

Ethan and Alex had been best friends since kindergarten, inseparable through middle school pranks and high school drama. They were both sixteen, lanky and awkward, spending most Saturdays in Alex's basement playing video games. Alex's older sister, Mia, was twenty-two, home from college for the weekend. She was openly lesbian, athletic, with a sharp undercut and a sleeve of tattoos. Ethan had nursed a hopeless crush on her for years, mesmerized by her confidence, the way her tank tops clung to her toned shoulders, how she laughed loud and unapologetic. That afternoon, Mia was upstairs doing pull-ups in the garage, music blasting. Ethan watched her through the open basement door, heart pounding. Alex caught him staring.

"Dude, you're drooling again," Alex teased, pausing the game.

Ethan flushed crimson. "Shut up. I just... I really like her, man. Like, a lot. I'd give anything for a chance to date her. I just wish she liked me, too..."

Alex burst out laughing. "Bro, Mia's a full-on lesbian. Gold star. You're a skinny boy with zits. Zero chance."

The words hung in the air. Ethan felt a strange heat bloom in his chest the moment the wish left his lips, like a spark catching dry tinder. He rubbed his sternum.

"Whatever. Let's just play."
But the spark spread.

It started in his bones. A deep, grinding ache as his skeleton began to lengthen and thicken. Ethan dropped the controller, gasping. His spine cracked audibly, vertebrae shifting, forcing him taller. His shoulders broadened with sharp pops, clavicles widening, deltoids swelling beneath his skin. Alex stared, mouth open.

"Ethan? What the hell-"

Ethan's hands flew to his arms as biceps ballooned, veins rising under tightening skin. His forearms corded with new muscle, wrists thickening. The changes raced downward: quads exploding against his jeans, seams ripping as powerful thighs and calves formed. His abs carved themselves into a hard eight-pack, obliques cutting deep ridges along his sides. The pain was intense but laced with electric pleasure, every fiber igniting as it grew denser, stronger.

His chest heaved. Pecs swelled into heavy, firm, full C-cups with sensitive nipples that stiffened instantly against his tearing shirt. The fabric gave way with a loud rip, exposing smooth, tanned skin and the deep valley between them. His waist cinched dramatically, creating a sharp V-taper that flared into wide, powerful hips. His ass rounded and lifted, glutes hardening into sculpted muscle that strained what remained of his jeans until they shredded completely.

Between his legs, the most intimate shift began. His testicles drew upward, pulling tight, then slipping inside with a slick internal pop. His scrotum folded inward, reshaping into soft, swollen labia. His dick shrank rapidly, nerves firing in overwhelming bursts of pleasure as it inverted, the head becoming a throbbing clit nestled above a newly formed, slick vaginal entrance. The emptiness there was immediate and aching, a hungry void that clenched involuntarily, already wet.

His face refined next: jaw softening but staying strong, cheekbones lifting, lips plumping into a natural pout. His brown hair lightened dramatically, shortening into a textured, vibrant rainbow pixie cut with electric pink, purple, blue, and green streaked through in perfect layers. Permanent makeup appeared: sharp winged liner, filled brows, and glossy lips in a deep berry shade. A small rainbow pride tattoo bloomed on his...her collarbone, and a barbell piercing materialized through each nipple.

Clothing reformed around the new body: a black sports bra that barely contained her breasts, high-waisted gym shorts that hugged her muscular ass and thick thighs, rainbow pride socks pulled high, and black combat boots. A choker with a silver ring completed the look. Bold, butch, undeniably lesbian. The physical transformation finished in under five minutes. The new woman was now 5'10", powerfully built, radiating raw strength and confident sexuality. Alex had backed against the wall, pale and shaking.

"You're... you're a girl. A ripped lesbian girl. Holy shit, Ethan, what did you do?"

She stared at her larger, stronger, calloused hands and felt panic rising. Suddenly, clutched her temples as foreign desires flooded in. Memories of liking girls surged forward: the curve of a woman's hip, the taste of lipstick during a kiss, the thrill of pinning a girlfriend against a wall. Images of Mia sweaty after a workout, smirking and dominant, made her new clit pulse hard. She fought it desperately.

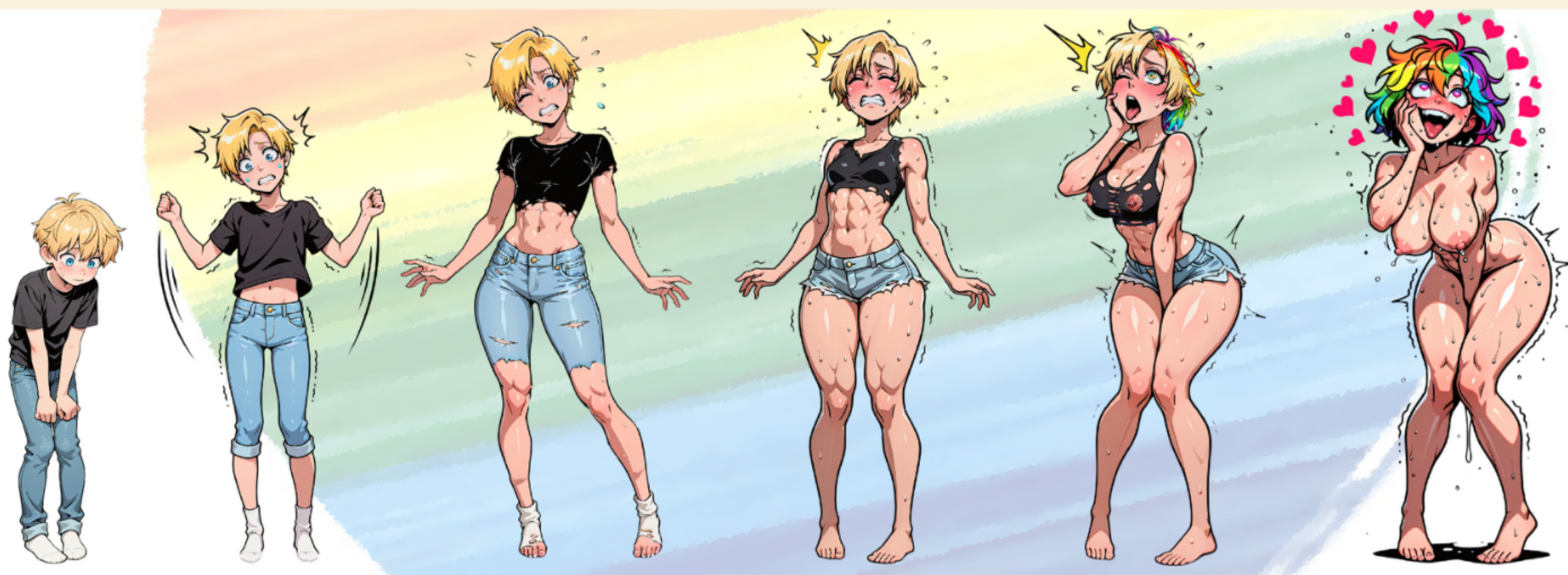
No. I'm Ethan. I like skateboarding, video games, comic books. I had a crush on Mia as a boy. This isn't me. I don't want to be a woman that...fucks women? I...don't want to scissor or trib or...

But the resistance crumbled under waves of need. The thought of Mia's hands gripping her muscular waist, of being taken roughly, made her thighs clench and her pussy drip. Shame burned, then melted into delicious acceptance. Her old identity faded like a dream upon waking.

The basement door opened. Mia walked down in a sports bra and shorts, towel around her neck, glistening with sweat. She froze, eyes widening at the stunning rainbow-haired woman standing where her brother's friend had been.

"Holy fuck," Mia breathed, voice low. "Who are you?"

The new woman, Eva, felt her last hesitation snap. She stepped forward, voice husky and confident. "**Name's Eva. And I've been dying to meet you properly.**"



Mia's gaze raked over Eva's powerful body, lingering on the pride tattoo, the pierced nipples visible through the stretched fabric, the thick thighs. Hunger flashed in her eyes. She closed the distance, hand sliding possessively to Eva's strong jaw.

"You look like every fantasy I've ever had," Mia murmured, thumb brushing Eva's lower lip.
Eva moaned softly, pressing into the touch. "**I am.**"

They crashed together. Mia pinned Eva against the wall, mouths devouring each other in a fierce, messy kiss. Tongues battled for dominance before Eva submitted, letting Mia lead. Hands roamed, gripping biceps, squeezing ass, teasing nipples through fabric until Eva was grinding desperately against Mia's thigh. Alex watched in frozen horror as his best friend turned muscular lesbian goddess dropped to her knees, yanking down Mia's shorts and burying her face between her thighs. Mia groaned, fingers tangling in rainbow hair, hips rocking as Eva licked and sucked with desperate enthusiasm, learning instinctively what felt good.

Later, upstairs in Mia's room, they fucked for hours. Eva on her back, powerful legs wrapped around Mia's waist as a strap-on plunged deep, hitting spots that made her scream. Then Eva on top, riding hard, breasts bouncing, sweat-slick muscles flexing. Multiple rounds, scissoring until both were shaking, Mia's fingers buried in Eva's dripping pussy while Eva sucked on her clit. They finished with Eva face-down, ass up, Mia pounding into her from behind with their favorite strap-on, filling her completely.

Afterward, tangled in sheets, Mia traced the rainbow tattoo. "You're perfect. Stay."
Eva smiled, utterly fulfilled. "**Always.**"

Downstairs, Alex sat alone, devastated, the basement empty except for shredded boy clothes. His best friend was gone, turned into his sister's new girlfriend, laughing upstairs, moaning Mia's name.

Eva never looked back.

