

Busted (MtF, FtF, Hyper-Curves)

Synopsis: Greg decides to masturbate to some of his favorite drawings when his girlfriend leaves the apartment, as he often does. However, he doesn't know that she knows about it, and she's planned a fun surprise for her boyfriend. Soon, he'll know how it feels being one of the freakishly curvy women he beats his meat to so often. Yet, everything doesn't go as planned for them both.

"Alright, I'll be heading out for a few hours. You think you'll survive while I'm gone?"

Greg shifted his attention from the football game when Jennifer's teasing tone echoed through the living room. He saw her leaning against the couch, the yoga pants hugging her athletic hips and ass gently and her exercise shirt hanging loosely over her slim torso. She brushed a lock of black hair from her fair face and stared at him with her dark eyes, a playful smile on her thin lips as her warm gaze wandered over the man lying on the couch.

"Oh, I think I'll be fine," Greg said with a chuckle as he scratched his bearded chin and rubbed his chubby belly. The comfortable sweatpants hugged his tall yet somewhat overweight figure, and the sun-bleached T-shirt clutching his hairy chest looked like it had seen better days.

"That's good to hear," Jennifer said, with Greg's attention shifting between her and the game. "And you remember what you're supposed to do today?"

"Oh, uh, yeah," Greg said, only half-listening to what she was saying. "Of course I do."

"And that would be?" Jennifer said, with her boyfriend slowly realizing he couldn't quite remember what she told him a mere hour ago.

"What, you really think I'd forget what you told me earlier?" Greg said, lying through his teeth and stalling as he tried to recall what she told him. "Please, give me some more credit."

"Well, you wouldn't mind telling me what that is?" Jennifer said, calling his bluff.

"Of course not," he said before taking a long pause. Suddenly, his eyes widened, and he flashed his girlfriend a smile. "You told me to do the dishes."

"And?" Jennifer said, crossing her arms with an amused look on her face.

"And to take out the trash," Greg said, remembering it at the last second.

"And?" Jennifer watched as the man drew a blank, his distracted eyes wandering away from the TV as he desperately tried to remember what she told him earlier that day.

"And..." Greg said, slowly looking over at Jennifer with a clueless smile. "I love you?"

Jennifer rolled her eyes and shook her head, unsurprised that her distracted boyfriend had already forgotten what he promised her earlier this morning. She let her arms fall to her side as she stood up, shaking her head.

"Nice try, but that's not going to work. I told you to do the dishes, take out the trash, and vacuum the apartment," Jennifer said, brushing another lock of shoulder-length black hair behind her ear.

"Ah, that's right," Greg said. "Don't worry, I'll take care of it."

"Oh, is that right?" Jennifer said, rolling her eyes. "It's not like you've told me that before."

"Yeah, but this time, I mean it," he said, flashing her another charming smile.

"Mmhmm. Well, we'll see about that. Anyway, I'll see you in a few hours."

Greg watched as Jennifer left, the two exchanging a flirty smile before she disappeared out the door. He lay there on the couch, watching the game and waiting. He lowered the volume on the TV and listened intently, waiting for her footsteps to disappear down the stairs. Then, when Greg couldn't hear them anymore, the man smiled and sat upright. He had been waiting for her to leave since yesterday, using the football game and other things to distract him from his perverted thoughts. Greg didn't hesitate before pulling out his laptop and placing it on his lap, soon opening a series of new tabs in his browser. The man's blue eyes gleamed with delight as he began to surf through the parts of the web he didn't want his girlfriend to know about.

At the moment, things were going great in their relationship. They moved in together a few months ago, Jennifer got a new job, Greg bought a new flatscreen TV, and they were happier than ever. Yet, as much as he loved her, there were a few things she couldn't give him. As attracted as the man was to his girlfriend, there were a few things only his vivid imagination and the other perverts on the web could give him. Greg already felt his cock getting hard as he surfed through the image boards, Patreon pages, and 'art' sites he kept bookmarked in his browser, soon opening image after image of everything new his favorite artists had posted during the weekend.

"Mmm~," Greg groaned, a dumb smile spreading across his lips as he stared at the images. His cock ached, and it always surprised him how horny he got staring at the pictures compared to looking at his girlfriend naked in bed. "Fuck..."

It didn't take long before he had over twenty tabs, and his blue eyes danced across the images as his libido increased. Every picture was of impossibly curvy women, with breasts, hips, and thighs all so exaggerated that it could only work on cartoon women. Greg stared at women with breasts as big as their torsos and asses drawn so massive that they dominated their bodies. Their insanely voluminous hair framed their sultry faces, lips so big they had to be fake, and their curves defied gravity inside their skimpy dresses and tight skirts. There wasn't anything natural or normal about them, and their figures only worked as drawings and would look insane if they were real. Yet, despite being only drawings and doodles, his heart began to race as he stared at the images, and his libido shot through the roof.

It didn't take long before the football game was long forgotten, now nothing but background noise as he took matters into his own hands and began jerking off to a few of his favorite ones. Greg lay there, the laptop resting on his chest while his fingers gripped his cock, gently stroking and breathing heavily as he stared at the image of a woman with breasts as big as boulders, thighs thicker than her waist, and an ass that would need several chairs to support. The skimpy outfit did little to hide her ample figure, and he felt himself pushing to the edge of an orgasm as he stared at her drawn curves and the alluring smile on her cartoonish face.

Each stroke felt better than the last, and his breathing increased. Greg didn't even notice his team scoring a touchdown on the TV. All he could do was stroke his almost painfully erect cock as he stared at the woman, feeling hornier and more aroused than last night when he slept with his girlfriend. Then, just as Greg was about to cum, he felt a shock ripple through his chest, causing him to gasp.

"F-Fuck!" Greg said, stopping at the edge of release and shuddering at how uncomfortable it was. "Shitty fucking laptop..."

Greg sat upright and placed the laptop on the table, one hand rubbing his chest and the other still gripping his throbbing cock. The shock had made his heart flutter and sent an intense tingling sensation down his spine. Greg glanced at the screen and saw that the image he had been jerking off to was gone. It wasn't that the browser had crashed or the tab had closed either. The picture had just disappeared, almost like the artist had deleted it. Greg groaned and switched to another, soon noticing the other image had vanished.

"What the fuck..." Greg muttered, soon clicking through each tab to find that every image had disappeared. They were just gone, with nothing remaining of them. "I thought it was just my laptop that was acting weird..."

Greg's cock throbbed between his legs, and the need for release lingered in his head. He felt annoyed from being denied an orgasm when he was just about to nut, and it caused his testicles to ache and pulsate as he tried to figure out what was wrong with his laptop. Greg's heart thumped like a drum in his chest, and his breaths came in hard. His head hurt, and he could barely think at the moment. The cock between his legs refused to go flaccid, still throbbing and twitching with need. When it was clear he wouldn't be able to fix his laptop right now, he decided to finish what he started without the help of the images.

"Fuck it..." Greg said as he lay down on the couch, both hands now on his cock as he continued to masturbate.

It didn't take long before Greg's libido shot through the roof, with heavy breaths and his heart beating faster than ever in his chest. He felt himself reach the edge of orgasm again as he closed his eyes and imagined the beauty he had seen on the laptop before, the man focusing on the breasts that dominated her chest and the dress that did little to hide them. Yet, no matter how much he stroked or tried, he couldn't cum. His frustrations grew with each futile stroke, unable to push himself the last few inches needed to cum.

Meanwhile, the images on the laptop had returned, and all the tabs had begun to merge as the lewd drawings flashed on the screen. Greg didn't notice it at all. The only thing on his mind was beating his meat until he achieved the orgasm he so desperately craved. The man was so focused on it that he didn't notice his nipples getting hard, throbbing with arousal as they pressed against his shirt. They thickened and swelled, becoming fat and broad with areolas that became wider than even Jennifer's. Greg soon used one hand to rub one of them without thinking about it, tweaking the now womanly thing through the fabric and letting out moans that echoed through the apartment.

"God damn it," Greg said between his strained breaths. "Why isn't it working?"

It didn't seem to matter how much he stroked or masturbated. In the end, Greg couldn't cum. He remained painfully at the edge as his testicles ached with the need for release, unable to push himself over the last few inches. Greg's cock had gotten steadily smaller, losing a bit of width and length, putting it below average in size. It was hard to tell it had shrunk, though. His hand had shrunk as well, with his fingers becoming less manly and thick with each aching stroke of his cock. Greg's nipples pulsed with joy as he used his slightly longer nails to pinch them, causing him to feel almost more pleasure than stroking his cock.

In the back of his mind, he could tell something was wrong. But right now, all Greg cared about was achieving orgasm, and everything else went unnoticed. He didn't see the laptop screen flashing with the images he looked at earlier, nor did he hear the door opening and closing to the apartment. Greg lay there on the couch as his belly grew slightly less chubby and his beard became less thick as someone leaned against the couch, watching with a smile as he grunted, groaned, and gasped with frustration. Every inch of his body ached, and Greg didn't notice the soft pops and gentle cracks from his chest, hips, and arms as his physique slowly changed. The nails on his fingers were now rounded and defined, with a glossy finish, and each digit on his hand looked dainty and frail. The skin on Greg's hand softened, causing him to feel more pleasure as he rubbed his cock. It reminded him of how it felt when Jennifer gave him a hand-job. Yet, no matter how much he tried, the man couldn't cum.

Greg almost screamed in frustration as his balls ached, each testicle losing a bit of mass and becoming smaller. His insides ached as new organs began to form, causing his abdomen to feel bloated. Yet, he didn't notice it, nor did he see the figure watching him masturbate with a smile near him or the laptop that kept flashing the images.

"God damn it!" Greg hissed. "Why isn't it working?!"

"Maybe you should try using lotion? I've heard that makes it feel better," a familiar voice said, and the man's heart skipped more than a few beats as he opened his eyes.

"J-Jennifer?!" Greg said, pulling his hands from his chest and pants in shock as he saw his girlfriend leaning against the side of the couch. "W-When did you get home?!"

"Oh, I've been here for a few minutes," she said amusedly. "I have to say that you have an interesting taste in women. I mean, most guys would be looking at porn with actual real women when they masturbate."

Greg glanced over at the laptop she gestured to, and his heart sank into his chest. He panicked as he slammed it shut, not even thinking about how hot the computer was or that the images flashed repeatedly on the screen. Greg's cock ached between his legs, and his arousal was still as high as it was a few moments ago. He grabbed a pillow and placed it over his lap without noticing the size or shape of his nipples or that his belly and cock had shrunk.

"L-Look, it isn't what it looks like! The laptop, um..." Greg said, drawing a blank as he tried to find some excuse for the images and his actions. "It got hacked, and I was, um..."

"God, you're such a bad liar," Jennifer said as she rolled her eyes and shook her head. "Do you think I'm an idiot?"

"Um, no?" Greg said, knowing it was a rhetorical question. He felt his nipples throb, aching with need, without noticing how puffy his chest felt.

"Well, you must think so, otherwise you wouldn't be doing this shit," she said. "I mean, you said you weren't in the mood last night for anything longer than a two-minute quickie without even snuggling afterward, but the fucking moment I leave the apartment, you're beating your meat to fucking cartoon chicks?!"

"L-Look, I didn't... I mean, it's a one-time thing!" Greg said as he shifted his weight on the couch without noticing his sweatpants stretching out as his pelvis grew slightly.

"Please! Do you really think I'd fucking believe that?!" Jennifer said, rolling her eyes. "I've seen your browser history, jackass. I've known about this for over a year. Seriously, you didn't think about using incognito mode when doing this shit?"

"But, um... Why didn't you..." Greg said, flustered and still horny as hell. He could barely think as his cock throbbed between his legs, aching for release.

"Why didn't I tell you about it? Because I shouldn't have to! Besides, I figured you'd stop doing this once we moved in together," Jennifer said. "But, honestly, it's gotten worse. You did this last week after my mother visited when I drove her to the airport!"

"W-Wait, how did you know that?!" Greg said, his voice cracking somewhat as he spoke.

"Because I know the password to your laptop, jackass. After I learned about your wanking off to Saturn-whoever and the other perverts' drawings, I decided to keep a closer eye on you. Besides, the password 'Greg123' isn't exactly hard to figure out."

"But..." Greg said, his mind aching from how horny he was. He could barely think, and Jennifer saw that.

"So, since you prefer to masturbate to perverted drawings instead of sleeping with your girlfriend, I figured I'd give you what you wanted," Jennifer said as she walked over to Greg.

"W-What do you mea-" Greg said, his sentence cut short when his girlfriend reached out and pinched his fat nipple. It made him moan, sending intense spikes of pleasure through his body.

"That's what I mean," Jennifer said, smiling as she watched Greg glance down at his puffy chest and huge nipples pressing against his T-shirt. "I figure you'll learn your lesson after spending a few days as one of the girls you love so much."

Greg gasped as he pressed his hands against his soft chest, feeling how tender and sensitive the entire area was. His cock throbbed and twitched as he touched his nipples, and the shirt did little to hide the size or shape of them. They were already as thick as his thumb, pushing out an inch or so from his body, but he could tell they were still growing. Greg saw his hands, the feminine nails that adorned his surprisingly dainty fingers. The hair on his knuckles was gone, and he could see how his wrists grew slim and slender as the hair on his arms vanished gradually.

"Holy shit! What's going on?" Greg said, his mind aching as he stood up. The pillow fell off his lap, revealing the erect bulge between his legs. Jennifer could already tell it was smaller than before, making her smile.

"I told you already," Jennifer said as she walked up to her boyfriend, brushing a hand through his slightly longer hair and sending tingles down his spine as her nails caressed his scalp.

"You're going to become one of the bimbos you love so much~."

Jennifer leaned down and opened the laptop again with a smile as she saw the images still flashing and flickering on the screen. Greg stared down at them, his heart racing as his libido rose from seeing the perverted pictures. Jennifer smiled, knowing that he couldn't cum until the transformation was over. She teased him by rubbing a hand over his crotch, causing his diminished dick to ache and throb.

"God, I'm not envious of you," she said, standing behind her boyfriend as he lost another inch in height, putting him closer to hers. "Can you imagine having tits **that** big? I mean, each boob is twice as big as her head."

Greg shuddered as he felt his chest tingling at her words, and he felt the entire puffy and tender area swelling with each panicked and aroused breath he took. Jennifer pressed her lithe body against her boyfriend's back, and her amused smile grew wider with each pop she heard from his body. She saw how he shrank, getting shorter with each passing moment, and the man's former five-foot-eleven frame was getting closer in size to her five-foot-six. He only stood an inch taller than her now, and he felt her lithe arms wrapped around his chest and playing with his erect, throbbing nipples.

"S-Stop!" Greg said, squirming in her grip as his body burned with even more arousal from her delicate touch.

"What's the matter? Doesn't it feel good?" Jennifer said with a teasing smile. "You figured you'd love it since you enjoy playing with mine so much~."

"T-This is insane, Jenny!" Greg said, almost paralyzed by the intense sensations ravaging his increasingly more sensitive body. "I don't- I mean... God, I can't fucking think..."

"There's no need to think about anything, Greg," Jennifer said, tweaking, pinching, and tugging at the swelling nipples on his chest. They were already thicker than her thumb without the growth showing signs of slowing down. "Just enjoy yourself. You'll spend the next few days as an impossibly stacked babe and be my little bitch. Hopefully, you'll stop being so obsessed with them after spending a few days as one."

"But..." Greg said, his cock throbbing as she whispered the words into his ears. He heard his spine crack as he lost another inch, putting him at the same height as his girlfriend. "H-How..."

"How? Is that something you really care about at the moment?" Jennifer said as she pinched both nipples simultaneously, causing her boyfriend to let out a silent scream of pleasure. "Let's just say that a friend of mine installed something special in your laptop earlier this morning when you went grocery shopping. Part magic, part science, or so she says. I don't understand how that voodoo works. I only know how to stop it, and that won't happen anytime soon."

Greg stared at the laptop and only now noticed the tiny USB device plugged into it. His gaze wandered over to the images flashing on the screen, and his cock ached at the sight of the big-breasted and impossibly curvy girls he loved to stare at when he masturbated. Greg's heart skipped more than a few beats when he realized he'd soon be one of them.

"Oh god..." he moaned as his body shrank and more muscles disappeared. "Fuck..."

"That's right, just lean into it, sweetie~," Jennifer said, pressing her hands at the tiny mounds growing in his chest. She felt him quiver and shudder as she squeezed them, his moan echoing through the apartment. "Enjoy yourself~."

Greg glanced down at his chest, watching as the massive nipples throbbed in Jennifer's tender grip, each pulsating as she pinched and tweaked them. Spikes of pleasure shot through his core, numbing his thoughts and causing his painfully erect cock to twitch with excitement. Greg

saw the tiny mounds that grew on his chest, each one swelling bigger and rounder with each breath he took. They were small, barely even As, but they looked more impressive from his perspective and cupped in Jennifer's dainty hands. She kneaded, groped, and squeezed the small yet sensitive mounds like he would do on hers, causing him to realize why she was moaning so loudly when he did.

Suddenly, he heard his ribcage crack as it collapsed inward, knocking the air from his lungs, and his shoulders popped as they grew more narrow. Greg gasped for air, feeling dizzy and lightheaded from the sudden change. It distracted him long enough for his girlfriend to slide her hand down into his sweatpants, causing him to gasp when she wrapped her dainty fingers around his hard manhood. It was much smaller than before, barely more than four inches long when fully erect, and it kept shrinking.

"Wow, not much left of it now, huh?" Jennifer said, gently stroking the soft, sensitive dick. "It's going a lot faster than I thought it would."

"Please, Jenny... I need to..." Greg gasped, sweat dripping from his brow.

"I know you do, but you won't get any release until this is over," Jennifer said with a teasing giggle. "Don't worry. We'll spend the next few days exploring your freakishly curvy body together~."

Another crack, and Greg felt his arms twist and change. He watched his modest muscles fade away, leaving nothing but skinny and dainty limbs that grew more feminine with each passing moment. His skin softened, and the hair on his limbs pulled into his body, leaving him increasingly hairless. Every strand of hair below his neck disappeared, leaving his armpits, crotch, and everything else flawless and soft. Greg shuddered when Jennifer ran one hand over his arm while the other rubbed and stroked his dick, sending tingles of pure pleasure up his spine.

"Oh god!" Greg said, hearing his voice cracking with each syllable. It got softer and higher, and he could feel his Adam's apple shrinking as his vocal cords changed. "Fuck..."

Jennifer said nothing as the increasingly feminine man moaned and squirmed in her arms. Instead, she giggled and watched his body change and blossom into something hopelessly feminine and undeniably womanly. The woman felt the cock shrink in her hands, soon becoming a mere two-inch nub that throbbed and twitched against her fingers. Jennifer pressed a finger against his scrotum, finding it empty, and she almost sensed the warmth radiating from his abdomen as his manly jewels changed into something far more fertile. She could already feel the skin from his nut-sack pulling and stretching, slowly getting repurposed to become his new vulva.

Another crack pulled Jennifer's attention away from her boyfriend's cock, and her gaze wandered over to his hips. She ran a hand across his narrow pelvis, feeling it widening with each gentle pop. The man's narrow hips grew, becoming broader and more womanly with each moment, and Greg shifted his pelvis from side to side as it happened. It didn't take long before

they were undeniably feminine, curving gently outward and causing the gap between his legs to grow. However, the gap quickly closed as his thighs swelled with feminine fat, gently padding his previously muscular legs. Jennifer squeezed one of them, feeling how girly and soft it was, and she barely recognized her formerly chubby yet masculine boyfriend anymore. The sweatpants and underwear stretched over his wider hips, barely fitting him anymore, but that was about to change.

Greg's attention was elsewhere when his pants began to change. His underwear shifted and became a pair of panties that hugged his smaller manhood nicely, now following the contour of his feminine figure. His sweatpants transformed into skin-tight yoga pants that left little to the imagination, encasing his now dainty limbs in the thin fabric. Jennifer kept rubbing his cock with one, the thing still shrinking in her tender grip, and moved the other to his flat ass. She smiled as she felt the bony backside swell and inflate with womanly fat, causing his ass cheeks to push out and grow rounder. They stretched his underwear and yoga pants, pulling the former into his buttcrack and the latter accentuating the shape of his derriere nicely. Greg only realized what he was wearing and what had happened to his ass when Jennifer gave his bubble butt a firm slap that made it jiggle.

"Ah~!" Greg moaned, his voice an octave higher than before.

"Yeah, feels good, huh? You've always wanted to try out spanking before, so I figured we could give it a try now~," Jennifer said, smacking that spankable backside again.

Greg shuddered as his girlfriend left another soft imprint of her hand on his ass, keeping his libido mind-numbingly high. The sounds he made sounded far girlier with each passing moment, slowly matching his feminizing body. The man felt another surge through his chest as his modest bosom grew in size, stretching his shirt and creating a pair of palm-filling tits that rivaled his girlfriend's. He stared down at his chest, and his somewhat average bosom looked massive from his point of view. Greg felt a bra forming on his chest, cupping his breasts and hugging his lithe torso gently. His shirt shifted, becoming a sleeveless crop top that showed off too much skin for his liking.

Little remained of Greg's former masculine looks aside from his face. Yet, as the tingling sensations spread up his neck and head, he knew it wouldn't last long. Jennifer brushed a growing lock behind his ear as his hair cascaded down his head, a smile on her lips as she admired her boyfriend changing. His mane grew and became increasingly luscious with each passing moment, soon tickling his shoulders. Greg felt his face shift, his lips swelling slightly and his jawline softening. His cheekbones rose, his nose shrank, and his vision blurred momentarily as his eyes changed somewhat. Then, his skull shrank with a sickening crunch, causing Greg to groan and gasp. His eyebrows thinned down, his eyelashes grew long, and his features softened until he looked like he could be his own sister.

"Fuck..." Greg said, hearing the words leaving his lips in a soft soprano. It was eerily similar to his mother's, albeit younger, and realizing it made him shudder. "Oh god, I'm..."

"Yeah, you're gorgeous ~," Jennifer said, brushing a lock of luscious brown hair from his pretty face. "I didn't think you'd look so good as a girl. Ugh, I'm so jealous of your eyebrows..."

"Please, I still need..." Greg said, a girly whimper leaving his pouty lips as Jennifer stroked what remained of his dick.

"I know, I know, but not yet," she said. "You're still a man, and you look nothing like the girls you love so much~."

Greg knew what was going to happen next. He felt what remained of his masculinity twitch in Jennifer's hand, pitifully fighting against the womanly hormones and feminizing energies that assaulted him. It was a mere nub, barely an inch long, and he could feel her tender fingers rubbing and playing with it as it tried to cling to what it was. Yet, it was a losing battle, and Greg felt his former manhood twist and change into his new clitoris. He felt his pussy opening up like a flower blooming, and he shuddered as Jennifer's fingers gently caressed the outer folds of his snatch. Greg felt his feminine juices dripped from the new hole, causing his puffy vulva to glisten with need. He wasn't a man anymore, and it made **her** shudder.

Jennifer rubbed her finger across Greg's new pussy, feeling the former man squirming in her arms and struggling to comprehend the new sensations and feelings washing over his loins and abdomen. The arousal persisted and almost grew in intensity as his virility turned to fertility, with new and strange urges washing over him as the womanly hormones flooded his system.

"So, how does it feel, Gina?" Jennifer said, one hand rubbing the former man's puffy folds and the other playing with her tits.

Greg said nothing. Instead, she leaned back into her girlfriend's arms as the sensations ravaged her feminine figure. It was too much for her, especially with her libido spiraling out of control, and it didn't get better as the new name wormed into her brain. The former man tried to resist and push it out, yet she couldn't. Soon, Gina shuddered as she felt it imprint into her mind, overlapping her former name and making it impossible to call herself by it anymore.

"It feels good, huh? To feel my finger against your tight little cunt? It doesn't compare to the real thing, though," Jennifer said, teasing the former boyfriend. "You'll find out all about it once Chad arrives."

"W-What, what?!" Gina said, panic gripping her heart when she heard the name of Jennifer's meatheaded friend. The former man hated him, especially how he 'joked' about Jennifer being too good for her and should date a real man instead whenever they bumped into him. "W-Why is he coming here?!"

"Because I invited him over," Jennifer giggled.

"But why?!" Gina said, her body tingling and fear gripping her heart at the thought of Chad seeing her like this.

"Well, you always joked about wanting to have a threesome, so I figured I'd give you that," Jennifer said. "It wasn't hard to convince Chad to come over for some fun~."

"H-He knows about this?" Gina said, her mind aching from everything happening to her.

"No, of course not," she said. "Chad thinks he's coming here to help me with a few things. Just imagine the look on his face when he sees the new you greeting him in the bedroom with me at your side~."

"B-But, I'm not..." Gina said, feeling a strange itch between her legs at the thought of the muscular man.

"You're not, what? Into men? Please! How about you imagine that hunky guy grabbing your ass as he fucks your wet pussy?"

Gina didn't want to do it. Yet, the images poured uninvited into her brain, causing her to see herself on the bed with her legs spread wide apart for the man. Her libido skyrocketed, and she felt her tongue dangle from her mouth and her eyes roll into the back of her skull from the mind-numbing sensations. Any doubt about her sexuality vanished instantly, leaving her a drooling mess at the naughty thoughts flashing through her brain.

"That's right, sweetie," Jennifer said, pulling her hand from the former man's panties and rubbing her tingling breasts. "You're becoming exactly like the girls you masturbate to all the time, and I'd be surprised if they weren't cock-hungry sluts."

They were, much to Gina's shame. Yet, it was so much more than that. Gina didn't see them just as sluts yearning for a man inside them but as insatiable beasts of pure pleasure. It didn't matter if it was men or women - her body craved it all. The sensual delight Gina felt as her girlfriend fingered her pussy was as intense as the image of a man like Chad grabbing her wide hips and spreading her loins wide with his thick girth. She felt herself becoming the same type of woman as in the pictures in body and mind, causing her to feel the same urges and needs he imagined them having when he masturbated. Gina moaned, feeling her breasts tingling and aching as they grew another cup size.

"Ah, good! I was worried it had stopped," Jennifer said, fondling the swelling bosom on Gina's chest. "Now, we're getting to the good part~."

Gina glanced down at her chest, watching in horror and arousal as her average breasts inflated and grew with each dainty and panicked breath she took. She felt her crop top and bra stretch over her swelling mounds before they adjusted to the growth, staying a size or smaller as they struggled to catch up with her tits. The former man felt Jennifer's hands cupping them, gently squeezing and caressing her chest as it grew softer and heavier with each passing moment. Gina saw how her bra and top did little to hide the size or shape of her nipples, and she shuddered when she noticed them growing with her bosom.

It didn't take long before they looked massive on her, at least from her perspective. Gina was showing off an impressive amount of cleavage, causing the valley to grow deeper with each added ounce of mammary fat that poured into her chest. Despite their added size, she saw how unnaturally perky they were, each seemingly defying gravity without losing any softness. Jennifer teased them mercilessly by squeezing, groping, and rubbing her tits while occasionally sprinkling in some tweaking and tugging of her fat nipples. Yet, they were nowhere near as massive as those in the images. They were still a size a woman could achieve, with Gina guessing they were about a G-cup or so, and the growth showed no signs of slowing down. They were blowing through the cup sizes, her bra and top trying to keep up, and she was astonished at how light they felt. Gina expected her back to complain about their weight and size, yet it didn't. Sure, she could feel the weight on her chest, but it was far from as much as she knew it should be.

Gina placed her hands on her breasts, with Jennifer placing her hands on top of hers, and they both watched as the breasts pushed towards an impossibly large size. They dominated her chest, each bigger than her head, yet they kept growing. Impossibly perky, almost perfectly round, and showing no signs of getting softer or feel less natural. They pushed outward, and Gina watched as they took up more of her field of view. She couldn't see her feet anymore, and she'd struggle to see anything at her feet with tits like this. Jennifer couldn't even reach her nipples anymore, and Gina's heart raced as she realized she could barely touch them. The breasts pushed at least two feet out from her when they finally stopped growing, and they covered her torso down to her navel.

"Oh god..." Gina moaned, with her mind ached from the strange, perverted pleasure that ravaged her body. She stared down at her tits, eyes wide at the sight of the seemingly never-ending cleavage.

"Yeah, holy shit," Jennifer said with a shocked yet amused chuckle. "They ended up WAY bigger than I thought they would. I can't believe how soft and perky they are."

"T-They're too big..." Gina said with a whimpering moan.

"Oh, NOW you think they are too big, huh? Well, your browser history begs to differ," Jennifer said, gesturing at the laptop and the impossibly busty women flashing on the screen. "Now, you can play with a pair whenever you want. Come on, this is what you wanted, right?"

"N-No-" Gina said, but her sentence got cut short when her lips started to itch. "W-What's..."

"Oh, good! You can't look like your favorite girls without the proper lips," Jennifer said, poking Gina's swelling lips. "I'm sure Chad will love to test out your soon-to-be cock-suckers."

Gina tried to protest, but the tingling in her lips made talking impossible. She ran a long-nailed finger over her already pouty lips, feeling how soft and sensitive they were. Yet, it didn't compare to how pillowy perfect they would get. Gina moaned and shuddered as their sensitivity shot through the roof, causing her loins to quiver. She watched in equal parts horror and horny joy as they grew, becoming beyond full. It didn't take long before they rivaled the lips of some plastic

stripper, yet they lacked the fake look those Botox-treated cocksuckers had. They were soft and defined, yearning for something to kiss, and more images of using the growing lips for something naughty filled her head.

Jennifer squeezed and groped Gina's left breast with one hand and caressed her lips with the other, watching them grow full and gain a permanent coating of ruby-red lipstick. They were bigger than anything she had ever seen and still gaining size. Fuller. Softer. Sluttier. Jennifer couldn't hold back her giggles as the lower pair touched Gina's nose, and the lower practically reached the bottom of her chin. They were impossibly big, just like her breasts, and they only stopped when they looked like bright red donuts someone had glued to her face. Yet, they were all natural, as much a part of Gina as her ridiculously-sized tits. They glistened in the light, looking almost permanently coated with her saliva to ensure that anything she wanted to suck would slide in effortlessly.

"Thish ish..." Gina said, her lisp impossible to miss. "It'th... Too big!"

"Aww, you can barely talk! I'm sorry, sweetie, but I don't understand what you're saying," Jennifer giggled. "I'm surprised you can talk at all."

"Pleathe thtop... It'th too much," Gina said, squirming in her girlfriend's arms.

"What is it? Are you trying to tell me you want to suck on my finger?" Jennifer said, pretending not to understand what Gina said. "Well, here you go!"

Gina barely had time to react before the finger slid between her lips, and Jennifer felt how heavenly soft the pillows were. She could only imagine how they'd feel against her loins or wrapped around Chad's dick, and she couldn't help but giggle at the thought of the man using Gina as his cum-dump for the night. Gina couldn't think. The feeling of the finger sliding back and forth between her lips triggered something primal in her, causing her lust-addled brain to drown in the sea of estrogen and slutty urges. Her pretty eyes fluttered as she sucked on it, with more unwanted images flashing through her head.

Jennifer smiled as Gina sucked her finger, watching in awe at her falling to her new urges. She watched her eyes roll into her skull, Gina's body quivering with arousal, and noticed the small changes in her face. Jennifer saw her eyes gaining a sultry look, her features becoming increasingly fairer, and her face getting coated in, Jennifer's opinion, too much makeup: smoky eyes, eyelashes covered in a thick layer of mascara, blushing cheeks. It enhanced the woman's slutty looks, but it was nowhere near enough to draw attention away from the boulders hanging from her chest. Jennifer saw the woman's hair growing longer and thicker again, becoming a luscious mane that trickled down her back. The strands took on a vibrant red hue, crimson locks that matched one of the busty beauties flashing on the screen.

Yet, Gina didn't notice it, not even when her hair tickled the top of her ass and caressed her flawless and smooth skin. She had lost herself to her arousal, sucking on the finger as more and more urges filled her lust-addled mind.

"Wow, you're natural, sweetie," Jennifer said, feeling the soft lips wrapped around her finger and Gina's tongue caressing her digit. "I know Chad's going to enjoy it~."

Gina felt herself snap out of her trance when Jennifer pulled the finger from her lips with a wet pop. It was getting increasingly more difficult for the poor woman to think, her mind clouded by her arousal and urges. Gina still teetered on the edge of orgasm, unable to achieve it until the transformation was over. Right now, it was the only thing she could concentrate on, and not even her body twisting into something impossibly curvy mattered.

"Tho horny~..." Gina said in her now lisping and ditsy tone, her massive lips glistening in the light. "Everything ith tho futhy and weird..."

"Oh, try not to overthink it, Gina," Jennifer said, caressing Gina's scalp with her nails and feeling the luscious red locks against her fingers. "Let me do all the thinking for you~. That way, you can focus on all the naughty little urges flowing through that pretty head of yours."

"Mmm~," Gina moaned, cupping her enormous bosom as Jennifer's hands danced across her soft skin to her waist and hips.

A sudden crack spread through the room, causing Gina to gasp and moan. Jennifer felt the woman's thin waist cave inward, making her hips and bust look increasingly exaggerated. It pulled inward, stopping only when it was waspishly thin. Jennifer marveled at how small it became, pushing her body to cartoonish proportions. She was worried that Gina's waist would snap from how delicate it looked, especially considering how massive her tits were. She was inhumanely curvy now, and it only got worse as her pelvis began to crack, pop, and snap.

"Feelth tho good~..." Gina said with a smile on her red lips, one hand on her tits and the other rubbing her waspish waist. "Gina tho thekthy..."

"Yeah, Gina is so sexy," Jennifer said, repeating what the woman said with an amused tone. "And she's only going to get sexier~."

Again, that was a matter of taste. Gina's body was pushing towards inhumanely exaggerated proportions, causing her to look more like some sexy creature pulled from a pervert's mind than a woman. Each crack caused her curvy hips to push out, becoming increasingly broader. Jennifer felt herself move away from the woman as Gina's ass grew with her pelvis and thighs, the cheeks stretching the yoga pants to the limit and pushing her away. She took a few steps away from the moaning and squirming woman, marveling as her lower body became as exaggerated as her chest.

Gina's mind simmered in a sea of emotions, urges, and lustful needs. One hand was rubbing her aching loins, trying to push her over the edge without success. The other was groping her swelling backside, feeling her ass-cheeks growing as uncontrollably as her breasts did earlier. Every crack in her pelvis caused her to squirm, the woman balancing precariously on her dainty feet as her tits wobbled and bounced with every motion.

"Wow, your body's looking insane," Jennifer said, circling Gina as she observed every little change in her body.

Gina wasn't listening. She only heard her moans and the loud cracks from her now jutting hips. Her pelvis grew with each pop, already pushing into inhuman proportions, and it wasn't long before they were almost twice as wide as her shoulders. Yet, they grew still. Gina's ass was swelling along with it, becoming beyond massive, and each cheek soon looked as enormous as one of her tits. Even her thighs had grown into something truly awe-inspiring, with each being thicker than her waist and as soft and defined as her bust. They rubbed together with each swaying step she took, looking right at home near her broodmare hips and massive butt.

Jennifer saw how she stopped changing and couldn't believe how insane Gina looked. Her ass pushed over two feet behind her, with each cheek almost perfectly round. Gina's hips were over four feet wide, looking insane connected to her waspish waist, and it looked like she'd snap in half at any moment. Yet, her body held together remarkably well, each inch of her sultry figure sculpted to perverted perfection. Gina looked like one of the girls on the screen, almost as if she was one of the slutty drawings come to life. Her top and yoga pants stretched across her figure, soon changing to some sexy lingerie that barely did anything to hide her fist-sized nipples or the width of her curves.

Gina stumbled on her dainty feet, her swaying hips and bouncing ass bumping into tables, bookcases, and everything else in the room. Her eyes were half-closed with lust, her lips and loins glistening with need, and she stared around her with confused arousal.

"I'm tho... I can't think thraight..." Gina moaned, doing what she could to push over the edge now that her body had stopped changing. Yet, just like Jennifer planned, only someone else could help her with that.

"Wow, your body is even more insane than I thought it would be!" Jennifer said as she walked up and smacked Gina's fat ass, sending the two-foot-wide cheeks into a wobbling frenzy. "God, I can't wait to see the look on Chad's face when he sees you~. He should be here shortly."

"Can't wait..." Gina moaned, running her long-nailed fingers through her hair and across her face, almost drooling from how horny she was. "Tho warm and futhy... I need..."

"Aw, you're so cute when you're all flustered and confused," Jennifer said, walking up in front of Gina and pressing one finger against each nipple. "What do you need, sweetie? Are you already looking forward to sucking Chad's cock?"

Gina didn't answer. Instead, Jennifer's eyes widened with shock as she saw and felt the mountain of curves descend upon her, pinning the comparably more petite girl against the floor with her bosom. Gina's loud moans echoed through the room as Jennifer tried to recover from the fall, leaving the girl unprepared for the massive lips pressing against her face a few moments later. They struggled to kiss from the sheer size of Gina's breasts getting in the way, now squished against Jennifer's lithe body and partially flattened against the floor. The lips

covered half of Jennifer's face, and she felt herself pelted with sloppy and horny kisses that left red lipstick marks all over her face.

For a moment, Jennifer's struggles stopped as an intense pleasure washed over her, causing her loins to ache and her nipples to throb. She kissed Gina back, loving the feeling of the giant breasts pinning her against the floor. It didn't take long before she was reeling on the brink of orgasm, yet she couldn't push over. Instead, she sat on the edge, maddeningly aroused as Gina continued to kiss and rub her tits against her body without getting the release her body craved. She felt her legs pinned against the floor by Gina's giant ass, making it almost impossible to move.

"God, kithing Jenny not working!" Gina said as she pulled her lips away from Jennifer's face and sat upright, her hands squeezing the boulders on her chest. "Thill tho horny!"

"Yeah, sorry, but you won't get any release until Chad gets here," Jennifer said, wiping away lipstick and saliva from her face. "But don't worry. I know he'll-"

Suddenly, Jennifer's heart sank. She felt an intense tingling sensation cascade through her horny body, and the fire between her legs grew worse. Jennifer felt an intense itch in her chest, and when she looked down, she couldn't help but gasp at the size and shape of her bosom. They grew with each breath she took, causing her bra to expand and grow with her swelling breasts. She saw how her nipples pushed against the fabric, becoming thicker and fatter with each passing moment.

"Wait, this isn't..." Jennifer said, grabbing her swelling bosom with her hands and watching her nails grow longer as she tried to stop her tits from expanding. "Why am I changing?!"

The horror in her voice was apparent, yet lost some of its meaning when Jennifer let out a loud, drawn-out moan that echoed through the room and mixed with Gina's desperate sounds for release. Every inch of her body felt on fire, especially her loins. The thought that the magic from the laptop could spread to someone else didn't cross her mind when she set this up, and she wondered if her friend knew it when she set it up. None of it mattered anymore. As more fat surged into her breasts, causing her small mounds to blossom into something truly awe-inspiring, all Jennifer could focus on was trying to figure out how to stop it before the arousal wiped away all her other thoughts.

Jennifer looked up and saw Gina's enormous tits swaying and bouncing above her, the mounds so massive she couldn't even see her face. The thought of having breasts like that sent a chill down her spine. Yet, with each breath she took, Jennifer knew she was approaching a reality where she'd be as stacked as her. Pleasure and shame. Fear and arousal. All surged through her lust-addled mind as her breasts grew. Jennifer felt her nipples pressing against her bra and shirt, fat and hard with lust, and she could tell they had already doubled in size. Gina still sat on her lap, her legs buried underneath her impossibly large rear, pinning her in place.

"Fuck!" Jennifer moaned as her breasts grew even more, soon outgrowing her hands. They were as big as cantaloupes yet showed no signs of slowing down, her heart sinking at the

thought of being as busty as Gina. Yet, some perverted part of her mind almost looked forward to it. "Oh god..."

"Tho horny..." Gina moaned, wiggling her hips and grinding her drooling loins against Jennifer's lap. "Can't think thraight..."

"G-Get off me, Gina!" Jennifer said. "I got to get to the laptop before thith geth worthe!"

Her heart sank as she heard the mispronounced words that left her lips, the same undeniable lisp that Gina had. Jennifer placed a finger on her lips and realized how swollen they were, already fatter than most Botox-injected porn stars, and she felt them growing.

"No! I don't want lipth like thith!" Jennifer said, voicing her thoughts as they got tainted with her lust. "I don't want them to be juithy and thuper thoft..."

Jennifer moaned as the image of Chad pushing his girth between her growing lips flashed through her head, causing her loins to drool like Gina's. She gasped, her donut-sized lips quivering as she ran her tongue over the massive pillows. Jennifer tasted the lipstick on them and soon saw the pink smear on her finger from rubbing her lips. She knew they were bright pink, probably glistening like Gina's, and she could barely breathe from her nose as the upper lip slowly pressed against it. It didn't take long before they stopped growing, leaving her with bright pink, cartoonishly massive cocksuckers that dominated her face. Jennifer felt the changes sweep over her pretty face, making it truly beautiful and slutty.

A loud moan from Gina snapped Jennifer from her lewd thoughts and back to reality. She glanced down at her chest, her heart racing at the size and shape of her formerly modest bosom. They were now huge, each larger than her head, and her nipples looked about the size of her fist as they throbbed with need. Yet, gravity refused to sink its claws into them, leaving them as perky and defined as a pair a fraction of their size. There wasn't a chance in hell she could hide them with her long-nailed hands, and the only thing she achieved by pressing down on her bosom was to make her arousal worse. Jennifer pulled her pink-nailed hands from her tits, and it almost felt like it made them grow faster. Her top had vanished during the recent growth, leaving her breasts covered only by a bra that grew frillier and sexier with each cup size she gained. The sight of her expanding cleavage sent chills down her spine, yet the images of something hard and long sliding back and forth between them kept pouring into her mind.

Jennifer knew she needed to do something to stop it, and she managed to pierce through the horny haze for long enough to realize she needed to pull the USB stick from the laptop. Gina kept grinding her loins against her lap, still pinning her in place without showing any signs of moving.

"Get off me, Gina!" Jennifer said, trying to reach around her massive tits to push her off. "I need to get to the laptop and thtop thith before it ththreadh!"

Gina didn't reply. Instead, she kept trying to achieve orgasm, unaware that she couldn't without someone else's help. Thankfully, she got what she wanted when Jennifer grabbed her nipples and squeezed down hard on the huge things, causing her entire body to shudder as she came.

Her eyes rolled into her skull, her panties drenched with her need, and she toppled to the side in a quivering, moaning mess on the floor. Jennifer pulled her legs free and stood up but soon fell to her knees when her breasts wobbled like crazy, throwing her off balance. She cupped her massive tits, each as big as Gina's, and she shuddered when she realized they dominated her chest and that she could barely reach her nipples. Jennifer sat there, another loud moan slipping from her donut-sized lips as her arousal grew.

"I got to get to the laptop..." Jennifer moaned, soon getting up from the floor.

However, the moment she stood up, she felt and heard the loud cracks from her waist. It made her gasp, and her vision grew blurry as her waist squeezed her insides, shrinking to the same waspish size as Gina's. It made her dizzy, causing her to stumble on her feet for a few moments, and she felt a strange mixture of fear and arousal when she ran her manicured fingers over her impossibly slim and tight waist.

"Oh god..." Jennifer moaned, brushing a lock of growing hair from her face. She saw the black strands brighten with each inch they grew, becoming as vibrant yellow as the sun as they cascaded down her head. "Blonde?!"

Jennifer saw her hair becoming a bright, fake blonde, her previously black hair soon wavy and long as it reached down to her hips. The strands grew thick and luscious, giving her mane far more volume than anyone could ever hope to achieve. It was a hair-fetishists dream, matching Gina's quite nicely, and she brushed the flowing locks from her face with an almost ditsy look in her now doe-like eyes.

To add insult to injury, Jennifer noticed that her fair skin slowly got darker. She saw the fake tan spreading across her figure, causing her to look more like the sun-kissed fake blondes at the gym she hated with each passing moment. Seeing the deeply tanned cleavage that dominated her chest filled her with shame and joy as her arousal grew.

Jennifer looked over at the laptop with the images flashing on the screen, and she knew what she needed to do. However, she felt a pair of manicured hands grabbing her hips before she could even take a step. Gina pressed her face against Jennifer's athletic ass as she stood on her knees, rubbing her tits against her legs and massive lips against the fabric of her pants.

"Pleathe! I need more~..." Gina said. "Jenny, I need to cum..."

"Let go of me, Gina! I need to thtop thith- AH!" Jennifer got cut off mid-sentence when her hips suddenly cracked and popped.

Jennifer couldn't see it due to her massive tits blocking the view, but she certainly felt it. Every pop pushed her pelvis out, and each crack sent a sting of pleasure to her now puffy, wet folds.

She felt fat pour into her thighs, plumping them up and erasing the gap between her legs as they grew with enticing womanly fat. Jennifer's slim hips widened and grew jutting within moments, causing her waspish waist to look even more exaggerated. She felt Gina rubbing, licking, and kissing her swelling rear, and she shivered when she realized her yoga pants had vanished during all this.

The laptop hummed and glowed on the table as it poured the transformative magic into them. Jennifer knew she needed to pull the device from the USB socket, although she was unsure if it would revert or stop the changes. Yet, right now, she couldn't move. The feeling of Gina's fat lips kissing her growing rear was too much for her, and all Jennifer could do was moan, lick her plump lips, and squeeze her tits in a futile attempt to orgasm. Jennifer forgot she couldn't without someone's help, which meant she would remain there as the changes ravaged her body.

Jennifer's hips grew with each loud pop and intense crack, causing her haunches to grow as exaggerated and gigantic as Gina's. They were already inhumanely wide yet showed no signs of slowing down. Her thighs were already thicker than her waist, and her rear stretched her increasingly frillier and sexier panties with each passing moment. Gina's face pushed out as Jennifer's ass grew, the woman soon struggling to reach her hips as the cheeks blossomed and fattened. Gina moved her hands to Jennifer's ass, soon groping, squeezing, and kissing the lovely backside as it grew as immense as her own.

Then, with one final pop, it was over. The slim girl with the black hair was gone, replaced with a bleach-blonde slut with a fake tan and a cartoonish figure. A pale-skinned redhead sat on her knees behind her, kissing and caressing the impossibly colossal ass. They were equally busty, each looking like they had been one of the images on the screen given life - both enslaved to their lusts, neither capable of achieving orgasm on their own and with insatiable libidos. If no one came by to save them, they would remain horny, moaning mess on the floor until the transformation reversed, if it ever would.

However, a soft ding came from the front door, and both pulled their lips from each other and looked down the hallway with lust-addled eyes. Both knew who waited on the other end, and it sent their loins into a drooling mess.

"Chad~..." Gina said. Her aversion for the man soon got forgotten and forgiven since he had the tool between his legs needed for her to orgasm.

"Oh god..." Jennifer said, watching as Gina got up and headed to the door.

For a moment, Jennifer saw her opportunity to fix everything. Her half-closed eyes wandered to the laptop, and she knew this was her only chance to stop this. Yet, as the door opened and Gina pulled a surprised Chad into the apartment, something clicked in her head. Jennifer's plump lips curled into a smile as she watched Gina pull the man into the room, and she felt a sting of jealousy as she rubbed her massive tits against the man.

'I don't have to fix this right away,' she thought as she crawled over to the man and buried his head in her giant, fake-tanned tits. 'There's no harm in having a little bit of fun first... I need to clear my head, then I'll fix this...'

It didn't take long before the couple pulled Chad into the bedroom for an afternoon of intense pleasure, and neither noticed the man growing tits of his own until it was far too late. When an insatiable pussy replaced his cock, they were desperate for release again, and the trio headed out to turn their threesome into a foursome. The night was young, and the images flashed on the cursed laptop as the women soon spread the same sensual changes to their neighbors. Yet, the same thought as before flashed through Jennifer's head as the orgy continued.

'Just one more orgasm...' she thought. 'Then I'll fix it...'