

Finding The One (MtF, Race Change, Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Lottery Winner Story for Neoc128

When Malcolm uses a spell he found online to try and win over his crush, he's disappointed that it doesn't work, even with his two friends Jay and Peter helping him out. But when they hit the club that night, it turns out the spell did work: but Jay and Peter are the ones transforming instead!

Finding The One

Malcolm was nearly hopping with excitement in the living room of the apartment he shared with his two best friends. The nerdy young man ran his hands through his erratic brown hair, which had a habit of falling in front of his glasses and obstructing his view.

"It's a spell!" he announced. "A real online spell that I've found! It should grant me the power to gain my true love!"

His two friends were far more sceptical. Jay, the tallest and most athletic of their friend group, simply folded his arms and cocked an eyebrow. "You sure about that, buddy? No offence, but I don't think magic is real, let alone magic sourced online."

Peter, a pale and scrawny individual with white-blond hair to contrast Jay's handsome black do, fidgeted a little nervously. He hated criticising his friends, and often struggled to tell it like it was. "Well, um, I'm sure we could give it a try, Mal, but, er, maybe we shouldn't expect it to work . . . right away, I mean!"

But Mal was insistent. "C'mon, guys! What if it *does* work? I've been wanting to go out with Kimberly Tayson for over a year now! She's my dream girl!"

Jay smirked. "You just like that she's got big boobs."

"No, it's more than that! The moment I saw her, I knew I had to do something so she would pay attention to me. She's the one, I just know it. But she's dating that awful Brad Chester at the moment. Everyone knows he's a total asshole. He won't treat her right."

"And you will?"

Malcolm nodded eagerly. "I'll do everything for her. Look, the spell doesn't force her to love me or anything. I'm not doing anything evil, guys. It just nudges things a little so that she'll be attracted to me, and I'll be fully compatible with her. Hell, it might even change *me* to make me more of an alpha male type, like you Jay! It's all about finding the one for me."

"Please, I'm not an alpha male. I just stay fit, man."

Peter bit his lip nervously. "I - I would get fit! But I've got asthma and three autoimmune conditions. I - I'd like to see if the spell works, actually."

Mal grinned, and Jay simply threw out his hands in a gesture of surrender.

“Okay, whatever, let’s try it. It’s not my money that’s been spent, I guess. And besides, I’ve been in a rut almost as much as you two, ever since Amy Porter dumped me.”

“Videogame Club boys unite?” Malcolm suggested.

“Fine, Videogame Club boys unite! Let’s do this. Uh, how do we do this?”

Malcolm looked at the instructions he’d printed out. “Okay, we need to draw a circle in chalk like *this*, and we need you to stand in it as well. It says here that it ‘boosts the effects,’ so I guess having both of you in it will help? And I need to say the magic words as well.”

Peter was eager. The scrawny pale beanpole of a young man was an excellent artist, so he was able to complete the complex magic circle on the floorboards. Then he stepped into it, perhaps even more eager than Malcolm at this stage. Jay sighed, clearly none too sure about this, and then he stepped into the circle. Malcolm was last, the bespectacled young college student holding up the slip of paper.

“Ahem. Here we go. *I call upon the magic of this circle to bind me to my attraction, and to bind them in turn so that love will have a chance to bloom. Let the transformation begin for those within this space, allowing new binding threats to form and those who were once separated to become compatible and connected. By the Grand Arcane, I will this to be so, that I may find the one for me, and seal our bond with a kiss!*”

Each person, even Jay to his own surprise, held their breath.

Then, slowly . . . nothing happens.

But then, after a minute of waiting, nothing continued to happen.

Malcolm frowned and looked at the instructions. “Maybe I got something wrong.”

“No, you didn’t do anything wrong, unless you count buying scammer magic spells online as ‘wrong,’” Jay said. He stepped out of the circle, whereupon he felt a sudden tingle over his body. It lasted only a second. “Sorry dude, but Kimberly Tayson ain’t dating you anytime soon. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m heading to the store to get some bubblegum.”

He left the room, and Peter fidgeted nervously. “S-sorry, Mal. Maybe better luck next time?”

He too removed himself from the circle, though he shivered a little, just like Jay. Malcolm did not notice this. He was too despondent. The hopeful fantasy nerd in him had really hoped magic was real, and that he could end up with his dream girl.

“Wait!” he called out, halting Jay before he could leave the place. “Okay, so I was an idiot. I’m sorry for getting you guys into this nonsense. But . . . can we go grab a drink together or something?”

Jay leaned against the doorway he’d just exited through a moment ago. “And commiserate on your failure to secure the popular girl on campus?”

Mal gave a sheepish grin. “First round is on me?”

The three friends settled in at The Ox, a club bar that was higher on the social ladder in terms of style than Malcolm and Peter were used to. The latter nervously sipped his beer, while Malcolm tried to affect a greater confidence than he actually possessed. He was well aware that Kimberly Tayson frequented this bar on Friday nights.

"I still can't believe you thought magic was real," Jay said as he took another gulp of his beer. "Sorry buddy, but Kim Tayson wouldn't even date me, and I've got better prospects than you."

"I know," Mal said sadly, taking a drink of his own. "I just want to forget it. I can't believe I was so stupid."

"Yeah . . . do you think this place sells bubblegum?"

"What is up with you and bubblegum at the moment? I've never heard you mention it before today."

Jay shrugged. "I just have a hankering for it."

Peter looked around nervously. The music was starting to blare, and a group was forming on the dance floor. He started swaying with the motion of the music.

"Man, I wish I could d-dance," he said. He took out his puffer and used it. "I bet in another life I'd be a really great dancer."

Jay and Malcolm shared a smirk at this, but otherwise said nothing. Peter could be an odd duck, that was for sure, but like Jay and his bubblegum, Mal couldn't remember his friend ever bringing up a desire to *dance* before. He'd be not just two but *three* left feet, knowing him.

"Hey Jay!" a girl said as she went up to the bar to grab a drink. "Love your hair! You always know how to rock it, girl!"

Jay grinned at this. "Emily! Long time, no see. You here with anyone?"

"Oh, just the girlfriends, you know how it is. Where's Paula?"

"Who?"

She giggled. "You must be drunk already."

"Well, if I'm drunk, would you excuse me asking you out for a date if you're definitely single?"

Malcolm and Peter watched in awe of their friend's charismatic confidence, but the end result was not so predictably impressive. Instead, Emily giggled again.

"Jay, you absolute bimbo! I didn't know you batted for both teams? Afraid to say, I'm only into guys though! Best of luck tonight! Maybe have some fun with Malcolm here instead!"

She strode off in her little blue dress, leaving the group confused.

“Okay, that was weird,” Peter said. “R-right? Was that weird?”

“Yeah, that was weird,” Jay responded. “Who the fuck is Paula? And no offence, Mal, but I’m not going out with you. Did she think I was, like, gay or something?”

Malcolm tried not to laugh. “Maybe you put out that vibe!”

Jay rolled his eyes and slammed down his drink. “Screw that. I’m hitting the dance floor. I bet that *then* I can find a girl. Watch and learn, boys.”

He strolled off, leaving Malcolm and Peter alone on the sidelines. Mal went to ask Peter if he wanted to bounce and go home and play videogames, but then he paused as he looked at his friend. Something about him was off in some indefinable way, and it took the young man several long seconds to realise what it was.

“M-Mal? You okay?”

“Peter, your skin! You look way less pale than you normally look.”

The man looked down at himself, then held up his arms. “Y-yeah. Weird. I look almost a little tan. Do you think it’s the club lights?”

It had to be the case. The music was starting to get louder and the lights more excitable and flashy, but it was still strange to see. Hell, it even made Peter’s white-blond hair look darker.

“Yeah, I reckon that’s it.”

“Sh-should we hit the dance floor?”

Mal cracked a smile. “Are you serious? Peter, you can’t dance and neither can I!”

“Oh . . . yeah.”

“Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. I think I j-just need the bathroom. I’ll be back.”

He left, leaving Malcolm alone at the bar. He ordered another drink and looked through the growing club crowd, trying to see if Kim Tayson had arrived. Part of him still hoped that the magic had worked, but he knew deep down that he had been scammed like a total fool. Still, he decided to take his drink and go for a quick wander in the hopes of seeing Kim or at least getting some further pointers from Jay. Instead, he saw something deeply, deeply surprising.

Jay was dancing alright, but he wasn’t dancing like a guy. No, he was swinging his hips and shaking his ass like he was a total partygirl, and was even running his hands down his chest and then jumping up and down with the chorus like was imitating the women around him. But they saw nothing abnormal about this, just like no one was pointing out that Jay was wearing some kind of blonde wig. It *had* to be a bit, but Mal found himself fascinated, because his friend even had red lipstick on and what looked like earrings. Just what the hell was happening?

He decided to find out. If being outrageous and silly and putting on a show was helping Jay get some action, then Malcolm needed to understand this strange secret. He got up onto the dance floor, though admittedly he only swayed awkwardly with the music, and then came upon Jay. The man was surrounded by some rather popular girls, all of whom were dancing with the man, who appeared less tall than Malcolm thought he was.

“Jay?” he called over the music. “What are you doing?”

The man turned, and then to Mal’s surprise he blew out a bubblegum bubble.

“M-Mal!” he said, his voice higher than it should have been. “I’m just having a dance with my girlfriends! I’m sooooo glad you joined us! Girls, let’s dance up on him!”

There was a cheer from at least half the girls, and suddenly Malcolm found himself surrounded. It would have been a dream come true, but something about this situation was deeply weird. He gave some apologies as he parted the wave of party girls and took his friend’s hand.

“Jay?” he asked, right as the man made another bubblegum bubble and popped it. “What’s going on? Why are you wearing a wig?”

Jay looked halfway caught between amusement and horror, but then his expression shifted to the latter. “M-Malcolm!? I - I don’t know. I just suddenly had bubblegum in my mouth and - wait, I’m wearing a wig?”

The man started tugging on it, but it wouldn’t come free. Malcolm reached up to try and remove it as well, but not only did it not come off, but it felt like real hair. Its roots went straight to Jay’s scalp.

“What the fuck!?” Mal said. “This is your hair!? This is your real hair!”

Jay’s jaw dropped, but he quickly filled his mouth with yet more bright pink bubblegum. One of his eyes was his typical brown, Mal noticed, but the other one was bright blue. An ocean blue and very pretty.

“M-Mal? What’s happening to me!?”

Malcolm gripped his hand firmly again. “I don’t know, but let’s get you off this dance floor.”

“Awww, but it’s really fun! And I’m, like, dancing soooo hot!”

“Dude! Listen to yourself!”

“Oh - oh yeah. Shit. Uh, sorry girls. Gotta talk to my friend.”

“Yeah right,” Sophia Albrecht said. “Talk’. You two have fun making out! We all know how you both are!”

They giggled, and Jay found himself giggling and blushing with them until he was physically dragged back to a private booth by Malcolm, who was growing increasingly concerned. Jay was already blowing another bubble and popping it, then giggling nervously.

“Like, this is really weird, right?”

“Dude, you’re starting to talk like a bimbo! A *blonde* bimbo! Yes, this is very weird! We need to get you to a hospital or something.”

Jay took a deep breath, centering himself. “You’re right. This is, like, really weird. I can’t explain it, Mal, I just suddenly felt so free and happy and I wanted to dance with my girlfriends. Even my *hair* felt good. It *still* feels good! I wish it were longer though . . . and my nipples are feeling so tense.”

Mal looked down. His friend’s nipples were now enlarged and swollen, pushing against the fabric of his T-shirt quite noticeably.

“Oh God,” he said. “Jay, I’m really sorry, but I think that when we tried the spell, something went wrong. Maybe you weren’t supposed to be in the magic circle when I spoke the arcane words, and now-”

“Hey, what the hell, is that, like, Peter?”

Malcolm looked up. Sure enough, a tall figure was returning from the bathroom, one who looked like Peter and yet *didn’t* look like Peter at the same time. His hair was definitely more brown than blonde, and his skin most certainly had a deep tan to it now. His features had softened as well, and he looked less scrawny somehow, especially around his hips and shoulders, though he wasn’t buff either, just . . . smooth. But strangest of all, the man was *dancing*. He was shaking those hips and moving with the sway of the music even before he reached the dance floor, and there was a radiant, confident expression on his face as he did so, the likes of which Peter had never once displayed in his life. The man was supposed to be a total ball of frayed nerves, but now he was actually going onto the dance floor all of his own.

“Like, wow,” Jay said, still chewing on his gum. “Okay, something weird is definitely up. Should we go join him? Like, go up there and dance with him?”

“What? No!” Malcolm exclaimed. “You - you stay here, Jay. I’ll get Peter. I need to figure out what went wrong with this damn spell.”

Once more, he stepped up onto the dance floor. To Malcolm’s shock, Peter wasn’t dancing by himself, but neither was he dancing with other girls like Jay had been. Instead, the more feminine and tan-looking man was dancing with *another man*, and not just dancing with him, but moving in a very flirtatious way. He was practically grinding up against Stephen Satler, who was a member of the football team, and shaking his ass up against the man’s crotch while shaking his head so that his longer hair bounded all around.

“Hell yeah!” Stephen exclaimed. “Shake them hips, baby! You really know how to work them, Paula?”

“Who’s Paula?” Peter asked, though he didn’t stop.

“That’s you, babe! You’re Paula!”

“Oh, I am? That’s not right - but I’ll take it if it means feeling this good! Woohoo! Wow, am I wearing heels?”

Malcolm paused before interrupting. His friend was wearing heels, stylish black ones that he was nevertheless dancing perfectly in. What on earth was happening? How had the magic caused this?

“Oh God, I definitely cast that spell wrong. Maybe - maybe they weren’t supposed to be in the circle - Kim was! But I was still thinking about her and - Peter! Peter, I need to talk to you!”

“You d-don’t say?” the changing person replied, still dancing against Stephen but looking a bit more embarrassed. “I’m acting all weird and he c-called me Paula! And I just want to dance! This isn’t n-natural! Ohhhh, but dancing feels so good! I want to shake my *culo*, but where are my beautiful *tetas!*?”

Malcolm blinked. “Did - did you just speak Spanish? In an accent?”

It was enough to get Peter to pull back from Stephen, though it clearly took an effort. “Sorry, *guapo*, I - I need to talk to my friend! I’ll be back to dance!”

The accent was getting thicker, and Peter’s voice softer and higher. It almost had a sultry quality to it. Still, Mal had gotten through to him, and he quickly followed his friend back to the booth. As they passed, a number of people shouted out to them.

“Hey Paula! Get those sweet hips back on the dance floor soon, *hermana!*”

“Paula! I didn’t realise you were a nerd chaser!”

“I hate to watch you go, but I love watching you walk away, Paula!”

By the time they got back to the table, Peter was frightening nervous again. Malcolm had to pause and take in the sight of Jay, however, because his friend had somehow changed even more just in the ten minutes that Malcolm had been gone. His hair was now nearly reaching his shoulders, and his face was softer, both eyes bright blue. His lips were pouty and feminine, and while he was still blowing pink bubblegum bubbles, the look now suited him, as if he were some kind of blonde bimbo-to-be. This appearance was borne out by his clothing, which had magically altered as well; he now wore a hot pink sleeveless shirt, which pulled tight against his body, which had definitely lost height and muscle mass. Worse, there were two small bumps protruding from his chest, and given how much bigger his nipples were as they pressed against the thin fabric, it was obvious what those bumps really were. The changing man was giggling as he talked to a college-age man who Malcolm didn’t recognise.

“Like, that’s sooooo nice of you to say!” Jay exclaimed in a very girlish soprano voice. “But, like, I’m here with my friend. Besides, I’m definitely not meant to be a girl. I mean, don’t get me wrong, it feels super amazing, but this is all magic and stuff.”

“Um, okay,” the man said, backing off a little.

“But you’re cute! I’m new to being totes attracted to hot guys, but you definitely look cute!” He suddenly turned to look at the pair who had just arrived, and then Jay literally *squeaked* with delight. “OMG, Peter, you look amazing! Are you becoming Mexican or Latina? Oh my God, we’re both changing. I bet it was totes that magic thing that went wrong, right? Or did it go right, but in the wrong way? Teehee! I’m just joking, Mal, it’s just this feels sooooo amazing. I’m feeling really, really confident. Like, even more than usual. I usually have to put up a front but now I’m feeling so pretty and I can just talk to anyone, and I think I’m growing boobs. Am I, like, totes growing boobs? They feel like boobs. Why don’t you feel them?”

She halted her stream-of-consciousness rant to unexpectedly grab Malcolm’s hand and pull the man into the booth with her. His hand was upon her chest, and he suddenly felt very, very strange, because this was most definitely a boob. A round, firm, slightly soft breast that seemed to pulse and grow just a little from his touch.

“Ohhhhh!” she moaned as it grew again. “That’s better! I wonder if they can get, like, even bigger? Peter, do you want big tits too?”

Mal’s other changing friend bit her lip. “Um, I think I want a bigger *culo*, I mean an ass. Mhmmm, I could shake it up against Malcolm here, couldn’t I?”

“No way! He’s a boob man! Mal, tell her! You like blondes with big boobs more, right? We’re roommates, man, you can tell us!”

“As if! He likes asses and hips! Besides - ahhh, *dios mio* - I’m growing b-boobs as well! Lovely *tetas* he can appreciate on his Paula! Tell her, Malcolm!”

Malcolm, who had been watching this scene unfold with a strange mix of reluctant arousal and growing horror, finally managed to speak up.

“What the fuck is going on with you two!?” he blurted out loudly. “Are you losing your minds!? You’re turning into women! We have to get out of this club and back to the apartment so we can fix my mistake!”

Peter took a deep breath. Indeed, he was growing a pair of breasts, and his skin had darkened further to a lovely olive-bronze. His hair descended further down, and it was clearly turning black and curly, just like that of a gorgeous latina woman’s hair. Jay, meanwhile, was obviously getting a thinner waist even as his shoulders shrank and his boobs grew. He was starting to look like a real hottie, which made it hard to look at him and know who he truly was, deep down.

“But . . . what if we like it?” the blonde said, chewing on his bubblegum.

“*Si!* This feels glorious! I feel so *hermosa*, so pretty, Malcolm! I just want to dance and flirt and PARTY, you know!”

Malcolm realised his hand was still on Jay’s breast, which had to be a D-cup by now. His penis was getting hard, so he pulled away, though he was sandwiched between two

increasingly female and increasingly beautiful friends in the booth, and couldn't quite escape their attention.

"Guys! Listen to me! The spell is changing you. Look, I won't lie, I really like busty blondes *and* dancing latinas. I don't think these are unreasonable fetishes to have, right?"

"Like, obviously not! And here I am, tiger!"

"*Si*, who doesn't like latinas? Mhmmm, my thighs are getting thicker too!"

"But you're not meant to be this way!" Malcolm continued. "Are you forgetting who you are?"

Jay shook his head, causing his long blonde hair to shift about. He now looked entirely female, yet his features were still changing, making him look more like a ten-out-of-ten woman with each passing second.

"Like, no! Of course I remember being a dude, but maybe, like, this magic is totes making me love being a bimbo. There's, like, this lovely brainfog and it's making me sooooo happy and confident. Mhmm - oh my God! Look, I'm getting a really cute crop top and shorts! I bet I'll look super slutty!"

The soon to be former man was indeed starting to look just like that; his pink shirt was now just a crop top that was showing more and more cleavage, while his shorts were now denim and hugging his booty.

"Pay attention," Malcolm said. "You're not some dumb bimbo!"

But Jay just giggled. "Like, I am now! Maybe the magic is making me love it, or maybe I was just, like, always meant to be this way!" She blew out a bubble and popped it, then giggled again. "This could be really fun! Besides, you're soooooo cute, Mal. I think that magic circle made me, like, stuck with you. I bet you'd love seeing my titties, right?"

"*Bruja!*" Peter snapped, voice even more accented now, and *definitely* sultry. "Don't listen to this witch. You want a hot *senorita* like me, Mal baby. A real party girl who wears tight dresses and knows how to show you a good time."

"You're not even wearing a dress!" Jay protested.

But then, right before their eyes, Peter/Paula suddenly let out a magnificently erotic moan that caused Malcolm's member to go very, very hard, despite how wrong he knew that reaction to be. Right before their eyes, Peter's outfit changed. His overly-baggy top and jeans shifted and connected together, and the fabric turned to a lovely navy blue. It pulled tight against Peter's figure, emphasising his growing breasts and certainly his widening hips. He rose up a little in his seat, and for a moment Malcolm wasn't sure how, until he realised it was because his friend's ass was becoming such a peachy rear that it was literally swelling him up almost an inch in just the sitting position.

"Mhmm!" he moaned, though it was almost impossible to think of Peter/Paula as a 'he' by that point. "S-see? There's my sexy dress, Jay! Jealous?"

At this, Jay actually giggled. "Like, I totes am, girl! You are *rocking* that competition! I gotta step up my game!" She poked at her large breasts, causing them to jiggle distractingly - the v-neck of her crop top had magically descended yet further, distracting Malcolm yet again. "C'mon, hurry up and grow, my lovely boobies!"

Malcolm actually pinched himself. He felt like he was in some kind of fever dream, only he wasn't waking up. The spell he'd cast just a couple of hours earlier was real, only it hadn't worked as he'd intended, or perhaps he'd messed up the casting of the spell. His friends were only changing faster and faster, becoming the most attractive women he'd ever seen.

"Please, you've got to listen to me," he said, even as both of them were complimenting one another's looks and Jay talked about how much she loved Paula's new accent. "We can reverse this! You must be hypnotised or something!"

"*Si*, probably!" Paula declared. "But I feel better than I ever have, Malcolm! I feel so free and happy and *confident*. I'm not scared over everything right now, and I want to get out there and party! Are you coming, *hermana*? We can have a dance-off and see which of us Mal likes more?"

Jay popped another bubblegum bubble and continued to chew it, then winked at the woman. "Like, you're totes on, sis! Mal, we'll show you, like, how much better we are as girls! Trust us!"

They shifted Malcolm out of the way as they all exited from the booth, and he couldn't help but notice that they were being rather handsy with him as they did so, their dainty fingers resting a little too long on his arm, his shoulder, on his thigh. He had to hunch a little to hide his erection, but he had a suspicion that his magically changed friends knew what was going on, because they were both licking their lips, Jay especially.

"Like, I know he likes us like this!" she declared.

"*Si*. We are gorgeous *senoritas*, and there's no way we're going back!"

They began to move to the dance floor, and several girls cheered as they saw them approach, shouting for Paula and Jay - no, she was being called *Joy* now.

"Like, I love that new name!" Joy declared, moaning a little as her figure took on even more of a gorgeous hourglass. "It super suits me!"

Mal realised he had one last card to play to convince them. He blocked them off one more time, holding up his hand. "Look!" he said. "Look at my photos! This is what you are both supposed to look like!"

The two beautiful women looked at one another, then back at the photo.

"Like, absolutely! We look soooooo hot!"

"And I look so popular! And amazing in that stylish dress!"

A confused Malcolm turned the screen to look at it, only to be confronted by an image that was very different from the one he'd opened just a few seconds ago. Now, instead of showing the three of them grinning at the camera at a campus event, it instead showed Malcolm in the middle, with Paula in a gorgeous green summer dress that emphasised her hips on the left, and Joy wearing a hot pink tube top and matching coloured skirt that bared her midriff and showed off quite a bit of cleavage. They were both beaming beautifully, their hands around his waist and their cheeks pressed up against his, as if they were sharing him.

"Oh God," he said.

"*Dios mio*," Paula moaned, running her hands down her body. "I feel such a heat, *hermana*. I think if we keep embracing our bodies, we'll become full women!"

"Yes! Pussies! Finally!" Joy declared. She raced out onto the dance floor and Paula followed. The former was already giggling and showing off her body, but Paula was clearly much more sociable now, as she was chatting with every girl and guy as she passed, all of whom were acting as if she'd always been this way. Some guys were even flirting with the pair of them, not that Malcolm could blame them.

The young man was left looking through his phone and finding that his entire reality had changed thanks to the spell. Every photo he had that showed Jay and Peter now showed Joy and Paula, who were clearly still close friends - or even girlfriends - of his in this new timeline. He even had some hot pics of Joy wearing lingerie and posing sexily, some of which had captions like '*Enjoy what you see?*' and '*My big tiddies miss your hands!*' It left him struggling against his erection.

"What about their socials?" he muttered to himself, quickly checking those as well. But just like the photos, they had changed too. Paula's social media was a crazy blitz of selfies, fashion videos, makeup routines, and skits. Her following was massive. Joy, on the other hand, had a much smaller amount of followers, but she was clearly her female self and she took a *lot* of selfies, most of which had a *lot* of cleavage on display, and a hell of a lot of thirsty commentators posting gifs that were clearly just references to how much they'd like to motorboat her large breasts. She often replied with laughing emojis and love hearts, as if flirting back with these strangers.

"This is insane," Malcolm said beneath his breath. "And they both like being like this! How can I change them back?"

He looked over to the dance floor, where both women were visible. They were moving their bodies in highly sensual ways, and clearly trying to entice him to join them. Paula was doing so by flirting with other men and then gesturing for Malcolm to come 'rescue' her, while Joy was taking the much simpler route of simply making her large chest jiggle and bounce in his view, thrusting it out in his direction and then blowing him kisses.

“Come join us, Malcolm! We want to, like, thank you for making us such happy hotties!”

“Si! And so confident too! I feel better than I ever have! Come dance up on us, sexy! We’re full women now! Mhmmm! I can feel how fucking wet I am for you!”

“Like, me too! Come and feel us up! Whooo!”

Malcolm swallowed. Never before in his life had he imagined he would have two such beautiful women calling for him to dance with him and then probably have sex with him later in the night. It was embarrassing to admit, but he was actually *tempted* to go up there and indulge, but part of him knew that this might set the spell. He looked around, trying to find some excuse to get his feminised friends out of there, only to witness the arrival of someone else he had been anticipating.

Kimberly Tayson.

She was as beautiful as ever, though perhaps now outshined by two new women. Still, her red hair was fiery and she wore a tight white cocktail dress that was cut dangerously short to reveal her luscious legs, and plunged to show off her cleavage. She walked with the confidence of a woman who knew she was the Queen Bee, and once more Malcolm found himself entranced by her. She was the One. He was sure of it, and more than that, it presented a solution.

“If I can just get the magic to work with her, maybe it’ll revert my friends!” he declared, before summoning the courage to cross the club floor to her side. She was talking to her boyfriend, Brad Chester, a tall, dark, and handsome footballer who had it all.

“Um, excuse me, Kimberly?” Malcolm said. “Can we talk for a moment?”

She turned her head to look at him, but before she could even reply, Brad was right up in Malcolm’s face, looming over him and shoving the man back.

“Hey! Are you checking out my girl? What the fuck are you checking my girl out for, huh? You think a little freak like you has a chance with her? Get the fuck out of here, *buddy!*”

He gripped Malcolm by the collar and hauled him away, the man’s voice cracking as he berated him.

“Please, I just have to talk to Kim! She’s the key to all of this! Maybe just a kiss with her - wait, that’s coming out wrong! I need to save my friends, that’s all!”

Brad shoved Malcolm into the corridor that led to the bathrooms, lifted the smaller man up, then delivered a sharp punch to his gut that left him reeling.

“Take the fucking hint,” Brad said, before spitting on the ground. “Don’t come near Kim again, loser.”

Malcolm was left reeling, clutching his stomach and trying not to vomit and go unconscious at the same time. As the bully walked away, Brad ran his hands through his hair and moaned in an odd way.

“The fuck? Need a frickin’ haircut.”

Malcolm stayed on the ground for several more minutes, lifting himself slowly. It was only when Paula and Joy arrived in a panic that he was able to get up with their help.

“Oh-em-gee! Mal, are you okay? I’m, like, sooooo sorry about this!”

“*Mierda*, what happened?” Paula asked, helping him up, her sultry accented voice already doing its part to heal his humiliation, though not quite his pain.

“Brad Chester sucker punched me in the gut,” he groaned. “I was trying to approach Kimberly.”

“*Dios mio!*”

“Like, why would you do that?”

He looked at them like they’d grown an extra head each. “To fulfil the spell as I intended it! I don’t know how to change you back - there’s no reversal spell. Joy, you’ve turned into a total bimbo! And Paula, you’re a latina party girl! I’ve ruined you! But if I can fulfil the spell with Kim, or just get a kiss from her or something, maybe it will turn you guys back.”

Suddenly, the two became very serious. Joy even stopped chewing her bubblegum. As one, they moved in front of Malcolm so that they could face him.

“But we totes like being this way!” Joy declared. “We keep telling you!”

“It’s the spell. It’s affecting your brains. Joy, you’ve gone all dumb!”

She giggled. “And I totes like it! I’m a brainless beauty, tee hee!”

Paula rolled her eyes. “But I am more confident, more social! I am popular and stylish! And I love to *dance!*”

“You’re also drunk! Paula, what if you drink too much? I might have made you a crashout party girl! Look, you’re both compromised.”

“You like us compromised, *guapo*,” Paul teased, sliding her thigh against his. “Admit it.”

“Y-yes! Of course I do! It’s getting fucking hard to ignore that you’re turning into my own pair of fantasy girlfriends!”

“Oooh! We could, like, share him! We could both be hottie girlfriends!”

“No way! I’m not sharing.”

“Awww, c’mon, Paula!”

“Enough!” Malcolm announced. “We need to find a way past Brad. You’ll both just have to trust me, and I’ll make this work.”

They advanced out into the club, but it took some time to find Brad and Kim, though the reasons for that became clear. They’d found a booth in a dark corner, and as Malcolm prepared to perhaps get beaten down a second time, Joy instead squeaked with, well, her own namesake.

“Oh-em-gee!” she declared after popping another gum bubble. “He’s totes becoming a hottie girl as well!”

“What?” Malcolm said, before looking at Brad. Sure enough, he was tapping his foot on the ground, occasionally touching his chest. His features had softened, and his dark hair was growing out longer. Already, he had plump, kissable lips

“*Dios mio*,” Paula said. “He’s really becoming a girl. How does that make sense, Malcolm? Actually, I don’t care. This is a good reason to party! Let’s get more drinks and get *wasted*, guys!”

“No!” Malcolm said. “Focus on the mission, Paula. Why is he turning?”

The girls shrugged, and quickly started chatting about their nails and whether they wanted girlier drinks first or to hit the dance floor again before they got totally drunk. But as they chatted, Malcolm felt a strange fog descend upon his mind. Something was pulling him forward. Brad was changing faster than his friends had, and Kim didn’t even seem to notice. The man was panicking, but also moaning as his breasts swelled and his clothes turned to a cute black number that fit his feminine form.

“My spell still worked,” Malcolm declared. “I feel - I feel pulled towards her. It was a faulty casting, and it caught you two up in it, but . . . the spell is removing the obstacle to Kim. I *can* still end up with her! She *is* the one! And she’ll fix everything!”

He advanced forward, leaving his friends behind. Brad jumped out from the booth and ran towards Malcolm, but something in the changing man’s expression was different from how it had been just fifteen or so minutes ago.

“D-did you do this to me?” he whined in a soft voice.

“Um, yeah Brad. I sorta did. Sorry, but also, I’m not *that* sorry.”

But Brad just shook his head even as his features softened and his breasts finished forming at a lovely B-cup. “Don’t be! I was so mean to you! I feel all this compassion and need to please people now! I was such an asshole, I’m so sorry, Mal! I - I need to go apologise to everyone!”

“They won’t remember. You’ll always have been like this. Look, Brad -”

“I’m Brianna now!” she declared, smiling. She was looking very cute now, and her dress was complete. “I don’t know how you did this but it’s like my whole world changed! Thank you so much! You’re the best, Mal!”

To Mal’s shock, the woman who had just been a footballer bully beating him up not long ago suddenly went up on her toes and kissed him on the cheek.

“Good luck with her! She can be a handful!”

And then she was off, presumably to be her new sweet self. Malcolm blinked. The spell must have been speeding up. He could feel it now, gravitating him towards Kimberly. She was now bereft of her boyfriend, and someone needed to fill that slot. The universe was

literally *willing* it to be so; for the first time, Malcolm could feel the proper magic in the air rather than just observing it as a confused outsider. Paula and Joy were saying something to him, but he ignored them. He had a way to change them back now, and get what he'd wanted all along. She was there before him, beautiful red-haired Kimberly Tayson, her smile beautiful enough to light a room. She was the one, he just knew it, and being with her would make it right.

With each step forward, Malcolm felt himself starting to change. His height grew, extending inch by inch, and his muscles developed as well. He was fitter, he was more confident as well. A wave of confidence hit him, in fact, enough so that by the time he reached Kim's table he was easily six feet in height and packing between his legs as well. He smiled as he saw her.

"Mind if I take a seat?" he asked with a sensation of dominance and control he'd never before felt.

Kim looked up at him and flashed one of those brilliant smiles. "I wouldn't mind at all, Mal. In fact, I've been waiting for you to do just that."

"Wait, really? I mean, is that so, huh?"

She winked. "Everyone knows you're a real catch. And you've been making eyes in my direction all night, hot stuff. Besides, I have this feeling that we're meant for one another. I've been trying to find the one for me all night, and here you are, falling into my lap."

He took a seat next to her, and her hand was instantly on his thigh as she leaned forward, brushing her body against his.

"Besides, I wanted to make sure that dumb slut didn't get you first."

Malcolm's smile faltered. "That - er, who?"

Kimberly giggled. "That stupid slut Joy over there! God, she looks like such trailer trash, doesn't she? I'm glad you could smell that on her. And that immigrant friend of hers. Who can even understand what she's saying with that accent of hers? Like, hello! This is *America*. We talk *American*, here, thank you very much!"

The fog was rising, the magic fog around Malcolm's brain was more and more pushing him to be with this woman. Only Kimberly Tayson wasn't at all like his idealised fantasy of her was. Not at all.

"Uh, those are my best friends, you know."

"Of course they are!" she said, patting his hand. "But you can do with better friends. I mean, c'mon, Joy is so stupid she'll end up on the streets after college, and Paula will probably run back to wherever she's from - unless she gets you to give her some anchor babies. That's the only reason she likes you."

Malcolm was horrified. The spell was rising, getting even stronger. It surged into his mind, forcing him to proceed, compelling him to kiss this woman and finalise the spell. Indeed, she was shifting up to kiss him, smiling as she did so.

“You want a popular girl like me,” Kim said. “A real queen bee, instead of those tarts.”

All night Malcolm had been fighting for his friends, and he fought hardest for them now. He pushed against the spell in one last, mighty, borderline Herculean effort, and in doing so utterly *shattered* the spell’s hold upon his mind. He instantly pulled back, standing to his full and greater height.

“Forget it, Kim,” he declared. “You’re not at all who I thought you were. You’re just a cruel bully.”

The woman stepped out of the booth and jabbed him in his now-muscular chest. “Oh yeah? Well good luck staying popular without me, Malcolm Denver! You’re just another meathead loser! Enjoy being stuck with trailer trash and immigrant filth while I’m living my best life! Because from now on, I’ll make sure *everyone* knows that you just tried to hurt me. That’s right! I’ll tell them all, and they’ll believe me! I’ll make sure everyone thinks you’re some kind of creepy date rapist and I managed to survive and tell the tale! And all because you had the nerve to reject me, you prick!”

Her last words were a shriek, but even as Malcolm struggled to think how to respond, he suddenly realised that people were gathering behind Kimberly. One of them was a large bouncer, two of them were her grinning friends, and the last was a very angry Brianna - formerly Brad Chester - who literally had tears in her eyes.

“Did you hear that!” she declared. “This woman was making horrid accusations! That’s got to be illegal, right? She always does this!”

“Damn right it’s illegal,” the large bouncer said. “C’mon, lady. You’re coming with me. And now I gotta sort this out with the police, too.”

Kim’s eyes were suddenly wide. “What - no! It’s him! He tricked me! Brianna, you bitch! You’re meant to be my friend!”

“I’m not your friend, and I’ll never be your boyfriend again, either!”

This comment confused Kim and the bouncer, but everyone else knew what was going on. Kim was dragged away by the bouncer, protesting and shrieking like the entitled, spoiled child she was. Malcolm was left to breathe a sigh of relief.

“Thanks Brianna.”

“No problem!” the sweet, black-haired girl said. “I owe ya! Now if you’ll excuse me, I want to enjoy my new girly life!”

She took off, leaving Malcolm to embrace his friends. “I’m sorry,” he said. “I should have just kissed her. Sacrificed myself and become a terrible person, but at least you two would have been turned back.”

The pair only groaned.

“Like, we like it this way!” Joy exclaimed.

“*Si*, get it through your thick skull, Malcolm! I want to stay a hot latina party girl!”

“And me as a total bimbo! Especially since you’re all sexy and muscly and tall now, *meowwww!*”

Malcolm laughed, and actually embraced the pair, and they embraced him in turn. He tried to ignore the arousing sensation of their breasts pressing against his chest, or how Paula shifted against him.

“I guess maybe we can make this work,” he said. “This new reality, I mean.”

“Absolutely, we can!” Paula declared, kissing him on the cheek.

“Totes! And it’s gonna be, like, the best!”

She kissed him too, only she kissed him on the lips, moaning as she did so and surprising Malcolm to the point where he pulled away too slowly.

“Uh-oh,” he said, feeling the magic bond finally form between him and someone else. Between him and his athletic male friend, who was now a curvy blonde bimbo. “Joy, I think you just-”

Reality swirled, and then fell apart.

When Malcolm woke up, he briefly thought that everything that had occurred the previous night had been some sort of strange fever dream. That was until he realised several things.

He was naked in bed.

He was not alone in said bed.

He was spooning up against the other, equally naked person in that bed.

That person was a very busty, very curvaceous woman, as evidenced by the fact that her lovely butt was pressed up against his crotch and his hand was resting upon her large breast.

“Holy shit,” he whispered to himself. “What is this?”

The body turned, and the beautiful blonde woman made a noise that was halfway between a playful purr and a sleepy moan. She opened her bright blue eyes and grinned, resting a hand across his chest. A chest that was far, far more muscular than it should have been.

“Morning, lover boy,” she said, still smiling.

“*Jay!?*”

She giggled. "It's Joy now, remember dude? I think when I kissed you I sorta made the spell kinda permanent, since I woke up like this and I'm still a girl. Plus, you know, your room now has a Queen-size bed and there's pictures of us dating on the wall."

Malcolm looked up. Sure enough, there was a photo framed of the pair of them at a beach, her in a lovely pink bikini that emphasised her ample assets, and his muscular form in a pair of board shorts, his hand around her waist while she kissed him on the cheek lovingly.

"This - this is crazy. I didn't mean for this to happen - oh shit, we're naked!"

He went to move away, but she reached out and gripped his arm, exposing her naked breasts which instantly got his attention.

"Don't you dare slip away," she said.

"But - but you're not meant to be a woman. This is all my fault and-"

"Malcolm! I meant what I said last night! I'm happier this way. I really am. God, I feel good, and look at me; I'm fucking *hot*. But . . . looks like that last rewrite of reality means I'm not such a dumb bimbo anymore, so it's the best of both worlds as far as I'm concerned!"

She moved up against him, forcing him back onto the bed so that her ripe breasts hung in his face.

"Mind you, I'm still a pretty big nympho. And despite what this new reality thinks about us, we *still* haven't had sex. Looks like I beat Paula, huh?"

Malcolm was so aroused and shocked by all of this that he'd forgotten his other friend. "Oh God! Paula! What's happened to-"

At that very moment, the door swung open to reveal a beautiful latina woman with bronze skin and a pair of hips that could bring a man to his knees. She was wearing a lovely blue summer dress and her wavy black curls fell around her shoulders, framing her beautiful features.

"*Hola*, you guys! Look, I'm still a beautiful *chica*, and I'm - AGH!"

"AGH!" Joy screamed back, and she grabbed the sheet and covered her body and Malcolm's by association, though she was still very much pressing her nakedness against his now-huge, hard cock. "Wait, Paula! You still live with us!? You're still a latina!"

The woman giggled. "And it seems I'm 'just a friend' since you won, you sneaky *bruja!*"

"It was an accident! I was a dumb bimbo at the time! I didn't realise that kissing him would seal this . . . not that I'm complaining."

"It was definitely an accident," an embarrassed Malcolm said. "But are you sure you're both happy like this?"

"Are you kidding?" Paula said in her beautiful accent. "Look at me! I may be missing out on you, Mal, but there's a lot of boys *and* girls out there who'll want me, and I'll want

them! I am so confident now, and I feel like a partygirl . . . just not as ridiculously so as last night. I see that Joy is not quite the bimbo either.”

The naked blonde beauty shrugged and smiled sheepishly. “I might still like pink now. And be a bit of slut when it comes to my guy. Do you mind?”

Paula turned a little red upon her olive cheeks. “*Si*, of course! You two have fun now. I’ll be in my room, trying on all my new dresses and taking selfies. I’ll put my music’s volume up. You two . . . can be as loud as you want.”

With a cheeky laugh, the beautiful latina turned and walked away, her hips swaying. Malcolm blinked and pinched himself.

“Yep, still reality,” Joy laughed. She threw back the covers so she could see all of him, and he in turn could see all over her, including the way her ripe breasts were hanging against him, her nipples sliding upon his skin. Malcolm had never imagined anything like this, but when he looked up into Joy’s eyes, he could see the real her. It was still Jay in there, just . . . a new version of her friend. A friend who had become something more. Much more.

“So . . . I guess the spell worked after all, huh?” he asked, placing his hands around her so that her naked body pressed against him.

Joy’s lips hovered near his, and she began to work her body against his hardness. She was wet between the thighs already; he could feel it.

“I’d say so, big guy. In fact, I think you found the one, wouldn’t you say?”

He kissed her, and soon the pair were moaning and caressing one another, and manoeuvring towards the ultimate expression of sexual passion as their relationship took itself to the next level.

Malcolm definitely agreed. He’d finally found the one for him. And judging from her cries of passion that followed once he entered her, Joy felt exactly the same way.

The End