

## Cheer Time (Bimbo TG)

### By FoxFaceStories

*When Gary attends a Halloween party dressed jokingly as a female cheerleader, he's amused when a guy gets angry after mistakenly flirting with him. But when said man turns out to be a warlock, Gary begins turning into Gabby, a hot cheerleader, over the course of the night. Can Gary's girlfriend save him in time before he turns permanently?*

### Cheer Time

Gary opened the door and struck a pose before his girlfriend Emily.

"What do you think?" he said, hand on his hip, the other behind his head.

Emily snorted, then broke out into a series of giggles.

"You look ridiculous! *That's* your attempt at a cheerleader?"

Her boyfriend gestured to himself. "Please, you're just jealous of my fine female figure for this Halloween, not to mention the fact that far from running from this bet, I am totally pulling it off!"

He struck another pose, this time thrusting out his fake chest right in Michelle's face, advancing upon her.

"No! Don't you dare! Get back, you monster!"

But he was upon her, and when she stopped laughing from being pinned in by two pillow-like fake breasts in a cheerleading costume, she kissed her boyfriend.

"You are so ridiculous," she said, still smiling.

"Well, what does that make you for loving me?"

"Ridiculous times two, I guess. C'mon, let me at least fix up your hair and makeup. If you're keeping up your end of the bet, far be it from me to stop you!"

She dragged him back into his room, bringing with her a makeup kit intended for this very purpose. The pair had been dating for over a year now, and just a month ago Gary had been brave enough to come forward with the L word. They were only in their early twenties - Gary was twenty three and Emily was twenty one - but the pair really felt right for one another. He was a rather handsome and confident man finishing up his degree in teaching, having taken a gap year at eighteen to travel the world. With his black hair and grey eyes, he had a mesmerising quality that had drawn Emily to him immediately, even if he wasn't the usual jock type that she ordinarily liked. Now, she couldn't imagine dating anyone else, especially since their humour was so in sync. She was a beautiful brunette with a slim figure and a dancer's frame, and indeed she did dancing semi-professionally, along with wedding photography on the side. She was the exact kind of beauty that a lot of men chased, and yet

Gary had been the one to unlock her heart. The key, it turned out, was their shared love of silly pranks and bets. After their initial meeting by chance on campus, they continued to one up one another. First it was little things, like putting ketchup in the other's bottle of mustard. Soon, Emily was fixing a harmonica into the grill of his car until he went to the autoshop and went red in the cheeks as the workers there laughed and extracted it, free of charge. Now, living together, they still had their betting game. If they couldn't agree on anything? It was time to bet.

"I dare you to throw that empty can into the trash from here. If you can, Gary, you get to pick dinner tonight."

"I bet you can't find where I've hidden your keys, Em! Find them in less than three minutes, and I promise I'll watch the next season of *Bridgerton* with you."

And so on it went. It added spice to their relationship, and while other people thought it was a bit kooky, especially Emily's best friend Harriet, she just responded in turn to her:

"Hey, don't go throwing stones now. *You're* the chick who's all into Wicca and stuff."

Harriet would just smirk and return to her book. "It's a good thing I've foretold that you guys are meant for one another."

Emily didn't believe in magic like her friend, but Gary's very existence could have made her doubt her preconceptions on the subject. They were made for one another, and she smiled for the umpteenth time as she fiddled with the last of his makeup. This was, of course, a result of yet another bet. Gary *really* wanted to go to the big Halloween party in town, but Emily preferred to stay in. Her boyfriend was insistent on going with her, and so the bet had been placed: if he accepted her costume suggestion, then she would go with him.

And now here he was, dressed as a ridiculously oversexualised cheerleader, his body hair even shaved to better look the part, and a long blonde wig to make him look like a stereotypical queen bee. He was even wearing a short skirt and had pom-poms, and that wasn't even getting into the 'pom-poms' that were his exaggerated chest.

"Damn, Gary, I might have done too well here."

"You're an artist. I actually *look* like a lady."

"Excepty for that handsome jawline, and what I know about what's between your legs."

He squeezed her behind quickly. "And I'm lacking the padding!" he declared. "And the voice. But damn, I would have made one sexy lady in another dimension somewhere."

"Well, I'm glad you aren't here. I love my silly, ridiculous boyfriend. Ready to go, babe?"

Gary smirked. "Ah, but you forgot one thing."

"I don't think so," Emily said, but then she caught his knowing grin.

"Oh, no! I didn't say I was wearing a costume! Hey, no! No way!"

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"I can't believe I made this bet and I somehow lost out!" Emily complained.

Gary looked her up and down, gaze lingering on her seashell bra. "Hey, I'm okay with it. You know, I had a big crush on Ariel when I was a kid."

"I'm not Ariel. This is a blue wig. And her tail was green."

She shuffled along in the tight scaled skirt Gary had secretly bought behind her back, her mobility limited thanks to the tail-like design. At least she knew she looked damn good, but Gary had definitely won this round. She would so get him back.

The pair arrived at the Halloween party. It was at Club Nine, one of the most popular places in town, and due to its proximity to their college campus, the pair were happy to see that many of their peers were around, rather than a crowd that was too young and way too annoying. Costumes of all kinds were present, from actually scary film murderers and monsters, to sexy nurses and barmaids, to outright strange ones like the guy running around in a Teletubbies costume.

"Wow, this is actually pretty cool," Emily said once they were inside. "They've even got *Hellion* playing."

"Told you this was awesome!"

"Once more with a little more falsetto, babe."

"Well, since I'm the *girl* in the relationship, what say *you* get the drinks this time, my beautiful mermaid?"

Emily stuck out her tongue at him and began shuffling to the bar, her mermaid dress tail making her movements amusingly slow.

"Don't you laugh behind my back!" she shouted over the music, which got a guffaw from Gary. He looked around at the various impressive costumes, the Halloween celebrators out there on the dance floor. He decided he was going to hit that floor later with Emily, just to see her try to wiggle in that hilarious costume he'd bought her.

"Hey there, cutie, are you with anyone?"

For a moment, Gary didn't realise that someone was talking to him, until he turned and saw a guy in his late twenties with a sleazy looking soul patch and dyed blonde hair checking him out up and down. He looked half-wasted already.

"I said, are you with anyone? I just noticed you across the room. I love a cheerleader, and you look real good in the outfit. What say I buy you a drink and we can have some fun on the dance floor, honey?"

Gary smiled, even adopted a sexy pose with his fake chest jutting out, all to tease the guy. Then, as the man started to grin, believing his chances with a hot blonde were good, Gary suddenly spoke in his deepest voice.

“I’d really love that, dude.”

The man jumped back. “What the fuck!? You’re a man!?”

“Dude, it’s a Halloween party. Are you wasted or something, or do you just have a thing for chicks with wide jaws?”

The man blushed even further, clearly humiliated. “Fuck you! You were leading me on!”

“Please, you weren’t catching any pussy with those lines.”

The man pouted, his expression one of utter petulance. “F-fine! I’ll show you! I’ll have some fun with you later, and make sure *you* catch some pussy instead. I’m a goddam warlock, bitch, you don’t get to make fun of me!”

“Sure you are.”

“I mean it! I’ll goddamn hex you!”

At this point, Emily was returning with the drinks. She watched this altercation with confusion. “Honey, what’s going on?”

Gary shrugged. “Just some weirdo trying to hit on me, babe.”

But the man was adamant. “Yeah, well *you’ll* be the babe soon, asshole. I hereby hex you! Soon, you’re going to turn mind, body, and frickin’ soul into the hot cheerleader you’re pretending to be. I’ll be back to give you some pussy punishment.”

He flung some dust out from his sleeves and then moved on, leaving the couple utterly bewildered.

“What the hell was that?” Emily asked.

Gary turned and gave her the most exasperated look of amusement he could possibly summon. “You know what? I haven’t the faintest goddamn idea. But hey, I’m hexed now.”

She handed him a drink. “Nothing a good dose of alcohol can’t fix!”

“Damn straight, you sexy mermaid!”

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Gary continued to enjoy the party as it went on. He and Emily continued to drink, not to excess of course, but enough that they were feeling tipsy and joyful. They did indeed take to the dance floor, and Gary even surprised his loving girlfriend with some amusing movements of his own. It was weird, but it was like he knew *exactly* how to move like a woman, shifting his hips and bouncing his chest and even shifting his fake hair behind his ear and smiling in

that sultry 'come get me' way. It was, to Emily's surprise, exactly the kind of hot moves *she* would put on if she were single.

"You're way too good at this!" she shouted over *Hellion's* latest soundtrack.

At this, Gary giggled. Not laughed, not even chuckled, but *giggled* in a high falsetto, though he wasn't even trying to continue the woman act by this point.

"Like, thanks babe! I'm getting used to it! To be honest, I think I make a super hot woman!"

"Let's not go that far!" Emily said, dancing up upon her boyfriend. And yet, she couldn't help but think he *did* look more convincing as a woman, more so than he had just twenty minutes ago. His jawline seemed softer, and his wig less fake. Even his cheerleading outfit seemed less ridiculous on his body. Had his shoulders shrunk down a little? It was impossible to tell, but she chalked it up simply to the fact that Gary was moving like a woman, and doing so with unbridled confidence. His red lipstick seemed to match his face all the better now, like he was pouting in a more effeminate manner. It had to be an act, right? Yeah, just an act.

Gary, however, noticed none of this, nor that Emily was feeling a little odd about his behaviour. His hips had spread, his ass grown a little more peachy too, but he was completely unaware of the growing effects of the warlock's curse. Instead, he was simply lost in the music, enjoying the bounce of his fake boobs in his cheerleading top. It clearly worked well, because another guy tried to hit on him, sending him into fits of schoolgirl giggles.

"Still a man!" he said, voice cracking a little. "Even if it would be super cool to be a lady, right Emily?"

Emily was still dancing, but halted her movements a little at her boyfriend's words. "Uh, sure, babe. Sure. Aren't you taking the act a little far by this point?"

"Like, no way! Dancing like a woman is so freeing!"

"Yeah, but can we grab a corner booth for a moment? I feel like relaxing for a moment."

Gary nodded. "Sure, sweetie! I'll, like, totally join you soon!"

Emily waited for Gary to follow her, but instead he continued dancing, swaying his hips and even twerking at one point, much to the amusement of people around him. His friend Casey walked past and didn't even seem to recognise him. Instead, he joked with his fellow peers: "What an ass she's got, huh fellas?"

Instead of taking offence, Gary actually took the comment with pride, even shaking it a little for Casey.

"Sorry hun, this ass is taken!"

"What a damn shame," his friend replied, and Gary blew him a kiss and gave a wink without thinking.

In fact, Gary was so preoccupied that he danced and celebrated and shook the moneymakers on his chest for another twenty five minutes before finally remembering that Emily was waiting for him.

“Oh, whoops!” he announced, voice higher in register. “Like, soooo clever, Gary!”

He sauntered over to the booth that held his girlfriend in her mermaid costume, shifting past a sexy vampirella and a man in a rather bog standard ghost sheet with the eyes cut out.

“Sorry babe!” he announced, giving her an elaborate hug before sitting in his own booth. “I just, like, totes forgot what I was doing!”

Emily *glared*. “What the fuck, Gary? There’s no way you just forget me and didn’t come. And what’s up with all your makeup and everything looking even girlier. How is it you *look* even girlier. I didn’t put *that* much effort into . . . oh. I get it. This is a prank, huh? You’re taking the prank further just to get one over me, huh?”

Gary pouted, his lips somehow fuller. “Like, what? Oh, that’s right! The prank!”

“Yeah, you’ve got a stylist or something hidden in the crowd, right. Are you suddenly wearing a corset? Wait, you’re bearing your midriff, how would that . . . work?”

Emily’s brief smile vanished. There was something wrong going on, and nothing was adding up. How could Gary have worked all this out in advance? Sure, she didn’t put it beyond him to try something crazy for a prank on her, but there was no way his *shoulders* had somehow shrunk, nor for his waist to look so tiny. He even appeared shorter. All of this was causing alarm bells to ring in Emily’s head. She gazed at Gary’s hair and noticed that it looked . . . real.

“Like, these drinks are amazing!” he declared, his voice higher than it should be, but without any false projected note in it. “I love a super girly drink!”

Emily frowned again. She knew her boyfriend loved beer. More than once, she’d served him up one of her sweet partygirl drinks as a fake beer for a gag. It always sent him coughing and spluttering. Now, he was ignoring the beer she’d got him and was enjoying a sugary cosmopolitan, even moaning like a girl would in a rather inappropriate context.

“Gary, are you okay?”

“Like, of course I am!” he declared. “Only you should really call me Gabby. I *am* a hot blonde cheerleader, right?”

“Y-yeah,” she said. “Look, can you stand up and show off your bod to me? You know, just so I can see how good your costume is.”

“Yeah, girl!” he said, sounding almost womanly. “Check it out! All the guys want a chick like me!”

He jumped out of the booth and turned on the spot, placing a hand over his left breast and reaching up into the air as he sang the last line of the *Hellions* song playing.

*'This Halloween is gonna last forever! Let's dress up and have some fun  
TOGETHAAAAHHH!! WOOO!!'*

Emily's eyes widened and her jaw dropped. Nothing about Gary's body was making sense; his legs had changed, his arms were slimmer, and his chest pillows were wobbling with a bit more natural gravity to them than usual, as if they were *real*. His blonde hair whipped about, wig failing to fall off.

"This can't be real," she murmured. "Gary-"

"Gabby, remember! Oooh, I totes love this song!"

"Gary, I think something is happening! I think that hex might have been real."

"Like, what are you talking about?"

"Look at yourself, Gary-"

"Gabby!"

Emily stood up, heart beating fast. "Just fucking look at yourself! You look like a chick!"

"Ain't that right!"

"No, I mean like a real woman. I think you're changing. Look, it's not a wig anymore!"

She leapt forwards, catching Gary by surprise. She tugged at his hair, and sure enough it pulled taut in her grip but didn't come off. Instead, the feminising man whined in a squealing voice.

"Hey, what the fuck, Em!? It took me ages to grow this hair!"

"You don't even *have* blonde hair, Gary?"

But at this point something crazy happened; as her boyfriend glared at her, pouty lips in a scowl, her facial features and jawline actually *altered* right before her eyes. His face took on a more heart-shaped configuration, and his eyebrows became more feminine and defined, with little arches that made them look professionally done. Even his eyes changed, turning from grey to bright blue right before her gaze.

"Holy shit," she uttered. "Oh my God, the magic is real."

"No way, I'm onto you, Em! This is just, like, another prank of yours!"

"It's not a fucking prank, Gary! You're changing and you can't see it. That asshole creep changed you, and - oh God - I think he's going to make you have sex with him later."

"Mhmm, sex with a guy does sound kinda hot!"

"Gary!"

But the feminising man placed his hands on his now widened hips. Even the material of his cheerleading costume looked more silky and genuine, riding higher to show off his soft yet muscular thighs.

"I keep, like, telling you, I'm Gabby! And stop pranking me, Em! They're usually fun but you're totally gaslampng me."

“It’s gaslighting, Gabby.”

She put out some finger guns and a wink. “Got ya! See, I don’t mind pranks, I just don’t like this one. C’mon, Em, you’re my best friend in the whole world. We’re totes BFFs! But if this is your way of stopping me from finding a hunky man tonight, watch out! This kitten is on the prowl! Meow!”

Emily’s jaw, somehow, dropped even lower. She reached out to grab ‘Gabby’s hand, but her changing boyfriend was already moving back into the crowd, his hips swaying unnaturally, his breasts bouncing. He proceeded to reach into his top and pull out the fake silicone fillings, and then turned and giggled at the sight of something. To Emily’s horror, Gary’s chest *still* jiggled, and his breasts weren’t exactly A-cups. They were, in fact equal to her own full B-cups by this point.

“Oh fuck, this is really real. This is some crazy Halloween bullshit.”

She quickly grabbed her phone, trying and failing to keep ‘Gabby’ in sight even as she moved to a quieter space. Her bestie - her *actual* best - Harriet picked up on the fifth call.

*‘Hey, I’m doing an incantation right now, is something going on? Are you in a club? Do you need me to pick you up?’*

“Harriet! Oh God, I really fucking need you to get to Club Nine *right fucking now*. Some psycho has hexed Gary with a curse. A *real* curse. I need your help!”

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Gabby was having the time of her life. Her curves were making all the boys swoon, even her good friend Casey, who she teased by pressing herself right up against him. There was something odd about her body, she thought. Were her boobs bigger than they were half an hour ago, or had she always been a D-cup?

“Like, I think I’m just tipsy!” she declared, giggling again as she once more ran up onto the dance floor. She was moving about the large club with the energy of a sorority girl during her first Spring Break. Occasionally she’d catch sight of Emily, but she always ducked out of sight, giggling and moving onto the next selection of boys. They were all so *hawt* that it was impossible to resist them. She’d only been at the club for a couple of hours but she already knew she was the hottest blonde here, perhaps the hottest *girl* here!

And yet she didn’t feel an urge to go any further. Despite how many hot guys - including Casey, of all people! - were feeling her up when she flirted with them, or dancing up against her body on the dance floor, she continued to resist. She was saving herself for someone, she knew. Someone super hot. Someone *magical*.

Was it the guy she’d first met? Hadn’t she been super creepy or something?

“Mhmm,” she moaned, taking a break to move to the bar and out of sight of Emily again, who kept shouting out to her. “I bet she’s trying to take him. He wasn’t mean, he was just, like, *misunderstood*. And he knew what a super hot girl I am. I bet he’s got the tastiest dick!”

Even as she said the words, she moaned a little, something pulling back inside of her crotch. The soon-to-be-woman didn’t even realise that her penis was disappearing into her, and was almost gone. In fact, her labial lips were starting to form on either side of her shaft, and her balls were shrinking into nothingness. Even within her, a new organ was forming, a womb that would soon develop functioning fallopian tubes leading to little ovary egg sacs. It was magical madness, but the hex made it impossible for her to realise.

As far as Gabby was concerned, this was how she’d always been.

It was all totally natural.

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A teary-eyed Emily rushed out and embraced Harriet outside of Club Nine. Harriet didn’t own a car, preferring ‘nature’s legs’ or the use of a bicycle, so her taking a taxi here was a sign of how seriously she took it. She was a dark-skinned woman with mixed Dominican and African heritage, and had an almost stereotypical amount of beaded necklaces, trinkets, piercings, and tattoos for a self-proclaimed witch. Once, she’d been Emily’s roommate, and the pair had continued their friendship ever since.

“Harriet, thank God!”

“Thank the spirits, more like. Girl, what is happening? I could barely make sense of what you were saying over the phone.”

Tears were leaking down Emily’s cheeks. She pulled her friend to the side, choking down a sob. “Like I said over the ph-phone, it’s Gary! He’s changing, and it has to be magic! I know I said I didn’t believe in it, but it’s real, Harriet. You were right!”

Harriet gripped her by the shoulders. “Tell me *everything*, girl. Don’t leave a word out.”

Emily did just as she was asked. She told her Wicca friend about the strange man she’d seen, including a rough description of him and as much of the words as she remembered coming out of his mouth. She recalled the changes that started not too long after he placed his hex, and how Gary seemed completely unaware of them, to the point where he was starting to act and look like some blonde bimbo without even thinking anything was out of the ordinary. Finally, she told Harriet how the love of her life was now actively evading her, cozying up to boys, and constantly moving around the dance floor as the Halloween night filled up.

“She’s flaunting her fucking cheerleading outfit, I swear! She’s got tits out to here and an ass that can bounce quarters to the moon, and the kind of flat stomach even I don’t quite have. She’s gonna end up going home with some fucking guy and-”

“Not just any guy,” Harriet murmured. “That guy. The one you mentioned. The warlock. He’s arranged this. I know this kind of magic, Emily, though I never expected to experience it in some person. This is some black magic shit. Real off-the-books stuff. We need to find Gary - or Gabby or whatever he or she goes by - and get him out of here. And if we can’t do that, we need to find that asshole and reverse this. I might have some ideas, but . . .”

Emily sobbed. “But?”

“But if we don’t act fast, then Gary is gonna be stuck as a bimbo for the rest of his - or her - life. And no amount of magic will be able to save the one you love.”

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Gabby moaned, clutching herself as she accepted yet another shot from the bar from a male admirer. Her breasts tensed, then grew even further. She was ending up with a real set of melons, not that she really recognised it. She’d *always* had E-cups in her mind; the kind of big titties she just loved to shove in a guy’s face and let him motorboat them. They were bouncy and sensitive, straining at the fabric of her sexy cheerleading outfit. A hunky Frankenstein’s monster was staring at them, and a guy dressed up as the Wolf Man was similarly looking horny.

“Take, like, a look!” she said. “I like showing off!”

She took her shout and threw her hands into the air, doing a little twist with her hips in a cheerleader-like fashion. “WOO!! Spring Break! Or Halloween, or whatever!”

The circle of men around her cheered her in turn, and she danced before them, twisting and turning in such a way that her tiny little skirt swished and showed off her underwear. Not even the girls in the naughty vampire and nurse outfits were getting any attention with Gabby around.

“Hey hottie! We should get out of here!” one man called.

It only made Gabby giggled. “Like, I’d love to, but I’m waiting for someone special!”

“Like me?”

Something in Gabby shivered. She turned, and there he was. The man she’d seen earlier that day; the self-proclaimed *warlock*. He still had his soul-patch and dyed blonde hair, not to mention his dark clothing. By all accounts, Gabby should have found him tacky, unmuscled, and uninteresting. Unsexy, really. But something about his presence made her

go weak in the knees, and she found her heart fluttering in his presence, her big breasts rising and falling with each staggering breath.

“H-hey,” she said, getting all giggly and nervous in his presence. She pushed a blonde hair behind her left ear, biting her lip a little. “I’m Gabby. I think we, like, met before, but I can’t quite remember.”

“We did, but we didn’t get off to the best start,” the man said, drawing nearer to her. He took her hand and kissed it, making her shiver once again. “I’m Logan. I’ve been waiting for my magic to do its work. I think you’re ready now, Gabby.”

“R-ready?”

“Yeah,” he said. “Do you remember that I said I wanted you to be my bimbo girlfriend? My female slave?”

She couldn’t. Hadn’t he said something different? No, if Logan said he’d said this, then that was exactly what had happened.

“Of course,” she said, star struck. “I really, like, super want that. I don’t even know you but, like, I have to be yours! I just totes know it!”

To the disappointment of all the men around her, Logan took her hand and led her away. “Why don’t we find a private space, huh? Maybe back at my place? I bet we could have a lot of fun, especially with me inside of you.”

This shiver nearly made her fall down, so overcome was she with sensual desire. Already, her new pussy was becoming wet and ready for her future master.

“I’d, like, really like that,” she said, pressing her amply blessed form against him. “I think this was, like, *meant to be*.”

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Emily and Harriet raced to find Gabby. After some description of her, Harriet split off from her friend, desperate to track down her friend. Despite all the attention Gabby had garnered, especially as she changed into her final, endlessly appealing form, the pair were finding it impossible to track down the former man. Club Nine was huge, with a platform level, a large dance floor, and numerous, more private booths. Emily moved like her life depended on it, and in truth it did in a sense; her life *with Gary*.

“C’mon, where are you! You’re a busty blonde bimbo, where can you possibly be hiding!? The whole horndog club should be checking you out! Oh, Gary, I need to change you back!”

But still she couldn’t find her lover. The dance floor was bereft of her presence, and the bar too. With fear in her heart, Emily checked out the more private, enclosed spaces,

fearful that 'Gabby' was losing her female virginity. Still nothing. When she finally got back onto the main floor she almost collided with Harriet.

"Did you see her?"

"No!" Harriet cried. "But I'm sure she's still here. I can sense the hex in the air, I know I can!"

Emily was unwilling to distrust Harriet's judgement again. She racked her brain, trying to think of where Gabby could be. And then it hit her.

"The entrance!" she said, grabbing Harriet's shoulder. "She's probably taking a car with someone!"

She dashed to the entrance, her friend just a few steps behind. They ran down the stairs that led up to the club, out onto the late night street. Emily looked left and right, and then her eyes went wide and she pointed to Gabby just as the woman stepped into a cab, a man with her.

*The man.*

*The warlock.*

"Harriet, it's him!" she cried. "Oh God, he's taking her! We need to get him!"

But the taxi was already starting to move. Emily couldn't catch it in time, so she quickly flagged down another that was passing. A couple yelled at her for jumping ahead, and the driver looked ready to turn her down, but she reached into her purse and pulled out her card. "I'll pay you three times the fare if you just follow that fucking taxi ahead! My friend is drunk and needs help!"

That seemed enough to sway him, because the driver was kicking down on the accelerator before the two young women had even got their seatbelts on.

"Can do!" he shouted. "Off to rescue a sweet damsel, eh?"

"Something like that!" Harriet announced.

Emily was far too nervous to say anything. If they lost Gabby now, she'd be stuck like this for life, controlled by the man who changed her.

"If we save you, Gary," she finally murmured. "I'll never pull a prank or bet on you ever again."

The taxi continued to chase the other, away from the club and out into the suburbs.

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Gabby was so turned on from making out with Logan in the backseat of the cab. The driver clearly didn't mind, probably because he had a great view of her big tits getting fondled. She moaned into Logan's mouth, sighing as he caressed her perfect form and shoved his face into her cleavage.

“I wanna, like, be your submissive girl forever,” she told him. “Mhmm, I really want you to f-fuck me. I want it sooooo bad.”

It was hard to imagine wanting anything else more. Didn't she used to be with someone? No, how could she be, when she had *Logan*? Any life before she had this was only hazy because nothing made sense without this man. Sure, he wasn't all that handsome or charismatic or even a great kisser, but something was making her absolutely fall for him. *Hot* for him, in fact.

“Tell me we're close,” she mumbled into his ear before nibbling on it. “I'm getting so fucking wet. I want this in me.”

She stroked his crotch, feeling his hardness. Logan simply grinned, and it was a brash, superior grin at that.

“Pretty close, babe. I like you a lot more like this, you know. Much better than how you used to be. I'm gonna make you mine forever, and then we'll see who's a total hot babe *and* a sucker, ha! Especially when you suck on my cock and swallow!”

His words wounded her, but she went dreamy eyed for him moments later when the taxi pulled to a stop.

“Here you are,” the driver said. “That'll be-”

Logan placed his card down upon the scanner. “Take the change,” he said. “And forget we were ever here. C'mon, Gabby. This is my place. Your place now, too. I need someone to start cooking and cleaning for me now that Mom is gone.”

Warning bells rang in Gabby's head, but only for a moment. She practically *leapt* out of the taxi and laughed as she ran towards Logan's home, him trailing behind her. She kissed him on the neck, holding him passionately as he opened the front door.

“Calm down, I'll fuck your hungry pussy in a second!”

The door opened, and she shrieked with joy, throwing herself into it.

“Where's the bed? I just totes want to make out with you!”

The man grinned sleazily. “Eager, are we? Just like I made you. This way babe.”

He directed her to the room. It was messy, which gave her an instant desire to clean it, just like her brief look at the kitchen made her want to be in charge of that too, all so she could please her sexy man and get as much fucking in as possible.

But the bed took priority. She pulled off her cheerleading top, followed by her bra, releasing her epic E-cup breasts which trembled and wobbled on her chest for long seconds, during which Logan visibly appreciated the display.

“Fuck yeah,” he said. “So glad I finally mastered that spell. Bring those pippies here, hot stuff. I wanna suck on them.”

She gave herself over to him, moaning as he sucked on her nipples. She pulled down her skirt, then her underwear, revealing her nakedness. She had a dripping wet pussy. Was that wrong? It seemed wrong, somehow. No, it was right. It was *perfect*.

“Time to fuck my wet, hungry pussy,” she moaned, bringing him up onto the bed. She laid on her back and spread her legs. “I can’t stand the feeling of not having you inside of me.”

Logan pulled down his pants, revealing a dick that was a little embarrassingly small, but hard all the same.

“Hell yeah, Gabby. Time to break you in and-”

And then it was the *door* that broke in instead. Gabby shrieked as her best friend Emily and *her* friend Harriet burst into the room, right as copulation was about to begin. Her perfect lover man shot up and turned around, instinctively covering himself.

“What the fuck!? Who the hell are you!?”

“Me?” Emily shrieked. “Who the hell are *you*, asshole? That’s my boyfriend you’ve got there!”

Nothing made sense to Gabby. “What are you, like, talking about? You’re my bestie, Em!”

“You’re a lot more than that,” the woman retorted. She jabbed a finger right in Logan’s face. “And you’re gonna turn her back, isn’t that right, Harriet?”

“Damn straight,” the dark-skinned witch said. She was clasping something on a necklace, glaring at the warlock. “I know your kind of magic, dickweed. Reckless. Foolhardy. Unfocused. *Dark*. The kind of magic no witch would ever practice!”

Gabby was about to defend her lover, but he held out a hand and squeezed her shoulder painfully. “Stop it, Gabby. There’s no need to speak, honey. This chick tells the truth. I do practice dark magic, but it’s not foolhardy. It’s finally landed me a hottie girlfriend, after all. And I’m not giving her up.”

“You will!” Emily screeched. “Or I’ll kill you!”

“Good luck. I’m a man. I can fend you all off.”

But Harriet was smirking. “We ain’t leaving without her, warlock. Change her back. By the end of tonight, you won’t have a single girlfriend.”

At this, Logan grinned. There was something in it that scared even Gabby. “A single girlfriend, huh? I take that as a challenge. In fact, I’m thinking I’m gonna end the night with *three girlfriends*.”

At this, he lashed out at the same time as Harriet did, both sending bright beams of magic. In that very moment, some dormant part of Gabby took hold of her, seeing the fear in her bestie Emily’s eyes. She leapt naked from the bed, shoving Logan in the side, pushing

him against the wall. His magical protection fizzled, allowing Harriet to rebound his spell right back at him. The man grunted and fell back, groaning as he clutched himself.

“What the f-fuck did you do to m-me!?” he groaned, shivering violently on the floor.

The answer soon revealed itself; the man continued to grunt as his waist pulled in and his chest pushed out. Gabby gasped; her waist pushed out and her chest pulled *in*. The two changed in direct opposition: as the warlock’s hair grew so did hers trim. As his ass swelled into peachy fullness, hers deflated and flattened. His muscles faded, hers returned.

“N-no! You can’t, like, do this to me! I can’t be a stupid horny b-bimbo!” Logan cried. “No matter how, like, super fucking hot it is! Ohhhhh, my dick! I’m growing a hungry pussy and stuff! Ahhhhh!!”

Gabby’s mind reverted at the same time as her member grew back in. In mere seconds, she was Gary again, and the flood of memories that had been locked away were released in a torrent through him.

“Holy shit,” he said, running to Emily, uncaring how naked he was. “You saved me!”

“Gary!” she exclaimed, rushing forward. She gripped him, hugging him tightly.

“I’m back, Em,” he told her. “I’m really back.”

“It was Harriet. She did it all.”

“Nah,” the witch said. “I just got the final touches in. Glad to be of service. You two get to freedom. I’ll make some last adjustments so *this* one isn’t a threat anymore. Though, looking at her now, I doubt she even has the brain for it.”

The busty blonde on the ground raised her head and giggled.

“Like, what’s with the naked guy? Anyone want to, like, totes share him?”

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It was a month later, and things were back to normal, for the most part, at least. Gary and Emily were still in love, still living together, only now they took Harriet a lot more seriously at her word about magic, which had changed their understanding of the universe completely. The pair had had a *lot* of makeup sex once Gary was back to normal, and had it on good word that the new Logan was a very popular stripper at a sleazy local club, not that she seemed to mind her new fate, or the ‘backstage passes’ she gave a heap of her male customers.

Yes, it was all back to normal, except for one thing. Something that surprised them just several days after the Club Nine incident, and again several times after that until, with Harriet’s help, they were able to pin down a pattern. It turns out that some magic tends to reside in a person even when the hex is undone, and also tends to have a particular trigger

that causes it to unexpectedly activate. In Gary's case, it was something that could only be activated by Emily, and only under one particular circumstance.

They were lying together at night, having just gone another pleasurable round, shared a shower, and now relaxing in the living room.

"You know," Emily said. "As much as this has been an awesome night, I'd just love to watch a girly movie right now."

Gary groaned. "No way. I keep telling you, I don't want to watch *Legally Blonde*."

"No," Emily said, smirking. "But Gabby might."

At this, Gary chuckled. "Oh, I bet she would *love* it."

"And I'd owe you a whole lot, you know. I could wear that red lingerie again."

"Mhmm, I do like that red lingerie. A lot."

"And do that thing in the bedroom. You know, with my tongue."

"I *do* like that tongue thing. A heckuva lot."

Emily giggled. "Then maybe we could bring Gabby out again? Just for two hours? We could do some manicures together?"

Gary laughed. "Oh, what the hell. What kind of loving boyfriend would I be if I denied my girlfriend who *other* roomie? Besides, I don't mind sitting backstage for a bit. It's kinda fun having boobs and getting to feel them."

"Lucky you. Are you ready?"

Gary relaxed on the sofa beside her. "Okay, hit me with that werewoman trigger."

Emily licked her lips. Okay, here we go. Babe, I *bet* you can't watch all of *Legally Blonde* with me."

And just like that, the magic was set. The art of the prank, the bet, the *dare* from Emily to Gary caused him to become Gabby for several hours each time, and to their shared pleasure the man began to change, taking on his busty, bombshell female form. Gabby giggled as she manifested, completely unaware that she was really Gary, though Gary was aware of her, and could indulge in the pleasures of being a woman in some backspace Id of her brain.

"Like, oh my God, I've totes forgotten what we were doing!" she said, still in her cheerleading costume.

"Watching an ultra girly movie, Gabby," Emily said.

"Oh yeah! This is gonna be, like, soooo fun! You're the best, Em!"

The other woman smiled from ear to ear. It was good having a boyfriend *and* a girlfriend who were her own personal cheerleaders, in their own special ways.

**The End**