

# Creating Diversity (TGTF RC Commission)

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Commission for Waaaghan

*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. And that's before the other changes start to stack up . . .*

## 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 looser 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 Muslim 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 chick 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 mean 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.

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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 - fffuu - 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 Islamophobic 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 harrasing 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. And I haven’t dealt with you yet, either.”

Fatima’s internal elation stopped dead in its tracks. “What, um, do you mean by ‘deal with me’ Martina?”

Martina gave a sheepish grin. “Sorry, Fatima. I genuinely, truly believe in putting bigots like this in their place, and freedom of rights and all that. But the truth is, I’ve been looking for a relationship with someone my type for quite a while, and you’re the first candidate in a while that looks promising.”

“Candidate?”

“Yeah. You see, when you’ve got magic, you can be pretty particular about the kind of body you’re attracted to. And you’re so, so close, girl. I just need to use this guy’s essence to give you some alterations and then we’re perfect for each other.”

Fatima backed away a little, and held her hands in a placating gesture. This was going all wrong, and she needed to exit the situation before it all happened again. Before she was once again at the whims of unforeseen magic.

“Look, I’m so, so thankful to be rescued, Martina. And maybe we can have a drink later, if you would like that. But, um, well I’m not up for any changes or for being ‘perfect for each other’ or whatever that means. So, um, I might just go.”

Martina just shook her head. “Sorry, Fatima, but what a magic user wants, she generally gets. Don’t worry, though. Once I enact the magic, you won’t even remember being any different. I promise I’ll treat you better than boob ever would. And you are a boob, aren’t you Chad? Acting like a total boob to women everywhere, right up to feeling up my future girlfriend’s tits? I don’t like you treating *my* Fatima that way.”

*Future girlfriend?* Fatima thought, *‘my Fatima’? This girl is insane!*

Chad’s eyes darting, searching, *pleading* to be rescued. But it was too late. Martina moved her fingers, tracing green arcs of energy through the air.

“If you like boobs so much, Chad, then why don’t you enjoy being a pair for the rest of your life!”

She began to speak in a strange and alien language that Fatima didn't recognise. Her eyes glowed green once more, and Fatima too found herself unable to move from her spot, though thankfully it was only her legs that were rooted to the spot, allowing her to shift her hips and take in what was happening to Chad.

"What - NGH! - what are you doing to me, you - OHHH - you bitch!"

He was beginning to become unfrozen, but couldn't move from his spot. In fact, his body was rotating to face Fatima, just as she was rotating to face him. Green energy was enveloping him. In fact, to the former male's shock, it was enveloping them *both*. Her core was beginning to thrum with energy, and it made her very worried. Chad was looking far more than worried; he was looking terrified.

"Exactly what I said I was doing, Chad. I'm turning you into a pair of breasts, or at least using you to augment Fatima's own lovely pair. After all, I really, *really* like a big juicy rack."

Fatima's eyes widened. She was being changed *again? Seriously?* She opened her mouth to say something, to tell the other woman that she used to be a guy, that she was already changed once, just something, anything, but suddenly she groaned instead as energy seemed to flow through her. Chad groaned also, clutching his body as the magic overcame him. Martina continued to incant her spell, and the magic increased in thrumming and power.

"What - oh God oh fuck! What's happening to - nngghn - meeee!"

Chad's voice squeaked, and Fatima could see why: his body was literally dissolving. His limbs were compressing into his body, his legs pulling in upwards, leaving him floating in space. He breathed heavily as his flesh seemed to melt like putty, though thankfully there was no gore or blood. In fact, it was as if his very matter was changing and reforming. His bones seemed to bend and dissolve, every area of his change becoming fleshy and fatty.

"Please! P-please! I d-don't want to be a p-pair of boobs! Nggh! I don't want to d-die!"

"Oh don't be such a crybaby, Chad. Or should I say, Fatima's boobs? You're not going to die. In fact, you'll still have your mind and everything. You'll even be able to see, though only out from your new flesh, and you'll be able to hear everything Fatima does - what we do, together. You just won't be able to talk or communicate beyond a few little telling jiggles here and there."

The man looked at her in horror, more terrified by her words than calmed by them. His body was becoming more blob-like, his hands pulling wetly into his arms, and his arms into his torso. His pelvis had disappeared entirely, his legs long gone. Hundreds of hours of gym and sports gains evaporated in seconds as his muscles turned to fat, and his entire form contracted to become a large round doughy blob of flesh hovering in midair. Only his head stuck out from it, even his neck subsumed.

“I’m fucking begging you Martina! Oohohhhhhh . . . ahh - ahh - agghh! I’m b-begging you!”

But Martina just stepped forward, her spell now self-sustaining. She placed a soft hand upon his cheek, staring directly into his eyes with a smile. “Oh Chad, you don’t have any cards to play honey. You’re becoming a big rip pair of juicy, sexy tits whether you want it or not.”

“Ohhhhhh . . . p-people will come looking for me!”

The flesh floating beneath his head began to shift. Chad groaned, and to Fatima’s ears it almost sounded like he was the throes of reluctant pleasure. She looked in horror as his lower half reshaped into two large mounds, contracting to become a pair of very large breasts, the rest of his mass dissipated into mist. They were teardrop shaped, perfectly rounded and gorgeous, with large, dark areola topped with long, hard nipples. They must have been F-cups at the least, if not G-cups. They were around the size of Fatima’s own head.

*Surely, surely not? Surely she can’t expect me to have boobs that big? I’ll never avoid attention with those on me! With him on me.*

The ‘him’ in question repeated his cry.

“Aahh . . . people will come looking! They will!”

Martina suddenly reached out her hands and grasped Chad’s breasts. He groaned, clearly overcome by the strange sensation.

“Poor, poor Chad. I’m rewriting reality, baby. No one will even remember you existed, but they *will* remember that Fatima here has an enormous rack for such a petite girl, though she’ll be a little more athletic when I’m done with her.”

She teased his nipples, and he moaned, biting his lip to stop himself.

“But don’t worry,” she whispered in his ear, “I’ll treat you real nice when Fatima and I are going at it, which will be often. I’ve made you super sensitive, just as a treat. You’re going to learn to *love* having me suck on your big, sexy nipples and feeling me grope you every day. And if you don’t, too bad. After all, you won’t have much of a choice.”

She raised a hand, and with one finger pointed down, pressed it against the top of his head. Instantly, it began to sink into the boobflesh below, absorbing his mind and consciousness, but erasing the last trace of normality as the man once known as Chad knew it. He tried to scream, but his mouth melted into the wonderful, shapely fat of the breasts, and it simply became a muffled cry. Then he was gone.

“Oh my God. Oh great God!” Fatima said.

“And now the fun part, where you become my perfect girlfriend!” Martina declared. She extended that same finger out, and whispered another incantation. Green energy flared, and there was a similar pressurisation as to what Bryce felt when he was becoming Fatima.

“Oh no! Not again!”

The living pair of huge tits surged forward passing through Fatima’s clothing and colliding into her flesh. Her eyes widened, and she stood back straight, stunned as tissue connected, as flesh knitted to flesh, as the light Caucasian colouring of the living Chad-breasts suddenly darkened to her own olive tone. In mere moments, she was the not-so-proud owner of a much, *much* bigger set of boobs than she had ever imagined having, even after she had become a woman.

“They’re so big!” she gasped, “and so heavy!”

They were actively straining her dress, and overflowing her bra which was now painfully tight. Somewhere, she felt a seam in her clothing give way.

“Don’t worry, I’ll alter the clothing once all the changes are done.”

Fatima nearly jumped, and just the motion caused her immense bosom to wobble heavily, and for a much more prolonged period that she was used to. They were so damn sensitive, and, strangely, it was like she could *feel* Chad’s trembling presence within her, making those jostling motions just that little bigger thanks to his fear. Her former friend turned harasser was now part of her, a living set of breasts that were each the size of her own head.

“Wait - more changes?”

Martina gave a thumbs up, and they began. Fatima clutched her stomach as more changes came over her. Her spine cracked as several new vertebrae formed into place, growing her two full feet of height to a respectable 5’6. She gasped as tissue began to form, her slim and petite body gaining muscle mass around her thighs, abs, and arms. She felt her body energising, gaining strength from her increasingly athletic form. She pressed her hands against her stomach, feeling visible abs gently forming on her stomach, a strong core that must have been honed at a gym. Her clothes became even tighter, her jeans especially, as her legs became tougher, muscle rippling beneath the surface and yet leaving her actual skin looking flawless and feminine. Her hair grew slightly beneath her veil, and even her face rearranged, just a little this time, as her lips became yet fuller and her cheekbones a little more prominent.

In moments, the changes ended, leaving her a taller, more athletic woman. Her gigantic breasts were still the largest change, and certainly the most prominent feature of her magically altered body. Fatima could only breathe deeply, still hyperventilating from the dreadful experience, and with each breath her immense bosom pressed against the fabric of her dress, her nipples painfully pressed against a bra that was on the verge of snapping. She tried to get a hold of herself, but it was all too tight.

“Whoops, sorry!” Martina said in a perky voice. She placed her hands on her impressive hips. “I’ll just alter your clothing to suit the sexy new you, and give you the

requisite mental changes so you always remember being the sexy cheerleader you are now.”

With a snap of her fingers, Fatima’s dress reshaped to become a tight cheerleader’s top in green and white that showed off her midsection, allowing everyone to appreciate her new toned stomach. Her jeans rearranged to become matching shorts that showed off her smooth, olive-skinned legs. Her veil thankfully remained - she thanked Allah for that - but to her surprise, her top now revealed a bountiful crop of cleavage, her large breasts visibly rounding out the fabric. She was dressed in the outfit of a sexy cheerleader, and she had the figure and energy to match. There was no doubt in her mind that her previously cute body was now incredibly sexy. The kind of body most women dreamed of possessing and most men dreamed of fucking.

Her bosom jiggled slightly, of its own volition. They were only slightly less likely to bounce, now that a large bra had formed to contain their impressive heft. And heavy they were. They jiggled again, and Fatima realised it was Chad.

“Holy . . . that’s Chad. He really is alive. I can feel him.”

“Yep! Trapped as your boobs forever, hon.”

“That’s horrible! Please, turn me back! Give him some other punishment.”

“Sorry, it’s like I said before Fatima, I have really specific conditions for a girlfriend, and you’re the first person I’ve ever met to come close. You’re a cute, sexy Arabic lesbian, and moreover you’ve got the adorable progressive Muslim believe that is just soooo hot behind closed doors, I just know it. Trust me, even if he doesn’t want it, I bet Chad is going to wobble like wild when we go at it together. He’s basically a living erogenous zone right now.”

Fatima took a step back, and was surprised once more at how much her chest wobbled and revealed itself. She was so immodest, now! It wasn’t right!

“No, I can’t accept this. Please, there’s more you don’t understand. Your magic -”

“Will take care of the rest, don’t worry. Here come the mental changes . . . now!”

Green energy shot forth and disappeared into Fatima’s head. Her bosom trembled in fear, Chad clearly not sure what was happening, and terrified of the last ordinary person who knew he was once a human being forgetting him. He needn’t have worried; while she could feel the mental adjustments attempting to alter her mind to become yet another version of Fatima, the spell’s effects were unable to penetrate. For some reason, her mind was unaltered.

“There we are,” Martina said. “How are you going, beautiful? Are you ready to go to cheerleading practice with me? You know how much I love that sexy body.”

She placed an arm around Fatima’s thin, athletic waist, smiling easily as if she hadn’t just tried to alter her brain.

“Change me back!” Fatima demanded, and that caused the other woman to reel, stepping back in surprise.

“What? This isn't right! You shouldn't remember!”

Fatima placed her hands on her hips, feeling a little strange to be baring her midriff, no matter how good she likely looked. Her breasts lifted high on her chest like two melons, but she ignored them as she spoke.

“Well I do! I've already been affected by magic earlier this month, and now another sorceress changes me again! This is ridiculous! I'm not going to let you change my mind, even if you have changed my body and given me these massive boobs made from another man.”

Her chest jiggled, just slightly, in response to that. It was almost a sigh of relief that someone at least remembered Chad. Martina, meanwhile, just gasped. Mental gears were quite obviously turning in her head as she put several dot points together.

“No way, oh this is unexpected. That clever old woman, she actually did it!”

Fatima creased her brow. Allah above, did those two sorceresses actually know one another. There was only one way to find out.

“Professor Sharpe, you know that she uses magic?”

“Duh,” Martina said, twirling a dark curl with her finger. “She *taught* me magic. I'm her best student, and I had the potential. Fuck, no wonder I found you interesting, I just didn't realise it was the echoes of magic. I should have paid more attention to mental alterations in class, but then I just got too giddy at the thought of making you my hot, big-chested girlfriend. And I must say, I like the results.”

She stepped back to admire her work, and Fatima felt even more like a piece of meat, particularly with the two heavy slabs currently jutting from her chest and housing the consciousness of a football captain. There was no hot-blooded male or envying woman on the planet who wouldn't at least try to catch a peek of her chasm of cleavage now. She was so full-chested it made her blush at the thought of how pleasuring herself with them would feel, especially given how sensitive they were. But then, to know they were actually Chad, now fused to become one of her body parts, it also made her feel terrible just to think it. She put the thought away and rallied against Martina.

“Like I said, I'm already in a magical contract.”

“No kidding, I'm guessing the Prof finally got around to using her Student Diversity and Inclusivity Scholarship plan?”

“How did you -”

Martina grinned. “She tells me a lot, though not everything, it seems. Who were you before this?”

“Bryce Carson.”

“Oh, this is rich! You were a guy?”

“Yes.”

“A white guy?”

“Mm-hm.”

“A non-religious white guy.”

“Yes, and now I worship Allah because that’s what she did to me! I can’t help but make my five daily prayers, and it feels good for reasons I can’t explain, just like the veil, just like only eating what is *halal*. It’s absurd!”

“I’ll say.” Martina drew closer, inspecting her handiwork closer. “I should have known such a cutie wouldn’t come my way naturally. Still, we have to work with what we get. Are you ready for cheerleading practice?”

Fatima took a step back. Once again, that darn boob wobble. This better be temporary, or else Chad was probably going to be attached to her for a lot of intimate scenarios. Already, her nipples were beginning to harden. She couldn’t imagine what he felt like, suddenly voiceless and limbless, trapped as two fleshy mounds on another person’s torso.

“Wait, cheerleading practice? What are you talking about, I told you to change me back!” Her voice was a little more sensual now, she noticed. She continued. “The mental changes didn’t work! That means it was all pointless.”

Martina simply placed her soft hands on Fatima’s shoulders, drawing closer. Fatima’s nipples hardened yet further, and her opening became a little moist. Jeez, was this body even *hornier* than the previous one? Or perhaps it was simply the sight of the sexy Latina drawing so close, licking her lips.

“Not at all, Fatima, it only makes this more of a challenge, and I do love a good challenge! Your mind may be locked to what my Professor set down in contract, but that doesn’t mean I can’t change you further in other ways. After all, I can turn you into a total bimbo just by turning up your libido ten times higher than it is right now, and making your tits and pussy unbearably sensitive.”

Fatima blanched. She crossed her arms under her bloated, sentient breasts.

“You wouldn’t!”

“Oh, I absolutely would. Again, all I’m asking is you give us a shot, babe. You’re so darn sexy and cute right now that I can’t resist you, and I really want some hot lesbian action with a submissive Muslim with a rockin’ bod like you. Besides, I can tell you’re pretty turned on by my own hotness, too.”

That much was definitely true, and Fatima was not doing a good job of hiding it. Her vagina was only growing more wet, particularly as Martina drew closer, and their breasts touched, briefly. Her bosom trembled at that; clearly, Chad was feeling turned on too.

“Look - that’s - that’s not important!” she stammered. “I don’t know the first thing about being a cheerleader.”

Martina waved a hand. “Puh-lease. I gave you enough muscle memory at least to make you an epic dancer. All the boys and girls are gonna love you. But like I said, I want a hot girlfriend, and you’re it, honey. And if you don’t like it, I can make you that slutty bimbo I mentioned. I may not be able to change your personality and memories, but I can still dim your intelligence enough so you will be a dumb hottie who likes a good fuck. What do you prefer?”

Fatima was caught in a crossroads, and it wasn’t one she deserved. In the space of just half an hour her body had been changed yet again, and parts of her mind, to an extent. She realised that what Martina was saying was true; she could indeed think of various cheerleading dances and techniques, though there was a distance to the memories, as if she could tap into the new nature of her updated form, but not inhabit it fully. She was still, in personality, the same submissive, shy Fatima, just stuck in the sexy, athletic bod of a total cheerleader. It was an odd feeling, and one only accentuated by the insanity of coming to terms with the fact that she had an actual pair of living breasts that had once been a man. She couldn’t handle any further changes: one was already more than enough, and two was throwing her for an absolute loop. And as much as she detested being tricked and forced into a relationship, the truth was that part of her new submissive nature meant that she was quite attracted to the prospect of dating Martina. It didn’t hurt that the spicy Latina was hot as hell, and had a thing for veiled women.

“I - I think that I must accept, then,” Fatima said, sighing a little. There was no other way, but even as she agreed to Martina’s terms, a small buried part of her was rejoicing. That brief contact of breasts on breasts had been truly exhilarating.

“Oh, I’m so glad, you beautiful woman you!”

Martina gripped her, pulling her closer. The two women embraced, one far more willingly, and their breasts flattened against one another, their nipples stiffening in arousal. Fatima sighed in ecstasy at the feeling, and couldn’t help but imagine what it would feel like to go further. As if reading her mind, Martina pulled her closer.

“My hot cheerleader girlfriend,” she said lovingly, and pulled her into a kiss.

It was a big kiss, and long. And deep. And probing. Their tongues met together, dancing in passionate exercise as their feminine bodies pressed against one another. Fatima moaned in Martina’s mouth, savouring the sensations of her sensitive chest against the woman’s own. She could also sense Chad within her. They had a connection now; not enough to talk, but enough to give vague impressions. His was one of being equal parts scared and emasculated, and equal parts turned on. Most of all he was still overcome by it

all. His 'voice' was silenced as Martina reached a hand to grope Fatima's round breast, causing her to go weak at the knees.

Finally, she pulled apart, leaving Fatima panting and turned on.

"There we are, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

Fatima blushed, looking at the ground.

"No, it was not so bad, I guess. But I did not ask for this!"

Martina shrugged. "Well, sometimes life throws you curveballs. You got two of them, I guess. Mind, those curves of yours are all right by me."

She flashed a grin at her pun, before extending her hand.

"C'mon, *babe*. You're my beautiful, hot, busty girlfriend now, Fatima. It's time we got to cheerleading practice. And if you can show me that you're a very, very good dancer, and willing to show off our wonderful two parts of Chad here, then I might just show you a good time in the ladies' change room, and make you cry out Allahu Akbar a few times. Doesn't that sound nice?"

It did. It really did, in fact. Even Chad, trapped as a pair of massive boobs, radiated a feeling of reluctant want, his entire existence now fixed around pleasure. Pleasure, and looking excellent.

"I'm meant to change back once I've finished my course," Fatima said defiantly. "You can't keep me as your cheerleader forever!"

Martina seemed to consider this. She gingerly adjusted her chest in her red top, deliberately teasing Fatima so that her expression became obviously interested in the olive globes nearly busting out of the sorceress's top.

"Maybe, maybe not. Professor Sharpe likes to set a lot of conditions like that, but two years is a long time, Fatima. I've got two whole years to make you my sexy submissive lover, and dominate you in the bedroom. And judging from what mental changes the Prof did manage to give you in her contract, I'd say I've got a pretty good chance of making you mine, all mine."

Fatima didn't know what to say. She was going to fight it, all the way. At least, that's what she told herself. The truth was, her mind was still stuck imagining being pleased by Martina in the ladies' change room, and finally having someone to go steady with, and be there to dominate her. Make her a proper Muslim girlfriend. Or wife.

*Good God in heaven, where did that thought come from?*

It was enough to make her realise that Martina's words had a danger of coming true. She would have to be on guard, she would have to fight it, she would have to play the part of submissive, now-sexy Fatima, all while remembering that as soon as she graduated, that -

"C'mon! I don't want to be late!"

Martina grabbed Fatima's hand, and pulled her away, so that the two were racing off to the stadium where the girls all practiced. As Bryce, Fatima had once admired and perverted on them. Even slept with a few of them. Now, running to meet them, being led by her new sorceress girlfriend, she would have to contend with being the star attraction. The beautiful, busty, sexy Fatima Hamdan, devout Muslim and horny lesbian, in a sex-filled relationship with a magic-casting Latina Martina. It was absurd, it was ridiculous, and that wasn't even getting into the fact that she now had a pair of sentient breasts that still remembered being human, and would be on an even more extreme journey than her own.

*The Professor wasn't wrong, she thought. My life certainly became very diverse. Even she couldn't have seen it all coming.* Chad wobbled on her chest in agreement. It was, she reflected, all he could actually contribute, conversationally. As weird as it was to have massive living boobs, their large size and shape was starting to look rather appealing to her. She could get used to it. Even the cheerleader costume did well to appeal to her new feminine vanity.

"Oh, Grace of Allah, I think I might be Fatima a lot longer than I thought," she mumbled.

Martina never heard her. She was too excited to see Fatima cheerlead when they arrived. The two women made their way to the stadium, drawing the eyes of every red-blooded male, and wandered on to their future together.

*Might as well try to accept it,* Fatima thought. She gave a silent prayer that she could.

**The End**