Creating Diversity Alt-Ending (TG RC Commission)

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Bryce Carson is an intelligent and handsome college student who has found himself in a bit of a financial pickle, thanks to his love of partying and dating beautiful women. Thankfully, one of his professors has a unique scholarship available to alleviate his economic woes. Unfortunately for him, the 'Student Diversity and Inclusivity Scholarship Program' may entail more change to his life than expected. A lot more . . .

Creating Diversity

Bryce Carson was successful in all things except his finances. At twenty one years old, he gave a strong impression of an eager, intelligent young man well on his way to gaining an advanced engineering degree, with marks high above others in his field. That was, if he could afford his dorm expenses and additional student debt load, which he was starting to worry he couldn't. It was partly Bryce's own fault: he enjoyed the college party life, including the excess drinking, raucous nights, and, of course, the pretty women. With his neat auburn hair, kind yet strong face, gentle smile, and a fit 6'1 figure, he was often fairly fortunate when it came to sexual endeavours.

Despite being an engineering student, Bryce regularly worked out at the gym on a personal fitness regime, and he played football alongside other powerfully built men to represent the college. He prided himself on being a bit of an alpha male, not in any cruel or superior way, but simply in that he was tall, fit, handsome, and had charisma and confidence to boot, and so he was able to open doors - and dresses - with relative ease. Whether she was a buxom blonde or an elegant Asian or had a curvaceous black form, Bryce was more often than not able to enjoy a one night stand with a pretty lady.

But that lifestyle was expensive. Between the gym membership, the cost of alcohol, the overall party and night out spending, and not to mention the pretty gifts he got for his short-lived relationships, he was becoming cash-strapped. So when his only female professor, Mrs Sharpe, sent him an email offering a scholarship opportunity if he would meet with her privately for discussion, he jumped at the chance. He'd never heard of the 'Student Diversity and Inclusivity Scholarship' before, and wasn't sure how he qualified; he was white

as they came, with freckles to boot, and as far as he knew his ancestry traced back to England and France and little else.

Still, what was he going to do, not accept money?

And so it was that he made his way to see Dr Sharpe at her office. As he moved across campus, he saw several of his football buddies from the party earlier the weekend and gave them a grin and thumbs up.

“Brycey, good to see you!” Chad called out. He was a total gym nut, on a sports scholarship, and was perhaps the jockiest individual on campus. “Was that you leaving the party the other night with Sabrina Paris? You lucky dog! I’ve been trying to bag that redhead for weeks.”

Bryce chuckled, and remembered the nice fuck he’d gotten out of Sabrina. Red heads, it turns out, really were wild in bed. “Better luck next time, Chad! Besides, I hear you’ve got a nice thing lined up with Bea Barrett!”

Chad grinned. “You better believe! Girl has tits out to here!”

He adjusted his hands out, exaggerating the woman’s endowments by more than half. Still, Bryce was impressed. Bea Barrett was the most *stacked* girl enrolled at the college. Every guy on campus wanted her. He felt a little jealous, as if he’d lost in a battle of the alpha males.

“Well, it’s not a sure thing yet, who knows, I might be coming for her!”

Chad laughed, giving a ‘I’m watching you’ gesture, but behind the humour there was a slight tension of wills here. Both men drew women in different ways, and it had been an unstated competition between them in many ways. Just as unspoken, it was clear that whoever managed to have a one-night stand with Bea ‘Big Boobs’ Barrett was the winner.

“Catch you round!” Bryce called, and the two headed in their directions. The young man smirked. He could bet on Chad being an extra competitive teammate next time.

Bryce continued walking, and was almost to the building that held Dr Sharpe’s office when his phone buzz. He checked it, and grinned. It was from Sabrina.

‘That was real nice on Saturday. Wanna have some fun again tonight?’

Even just thinking about her pale, soft body made his dick excited. She had been an absolute tiger in the bed; his back still bared the scratch marks, and there was a fading hickey on his neck that was thankfully covered by his collar. She didn’t have tits like Bea Barrett, but they were nice ample B-cups, and she’d moaned and wailed as he’d sucked on them, and even more when he’d fucked her from behind.

‘Absolutely’, he wrote. *‘I’ll be in good spirits too. My room, around 7 work?’*

There was a pause as she wrote back.

‘I’ll bring beer. We’re going to need refreshments, if you know what I mean.’

That made him chuckle.

“You are wild, Sabrina,” he said to himself, and it was at that moment that he nearly bowled over a fellow student, crashing against her as she exited the building, having not seen her due to being so glued to his phone. She toppled to the ground and dropped several of her things.

“Watch where you’re going!” he snapped.

“Typical, typical,” she said, dropping to one knee and grabbing her things. “Another privileged white male barging in without looking to see where he’s going, expecting all the women and people of colour to shift aside.”

Bryce rolled his eyes. *Great*, he thought, *another feminist protestor or something. She’s probably a lesbian too.* The woman stood, and he could see she was around his age, and was quite gorgeous. She was obviously Latina; she had the defined eyebrows and curvy form of one, with light olive skin that matched her raven-black hair that fell in curls around her shoulders. She had a lot of makeup on; sparkling green eyeshadow and eyelash extensions, as well as dark red lipstick for her full lips. She was lithe, but with the hips of sexy Hispanic lady that filled out her ripped jeans. He couldn’t make much of her bust due to her wearing a biker jacket over her shirt, but nothing could hide that she definitely had a more-than ample chest. From what he could tell, she could well be smuggling some pert, round Double-D melons there. If so, then everything about her was lovely. His eyes lingered a little too long, trying to ascertain just how buxom this attractive figure could be.

“Take a picture, it’ll last longer,” she said.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to bump into you, but I was just entering the building. I’m Bryce, I’m on the football team.”

He passed her some of her things, hoping to make a good impression. He’d never met this woman before, but she intrigued him. He posed a little, resting his strong forearm against the building’s side to emphasise his muscles, appearing casual but collected.

“Well, thanks for the apology,” she replied, looking him up and down. “And I’m not into football. Can I step past now?”

He didn’t move, not just yet. “And your name is? I don’t think I’ve seen you around campus before. Trust me, I’d remember a woman who looked like you.”

The move, which had a decent success rate, didn’t work here. She sighed in an exaggerated fashion and shoved him aside. “Like I said, another privileged white male who thinks he’s owed attention by a woman.”

“C’mon lady, don’t make this some feminist thing.”

She whirled on the spot, sticking out her finger. “I wasn’t going to - I said that first comment and felt a little stupid about it. Maybe it was just because I’ve had three other white guys try to push past me today, another catcall me, and your buddy Chad try to grab my ass. Yeah, I know who you are, Bryce Carson. I also know you’re meant to be dating Sabrina

Paris right now. And that she just texted you. And that you're already thinking about how to seduce Bea Barrett."

Bryce staggered. "Wha - how did you?"

For just a moment, her eyes seemed to glow strangely green. As quickly as they had, they were dark once more. It must have been a trick of the light.

"That's not important. What's important is that I don't have time for yet another alpha male white guy who thinks he'd owed the world and my pussy. I don't swing your way, anyhow, not that it's stopped guys hitting on me. Was the Pride pin on my jacket not a clue?"

"I just thought you were all political or something," he mumbled.

She hiked her bag back over her petite shoulders.

"Go enjoy your meeting."

"But how do you -"

"Seeya Bryce, don't piss me off again. I'm feeling merciful today."

Bryce shook his head as she walked away on her black heels. Her ass really was nice, but on the Crazy-Hot scale she was more Crazy than Hot. Some chicks you didn't get in bed with, no matter how good looking. Besides, he was almost late for his meeting.

He stepped inside the faculty building.

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Professor Sharpe was a severe-looking woman with hollow cheekbones and a bun of grey-streaked hair pulled so tightly it was a wonder it didn't pull her face wide. Her body was thin, her top half often buried in the knitted sweaters she liked to wear, and she had a habit of peering down her long nose at people, an effect enhanced by her rounded glasses. Despite the severeness, she was an excellent teacher. Bryce had to achieve a Credit in Sociology, an elective he'd taken, in order to contribute to his wider course. And she had certainly kept his interest, even if she did sometimes spill into a feminist rant that made his eyes roll, or a discussion on the merits of diversity.

She looked up from her weighty mahogany desk as he tapped on the side of the doorframe.

"Ah, Mr Carson, it is excellent to see you. Please, shut the door and have a seat, we have much to discuss."

He did so, relaxing in the chair, the imposing desk between him and the tall woman. She tapped her fingers together, considering something.

"You have done . . . acceptably, in my class, Bruce. Acceptably."

"Why thank you Professor."

She shook her head knowingly. “It is not a compliment. I said *acceptably*, not *commendable*. You have a great intelligence, Bryce, but you often lack perspective. Your inability to understand those who lead different lives, particularly in different societal structures, has prevented you truly succeeding in this subject.”

Bryce was a little confused. Wasn’t he here to discuss the possibility of a scholarship? He shifted awkwardly in his seat.

“Well, there’s still a semester left, but I’m on track to get a Credit, right?”

“You are indeed, but I can’t help but feel you would be on the path to a High Distinction, were it not for these faults.”

She paused, awkwardly letting the metronome at the top of her bookcase tick away, counting out the tempo of silence. Bryce shifted a little uncomfortably. This hadn’t been what he expected. He went to speak, but the professor raised a finger.

“There is an opportunity,” Sharpe said, “a scholarship, as indicated in my email to you. It holds the chance to broaden your horizons and also provide this esteemed college with something it sorely lacks; diversity.”

Bryce raised his eyebrows.

“Diversity?”

“Yes, we’ve had a number of complaints about our lack of it. Too many white middle-class men such as yourself. It’s a tricky river to navigate at the best of times, and as a sociology professor I can certainly promote its importance, but the college board has its own obstinate factions. So, in order to help with this problem, I’ve selected you for the scholarship. A full year’s tuition - both semesters - completely paid for by the bursar’s office.”

Bryce nearly fell out of his seat. An entire *year* paid for, just like that?

“It is repeatable, also, depending on its success, for future enrolled years.”

This time he did at least splutter. He recovered his breath, blushing a little.

“Is this - this isn’t a joke is it, Professor?”

She looked down her long nose at him: it was the famous ‘Sharpe Look’.

“Do I look like I am joking, young man?”

It didn’t. “But how does this help diversity? Or the school board complaints? Why have I been picked for this?”

She smiled, and it was not a warm smile. He wasn’t sure exactly what kind of smile it was, in fact. “Let’s just say,” she said, as she rifled through her desk and produced a contract, “that I’m solving this problem in a peculiar and unique way. Do you wish to take the scholarship? I’m given to understand you had to defer your previous payment to the college?”

She had him over a barrel, he knew. But more than that, he was happy to be there, despite the strangeness of the offer. She smirked, only slightly, and tapped a long finger on the paper on the desk between them.

“If you wish to take the scholarship, it goes into effect almost immediately after you sign. So, sign.”

Bryce paused. Something seemed a little off about all of this. The paper certainly indicated that this was the *Student Diversity and Inclusivity Scholarship*, but from what he could tell from skim-reading it, there was nothing that applied to him. A number of words stuck out though: *female . . . LGBT+ . . . minority and protected groups . . . lower socio-economic status . . . representing diverse vision for the college . . .*

“A lot of this doesn’t seem to apply to me,” he mumbled.

“Don’t worry, I’ll work out the details. The important thing is that the school board will be satisfied. Trust me.”

Bryce shrugged. “Well, I guess if the board is on board, heh, then so am I.”

He signed the paper. As he dropped the pen on the paper, it seemed for just a moment that there was a quick flash of green as the ink settled, a sparkle that almost seemed to briefly lift off the page, like pixie dust. Bryce creased his brow. Two flashes of green in quick succession. Odd. But the thought left his mind as Professor Sharpe withdrew the paper.

“Wonderful. The contract is sealed. The magic should change you shortly.”

Bryce looked up. “I’m sorry? Did you say magic?”

She filed the paper in her desk and locked it with a key in a smooth, casual movement. “Uh-huh. Magic. It will change you any moment. I’m a sorceress, Bryce. The contract was enchanted. Just stay in the chair and you’ll feel it in a moment.”

Bryce chuckled awkwardly. “Look, if this is a prank or something, Professor, then well done, you’ve managed to pull the woo - Ngh!”

The young man doubled over as an alien sensation grew in his gut. It felt like his organs were rearranging, like they were bubbling and roiling around. He twisted, gritting his teeth as the sensation spread across his body, a tingling and twisting that ran down to his bones.

“There it is,” Professor Sharpe said casually, idly marking a report. “You’ll experience a slight tingling as the changes begin to reveal themselves.”

“S-SLIGHT!?” Bryce gasped, as the crawling sensation extended over his skin. He shuddered and shook, gripping tightly to the chair as he felt his body shift and alter. His stomach churned; it felt like a pair of fish were swimming around in it, and he let out a long, keening groan as something new formed at the bottom of his belly. It shifted aside his existing organs, growing into place from a knot of flesh to something much larger.

Bryce didn't know it yet, but his body had just grown a uterus. A *womb*.

"NNhggh - wh-what have you d-done to m-meeeeee!?" he moaned. He twisted his head as various tendons rearranged, tissue forming and dissipating. His ass was beginning to ache, his chest was developing a strange pressure behind it, and his impressive penis was overcome by an odd numbness that was only getting stronger.

"It's like I said," Professor Sharpe responded, ticking off a paragraph and casting an idle glance his way. "I'm adding to the diversity of the school. We have too many white middle class men, so I've opted to alter your form to meet our diversity requirements."

Bryce grunted, trying to cope with the insanity of both her words and what was happening to him. He tried to stand, but his legs were like jelly, and he flopped back in his chair, helpless to fight against what was happening to him. The tingling now encompassed his entire skin, and to his astonishment, he felt his body hair actually begin to retract back in. He held a shaking arm up to his eyes, and he spluttered in astonishment as the skin was left smooth and free of hair. His legs had the same feeling, as did his chest, which was increasingly pressurised.

"D-Diversity - aahgghh - requirements?" he managed to stammer.

"Yes. Diversity."

"Wh-what kind of d-diversity?"

He clutched his body as a new round of changes came over, accelerating faster and faster. Years of fitness work at the gym seemed to simply melt away, his shirt becoming loser as muscle withered. His impressive six-pack flattened, leaving him with a taut, flat stomach, and his biceps shrank. He had always worked hard to cultivate an athletic figure that was attractive to the ladies but not overly-muscular, but now he looked thoroughly weak. His legs were following the same trajectory.

"Oh, you know," Professor Sharpe replied, "the usual kind." She seemed to be relishing what was happening, in her own dry way.

Before Bryce could demand further changes he let out a loud groan. His scalp felt like it was on fire! He clutched it with his fingers, scratching at it. It felt like it was infested with lice! From beneath the skin there was an odd pushing sensation, and suddenly his hair erupted out, months and months of hair growth occurring in mere seconds as it spilled forth, overrunning his fingers and extending down past his shoulders. He gasped, his voice strangely higher than it usually was, as the hair blocked his vision: before his eyes, it turned from a rough-textured auburn to a smooth, shiny brown that bordered on black. He pulled at it, and it tugged the skin of his scalp painfully. It was real.

"Ohhhh f-fuucck - this feels s-so weird! Mhhhmmmm!"

He gripped his thighs, feeling them expand, his former muscle turning to fat and making them slightly more shapely. Not much though; they were still much more slim than

his muscular legs had been. His calves thinned, becoming more petite, and his feet shrunk: he could feel the bones shrink and contract in a discomfiting way. His arms underwent a similar transformation, becoming thinner and dainty, his coarse hands taking on a slender profile. Like his legs they too shorted with a disconcerting 'CRACK' of bone collapsing in on itself. It was not painful though; in fact, it was strangely pleasurable, despite the alien sensations.

But the biggest pressures were still located on his chest and around his pelvis. Bryce made another attempt to flee, rising to his altered legs, but he only collapsed forward against the desk instead, in response to a strange pulling in his pelvis.

"Ah, that will be your hips forming. Don't worry dear, I've made sure they'll be quite lovely. I don't want to be cruel about the change, after all."

"Wh-what am I ch-changing into? Oh - AHHhHHHhh!"

There was loud pop, followed by another. His hips cracked outward, becoming noticeably wide, his pelvis expanding, bone growing. He held his hips as he felt back again, feeling them widen further, and further, and further, until they were no longer the thin hips of a man but undeniably the widened, borderline baby-making hips of a woman. It was this, followed by the growing pressure in his chest and the numbness of his cock, that made him realise.

"A woman? I'm turning into a fucking woman!"

"How *commendable*," Sharpe said, finishing the comment on her paper and looking at him. "And quite a cutie of a woman too, once that face finishes. Far too manly at the moment."

As if spurred on by her comments, suddenly the muscles of his face spasmed. It was as if he was forced to pull every expression at once; his cheeks puffed and sucked inwards, his eyebrows raised and waggled, his eyes clenched shut and blinked incessantly. Dozens of little muscles pulled and tensed as they rearranged into new positions and slightly different configurations. His jaw cracked, thinning to a slight point while maintaining a more ovoid shape. His cheekbones rose slightly, and his lips became fuller and puffier. Strangest of all, his eyes pulled slightly further apart, causing his vision briefly to blur. They seemed to shift, even as his eyebrows became full and dark and perfectly shaped, and his nose became longer and defined, and undoubtedly more pleasingly feminine.

"I don't want to be a *woman! Change me back!"*

He clamped his soft hands over his mouth, shocked at the sound of his own voice. It had gone up several octaves, and now sounded incredibly high. It was a slightly squeaky soprano that sounded weak and lacking in confidence, and none could doubt it was a woman's voice. He touched his neck, and found it had become slender, no Adam's apple at all.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get used to that. It’s the next changes that will be a bit harder to stomach.”

He knew they were coming, and yet he couldn’t help but groan in discomfort and rising, unwanted pleasure anyway. His nipples throbbed, the flesh behind them becoming more and more intensely pressured. In contrast to this, his dick was increasingly numb, and there was a pulling sensation attached to his shaft and balls that was causing him to squirm in his seat. He tried to hold it back. Tried to fight it. The magic was flooding his system, but he rallied his body against it. Anything to hold back the tide of unwanted bliss and definitely unwanted change. He was on the cusp of womanhood, and he refused to go over it.

But he had no choice. Like a budding orgasm, the warm sensations grew and grew and grew until he could no longer contain them, and it burst out of him in a way that made him cry out in his new, high, female voice.

“Ah - ahhh - ahhahh - OH GOD! NNGGHNGGH!”

His penis pulled back into his body, as did his balls. He seized, trembling in fear and ecstasy as a new vaginal passage was formed in his manhood’s wake, a sensitive flower between his soft thighs. Even as this occurred, the pressure in his chest was unleashed. The floodgates of breast growth were opened, and they surged forth. His nipples pushed against his shirt, large and female and obvious, and soon the now-baggy shirt rose, growing a little more tight around two points in particular. He groaned, beads of sweat running down his torso as a pair of boobs grew in, perky and pointy and beautiful. They slowed after several seconds, and finished developing shortly after.

Bryce breathed heavily, almost overcome. Other final changes were occurring to him, but for all intents and purposes he was now female, with a vulva and clit instead of a penis, and a pair of what felt to be respectable B-cup boobs on his chest. They felt larger on him, but Bryce had groped more than enough breasts on wild nights and one night stands to know how they felt against his palms, and these were B-cups. At least, he thought they were; he realised his hands were now quite dainty too and might be messing up his measurements.

“Wait, the fuck am I thinking about?” he muttered, his voice girlish and sweet. He stared daggers at Professor Sharpe, fearing her power but also hating what she had done. “Change me back! I don’t want to be this!”

Sharpe shrugged, grabbing another exam paper. “You signed the contract, remember? Besides, your changes aren’t done.”

Bryce made to argue again, then stopped. “What?”

“It’s a diversity scholarship, Mr Carson. Being a woman is a good step to that lofty goal, but there’s still a few categories to meet.”

It was true, the tingling was coming again, all over his skin. Bryce watched in amazement as his now-smooth and feminine skin began to darken, and his face shifted a little once more. His forearms and legs took on a dark olive pigmentation that was quite beautiful, and he could only assume it had spread elsewhere.

“I’m changing - oh fuck, I’m changing race!”

Indeed he was. He could feel his nose become a little more prominent, his limbs a little bit slimmer, his eyebrows a little thicker. But most noticeable was his skin, which had gone from Caucasian to Latina, or perhaps Middle-Eastern or South Asian, it was difficult to tell without seeing a mirror.

“Yes, we need more non-white students,” Sharpe said, nodding appreciatively at the change. “And, of course, there is one other significant change.”

Bryce couldn’t imagine what could possibly be next in this horror show. And then it happened.

The feminised man yelped as his clothing twisted and shifted, his tight t-shirt and casual shorts pulling together to become one garment. The pattern shifted, the material becoming a light and comfortable cotton and polyester, and darkening to become black in colour. The former man tried to pull at his clothing as it extended, pulling down over his brown arms and extending down past his knees. Even his shoes changed, becoming smaller and better fitting for his reduced feet.

“A dress? I’m wearing a fucking dress!?”

“Language Bryce,” Sharpe said casually, taking in this particular change, “particularly given what is happening to you.”

“WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME!?”

His voice was muffled as his collar pulled upwards, detaching from his changing shirt entirely to pull up around his neck. The material thinned and stretched, wrapped around his head and pulling his hair in, covering it from view but for a few black strands at his forehead. It was a shawl - no, a *hijab* - though he didn’t understand entirely how he suddenly knew that. It was a dark purple in colour, matching his dress which pulled a little tightly against his form, outlining his new body, though not in any particularly alluring way. There was a strange reforming, and his male underwear clung tightly to his lovely widened hips, even as cups grew into place to contain his new chest and hold his unfamiliar breasts in place. The transformation of his dress was completed with a sharp piercing in his earlobes, where he could feel modest golden jewellery forming, as well as a silver bracelet on his left wrist. Looking down at himself, he could see and feel that he was wearing a sort of Muslim *chic* look, with a dark purple *hijab* covering his hair and neck, and a short black dress with purple lines that hugged his figure. He thanked the One God Allah that beneath the dress he was wearing jeans, even if they clung far more tightly to the contours of his legs than he was

used to. With annoyance, he realised he was wearing light purple women's shoes, though thankfully without heels, though they were pointed toe flats that were undoubtedly feminine in nature.

"I'm dressed like a - like a damn Muslim!" he said, and once more he was struck by how fragile and 'cute' his voice was. It was humiliating.

"That's because you *are* a Muslim, my dear Fatima."

Bryce went to stand, and this time was far more successful, though to his embarrassment he realised he had shrunk several feet in height. More than several feet, in fact; he couldn't have been taller than 5'4 at the very most! Professor Sharpe was already tall, but now she loomed over him, looking calm and quietly pleased with her results.

"Fatima? My name is Bryce, dammit! And I demand you change me back, or else - or else -"

"Or else what?" Sharp said with a wry grin. "You signed a contract, Fatima."

"My name is Bryce!"

The Professor simply placed down her pen, and slowly folded her arms. For some reason, it made Bryce feel deeply intimidated. Already, his new female hormones were making him more susceptible to emotion, and he could feel his modest breasts rise and fall with each breath. He made to pull away the *hijab* but some invisible force prevented him. The same applied to his clothing. It was as if even attempting to strip himself of his female garments was an act of impossibility for his new body. He looked back to Sharpe, anger rising, hot tears appearing in his eyes. Dammit, he didn't usually cry!

"Oh, don't worry, you won't think of your name as Bryce once the mental changes kick in. Page four of the contract; good thing you skipped that one."

With perfect timing, a rush of information and alterations overwhelmed Bryce's mind. He clutched his head, moaning in a whiny soprano as his neural cortex was invaded by foreign thoughts, feelings, emotions, knowledge, and even *instincts.* In moments, the feeling passed, and she sunk back into his seat, utterly confused.

Wait, she thought, *I just thought of myself as a she. I'm still doing it. Why do I see myself as a woman?*

"Holy . . . I mean, holy - I'm trying to say what the actual ffff . . ."

She looked ridiculous and she knew it. Suddenly she couldn't even swear! She was thinking of herself as a she, as a godda - no, she couldn't even think *that* word either. Agh, it was so confusing! Fatima rubbed her temples, trying to come to grips with the mental changes she'd just absorbed. She was a woman mentally now, and more than that, she couldn't even *think* of herself as Bryce anymore. She knew she was a guy, she wanted to be a guy, she wanted to be Bryce again, but right now she was Fatima Hamdan, with all the knowledge of feminine hygiene and fashion sense that came with it.

And, of course, her new religion as well.

“I - I am Muslim,” she said, bewildered. She blinked her large, dark eyes. “I believe in Allah. I wear the *hijab*. Oh my God . . . be praised.”

She shook her head, unbelieving she had said that. And yet, strangely, it had felt like the right thing to say at the same time. It was all so confusing, and despite her female mind she still wasn’t actually used to her new feminine body or compulsions.

Professor Sharpe leaned over her desk, gazing down her long nose at Fatima.

“As I said, I used my magic to fulfil our diversity quota, and you just happened to be the perfect candidate, Bryce. Well, Fatima now. From now on, you will be enrolled in the same courses as Bryce was, only you will be Fatima Hamdan.”

“But I’m not Muslim! People will come looking for Fatima! I mean Fatima! You know what I mean!”

Sharpe shook her head. “No, they won’t. A contract is more powerful than a regular spell. With this, and your willing signature, we have altered reality together so that you have *always* been Fatima. You are a twenty-two year old immigrant from Saudi Arabia who was adopted as a baby - by your regular parents, by the way. Fatima is a devout Muslim, and hopes to become an engineer to serve her new country.”

“This - this is insane!” she replied.

Sharpe shrugged. “So long as it secures the funding we need.”

“Why not just use your magic to change the school board instead of turning me into a godda - into a godda - into a Muslin woman?”

Sharpe laughed, and it was the first time Fatima had ever heard her laugh, as a woman or a man. “Please. I am willing to change one of my college students into a woman by reshaping reality. I am *not* willing to take on a college board. There’s sorceress power, and there’s college board power. No way am I taking that on.”

“Can - can I at least see how I look?”

Despite herself, Fatima was intensely curious about her looks. She was so overwhelmed by the transformation, but something about her mental changes made her need to see the extent of what had happened to her body. Sharpe raised an eyebrow, and rummaged through her desk until she found a hand mirror, which she passed to Fatima. The new woman took it, her slender hand trembling, and she realised she had red polish on her nails, making them even more feminine. With a slow raise of the mirror, her face came into view, and the former man gasped.

She was gorgeous. Truly beautiful. Her face was rounded, with large, dark eyes that radiated innocence and boundless curiosity. Her lips were full but natural, and two lovely cheekbones were subtly displayed. Her eyebrows were thick and dark, yet perfectly contoured, and her face had the same olive skin tone that marked out her new Arabian

heritage. Her hair, what little of it could be spied from under her veil, was dark and thick and perfect.

“Allahu akbar,” she said, astonished. “I’m beautiful.”

“Consider it a gift for tricking you. I don’t want to be cruel about this; I’ve given you everything you need to be equipped for your new life. And once you have completed your course, you are welcome to meet me again and void the contract, making you Bryce Carson again.”

Fatima was too shocked to say anything, she was still examining her looks, her petite form, her beautiful fashion sense that managed to mix western *chic* with a modern Islamic dress code.

“I’ll turn back? Once I graduate in two years?”

“If you come to me. In the meantime, I’m sure all the boys will love you. Of course, they won’t be so lucky, since I’ve made you a lesbian.”

Fatima tore her eyes up from the mirror.

“What?”

“As I said, diversity. You’re a gay female Arabic Muslim. That’s four checkboxes ticked all at once!”

Fatima just about fainted back into the chair. It was going to be a long, strange two years to come. She whispered a silent prayer to her new God.

“Please help me get through this - this craziness!”

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The following month was the most strange and uncertain of Bryce’s - or rather *Fatima’s* life. She had gone from being an alpha male with white privilege and an easy charm that attracted the ladies, to a nervous and shy Muslim girl with beautiful looks but a devout and modest dress sense. It was an overload to not only have a woman’s body, but also one of a totally different race, and on top of that feel a mental compulsion to worship her God and venerate him in her five daily prayers towards Mecca. It was completely overwhelming, and yet the entire world was acting as if she had been a lesbian Arabic muslim her entire life.

After leaving Professor Sharpe’s office, Fatima had gone straight home. Several students waved to her, saying things such as:

“Hey Fatima!”

“How’s it going Fatima? Are we still on for breakfast tomorrow?”

She only walked faster, frustrated at her tiny legs and their tiny steps, and the way her wide womanly hips swung from side to side as she moved. Her dress was surprisingly tight against her form, forcing her to grapple with the visible outline of her breasts stretching

the fabric just slightly. It was, she felt, the uppermost limit of how ‘showy’ her new mind was willing to allow herself. Fatima was modest in her beauty, and felt a compulsion to look pretty while still in keeping with her new faith’s requirements.

She passed Chad and his group, and to her shock several of them whistled at her, the star footballer most of all.

“Nice looks, Muslim girl!” he yelled as she passed, feeling suddenly frightened. “Would love to see what’s under that *burqa*, among other things!”

“It’s a *hijab*, you moron!” she yelled back, her voice high and reedy. The knowledge had just fallen into her mind, but somehow, despite having been a Muslim for only ten minutes, it irritated her to her new womanly core that someone could be so ignorant.

“Allah above, what has happened to me?” she said.

It would take her that full month to truly even come to terms with it. During that time, she had to deal with her new, female body, including feminine hygiene, skincare, makeup, and dress sense. She was thankful, at least, that her mental changes gave her skill in overcoming those challenges, but that didn't make any of them feel *natural.* Still, she was compelled by the magic, gently nudged to be a pretty young Muslim woman. It helped that her dorm was now with a female roommate, at least, but it was incredibly awkward when she found out it was Sabrina, the very woman Fatima had enjoyed casual hookups and high energy fucking with back when she'd been Bryce. To suddenly find herself thrust into the role of 'girlfriend' and confidant was not what she expected, and it was pure torture to be able to see Sabrina's gorgeous freckled body in bra and panties and feel utterly turned on thanks to her lesbian brain, but know that Sabrina was one-hundred percent straight.

It was those feelings of being turned on that made Fatima realise, in the days to come, that though she was now a practising Muslim, devout though certainly progressive in her beliefs, even the most modest of women can still get very, deeply, incredibly horny. She lasted all of five hours in her new form before she locked herself in the bathroom, stripped naked, and examined and prodded and, yes, *probed* her new form. She was struck by her cute looks, right down to the beauty spot on her right cheek, but what was hidden beneath her veil and clothing was just as gorgeous: Fatima had a slender, well-proportioned body with wide hips and a general hourglass shape. Her breasts were not large, but they were not small either, and they were topped by brown nipples that were incredibly sensitive. Naturally, being a former guy, the new woman struggled to keep her hands off, and soon she was playing with them. It didn’t take long for her fingers to slide down to her crotch, and for her to begin teasing at her sensitive folds.

“Ohhhhh,” she had moaned, as her new tunnel began to grow wet, and it was not the last time she would feel this way. She imagined she was fucking Sabrina, but not as a man

fucks a woman, but as a woman with another. It was a strange thought to have, but to the new Arabic lesbian Muslim, it was utterly appealing.

Within moments, she was moaning loudly, heedless of her roommate just outside. Her first female orgasm rolled through her like a blast of thunder, and she nearly fell down onto the bathroom floor, staggered by its power. She had actually cried out a prayer to Allah in thanks for her womanliness, and it was only as she came down from the pleasure that she realised how strange that was.

Sabrina was waiting on the other side of the door when she got out, arms folded.

"Quite the shower you had there, huh?"

Fatima had never been so embarrassed, in all her five hours of existence. But it didn't stop her from exploring her womanly body again . . . and again, and again and again as the days passed. As a man, she had always assumed that women's libidos were weaker than men's, but her new body as well as her new knowledge of just how much Sabrina liked her personal vibrator, told her otherwise. She would imagine beautiful women, often more powerful and confident women, scooping her up and making her submissive to them. It was directly counter to Bryce's instincts of what should be natural, but to Fatima, she couldn't help but lead her thoughts there.

It was just one way that her life had changed substantially. The other was her daily ritual. As Bryce, she had been always on time to classes, but otherwise was a creature of habit; used to doing himself up to look attractive, used to going to the gym, but his appearance didn't require great thought, nor his diet. As a Muslim woman, Fatima now found pork completely cut from her diet. She was greatly irritated by this; it was her favourite food! Several times over the following days she attempted to eat some, even just a slice of ham, but as with taking off her veil in public or in the presence of men, she found that it was like an invisible pair of hands descended to prevent her from eating even the tiniest of morsels. Even her religious mind screeched at her; it was not *halal*, after all.

More than just this overall minor change, there was the elaborate effort she had to go to in order to get dressed properly for the day. Her hair was long and thick and luxurious, and needed to be treated carefully before going under her *hijab*, and that wasn't even getting into the makeup, foundation, eye shadow, and her overall dress sense. She found herself groaning in frustration at how long it took to get a good colour-matching outfit as a woman, though it was strangely pleasing to get something that looked cute with her veil. And she was indeed cute; a petite little thing who no longer had a gym membership, and certainly couldn't lift if she tried. Even trying to enter such a space was not possible for her; her mind railed at her, assailing her for entering a place where she would have to be immodestly dressed in order to increase her fitness, and in the presence of men as well!

Her new religion also affected her life, even more than she could have foreseen. Beyond her need to be modest in dress and presentation, Fatima also had to contend with having to give her five daily prayers towards Mecca, read pages of the Koran before bedtime, and in general come to the terms with the fact that despite Bryce not believing in a greater entity, Fatima did. It was like intellectually knowing the sky wasn't going to fall, but seeing it fall anyway. It was a horrendous act of double-think, one that she continually failed to rally against, and it made her sigh at times, give a quick prayer to God, and get on with her day. She was Muslim now, and it was harder not to be than simply going with the flow. And, though she would never admit it, it gave her a sense of peace and meaning in her new life, her prayers and faith making her steel her resolve to complete her degree, come to terms with her magical contract, and walk the hard path to gaining back her real life.

The course, at least, was not greatly changed for her. She was still undertaking an engineering major, and she was still near the top of her class, perhaps *the* top now that she was intensely focusing on her assessments due to Professor Sharpe's challenge. But her behaviour in the lecture theatre and around the campus had significantly altered. Fatima was incredibly cognisant of the fact that she was the only girl now in her engineering classes, and the boys were just as well aware of this. They gave her constant aside glances and even the occasional creepy stare; it was clear that her attractiveness was a draw to them, and her Arabic nature as well: one creep had even complimented her on looking "exotic."

"I'm the same nationality as you," she replied, "and I'm not exotic. I have Arabic heritage and I wear an Islamic veil, that's all."

She walked away, leaving him muttering something that was likely more than a little bigoted. She was surprised at how the interaction bothered her, as she went back to her dorm a little tearful, and Sabrina made her feel better with a warm tea as she cried it out. She'd had no idea as a man just how much women had to put up with: her opinions were not taken as seriously in class, and even fully covered up men were often checking her out, some even whistling at the "cute Muslim check with the nice lips and wide hips."

The last had been Chad, and it disgusted her. She'd had no idea he could be such a chauvinist. No, a misogynist! It was like seeing him from a female perspective revealed a side of him she'd never seen, or perhaps simply refused to. He denigrated women with every breath, thinking he was hot shit, and he had taken a particular attachment to her, enjoying the way she squirmed beneath his gaze, and how he often asked to see what was "hidden under all that clothing."

"I'm not even wearing 'all that much clothing'" she managed to snap back one day, turning her gaze upon him. "I am dressed not much different from any other woman, I just have my *hijab*. Look, Sandy over there has the same pair of jeans as I do!"

Chad just smiled, and stepped closer. Allah above, he was huge. He was bigger back when they were both men, but now he towered over her, and it made her very scared. For the first time, Fatima realised just why women were so constantly on their guard around men, particularly if they were pretty or different. Something in Chad's gaze made her frightened, and she hurried away.

"Fucking Muslim dyke," he spat, as she walked away.

Thankfully, her experiences with her former friend-turned-harasser were few and far between. For the most part, Fatima simply lived her life as an engineering student. Her social life was very altered; she spent her time mainly with women, including Sabrina, and she found their company so wonderfully different from men. Perhaps it was her more powerful emotions, or her feminine hormones, or just the mental changes, but she found that being among women allowed her to express her feelings and anxieties and inner thoughts so much more freely. Her 'girlfriends' loved her style, and it lifted her up to know that it was appreciated by other girls; it was a validating experience. But it was the 'circle of compassion' that women so often shared that she was coming to love, particularly the constant comments and lifting up they gave each other. The sisterhood of womanhood.

"Oh my God, Fatima, that veil is so cute with your top! I love it!"

"Fatima, don't be hard on yourself. You're way smarter than all those drooling boys in your class, I'm sure. Just you wait, you'll be top of the class."

"You'll find a gorgeous lesbian just for you hon, I don't doubt it for a second."

These night gatherings were wonderful, even if she no longer was able to drink alcohol. The invisible hands prevented her from doing so, but somehow it was alright; she had so much fun with them, and it was a richly rewarding experience to be a trusted friend, even a designated driver, who was cared for and protected. In fact, Sabrina just about walloped a man who disrespected Fatima when he tried to get handsy with her boobs, and the girls all fell in rank and file to guard "their Fatima." It was a closer bond in just a month with these women than Bryce had ever had with guys he'd known half his whole life. And so, despite her reluctance at her new temporary form, she found a sense of joy in complimented and lifting her friends up as well, and within the first month she came to enjoy staying up late doing 'girls nights' at the dorm, watching silly romance movies and reality TV shows with Sabrina. Some of the women on these shows made her nipples grow hard with want, and her trips to the bathroom when Sabrina had gone to bed were more frequent than natural, as she felt the need to pleasure her female equipment as she conjured up images of gorgeous busty women dominating her cute Muslim body.

In fact, the upsides to being a woman - even a Muslim one - were slowly manifesting. Despite being weaker, shorter, taken less seriously, having to follow strict rules, and put up with the occasional come-on or catcall, there was a strange liberation about her new life.

She no longer had to compete with the boys - it was hard enough to find a date at all as a Muslim lesbian with a thing for traditionally feminine women - and she couldn't deny that her new faith did help her through the hard times, when she felt overcome by all the strangeness of being Fatima. It didn't meant that she was okay with what Sharpe did, far from it: she'd tried a number of times to convince her sociology professor to change her back, but the response was always the same, no matter what tactic she tried:

"Sorry, Fatima, but the contract is sealed. You're our most diverse student, and there's more than a few grand riding on your success as part of our initiative. It's just two more years, my dear. I'm sure you'll come around to it."

And as always, Fatima would storm off, infuriated that she was locked into a body, race, and religion she never asked for, even if it meant that her tuition was paid for and covered. In fact, Sharpe had revealed that her next entire year of college would be covered by the scholarship.

"Blackmail," Fatima muttered under her breath as she left Sharpe's office.

"Have a good day, Fatima!"

"Assalamu alaikum!" she called back sweetly, but she managed to inject a bitter sarcasm deep within it also. "And you should thank whatever god of sorcery you worship that your spell has made me a nonviolent woman."

The last was only whispered.

***

It was a fine day, and Fatima was trying to ignore her occasional dreaming about being a guy again. Despite finding some joy in her new body, femininity, and faith, she nevertheless couldn't help but miss the strength and confidence of being a man, not to mention that she'd just gotten over the horrible cramps of her very first period. As a way to take her mind off of being stuck as an Arabic woman of Muslim faith, she decided to visit the college pool to relax along with several of her new female friends. She wore a 'burkini' to cover her precious hair, but it otherwise conformed to her lovely form, and she couldn't help but notice that several of the men looked appreciatively her way.

It was strange, she'd always thought that women only dressed up and did their makeup for male attention when she was a man, but now as a woman, she felt pretty good about her cute eyelashes and skincare routine. The stares of men meant little more to her than a sign that she looked good, and an occasional annoyance. It was a reminder of what women had to put up with now that she was one, and also that she still had not been successful in finding a date. There were several attractive lesbians on campus, but even as she had dared to approach them, she had shied away. The old Bryce loved a good one night

stand, but for Fatima it just felt *wrong*, no matter how much she truly wanted it. Her faith and her more sincere, shy nature meant that anything so bold as a booty call was beyond her capability. It didn't feel right to pursue a woman for just sex, when a longer relationship should be the true goal. At least, that's how she interpreted the guidance of her new faith.

She admired the form of a pretty blonde swimming freely in the water, and was momentarily distracted. Fatima's body was still quite horny, and her daily masturbation sessions still failed to cool her down entirely when a beautiful femme was nearby. She looked at this woman now, entranced, wondering if she should approach. Just as she decided to do so, the blonde woman entered the arms of a man nearby, and the two kissed. Blushing at her thoughts, Fatima got out of the pool.

"Everything alright Fatima?" Sabrina asked.

"It's nothing," Fatima replied, rubbing her cheek, "I just have to go now. You girls have fun."

She returned to the showers, where she could enjoy being free of her veil for some time, allowing her gorgeous dark brown hair in its thickness go free as she washed it and wrapped it in a towel. It was a safe space for her now, to be in a change room among women. There was no compulsion to be 'modest', at least in her usual sense.

"If only I wasn't so da - da - *darn* modest," she said to herself. She whispered a silent prayer to Allah to help her through this. To help her find someone, *anyone*. In truth, she wanted a good fuck, but filtered through her altered mindset, she could only conceive of such in a loving relationship. "Ugh, I guess I'll just have to accept that boundary for now."

She left after changing, fitting into a cute pink and white loose top and flowing long skirt that covered her ankles. Her veil matched her outfit, as always, and she headed across campus to make her way back to her dorm.

It was then that she ran afoul of Chad. The hulking frat boy was alone, and somehow that was worse than being with his mates. In front of them, he made cruel jests and come-ons, often commenting on her body in a way that made her incredibly uncomfortable, particularly since she once saw him as a friend. But alone . . . alone she was starting to learn what all women fear. He had a small upturned smile on his lips, and was eyeing her hungrily, like she was a piece of meat and he was the wolf.

"Hey there, Fatima! Just come from prayer, have you?" he said. His smile didn't reach his eyes.

"I was swimming," she replied brusquely, trying to move past him. He shifted his body, and blocked her way. Her heart beat a little faster, and she looked around; they were between two of the faculty buildings in a garden strip that ran through the area. It was normally a quiet study space, but there was no one in sight now. A little adrenaline kicked into her system, a small piece of panic descending. She tried not to show it.

“Swimming, niiiice. I bet you have to wear one of those ‘burkinis’ though, don’t you? A shame you have to hide all that lovely hair of yours, isn’t it? I bet you’d look real fucking hot if you just stopped dressing like a damn terrorist.”

There it was. Even as Bryce, she had found that Chad’s so-called ‘jokes’ could sometimes traverse into territory that seemed more than a little bigoted. Chad had always claimed it was ‘just a joke.’ Now, Fatima was frustrated she’d never called him on that back when she had upper body strength, not to mention a belief in non-violence.

“That is not funny,” she said, trying to stand a little taller than her diminutive height. “What you just said was pretty *darn* racist, Chad. Go away, and leave me alone. I don’t have anything to say to you.”

She moved to step past him, but his hand surged forth and grabbed her wrist. She yelped in her high, feminine voice as his rough fingers closed around her dainty wrist, keeping her in place. He was much stronger than she was: her heart was beating like a jackhammer.

“Let. Me. Go.”

A wicked smile. “Sure, but first why don’t you let me have a little kiss, huh?”

She pulled against his arm, to no avail. “I’ll scream! I will.”

“Oh yeah? Who are they gonna believe? The Arab girl or the white dude who was born here and is the football team’s star? Not even that Professor Sharpe who’s always looking out for you will be able to protect you when I get the media on my side. Your choice.”

Chad’s words shocked her. Sharpe had been protecting her? Looking out for her? At least she cared, but where was she now? Her eyes darted.

“She’s in a lecture, sweet cheeks. Can’t help you now. Jeez, you should relax. It’s not like I’m going to rape you or anything, I just want to see what your body looks like, alright?”

She bared her teeth in anger, but it couldn’t stop his wandering hand from clutching her petite ass, before trailing around to feel her slim waist.

“Nice, like what I’m feeling here.”

“Fff - ffffuu - *screw* you!”

He laughed. “Can’t even cuss me out, huh?”

“Get your freaking hands off me, Chad, I’m warning you!”

“Or what, you’ll bomb me? Fly a plane into me? Or are you going to just give a little prayer to Allah to save your lesbian tits? Which, speaking off.”

Fatima froze as Chad’s wandering hands felt up her breasts.

“Not bad, not bad. Not as big as Bea Barrett or Sabrina Paris, but not small either! I guess it’s true that Muslim girls really do have it going on beneath all their sheets.”

“I’m wearing a normal dress, you ffff - you ignorant misogynistic Islamaphobic racist!”

Chad paid her no mind, pulling her close for a kiss. She whispered a prayer to God to save her. She didn't want to be in fear of this man any longer.

"She's right! Leave her alone!"

Both of them turned their heads suddenly to see a new figure had arrived. Fatima's eyes went wide as she took in who it was: the same Latina who she'd bumped into just before her meeting with Sharpe a month ago, back when she'd been Bryce. The one who had accused him of being a chauvinist privileged male who didn't consider the feelings of women and just glided by in life. How right she'd been.

"What the hell are you doing here Martina?" Chad demanded. He let go of Fatima's arm, obviously aware of how the situation looked.

"I'm seeing an entitled prick sexually harrassing an innocent woman who just wanted to go about her day, and being an absolute racist and sexist while he does it."

Chad rolled his eyes. "Oh, fuck off dyke. Go find an ugly butch girl to fuck or something, this doesn't involve you."

She's a lesbian? Fatima thought, *and her name is Martina*. Despite herself, her heart fluttered; the other woman was indeed truly beautiful. No, not just beautiful, *devastatingly* sexy, a heroic figure come to the aid of the demure damsel in distress. Martina was wearing a cute red button shirt that complimented her olive skin, and contoured well to her curvaceous body. Her breasts, as Bryce had suspected at their first calamitous meeting, were indeed large; a ripe pair of melons that strained the front of her top, a deep line of cleavage showing courtesy of the top three buttons being undone just to accommodate them. She wore a pair of daisy dukes that fit her shapely hips, the kind that did not lie. As she turned aside for a moment, Fatima couldn't help but notice her rounded ass. She tried to get her brain back onto the seriousness of the situation, but a month without any date had driven her horniness through the roof, and something about being rescued right now only made this hot Latina even more attractive, from her jangling golden hoop earrings and curly black hair all the way to her thick thighs and golden tan skin.

"Oh Chad, Chad Chad Chad," she said, grinning and adopting the voice of a mother talking to a misbehaving toddler. "You've really, *really* fucked up now, especially since you're not only insutling and threatening a woman in front of me, but a real cutie too. Hi, I'm Martina, I don't think we've met."

"I'm - I'm Fatima. Fatima Hamdan." She said it weakly, and she tried to brush her hair idly out of nervousness, only for her hand to run along the edge of her veil. Her cheeks turned red.

"Great to meet you Fatima, you're too cute for a total boob like this."

Chad was incensed. His face was literally red with rage. Fatima had seen him like this before, and it wasn't a pretty sight. She had to warn Martina.

“Please, I can handle this, I don’t want you getting hurt,” she said to the beautiful woman.

“Oh, that’s sweet, really sweet, honey. Can I ask, genuinely, if you’re into him, like at all? Because if so, I’ll leave right now, to whatever sick roleplay this is.”

Fatima couldn’t bring herself to say it. She was too captured by the beauty of her potential saviour, as well as her repulsion to the man who was threatening at that very moment to tear off her *hijab*.

“I - I don’t even like men at all,” she said, staring at the ground and shifting a foot idly. “I prefer . . . well, I prefer women.”

Martina paused for a moment, and then she positively *beamed*.

“Well, that changes things. Ha! That’s a joke Chad, though not one you’ll get until it’s too late.”

“Like I said,” he replied, “you can fuck off right now, dyke. I don’t hit women, but freaks like you don’t count.”

Fatima’s heart raced, and her adrenaline was spiking. She tried to think of something, anything to say. She prayed to Allah to give her guidance. She should have been back at her dorm at that very moment, praying on her knees to him at the appointed hour, but instead she was here, and she had no idea what to do. She looked at Martina, and mouthed a silent ‘Run.’ The woman just shook her head, and took a moment to crack her neck.

“That won’t be necessary, cutie pie. Gosh, you’re so close to my type, I swear. But don’t worry, I think I can solve two problems at the same time - are you single, Fatima?”

“Um, yes.”

“HEY, I’M TALKING TO YOU, FREAK!”

“That’s great Fatima, that’s really great, because I can see from here that you don’t exactly mind the way I look either. I think you and I should get together, once this boob is out of the way.”

“THAT’S IT! FUCK YOU”

Chad pulled back his arm, and Fatima clenched her eyes shut, fearing what would happen to Martina. But nothing happened, and after a moment, she opened her eyes, and gasped. Chad’s body was oriented in midswing, his fist beginning to outstretched. His eyes wandered, locked onto her, and she could see fear in them. He was unable to move, his body impossibly stuck in motion. Fatima’s gaze wandered slowly to the target of his aggression, and her jaw dropped when she saw that Martina’s dark eyes were glowing a vibrant green, a small tendril of that same green glowing energy extending from her long, painted fingernail to the bigoted bully now stuck as her plaything.

“Gotcha,” she said, grinning a bit wildly.

“You . . . you’re magic!” Fatima said. She could barely believe it: *another* magic user? How many were there? Or was this just some crazy coincidence to come across two of them in as many months.

“That’s right, cutie, I’m a sorceress.” Martina winked, and she stuck her large chest out proudly. It was quite the nice sight, and it made Fatima thankful that she’d been made a lesbian, that she could appreciate the round, ample nature of this woman’s chest. She obviously was showing off, but Fatima couldn’t care less; it was a damn good look.

“You saved me, thank you! Allah be praised, thank you!”

“Don’t thank me yet, Fatima. I haven’t dealt with him yet. Big boy here is just in stasis until I change him into a more suitable form.”

Chad gasped, horrified as an uncertain feeling settled over his body, like insects crawling beneath his skin. He shuddered, trying to rid himself of the feeling, but frozen like a statue as he was, it was impossible.

“Now, Chad, I may not be as powerful as my mentor, given I’m still in training. I would love to turn you into a pathetic little lizard for the racist, sexist, and xenophobic way you’ve treated this innocent woman, so count yourself lucky I can’t go that far. Instead, I’m going to use what power I do have to strip you of what you apparently value most in the world, given how you’ve manhandled this girl: your strength.”

“You - you can’t - ngh!”

She twirled her fingers, making it difficult - albeit no longer impossible - for him to speak.

“Now, now, Chad, don’t worry. I’m not going to hurt you. I’m just going to make it a lot harder for you to hurt anyone else, ever again. Enjoy being brought back to earth.”

She spoke another incantation, and Fatima stepped back, alarmed as her former friend-turned-tormentor began to twist slightly, unable to move independently, but the magic moving him instead. He gasped and whined, begging and pleading as Martina enforced her will over his. His muscles began to shrink down, his mighty biceps receding, his neck muscles melting down into his shoulders. To Fatima’s shock, even his height reduced, his spine making loud cracks like budding popcorn as they crunched downward, his 6’3 gait falling down to 6’2, 6’1, 6’0, and continuing inexorably below that into the 5 feet range, descending away, his clothes increasingly big on his frame. Even his leg muscles flattened, emptying like balloons.

“No - no please! I’m s-s-sorry! Aaggh! I - I won’t do it again!”

Martina paused for a moment, her beautiful, intelligent gaze sweeping over him. Fatima got the very distinct sense that she didn’t believe him. But to the Muslim girl’s surprise, the newly-revealed sorceress softened her expression, her eyes searching over the former male.

“Are you okay? He didn’t hurt you too badly?”

It was only then that Fatima realised her arm was beginning to pain her. She rubbed it subconsciously, and winced at the bruise already developing beneath her sleeve.

“I - I will be okay,” she said. It was only then that Fatima realised how high on adrenaline she was; her breath came quick, her awareness of her own body only just now slowly returning. The lingering shadow of fear was only just now sliding away, though Martina’s magical presence also scared her.

The other woman didn’t seem to notice this. “Are you sure? Your arm . . .”

“It’s just a bruise.”

Martina’s eyes narrowed as she looked with disgust back at Chad.

“Just a bruise, huh? Well, what kind of man would bruise an innocent woman, Chad?”

The man squirmed, his reduction in muscle slowing, but still he was able to eke out some words.

“S-sorry. I d-didn’t mean to-”

“Liar!” called a voice, and it was only after Martina gave her a look of astonishment at that fiery comment that Fatima realised it had come from herself. Her fear was dissipating even further, and she was left with a molten fury at the man she had once called friend. Why had she never called out his misogyny and awful jokes when she had been a white man? She felt ashamed that she had never had the courage.

“I agree,” Martina said. “You are a liar, Chad. And for this alone, I should take your strength forever. But I think your would-be victim should have some decision on this. What do you think . . . I’m sorry, what was your name again?”

“F-Fatima. Fatima Hamdan.”

Martina smiled, and it was not an ungenerous expression. Fatima couldn’t help but notice how the buxom beauty’s eyes slid down her form, and she felt strangely warm to be seen that way, despite the strange circumstances.

“That’s a very beautiful name. Martina, if you’ve forgotten. I’m sure this is strange for you. What do you think we should do about Chad here, Fatima? I leave it to you; should I let him off with a warning, or will he go on to treat more women this way?”

Chad’s eyes went impossibly wider, almost bulging out of their sockets as Fatima stepped forward to examine him nervously. She couldn’t believe she was seeing real magic a second time, but moreover, she couldn’t believe that this time it had saved her from a far more ordinary threat. She locked eyes with his terrified expression, and made a decision.

“He will treat more women like this,” she said. “He’s only scared because he got caught. I know him . . . I mean, I know his type. His fear will become anger, and he will take it out on some other innocent girl.”

Martina nodded, and turned back to the frozen bully. Already, his face was caught halfway between that terror and fury that Fatima had just spoken of.

"You b-bitches! I'll fu-'

"No, you won't fuck up anyone, let alone innocent girls minding their own business, ever again."

And with that, Martina weaved the last of her incantation. Chad gritted his teeth and groaned terribly as his muscles melted away, his height fell, and even his handsome looks evaporated. In mere moments, all that was left was a short, skinny young man roughly 5'2 in height - tinier than most women, and looking not even as strong as most of them as well. His features were gangly, like those of the supposed 'weak nerds' he always used to mock in a way that had made Bryce laugh, but now as Fatima she realised was just bullying. Martina stepped closer, and he shied back, staring up at her as if she was a looming titan come to squash him like a bug.

"The - the fuck!" he whined, and even his voice was weaker, reedier. "Change me back!"

"How about you shoo out of my sight, and maybe in a few years I'll consider giving you your muscles back, *if* you behalf. For now, *scram!"*

His vision briefly flitted from Martina to Fatima, to Martina again. And then he ran away; a little oddly, given his much shorter height and ill-fitting clothes.

"What's going to happen to him?" Fatima asked.

Martina shrugged. "I'm not the most powerful sorceress, at least not yet. I still have a lot to learn about adjusting reality around a change like this, but I think I patched things okay. People should remember him as having been quite muscly and powerful a year ago, but his strength and height were taken away by a unique growth disorder." She chuckled. "It's not perfect, but it doesn't need to be. A man like Chad will quickly find out how little people care about the consistency of his new backstory. He's the kind of person to surround himself with friends who only like him because of his looks and his dominance. Now he had neither."

Fatima nodded. As strange and unexpected as this all was, it had been justice in a way.

"Thank you," she whispered, "thank you so much."

She cast her eyes over Martina's body, and once again couldn't help but feel her heart skip a beat. The Latina woman was gorgeous, her prominent cleavage showing, her curvy hips having that perfect rondure shape. It made her feel giddy inside, especially when combined with the woman's confidence.

Martina gave a little smirk that made the Muslim girl a little weak. "No problem, Fatima. Girls gotta look out for girls, right?"

"Uh, right."

“It’s too bad I have to wipe your memory of this whole encounter.”

That threw a wrench in Fatima’s mindset. “What? No!”

“Sorry, really. Just can’t have people running around knowing me and the Professor know magic. It’s a shame, really. You’re exactly my type; cute, sweet, and kind, but also willing to stand up for yourself. And, well, I can see you’ve got the hots for me too, I see those wandering eyes.”

Fatima blushed. “But, you don’t understand -”

“Trust me, I do. I have to do this, or Sharpe will kill me. Sorry Fatima, I’ll try and see if we get along outside of this craziness. But for now . . .”

She weaved her hands in an incantation that froze Fatima in place. The former man struggled against, and she felt tendrils enter her mind, attempting to reshape the contents there. It felt alien and wrong, but then she sensed something else: magical barriers in place that prevented her mind from being changed. Sharpe’s doing. The magic faltered, cracking apart, and Martina gave a gasp.

“Holy shit! You’ve *already* been changed by magic! What the hell?” She gaped a little, before regaining her composure. “This is Sharpe’s doing. Who - who are you?”

Fatima didn’t know what to say. In fact, she knew that she *couldn’t* say anything. Martina could see it too. She narrowed her eyes, peering at Fatima, the Muslim girl could sense that the magical restrictions on her were being inspected.

“By the Goddess, you’ve been altered, and a lot! How didn’t I see it? Are you able to tell me what happened?”

“I . . . I can’t,” Fatima said, the compulsions pushing at her mind. “I was a . . . different person, weeks ago. We met before, though. That’s all I can say. I, um, I bumped into you.”

For a few seconds there was no recognition in Martina’s eyes. And then, suddenly, they lit up, and she took a step backwards in surprise, lifting her hands behind her head in shock. This had the side effect of making her prominent bust push out further; Fatima silently berated herself for beings so horny even in the midst of all this madness.

“No way. No, no way. You? The ignorant white boy jock? Bryce Carson?”

Fatima nodded demurely, the best she could do to confirm Martina’s words.

“Holy shit, I bet this was Sharpe’s cultural diversity scholarship thing, wasn’t it?”

Another nod. Fatima could feel the hot blush in her cheeks. She had gotten more used to being a modest, well-behaved Muslim girl, enough so at least that it was awkward to be reminded of the powerful and somewhat blustering man she had been. She gazed at the ground, her B-cup chest rising and falling beneath her top.

“Wow. Wow, wow, wow.”

“But how do you remember -?”

“I’m a sorceress. We’re not immune to that reality-rewriting stuff, but once we figure it out we can remember it both ways, and I do remember you. Looks like you got what you deserved, Fatima. How long are you gonna be like this? You should be able to talk to me normally now.”

She breathed a sigh of relief. To be able to discuss it with *anyone* . . .

“Two years. Until I have finished my course or drop out. And I can’t drop out.”

Martina grinned. It wasn’t a nice grin, and held a satisfied look to it, like that of a Chesire cat. “Well, looks like the shoe is on the other foot now, *Fatima*. From a self-absorbed white man with all his privilege and power and jock-ish lack of care, to a cute Muslim chick stuck worshipping your -”

“Do *not* make fun of my faith!”

Martina stopped, once again shocked at the outburst. Fatima felt surprised too. She was shorter than Martina, and this woman had power. Actual magical power. But she felt the need to defend her faith, even if it was subjected to her. In the silence that followed, she found the strength to continue.

“You can make fun of me. You can make fun of the person I used to be. You can criticise me for being friends once with that - that pig! But do *not* mock my faith. I didn’t want to be like this, but it is part of me now. It’s weird and strange and *not normal*, and I’m still learning so much about being a girl, and so feminine, and wearing dresses and makeup, and being Arabic, and being hit on by creepy men, and being a woman of faith. I’m learning my lesson, but I didn’t deserve this, I was tricked! And right now, I was nearly attacked! So thanks for saving me, and thanks for giving me at least one person I can talk to about this with, but I have more than paid for being an ignorant jock. Right now, I just want to get through this.”

And with that, to her complete and utter surprise, Fatima turned and walked away, her covered head held high.

“Wait! Fatima, wait!”

Fatima paused, not knowing whether to hear the woman out. But she had just saved her . . .

“What is it?” she asked, not turning around to face the Latina sorceress just yet.

There was a pause, and then Martina approached, moving in front of Fatima so she could meet her eyes. The Muslim lesbian was a little surprised; the other woman appeared embarrassed, and was struggling to meet her gaze. It was as if the tables had been flipped.

“Look, I’m - shit, I suck at apologies. I’m *sorry*, okay? Sharpe can be a bit of a self-interested bitch. I guess a lot of us magic-users are like that; if you can play Goddess with people’s lives, you start to view yourself a little above them. I - well, I shouldn’t have

insulted your faith like that. If, you know, it's not just a compulsion, but something genuine to you."

Fatima pressed a loose hair back into her veil, and adjusted her head-covering.

"It is important to me," she replied, and simply the act of admitting it made her realise it was actually true, "and it is a compulsion, too. It's . . . hard to explain. The contract doesn't come with an instruction manual, but it's like getting a different perspective, I guess."

"That does sound hard to explain," Martina said, smiling awkwardly. "I guess I didn't *actually* know much about the person you were. Shit, I'm sorry. Look, let me make it up to you and at least walk you back to your dorm. Whether you were a dude or a chick before, being a woman in an encounter like that can be terrifying."

Fatima went to say no, but in truth, it had been terrifying. She lifted a hand, and realised it was actually shaking. The adrenaline was cooling down now, leaving her with the follow-up jitters that always come after a frightening experience.

"Um, I'm not sure."

Martina gave a look of concern, and despite her earlier meanness, Fatima could tell it was a genuine look of concern; the woman had searching eyes, and they were staring at those same tremors, perfect dark eyebrows raised in concern.

"Please. Consider it an apology for being a real Chad-level dick."

Fatima giggled in her cute voice, and raised her thumb and forefinger, drawing them to only half an inch or so apart. "Not nearly that bad. Maybe more like Bryce-level."

Martina laughed back. It was an attractive, husky laugh, almost sultry. She bit her lip in a way that made Fatima feel a little weak in the knees.

"At least the Prof didn't take your sense of humour. So, shall I walk you back?"

"Sure," she said, hiding a smile. "I guess that would be nice."

***

"This is amazing!" Fatima exclaimed, taking another sip of the tea Martina had prepared for her. "What is it?"

"Just a green tea herbal with some ginger sprinkled in. You mean to tell me you haven't tried half your stash?"

Fatima shook her head. "It's been a long month getting accustomed to all this. My own former fu-, fu-, ugh, I still forget I can't swear! My former *lover* is my roommate now."

Martina chuckled as she sprawled out on a beanbag opposite the changed Muslim girl. "That must be awkward, huh? But hey, at least the new you likes tea."

The two of them were back in Fatima's dorm, and over an hour had passed since they arrived. Fatima had taken a shower, cleaned her hair and reapplied her makeup, and

even adorned a light purple shirt and dark long skirt, feeling a little ‘icky’ in the clothes Chad had grabbed her in. Martina had kindly put them through the wash by the time she stepped out, and the Latina bombshell briefly opened her mouth in surprise to see Fatima without her veil, before she obviously remembered that the veil need not be worn in the presence of other women. The two had gotten to talking, and Fatima had found that her life in the past month - the five daily prayers, the visiting of her mosque, her renewed attempts at study, her completely failed attempts to find another woman to date - all of it came pouring out of her. There were even a few tears shed - she attributed that to her female hormones, but the truth was this was the first time she’d been able to vent her frustrations, and they were as much tears of joy as they were of sadness.

Afterwards, some silence reigned, and Martina proposed a nice tea to soothe her spirits. And it *did* taste delicious; Fatima hadn’t realised how much she’d needed it. Clearly, there were some additional aspects of her new palate that she needed to learn to appreciate. She gulped deep and closed her eyes, smiling widely as the wonderful calming substance settled in her belly.

“Ahhh,” she breathed, “that’s better.”

She opened her eyes to see Martina resting her chin in her hands, smiling at her.

“What?”

“Nothing. You just look . . . sorta cute, is all.”

Fatima smiled despite herself, and Martina grinned too. The other woman stood, stretching out languidly a little in a way that was nice on Fatima’s eyes. She really did have a nice bust, and it made Fatima a little jealous.

Jealous.

She widened her eyes at experiencing *that* particular emotion. She gazed quickly down at her chest, where her already nicely-sized B-cup breasts gave a slight impression against her shirt. Yes, she had certainly felt a strain of envy at another woman’s bust line, something she hadn’t felt before.

“How is your arm?”

Fatima tore her eyes off Martina, who had obviously seen her checking the voluptuous woman out.

“My arm? Oh!” She clutched her forearm, and indeed, there was a dark purple bruise there, contoured to where a large man’s hand had grabbed her forcefully. “Ahh . . . it hurts. A little bit. Okay, a lot.”

“Let me have a look at it.” Martina came over, and gestured for Fatima to extend her hand. She took it carefully, and Fatima shivered at the soft touch of the woman’s bronze fingers. She tried not to stare too much at the woman’s curves, but it was like not looking at the sun. Martina just smirked.

“It’s okay, I don’t mind you staring. I was checking you out earlier.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yup. Was doing it a moment ago, actually. You just haven’t developed the ‘sixth sense’ all us women have for being gawked at. You’ll get there. Now, just breathe.”

Fatima did so, and let her gaze linger once more over Martina’s form. As she did, her attention was drawn back by an expansion of blue light that radiated outwards, seeping into her from Martina’s fingers. The bruise instantly healed.

“Wow. God is great, you have healed me!”

A gentle shrug. “It was nothing. Consider it another apology.” She stood back up. “I’d better get going,” Martina said. “But . . . well, if you want, we can always keep in touch. I’m the only other one that knows you used to be a guy, so if you want someone to talk to, or to help you to learn the ropes, or just to, you know, hang out, then -”

“That would be nice!” Fatima declared, a little too quickly. “I mean, you *did* save me, so I owe you.”

“Well, good. We’ll call it a date.”

Martina left, and Fatima cradled her arm. She could still feel Martina’s touch, as if it had never left.

***

The next few months became a little easier for Fatima. She became increasingly used to her dress sense, particularly once she passed the four month mark of being Fatima. There were still difficulties - she detested her monthly ‘visitor’ for one, and being talked over or dismissed by men only made her glad to be a lesbian in this new life - but they slowly faded as she became more confident. In fact, just as Bryce had been proud of his looks and styled himself in a way that stroked his ego, so did Fatima come to enjoy picking out her wardrobe for the following day, preferring her purples, pinks, and dark blues and blacks in various combinations. She was particularly proud of her growing collection of hijabs: as Martina once joked, “some women collect shoes, you collect headscarfs!”

Little did she know that Fatima had also collected a few shoes, though her still-existing male pride meant she often hid them when visitors came.

Moreover, she also made new friends, including one from her local mosque. Halima was a dark-skinned girl whose family heritage came from Pakistan, and the two hit it off immediately, particularly as Halima was a geeky woman who liked to sneak away from her more conservative-minded parents. It made Fatima happy to slowly make other female friends; girlfriends, in the more traditional sense. It didn’t stop her from making the occasional gaffe, something which made her prayer exhaustively to Allah for guidance over.

She also made sure to always give a spare prayer to Chad, as well. The former friend who had revealed his true misogynistic colours had been living a new life of a struggling student with failing grades and no chance at all of riding through on a sports scholarship. Girls saw him as a scrawny non-threat, and the meatheads he used to hang around with mocked him relentlessly when he approached. And while he was not a good person, it did stir Fatima's feminine compassion, guided by her faith. The last she saw of him, he was terrified of being kicked out of college entirely, and was calling on the one final person who offered him a chance of staying on with further success: Professor Sharpe.

For a time, Fatima debated internally over whether to give Chad some kind of warning, but he avoided her like the plague, and it wasn't like she could communicate her message clearly anyway. She decided to let things play out as they were, as Allah would will it, and hope that perhaps Chad could change, become a newer and better person, as she had. If he was capable of it.

But though her social life was finally coming together, and her own femininity flowering, there was one part of her life that Fatima continually struggled with; her own unrelenting, unyielding, uncompromising *horniness.* She sometimes pondered with a dark sarcasm that perhaps it was true what they said about conservative religious women; they wanted the dick *bad*. Except, being a lesbian, it was more that she wanted *pussy* bad. At least once a day, she would feel that need arise between her thighs, and her imagination would be filled with gorgeous women she had seen throughout the day, or on television, or simply conjured up out of her imagination. It would come from nowhere, like her body had just flipped a switch, the closest thing to a trigger being the sight of a woman bending over, or a pair of large breasts in a tight top, or - in her most pathetic moment - a cute cashier giving her a cute smile.

And so she would find herself retreating to her room, or to the shower or bath, and lower her fingers down to her pussy lips, and begin to play. Fatima would groan and mumble, imagining another woman's lips and tongue at her pussy, and she coming as they gave her gentle ministrations. She particularly loved thumbing over her dark nipples, sending little jolts of bliss through her core and causing her to arch her back.

Inevitably, the very female orgasm would come, and she would shudder and moan and give little thanks to God for making her a woman, and she would hold her cries of pleasure back as best she can. She was well aware that Sabrina could hear her; the fact that the cute redhead had taken to wearing headphones when she disappeared to the bathroom was a clear sign of that, but Fatima couldn't help herself. Her body was simply too needy, and her orgasms too powerful, particularly when she imagined Martina in them. It was the gorgeous, rather stacked figure of the sorceress that came into her mind most often, and sometimes Fatima would lie awake, looking forward to their next get-together.

She wished she had the courage to ask her out. Even if she was a sorceress.

***

“Hot damn, girl, you look so cute in that dress! Especially when you blush!”

Fatima blushed. “I can’t help it. I’m so much smaller than I used to be. And my face goes red so easily now!”

Martina gave a shrug in response. “Well, it’s not the worst change, from my view. I rather like it, in fact.”

The two were walking back across campus together, as they increasingly were these days. Fatima was once more aware of how short she was as compared to Martina, but it also made her feel weirdly protected; more than once, the fiery Latina had beaten back anyone who made ill comments about the Muslim student.

“You’re just saying that because I’m wearing this outfit,” Fatima said, indicating to the salmon pink top that exposed her forearms, and the dark blue dress skirt with white flowery patterns upon it. Her scarf matched the blue, but was lighter in colour. On the whole, the effect was of a cute, stylish woman of Islamic faith.

“Oh, I am *definitely* saying it because of that.”

“Wonderful. I am getting pretty good at this fashion thing.”

Martina puzzled for a moment. The sky was grey, the environment entering Autumn. It looked like some unexpected rain might come down.

“Fatima . . . we’re friends, right?”

The woman looked up at her friend. “Of course. Isn’t that obvious?”

“Yeah, it’s just that - well, do you hold it against me, being Professor Sharpe’s student? You know I’m still learning magic from her?”

It was something Fatima tried not to think about too often. She put a comforting hand on her friend’s shoulder, and held it perhaps a little daringly long. “I know. I won’t lie, it’s . . . weird, to think about. I try not to, often. I mean, magic changed my whole life. It changed my sex, my race, my sexuality - sort of. And I still am so annoyed at Professor Sharpe for doing it, but *you* never used magic that way, at least not that I know of. You saved me from Chad, and you punished him. I didn’t like that you were planning to wipe my memories.”

“I’m glad I couldn’t, really. I’m glad we met, even if you used to be a guy.”

“Me too. I don’t hold it against you, Martina. I know you are a good person. And that - oh!”

She put a hand atop her veil, feeling the rain drop that had just landed on her absorb into the fabric. More raindrops came, and within moments the sky was beginning to pour down, threatening to drench them both.

“Run!”

The two women giggled as they ran several hundred feet through the increasingly heavy rain. The water streamed down on them, and they hurtled faster, Martina having to slow down to account for Fatima’s shorter legs. The former male clutched her veil tightly over her head, terrified at the possibility of it being blown away by the harsh gale that was beginning to sweep through. Soon, the dorm was in sight.

“Nearly there!”

They continued, getting a second wind. Fatima took the opportunity to glance up at her friend, and take in her athletic frame. Martina laughed, cackling as a streak of lightning crackled in the distance, followed by a thunderous boom. It was a wonderful image; the Latin lady full of energy and fire, and the sight of her bosom wobbling in her low-cut top didn’t hurt either.

The two of them raced up the steps and pushed into the building, pouring water. They laughed again, wiping away streams of droplets from their faces as they reached Fatima’s room.

“Come in! Come in!” Fatima demanded, pulling Martina through. The room was empty; Sabrina was away on a week-long trip. It had left the dorm lonely.

“Oh my God, that was sudden!” Martina said with a laugh.

“It was!” Fatima replied. She pulled off her veil, letting her still-perfect swathe of raven-black hair shimmer down her back.”

“Wow, nice hair there. Mine is absolutely drenched.”

Fatima giggled. “Perks of the hijab!”

They both sighed as one.

“Jeez, I really am drenched.”

“You can’t just magic out the water?”

Martina raised an eyebrow. “I don’t think Sharpie told me that one yet.”

“Well . . . we’re both girls. You could just take it off, you know.” Fatima blushed a little, unbelieving how daring she was being. If she were Bryce still, this would have come easy, but her new self was so much more shy and demure. “I can get some clothes for you, or put yours through the dryer.”

Martina paused, then grinned. “I’ll take the second.” She removed her top, followed by her jeans, and Fatima couldn’t help but stare at her tall, voluptuous body. Her large DD-cup breasts were contained beautifully within her large black bra, and her panties were stretched wide around her impressive hips.

“Caught you staring again,” Martina said.

Fatima didn’t reply.

“Uh, still staring Fatima. I know, they’re pretty impressive. Trust me, when it comes to back pain, though -”

Fatima stepped forward in one sudden motion and planted a kiss on Martina’s lips, before pulling back. Her eyes were wide; she was as shocked as Martina that she had done it. The two stared for a moment.

And then they went wild.

Martina pulled Fatima’s smaller body over and pressed their lips back together. This time it was a long, luxurious kiss, and Fatima swooned as Martina’s tongue probed her mouth, dancing with her own tongue.

“Mmhhm . . . I wanted this,” she moaned, as Martina moved to kiss at her neck and grab the edges of her top. “I wanted this so bad.”

“Fuck, Fatima, so did. I’ve been wanting you ever since I saw you. I just didn’t want to take advantage of you.”

“Please - ah, God - please do! I’ve been working up the courage!”

Another streak of lightning flashed in the room, and the boom of thunder accompanied their passion. Martina helped Fatima remove her top, leaving her chest bare but for her cream-coloured B-cup bra. Martina removed that expertly with one hand, and it made Fatima all the more aroused; her nipples felt like they were practically throbbing, and her pussy was aching with need to be touched, massaged, *filled*.

“You want to touch my big tits?” Martina asked, talking dirty in her sultry voice.

“Mhhm,” Fatima nodded, her face full of desperation. Martina removed her own bra and threw it across the room, then pulled Fatima’s face directly into her boobs, pressing her right into her cleavage. Fatima marvelled at their softness, began kissing them, even as Martina striked and pinched her own nipples. The two women moaned, and soon they were on Fatima’s bed, making love, each motion becoming more and more daring. Fatima sucked on the other woman’s buxom chest, licking and playing with her larger areola, and Martina in turn pulled Fatima’s pants away, and pulled her underwear to one side. She slipped her fingers in, and marvelled at the wetness that was already there.

“Oh my, Fatima. You want it, don’t you?”

Mhhmmm - I do! I always want it so bad!”

“Such a needy religious girl. So naughty. I’m going to make you squeal and beg for more.”

It was turning Fatima on more than she ever had been, even as a guy. Her tunnel was slick with her juices, and every stroke of her sensitive breasts made her shudder. The two women continued to fondle each other, kissing and stroking and sucking as their pleasures heightened. Soon, they were fingering each other, both of them breathing faster

and faster and faster, voices getting higher and higher as their pleasures enhanced in a feedback loop of raw ecstasy.

“I’m - ooohhhh - I’m going to come!” cried Fatima.

“Me - oh God, me too! I want to come together!”

They did. The two women wailed, holding each other tightly as orgasms ripped through their bodies. It felt, to Fatima, like a sign. She’d never shared an orgasm, a sexual experience, so closely with someone else. The two women fell to panting, holding each other close, and as their bodies calmed into post-coital bliss, Fatima took the moment to rest her head against the other woman’s pillow-like breast. It felt right to do so.

She felt right.

“Thank you God,” she whispered to herself.

“Now *that* was magic,” Martina said, louder, and with a hint of a chuckle.

The two held each other close as the rain continued to fall.

***

Nearly Two Years Later . . .

Fatima woke up beside Martina, clutching her loving girlfriend’s naked form. She loved that about Martina, that she always slept naked. The feeling of her large, uncovered breasts pressed softly against her skin always made her shiver with delight. And, of course, they were very comfortable ‘anchors’ to sleep against or hold in the night; Martina didn’t mind. She simply lay back, waiting for her girlfriend to also wake, and appreciating the life they had built together in the last two years, the evidence of which was obvious from the photos, ornaments, and various household items around the room. It was a room they shared now that Fatima and Martina had their own place together, and it had been theirs for over five months now, much to their shared enjoyment.

“Morning sexy,” Martina mumbled, slowly waking. She was not a morning person, and her half-lidded eyes were locked on Fatima’s pajama’d form.

“Morning, my love,” Fatima replied, giving her a peck on the cheek.

“That was a wild night last night. I think you scratched my back a bit.”

Fatima grinned, blushing a little. “I can’t help it that you drive me wild. Besides, we’d just graduated.”

“Hell yeah we did, though I still have some years of sorcery school to go.”

Another kiss. “I believe in you. If you can do magic half as good as you can fuck, then you -”

They both froze.

“Honey, did you just say the word ‘fuck’?”

Fatima marvelled. “Yes, I did. I - I *fucking* did. Holy fuck! I can swear again!”

They both paused, realising the implications of this. In all the chaos of celebrating graduation, of passing their respective courses - Fatima at the head of her class - neither had considered exactly how Sharpe’s magical effects would react.

“Does this mean I’m turning back into a man?” Fatima said, her voice trembling.

Martina shook her head, pulling herself closer so that her heavy breasts were against Fatima’s shoulder. It was a comfortable position for them both.

“No, no. Nothing like that. But I think it means that compulsions are gone now. They have a different magic to transformative spells. It means . . . well, it means you don’t have to be Muslim, anymore. You can swear, too. And probably dress more butch if you want. And, well, it means you can turn back to Bryce Carson when you return to Sharpe, as well.”

Martina tried to keep her poker face, but after nearly two years, Fatima found she could read her like a book. She may be all fire and spit and passion, but deep down there was also a deep core of concern, a hidden anxiety of being left behind.

“That’s true. I can finally be rid of this terrible life and become a man again.”

Martina gaped. “Really? Like that? But I thought - I had assumed that . . . oh. You’re fucking with me, aren’t you?”

Fatima giggled, and held onto her partner tightly, giggles becoming laughter.

“For someone who says five prayers a day, you are such a sinner!”

Fatima only laughed harder. “I got you! I got you!”

“Yeah, yeah, you got me, babe, you got me.”

The once-male pulled slightly further apart from Martina, and took a moment to run a soft olive finger through her lover’s hair. She stared deep into the Latina’s eyes.

“I have no intention of seeing Sharpe again, at least for that reason. It’s taken me a long time to accept this life, but I’ve come to love it. I want to stay Fatima. I like being a girl. I like being Arabic - I’m proud of my heritage, even if it’s sort of not really heritage, in a way. And most of all I take strength from my faith. I think . . . as crazy as it sounds, it led me to you. And I don’t want to lose you, Martina.”

Martina smiled. “Well, I’m not going anywhere, lover girl. But hey, at least you can swear now.”

“Maybe, but I think I won’t. At least not often. After all, I’ve been stuck as a modest Muslim girl so long, that I think it’s rubbed off on me.”

Martina extended a gentle hand over, and began to massage Fatima’s breast. Fatima groaned a little, not expecting the sudden erotic gesture.

“Aaaahh - oohh. I’m not complaining, but what are you doing?”

“Seeing if I can make you swear. I think it’s the one guaranteed way to make sure those nasty compulsions are gone.”

Fatima felt herself growing damp with want, and moments later, the two women were engaged in steamy morning sex, their female bodies pressed against one another, both moaning.

Ten minutes later, it was confirmed. The compulsions were definitely gone.

But Fatima was here to stay.

***

Epilogue:

"It's not fair!" Fang cried. "I didn't want to be stuck like this!"

Professor Sharpe just shrugged. "I'm sorry dear, but it's in your contract."

"But you said I could have great success again, so long as I signed it. You said I could have what Martina took away from me, that bitch!"

"Language, please."

Fang settled, pouting. The beautiful Chinese student was at the university on a cultural permit. She was from Beijing, and would be heading back there after graduation, which meant anyway now. The only problem was, she was terrified of returning, as she had never actually been there.

"Sorry. But you promised that when I graduated I would get what I wanted!"

It was true, Sharpe had said something to that effect, when Chad first approached her. The weakened, scrawny man was desperate, and Sharpe could see all the telltale signs of magical alteration, with her student's trademark aura all over it. Chad had been so eager for an opportunity, so desperate not to flunk out, that he would have signed anything. And he did. In moments, after signing a similar contract that Bryce had, the former macho footballer found his form and race and sexuality changing, becoming a beautiful Chinese woman with long, dark hair, a beautiful rounded face, and a generously ample figure, particularly around the bust. Chad had been horrified, but had to go along with it; he was compelled to play the role of Fang, a determined overseas cultural student studying biology, a subject he - or rather she - found herself suddenly adept in. It had been a nightmare for the former jock, especially when he found out that his new body was very much attracted to men, and harboured a deep desire for them. The first time she had sex was humiliating and wonderful, and it only got worse when she later allowed herself to be fucked by one of her former team members, and wailed in Mandarin as she came.

It had been a year and a half getting used to being Fang. She now had two languages floating in her head, and English wasn't always her strong suit. Moreover, she found herself compelled to dress quite feminine, often allowing men to see how her

impressive D-cups sat on her chest. She was a straight-A student, but her night life was one of partying, finding boys, and giving in to her wanton lusts.

But now, she was set to return to her 'home country', one she had never actually been to. But Professor Sharpe was reneging on the deal.

"Like I said, you promised!" she said, her accent thick, and rather attractive.

"I did promise," Sharpe said impassively. "But unfortunately, you have breached one part of the contract, that prevents you changing back."

Fang's eyes widened. She looked rather beautiful, even when gobsmacked.

"Permanently?"

"Yes."

"What - what is it?"

"The New Life Clause, of course."

Fang grabbed the contract, letting her now-intelligent mind pour over its details. And then she found it. And read it.

And read it again. And then a few more times for good measure. Her heart felt like it was stopping.

"The New Life Clause seals a transformation and set of compulsions permanently in the case of - in the case of . . ."

"Pregnancy," the Professor continued. "The compulsions will also ensure the life is not interfered with, either. You have my sincere congratulations, *Fang*. I doubt you ever expected you were going to be a mother."

The young woman reeled, unbelieving. Yes, her annoying boobs had been sore, and she'd felt a little nauseous and bloated recently, and . . . oh shit, was it Ben's? Or was it Tyson's? She felt like she was about to vomit all over again.

"I can't go back to China," she stammered. "I can't go back pregnant!"

Sharpe smiled. The thin, tall professor reached into her desk, and grabbed another contract, placing it on the desk.

"Well, if you truly do wish to stay, I can help you. You see, the university will receive a certain amount of funding if it can show it is helping support single mothers and pregnant students on campus. Part of the diversity requirements, you see. I can arrange for you to stay, if you take on a new course. There's some wonderful electives on Home Economics, for example."

She turned the contract around to face Fang, and slid a pen in front of the shocked pregnant woman.

"Well, what do you say? Would you like to sign the dotted line?"

The End