

Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better (Man to Hot Woman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Steven has just been dumped by his girlfriend for his various insecurities, and is now feeling terrible. Wanting a fresh start so he can shove it in his ex's face about how much better he is, a magical force hears his wish and decides to answer it; by making him a more attractive and successful woman than his ex ever was!

Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better

"I guess I just don't get why you're doing this," I said. "I mean, if we need to take a short break while you deal with it, then-"

Bianca made a growling noise, then jabbed a finger right at my chest. "It's not *me* who needs to deal with anything, Steven, it's *you!* And I don't need a break, I need a fresh start. Even more than that, you need a fresh start!"

I was at a complete loss. I thought everything had been perfect, and now here I was on the doorstep of my girlfriend's apartment, ready to propose another night of watching action movies and eating her delicious quesadillas, and now I was being *dumped?*

"What - what do I need to do to make this right?" I asked. "I don't even know what I did wrong!"

Bianca groaned, slapping her forehead. She gesticulated like mad as she replied, the latina in her rising up like a cat baring its claws.

"What did you do wrong? Are you serious!? Steven, you can't do anything right! It was fun when we started dating, when you were spontaneous and took me places. Now all we do is stay in the apartment and watch movies *you* like or play games *you* like, all while I have to cook dinner for *you*."

"But you're a great cook! You said you love cooking! And it's cheaper than going out, right?"

"Of course I love cooking! My mama and abuela taught me everything I know about cooking. But that doesn't mean I want to cook every night, Jesus Christ! And if it's so cheap, why don't you ever cook for me?"

I played my trump card smugly. "Because I could never cook as well as you, Bianca, so why would I when yours is so perfect?"

She jabbed me in the chest, eliciting pain. I gave a slight "ow!" in response.

"Because you like me? Because you claim to love me? Except you never listen to my problems, or listen to my shows, or even try to learn *my* language. You can't speak a lick of Spanish and we've been together over a year now."

“Hey, I know *si!*”

She folded her arms and raised one thick black eyebrow. Even angry, I couldn’t deny how attractive she was, and yet I had no idea what to do or say to keep that beauty close.

“*Dios mio*, that’s pathetic. Do you really hear yourself?”

“Look, it’s been a difficult year for me! My studies are hard, and -”

“You’ve had trouble finding a job. I know. I *know!* You know how I know? Because you never shut up about your problems long enough to listen to mine.”

I cocked my head. “You’re having problems?”

“Yes, and most of them start with you. Look, Steven, it started out fun but I’m just a damn girlfriend restaurant to you now. I don’t want to date a boy who wants me to act as his mama. I’m better than that. I’m good looking. I’ve got prospects. And I don’t want to have to coddle all your insecurities when I could be at the club in a nice dress having some fun. So yeah, I’m breaking up with you. And please make an effort for the next girl. You’ll need this fresh start as much as I do. *Adios*, Steven.”

With that, she slammed the door in my bewildered face.

I couldn’t believe it. It had been a week, and still Bianca wouldn’t respond to my texts or calls. She’d blocked me, in fact. I only had the photos on my phone to remember her by, and like a real pathetic dog returning to a discarded meal, I couldn’t help but look at them. I’d never thought I would date a girl like Bianca. She was smart, lively, and attractive as all hell! I never thought I was a huge slouch, but I’ve always been pretty average; dirty blonde hair, glasses, regular build, and so on. The main thing I’ve got going for myself is that I’m pretty tall and good at keeping fairly fit. And I’m smart myself, of course. We met in a psychology course, though my major was and still is in engineering. I couldn’t believe my luck: a sexy latina girl was actually into me! We talked about our courses, about our love of food and cooking (well, I may have lied and exaggerated a bit on that last one), and generally flirted back and forth. She could tell I was really into her, and I think she had fun with that. I loved her olive complexion, her dark eyes and thick eyebrows, the way her dark curls rested on her shoulders. And, I won’t lie, she had a pretty killer body too: generous C-cup breasts and an hourglass figure. And perhaps I’m being a bit stereotypical here, but she had those nice wide hips that a lot of latina girls have, and I had a lot of fun with them when we ended up sleeping together just a couple of weeks later.

It had been a fantastic year from my perspective. Lots of sex, great Mexican food on the house, and lots of fun watching movies I chose for her to see. I guess she was right in that we went out to places more when we were courting; bowling, restaurants, and so on, but

it wasn't like I ignored her or anything. I just enjoyed being able to have her round the apartment. Besides, that stuff is expensive in the long run, and the meals she made were good and cheap.

"What am I missing?" I said to myself as I took a walk through the local park. "Should I have walked with her in places like this? I guess she did mention that stuff sometimes. Maybe take her to Olive Garden? That'd be fancy enough, right? Maybe she was just tired of me. Yeah, that's it. She's probably found some other man or thinks she's better than me, and now I'm the one who gets stuck being all single while she laughs at me behind my back. Ugh!"

I kicked something in the grass, and suddenly my foot hurt. Wincing, I looked at what it was; it looked like some kind of old lamp. Curious, I picked it up.

"Weird old thing," I mused. "Heh. An old lamp."

It occurred to me that I might as well make a damn wish. I held the item up, as if raising it to the heavens.

"O mighty lamp, my now ex-girlfriend thinks she's better than me. She told me to get a fresh start. Well, that's what I wish for; a fresh start so I can shove it in her face that anything she does, I can do better!"

I smirked, placing the image in my head of me going on to become some uber wealthy magnate with a whole gaggle of supermodel girlfriends, with Bianca stuck back at her apartment just wishing she had stayed with me. That would show her.

But then the lamp began to glow.

At first I thought it was a trick of the evening light, but then it really did begin to glow, and a bright green at that.

"What the fuck?"

An ethereal voice seemed to echo from within the old lamp, one that startled me to my core. It was almost as if the voice were whispering directly into my mind rather than speaking aloud.

"Steven Lambs, you have found me and wished to be better than your ex-girlfriend in every way. Your wish shall henceforth be granted, forever and permanently, and the lamp shall find a new location to be unearthed again. May you find joy in the outcome of your wish, Steven!"

I dropped the lamp, but before it could even hit the ground it exploded into a dizzying display of light. The light swirled around me, and I yelled out in shock. I tried to run, but already the orbs of light were darting into me, as if they were *inhabiting* me!

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to! It was just an accident and - Ohhh!"

I doubled over, clutching my gut as it twisted. Something was shifting around inside of me, like my stomach was doing backflips of being pushed aside. It was almost like something was damn well *growing* inside of me.

“Euugh! I didn’t m-mean to make a wish! What are you d-doing!?”

But the lamp was gone, and no further voice was incoming. I took a deep breath, swallowing heavily, only for the pressure to return again.

“Nghhhh! Oh G-God!”

Other people in the park were looking at me now. Night had almost arrived, so there weren’t many, but a middle-aged woman with her dog and a younger guy on a skateboard were both staring.

“Hey buddy,” a third man said, calling out. “Are you okay over there?”

“I’m f-fine! I’m just - NGHHH!!”

The pressure moved to between my legs, pushing up upon my penis and testicles. My eyes filled with water as I felt something give way, the pressure terrible and all kinds of wrong. I thought I was going to pass out for a moment, and then suddenly.

“Ohhhhhh,” I moaned, relief and pleasure and an innate alien sense of *wrongness* hitting me all at once. “What the f-fuck just h-happened?”

I lowered my hands, trembling as if they were palsied, and cupped the crotch of my jeans. I didn’t even care if the lady with the dog squeaked as if scandalised, I *had* to know what had just happened to me. I pressed my hands up further, only to be met with zero resistance. There was no bulge, no cock, no penis, no dick, no testicles, no balls, no nothing! Nothing but . . . oh God, nothing but a slight mound with what felt like an opening inside of it. Almost like I had just grown a -

“A fucking pussy!?” I cried. “Are you f-fucking serious!? What the actual fuck!?”

“Dude, are you sure you’re alright?” the man called out again. He was getting closer, and it set my heart panicking. I stood, trying to ignore the insane development between my legs.

“I’m - I’m fine! Don’t get any closer! It’s just a medical condition, and - oh no, not again!”

This time it was my hair. It pushed out from my scalp, causing me to squeeze my eyes shut and clench my teeth and *groan*. Thousands of hairs pushed out further, until my hair extended down past my chin, then to my shoulders, and then further down until it was to the small of my back. I wailed the whole time, gasping with a voice that sounded higher than it should have been, softer and more vulnerable.

“What the hell?” the man said, stepping back.

The woman with the dog picked her little dachshund up. “Did that young man’s hair just grow?”

"It did. It's still growing! Someone call an - an ambulance. Or a priest!"

"N-no!" I cried, looking at them. I could feel more pressures developing, moving to my hips and my rear. I feared what would happen next, but the tingling in my arms called my attention to the way my hair was falling off, leaving my limbs perfectly smooth and . . . and *feminine*. "Just leave me alone!" I continued. "I have to go home!"

I took off in a panicked run. What else was I supposed to do? My body was changing, my dick was gone, and now I was starting to look like a girl! Everywhere my skin burned, and as I exited the park and dashed down the street, the light of the city showed me that it was literally sizzling; growing darker with each passing second until I looked like I had a lovely mid-tone olive colour to my skin.

"The wish, the wish did this. That stupid lamp. How the fuck is it doing this? This isn't what I wished for!"

My hair bounced, heavier than expected, pulling at my scalp. It was so soft and curly, and I had to keep adjusting it so it didn't fall in my view. My thighs rubbed together, beginning to thicken, and I couldn't help but notice that my ass and hips were pushing out.

"Ohhhh, f-fuck! Mhmm! NNGHH!!"

More onlookers, more concerned people around me, wondering just what the heck the guy in the middle of the street was doing. My own apartment wasn't far away, but I couldn't keep up with the changes. To my humiliation I found myself bending over, literally shaking my hips at strangers in cars as I tried to cross the street. My jeans were becoming mega tight as my ass inflated, growing and growing and growing until a seam gave away somewhere. This was matched by a creaking of my hips, which sort of popped out to the left, then to the right, before the bones relocated again, this time accompanied by a mighty cry from me.

"It's a goddamn nightmare!" I whined, voice higher again. More people were yelling out, confused by what was happening.

"Dude, are you on drugs or something?"

I turned to see who was speaking, recognising the voice. It was Matt Hayes, a guy I used to play with when I was a kid. We passed each other on the street and said hi often, and in that moment he recognised me.

"Holy shit, Steven? Are you wearing a w-"

He never got to finish his sentence, because an incoming spike of pressure in my chest was all the minor warning I had before two large breasts *erupted* from me. They inflated rapidly like heavy, fleshy balloons, filling out and then up, restricted by the space of my tightening shirt and quickly developed a deep, deep pit of cleavage. I salivated, drooling as I tried to contain them with my hands, but it was impossible, and the skin coupled with my enlarged nipples and areola were simply too damn sensitive!

“Nnnnooooo! Not a b-big set of t-tits, too!”

“Holy hell! I’ve got to get a pic of this!”

Matt raised his phone, and it was all the motivation I needed to keep running, even as my shirt rose up to bare my midriff, forced upwards by the sheer expanse of my new bosom. My big boobs wobbled and jiggled with every movement as I ran forward. Everything was wrong, right down to the bounce in my expanded butt as well. I could still feel the wish working through me, somehow turning me into a goddamn woman. Where had it all gone wrong?

RIP!

I shrieked, voice like a woman’s as the top of my shirt tore, unable to contain my massive tits any longer. It exposed even more of my cleavage, and I realised with terror that the sight of those beautiful weight olive mounds now made it impossible to see even my toes while standing up.

I had tits. Actual tits. Olive-coloured big perfect bouncy sensitive tits. This entire thing was *nuts*. Did the artefact say this was permanent? I had to fling those thoughts from my mind and focus on getting home. I ducked down the side alley to vault over the fencing there, but suddenly found myself too short to easily get over it. My trouser legs were long enough that I was starting to trip on them.

“Jesus, I’m shorter too?”

I was forced to climb awkwardly over the fence, my thicker thighs at least containing some athletic muscle to aid my progress. Yet even as I made it over, I felt my facial features begin to alter, like a series of massages were pushing my face about like putty into a new, female configuration. My lips in particular were paid attention, puffing up considerably, while my nose became longer and more defined, and my eyebrows seemed to thicken. My jaw cracked as I landed on the other side, and the squeak I gave only confirmed my fears: I was not just sounding like a woman now, but looking like one too! I hadn’t seen my face yet, but I just knew it to be the case.

“*Dios mio*, when does it end?”

I halted just briefly. Why had I said something in Spanish? Hell, why were half my thoughts in Spanish too? I tried to think in English . . . and thankfully, I was able to do so. But it didn’t come as easily as it should have, like my mind was swimming through damn molasses or something.

“Just get home,” I said. “Just get home, *Sofia!*”

At that point, I simply ignored the insanity that was piling up on me, including the hispanic accent I was suddenly speaking in and the fact that I’d just called myself goddamn *Sofia*. I ran, darting around the corner and pelting towards the apartment block I called

home. My breasts bounced heavily, causing pain in my upper back and shoulders, and nearly releasing themselves to the onlookers around me.

And then they did.

It was the ultimate humiliation, but I realised it took late: my shirt tore open and my huge new bronze-coloured jugs were fully displayed for several seconds until I managed to grab the sides of my ruined shirt and press them over my nipples, providing only the teensiest bit of coverage.

“Oh wow! Nice show there, hot stuff!” someone called.

“*Idiot!*” I shouted back, before running into my apartment block. I still had my key in my pocket, thankfully. My hips were moving differently, and my hair kept getting in the way. I passed Mrs Tallison on the way up, and almost expected her to shout something about an intruder. Instead, she was shocked.

“Miss Sofia! What happened to you?”

“I’m not Sofia!” I cried, but evidently she saw me as such. I ran upstairs and got to my door and burst through it as soon as the key had turned. I locked it swiftly and then moved straight to the bathroom. I needed to see myself. I needed to see what that damn lamp had turned me into. I switched on the light, and wished I hadn’t.

Reflected in the mirror was the hottest woman I had ever seen. She was perfect. Damn perfect. I wasn’t even sure where to focus my gaze because the whole of her was like a wet dream fantasy come to life. The woman was latina, with gorgeous bronze-brown skin without blemish. Her hair was thick and dark, with lovely black curls that fell down to her back. With each shake of her head, it formed a new configuration, a sort of sexy ‘just got out of bed’ or ‘just had sex’ look. This was helped by her eyes; green, with a sort of half-lidded ‘come get me’ expression no matter how I truly felt. The woman’s nose was long and defined, and beneath them were a set of plump lips that my dirty mind couldn’t help but think of as made for sucking dick. Seriously, I could imagine them clamped around a cock while I sucked down deep and it was making me fucking wet and-

And what the fuck was that thought?

I took in the rest of me. No use thinking of this woman as apart from me. She had a set of breasts that were obviously bigger than Double-D’s. Hell, they looked half the size of my own changed head! I felt that weight too, but as I cupped them my large brown nipples tensed with excitement.

“Ah, s-sensitive too!”

It was crazy. I had a trim, athletic stomach with a cute belly button, a set of wide baby making hips that would make Shakira proud. My thighs were thick, just the way I liked them, but surprisingly athletic; I could feel the muscle in them. The same was true of my arms; despite my incredible curves - and that included a very rotund ass, Jesus Christ I was *thick* -

they were quite athletic as well. I felt *healthy*, despite the fact that I was now a drop dead gorgeous latina with long hair and a supermodel face. God, even my eyebrows were lovely; thick and dark and defined.

"I'm a goddamn knockout," I said, my voice still retaining that accent and female voice. "Fuck me, I even sound *atractiva*."

But beyond my own panic, there was something eating away at me. A sliver of recognition as I took in my figure, turning to view my peachy ass or cupping my bouncy boobs. And then it hit me.

"*Mierda!*" I exclaimed, still accidentally falling back on Spanish without thinking. "I look a bit like Bianca! I look like her hotter sister!"

Her way hotter sister, and that was saying something, because Bianca was a damn catch.

"This is fucking insane. I can't stay like this. Is it permanent? Is my life just over now? *Dios mio*, am I gonna be homeless? Guys will eat me up! I can't stop looking at me and I'm not even attracted to bodies like . . ."

The revelation hit me.

"Like mine anymore. Oh God, please don't tell me . . ."

I brought out my phone. The background image was of the new me in a bikini. God, I was practically straining it, the green cups almost threatening to break apart from the sheer amount of boobage my new body was pushing up against it. I was smiling, and - Jesus, Bianca was with me. We were laughing like sisters or friends or something, her in the blue bikini that I hadn't seen in ages, probably because I'd been too lazy to take her to the beach again. I guess . . . I guess I could have been a bit more active as a boyfriend.

"Not what you're here for, Sofia," I told myself.

I brought up the internet, and quickly searched 'Hot Guys,' then 'Hot Muscled Guys in their Twenties,' then 'Hottest Male Celebrities,' and then several more searches. At first I was just testing a horrible theory, but once it was confirmed, I simply continued with my momentum, biting my lip as I drank in the broad shoulders, the muscled abs, the impressive biceps, the gorgeous jawlines. My nipples throbbed a little, and I felt a taste of moistness in my new vagina, the very womanhood I was still too scared to confront.

"Jesus, I'm turned on by this," I said. "Not by chicks anymore, but dudes. That wish went all the way. Mhmm, look at this one!"

I cupped one breast, massaging it as I took in a particularly attractive man with dark skin and sumptuous body. I could imagine him upon me, his hard dick pressed right up against-

"Nope!"

I threw the phone to the other side of the room.

“Nope, nope, nope!”

I could *not* handle any of this right now. Hell, I could barely get out of the bathroom. I needed to eat, but I ended up just reheating leftovers and continually returning to check myself out in the mirror. The worst part, other than being a bodacious babe all of a sudden, was the fact that I was feeling oddly smug about it. Like, I didn’t just turn into a woman, but one who was unbelievably the sexiest goddamn thing on the planet. Seriously, I was a ten. Hell, I probably took this thing all the way up to eleven!

“I just need a fucking bra for these boobs while I figure out how to change back.”

None of my clothes fit. It was weird; my phone indicated that my life had changed, but most of my stuff here was the same. Was it just a few things that changed? Did the world still know me as Steven? And what could I even do? No one would believe me anyway!

“Ugh, these tits are amazing but I seriously get why Bianca needs support now, and mine are almost twice as big as hers.”

Then I got the idea. Bianca often came around to my apartment, and she often left clothes. If nothing else, it would be a stopgap measure. I moved to my bedroom, still not used to all the jiggling of my body, or my reduced height, or the weight of my long hair and the way it swished, or any of it, really.

“Bianca, please tell me you left, got it!”

I whispered a silent prayer in Spanish, thanking whatever forces for small mercies. I still had a lot of her clothes, including some tops, a dark skirt, and a bra and underwear. I hadn’t cleaned them, of course, even though she’d asked me too.

“*Mierda*, maybe I really wasn’t that good of a boyfriend.”

I had to sneak out and take them to the apartment building laundry site. And that meant putting on a baggy male shirt that my big boobs still pulled tight, showing off my nips, and then heading down in an equally baggy set of sweat pants - also tight, though around the hips for this one. I passed Frank Hemmerson, one of my neighbours, a guy in his thirties. His gaze poured over me as I passed him.

“H-*hola* Frank. I mean, hi Frank,” I said, rather meekly.

“Hey there, Sofia. Uh, looking real good. Really really good. Doing some late laundry?”

“Yeah,” I replied. “Forgot some stuff.”

“I can help you, you know.”

I could *feel* his gaze on my tits. I’d often told Bianca that it was a compliment for guys to appreciate her body, now I understood how awkward it could be, like I was a piece of delicious meat on display.

“Um, no thanks, I’m okay, Frank.”

I made my way down to the laundry site and chucked the clothes in. I took out my phone and resisted the urge to look at hot men again, and instead investigate my current life and see what the damage was. I was probably still in shock; my heart pumped fast and I occasionally had to catch my breath. Every time I noticed myself in a reflection my eyes just bulged; how could they not? Nothing about my body felt right, and the only consolation was that I looked hot, felt healthy, and was pretty damn fit. It made me think of my psychology major, and I had to employ some serious CBT techniques to call upon my parasympathetic nervous system to calm my body down.

“Wait, what was all that?”

I hadn’t taken psychology since last year when I met Bianca. This didn’t make any sense. I checked my phone, looking deeper, and soon uncovered a wealth of information.

My name was Sofia Ramirez. Not Bianca’s sister then; her last name was Martinez. But I was evidently her friend, perhaps even her best friend; my phone was now filled with images of her and myself hanging out together, at the beach, at the bar, with other (rather good looking) guys, out in nature, and so on. Quite a few were of us just chilling together in what was definitely her apartment, though parts of it looked different for some reason.

“Damn, I look good,” I said. There were a lot of outfits I wore that definitely showed a ton of cleavage. Had I met Sofia and she wasn’t me, I would have been head over heels in lust with her. Except I now was her.

I checked into my messages. A lot of similar contacts. Not much from my friends, but then I didn’t really have a lot; I guess I kinda ditched them when I got with Bianca. Was that why she complained about me always leaning on her? *Mierda!* I really was a shit boyfriend, wasn’t I? But there was a long chain back and forth with Bianca, and several other girls I didn’t know but obviously my Sofia self did. And there were also email communications with college. Holy shit, I was getting straight A’s! And I was majoring in psychology and sociology, and preparing to take on an honours course as well? Man, I guess I was a huge high achiever in this life or something! And again, so similar to Bianca, except obviously I was doing even better than her, and she was pretty damn good.

The revelation hit me just as the laundry machine dinged, indicating it could now go to the dryer. It was so obvious, how could I not have figured it out already? I had wished to be ‘better than Bianca in every way’, and now I was better than her, *in all the things she was great at*. If she was hot, then I was mega hot. If she had nice tits, then I had a stacked rack! If she was going well in psychology, then I was blitzing it. If she had a great sense of fashion, then these photos showed me to be utterly killer, a total head-turner.

I had to test my theories. I searched through my phone, thinking about the things Bianca was good at. Sure enough, my images had an entire album dedicated to delightful Mexican and Spanish cuisine, and even more exotic stuff. There was one of Bianca and I

trying each other's meals, and instantly the perfect recipe for a seafood paella jumped into my head. I barely cooked anything more complex than chicken wraps before, but now my hispanic mind was conjuring all sorts of impressive meals up.

I tried a different track. *Dios mio*, I could recall a heap of romance movie trivia. Wait, was Bianca into romance movies? I recalled her saying something about wanting to watch some with me, but I wanted to see more action. Fuck, I was a shit boyfriend! This whole experience was throwing it in my face! Even being better at Bianca didn't really help me, because I was better at her at *being a damn woman!*

Wait, did this mean I was better than Bianca at sex?

Was I better at makeup?

Haircare?

No, I had to think about the sex thing again, that definitely dominated. With a body like this, Sofia had to have had sex with it, right? Well . . . how good was I?

I had no memories of my new self, but I could conjure up an image of me riding a hot guy, gyrating my hips upon him, letting him enter my aching wet pussy, all while he played with my heavy bouncing tits and sucked on my nipples and kissed my neck and made me moan and - and - and - and -

The dryer dinged, and I quickly emptied it and *ran* upstairs, uncaring how much my boobs jostled. I threw the clothing to the side and launched myself into bed, ripping off my ill-fitting clothes and freeing my glorious olive-skinned bod. The thoughts were swirling around in my head, hot as well, and I could no longer deny them. I lowered my hand down to my new pussy and began to rub it. Fuck, I was already so damn wet. My tits throbbed, and I began to fondle my nipples, pinching them with one hand while I stroked my vulva. I could feel my clit, sensitive as hell, and I gave it all the right attention. I shifted to be on my back, spreading my legs and imagining a big, tough man thrusting into me. Bianca had always had a healthy libido, but I guess in order to be 'better' than her at everything, my own fucking arousal was sky fucking high!

"Ohhhh, ohhh, yes!"

It was heaven. I dipped two fingers into my vagina, rubbing the sensitive passage within. God, what would it be like to be filled there? I bit my lip, still making lovely noises as my boobs wobbled. They were so heavy on me, but in that moment I was goddamn proud to have them. I startled to mumble in my newfound 'native' language, gasping with relief as I began bucking my hips in time with my fingers' ministrations.

"<Yessss, f-fuck me! Put it inside me! I want you to cum inside me, baby! Please me as a woman needs to be p-pleased! Make m-me yours!"

My breasts rocked with each shift, shifting slightly to my sides and spilling onto my upper arms. I pressed them back together, forming a canyon of cleavage. I'd never known a

set of nipples could be so deliriously sensitive, and I leaned into it, embracing these feelings. I sent my fingers in deeper, all while I rubbed my clitoris with my thumb. F-fuck, it was good! I was about to cum. I'd been turned into a ten out of ten woman with huge tits and a great ass and hips and I was actually *masturbating!* Masturbating and imagining a *guy* making love to me!

And it was amazing.

"OHHHHH YESSS! YESSSS! YES YES YES!"

I made such a wail that someone complained from the floor above me, telling me to "keep it down, down there!", but I didn't care. I was lost in the throes of my first female orgasm. It rocked through me, causing my body to shudder. It was better than any male one-and-done I'd ever experienced, and it was enhanced by my own appreciation for my new form.

In the aftermath, as my breath came under control, I was simply too tired to get out of bed and try to take stock of everything. Instead, I started to fall asleep, shifting to my side so that my big boobs weighed down, one upon the other. I couldn't sleep on my chest anymore, they were simply too big.

In my naked, post-coital bliss I truly did feel . . . better.

When I woke up the next morning, it was as if from a dream. It took me a while to realise I was still Sofia, though the thoughts in Spanish certainly helped. As did the boobs. They were quite . . . prominent, and I couldn't deny their existence easily.

"It wasn't a nightmare," I said aloud, still not used to my new accent.

But then, it hadn't felt like a nightmare last night, either, apart from the shock of the change. It had felt . . . marvelous, really.

I took the time to explore my body more slowly, this time. I felt over every curve and mound, every feminine arch, every muscle and bit of extra, delicious fat. The result was obvious, of course: I was soon imagining some very hot imagery, and this time I was less embarrassed of it. I gave myself over to these thoughts, and soon I was masturbating all over again. I managed to bite the sheets to avoid crying out so loudly this time, though, and it was a good thing too. Being 'better' than someone at everything probably extended to my own masturbation technique, or perhaps my boobs really were just that wonderfully sensitive.

I had a shower, once again poking and prodding myself. I had a minor panic when I realised it would mean I had to do my hair, but the knowledge came easy to me. I was the very image of femininity as I toweled it expertly, then ran the hairdryer through it, then

treated it so that it was curly and dark and reflective and *beautiful*. I shook my head in the mirror like a starlet, just for the fun of it. God, I would be a hit at the club, for once.

Was that what I wanted? To actually stay like this?

It was madness, of course, even if the nightmare was more of a fun dream. I left the shower and set myself to trying on Bianca's clothing. Her bra was too small for me, her generous C-cups no match for my Double-D's, if not larger. Still, I could wear it temporarily; the cups were soft and the lining not too harsh on my new tits, and I sort of muffin-topped out of them in a way that looked semi-deliberate. The underwear was easier - a little tight across my wide, baby making hips, but otherwise okay. Strange not to have a penis between my legs, but I didn't find myself missing it as much as I thought either.

Wait, did I just think of my hips as baby making? It hit me that this body could actually make babies. I could get *pregnant*. That was a terrifying thought, and a bewildering one at the same time. I could end up with a big swollen stomach, I could even give birth! Hell, with these girls on my chest, it wasn't like any baby was likely to go hungry.

I put on the skirt next, and that looked lovely on me, showing off my nice, shapely legs. The top was pink, quite feminine, and it stretched tight across my bust, lifting it to show a wide strip of midriff. Oddly, I didn't mind that so much; it looked deliberately too small, like I was showing off, and something about this body *wanted* to be shown off. Maybe it was just a lifetime of looking average and then suddenly being mega-hot that was diminishing my concerns over changing gender and race.

I made my way to the bathroom. My apartment was changed further, but not in a more feminine way. It had less of my original things in it now, including my old clothes. That was weird. Still, I could figure it out later; I needed to see myself.

I examined myself in the mirror for way too long. Yeah, I looked good. I even posed a little, lifting one leg up here, putting my hands on my hips here, cocking said hip to the side while placing a single finger on my lips and looking away. I could seriously do a catwalk pretty well. Ah, Bianca did some modelling two years ago, before she met me. That explained the skill.

"*Carajo*, there's always another thing." But my voice was more admiration than concern by this point. I couldn't deny it, maybe I was even slowly starting to like this change. It said a lot that I hadn't even tried researching how to change back, or the origin or nature of that weird lamp. Perhaps I should have started by now.

Almost reluctantly, I pulled up my phone, only to see a ton of messages and missed calls, *all* of them from Bianca.

Steven, we need to talk. Something weird happened to my phone! You're not on it anymore, but for some reason I think of you as Sofia? But I know it's you!

Steven, I had some of your things, but they disappeared, call me back! I mean literally disappeared!

Steven, my apartment is changing. Someone called 'Sofia' lives here - in all my pictures you've been replaced by her, but you are her. I can't explain it, but I know it's true.

Did you turn into a woman, Sofia?

What happened? Please respond. I don't want to leave my place while it changes.

I know you're angry I dumped you, but stop being a sad sack and come over! This is an emergency! Something weird is happening! I'm not crazy!

Steven/Sofia/whoever you are, for once in your life get out of the damn apartment and do something!

Do you need E-cup bras? There's a new shelf with new clothes but none of them fit me! C'mon, answer already!

I gulped. So Bianca knew. That was good, right? It made sense, on some level; she was named in the wish, so of course she would be 'in on it,' or something. Still, my hand was shaking a little, and that sense of humiliation was returning. I dialled to call my now ex-girlfriend, and she picked up almost instantly.

"Finally!" her voice sounded. *"Steven, what the hell is happening?"*

I paused, nervous and embarrassed at what I had become. What would Bianca think?

"Bianca," I said in my latina voice. "Don't put down the phone. It's me, Steven. Except I'm Sofia now. I - I think I may have accidentally turned myself into a woman like you."

I started to explain, and the whole story just poured out of me in one great go.

When Brianca opened the front door of her apartment flat her expression said it all.

"Wow," she said.

"Si. I - I know."

"I mean, I've got photos on my phone, but seeing is believing. *Dios mio.*"

I folded my arms beneath my pendulous breasts. I still wasn't used to them. Would I ever be?

"How do you think I feel, looking like this?"

"I mean, those are some big tits, girl. How is your back not breaking right now?"

My cheeks burned. "They're not *that* big."

She snorted. "Yeah, okay, sure, but they're not exactly small now, are they? Come on in, let me get a look at you and what you've done to yourself."

I followed her into the apartment I'd been at less than twenty four hours ago. I was surprised by how casual Bianca was about it. She circled me, tapping her chin and grinning like the damn Cheshire cat.

"You weren't joking, you really are way hotter than me now."

"Again, I didn't mean for this!"

"But it's true. Those boobs, that ass, those hips. God, even your face could be on the cover of some ritzy fashion magazine. None of my clothes fit you properly and you *still* somehow make it work. Wait, have you been applying makeup?"

Another burning of my cheeks. I could barely look her in the eyes. "Um, I did just a little eye shadow before I left. And my lips. You keep some stuff at my place, remember? Although I don't think it's my place anymore."

She raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

It was very hard to say the next part. "I think I'm technically homeless right now. My apartment was erasing my stuff even as I left, and when I realised I forgot to bring your makeup stuff back, I couldn't get back in. The key didn't fit. And then someone was asking me why I was trying to get into 'Malcolm's place' and if I was his girlfriend."

"Lucky Malcolm!"

"I don't have a Malcolm on my phone. I think I just . . . don't live there anymore. *Mierdas*, Bianca, what am I going to do? I'm stuck as a latina girl! I've got big boobs! I'm not even in engineering anymore! I don't have a home and I've got a pussy and I'm not even the same race anymore and I feel like a total idiot because I deserve it all!"

She grabbed my arm. "Hey, steady yourself there, Sofia. Why on earth would you deserve this? Isn't this just a wish gone wrong scenario, only kinda real?"

My tears poured over my cheeks. Goddamn, being a woman made the emotions flow so much more easily.

"It is, but it isn't!" I wiped more of the tears away, even as Bianca put an arm around me. It was comforting enough that I found the will to continue. "I wanted to shove it in your face. I didn't know it was a magic lamp, obviously; I didn't even believe in magic until it happened! But I really wished I was better than you, that I could be rich and handsome and have all the girls, all so I could make you regret dumping me. But now . . . now I realise I was a really shitty boyfriend to you. I never made you food, I never helped out, I never took you on dates. Just a few minutes on Sofia's phone shows she was a way better friend than I ever was a boyfriend. Jesus Christ, how could I have been so blind?"

I wiped more of the tears away. To my surprise, Bianca was starting to tear up a little too, and was hugging me. I leaned into the hug, taking comfort from it.

"Hey, it's gonna be okay," she said.

"H-how?"

She smirked. "Well, for one, no lady with a body like that is lacking the power to land on her feet. And for two, you said you're better than me at everything, right?"

I blushed again, brushing my hair behind my right ear. "Well, everything you were good at, at the time I made the wish, I think. I don't think I'm gonna magically know how to juggle or something if you learn now."

She shrugged. "Well, at least I won't have to worry about being eternally overshadowed, but I'm not a jealous girl anyway. What I am, is glad that you apologised and finally recognised that you were a crappy boyfriend. And it's good that you did, because I'm not going to room with someone who acts like shit and can't take care of themselves, you got it?"

She was back in her fiery mood again, a playfulness in her movements as she jabbed me in my much more developed chest.

"I don't understand," I murmured.

Bianca just chuckled, moved to the clothes bin in the laundry room, and brought back a bra. "Put this on," she said.

"What? Here, in front of you?"

She huffed. "We're both girls now, Sofia. Girls can change in front of each other. I mean, no offence, but you haven't looked once at my chest while you've been here, and you *always* like my *tetas*. Which leads me to conclude . . ."

I hung my head in shame. "Yeah . . ."

A giggle. "I thought so. Better at everything? I bet that means finding a man too, huh? At least judging from those photos on my phone. So go on, change!"

I did so, removing my tight top and putting on the pink bra she'd given me.

"Woo, nice hooters!"

"They are . . . pretty spectacular."

"I'll say! I'd be jealous, but personally I don't want a pair that big."

I sighed with relief at the support, cupping my big boobs. I smirked a little out of a kind of smug pride.

"I think you like them."

"I do not!"

"Yeah, you do. I can tell. I wouldn't blame you, girl! You're a smoking hot *senorita*."

"I, uh, cook now, too. I know lots of dishes."

"Good, I want you cooking as much as I do, for once."

I was still a bit confused. I looked up from my amazing olive cleavage and stared at her. "I don't understand. I mean, I'm glad you've forgiven me and everything, and I truly am sorry for being such a . . . *estúpida*. But I can't . . . we can't be together. I'm a woman!"

But Bianca just rolled her eyes. "Duh. And sorry gal, not even those hops are enough to make me bat for your team. I don't need a girlfriend, but I do need a *girlfriend*. A buddy. A gal pal. An ovary before brovaries. A roomie."

I was dumbstruck. "You want me to move in with you?"

"Sofia, *you already have*. Come see."

I ventured after her. Man, I really appreciated a good fitting bra. An E-cup? No wonder they wobbled with each step. Even my hips sashayed automatically. I guess I was better at moving sexier too: Bianca had taken pride in that.

"Welcome to your room, *bestie!*" she announced, shoving me through the door. True enough, I was astonished to see a room that was now all mine. Posters of telenovela stars were on the walls, as well as various music bands. There were pink sheet covers to the bed, and a dresser with makeup and jewellery upon it. A little study nook sat in the corner, and there were photo frames of myself and friends, as well as my academic accomplishments.

"Oh my God," I said.

"Right!? You completely took away my spare storage space, girl. I'd be angry, but I wanted you to move in and you kept putting it off, so I guess *my* wish turned out as well, huh?"

I turned to face her, emotional again.

"I can really stay here?"

"Well, it's your place too, Sofia. Guess you make a better friend than boyfriend, huh?"

"I guess I do. You're. . . you're more than I deserve."

"This is true. But you're not off the hook yet, Miss Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better. I aim to put your new wish to the test. I mean, I'm pretty good at beach volleyball in a bikini . . ."

"*Dios mio* . . ."

"And you'll need to beat my moves in the club in a sexy cocktail dress, especially one that shows off all that boobage you've got there."

"Oh no . . ."

"And I *will* want to find a guy again, a nicer boyfriend than the previous one, no offence. I think it'd be good for us to wingwoman each other. Find you a hot date. You won't struggle to find interested guys!"

The blush was almost permanent now. "I - I think I could do that."

"Great! Because, as I said, I'm not a jealous girl, Sofia. I don't care if you're hotter and more talented than me, I'm my own person still. But I do like the idea of having an amazing roommate who can help me out and not be a drag, and it sounds like you've got all those qualities."

I grinned sheepishly. "I could try and make up dinner for us tonight?"

“See, exactly!”

I couldn't stop myself; I hugged Bianca deeply. Once, the sight of two very attractive latinas mashing their chests together and hugging it out would have been quite enticing to me. Now, it just felt so wonderfully cathartic. Where once there was a failed relationship I was deluded about, now there was a sisterhood between us.

“You're amazing, you know that, right?” I told her.

Bianca just shook her lovely dark curls out, curls I now possessed in spades too.

“I know it. Look, you may be better than me at practically everything, Sofia, but no matter what, you can always trust me to be cooler.”

I hugged her again. “You know what, Bianca? I can't argue with that one bit.”

And all it had taken was becoming a smoking hot latina babe to realise it.

The End