

Mini-Story: I Guess You Must Be Pretty Happy, Huh?

By FoxFaceStories

I guess you must be pretty happy, huh? Right?

After all, you've gotten exactly what you always wanted; a hot girlfriend with big natural boobs and a dress sense to show them off. A girl with gorgeous black skin and an ass that won't quit. A girl who hangs off your arm during the day and let's you fuck her brains out at night. I'd be really happy for you too, I would.

If you hadn't made sure that girl turned out to be me.

I mean, look at what you've done to me. I don't look anything like the man I was. You've changed my gender, my age, even my race! Not to mention you hardwired my brain so I'd only be attracted to boys from now on, you being the prime target of this damn new lust of mine. I don't even dress anything like I used to. I can't *not* play the part of your sexy, gorgeous girlfriend!

I thought we were friends. Best friends, even. Sure, I know I got dealt the better hand in life. I know you were always a little jealous that I was always luckier with the ladies than you were. More confident. Not to mention I earned a higher salary. But I never knew that jealousy had grown to spite! If I had known it was that bad, I would have played wingman to you more often, coached you on how to approach ladies. Instead, you invited me over for one of our usual catch ups and showed me a magic spell book you had purchased off the internet. You didn't have to get so angry when I laughed – of course it sounded ridiculous! But then you started speaking those words, and suddenly I was starting to look up at you, starting to feel the heavy weights of these Double-Ds on my chest. I could feel my member sucking up in my body, and the pain of my ovaries forming. My skin burned as it darkened, my hair extending out from my scalp to become frizzy and black. My face twisted to take on this hot, feminine look with full lips and soft cheeks and dark eyes.

That's when you told me that you had decided I had already been hogging all the hot girlfriends, now it was time to live as one myself: as *your* girlfriend. I was horrified – I still am! – but your stupid magic made it impossible to disobey you. Worse, I found myself already getting wet at the thought of having you inside me, an experience you have been more than happy to subject me to over the last few months.

I was wrong about your little spell book. I admit that. But don't expect me to be all rainbows and sunshine about this, especially since you've told me this change is permanent. You may enjoy showing me and my big chest off at parties and gatherings. You may grin when you get to brag about how good in bed and servile I am, or when other people comment on how lucky you are to have scored a perfect 10 like me. You may love being able to fondle my ass every time I go by, or suck on my tits while you are thrusting into me. Or hearing me moan as you cum inside me. But it's going to take a long while before I can be happy like this. I just hope one day I can accept it, because thanks to you, I'm stuck in the role of your hot black girlfriend for life.

And I'm already getting wet at the thought of you fucking me once again.

The End