

## His Perfect Woman (TG Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Directly inspired and influenced by Tseudo Nimm's excellent story 'Witchy Ex-Girlfriend', which I highly recommend! A pair of roommates who very quickly get in over their heads, when a vengeful girlfriend turns one of them into a lustful bimbo.*

### His Perfect Woman

“I just feel like I deserve better. Sasha’s nice and all, but she never does anything to show off her figure, what little of one she has. She’s a flat board; no breasts, no butt, not even some curves to her hips. And the sex is just so . . . boring. Nothing but missionary, and not even more than twice a week.”

“You deserve better mate,” Matt said. “Sasha’s a nice chick, sure, but if you’re not happy with her then you’ve gotta cut the strings. Let her down easy, but make sure it ends.”

Jesse and Matthew were engaged in a very familiar conversation. The two university students had been best friends since childhood, and were inseparable, so much so that Jesse’s girlfriend of two years Sasha was getting far too sick of them spending so much time together when she and Jesse could be helping pull their relationship back together. For that very reason she opened the door to Matthew’s apartment, unheard by either of them. But at the mention of her name, and the discussion that followed, she instead chose to wait in the shadows. She plucked a small wand she had recently purchased from a self-described wandering witch, and looked over it, wondering if it would even work, and also if she should use it.

“You’re right. I do deserve better,” Jesse said, cracking open another beer. It was clear he was slightly tipsy. “Sasha’s been keeping me down. I could land any hot babe I want.”

In her hidden place around the corner, Sasha grew red with astonishment and anger. Do better than her? *Her?* She knew she wasn’t the most attractive woman in the world; her breasts were basically non-existent, and her figure was boyish. But she was cute, and moreover Jesse was no star prize himself, with his shabby figure, his constantly messy hair and his thick glasses.

“Well, I didn’t say deserve better – “ Matt started, but Jesse cut him off.

“There’s a whole ocean of women out there who are more my taste. I don’t need some flat-chested brunette. A perfect woman. And I know they’re out there. What’s your perfect woman Matt?”

“C’mon Jesse, this isn’t gonna make you feel better. And it’s not right to talk about Sasha that way.”

“Just tell me. Entertain me. What’s the woman that would most turn you on?”

Matt sighed, and between her tears Sasha at least was glad that Jesse’s friend wasn’t a complete asshole. “Well, I want a girl with long blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes. A girl with an hourglass figure, y’know the type, with nice round baby-making hips and a tight waist. She’d have big, round tits, Double-Ds at least and real sensitive. And her ass would be big and bubbly too, and it’d wobble with every step. “ He cupped his hands in front of his chest for emphasis, then again from his behind. As he spoke his fantasy he abandoned some of his hesitation, and seemed to enter the realm of his sexual fantasies. “And of course, she’d have a nice tight pussy that would get always get wet for me. Yeah, that’d be the girl. But it wouldn’t be all looks, she’d do her best to please me, if you know what I mean. We’d fuck at least twice a day because she’s so horny, and she wouldn’t hesitate to suck me off in the morning to get me going for day.”

Sasha grew disgusted as she heard this. She had always disliked Matt purely because he stole Jesse away from her so often. For just a moment after hearing Jesse’s cruel words and Matt’s rebuke, she’d thought maybe he wasn’t so bad. But his fantasies were adolescent and sexist. Jesse laughed and cracked open his next beer. “Wow, she sounds like my kinda girl too. Much better than Sasha. This girl would be into anal, yeah?”

Matt scoffed, cracked open another beer as well. “Pfft, obviously. She’d be into it all, so long as I wanted it. Roleplay too. And no matter what, she’ll always do her best to look sexy. Whether at home, on the town, or dressed up for a date, she’ll do her best to look like a slut and cling to my arm to let everyone know I’m her man. She’ll cook nice food and take care of the house and the chores, and – ” he hesitated.

Jesse slurred a response. “Yeah? Go on buddy? I wanna hear. She sounds like a real broad.”

“Well,” Matt said, coughing awkwardly, “I’ve always wanted a big family someday. And for some reason, I’ve always found pregnant chicks real hot. So my dream girl, she’ll be incredibly fertile and able to give me a lot of kids, and while preggers she’ll be even more

horny. And after she gives birth she'd work her body back into perfection in no time, ready for more."

"Huh," Jesse said, slightly weirded out by that last one, but getting a little turned on thinking about it all the same, "I mean, I'm not ready for parenthood just yet, but that does sound like a perfect girl. I'd take her over Sasha any day. Hell, maybe I'll go looking for a girl like that after I've pulled the bandaid."

It was at that moment that Sasha decided to reveal herself, her cheeks and eyes red from tears she'd been brushing away. "Why wait Jesse," she said, "now's your chance."

The two men immediately stood up, shocked at the woman's unexpected presence.

"Sasha!" Jesse said, I . . . how much did you hear?"

She scowled. "All of it Jesse. Every horrible thing you said about me, all your talk about your desire for a submissive bimbo girlfriend, the fact that you want to break up with me; I heard it all."

"I – "Jesse started, but nothing came to mind. "Well, I meant it," he finished, made brazen by the alcohol. "I can't get attracted to you anymore Sasha, you've got figure. No curves. And we hardly ever have sex, and even then you never wanna give me a blowjob or anything. Or even let me go down on you."

"We could have worked on this, if only you'd talk to me Jesse! Instead you always go to your friend Matt here, instead of trying to save this relationship! Speaking of, anything to say Matthew?"

Matt shifted awkwardly on one foot. "Sorry Sasha. My fault."

"I hated you for so long, and now I find out you're actually the better of the pair. It almost makes me wish it was you that had approached me first, except then I find out your perfect woman is a 50's Stepford Wife who exists just to clean and cook and push out as many babies as you want." She turned to Jesse. "And you had the gall to agree with him!"

Jesse crossed his arms, but the courage he had felt a moment ago had dissipated, which left him looking like the meek student he ultimately was.

"Well," Sasha said, lifting her eyebrows, "I hope you're both happy then. I was going to change for you Jesse, become the sort of woman you've always been attracted to. I've just seen a witch that's given me the charm that will do the trick. And I'm still going to do

that, only just for me now. You could have been better looking too, with a lot more meat between your legs than that stub you're got."

Jesse chuckled. "You've gone crazy Sasha, magic isn't real. You're probably just hormonal."

But his former girlfriend just shook her head. "No, you'll know soon enough what a woman's hormones are like. Magic is real. I've seen it, and now I'm going to use it to give both of you exactly what you wanted, at a price. You are going to be free of me Jesse, and Matt, you are going to get your perfect girlfriend. A woman who is going to live out every one of your submissive fantasies."

She retrieved a strange glyph from her pocket and held it in the air, and began speaking in a strange incantation in a language neither of them recognised. As she did, the glyph glowed bright green, and its light was cast over the two men before her. As soon as it had begun, it ended.

"There," she said. "You two deserve each other. Have fun with the rest of your lives together. And Jesse? Soon you'll discover just how much of a 'best mate' you really are for your friend here."

She turned on the spot and rounded the corner without waiting for a response, and a second later they heard the loud slam of the front door.



"Crazy bitch," Jesse spat, regretting the decision to ever date her.

"She's just angry I guess," Matt said, "that's why she yapped on about magic just now. It's just to scare you."

Jesse chuckled. "Yeah. She was talking like she was a witch or something. C'mon, after that I could use another beeeuuuuughhhh!" Jesse doubled over, clutching his stomach. Matt put a hand on his shoulder. "Are you okay mate?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm just - ooohhhh - just having a reaction to the beer or something. I think I'm - eurgh - going to hurl!" He pushed his friend out of the way and sprinted to the bathroom, managing to reach toilet just in time for him to expel the contents of his stomach into the bowl. He continued to vomit a couple more times until only bile remained, and feeling a bit less sickly, he felt at his stomach. He was shocked to notice that his stomach

seemed . . . smaller. Jesse had never been truly overweight, but he had been chubby due to his beer drinking. Now it was as if he had never put on weight. In fact, he seemed thinner all over.

“Hey mate, are you right in there?”

“Uh, yeah, sure,” he replied, his voice cracking to a higher pitch. He thumped his chest and made his way out of the bathroom after washing out his mouth. Matt was waiting for him, a smirk on his lips. “Bit of a squeak there Jesse. You sure Sasha didn’t bust your balls literally as well as figuratively?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Jesse replied, but again that crack in his voice, which made him go red in the cheeks. “It’s not funny!” But this time his voice shot an octave higher and his eyes grew wide. “The hell?” he said, sounding like a prepubescent boy. But neither of them had much time to contemplate that when a loud ethereal voice echoed across the living room.

*“I want a girl with long blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes . . .”*

“Dude, why did you say that?”

Jesse was starting to panic. “I didn’t say anything! It sounded like you!”

Matt’s went wide. “Mate, your hair, it’s changing!” It was true. Jesse’s scalp had begun to prickle all over, and his messy brown hair was beginning to grow out, lightening in colour until it became a bright sunflower blonde that trickled down over his forehead. He swept it out of the way of his eyes, and was shocked to see it was lengthening down over his shoulders. “Holy shit, my hair!” He was oblivious to the changes in his eyes, as they also shifted from brown to a deep ocean blue.

*“A girl with an hourglass figure . . . with nice round babymaking hips and a tight waist . . .”*

“That was my voice again!” Matt called, but Jesse could only moan, his voice continuing to rise in pitch as his hips cracked audibly outwards and his waist contracted beneath his shirt. He fumbled in a wild panic with his jean zipper and his hips continued to expand. “Ooooh it hurts!” he cried, and Matt couldn’t help but notice that his voice was almost a woman’s by this point. Jesse sighed in relief as he managed to get the zipper open to accommodate his much wider pelvis, not noticing that his overall form had shrunk, becoming a full foot shorter. He panicked when he saw his hands, which were thinning and softening, becoming dainty and feminine.

“Oh my God I’m becoming a chick just like she said!” He clamped his new female hands over his mouth, astonished at the sultry soprano voice that had just escaped it.

“Your whole face is shifting!” Matt exclaimed, and it was true; his features were shifting, his nose becoming button-cute, his eyelashes growing out, his eyebrows taking on a feminine arch, and his lips becoming bigger and softer. They ended up as a permanent pout, something Matt couldn’t help but find sexy. Jesse squealed, his voice entirely girlish now, but Matthew was starting to have his own problems, as he begun to feel the effects of Sasha’s charm. His muscles ached as they grew in size, his fat melting away and his jaw cracked. For a moment he thought he too was becoming a woman, until he felt an unpleasant lack of space in his pants and realised his cock was growing, assuming a much greater length and girth than before to a blessed degree.

*“Big, round tits, Double-Ds atleast and real sensitive . . . her ass would be big and bubbly . . . wobble with every step . . .”*

Jesse stopped feeling over his newfound curves and took in the magical echo of his mate’s voice. “No, no, no no no I don’t want to have breasts, I’m a guuuurghhh!” He thrust his chest out in response to the immense pressure building there, and within moments his nipples tensed and proceeded to grow in size, pressing against the fabric of his shirt. Tissue and fat rapidly filled out behind them. Jesse pressed his dainty palms against them, but they simply continued to grow and overflow his palms, from A-cups to B-cups to well and truly beyond Sasha’s own size, until finally they stopped expanding when they were nearly the size of his own head each, pressing against his shirt which was now tight around his ample bosom. He shifted, and was astonished at the feeling of his large boobs wobbling in his top, unsecured. “Shit, I’ve got tits!” he exclaimed. He grasped them and moaned at their sensitivity. “They’re huge! Why are they so huge!? Oh my good God, Sasha was telling the truth. I’m turning into a woman!”

Matt couldn’t help himself as he stared at his transforming friend – he was basically a complete woman to look at him, and his – her – immense chest straining at his top was an exciting sight. He could feel himself growing hard while Jesse’s new female face was treated to makeup by an invisible force; some eyeshadow was applied, and his lips were coated in red lipstick that looked sexy as hell with her new pout. Her jeans fell to the floor as her ass also rounded out, becoming round but pert just like the image of his own dream girl. It accentuated Jesse’s newfound hips and overall curves, and provided for a quite a profile.

*“A nice tight pussy that would get always get wet for me . . .”*

Jesse and Matt locked eyes. The transforming man simply whimpered, as his penis and testicles were audibly sucked back up into his body. Jesse doubled over, dealing with the deeply unpleasant sensation of his testes becoming ovaries, and a new womb developing within him.

“Holy shit I have a vagina,” the woman whispered to herself.

*“Always do her best to look sexy . . . at home, on the town, or dressed up for a date . . . do her best to look like a slut . . .”*

Jesse’s remaining clothing shifted and shimmered with that same magical green glow that had come from Sasha’s charm, and in moments the tattered clothing reshaped to become a tight red dress that ended mid-thigh to show off her lovely legs. Two thin straps were all that supported her low neckline, which showed off generous cleavage. Her breasts were practically straining against the top, threatening to spill out. For the final touches, her hair became luxuriously made up, falling down her shoulders, and her feet became adorned with red high-heel shoes. The new Jesse was complete, and she was sexiest woman Matthew had ever seen, in person or otherwise. She had a body most women would kill for, a large rack on nearly full display, and her pert bottom and hourglass figure were completely on display in the tight-fitting dress. Even her face, riddled with anxiety as she was, looked amazingly sexy with her perfect makeup, high eyebrows, and permanent glossy pout.

She stood there, panting in terror for a moment, wobbling on uncertain heels, and then a last green flicker cast over her form, and then Jesse stood as naturally as if he’d always been the bombshell he’d just turned into. “Holy shit,” she said in that sultry soprano tone, “I’m dressed like a slut. What is happening!?”

“You’ve become my perfect woman Jesse,” Matt said, trying not to draw attention to his raging erection. “You look exactly like how I described her.”

Jesse put a hand on his – her – hip. She didn’t realise it, but it was the sexiest damn pose her friend had ever seen his life. “Is that what I look like?” she said, her big blue eyes going wide, and her perfect lips in a sensual pout. Matt tried to avoid thinking about those lips, which looks so perfect for sucking cock.

“Jesse, you look like the sexiest damn woman I’ve ever seen. Go see yourself in the mirror.”

She did so, walking expertly in heels. Her hips sashayed from side to side as she strode to the bathroom, and her generous backside wobbled slightly in her tight dress. She fumed audibly, holding her large bust and complaining about the strange sensations of it jiggling on her chest with every step. “Holy shit!” came her voice from the other room. “What has she done to me?” She strode back into the room, her breasts bouncing in her low neckline. “Matt, I don’t want to spend the rest of my life looking like some bimbo. We need to figure out a way to change me back!”

Every word that escaped from her mouth still had that sensual, breathy quality. Matt struggled to contain himself, and focused on the fact that this image of feminine perfection in front of him was his friend. He could be an asshole, but he didn’t deserve to have his gender changed like this. “Well,” he said, trying to avoid gazing at his friend’s new, ample developments, “step one is to track down Sasha. She can tell us what’s going on, and we might be able to convince her to change you back.”

“Sounds like a plan. Hang, did she change you too? You look taller.”

“I think you might just be shorter.”

It was the wrong thing to say, she shot him a look, but whatever curse the charm had placed on her just made the look sexy. “No, you’re changed too. You’re fitter. Taller.” He decided not to mention his bigger penis. It might make her all the more upset.

“I’m just going to get out of this ridiculous dress and put some proper clothes on, then we’ll see Sasha about getting me changed back.”

Matt was glad she turned away, chest swaying slightly with the movement much to her irritation, since he was secretly disappointed that Jesse’s form wouldn’t be on such display anymore. It was a shame she was his best friend, because Jesse had become the kind of woman he wouldn’t hesitate to show a good time, especially with his own new developments.

“Ready to go,” came Jesse’s sultry voice. Matthew turned, “Well that was quick – oh fuck me.”

“I can’t control myself Matt!” To Matthew’s extreme surprise, Jesse was now completely naked. His – her – nude form was the image of feminine perfection, with rounded curves in all the right places, and an immense pair of breasts that bobbed and jiggled with her nervous movements. The transformed male stepped forward, her large rack still bouncing slightly, her gait letting her hips swing from side to side with sensual grace.

Matt's cock was almost unbearably stiff at the sight of her. She placed a dainty hand on his chest and looked up at him with big blue eyes, her delicate lips parted. "I'm so horny for you Matt," she breathed, her other hand trailing down to his crotch. "It's not me doing this, but I need you in me!"

Within moments he had taken his top off and embraced, her naked breasts pressing up against his now-muscular chest. They kissed deeply, his hand trailing to her pert ass, his other running through her silky hair. She in turn pushed him towards the bedroom, unbuckling his trousers and pressing him onto the bed. "Stop this Matt," she purred as she began to straddle him, "I can't stop. I don't want to have sex with you." Every syllable trickled from her mouth like sweet honey, making her sound as sensual as possible despite her words.

*"Fuck at least twice a day because she's so horny . . ."*

"Oh God no . . ."

"I can't stop myself either Jesse," Matt groaned as she descended upon his stiff member. Both of them gasped at the sensations that followed, and she cooed as she took in his increased length and girth. He could only imagine how alien the sensation was for his friend. They fell into a rhythm, her riding him with increasing speed, taking his cock deep within her moist pussy and then out until only the tip remained. He was telling the truth; he couldn't control his actions. It was like Sasha's curse had left them both on autopilot. He began to fondle her giant breasts, and she shrieked in pleasure. "Oh Gooood I'm so wet for you Matt. We need to stop!" Bust continued to thrust. They kissed deeply, her breasts rubbing on his chest, nipples as hard as little thumbnails. It was like heaven and hell, and he suspected he couldn't stop now even if he did have control. She was simply perfect, and he could feel his cum building up, ready to release. Jesse rode harder, and he began to fondle her perfect ass, working her to new heights of pleasure. She spoke frantically between thrusts, body quivering. "Please – don't – cum – inside – meeeeeeee!"

And with that he exploded within her, pumping his seed in great spurts directly into her waiting womb. She shuddered on top of him, sticking her back out in response to her first female orgasms, which rolled over her in multiple waves. The position left her large chest sticking out in a very sexy look, and her eyes rolled back into her head and they gasped together. Finally, she collapsed down on top of him, and they spent several minutes simply getting their breaths under control, the residual glow of post-coital bliss descending upon

them. Within the haze of pleasure, one thought coalesced inside Matt; *Holy shit, I just fucked my best friend.*

It was only after several minutes of calming down that Jesse managed to shift off of Matthew, groaning at the strange feeling of his penis sliding out of her. Her large tits wobbled as she rolled onto her back. "I can't believe you just fucked my wet pussy," she said.

Matt turned his head to look at her. "Why are you talking like that Jesse?"

"I can't not talk like this!" she complained, "this stupid curse keeps making me talk dirty."

"We'll figure something out," he said, standing up.

"We damn well better. I don't want to spend the rest of my life as your big-titted bimbo slave. This is all you and Sasha's fault! You described your perfect girlfriend as – as – as this!" She gestured at her perfect body, "and now I'm stuck like this!"

He turned away. Her sultry voice mixed with her sexy curves were starting to turn him on already. He almost felt as if he could go another round. "Well, the plan is the same as before. We'll go track Sasha down and demand she changes you back, and if she refuses then we'll – hey!"

He looked down to where a soft pair of hands were fondling his balls and working his semi back into a raging erection. The woman that was Jesse was on her knees before him, and she opened her soft, full lips and licked them slowly, locking eyes with him. "No, please," she said in a voice dripping with suggestion, "don't make me suck your giant cock. I don't want to swallow your se-hhghmghm!" The rest of her words became an incomprehensible garble as she began to suck and lick away at him. She continued to try to speak, but it became more and more difficult as she began to swallow him deeper and deeper, so much so that Matt had to marvel at her lack of gag reflex while she deepthroated him. He could feel another load building, ready to blow, and clutched the back of her head, silky hair and all, to steady her against him when he came. She was giving him the best blowjob of his life and he couldn't do anything but ride it out and enjoy it. Finally he came, even more than before, and she moaned as he did as if she was coming too. She licked her lips of any excess and swallowed his entire issue, smiling deeply. It was another few seconds before the smile was wiped from her face and her eyes drew wide in horror.

"Fuck. Fuck! This curse sucks!" She spat some of the remaining saliva and immediately ran to get a glass of water to wash her mouth out. Twice more they attempted

to leave, and twice more they had passionate sex, the last time him taking her from behind and thrusting deep until they orgasmed together on the living room floor. It was late that night, Jesse falling asleep in his arms, her naked form nestled up against him, that Matt realised that the curse wasn't triggering when they tried to leave, but when he became turned on. His best friend had been turned into his perfect woman; one who would forever be compelled to have sex with him whenever his body desired it. This was likely why Jesse had been in a fury when she tried to go to bed: her body kept automatically steering her towards Matthew's queensize, and when she finally gave up and tried to change into some ill-fitting pyjamas her body simply refused to put anything back on. It was as if some invisible force was restraining her hands, keeping them from grasping even the smallest item to cover herself with. Her sexy body was programmed to sleep naked, pressed up against his, her large, soft bosom cradled in his arm.



It was the next morning when Matthew awoke to the surprising sensation of a tongue sliding slowly up and down his penis, stirring him into an erection. He woke up fully when a soft set of lips began sucking away at his stiff member, the woman responsible muttering something inaudible as she blew him. It was only when she manoeuvred up and gently guided his penis into her wet folds that he remembered that the strange dream he'd had of his friend becoming a woman had actually happened, and here she was now, forced to be his perfect sex slave. "Ooooh why is th-this h-happening t-to meeeee!" she cried between thrusts. Once again they built towards a climax. He changed positions, flipped her over onto her back and cradled her face with one hand while he steadied himself in the other. She moaned in ecstasy, and in moments he came, pumping his seed into her. Jesse smiled widely at the luxurious sensations of being filled with her friend's warm semen, until she realised what she was doing and bit down on her lip. But it was too late to avoid the wave of orgasms. Her body shuddered, an impressive chest sticking out as she arched her back. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, until she simply rode out the pleasure, sighing with contented little coos. "Sorry Jesse, I still can't control myself," Matt intoned. "The curse is making you too irresistible for me."

She got up off the bed, crossing her arms over her breasts to hide her naked chest. “Oh boo hoo for you! You get to have sex with a gorgeous gal. How do you think I feel Matt? I’m a fucking woman, I’ve got these!” let her breasts wobble for emphasis, “I’ve got a fucking cunt. I can’t stop sounding like a horny bimbo slut, even now when I’m furious I just sound like I’m trying to turn you on! It’s a nightmare. And to make it worse I’ve had to have your big, long cock inside of me. And I can’t stop making everything so damned dirty, like when I took you inside my tight wet pussy. Damn it!”

Matt patted her on the shoulder. “I’m sorry Jesse. I can’t imagine how hard it is for you.”

“Not as hard as you were for me, tough guy,” she said. Her cheeks went bright red. “Oh my God, that was the curse. Matt you have to believe that was the curse.”

“I know, it’s forcing you to keep turning me on.”

“I can’t live like this Matthew. I don’t want to spend the rest of my life being your bimbo slavegirl. I’ve got a life, I want to be an engineer! I want to get married, as a guy, to a woman! I don’t want to be your wife.”

“I don’t want you to be my wife Jesse.” Though deep inside his head, Matt was secretly excited about the idea of marrying a woman that looked like her, though he knew it was wrong to think about his friend that way. Jesse was starting to cry, and he managed to stop himself from wiping the tears away from her smooth, oval face. “Um, sorry,” she said, wiping them herself, “these stupid female hormones. Sasha was right about me getting to feel them. I feel like an idiot. Uh, can you do me a favour and put some clothes on buddy? I know we’ve had – well, a lot of sex lately, and you’ve just had that thing in me, but that doesn’t mean I’m turned on by seeing your big wang out.”

Matt’s turn to turn red. He apologised and put some clothes on. He could still feel his friend’s vaginal fluid beginning to dry on his dick. It was an odd thing to recognise. “It’s so unfair,” he heard Jesse say, “I get turned into a total bombshell babe just to be your trophy girlfriend or whatever, and all you get for a punishment is a bigger dick and a great set of abs you didn’t even have to work for.” There was a trace of coping humour in her voice there. Matt decided to lean into it. “Hey, I think you’re letting yourself down a bit there. Just about every woman on the planet would kill for the body Sasha’s given you.”

An arched eyebrow raised. “Yeah? You’re probably not wrong there. God, it feels weird. Even walking is strange; my hips keep wanting to walk from side-to-side. They’re so much wider. And everything keeps jiggling! How do women stand it?”

Matt shrugged. “I guess you’ll just have to get used to it.”

“Don’t even say it. This isn’t permanent.”

“Sorry. What I mean is that you’re taking this well at least.”

She shot him a look of irritation. “I have to. It’s not like this curse of Sasha’s is giving me much choice in the matter. You just need to stop getting turned on all the time so we can actually make the time to track her down and change me back! And after that, I never want to ever remember this whole disaster ever happened, okay?”

“Okay, I’ll promise to stop getting turned on by you.”

“Good, because it’s really fucking creepy and I don’t want to have to deal with getting fucked by your juicy cock.” As she spoke, a trickle of white fluid began slowly seeping down her right thigh. She covered her mouth in disgust, looking like she was about to retch. “This just gets worse and worse. I’m going to go have a shower and figure out how to get your . . . stuff, cleaned out of me.”

That was when they found out about yet another aspect of Sasha’s magic: they were compelled to take showers together. Both of them tried to fight the compulsions, but in the end they embraced in the cubicle, bodies pressed up against one another as she placed her fingers into her new vagina and began cleaning out any excess semen. While she did so he washed her hair almost lovingly, caressed her thin waist before trailing his hands down to grope her ass. She finished, and kissed him deeply, probing her tongue into his throat and moaning in an extremely feminine manner. Within moments, he was taking her from behind, her face and large breasts pressed flat against the glass cubicle wall. Together they moaned, and together they climaxed, once more compelled by the curse.

After her finish, Jesse turned and pushed her lithe form against Matt and kissed at his ear before moving to his mouth. Their tongues were locked together when her eyes widened. “Fuck, even the shower! You’re an absolute horndog Matt!” It was supposed to be a rebuke, but her voice was too unwittingly light and playful to really sound it. He knew that part of his friend’s agony was that all the pleasure and desire was real; just like his perfect woman, Jesse was forced to become actually heavily aroused when he desired sex, and her

body was likely very sensitive and always capable of orgasm, given that these were also features of his perfect woman.



After leaving the shower Jesse stormed off in a fury. It was likely she wanted to drive off straight away to see Sasha, but something was keeping her from leaving Matthew, as if she was now tied to him by an invisible leash which she constantly chafed at but could never break. In the end she went to her room to change, scrubbing furiously at the makeup that was still fixed to her face. Matt was in a daze, trying to soak in the events of the previous night and this morning, when he saw Jesse walk past, looking quite different. Her face was raw from scrubbing makeup off, and she was now wearing a baggy set of track pants and a loose hoodie that concealed her curves as much as possible; though her impressive rack still drew the hoodie tight around her chest. Her hair was a tangle, and she was barefoot. He knew Jesse would be hating every moment of this and had done his best to look as un-bimbo-ish as possible. He'd only half-succeeded. Even red-faced and covered up, it was obvious there was a beauty hiding under there. "I'm going to go make breakfast. Then we go to Sasha. I hope I've sucked you dry enough that that's possible." She winced at the way the curse had altered the last expression to sound sexier. He let it slip by without comment. "I'm going to try calling her."

"Good idea. This stupid curse won't let me contact her."

Matt tried several times to ring Sasha. She picked up on the last, just as he was ready to hang up. *"Hello Matthew,"* came a voice. It was definitely Sasha's, but it was also different somehow; there was less of a whiny pitch and more of a commanding yet alluring edge to it. *"Have you and Jessica enjoyed your morning?"*

"Sasha! You sound different."

*"I am different Matt, which means that our dear Jessica is different now too. That's her name by the way. It's only a matter of time before her body starts automatically responding to it, whether she wants to or not."*

"Please, we need to meet."

*“Yes we do. I’m still at my old place. Feel free to come around together, if you two manage to pry yourselves apart for more than a few moments. We’ve got things to discuss. Have you had breakfast?”*

“No, but –“

*“Don’t worry. If she hasn’t made it yet then she will soon.”*

The call ended without goodbyes on either side. It was at that moment that he heard Jessica’s – Jesse’s – voice call out. “What the actual fuck!” He ran to investigate, and at first didn’t see what exactly was going on. “What is it?”

“My-my clothes!” she replied fearfully. True enough, her hoodie was smaller, beginning to bare her bellybutton, and her trackpants were shortening as well, where they had been overlong and baggy before. Her clothes were shrinking before their eyes, and their material began to bubble and shift. She stood there, fighting the changes, tugging at her shortening pants even as they turned into blue denim and pulling at her baggy hoodie it melded with her shirt and became tight top. Her hair curled itself into sexy pigtails which she fought to untangle unsuccessfully. In moment she stood there, a woman transformed yet again, wearing a tight pair of denim short shorts and a crop top that struggled to contain her ample chest. “I c-can’t b-breathe!” she wheezed. As if in response, the crop top split to provide ample cleavage on display, and she exhaled freely in response. It seemed that Matthew’s wishes were always in effect; so long as Jesse was cursed to be his perfect girlfriend, then she would wear the sexiest outfits that would show off her body.

“Gawd, I’m dressed like such a bimbo.”

Just then Matthew’s stomach growled with pangs of hunger. No sooner had he decided on making some bacon and eggs up when Matthew’s voice boomed magically within the house:

*“She’ll cook nice food and take care of the house and the chores . . .”*

Jesse’s look of disgust at her bare midriff and open cleavage vanished from her face. “Aww, honey, you’re hungry! Take a seat while I make you up some brekkie!” she said, “that’s what girlfriends are for!” She blushed at her statement. Both of them knew it was the curse speaking, but she stepped forward anyway, boobs bouncing in her crop top, and planted a soft kiss on his cheek, before prancing back across the kitchen, her dainty arms swinging as she moved her wide hips. Matthew admired her form as she bent over to fetch ingredients in the fridge, ass straining against her denim shorts. She began humming a light

tune to herself as she cooked them both breakfast and served it like a submissive housewife from the 1950s, giving him another kiss on the cheek and smiling widely. It was delicious, and it was only after she'd sat down that her smile turned to a frown. "Fucking dammit! I can't control myself. You've got to change your idea of a perfect woman Matt, or I might end up being this submissive busty bitch my whole life! I'm gonna be leered at by every dude I walk past. I can already feel your stares every time I turn around or bend over." She took another bite of bacon and gave a small moan at its taste. Even that was sensual.

"I'm sorry, but I don't think I can do that. You've turned into my idea woman. You'll just have to fight it."

She bit her lip. "I don't think I *can*, Matt, at least not fully. I can restrain it in small doses, but then I get this feeling of rising anxiety, and in the end it's like my body's on autopilot. And when I act willingly and give in to what this stupid body wants, then I get this real sense of relief, you know? It's like this curse is fucking training me to become your devoted girlfriend."

He held her hand as small tears fell down her cheek. "I'm sorry Jessica, I can't imagine how hard this is for you." She pulled her hand away suddenly. "W-what did you just call me?"

He instantly realised his error. "Huh? I called you Jesse."

She raised an eyebrow. "Noooo, you called me Jessica. Is that the curse speaking, or is that how you're starting to think of me?" She stood up, her large chest jiggling slightly in her top. On her flat stomach was a shiny bellybutton ring. She gave it no notice; she must have discovered it earlier. What she did instead was put her hands on her wide, child-bearing hips. "Oh my God, that is how you're starting to see me, isn't it? You want me to stay like this. You want me to be your Jessica; a fucking submissive slut with big tits who takes care of all your food and chores and has sex with you whenever you want."

Matthew stood up, holding his hands out as a placating gesture. "Jessica – Jesse – will you just calm down for a moment!?"

"Calm down!? I'm stuck as my best friend's girlfriend, and my best friend is starting to like it! Enough to start thinking of me with a female name!"

"Jessica is what Sasha called you! We were just on the phone, Jessica. And it must be the curse because now I can't stop calling you that. It's either Jessica or Jess. No in-between."

She stood there a moment, taking it in. Finally she folded her arms. She didn't realise it, but it had the effect of pushing her large boobs together so that her cleavage deepened and rose further out from her top. Matthew did his best not to stare. "Okay, okay, I'm just freaking out here. I'm not used to being a woman, and I'm scared I'll be stuck as one. What did she say?"

"Well, she knew a lot about the nature of the curse – she knew you'd be cooking my breakfast, and what your name was going to become. She's invited us over to her place for information. What kind of information, I don't know."

Jessica stood taller. "I don't care. Anything is better than staying like this in here. Let's go." She stepped forward, pulled him closer and gave him a great kiss. Her ample chest pressed against his own, and it was some seconds before they separated.

"Curse," she said, red in the cheeks, "I'd been holding off the compulsions as long as I could." She ran to get her coat.

It was a twenty-minute drive to Sasha's place. Oftentimes Jesse had complained about the distance, acting as if it was an hour's journey or longer, rather than just the other side of town, but now he – or rather she – was mostly silent during the car ride. Matthew was driving, and as they drove he saw her doing her nails, body in autopilot mode. She shot him a few looks that seemed to say *'don't you dare say a word'*. Occasionally she rested her hand on his thigh before moving it back to her lap. He could tell she was fighting the compulsions, and losing. Eventually the hand stayed on his lap, close to his groin. Matt ignored the growing stiffness in his member and kept on driving until her felt her manicured hands unzipping his jeans and unbuckling his belt. He had an idea of what was about to happen, and it only made him grow more erect. He'd often fantasised about an event like this, but never thought it would actually become reality. Jessica sighed in irritation before undoing her seatbelt and whispering in his ear in a low, sensual whisper. "I can't not do this, so just try to enjoy and keep your eyes on the road, okay?"

He nodded, not daring to speak for fear that his excitement would show. And so his best friend who had been a man all his life up until last night now leaned over as a gorgeous woman, and planted her lips over his engorged penis and began to lick and suck. He moaned, and her with him, as she gave him roadhead, her sliding up and down until finally he blew his load into her mouth and throat, several shots of cum ejaculating from him until

his balls were finally empty. At least for now; it was clear from Sasha's lesser curse on him that his testicles now worked overtime to keep up with his newfound desires for his best friend. Jessica smiled as she licked him dry, zipped up his jeans and buckled his belt, until she realised what she was doing and she sat upright in her seat again, crossing her arms. Still, she licked her lips and swallowed every last drop, then licked her lips again for any last traces. "I can't believe this," she complained.

"What?" Matt was concerned. He couldn't imagine what it would be like from Jessica's position. She looked him in the eye, silent for a moment as they approached Sasha's house, seemingly weighing whether to speak or not. "How far this curse affects me," she spoke, not looking him in the eye, "how it's even changed my sense . . . of taste."

Matt realised then that her obsessive licking of his cum was not an act of compulsion on the curse's part. "My cum tastes that good to you?" he asked.

She blushed a deep shade of red. "It tastes delicious . . . it's so fucked up but it's like eating desert. I can't help myself." They drew to a stop outside Sasha's house. "Let's go, and quick. I don't want to talk about this anymore, especially since it's not going to be permanent." She got out of the car, and waltzed to the front door, her wide hips still sashaying from side to side in an exaggerated fashion and showing off her perfect bottom. Her tits bounced slightly in her short top, and so she held them awkwardly for the last few steps. Matt followed. A few rings at the door, and no response. "C'mon, c'mon, c'mon," Jessica complained. "I know you're in there Sasha! You need to change me back!" Finally the door opened.



"Sasha," Jessica spoke, "you look-

"Beautiful? Gorgeous? I told you last night that I was planning to change for you. Now I'm a free woman."

It was true, she had changed. She was lovelier, all blemishes erased from her face, her hair thicker and darker, and her once flat figure was now curvaceous, with a petite but still prominent chest. Where Jessica had been turned into a fourteen-year old's wet dream, Sasha instead had chosen to possess evoke the classic beauty of Audrey Hepburn or Ingrid Bergman, right down to her slim black dress and prominent yet perfect eyebrows. She was a

vision of beauty, the kind that Jesse had always wished she could be, and now he could no longer enjoy. Sasha gave Jessica a quick look over and instantly burst out laughing.

“Oh my God Jesse, this is you now!?” she managed between great gusts of laughter, “Matt really did a number on you didn’t he? What are those?” she gestured at Jessica’s heaving breasts that displayed prominently from her top, “Double-Ds? E-Cups? Bigger? I’m surprised you’re not toppling over as we speak!” She fell into laughter again while Jesse turned a deep shade of red and crossed her arms over her tits to cover them. This unfortunately just sent Sasha into further fits of laughter. “You can’t even hide them in your arms, that’s how busty you are! I guess we really are ‘bosom buddies’ now that we’ve broken up, though your chest is a bit more . . . generous than mine.” She smirked. “And here I thought I might be overdoing it with C-cups.”

Jessica tried to ignore the deep blush in her cheeks. “Can we come in Sasha? It’s cold out here.”

“I bet it is, with that sexy midriff. Nice short shorts too. I see you’re really into the blonde busty bimbo look Matthew?”

Matthew didn’t know what to say, other than to nod meekly. Sasha smiled at his muscles. “You’d be happy with the improvements I gave you, at least. Give you the stamina to keep up with her, hm?” She grinned, and motioned for them to step inside. She directed them to take a seat in the living room, and Jessica’s body relaxed in a particularly feminine pose, one smooth leg crossed over the other. Sasha took a seat opposite. She really did look like an attractive, yet classy and refined woman. A far cry from Jesse’s own transformation into a slutty bimbo. “Is there anything I can offer you two?” she asked, “I’ve got biscuits, water, tea . . .”

Jessico sprang to her feet. “Cut the crap Sasha! You’ve had your fun and now it’s time to turn me back bitch!”

Sasha eyed her. “Wrong move, *Jessica*. Especially when I hold all the power here.” She lifted the charm up, still glowing for emphasis. “I still have some uses with this you know. Right now I’m being merciful by not turning you into a bit, fat pig sow. I much prefer you as a woman, and it’s best you show some respect since you don’t even know all the rules yet. But I don’t have to be your emotional babysitter anymore; that’s your role, for Matt. So listen up.

“Thanks to the magic I’ve acquired, you’ve been turned into Matthew’s perfect woman. No matter what, so long as the curse is in effect you will always look, dress and act like his ideal mate, with some allowances; you’ll still be you, and you won’t be on autopilot all the time, part of the curse requires both of you to fulfil the important bits of your new, more intimate relationship, but you’ll still have time to act like yourselves. But the more you fight it the more you may find yourself unable to control your actions, particularly you, *Jessica*. But if you choose to follow those little compulsions - you know, give him a blowjob each morning, willingly cook up all the meals and perform the house chores, choose nice revealing outfits for your new boyfriend to ogle you in - then you get a measure of control.”

“Fuck you,” Jessica spat. “This isn’t fair Sasha.”

“Life’s unfair. I learned that when I started dating you. I would often come home from our dates in tears over your constant comments about my body. Now you’ll get to hear men comment on your sweet body from now on.”

“What’s the endgame here?” Matt asked. He had been listening patiently, trying not to upset Sasha too much. She had already commented on how disgusting his idea of a perfect woman was, so he didn’t want to get on her bad side.

Sasha smiled, and the sight nearly made Jessica weep. She wished she’d stayed a man, treated Sasha right, at least long enough for him to have this new lovely sight in front of him as his girlfriend, instead of being cursed to be someone else’s. “A very good question Matthew, I was just coming to that. The charm I put on myself has altered some of my behaviours - it’s all part of the magic you see, but mine is purely beneficial. I shall always move gracefully, look my best, and maintain my current charm. For you, my dear ex-boyfriend, consider the curse a training exercise. One that will make you up to be Matthew’s perfect girlfriend.

“You will cook for him, keep the house for him, wear all sorts of thin things that show off that hot bod of yours to him, and any time he wants it, you’ll spread those luscious new legs of yours for him. This is your fate for the entire month to come.”

Jessica drew herself up at that last part. “It’s . . . temporary?” Despite himself, Matthew felt slightly crestfallen at the knowledge this gorgeous buxom babe beside him would be shifting back into Jesse. He knew he’d never have a shot with a woman so out of his league again, especially since he would be losing his own muscle development and more impressive member.

But Sasha gave a predator's smirk. "Conditionally. You must play the part of Matthew's perfect girlfriend for thirty days, as of the curse's beginning. So you're almost one day down. At the end of the month, you'll turn back into the same sexist, self-righteous chauvinist you were before, though hopefully you'll have learned a few lessons about how you treat women. I loved you Jesse, I really did, even as you emotionally wrecked me and made me hate my own body. Well, you're going to learn what it's like to be exactly the kind of woman you always wanted me to be, and it's not going to be very fun for you, though I'm hoping you'll find yourself enjoying some of it against your will. But yes, it's temporary, with a catch." She paused as they both leaned in. "If at any point over the month Matthew impregnates you, then the curse will become permanent, and you'll spend the rest of your life as a submissive bimbo getting pregnant with your best friend's kids."

Matthew and Jessica's mouths dropped in unison. Sasha savoured the moment.

"You can't do this," Jessica said. She was starting to breathe heavier, and it did wonders for Matthew's view as her heavy chest heaved up and down, up and down, straining against her top.

"Oh yes I can. I've still got one more use with this charm Jessica, so even if you change back, you better treat women a little better." She waved the charm. "So that's the deal. One month getting magically trained as Matthew's perfect lover, and if you aren't preggo at the end, then you change back. Otherwise . . . well, I know Matthew here always wanted a big family. Now off you go, and hopefully before the month is up I'll be hearing some big news from you two!"



Sasha shooed them out the door, and in the end they went home again to sort things out, stopping by to pick up a veritable mountain of protection; condoms, diaphragms, birth control pills and even some morning after pills, though both of them felt that if it became necessary to use the last it was probably too late. In fact, judging by Sasha's words Matthew secretly suspected that if Jessica became pregnant then nothing could interfere with the pregnancy taking its natural course. Jessica begged Matthew to stop getting turned on by her form, but she was simply too sexy, her curves and bountiful cleavage on constant display. He was becoming more erect as she argued, her tits bouncing with every gesture, but just as

he was feeling the earliest compulsions to have sex with her she stopped dead on her heels and began to walk that same sexy walk towards him. She planted her lips over his, pushing her tongue deep into his mouth and moaned erotically. His hand fell from her waist down to grasp her perfect ass, his other pulling at her hair as she rubbed her barely-clothed body against his. "I need you inside of me," she said in a sultry tone, "I'm gonna make you cum, baby." They both knew it was the curse talking, not Jesse, but they had no choice to persist as they moved towards the bedroom once again to fuck like rabbits. There was a slight panic in her eyes, and Matt realised what it was; the condoms! He barely had enough time to put one over his large dick before she was easing him in, her arm reaching around so he could take her from behind. His poor friend's new womanhood was already wet with pussy juices. Part of him was sorry for Jesse; the curse apparently made her become incredibly horny and wet at the drop of the hat, and judging from the gasps that kept escaping from her mouth it was clear that her tits and pussy were incredibly sensitive to pleasure.

They laid together, him on his back, her at his side, breasts pressed against him. "Four weeks," she said. "We've got to make it through four weeks of this constant fucking without you getting me pregnant."

"As soon as this curse lets us separate you need to be on the pill," Matthew suggested. "You are one absolute smokeshow Jessica, but I want my buddy back."

"Thanks Matty," she said. She traced a finger over his chest hair, curling tufts of it in her finger. She turned red. "Sorry, that . . . just came out."

"Curse?"

"Curse," she confirmed. "Matty – Matthew – can we even go back to being regular friends after all of this? It's going to be a long four weeks, even if I know you're enjoying this more than you should, but I don't see how we'll be able to see each other the same way again." She curled up tighter against him, and her tuft of pubic hair brushed his thigh. He could see what she meant, and he had the added problem that he would miss having this perfect girlfriend in his life, even if she was compelled to be so.

"I think we'll deal with that if and when we come to it," he said, stroking her back. Her skin was so soft, a far cry from Jesse's rough skin. He suspected part of her new routine involved heavy use of skin moisturisers and cleaners. "Frankly, our biggest concern needs to be making sure you don't get pregnant."

"Okay, so let's deal with expectations and rules."

“Wow, this is becoming a real relationship.”

“Shut up sweetie. Ugh, curse. Anyway, expectations and rules for the next four weeks. I’ll start. Number one: we’re going to have sex, and lots of it. I’m getting grossed out just thinking about having your wang in my pussy or mouth, but fact is I’ll be craving it beyond my control when the time comes. So rule is we need to keep on top of contraception; I take birth control, you always go with a condom, got it?”

Matthew chuckled. “Works for me, though I expect the curse won’t let me wear a condom when you give me a blowjob.”

She rose up on one elbow and looked him in the eye. She was sporting that sexy, frustrated pout. “Take this seriously Matt. This is my life.”

“Okay, Okay,” he said, and he slapped her ass slightly, setting it to wobble. “That was the curse,” he lied. “So, another expectation; according to the curse and my own fetishes, my perfect woman will cook and clean and do the chores around the house.”

She pouted. “Great. Just terrific. I bet you’re loving this.”

“That depends on how well you cook, sweetie, but I suspect it’ll be amazing.”

“And why’s that?”

He smiled. “Simple, because my perfect woman will always cook perfectly.”

She rolled her eyes. “Of course. So that’s the expectation, the rule will be you should help out, do some chores, don’t leave it all to me to be your submissive bimbo girl wearing a maid costume.”

He paused, taking in that thought. “I never said anything about a maid costume, but now that I think about it . . .”

“Don’t you fucking dare make it part of this curse.”

But it was too late. Matthew’s voice from the night before echoed throughout the apartment: *“She’d be into it all, so long as I wanted it. Roleplay too.”*

A look of dread passed across Jessica’s face and in moments she was off of him and swaggering nakedly out of the room, hips still sashaying in that sexy, feminised way. When she returned she was wearing a French maid’s costume complete with a feather duster and plunging neckline. “Bonjour, monsieur, can I shall be your maid for zis afternoon,” she said in a strong French accent. She gave a bow, giving him a look down at her top where her ample bosom was straining against the bodice. “Where would you like me to start first, monsieur? I am, how you say, very eager for zis work.”

He knew she was hating every moment of it, but already the prospects of fighting his natural urges every day for a month was beginning to feel tiresome. She had become his perfect woman, right? And he'd been turned into her perfect boyfriend, sort of, at least in the muscles and big cock department. So maybe it wouldn't be so bad to take a little advantage of it in the short time they would have together? He doubt Jesse would want to remain his close friend after this all blew over – too awkward, for one – so perhaps it was only right to enjoy the privileges Sasha had given him. And she had the right idea of it – Jesse had been sexist and foul, to a degree that alarmed even him. Matt had just been guilty of having fairly backwards fetishes. It would be wrong to not enjoy them when placed on his lap, as she soon would be.

For the next hour, Jessica dutifully cleaned the entirety of the house in her sexy French maid outfit. She dusted the shelves, scrubbed the toilet, wiped the tables and vacuumed and broomed all the residual dust and lint that Matthew found such a chore to clean. She continued to speak in her newfound French accent, wiggling her pert bum with every step, her perfect legs showing through her sheet stockings. Finally, she cleaned the bed and covered it in new sheets.

“And now, monsieur,” she said once she was finished, “it iz finished. Iz it possible I could, perhaps, speak normally once more, *si'l vous plait*? Zis accent is ridiculous! And zis outfit, it iz – it iz – humiliating! I must not spend ze rest of my life stuck as zis stereotype!”

But already his balls filling with semen that would soon need to be expended, desperately so. His rising penis made a distinct tent in his pants, and her eyes wandered down to meet it. She looked almost entranced. “Non, non, non – please non, monsieur!” she pleaded. “I have already cleaned you out, yes, and so recently!” But the way her incredible bust pressed against the uniform, the sweetness in her big blue eyes and clueless yet sensual pout; it only turned on Matthew all the more. His dick became rock hard, and poor Jessica began to salivate. She licked her lips, her eyes darting to Matthew's, then quickly back to the monster waiting in his pants. “Oh *merde*, I am becoming so horny. So . . . so hungry!” She squirmed as if needing to pee. Her skirt obscured her panties, but he imagined they were started to become wet.

“Sorry Jessica,” Matthew said. “I don't have a choice either.” But then, he didn't care too much about that, if he were to tell the truth. Jessica continued to whine.

“I don’t want to taste you, not again! But you taste so good, *mon cheri*.” The compulsions mixed with her nymphoid horniness and raging desire to taste his semen won out. She knelt, unbuckling her pants, biting her lip to prevent herself from smiling with anticipating. “Alas, I have lost. It zeems it iz time to, how you say, clean you out too, yes?”

She took him wholly into her mouth and began her ministrations, cupping his balls as she did so and massaging the stem of his cock. Her red lips worked back and forth, swallowing his immense length and girth again and again, but the whole time she kept her eyes on his, awaiting his moment of climax. He gripped her hair as he exhaled. “Oh God Jessica, you’re so fucking good. Ooh, ah, here it comes, here it co-aaahhhhh . . .”

She moaned as he came inside her mouth. As before, when they separated, she licked his cock clean of any remaining traces, then proceeded to her lips, then her fingers. She ‘mmm’ed and ‘aahh’ed as she did so. Sasha’s curse had made his sperm taste like a delicacy to her. Or like a drug – he was pretty sure his friend was becoming addicted to that, and sex as a woman in general. Sasha was showing herself to be truly diabolical in revenge.



It was a week later when the doorbell rang. Matthew was currently six-inches deep into Jessica’s dripping pussy. She was on her back, legs covered in sheer nylon stocking wrapped around him, her hand holding her dainty thong off to one side to allow him access. Her other hand was on his ass, grasping tightly as he shoved himself inside of her. Her naked breasts bounced with each thrust, until finally he spilled his seed – thankfully, into the condom he was wearing. He rolled off of her. “Oh God, that was amazing. You’re always amazing.” The bell rang again. “Who could that be?”

“Don’t care,” Jessica said, “just give me the fucking condom. I need your jizz, man!”

He rolled up the condom and she was upon him, quickly licking up his excess as he stood to change quickly and answer the door. When he left her, she was licking the inside of the wrapper. “Don’t fucking judge me!” she yelled as he closed the door. The bell rang again. Matthew answered it in his boxers and the shirt from last night hastily pulled back on.

“Hello Matthew, are you and Jesse’s enjoying your new lives together?” Sasha stood at the entrance. She was wearing a bright orange sundress with matching shades, and a broad brim hat. Her slim figure was more classically womanish than the waif he’d known as

Jesse's 'flat board' of a girlfriend over a week ago, but then she'd already told them she'd used magic to alter herself.

"Sasha," Matthew said. He took a step backwards. "To what do we owe the honour," he said flatly.

"I just thought I'd visit, see how my old boyfriend is doing now that he's your squeeze. And my, there's a lot to squeeze. So where is that blonde bimbo?"

Jessica opened the door still licking her lips, naked but for her white panties. "Oh my Gawd Matthew I'm so addicted to your cum I just might—" she froze in horror at the sight of Sasha before her, who erupted into laughter.

"You bitch!" Jessica yelled. Her heavy breasts bobbed as she thrust a finger forward, "look what you've fucking turned me into."

Sasha smiled. "Just the sort of hot piece I imagine you always wanted me to be Jessica. Now run along and get have a shower and get changed, we need to talk, and I haven't had breakfast."

Jessica looked furious, but the former man had little choice, and so she went to the shower. "So, is she everything you hoped she would be?" Sasha said.

"That's my friend trapped in there," he replied.

She chuckled. "Your girlfriend now. Think of it as an upgrade, and if that line she was saying about being addicted to your cum is true, then I'd say the training is working well. Is she cooking you good food?"

He shrugged. "Pretty good."

"Liar. I bet it's divine, isn't it?"

"So what if it is?"

"Nothing too much, just that she is, in fact, your perfect woman. If you don't knock Jesse up in the next twenty-one days, then she'll go back to being the same chauvinist pig as before, and I'll doubt he'll even want you company after that. So you'll lose not just a girlfriend, but a friend as well. And no woman after will ever rank up against her in your mind, because none of them will be tailor made for you the way this one is. Plus, you'll lose all those sexy muscles and that nice big cock I've given you. It'd be a shame, really."

"He's still a person Sasha, and he deserves free will. Even if he can be a jackass."

She looked aghast. "She still has free will, just less than before." She leaned forward conspiratorially. "Let me let you in on a little secret Matthew. Our dear Jessica's compulsions

are going to gradually fade in power, to the point where they are more a passive suggestion. She'll still have them, but she will be able to rail against them if she so chooses, and if she can muster the willpower."

"She won't have to keep acting like – like –"

"Like your ideal submissive girlfriend? No. But she'll always feel an undercurrent of compulsion, and she'll always feel uncomfortable acting outside her role. A part of her will be satisfied when she acts the way she is supposed to, and her own addictions will see to that too, like her need to suck that big cock of yours dry. It's like I said last week; this is a training program, and she has the option to flunk it. Buuuuut I don't think she will. In fact, I rather think that she'll be spectacular, and more than ever the two of you will be inseparable."

It was Matthew's turn to be aghast. "Why are you doing this Sasha? I get wanting to leave Jessica – Jessica, no I mean Jessica, ugh you know who I mean - and wanting to punish him. But why all of this? Why force me and him – her – together? Why try to get her pregnant and make us spend the rest of our lives together? You must realise this is sick."

Sasha shrugged. "Perhaps, but the fact is I'm still angry over how he treated me, over how he spent so much of his time with you instead of me, and how you Matthew would have heard all the horrible things he said about me, shared in his sexist comments, and did nothing to step in and help me. He was emotionally abusive, and in your own bystander-ish sort of way, you enabled that." She chuckled. "It's funny, but before I found out about the real Jesse, I always thought you were the toxic influence, not the other way around. I got the sense while I was eavesdropping that you didn't really want to badmouth me, and were more glad to talk about those fetishes you'd kept hidden from everyone for so long because you knew everyone would think you were a chauvinist. You even apologised to me when I revealed myself."

So while turning Jesse into her current horny slut state was pure punishment, I decided to give you a punishment and blessing both. You were always stealing Jesse's time, time that could have been used to patch our relationship. Since you were spending so much time together I thought it would only be appropriate to force you to be a real couple, so a part of you would always have to know that the gorgeous woman you're fucking used to be your male best friend. But I also felt it was only fair to give you what you want as well, so now you're a fit, attractive dude with the ideal girlfriend. For the rest of your lives, she'll

always be your ideal woman, so long as you get her pregnant. If you do, she's yours forever, and as Jesse's punishment he'll have to get used to having your babies growing within him, to painful – and natural – birth, to having his big boobies filling up with milk to feed those children. He'll have to become accustomed to wearing skimpy outfits, putting on bras, doing his makeup and hair in the morning, get used to those nasty monthly periods and the crawling feeling of having the majority of men checking out his pair of wobbling tits and his bouncing ass, put up with their leering comments and male gaze. Jesse will be objectified in every passing glance, and subjected to the jealous and judgemental attitudes of his fellow women." She rested back in her seat, satisfied. "I don't think our friend has even really thought that far ahead. But he – I'm stilling calling her a he, aren't I? – she should start to do so, to best mentally prepare. Because I think we both know that a slice of heaven has been dropped in your lap, and she'll be servicing it the rest of her life. Because, Matthew, you are going to get her pregnant."

He hadn't said a word, kept his expression flat and unemotional while she had talked. "Jessica doesn't deserve this. She deserves some punishment, but a whole life of misery? There's no way I'd ever consider knocking her up if that's the case."

"Oooh, but can't you just imagine her, Matthew? Heavy with child, her big breasts sore and full of milk, her stomach moving with each kick of the child you created together? Tell me with a straight face you don't want that." He couldn't. "That's what I thought. And besides, a lifetime of misery is an exaggeration. Can you really tell me that she was miserable this morning as she sucked you off and lapped up your semen?" He couldn't. "Or was she full of misery the last time you shoved your 6-inches of cock deep inside her dripping snatch and brought her to multiple orgasms?" Still he couldn't. She had been the image of ecstasy itself. "I'm right, aren't I? Jessica got a big of a blessing too – she has a rockin' bod, for on – and, like with me now, sex will always produce the best orgasms. And you two will be fucking like rabbits, even if she's at nine months and ready to drop a litter of kids. She has the choice to make the best of it – if she decides to willingly play her new role, she may even find she enjoys showing off her body in those revealing outfits."

Besides, I've made pregnancy a much bigger possibility than you think; after my warning about pregnancy sealing the curse, Jessica's fertility increased a hundred-fold; until menopause hits – and that will be delayed a full decade longer than most woman – she will be the single most fertile woman not just on Earth, but in history. I'm not counting the

Chinese chick in Australia laying all those litters each week – she’s superhuman, technically. But ranked against the rest, Jessica is more fertile by a very, very wide margin. One drop of your semen – just one teensy-weensy drop, and she’ll be preggers in an instant. Possibility with multiples, if that gets you any harder.” It did.

The bathroom door opened, and Jessica strolled out, looking every part of her the goddess, even though she was wearing just a male t-shirt and boxers. “Just remember what I said and have think about it,” Sasha whispered. Matthew looked up, vaguely annoyed. “Oh Jess, not another set of my clothes!”

The boxers and gamer t-shirt were already starting to change, contracting to fit her womanly figure. “I didn’t like any of the other outfits,” she responded, “at least this way I get to not be dressed like a slut for a few seconds.” But even as she spoke the t-shirt had reduced itself to a tight singlet that bulged outwards with her ample bosom, and the boxers had become a tight black miniskirt. Her hair tied itself back with a clip, and she was left looking as sexy and self-aware of it as she already had been in the last seven days. She instantly got to cooking for them, Sasha watching amused the entire time, until finally she served them up pancakes with maple syrup, and kissed Matthew on the cheek for good measure before taking her own seat. “I see you’ve accepted your new role as the home caretaker,” Sasha said with amusement. “You’ll make a wonderful housewife I’m sure.”

Jessica glared at her. “You know damn well I can’t help myself Sasha. These damned . . . compulsions keep forcing me to act like a submissive bimbo.”

Sasha shot Matt a look quickly that seemed to say ‘don’t tell her yet.’ If what she said was true, his friend would soon be capable of fighting against those compulsions, though it would always be a struggle to do so, and there would always be the temptation to go along with it. “Well,” Sasha said, “you may not like what I have to say next. You see, being a submissive bimbo is what you wanted me to be along Jessica, so tonight I’ve decided to add a little to your punishment. Don’t worry, I’m not transforming you any further – you should know you’ve got the perfect bod already babe – but I am giving you two an assignment tonight. You’ve been far too cooped up in this place while you go at it like rabbits. Trying to wait out the month Jessica? Not a good idea – you’ll only have to put up with even more sex that way. But then I guess you’re just as afraid of all the leers you’ll be getting out on the street with your tits on display like that.”

Jessica pouted, but it only made her look like a princess in need of comforting.

“Well,” Sasha continued, “all that changes tonight. Because you two are going out on a date!”

“A DATE!?” the two of them exclaimed in unison.

“That’s right, a date. I’ve booked you a nice restaurant, and I want you to go for a romantic walk in the park afterwards. Ahh, I can just imagine it, you Jessica clinging to his arm, him wrapping a coat around your bare shoulders. Both of you the subject of envy; women who want to be you and men who wish they could be with you, my dear ex-lover.”

“And if we refuse?”

She pulled the charm from her pocket. “Then you can mate for life as a pair of Atlantic cod.”



Matthew could barely take his eyes off of her. He knew it would only make his friend uncomfortable, but the truth was that the whole last week of sexual indulgence had only given him a small look at what a gorgeous creature his best friend had become. “You look good,” he managed weakly, as they waited together for their meals to arrive.

She rolled her eyes. “Whatever. I’m sure you’re loving this.”

*How could I not?* He thought. But instead said “we just have to make the best of it.”

“Yeah, right. Easy to say when you still get to order the seafood platter. I wanted that, but instead this damn curse has me ordering the salad option. At least the outfit isn’t as bad as I thought it would be.”

It was perhaps an overstatement. It was only not as bad as Jesse thought it might be because she had been imagining the worst, sluttiest outfit that would humiliate her beyond belief, when in actual fact she had cleaned up for the night out in a jaw-dropping tight red dress with thin straps and low hem. Her legs were in nylon, her heels high and in matching red, and her chest was pressed up into a massive amount of cleavage, while her blonde hair was pinned back to reveal her soft neck. A dark red shade adorned her lips, and a light touch of eyeshadow gave her a sensual quality. Her hourglass figure was outlined by the dress, and the open back meant that a great deal of her skin was still on display, albeit in a classy, Hollywood-dame sort of way. Men were staring across their tables at her, and Matthew kept finding his gaze drifting down to her ample chest, which jiggled when she adjusted herself

enough. She seemed to notice. "Stop staring at my tits dude," she exclaimed in a very unfeminine manner.

"Oh c'mon Jesse, you were a guy, you know how it is. Your tits are practically in my face."

"Well that's not my fault is it!? This damned magic won't even let me keep my coat on. God, I can feel the stares of every guy in this room, like I'm just some piece of meat to them. I know the doorman couldn't keep his eyes of my ass."

"I'm sorry to say this Jessica, but yours is a terrific ass. Ten out of ten, easy."

"Well I hope you appreciate that when you're pounding me from behind later tonight, lover boy." Matthew nearly choked on his drink. Jessica turned a deep shade of red.

"That was the curse. You know that was the curse."

"It's still probably going to happen though, isn't it?"

Her shoulders sagged. "Yeah, probably. Ah well, might as well get drunk then and try to enjoy it. It's not like I have a choice. Besides, it's less than three weeks to go now, right?"

She gave him a sweet, hopeful smile. He tried to return it, but wasn't feeling nearly so confident since Sasha's talk. They continued to chat, and slowly they began to return to old topics – movies, videogames they'd played together, old memories of school and chicks they'd banged. The last was more of Jessica's specialty than his, but reminiscing about those times when she'd been the penetrator rather than the penetrated seemed to relax her. And Matthew began to imagine this kind of new relationship lasting beyond a month, them still as lovers but also good friends. Her swollen with his child or even children while he doted on her hand and foot, and they watched action movies together on the couch while he rubbed her belly. It was an idyllic image, and it took him a moment to snap back to reality.

"- and she and I were just going at it, right in that stall," Jessica was saying. "She was easily the best I'd had, much better than Sasha's whole corpse-on-her-back routine, and her tits were huge too, though still not as big as the pair I've got now, and mine are natural. Magic excluded of course." She paused. "What?"

He realised he'd been lost in her eyes. "Sorry Jessica. I'm just – is it bad to say I'm having a good night?"

A raised eyebrow. "A little. But I guess I know what you mean. Good to get out of the apartment, even if I have to wear this tight thing and carry a purse and wear lip gloss and all that. As humiliating as this all is, I'm glad I'm going through it with you Matthew." She

blushed red again. "What I mean is, as weird as it is to suddenly find myself turned into a total babe who has to fuck her best friend and act like his dream girl, I can't imagine how much more horrifying it would be if I was with some random. At least I know, weird fetishes aside, that you'll treat me right." She looked down, eyes wandering to her tantalising cleavage as she stirred her remaining salad idly with her fork. "I guess I just wanted to say thank you."

Matthew reached out and held her hand. "Anytime mate. For what it's worth, I'm glad too."

She pulled away, cracking up. "Yeah, that I can believe, you total horndog."

"Yeah, walked into that one. Have you finished with your salad?"

She stared at her plate, which was now empty. "Yeah, it was delicious for some reason. Hey, at least that's a perk. This body wants to stay healthy and perfect, and the food's actually good. Maybe I'll even enjoy exercise." She laughed again, then drew serious at something behind Matthew's head. "What is it?" he asked.

"A creepo gawker," she replied. "Keeps staring at me. At my tits. They're all doing it, but him most of all. I – I'm starting to get what Sasha was talking about, her and a lot of other woman too."

"Well, she did hope you'd see some perspective, but I'm sure some of them are engaged with other women."

She laughed again, and her breasts which were already straining against her tight red dress jiggled slightly. "Matthew, look at me, then look at any other woman here, then at me again. You're still a guy, and this body I've got now is based off of every juvenile fantasy you ever had. Have you been looking at any other women?"

"No, but –"

"Have you looked at any other women at all, in the past week and a bit, since I became one." It hit him that he hadn't. Not one of them could stack up against Jessica's beauty, her allure, her raw sensuality. "No, I guess I haven't."

She pointed a red fingernail in an arc around the room. "Then why would any of these gawkers waste their time looking at their dates when they could feast their eyes on me. Hell, the dark-haired bloke at 2 O'clock just had his date walk out on him because his eyes keep wandering to me. I don't know whether to feel disgusted or flattered."

“Welcome to womanhood I guess. Shall we get out of here? I’ve got an idea that might make the time fly by. You’ll either like it, or hate me forever for it.”

A look of confusion, and that damned sexy pout. “What idea exactly?”



“Nope. No way. No fucking way.” Jessica crossed her arms at the entrance to the nightclub. The dance music inside was reduced to a quiet muffle, but the joyous screams of its many patrons was evident. She and Matthew stood at the footpath near the line to the entrance.

“C’mon Jess. You won’t be able to make it through the month if you don’t live a little. You used to love going to nightclubs while you were a guy, why not now?”

“Now? Now!?” she spun on her high red heels and looked up at him. It made him appreciate how much taller he had become, and how much shorter his friend’s new body was. “Because now I’m going in as blonde smokeshow who’s going to have every guy in the lounge trying to grind up against me and grope my tits or ass, including you!” She placed her hands on her hips in anger, but it only emphasised her perfect hourglass figure and made her stick out her already impressive chest even further. At this point he wasn’t sure how the dress wasn’t bursting it was so tight against her curves.

“Relax Jess, I’ll be with you. I’ve got muscles now, remember?” In response, she reached out and ran a manicured hand down from his pectorals to his abs. “This is the curse,” she said in an almost resigned manner. “But you have a point. But I don’t see how this is enjoyable, especially when I’m forced to put my body on display like this. Why would women even go to these places?”

“There’s advantages to being a woman Jessica, you’re just too much in denial to realise that yet. For instance – “ he approached the bouncer, his gorgeous girlfriend on his arm, “if you’ll pull down your top just a little bit more and give him a good show, we won’t have to worry about waiting in line for half an hour in the cold.”

She glared at him. “I hate you.” But she pulled her top down anyway, submissive to his commands, and as they approached she made her hips swing from side to side like nobody’s business, sticking her rack out and assuming a squeaky, bimbo-ish voice.

“Excuse me mister, may my friend and I go in ahead of the line. I promise we’ll be good.” She let those last words escape as an exhale, and her breathing caused her chest to swell against her top, her large globes heaving upwards at her next intake of breath.

The bouncer’s gaze certainly wasn’t on her eyes, but he unclipped the barrier to the boos and jeers of those in line. “Certainly miss. Thank you for the show.”

“That’s not fair, I’ve been waiting for fifteen minutes!” a girl near the front yelled.

“Lady, when you start to look like her and dress like that, then you’ll never see a line again in your life.” He gave a small bow at Jessica, his gaze still transfixed upon her chest, and they walked on through. “Thanks honey,” she said, extending a hand, which he kissed. She giggled, and they walked on through.

“Holy shit,” Matthew said. “That was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.”

“Shut up dude,” she said, returning to a blush. “It’s what I’m meant to be doing, wasn’t it?”

“Wait, are you saying that wasn’t the curse?”

She shook her head, her blond curls tickling her bare back as they entered the bar. “A little!” she yelled over the blare of the music, “I was being compelled, but put my own spin on it!” She actually smiled a little, though whether it was from relief at following the compulsions or just the joy of finding one small benefit of being turned into a blonde bombshell, he couldn’t tell. They descended into the club, where a mass of colourful figures danced crazily to the blaring pop tunes. A number of the males in the room widened their eyes at her entrance, one even spitting out the contents of his drink. A few tents in their pants became obvious. Jessica stopped walking and decided to adjust her top. She looked like a deer in headlights . . . or a lamb before wolves. Matthew instinctively put his arm around her thin waist and drew her closer. “We don’t have to stay, I just thought it would be fun,” he said in her ear. He tried to ignore the fragrant, fruity scent of her skin.

“Dude, it’s still me in here. I’m not some pretty thing that need protecting. I’m not a pussy.” And with that contradictory statement, continued walking in. She went to order a drink at the bar, and instead was served one up for free by a bartender that could rival Matthew’s new body for attractiveness. Despite the fact that she didn’t even register him as someone to be attracted to – why would she, given she still had a man’s brain? – he nevertheless still felt a strain of possessiveness and made sure to sit next to her with a hand on her back. She took one sip of the drink and expressed disgust.

“Eugh, too strong. Even my taste buds have changed to match this dumb girl body.” At that, her eyes glazed over a little, and she assumed a more feminine pose with one bare leg placed delicately over the other on her bar stool, and her face relaxed into a relaxed, feminine pout. The curse was compelling her again, he realised. “Hey bartender!” she called in a high soprano, “this drink is way too strong for a girl like me, can I please have something a bit more nice and feminine? Maybe you could give me . . . sex on the beach?”

Matthew nearly spat out his drink. The bartender had to adjust his pants as he turned and began making up a Sex on the Beach for the hottest woman he’d ever laid eyes on. Another man took a seat beside her. “Hey baby, can I buy you something?”

With mild panic in her eyes she said “Sorry, I’m already spoken for.”

The intruder leaned in closer. “I can show you a good time. He never needs to know.” “I’ve already got a boyfriend.”

“I’d be a better one baby. You wouldn’t be teasing me with your tits on for show like that if you weren’t shopping elsewhere.” He grabbed her arm, and Matthew reacted almost instinctively, leaping off his stool and shoving the man against the bar with his newfound muscles. “Listen mate,” he said, “my girl just told you she’s already taken. So fuck off.”

“Alright alright! Didn’t want the skank bitch anyway.”

He had barely finished the sentence before he dropped like a sack of potatoes from Matthew’s staggering blow. A few onlookers cheered. Some of the intruder’s friends pulled him away to recover in a corner booth, offering apologies to Matthew and his girlfriend. Jessica herself simply looked at awe at Matthew as he took her in his arms. “The curse wants me to kiss you now,” she said. And she did. Again she was blushing, he wondered if that would ever stop. But without realising she was doing it she was curling a length of hair above her ear with her finger and looking very *demure*. “Thanks, for saving me back there. This stupid body is hella weak. Lucky I’ve got you dude.”

Her free drink arrived, and she sipped away at it. Matthew tried to avoid staring at his best friend’s cleavage as it strained against her red dress. He bought his own, and the two got to talking about old times before they knew magic was real and before the complications of college life. In that time, she downed her drink and ordered a couple of shots, downing them in turn, not quite realising that her new female body couldn’t handle alcohol as well as it did when she was a man. She became a little tipsy

He smiled. “Hey, this might sound crazy, but do you want to dance?”

She scoffed. "It's not like I have a choice. These compulsions have been driving me crazy trying to get me onto the floor ever since we got in here. C'mon." She finished her shot, planted it on the bench, and took him by the hand. As soon as they reached the dance floor she began bouncing to the sound of the music, her body and limbs moving and flailing in time to the music. Her breasts bounced and jiggled in her top, and after a few awkward moments of stopping to adjust her top his friend decided to simply let it be, something a sober Jesse would never have done. Matthew danced with her, up against her, sang the chorus together with her.

*"And it's youuuuu that I want babe. I'll be yours I'll be yours until my dying day!"*

The night carried on, with more drinks, more dancing, more singing. As the songs became more sexual in nature so did she, and it was impossible to tell if she was acting according to the curses' compulsions, if she was being fully controlled, or if his friend was having the first real enjoyment in his new role as a woman. Jessica danced up on him, grinded her perfect, shapely ass against him so that he became positively stiff with the thought of her. Many men admired her from a distance, others ogled her impressive cleavage. Matthew simply smiled – whether for a month or for life, for now she was all his, and all the girls jealous of her figure and boys jealous of him having her could simply look on in jealousy as she obviously twirled and danced in her short, tight dress. They ended the night giggling and drunk together, mating like wild animals back in the apartment and falling asleep in each other's arms.



The next two weeks passed far too quickly for Matthew. Even knowing that the woman he went to bed with each night was his former friend and best mate, even knowing that he was under the effects of a curse that forced him to act as the perfect girlfriend, he was developing feelings for Jessica. How could he not? She was everything a man could want in a woman – her body was perfect, she was wonderfully submissive, constantly horny and willing to be subjected to all kinds of sexual acts, and she kept the apartment in working order. But more than that, she was still his friend, and so when they weren't fucking like rabbits in heat they still managed to play videogames, watch movies together, chat about their shared hobbies and interests. In fact, he almost felt closer to his friend-turned-woman

in those moments, knowing that chatting like nothing had changed helped put her more at ease between having to give him blowjobs and wear tight-fitting things that left little to the imagination.

Sasha had dropped by several times, which always put Jessica on edge. It seems she'd gotten a new boyfriend, an 'upgrade' as she referred to him in front of Jessica while boasting of his prowess in bed and his much more caring nature. The woman got a sick glee from watching her emotionally abusive ex have to deal with a woman's hormones, and even more from knowing that she was compelled to live up to her friend's sexual fantasies. Twice they were given another 'assignment' – once to go shopping, another time to go on a couple's date with Sasha and her new boyfriend Tom. Jessica had spent every moment trying to melt into her seat and die of shame, but she was compelled instead to cling to Matthew's arm and talk girly business with Sasha in front of their boyfriends. Tom didn't suspect a thing, though Matthew couldn't help but notice that the genial man Sasha was with now still couldn't help the occasional peak at Jessica's prominent rack. It was hard not to given how on display they were in her lowcut top, but Sasha didn't seem to mind.

"Caught you peaking!" she teased him, and he spluttered, a horde of apologies beginning to stream from his mouth until she stopped him; "it's okay honey, I know you've only got real eyes for me. I don't mind you looking, especially since our Jess here is practically falling out of her top." She laughed, and he chuckled with her, looking relieved. "I don't know how you deal with having knockers that big Jess, I get back pain occasionally just from my c-cups and yours are practically the size of your head. How do you cope?"

It *was* true – both her tits were about the size of her head, and yet they didn't sag but remained perfect and pert. Jessica gripped her fork. Matthew could tell she was hating every moment of this punishment. "The straps dig into my shoulders," she said between gritted teeth, "but I manage." The slight glaze that indicated a roleplay brought on by the curse fell over her eyes. "Besides, Matty here just loves them, so I guess they have their uses! It's how we met!"

"Oooh," Sasha said, relishing the moment, "how did you two meet? You never did tell me, and I'm sure Tom is interested."

Jessica and Matthew exchanged looks, and Matthew felt a wave of panic. No doubt his friend was too. This was uncharted territory, for both of them. Jessica hadn't even worked up the courage to find out if his parents or sister would recognise him, or whether

he was even part of the same family. But before they could improvise some elaborate story, both of them were under the command of their curses' compulsions, and they launched into an overly cutesy story of childhood friendship that was remarkably similar to their own past as male friends, only this time Jesse was Jessica, an awkward young girl with braces and terrible acne whom Matthew had befriended. It was an ugly duckling story, one in which seemingly over the course of just a few months into high school she had become a 'late bloomer'; her skin clearing, her braces coming off, and her womanly assets growing far beyond that of any of her former female bullies. Overnight she had become the most popular girl in school, but she had only eyes for her childhood sweetheart, and they were each other's dates for their Leaver's Dinner. They grew apart due to family movements – that had been real as well – but had once again become close in college by pure chance, and were now in a serious relationship.

"That's a really lovely story," Tom chipped in, taking a sip of his beer. "I'm glad you two made a lovely couple. I'm afraid how Sasha and me met isn't nearly so movie-like." Sasha kissed him on the cheek and leaned against his arm, brushing his hair. "Oh, don't sell us short Tom. Why don't you tell them how we met." She gave a shark-like grin in Jessica's direction.

"Okay. Well, I'd been out of dating for a little while – personal stuff – and was looking to get back in. I was out at Micky's bar, and in walks this woman in a little black dress and everyone's jaws just about hit the floor, including mine. I was just lucky to get in first and buy her a drink, and give some sappy line that made her laugh. Anyway, we got to talking, and she told me she'd just gotten out of a bad relationship. Apparently the last guy was a real jerk who didn't appreciate her properly." Matthew felt Jessica's nails clench his leg tightly under the table. He moved his hand over hers and gave a sympathetic squeeze.

"He so was," Sasha interjected, "always saying I didn't look pretty enough to him, always preferring to go out with his mates rather than spend time to me, always treating me like I wasn't woman enough for him."

"Which is bullshit," Tom said, "I mean, just look at her." He wasn't wrong, Sasha was now a gorgeous woman, the kind that Jesse would have been lusting after when he was male. But now his friend had to contend with being an even more voluptuous and attractive woman than even her. "Anyway, we got to talking, and one thing led to another, and here we are." He smiled and took her hand.

“How wonderful Sash, I’m so happy for you!” the curse made Jessica say.

“Thank you so much Jessica. I’m just glad I’m not with my ex anymore, he was a real chauvinist jerk, wasn’t he?”

“Oh absolutely,” Jessica was forced to say, and her nails dug even tighter into Matt’s leg. “I feel the same way about my Matty here! So much better than my last” The nails relaxed, and she pressed her body up against his instinctively. More compulsions.

“Still, wherever he is, I’m sure she’s – sorry, I mean he’s – got his just desserts.” She smirked knowingly at the pair before her. “I’m sure he’s learning all about the ways he should respect women. But enough about that loser, how are you going Jess? You know I always thought you two made a cute pair.”

“I’m going . . . well. Coping,” replied Jessica.

“Really? But you look happier than I’ve ever seen you! And you’re so confident in that dress!”

“Don’t tease dear,” said Tom. Sasha fluttered her eyebrows at him. “I’m just stirring Tom, Jess and I go way back. Long enough that we’ve both seen each other grow and change in different ways.”

“Sure have,” murmured Jess, taking another deep swill of her drink. After dinner, Sasha managed to corner Jessica in the kitchen while the men were chatting in the lounge.

“Pregnant yet?” she asked with a grin. “You do look like you’re glowing a little.”

Jessica looked up from the dishes she was forced to happily wash. “Haven’t you humiliated me enough Sasha? You have a boyfriend now. Just let me be a man again and we’ll go our separate ways.”

“Said as if we hadn’t been a couple for several years of our lives. Besides, look at how lovely the new you is! You always made me wash the dishes and clean the house, and yet now you’re the one being turned into a lovely future trophy housewife.”

Jessica looked down, obeying the compulsion to keep on cleaning. Her large cleavage took up her lower view. She realised she couldn’t even see her feet while standing still anymore. “You won’t win, you know,” she murmured softly, still cleaning, “I’m not going to end up as some guy’s babymama.”

“But he’s not just some guy, is he Jesse? That’s right, I can still say your name now. No, he’s your best friend, one you’ve always had strong platonic feelings for. By making you a woman, this curse is just pushing Matthew just a nudge further than he would have acted

anyway, just giving him a bit more confidence to unhook that pesky push-up bra, to slip off those high heels, to take your panties off and slip himself deep inside you.” Sasha’s mouth was centimetres from her ear now, whispering her sweet and cruel words. Jessica shuddered, her body becoming horny against her will. She let out an intake of breath and accidentally dropped the glass she was cleaning back into the sink. “Damn it, Sasha, this isn’t fair! And you’re talking nonsense anyway. This curse isn’t just ‘nudging’ Matthew and I. It takes over our bodies, forces me to . . . forces me to fuck my best friend and act like some servile bimbo in love.”

A smile. “Maybe at first it did, but the curse was designed to weaken to a certain point. You may have noticed you’ve been able to fight some of the compulsions a little lately; perhaps avoid putting on makeup for a few hours, tell Matthew to make his own breakfast, put on sweats instead of a miniskirt, even if you went back anyway.”

Jessica paused. “I did . . . I managed to go without heels yesterday morning . . .”

“Did you think you were becoming stronger? That you might be able to throw this curse off completely and take on the role of the cloistered nun all covered up in garments and resolutely celibate until the month was over? It wasn’t you, Jesse. Where once the curse controlled, now it can be overpowered with willpower. You can try to wear what you want, try not cooking and cleaning, avoid sex with your friend. But always, always while you are in this hot bod of yours will you feel the nagging compulsions, the quiet but constant anxiety that comes with not playing your part. You’ll feel drawn against your will to play the role of the submissive and loving girlfriend and future wife and mother at all times.

Who knows, you might be strong enough. But you never did have much willpower Jesse, so I imagine this will be more amusing for me than you as you attempt to fight it futilely. This applies to your use of birth control too – yes, I’m not an idiot Jesse, despite you still thinking I am one – which I’m sure you thought you have been very clever in taking. But what happens when your compulsions start to steer you towards babymaking dear? You’re already one of the horniest girls in history thanks to your astounding fecundity. Just imagine what you’re brain will be telling you to do when it begins to realise that your body might just be missing its chance to start making adorable little litters of babies with Matty? Something to think about.”

Jessica’s hands were shaking at all these revelations. “You’re – you’re evil Sasha.”

Sasha looked back. “No, not evil. Just vengeful. But one day you’ll thank me. I’ll be a great babysitter for all your kids. Plus, at least I gave you the kindness of nice birthing hips.” And she walked back to where the boys were making chat. Jessica locked eyes with Matthew, who for a moment seemed to be enjoying himself. But his face drew deadly serious when he saw the look of fear on hers.



That night marked the first time in Jesse’s three week nightmare that they didn’t have sex. Armed with the knowledge that she was being compelled to act but not completely forced, Jessica summoned every ounce of willpower to stop herself from going down on Matthew to suck his enormous cock and swallow all his delicious seed. Despite the agitation that she felt in acting otherwise, she refrained from wearing skimpy things before bed to turn him on, refused to wear the sexy French maid outfit, and instead donned a loose pair of pyjamas. For a time she considered sleeping on the couch, or making Matthew sleep on the couch, but she shudder in her being made her feel that was too big a step to take at once. The curse was making her anxious about the actions she was taking. She breathed unsteadily, and felt as if she could become calm and right if only she threw off the ugly clothes she was wearing and went down on her knees, naked before her boyfriend, sucking him hard so he could take her from behind while he fondled her big tits. But those were compulsions, and she could master them, at least that’s what she told Matthew. So the two shared a bed together, him still laid up against her, spooning her comfortably, his erection tenting between her firm buttocks. And miraculously, they both fell asleep.

Matthew awoke the next morning to the strange absence of a set of lips around the head of his penis. After getting up, he smelled breakfast cooking; eggs and bacon. But Jessica wasn’t wearing some two-piece getup that emphasised her ample assets. Instead she was in sweats and a hoody. “I had to make brekkie,” she said, seeing him come in, “otherwise I was going to go mad. I needed to do something to relieve all the goddamned stress this curse is giving me for not playing along.” He noticed she squirmed slightly in his presence.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“Nothing,” she said, all too quickly. In the awkward silence that followed she bit her lip and breathed deeply, shuffling awkwardly on one foot.

“Um, okay. Well, I’m going to take a shower.”

“Uuhhhh,” Jessica moaned, clenching her eyes shut. A hand hovered down to her crotch, but she returned it – shaking – to her side.

“Seriously Jess, what’s happening?”

“S-stop . . . talking. J-just go to the shower oohhh . . . and close the door. I d-don’t want to even know y-you’re there. Mhm.”

He went to say something, but she gave him an agonised look, before clenching her eyes shut again, as if she was doing everything in her power to contain some internal pressure bubbling up inside of her. So he turned and went to the shower, taking one last look as he made to close the door. He caught her peeking, hand descending back, before realising he was looking and jolting backwards with a high-pitched squeal.

“Weird,” he said to himself. “Well, weird when weighed against the pattern of the past three weeks.” He removed his clothes and once again marvelled at his new, much fitter body. He flexed his prominent biceps in the mirror, ran a hand over his powerful abs. His impressive member hung between his legs, the kind of cock that women salivated over. Well, Jessica did at least. “Man, I’m going to miss all of this,” he muttered under his breath. “And Jessica’s a much better person these days, even if she’s compelled to be.” He shook the thought aside. “No, it’s not right to think that way. She deserves to be the person she wants to be.” He stepped into the shower.

He emerged from the bathroom with a towel around his waist. Jessica practically shrieked at his appearance. “Fully clothed! FULLY CLOTHED!” she yelled in agitation.

“Okay okay!”

He ran to the bedroom and came back with his clothes on. “Thank God,” she said, “do you have any idea how hard it is to be constantly thinking about you being naked and knowing the only way to stop feeling so stressed out would be to get naked too and fuck your brains out?”

“Well, I know how hard it is now,” he said.

“Gross.”

“Hey, are you wearing makeup now?” She turned red, and brushed aside a tress of blonde hair. An earring sparkled briefly before it was covered again. “Yeah, so what if I am? I

do the small stuff so I can put up with not fucking – doing! – doing the big stuff until this stupid fucking curse is over.”

This time Matthew did the cooking; bacon and eggs with toast, an easy fry-up. He could see that she was watching intently, fighting the compulsions to get up and take over, or even wrap her arms around his abs and feel them up as she had done in previous days. She tapped the table, bit her lip in a way that only pronounced her sexy pout, and generally just looked as if she was fighting every impulse to leap to her feet and make the damn eggs herself. She cringed as he served the cutlery and placed the meal on a plate, and only when the last possible moment to be the sweet little subservient girlfriend cooking food for her wonderfully dominant lover had passed did she relax, the weight of at least a part of her compulsions lifted, for now. Matthew felt his throbbing manhood jutting uncomfortably against his trousers. Despite his sympathy for his friend, Jesse’s fight against his new feminine impulses actually turned him on; the idea of a woman being forced to be submissive and horny for the man in her life was a secret fantasy of his.

“You know, I really appreciate you supporting me through this, even all the weirdness,” Jessica said. Matthew blanched, realising just what he’d been thinking about.

“Yeah, sure Jess. Best friends forever right? Through thick and thin.”

“Thick and thin,” she echoed. And then she began to cry. “Fuck, sorry. Stupid female hormones. I get so goddamned emotional now.” He passed her some tissues, and as she wiped her eyes – something she’d never have done when she was a man – she automatically lowered the zip slightly on her hoodie. Matthew’s eyebrows raised as he saw what she was really wearing underneath the baggy covering; a low-cut black teddy that pushed her large breasts up into an enormous line of cleave was revealed. She saw him looking, and burst into further tears. “Oh Matty I couldn’t help it! It just felt too wrong to wear this unless I wore – wore something slutty for you underneath. Fuck!”

She stormed off to be by herself, leaving Matt not knowing what to do, but certainly wanting her badly, which he knew would only make things worse for her. They passed the day in near-silent awkwardness. Jessica tried to walk in a less feminine manner after lunch, which made him crack up laughing at how strange it looked on her ultra-feminine body, but just an hour later she was back to that sultry walk that left her wide hips sashaying sexily from side to side. By the afternoon she’d showered and done her hair up in a ponytail, and had begun wearing heels. By evening she could no longer resist the compulsions, and had

ditched the hoodie and trackpants to fully reveal the tight one-piece lingerie. She cooked dinner, complaining as she set the stove while Matt checked out her gorgeous ass, beginning to feel the stirrings of compulsions himself as he groped it. She jumped, looked at him accusingly, and yet from her heavy breathing that made her bust strain against the fabric, he could tell she was becoming increasingly horny.

Finally, they retired to bed for the night, pressed up against one another, naked as the day they'd been born, but Jesse a whole lot more female. She made whimpering little noises as he was forced to hold himself against her, making a sharp intake of breath as he cupped her large breast and stroked her erect nipples.

"How are you feeling?" he whispered in her ear.

"Ooh, don't talk," she whined in that sweet soprano, "this is already torture enough without hearing your sexy voice in my ear."

"Sorry, I'll stop."

"God, I feel so damn fertile. I can feel it Matt, worse than ever before. Just how pregnant I can become. Like there's some aching absence deep inside me that only you can fill by putting your babies in me." She grinded her hips slowly, erotically, pressing buttocks against his hardening penis.

"We can fight it Jess, just one more week."

"It's too hard," she whined, "I'm sick of constantly having to fight what this body was meant to do. Sasha will win, I know it."

"One week and you're a man again."

She grinded against his throbbing cock, moaning. He could feel her dampness. "One more week, I don't know if I'll last. We'll have to stay on the pill. Keep using condoms. Because I can't go any longer without you in me, the curse is too strong. I need your dick in me now Matty. Please." She held his hand and pressed it tighter against her jiggling chest. "I want you to fondle my big boobs and pull my hair. I want you to fuck my brains out." She turned to face him, and her staggering beauty left him breathless. "And I need you to do it now," she said, playing with his hair.

What followed was a blur of intercourse. His former friend and now lover moaned deeply as he caressed and kissed her, nibbled at her breasts, groped her buttocks. Finally after much begging on her part, he entered her, both of them gasping as they worked in rhythm to bring each other to their full; her on her back with her legs spread around him,

gripping his waist for dear life as he came in and out and in and out, slipping out just far enough for her to take all of him back in again. Her huge rack bounced back and forth with their thrustings, and she moved her forearms to hold them in place as they fucked, which turned him on all the more. “Yes!” she moaned, “yessss ooooh just like that – just like that – I’m going to come Matthew, I want you to come with me so we come together, I want you to get me pregnant with your babies so we can do this for the rest of our lives ooooohhhhmmnnhhmmm!!!” They came together, his seed rushing into her womb, pumping and pumping until he felt completely emptied, her shuddering under the weight of multiple waves of orgasms, eyes rolling into the back of her head, until they fell into each other’s arms, skin against soft skin, and fell to sleep in perfect post-coital harmony.



The final day of the curse had come, and Jessica was anxious. She and Matthew had spent the last week grappling with the curse in the wake of Sasha’s revelations, but in the end it was clear that Jessica had insufficient willpower to fully overcome the compulsions, just ignore its impulses in occasional doses of varying strengths. So occasionally they went without sex when pushed to do so, much to Matthew’s inner disappointment, and a couple of times she managed to avoid giving him his standard morning blowjob, though it meant hungering for his cock and delicious semen the rest of the day. She became resigned to her body’s desire to show itself off, but occasionally she wore a coat over the top, or something more modest though still good-looking, like a tight-fitting sweater that covered her cleavage but still showed the general largesse of her bosom. She cleaned the house and cooked still, but Matthew gave a helping hand to relieve her efforts, though it had the unwanted side effect of her body becoming very aroused by the sight of its man at work, which ended up with him taking her from behind in the kitchen space as she squealed with delight.

Next week classes returned from the summer holiday, and she was anxious that the curse be over. She certainly didn’t feel pregnant, and they had been very good with using protection to avoid getting her knocked up. She couldn’t imagine being trapped as this sexy submissive woman for the rest of her life, forced to mate and pleasure her best friend and grow big with his children. During the last month she had learned more about being a woman than she ever wanted or thought possible. She’d been groped at a bar, hit-on, had

men gaze intently at her cleavage and barely register the face above it, she'd put with rude comments and the occasional catcall while walking down the street, and felt the nervousness that surely all women must feel in such a situation, and like those women she found a measure of comfort in being in the presence of her much more physically able boyfriend. She'd learned how to put on bras and adjust them so her big boobs didn't wobble so much, though they were big enough that she was pretty sure nothing short of a steel casing could stop them from wobbling completely. She'd experienced skirts, lingerie, tight tank tops and revealing dresses. She'd experience a woman's hormones, and how her much higher estrogen and near non-existent testosterone made her cry that much more easy.

She had to admit that Sasha's curse had done its job; he'd never treat a woman again in the chauvinistic way he'd treated her. She now knew how it felt to be seen as a piece of meat, as some pretty thing to be objectified by men, and once she was a man again she'd never feel entitled to a woman the way she had been as Jesse. After constantly cleaning the house, cooking up three meals a day for her best friend, and submitting to sex with him whenever he was aroused, she had a whole new respect for women who lived like she had for the past month.

And so it was she woke up and gave a final morning blowjob to Matthew, locking eyes with him as she sucked away at his mighty member, both of them knowing that their friendship would never be the same – or this close – ever again. Matthew himself was feeling mournful, largely because he knew he'd never have another woman as perfect as Jessica; he'd quite gotten used to the morning blowjobs and her delightful moans as he spilled his seed inside of her. But after breakfast, they headed off together to Sasha's house, her hand clamped over his leg, both of them filled with nervous energy; they hadn't either of them discounted the possibility that Sasha might just use the final power of her trinket to make Jessica's curse permanent anyway. Her thoughts turned away as her stomach growled loudly.

"Hey Jess, what's wrong?" Matthew said, raising his eyebrow and glancing at her briefly as he drove.

"N-nothing," she replied, placing a hand on her stomach. "Just a little hungry, I think." Her stomach growled a little again.

"After you ate that whole meal? You don't normally eat that much, you know, as a woman." It was true, it had taken time to become accustomed to her new, petite stomach.

“Just keep driving Matty. The sooner this is over the better, and we can grab some food on the way back once I’m a dude again.” She adjusted her singlet as she said it, her breasts straining against the fabric, heaving upwards with each individual breath. It was a sight ‘Matty’ would miss, along with the nickname. Finally, they arrived at Sasha’s house. Tom was just leaving; he waved to them as he left.

“Ugh, I hate that guy,” Jessica said, her hand automatically gripping Matthew’s leg possessively. Still, she was compelled to smile and wave. “Poor bastard doesn’t know what he’s gotten into. She’ll probably turn him into a frog or something.” Matthew sniggered.

“What? What’s so funny?”

“It’s just, I don’t think Tom’s in any danger. He treats Sasha as a person, which you never really did. She turned you into my perfect woman to give you a lesson.”

“Fair. Still, aren’t I allowed to be a little jealous?”

“Sure you are.” Matthew nodded, slowly worked himself up to say what he’d been thinking about. “Am I allowed to be a little sad that you’ll be going?”

“Oh, Matty.” She caressed his cheek with her slender, perfect hands. “I’m not going anyway. We’ll still be best friends, even if it’s awkward for a while.”

“I know. It’s just . . . you have been a perfect girlfriend, Jessica.”

“And you’ve been a perfect gentleman, even when the curse had us mating like rabbits. I’m glad you were the one I had to be with, but I’ve learned my lessons the hard way about what it’s like to be a woman, I haven’t gotten pregnant, and now it’s time to turn back. Let’s go.” She got out of the car, and Matthew followed, trailing behind in resignation and staring at her perfect ass swaying from side to side for the last time. Jessica knocked at the door, and Sasha answered almost instantly.

“Well, hello there Jessica,” she said with a smile. She was wearing a colourful sundress and holding a glass of wine in her hand. She looked gorgeous, a figure of full womanhood, far different from the boyish rake she’d been only a month ago. “Why don’t you and ‘Matty’ come in for a chat?”

They entered, and Sasha ushered them into the same seats as last time, when she’d first explained the rules of the curse and the warning that pregnancy would make the curse permanent. “Well, how are we feeling?” she asked, taking a sip of a win and pouring a glass for her two guests. “Confident? Joyous? Excited?”

“All three and more,” Jessica answered, leaning forward. She felt her tremendous bosom wobble in her tight top, a feeling she still hadn’t gotten used to, but now would never need to. “I did it Sasha. Matthew and I made it to the end, and now it’s time to turn me back according to your conditions.”

Another sip of wine and that same smug grin. “Is that so, Jess? Don’t you think you’ll miss her Matthew?”

Matthew bristled. “I’ll miss her. Dear God I will. But Jessica – Jess – you know who I mean, he’s my friend, and he deserves a second chance. He’s learned his lesson and won’t be the same as he was.” He took a sip of wine, and Jessica licked her lips in response to it. Sasha turned her eyes on her ex-boyfriend turned blonde bombshell. “Tell me about what you’ve learned, Jesse,” she said, emphasising his real name.

Jessica paused, curled a length of hair behind her ear in nervousness. Strange to think that soon she would have short hair again, that never took long to dry. She breathed deeply, aware of how alluring it was for Matthew, but needing to do it anyway. “I’ve learned many things Sasha. I’ve learned what it feels like to be seen as meat, to be objectified and ridiculed and have people decide my worth purely based on my body. I’ve been catcalled and harassed, experienced what it’s like to be made submissive and slutty, and to feel . . . to feel a man inside me, and up against me.” She adjusted her legs awkwardly, the last remnants of the curse were making her annoyingly horny. “Anyway, I learned all that, but most of all I learned that I was a sexist jerk, and to be truly sorry for what I put you through. I was a bad boyfriend, a poor man. I’m sorry Sasha, and I can safely promise I will never treat you that way again.”

Sasha was silent for a time, and took another sip of wine. Matthew did so too, but Jessica found herself simply waiting, despite her thirst. Finally, Sasha spoke. “I’m glad you said that Jesse. I didn’t even realise how much I needed to hear that. And I forgive you. You truly have learned what it’s like to be a woman, which I hope will make it easier when I have to break it to you that you’re going to be stuck as one for the rest of your life.”

Jessica damn near leapt to her feet. “What!? You said you’d turn me back Sasha. I – I did everything you asked, I learned my lesson! Please!”

Matthew just listened, looking between these two women who held so much power over him in such different ways. His heart began to race, torn between two futures that he wanted but could not exist together. Sasha motioned for Jessica to sit back down.

“I’m sorry Jessica,” she said, and the use of her feminine name made the transformed man tremble, “but as I explained, this was never a matter of me turning you back, but of the curse ending if the right conditions were met.”

“But you threatened to turn me into something worse if I didn’t go along!”

“A bluff on my part. The magic on the trinket is all used up, just like the Wandering Witch said it would be. She also told me to be careful with the conditions I set – it was the kind of magic that would lock, so not even she could turn it back. I decided on the pregnancy thing because, well, it was outlandish, and I was furious with you, and because turning you into a sexy young mummy seemed like the perfect punishment.”

“But I’m not pregnant!”

Sasha narrowed her eyes. “Aren’t you? I poured out three glasses of wine. One was for you, Jessica, but you haven’t tasted a drop. Try to drink it. Try.”

Matthew watched as his cursed girlfriend strained on the spot, panic setting in her eyes as she reached against and again for the glass, only for some invisible force to make her stop and grasp only air. “Why can’t I reach it?”

“Because alcohol is bad for a developing baby,” Sasha said, with a sympathetic smile. “The spell will ensure that you keep the baby safe – these aren’t compulsions, they’re hardcoded conditions of your spell, which is lifelong now.”

“B-but I’m not pregnant. Matthew and I used protection!”

“Every night? Can you guarantee that? Because when you were listing things you experienced as a woman, I noticed you never brought up menstruation. The Jesse I know definitely wouldn’t have failed to mention bleeding from a vagina on the list of things he’d had to overcome.”

Matthew and Jessica shared a glance, and he could see in her realisation that she hadn’t bled, hadn’t experienced her period. “But when?” she whispered, moving her hand to her stomach, which was perfectly flat – for now. It growled again, and this time the sound was more ominous. The realisation came to Matthew. “The day you tried to avoid the compulsions. When you wore the hoodie, and refused to cook breakfast. We went to bed and you couldn’t handle it anymore, and needed me in you. You – we both were so absorbed in each other we didn’t think of using a condom, or the pill.”

Sasha put a hand on her ex’s leg, patting it reassuringly. “Congratulations,” she said, awkwardly. “You’re going to be a mother Jesse.”

But Jessica had frozen, staring dead ahead into some space as if in full shutdown mode. She was trembling, breathing rapidly, and her stomach continued to gurgle.

“Jessica?” he asked, “what’s wrong?”

But in her eyes there was nothing but pure panic. Her stomach lurched audibly, and she covered her mouth. She pushed past him and Sasha. “Down the hall, second on the left!” she called to Jessica, who ran to the bathroom in an awkward stumble. The sound of the toilet seat being flipped up echoed down the hall, followed by her upending the contents of her petite stomach into the bowl. Matthew found her bent over the toilet bowl, looking much worse for wear, the panic even more evident now. The woman that had been his best friend locked gazes with him, then cast her view down to her stomach. Slowly, she placed a hand over it, as if in horror and wonder. “Oh fuck me,” she whispered.

And Matthew knew then, that’s exactly what he would do, for the rest of their lives together. They were going to have a baby.



It was six months later Matthew woke to the familiar sensation of a soft set of lips working his semi into a full erection. They were having a harder time of it lately, given how much bigger his former friend had gotten, but his lust for her had only increased as her pregnancy advanced, and just as Sasha had said, her horniness would always match his. Matthew had long accepted this fate, and simply laid back to enjoy the blowjob, until finally his now-wife mounted him, carefully easing his giant cock into her depths. Her rounded pregnant belly added extra weight to his hips, but he could take it. He stroked her fertile roundness as they thrust, until finally they came as one. She arched her back in pleasure, her pendulous breasts jiggling, before resting on her expanded stomach. “Oh God I needed that,” she said, “these little gremlins were keeping me up all last night.” She held his hand and planted above her belly button, which had recently pushed outwards. She made a soft whimper as the taut skin rippled in response to a number of kicks and movements within.

“Amazing,” Matthew said, “that’s our children growing inside there.”

“Less amazing when they’re pushing on your bladder. God, I can’t believe I’m stuck as your pregnant bimbo wife. I’ll be back in a second, dude.”

Awkwardly, and with his help, she managed to pull herself off him, nearly stumbling over. She planted her hands at her sore back, gave a look of frustration, and waddled down the hall to the toilet. Fortunately her morning sickness had finally ended a few months ago, by which time her stomach had already begun to expand bigger and quicker than expected.

When Jessica had first found out she would be stuck as a woman – one that was pregnant with her best friend’s baby at that – she had nearly gone into a catatonic state. It had taken some time for her to calm down and contemplate her fate, one she would be forced to deal with for the rest of her life. In the weeks that followed she looked to other ways to become a man, but slowly, bit by bit, she came to realise that she would be Jessica for life. She would be her friend’s sexy, submissive girlfriend and probably his future wife, and she would carry the child they had made together and birth it. She would cook and clean and be the perfect housewife, and get pregnant over and over again to Matthew much to the envy of all the men who saw her and would want her for themselves.

Some things were convenient, at least. The world now remembered Jessica as always having existed, and no memory of Jesse remained except to her and Matthew, and of course, Sasha. Jessica was nervous visiting her parents, even with Matthew at her side, but they acted as if they’d always known her that way, and to her surprise she found a treasure trove of photos from when she’d apparently been a young girl, leading all the way to when Matthew first asked her on a date. From old diaries she’d never actually written, and photos that had never really been taken, Jessica learned that she was a gawky kid in early high school, late to bloom, but in the end puberty hit her and hit her hard. Her boobs and figure were the talk of the school, and every boy with a libido wanted to ask her out suddenly. Jessica could see that in the high school yearbooks; one year she was flat as a rake, the next she was smuggling melons. And her chest had only become more prominent as an adult to match her very womanly figure.

“We always hoped that you two would get together,” Jessica’s mother said, “Matthew is such a nice boy, and will certainly take good care of you.”

“Well, um, Mum,” Jessica said, blushing furiously and trying to ignore the way her early pregnancy boobs were threatening to spill over her large bra, “Matthew and I have news on that score. I’m, uh, pregnant. He’s the father.”

It had been embarrassing, being pestered with concern by her parents, her mother pulling her apart from the group to ask her how far along she was, was it planned, will he

stick by her, etc etc. Jessica was on unfamiliar territory herself, but her sister at least remained supportive and cheerful, making jokes about how she always knew she'd end up 'in the family way from the way you're always showing off that big chest of yours.' It was strange to be the subject of bodily envy from her sister, whose own chest was just average. Strangely, she felt a swell of pride at that.

It wasn't long after, on a private date with Matthew that both of them were compelled to do every so often, that he proposed. Far from being part of the curse, he had decided to beat it to the punch. She could have said no, but with all that had changed and the fact that her compulsions were going mad, pushing her to say yes and fulfil her role as the perfect housewife, she said yes. The wedding was scheduled not too long after, supported by both families. She had only just started to slightly swell at that point, a little earlier than expected, but overall it was a beautiful wedding, at least for observers. Jessica had never felt stranger, marrying the man who had once been her friend when she'd been a man, and knowing that she was carrying his child within her, and would do so more than once. Sasha was her maid-of-honour, something the curse had compelled her to do, and something Sasha took great glee in. While they would never be as close as they once were, she also didn't hold hostility to Jessica anymore. As far as she was concerned, her ex-lover had been punished in full, and would simply have to accept her new role, something Sasha was only too happy to aid her with. The offer of babysitting still stood in the not-too-distant future, for those times when Jessica and Matthew would inevitably get to work conceiving their next.

And so Jessica said 'I do,' standing as she did in her gorgeous white wedding dress with its open back and tasteful hint of cleavage, and she and her new husband were whisked away to their honeymoon in Hawaii for the next two weeks, where they made love as man and wife. "I guess this is me now, your trophy wife," she muttered one night, standing in her tight lingerie and beginning to straddle him. "I guess I'll just have to get used to being this way. I know you won't find it too difficult."

Matthew didn't disagree on that score.

Of course, it was another shock to find she was due with twins, much to Sasha's continued delight. Jessica groaned when she found out. "Of course twins. Not enough I have to be your submissive sexy wife, I'm also fertile as all fuck. Jesus, how many kids am I gonna get knocked up with?"

Matthew simply cradled her, secretly excited to watch her grow big with his children again and again. "I promise I'll treat you right," he whispered in her ear, "I know this wasn't your choice Jess, but if you have to be my perfect wife, then I'll be your perfect husband, and I'll be right by your side when you give birth."

She continued to grow with child, still forced to wear gorgeous and revealing outfits, especially since her already ample assets swelled to accommodate her milk. She wore tight dresses that emphasised her pregnant bulge, and on those nights she saw Sasha she couldn't help but blush deeply with how womanly and pregnant she had become in front of her ex-girlfriend. Matthew had always found pregnant women alluring, and so he doted on her, caressed her, rubbed her belly almost as much as she instinctively did, and of course even as she grew he continued to have sex with her. "What's to worry about I guess," she said as he began stroking her nipples one night, and fingering her wet crotch, "I'm already pregnant, there's not much more harm you can do."

In the end, she gave birth. Jessica went into labour a week after her due date, and suffered the agony of contractions and indignity of a natural birth – another precondition of the curse. After sixteen hours of experiencing the painful pressure, finally she was fully dilated and encouraged to push. Matthew clasped her hand the whole time, whispering encouragements in her ear, all while she blushed with humiliation at having gone from a virile male to an incredibly pregnant mother pushing her first children through her vagina. She moaned, cried, clenched her teeth and spread her legs, and finally she felt something large and alive slip from her canal. It was a boy, her first, and he was swaddled and placed before her. Her hormones were too powerful; she began to cry, and after another fit of birthing the second came not too long after, also a boy. The afterbirth followed, and Matthew cut the cords, and the two of them bonded over the children they never imagined in their wildest moments they ever thought they'd share.

Jessica had been frightened of breastfeeding, but found the compulsions too strong, and eventually succumbed to feeding her children, just as she occasionally was compelled to feed her natural produce to her husband during pregnant sex. A nice side effect of the curse was that her body returned to normal – well, normal for a woman as naturally busty, curvaceous and horny as she was – in a relatively short time. Her vagina healed as if there was no damage, which she suspected was just so Matthew could have sex with her again as

soon as possible. They constantly went at it like rabbits these days, she didn't bother even trying to hold back on the compulsions.

That was Jessica's life from now on. She would never be a man again, and she was destined to always act the role of Matthew's perfect woman; feeding him, cleaning for him, and of course mating with him. She continued to flaunt her assets in public and private, wearing sexy clothing and revealing outfits, and everyone took her to be exactly what she was; a bombshell trophy wife madly devoted to her husband. Both during her pregnancy and afterwards, she had slowly stopped trying to fight the compulsions, finding instead that if she gave in willingly she could at least put her own individual spin on them; choose a sexy red dress rather than be forced to wear something randomly alluring; wake up early to give Matthew a blow job and encourage him to fuck her from behind instead of being compelled to do so at an appointed time and perhaps ride cowgirl instead. She increasingly got to use her own cute nicknames for her husband, or clean in a particular way, or feed her children before she was pushed to do so. It was in some ways more liberating than simply fighting. As she explained to Matthew: "If I have to be your submissive dream bimbo, then goddamn it, I'm going to put my own touch on it."

Even Sasha was impressed. "Who knew that turning you into such a slut would make you such a loyal and stylish woman. You know Jessica, I hope you come to see being a woman as a blessing one day, rather than a curse. Because frankly, I think you're much better off."

And while she might never fully think that way, Jessica had finally accepted her fate, her husband, and her twin boys Robert and Jesse. The last she had asked be named in remembrance of her past life, and Matthew had agreed. And so their life continued, with Jessica the young mum still catching the eye of every man with her low-cut tops and bare midriff. She became pregnant again, just six months after her first birth, and the two of them laughed in frustration and resignation when it was revealed she was having twins again. Matt had long since given up trying to pretend he had reservations about his best friend becoming his bimbo wife, and now simply allowed himself to openly enjoy every part of her: gazing at the constant jiggle of her large tits; smacking her fine bottom every time she walked past on her swaying hips; holding her head as she sucked on his big hard cock each morning until he blew a load down her throat; and most of all, her screams of reluctant joy as he shot his seed deep inside her fertile womb. Something about getting his former male

friend pregnant just made him so damn turned on, especially knowing she couldn't fight it. He knew that he would be getting her knocked up as often as humanly possible. In the years that passed they continued to mate and breed, mate and breed, Jessica pushing child after child from her womb, eventually with a willing joy.

The day the former male realised she too had come to enjoy being a woman came five years after her transformation, when she passed Sasha in the street by sheer coincidence. Despite every attempt to avoid her gaze, Jessica was simply too full of life with yet another set of kicking twins in their sixth month to not be noticed, and moreover a gaggle of five other children followed her in procession. And yet, even as Sasha smirked at Jessica's overly-full chest, endlessly full of milk these past five years, and her large rounded abdomen, so perfect at creating life, Jessica herself found herself filled with a well of feminine self-worth she didn't know she had. She walked right by, head held high, bust out, both hands over her swollen belly. Her children must have sensed some change, and it was little Jesse - appropriately enough - who asked who that was. She simply smiled as a little one kicked inside her.

"No one dear, just an old friend. Now let's get back to Daddy, shall we?"

From that day, Jessica accepted her new life. She would always be a little frustrated at times, more than a little embarrassed, and certainly irritated at some of her compulsions (the need to show off her ample goods). But a pride was there also, in her body, in her love for her children, and even love for her husband. It made her strange new life of sensual dresses, French Maid acts, gorgeously filled-out bikinis, and demure submissiveness tolerable. True, she had to suffer male attention, had to deal with birth and breastfeeding and living the life of a dutiful trophy wife, even as she cared for her ever-growing brood. But she came to not mind the downsides too much, and even enjoyed some of the male stares, after a time. Certainly, the compulsion to please her former friend turned husband never managed to abate. She had become, after all, Matthew's perfect woman.

**The End**