearance as she ripped up her dress, and generally muttering as she ruined her own makeup. It was clearly some weird fiction in my head though, because then something really strange happened: she sort of became all confused as her clothing came back together, mending itself again, and then her hair grew back long just as it had been before, and even her makeup returned, so that she had red lipstick and sexy smokey eyeshadow and all the works.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me!"

Those were the words I could practically hear in my mind.

Was it just some weird fantasy? Was I actually getting a bit bored of Morgan, or starting to think we weren't all that good together or something? I mean, her weird Wicca thing, or whatever her Pagan magic she claimed to have was, had always been something I just had to overlook while dating her. But she had gone really hard into it over the past few days, and it didn't make me comfortable. I got out of the house a few times, playing football with the guys and grabbing some books from the library for my architecture course, but on the whole I just had this imaginary fantasy in my head.

But if it was a fantasy, then why was this chick at war with her own life?

I didn't tell Morgan, of course. I really did care about her, and clearly this was just some weird little mental upset I was having. That hole, that sense of not possessing

something I should, remained with me. I think I just needed a best friend. I'd never really had one. I made a little vow to myself that when I returned to college on Monday I'd try to be more social and make some new friends. Preferably guy friends, of course.

Morgan could be a real jealous kinda gal.

Though come to think of it, I couldn't think of many times she had been, despite knowing it to be so true . . .

Professor Harding was, much like his name, quite the hardass. I knew I'd wanted to be an architect for years now, and Morgan had encouraged me on that path. As had . . . someone else, I assume. I had this dream of designing my dream house and living in it, but man if the course wasn't made more difficult by my professor's absolute perfectionism. He'd reamed one of the design features I'd put together. It was literally just a skeletal sketch. We're talking just the base foundation and frame of a house on a mild slope with a few set geographical features and heavy afternoon lighting thanks to the curve of the rest of the hill. I really thought I'd had that last part nailed down, but apparently not. *"No consideration for future proofing against nearby developments,"* and all that. I'd made a house in isolation, but Harding was the sort of guy who expected you to consider the entire neighbourhood context.

So yeah, I was in a lame mood. I'd shot a frustrated text to Morgan, but she was busy with something and wasn't responding. She didn't go to the same campus. In fact, I'd never seen her campus. Apparently some Wicca place or something, but she didn't talk about it much. It left me drifting in the wind a bit, not sure what exactly to do or who to talk about the anger in the pit of my belly. The football guys wouldn't understand. They were a good bunch, but also a bunch of knuckleheads.

I was just considering going to a local cafe and maybe just vibing with some of my peers, forming some connections like the good old days of first year college, when something caught my eye. Someone. She was walking across the campus green, hips swaying sensually with every step, her chest bouncing in her tight pink crop top. Her blonde hair swayed, impressively long, and her legs were killer, barely covered by her booty shorts. I nearly lost my breath. Could it really be, or was I imagining this?

It was her.

The woman from my dreams.

And she was heading right toward me.

Lucy

I'd never been so goddamn humiliated in my life. An entire weekend of dressing up in skimpy outfits, showing off these ridiculous head-sized boobs, and then fucking whatever guy was interested in me.

Which was *all* of them, by the way. God, even now I felt like a damn piece of meat, wearing a crop top that dipped low so that my tits bounced around, and a pair of booty shorts that pulled tight against my hips and bubblebutt ass. I had no choice! This was all the wardrobe I had now. My own apartment had altered to become so fucking girly! It had pink walls and shit like I was some dumb, bubbly bimbo. Even the photos around the room showed me to be a girl: there was one of me in a bikini holding onto some black guy I recognised from campus, and his hand was on my ass! My ID said I was Lucy Galford, and all the evidence told me that bitch Morgan Faye had somehow changed my entire fucking life! I thought this was just some body transformation, fucking insane as that already was, but my entire life was now governed by this shit, and all because I pointed out that she had a pancake ass and tried to drag Ethan to the club so he could find some fitter, hotter chicks!

And now I was back on campus, not that I actually wanted to be here. It was another one of that bitch's *compulsions*. Her voice had even come into my mind again.

"Time to head back to college, LUCY. I'm sure you'll be quite the hit on campus! Don't forget, you're studying a childcare course with a minor in psychology. A much more feminine change from your whole programming thing, wouldn't you say? Besides, a sexually active girl like you might need to know how to take care of babies if you're not careful!"

Fuck me, she was worse than I'd ever thought. I should have split her apart from Ethan even sooner, before she became some kind of bitch witch mega psycho. Now *I* was paying the price for *his* choice of dating partner.

So yeah, now I was wearing sexy get up. I even had a fucking belly button piercing, which everyone now knew as well because my midriff was completely on display. Not that I could see my midriff, what with my gigantic boobs blocking any view of my feet. I was a freaking G-cup, apparently. All natural, baby. *Lucky me.*

I'd already sat through a course on childcare. It was stupid; who needed a course on how to take care of children? Well, it turned out to be more about how to professionally care for children in a job, or whatever. Stuff like daycare centres, social work, working in education, camps, all that jazz. The worst part was that my stupid bimbo body was on automatic again during that lecture. It *wanted* to learn. I took notes in fancy cursive and paid attention to every word from my lecturer, soaking it in. And just like when I'd given blowjobs or ridden cowgirl or even (God, it turned my stomach to admit it) let a guy fuck me doggy style on the weekend, I still had that major release of dopamine that left me feeling happy.

It was only when I left the theatre that I realised how much the spell was affecting me.

"Hey, new girl," someone said.

I turned to see a tall, dark-haired woman with a confident smile.

"M-me?" I asked.

"Yeah. I'm Sabrina. What's your name?"

Again, that automatic voice. *"I'm Lucy. Lucy Galford."*

She sniggered a little. "Yeah, I can see you've got quite a bit of 'gal' in you. Look, we've got a little study group for this and other subjects. We invite everyone in the class. There's about twelve of us. I saw you taking crazy ass good notes. Would you like to join?"

I smiled sweetly. Please, God no. Not this. No.

"I'd love to! Can I, like, get back to you? I just wanna get to know the campus a bit more and go for a walk. But I'd really really love that."

She shrugged. "Sure. Just stay clear of Alpha Gamma Psi. Those guys are assholes, and trust me, you're their type."

I giggled and thanked her, then left. Great, so now I was part of a girly study club, not to mention getting warnings about which fraternities to avoid. Which, of course, was making my bimbo body have other thoughts. The boys in that frat were probably some of Ethan's football buddies. Big, strong types with hot muscles and even bigger dicks. I bet they'd love to jizz all over a huge pair of sensitive tits like mine. Mhmm . . .

"Fuck!" I squeaked to myself as I crossed the campus green. "Stop thinking sexy gay thoughts, *Lucy*. You're still in control of your mind, no matter what she's done to you!"

Which was exactly why I'd come to the campus, of course. Not that I had a choice, but I'd also *willingly* come. There were books here, and research assistants, and archives, and all that stuff. I'd flunked my first year of college, but I was in mega-research mode by necessity now. Morgan had turned me into a woman and then had me fuck a three different guys on the weekend, and actually *cum* from it. I needed to find a way back, then get my best friend clear of her, and then find some way to get my revenge. So long as I could get a little bit of control back, there was still hope that-

"Hey, watch out where you're walking!"

"Wha-!?"

I'd been so deep in thought that I hadn't even been looking where I was going. I stumbled straight into some big, tall guy and tripped right over like an idiot. He caught me, but my speedy momentum meant he tipped backwards, and I ended up landing right on top of him, my tits pressed right up against his chest like we were in some goddamn meet cute.

"Sorry!" I said. "I wasn't looking where I was-"

I halted. This wasn't some random guy. I was looking straight into the face of my best friend. It was *Ethan*. And he looked . . . *hot*.

"That's okay!" he said. "I'm glad I caught you. I should have moved aside but I thought I recognised you and . . ."

His eyes wandered down, and I realised why. My tits were hanging against his chest like two overripe cantaloupes, my cleavage making a long, luscious line for him to appreciate. My nipples stiffened against his chest just from the contact because my stupid new body was so horny.

"Uhhh," we said as one.

I scrambled off of him, my cheeks damn red. My own best friend had been checking out the tits Morgan had cursed onto me! He got up just as quickly, looking very embarrassed.

"Shit, sorry," he said.

"It's, like, totally okay. Sorry for bumping into you. I'm . . . Lucy. Lucy Galford."

He paused for a moment, looking right into my eyes. It was making my nipples hard. No, not him. Definitely not my best fucking friend, no matter how tall, dark, and goddamn handsome he looked to my bimbo body. But . . . was he recognising me?

"I'm Ethan Trent. Have we met before?" he asked me.

Yes! Yes! I'm your best friend! We've known each other for years! Your psycho witchy girlfriend turned me into a busty blonde with a crazy high libido because she thought I was taking time away from you! You gotta turn me back man! Believe me!

That was what I *wanted* to say. Instead, I extended a hand and grinned sweetly.

"I don't think so, but I'd like to. Do you want to catch up for coffee sometime?"

He smiled in a way that unnerved me as much as it aroused me.

"Sure thing," he said, shaking my hand. God, his touch was so firm and strong, just like my new body liked. "I'd love that."

I'd told my friend again and again to find someone way hotter than Morgan to go out with. And now, to my horror, here I was.

Part Four: Butterflies

Ethan

I should have told Morgan. I know I should have. She actually came back the previous night, and she was *electric*. She'd been so absent recently, and me so directionless, that I was starting to think she was gonna dump me. Instead, she went to get dressed and came back wearing a tight little silk dress that clung to her body so damn right.

"Hey there, sexy," she purred. "I'm in a good mood right now."

"Woah," I'd replied.

"That's all you've got to say? Woah?"

"I just . . . I'm at a loss for words."

She rolled her eyes. Clearly I hadn't given the right answer. But then she'd grabbed me by my shirt collar and pulled me into a kiss. "Do better next time, but you can make it up to me now."

"Wow, what's gotten into you?"

"Let's just say I've been enjoying the fruits of my magic lately, but it's got me feeling all kinds of jealous. I want you to make *my* night magic, Ethan."

And I had. I'd fucked my girlfriend without even putting on a condom. She was on the pill, so it shouldn't have been a risk, but I was so eager. After we had gone three rounds we were finally ready to tuck in for the night, the pair of us naked, sweaty and exhausted. She'd grinned as she held me.

"Now *that's* what I call some good sex," she purred. "You must be really into me to perform like that, honey."

I simply smiled and continued to hold her. I didn't tell her the truth.

I hadn't been thinking about her while I'd been thrusting into her, no matter how beautiful she was. I was thinking of my dream girl, who somehow had turned out to be real.

I'd been thinking of Lucy.

Like I said, I knew I should have told Morgan. Not necessarily all those details, but that we needed to spice up the relationship, or that, I don't know, some girl had leapt out of my dream into reality somehow, and I was feeling all kinds of confused. But then again, I knew the kind of person that Morgan was. I loved my girlfriend, but she had a fierce temper and liked to hex people she didn't like with little dolls and stuff. Magic wasn't real, obviously, but it still creeped me out.

But the part I *really, really* should have told her about was that I'd planned to meet Lucy again after bumping into her just yesterday. I couldn't get the image of her hourglass figure, or those massive boobs, or her startlingly beautiful face and gorgeous blonde hair out of my mind. And those eyes! So bright and blue! She had a bimbo aesthetic about her, and that hadn't normally been my thing, but she didn't strike me as stupid. Quite the opposite, actually. Lucy had just seemed light and enthusiastic and . . . *free*, in a way Morgan never quite had.

And now I was here, waiting for her to arrive. I nervously checked my phone every few seconds, not just for the time but to check on the latest NFL game's results. I could only remember watching football with someone else, but for the life of me it was like they were a smoky shadow. Man, I clearly needed new friends outside of my football buddies.

“Um, hi Ethan?”

The words were like honey, sweet yet syrupy, light and yet containing just a hint of the sensual. I looked up, alarmed at how she'd easily snuck up on me. Lucy was standing in front of me wearing a cute pink summer dress, one of those two part ones that left a two inch-wide strip of her perfect midriff on display. It only had spaghetti straps, which did wonders to show off her slim shoulders and slightly tanned arms. Her breasts, however, were more than hinted at: her bra underneath was visible, lifting her tits up and straining the fabric of her pink top. Her dress was longer, but its semi-transparent fabric still showed those legs, not to mention the spread of her hips.

And yet, for all her goddess-like body, it was her face that captured me the most. She was nervous, her cheeks blushing red, her lips in a slightly worried pout and her ocean-blue eyes almost shimmering with curiosity and hesitation. She pushed a strand of her golden hair behind her ear and grinned sheepishly.

“Uh, do you mind if I sit down here? Opposite you?”

I could barely believe my eyes. This woman was real. I must have seen her around campus and *then* dreamed about her, and yet she still didn't look quite real in the flesh. I nodded, momentarily slackjawed at the sight of her.

“Y-yeah! Of course! It's great to see you again. Lucy, wasn't it?”

She gave a cute little giggle as she sat down, pushing the strands of her hair back again. “That's me,” she said. “L-L-Lucy. The girl you ran into. Well, I guess I knocked you over, right? Pretty funny, me knocking over a big guy with b-b-big shoulders like you, huh?”

Was that a stutter?

She coughed lightly. “Sorry, I was about to sneeze,” she said. She rolled her shoulders back, and I had to focus very, very hard not to look at her boobs. They were much bigger than Morgan's. So big, and yet somehow so perfect on her otherwise slim figure.

“Yeah, I'm real sorry about that. I should have moved out of your way. Still, I appreciate the invite for coffee. I'm not really sure why, though.”

She shrugged. “I'm newly changed,” she said, before her features creased. “Changed to this campus, I mean. I'm looking for people to get to know! Why not the big lug I ran into, right?”

I cracked a grin. Someone else had often called me a big lug, somewhat affectionately. It slipped my mind at the moment, but it gave me a warm feeling the way she said it.

“That sounds as good a reason as any. I'm looking for a new friend too, so it sounds like us running into each other was good fortune, huh?”

“The best!” she said, before biting her lip. “So, coffee!”

“Yeah, I love that stuff.”

Another nervous giggle. "How do you feel about pumpkin spice lattes?"

"I . . . usually go for a cappuccino myself. I'm open to trying anything, though!"

I made the order for us both, then wondered what to say. "So . . . sorry about bumping into you yesterday."

"I actually bumped into you," she said. "I didn't mean to. I've been sort of overcome by everything lately. Going through stuff and all."

"It's a busy time of the year."

"Sure."

Again, that awkwardness rose. Jesus, I was a fucking popular football player with a damn sense of charm. I was good looking! Hell, up until this moment I thought I was a ten. Now, I felt like a five at best opposite this girl.

"So, what do you study?" I asked.

"Childcare," she responded, "with a minor in law."

"Oh, wow," I said. "I mean, I wouldn't have expected that."

She grinned, leaning forward. Not looking at her cleavage was like trying not to notice the light of the sun. It was all-encompassing. Somehow, I managed.

"Like, do you mean the childcare? Or the minor in law?"

Shit, I'd really stepped in it. "Um . . . I just didn't figure you for the lawyer type."

I took a drink of my coffee, trying to calm my nerves while she responded. Lucy moved her lips to the side as she thought.

"Hmm, I guess it's because most lawyers aren't known for looking like big hot sluts, am I right?"

I nearly spat out my drink, and ended up coughing. She blushed at her own words, but my coughs turned to laughter.

"Holy shit, sorry! I just didn't expect that either!"

At this, we both erupted into laughter, enough so that her chest jiggled quite obviously.

"Sorry, I literally can't help myself," she said. "Like, *literally* can't. Sometimes I just say stuff like that, you know?"

"Well, with a body like that, I don't blame you. Though I wouldn't describe you as a 'slut,' that's for sure."

"And what if I am?" she asked, leaning forward again.

"Well, I don't know you well enough to say. Besides, I'd describe you as . . . beautiful."

At this, her eyes widened, and her cheeks turned *definitely* red. She pulled her hand back from the table where it was nearly touching mine. I hadn't even realised we'd drawn so close there.

"You think?" she said, pushing back some strands of blonde hair. "You've only just met me like . . . this."

"I call 'em like I see 'em," I replied. The fuck was I doing? I was Morgan's boyfriend, for God's sake! And here I was, flirting with this blonde bombshell who was somehow out of even my league.

"Well, that's sweet of you to say."

"You haven't asked me what subjects I study."

"Architecture."

I nearly spit out my drink a second time. She took a sip of her own pumpkin spice latte and bit her lip. "I already know a little about you, actually. I guess you could say I've done my research about the super handsome footballer who's also got a super big brain."

For a moment, her ankle touched mine. I didn't pull back.

"Well, yeah, I do. I mean, I hope to become an architect. My professor can be a real hardass . . ."

"But?"

"But I want to be one," I said. "I'm passionate about it."

"What about your football career?"

"I want to think further ahead than that. I mean, I like football. I love to play it. But I don't want to spend my best years getting head injuries and dislocating my shoulder and then finding out that the glory days are behind me just a couple of years in. I want to make things. I want to change the world, at least in my own way." I chuckled. "You know, it's funny, but my friend often tells me . . ."

At this, she lit up, leaning even more forward so that her breasts were actually resting on the coffee house table.

"Told you what? What friend?"

There was nothing but grey smoke and cloudy skies in my mind. I tried to clear the fog, but couldn't do so, and so I shook my head.

"I've got no idea, sorry. Shit, I don't even remember who said it."

"M-maybe he says something like . . . *you're the only jock who can use a pencil. The rest are all eating crayons.*"

"That's it!" I exclaimed. "Hot damn, how did you know that?"

Her expression was hopeful. "I - I say stuff like that, like, all the time. I used to say it to an old *boyfriend*."

"Well, maybe I heard it through him. Was he on campus?"

"Yeah."

"But you're not going out with him anymore? You've got a new boyfriend?"

At this, she gulped. She turned the coffee mug in her hands, breathing heavily. The rise and fall of her chest was something I had to briefly look at, just for a moment.

"No, I'm single now. I've got, um, a bit of a reputation, though."

"For what?"

At this, she smirked. "Well, if you ask around, a lot of guys will tell you some really naughty stuff about me, such as . . . I'm secretly super into video games. And I watch eighties action films. And if I've got an industrial strength sports bra, I don't mind a bit of basketball."

I chuckled at her misdirection. "Damn, a woman after my own heart. And anything else?"

She licked her lips. "Well, rumour has it I'm also a super big nymphomaniac." She looked around as if entirely nervous, and I couldn't tell if this was another joke or not. "I guess I should ask you though, Ethan, do *you* have a girlfriend?"

I was already in the wrong and I knew it. I should have been walking away. I should have told the truth and ended any contact then and there. But something about this woman felt like it was completing an absence I'd been feeling for the last week. And so I told the lie.

"Not yet," I said, giving her a wink. "But who knows what the future will bring?"

Lucy

Christ, Ethan was such an asshole! Why couldn't he have just told the truth and walked away! Instead, I sat at that damn cafe with him, posing all sexily and staring at his eyes and admiring his big, handsome muscles and giggling at his jokes. It was goddamn *torture*. I tried multiple times to tell him outright who I was, but all I could manage were little hints, and every one of them flew right over his head because he was too busy staring at my big fat tits!

It was a relief when I finally headed off to study group reading with Sabrina and her friends. I stood out with my two-piece pink summer dress and all my sexy makeup, but once again my brain wanted to study. I couldn't be my lazy Lucas self, there to pick up chicks at the study bay. No, I was all smiles and giggles and a passion for learning more about childcare, like a *good girl*. And all the time my damn loins were tingling with arousal, because that bitch Morgan had made me such a damn slut that men were on my mind whether I wanted them or not.

And thanks to that chance meeting, it was my best friend who was on my mind now. It was totally *fucked in the head*, because I was mentally slobbering over his manly chin, his square jaw, his kind eyes. Fuuuuuck, I was already imagining him touching my huge, G-cup tits and making them soooooo sensitive.

“Hey, are you alright, Lucy?” someone in the study group asked. It was a nerdy-looking Asian guy named Kenneth. He wasn’t studying for childcare, but was apparently a good friend of Sabrina’s and shared a sociology class with her and several others. I looked at him, all squat and scrawny, with thick glasses on his face. The kind of guy I’d have mocked for never having a chance at picking up girls at the club.

But Morgan’s stupid hex was upon me, so instead I batted my eyelashes at him and felt my body go into autopilot yet again.

“Just a little stressed, Ken, that’s all. But, like, maybe you and I could have some private study later so I can work out some kinks together?”

His face turned hopeful. Me? I just sagged. I knew *exactly* what this meant my night would turn into.

I shifted on Ken’s lap, letting my perfectly pert ass press against him, rolling against his cock so that it shifted further into me. I couldn’t stop it; the pleasure and the power of the compulsions was too great. I only had my bra on by this stage, and I was already removing it so he could feel these huge, heavy puppies. I was fucking a goddamn *nerd* and loving it, that’s how much of a total slut I was.

“Ohhhhh,” I moaned. “That’s the s-stuff. Stay hard in me. I’m going to take you places, Ken.”

“Is this - is it alright if I touch your boobs?”

I rolled my eyes, wanting to tell him ‘No, of course not!’ Instead, I grabbed his hands and forced them on my big tits, letting his fingers sink into the flesh. I still wasn’t used to having such monster G-cup titties, nor how fucking sensitive they were. I would have died to waterboat a rack like this back when I was a lady-chasing dude over a week ago, but instead I was now crying out orgasmically as he fondled my nipples and cupped my boobs up into a veritable *shelf* of cleavage.

“Start bucking into m-me!” I advised while in autopilot mode. *“Thrust up. It’ll work, trust me!”*

“S-sorry, I’ve not done it like this before.”

I moaned and leaned back, turning my head enough to kiss him on the lips and slip my tongue into his mouth. Fuck me if I wasn’t getting aroused by this. I hated it. I hated how fucking horny this bimbo body was. I was going to *kill* Morgan, but first I needed to cum like crazy.

“Don’t worry, Ken, you’re doing great!” I declared, all bubbly and nice. “Follow my lead so we can be - ahhh - in time with each other!”

He did, and while he wasn't the best lover (shit, was I really thinking in those terms already?) I continued to milk his cock anyway. I was being *penetrated*. I had a dick *inside* of me, and it was touching so many nerves it was like I was on fire with euphoria. I tried to push away the bliss and remember how angry I wanted to be, but instead my voice got higher, higher, *higher* until finally I broke out into a goddamn *shriek*.

"OHHHHHH! KEN! KEN, YES!, KEN, YES! YES! YESSSS!"

I thrashed about, and he came inside of me. It was fucking lucky that he was using a condom - of course a smart nerd would - because I had no intention of feeling his cum inside me. I'd had enough of that already. But then another orgasm hit me, and my mind blanked from that topic. I closed my eyes, still crying out in a voice that was actually cracking from how high it was going. And in that moment I imagined something that was so, so, so very damn wrong, and yet so fucking hot to this stupid bimbo body despite my own desires to feel otherwise.

I imagined I was getting fucked by my best friend Ethan and his big, hard dick, his muscles arms wrapped around me and cupping my beautiful boobs.

We collapsed back onto his bed, and I panted and kissed his chest, resting my big tits right near his face.

"Mhmmm, now *that* was a study session," I murmured into Ken's ear.

"Y-yeah. Wow. Um, are we boyfriend and girlfriend now?"

I giggled, but the real me inside cringed, terrified I would say yes. Thankfully, Morgan had made me too much of a bimbo to commit, or maybe this guy just didn't measure up.

"Sorry, sweetie," I said. "It's not like that. I've just got a lot of love to give and, like, a real powerful engine that needs revving constantly, you know? But hey, you weren't bad. I'd be more than happy to ride you again sometime, if you'd like that?"

His eyes were wide behind his glasses. He hadn't even taken them off during sex, his sight was so poor.

"Y-yes! That's be amazing, Lucy. You're the best!"

"Aren't I just?" I said with a giggle before kissing him again.

No. No, I really wasn't. I needed to get back to my body before things went really wrong. And definitely before 'Lucy' caught up with Ethan again.

Ugh. Just thinking about him made my trim little stomach fill with butterflies.

So stupid.

Part Five: Date Night

Ethan

I kept seeing Lucy on the side. I knew it was wrong, but I felt so connected to her in a way I never had to anybody, not even Morgan. Hell, when I was having sex with my girlfriend, I only came so much because I kept Lucy in mind, imagining what it would be like to thrust into her, to hear her cry out as she climaxed. Could anyone blame me? The entire football team were talking about her, and Brett claimed that he'd fucked her, though I wasn't sure if I believed him. She said she had a reputation, that she was a "total nympho," and I guess part of me didn't want to believe it, except that I had seen her drag one of her fellow students in legal studies class to the bathroom once without knowing I happened to be walking by. The sounds that emerged were *definitely* sexual, and yet, for reasons I still can't understand, I wasn't angry with her. I mean, I didn't have a right to, right? It wasn't like we were dating, or I'd asked her out, or like we'd done anything *but* a little flirting.

But I suppose my male pride would have ordinarily conjured anger in me anyway. I liked the idea of a stable girlfriend who was loyal. Hell, Morgan had been like that to me, always. Almost too much with how possessive she could get. And here was Lucy, fucking men left and right, probably an actual nymphomaniac and *certainly* getting a reputation as a total slut (albeit a really hot, really busty one), and it was only making me *more* head over heels for her. I didn't discard her in my mind. I didn't want to stop seeing her at the cafe or walk with her between classes or chat over text. I only wanted to be one of those lucky men.

God help me, I was thinking about her so much that I was practically wanting to get *cucked*, can you believe it?

In the end, I *had* to make a move. No, that wasn't right. I didn't have to. I *chose* to, knowing that I was betraying Morgan. I'd tried to organise a romantic date with my girlfriend to remove my feelings towards Lucy, and even hopefully get things back on track between Morgan and I, since she was so weirdly into her Wicca shtick lately that it was starting to get a little creepy. Instead, she just patted my arm sympathetically.

"I'm sorry, Ethan, but I feel so in-tune with everything right now. I've organised to meet with other members of my coven, even Tila, who can be such a spoilsport. We're going to share our magical discoveries and projects, and I just bet this latest endeavour will make them jealous!"

I was disappointed to say the least, so what I said next simply slipped out of my mouth.

"You mean with the doll? The one you put into your cauldron?"

Morgan paused, blinking, as she realised what I'd said. "Whatever do you mean?"

"I saw you do something late at night. You had a doll with a pink dress. You put it into a cauldron. It lit up. Look, sweetie, you know I don't believe in magic. To me it was just a lightshow, no offence, but ever since that night, you've been acting so obsessive."

"You *watched* one of my rituals? You promised me that you'd allow me privacy when I was conducting them!"

"You didn't tell me you were doing one!"

"Did you hear me chanting? Did you see my cauldron? The lights you just referred to? Don't play dumb, Ethan, you spied on me. And you didn't tell me until now? You could have ruined everything!"

I put out my arms. "I didn't even know what I was ruining! You're so secretive about this Wicca shit, and then something has changed and I don't even know what!"

"Whatever, I'm heading out to my coven meeting. I'll be gone a couple of days."

"Oh, so another thing you aren't giving me a heads-up on. I assume I can't go with you?"

"Why are you being like this?" Morgan spat. "God, I like you because you respect that I'm a witch and I need my freedom."

"So free we can't even have a date night!"

She grabbed her coat. "Keep watching my rituals and nearly fucking them up, and there won't be a risk of date nights in the future! I'm going. I'll see you in two days when I'm feeling less angry with you, and less liable to turn you into a frog! God, I thought you'd be *more* loyal after I took care of that third-wheel . . ."

She was gone in her car not long after, leaving me feeling awkward. Had I done something wrong? I guess I should have told her, but her reaction was way over the top, as if the ritual really had been that important.

It was then that I got a message from Lucy, sending a rush of dopamine to my brain as I opened it up. It was a picture of herself. She was wearing a tight pink singlet that showed off a lot of cleavage and pulled tight against her chest, and she was winking as she took the selfie, her lips pouting as she did so, as if indicating that she was smooching me. God, those lips. I could just imagine them on mine . . . or on another part of me, if the rumours about her love giving head were true. It took me a moment to notice the TV in the background of her image, as well as her caption.

'SCHWARZENEGGER NIGHT! PREDATOR REWATCH!'

I shut my phone without responding. I had such a fucking boner for this girl already, and that was before I found out she was a big Arnie fan.

"How can you *not* love *Predator*? It's seriously, like, the best Arnie film. It flips the whole thing on its head; a total subversion of how he normally is. Plus, so many sexy muscles in that movie. Yummy, yummy."

I laughed. It was the next day, and I was walking with Lucy after she'd had her latest class.

"Nah, *Commando* is where it's at," I replied, smirking at her. "The best corn, the best cheese, and the best one-liners."

"*Remember when I said I'd kill you last?*" she quoted instantly.

"*I lied!*" I recited back, and the two of us laughed. I couldn't help but observe how with each full-belly chuckle her magnificent breasts jiggled from the sheer motion of her laugh. She was in a v-neck hot pink crop top with an equally pink skirt and heels, making her look like some kind of bimbo Barbie cheerleader. Not usually my type at all, but devastatingly attractive, and now she was attracting *me*.

"I've never met a girl into Arnie movies before," I told her.

She shrugged, looking up at me with a blush. "Maybe you just weren't looking for the right girl, *hotstuff*."

I had to exhale at that and compose myself. She cringed a little.

"Sorry, I keep saying these things. I don't - I shouldn't, I know."

"No, it's okay, I told you I wasn't in a relationship," I said, lying again.

We were briefly distracted by a passing man around our age, dark-skinned and with an average build. He had a lot of books in his arms but managed to wave to Lucy.

"Hey Lucy! Really good to see you! I hope I get to sit with you in Law class again!"

She waved back, blushing an even deeper red. "I - uh - maybe, David! We'll see!"

He continued hurrying on, looking back with a smile and nearly tripping over several times, not that I could blame him. I was already moving slightly behind and to the left of her, just to see Lucy's amazing peachy ass and those incredibly sexy legs of hers.

"He seemed, uh, happy to see you."

Lucy gave a sheepish smile and scratched the back of her head, adjusting her bright blonde hair. "Oh, I was really fucking horny and had to give him a blowjob at the back of the theatre while no one was looking. It was a one time thing but I so, soooooo needed some deep-throat action or I was seriously gonna die." She paused. Hell, I paused. "Shit. That was not what I wanted to say. That was a really messed up thing to admit. Fuck!"

In the end, I just laughed. "You weren't lying when you said you were a nympho, then? If you don't mind me saying."

"A massive one. I really can't help it. I can't even explain it, literally. I'm just . . . I need to get fucked by a hot sexy man a lot. Especially big, tough footballers. I'm sure you must think I'm such a slut."

I swallowed. "Well, uh . . . who am I to judge in that case? It's not your fault from the sounds of it. Besides, I've been a bit of a manslut in my time, so let he who is without sin cast the first stone or whatever, right?"

"You don't really mean that!"

"Lucy, you can quote *Commando*. I'm pretty sure you'd have to be shacking up with Kim Jong-Un for me to judge you."

She actually laughed, and then *leaned* up against me, clutching my arm so that her full right breast pressed against my side.

"God, you're such a good friend, Ethan. We should hang out more. And not just at school. At *your place*."

Lucy

God, what the fuck was I doing? I just wanted to spend more time with my friend, but thanks to Morgan's stupid curse I was actually *flirting* with him. Those fucking muscles, that handsome jawline, those big biceps. Ugh, this curse had left me so gay for men it was crazy, and I was masturbating even more than usual.

Masturbating.

To my best *friend*.

UGGHHH.

But maybe it was necessary, if it got me close to the place he and Morgan lived at. Maybe there'd be something among her things that could reverse the curse. She often went away for days at a time for 'coven business', Ethan had told me once, and I had no doubt that was the case now. Why else would he have sent that really, really cute message inviting me over to 'Netflix and Chill' with him. Maybe he meant it. Maybe he did want sex. I'd have to resist it. I'd *have* to.

Not that I'd been so lucky over the last couple of weeks. God, the amount of cocks I'd sucked and tasty, salty cum I'd swallowed alone . . . and it gave me mini-orgasms just to drink it all down, that's how much of a slut Morgan had made me. I could no longer keep count of how many guys on campus I'd slept with. At least they mostly seemed to like me, and Sabrina didn't judge me too much, just thought I was a bit of a 'loose cannon.' The study group was the only thing holding me together; at least I still felt like a person at those things, rather than a cosmic plaything.

And now here I was, stepping out of my car, dressed up all sexy-casual, makeup and all, as I walked to Ethan's front doorstep. I had planned to try and dress down a little, maybe try to push through and impart some truth to him, but the curse was too powerful, and instead I'd gone quite slutty. I was wearing a loose white camisole - well, loose except for

two particular places - and tight black shorts that really emphasised my ass. My shoulders and arms were completely bare, and I'd styled my hair with just the right amount of messiness to it, as if to remind Ethan of the image of me after sex - as if promising that outcome. Just thinking about it gave my stupid horny body the shivers. My lips were a subtle glossy pink, and the eyeshadow around my eyes definitely added to the 'sexy nympho' look.

I knocked on the door, and he leapt up and answered it so quickly that I *knew* he'd been waiting eagerly for my arrival. My body automatically moved, placing a hand on its hip and thrusting out my big G-cup tits further.

"Hey there," I said, grinning. "You down for some action tonight? I mean, action movies?"

He smiled. That fucking *smile*, man.

"Fuck yeah," he said.

My body began smiling too.

I cheered as John McClane pulled his gun from the tap on his back and shot Hans McGruber.

"Yippee-kay-yay, motherfucker!" I cried in my sweet soprano, and Ethan joined me. The villain began to fall in his iconic shot, and I ate more of the popcorn he'd prepared. I kept losing some into my cleavage and having to fish them out, which he no doubt was enjoying the sight of. I kept trying to find an excuse to go fish around Morgan's stuff, but my stupid magical autopilot was on, and that powerful connection existed between us.

"I used to love watching films like this with a friend," he told me. "Funny thing is, I can't remember who that friend is. But man, I miss him. I'm glad you're here now, Lucy."

"Me too," I said, and I realised it was mostly true. At least I still had a friendship with Ethan, though it was riskier than ever. My goddamn nipples were aching for his touch, and my pussy was starting to become damp just in his presence. As the movie began to move towards the credits, I found myself shifting closer to his presence, so that my hips pressed against his on the couch, my bare shoulder against his shirt. He had a premium view down my top and I was doing nothing to discourage him. I just had to leave this as simple flirting. Just simple flirting and jokes and-

-and we both reached for popcorn at the same time. Our hands touched, holding one another with a gentleness and intimacy that made me gasp a little.

"S-sorry," he said, more nervous than I'd ever seen him.

"*It's okay,*" the curse made me purr. "*I like the touch of you, Ethan.*"

"I shouldn't. Look, I gotta be honest with you, Lucy. I've been lying to you. I'm in a relationship with-

"Morgan Faye."

His eyes widened. "You knew?"

I nodded, my arousal still rising. "Since the start. But I wanted to keep seeing you. There's a connection between us, Ethan."

"I know. I can feel it. I can't explain it."

"I literally can't. Not yet, at least."

He reached out and caressed my cheek, then pulled away his hand just as quickly.

"You should go. I'm sorry. This was a mistake. Morgan doesn't even know you're here. I don't know why I'm acting like this."

"*Maybe because I'm a better fit for you, Ethan,*" I found myself saying. "*Maybe because I'm, like, the perfect girl for you. And maybe because I'm sick of sleeping with all these guys on campus, because I just want one guy who can satisfy me and understand me and fuck my goddamn brains out.*"

I stood, panic in my heart, but also resignation. My body's needs were taking over, but I was too damn horny to even want them to stop. I shifted over to Ethan and straddled his lap, placing my hands on his shoulders, then shook my head so that my hair would get out of the way and my tits would jiggle while level with his own face. I knew what was happening next. Oh God, I did.

And so did he.

"Holy shit," he replied. "This is crazy."

"You've got no idea. *Now if you really want me, fucking have me. Because I can already feel how big and hard your dick is, and I want it inside of me, Ethan Trent.*"

I leaned forward and kissed him, and he returned the kiss eagerly. We slipped our tongues inside one another's mouths, and I moaned with each breath, feeling his strong hands upon my thin waist, creeping down to sink his fingers into my ass.

"*Ohhh, more. I wanna be naked. I know you want to suck on my big, sensitive tits.*"

The words flowed from me, and it was so easy to add extra details, particularly as he helped me remove my camisole top and then, in the most deeply sexy way, unclasped my big bra with one practised hand. God knew I'd had enough sex as a woman that I knew the right things to say, and my pussy was so wet that I *wanted* to.

"P-play with them first! Feel how heavy they are! They're all natural, y'know."

"Hot damn, they are. Jesus, you're stacked."

"Mmm-hmm. G-cups. Ohhh, keep massaging them. Fuuuuck, I'll never get used to thissssss . . ."

I was grinding my pelvis against him, then shoving my giant bust in his face. It was too much. I sighed in ecstasy as he placed his mouth upon my left nipple, sucking as he ran his tongue and teeth along it.

"Mhmm! Ohhhh, f-fuck, Ethan! You're s-so good! You're soooo goooooo!"

He cupped my breasts, then kissed me passionately, helping me shift out of my shorts even as I unbuckled his trousers to free his massive cock.

"You're *amazing*, Lucy. God, I've never felt like this with someone before. It's like I've known you my whole life."

"*Just wait until you're inside me,*" I replied, pumping his penis, making sure it was rigid and hard for me. We flung the last of my clothing away, and his, so that we were both naked against one another, me facing him, letting him squeeze and grope my tits and drive me further into his arms. He raised my body up with ease, cupping my soft ass, and then he lowered himself down as I steadied his thick, long cock against my entrance. I'd done this so many times in the last few weeks. So many times, and through so many moments of shame and humiliation. But this was different. I was about to fuck my best friend. I was about to have his big, hard dick inside of me. He was going to cum inside of me, and we weren't even using any protection; this was all raw, all natural, all *hot*.

"Oh God," I whimpered, and then I descended upon him, slave to my curse and my fate. I exhaled, moaning long and high as he slid right up inside of me, my vaginal passage clamping upon him. Fuck me, I couldn't believe this. I'd become such a slutty bitch, the exact kind of girl I'd always bragged about banging. The kind of girl I'd mocked. The one I'd told my best friend to chase.

And now he was, thrusting up into me as I began to gyrate against him, rubbing my big tits on his chest, clinging to him for dear life. I was now that slutty, cock-hungry blonde babe, and I was crying out in sweet relief as I fucked my best friend.

It was the best sex yet, much to my humiliation. I clung to him and screamed.

"Don't stop! I need your hot cum inside meeeeeee!!!"

He exploded into me, his cock throbbing, shooting stream after stream of warm seed right up into my room. I cried out again and again, orgasming like crazy, pulling his head into my wobbling chest which had been jiggling so much with each bounce upon his lap. I help him there, suffocating him in my cleavage, my sweat mingling with his as I drained him of all he was worth, milking his dick like I was born to do it. Like this was who I was now.

"Ohhhhhhhh, yesssss!" I gasped. "Yesssss. I needed this! Oh God help me, I needed this, Ethan! I needed you!"

And it was the stone cold truth. Something had gone wrong with Morgan's spell, fucked up as it was already. Somehow, I'd ended up with her boyfriend inside of me. I was in even more danger than ever before.

And yet, I already knew my body was addicted to Ethan.

I'd just become my best friend's lover, and I knew this was only the first time he'd fuck my bimbo brains out.

"Mhmmm," I moaned, releasing his head finally so that I could kiss him. "*That was soooo damn hot.*"

"The hottest ever," he said, running his hands down my flanks before cupping my huge tits. "I don't regret a thing."

That made one of us, at least.