

# Mini-Story: Ass Man (Body Part TF)

By FoxFaceStories

This fucking sucks. I wasn't trying to be an asshole or anything, I was just a little drunk, that was all! But because I just happened to be hitting on a sexy witch at the bar, and complimenting her frankly amazing ass (and it was amazing, like a damned peach), she had to shoot me with a curse.

"If you really love asses that much, why don't you try being one?" she asked me.

I laughed, thinking she was just making a comment on my behaviour. Perhaps I should have, you know, slapped her ass just to emphasis my point, because that really sealed the deal.

"Oh, you have *no idea* who you're messing with!" she told me. "I'm Morgan the Witch, you fool. And the curse I just gave you? That was going to just affect you for a month. Now? Well, let's just say I hope you come to enjoy your new life, because it'll be the only one you know. So why don't you go find a sweet girl who suits your new purpose, and give her the new appearance she deserves?"

Suddenly, despite wanting to still hit on her, maybe push her to at least stop freaking her tits out, I found myself walking onto the dance floor. The nightclub was wild, but what was even more wild was when I came across a girl who looked pretty hot that I was strangely drawn too. She had cute dark hair and full lips, and solid B-cup tits. But her ass was flat as a pancake, and somehow that drove me towards her.

I couldn't help myself, I grabbed her ass. She screamed, trying to bat me away, but something crazy happened: I began to melt into her. Time seemed to freeze around us, even as I poured into her ass, my flesh becoming fat, splitting into two round spheres. The woman screamed, but then Morgan re-appeared through the frozen crowd.

"Don't be afraid, Hayley! I know you've always wanted a big, juicy ass. I know you feel inadequate since your boyfriend likes them so much and you don't have one, no matter how much he reassures you that it's okay. This bastard Ron here was being a sexist ass, so I've decided he can be *your* ass. Don't worry about thanking me! Just enjoy your new sensitivity back there: I've made it so you can orgasm just from having your ass fondled, and also that anal is the best sex ever for you. Ron will just *love it!*"

I tried to scream, but already I was being totally absorbed into Hayley's ass. The girl didn't appreciate Morgan's curse, as she screamed again, but the witch was already gone, and suddenly I was no longer a man, but a living, sentient female ass. My two cheeks were huge and wobbly, and I could occasionally shift myself, causing Hayley's backside - me - to jiggle.

"Holy shit!" she cried.

'*You're telling me!*' I managed to reply with some effort.

"Fuck! I can hear you!"

But before we could converse, the music started back up again, and Hayley ran from the stage. I was helpless but to wobble and jiggle and bounce, feeling strangely aroused by the sensation. I could see through her eyes, hear through her ears, so I wouldn't go insane, but I was otherwise helpless.

I would have been a terrible punishment enough, especially since I'm stuck like this for life, but when Hayley got home, all my jiggling and wobbling had made her incredibly aroused, and she dashed to her boyfriend to tell him the full story. She omitted me as a factor, claiming it was just a witch's doing. I'm pretty sure he just thinks she'd be embarrassed to admit she had implants, but the effect was all the same: despite my meek mental protests, soon the two were fucking. Her incredible new libido demanded he fuck her right up at the ass, and consequently, so I was fucked too. He gripped me with his strong hands, and as much as I hated it, I orgasmed too. I cried out mentally in pleasure and arousal as he came between my cheeks.

And that's my life now. Stuck as an ass. It's been two years. I get fucked daily now. There are other, worse parts of my life that are obvious and can go unmentioned, but in truth, the biggest part of my life is being shown off constantly. Morgan made it so that Hayley is now compelled to wear tight things to let me bounce and wobble and jiggle as she walks, and her boyfriend can't stop touching her. Sometimes she even masturbates just by gripping and groping and fondling my two rear spheres. And I even get turned on just knowing others are checking me out, especially when she wears a tight bikini bottom or yoga pants on me. And, of course, her boyfriend Matt fucks me all the time, and I can't help but crave the sensation of it everytime.

Hayley and I sometimes talk. She knows I'm in there, and pities me. She keeps me good company, even massages me into orgasm - both of us, really - when we needed. But in a lot of ways, I'm not really a person to her. I'm just a thinking body part, and she probably couldn't help me anyway. She's addicted to her new rear-end. So all thoughts about my sensibilities when she needs to go to the toilet, or show off her rear, or enjoy anal play, just go out the window when it comes down to it. Morgan saw fit to that.

I was an ass man, and a real ass *of a* man. But now I'm just an ass, man.

It sucks, but I guess I just have to put up with the bad bits, and roll with the good bits, and try to enjoy it where I can.

**The End**