

# **Ideal Partner (Man to Blonde Bimbo Lesbian TG)**

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **An Anonymous Commission**

*Fred is about to be dumped by his girlfriend Samantha, who is tired of his poor behaviour. The fact that her interest is shifting to girls is another reason for this change, but Fred refuses to understand what he's done wrong, and begs her for another chance. But when Sam gets her witch aunt to place a transformation spell on Fred to make him her 'ideal partner', he is very surprised to find out that Samantha has a real thing for the busty blonde bimbo type.*

## **Ideal Partner**

Fred should have seen it coming, but somehow, he didn't. When he arrived home after his usual day of boring construction work, he was tired, frustrated, and in need of a good beer. So he entered the apartment as he always did, leaving his boots on and tracking in dirt from the work yard without thinking. He collapsed back onto the couch, put his feet up and sighed, happy to be done with another day of hard work.

"Hey babe," he called to his girlfriend Samantha, who was standing unamused with her arms folded, watching this display.

"Hello, Fred."

"Grab me a beer, will ya? It's been a long ass day and I seriously need one."

"You said you'd stop drinking beer until after dinner."

"Like I said, it's been a long day, love."

"You promised."

"I'm just breaking the promise once, okay? Seriously, why are you whining about this? I just got home!"

Samantha gave an exasperated expression. "So did I! Just twenty minutes ago! I'm cleaning up!"

“Well, you can clean up after this.”

“We can clean up! I work about the same hours as you, for God’s sake! Fred, you left your clothes all over the fucking floor this morning. How hard is it to put your dirty laundry in the basket?”

Fred rolled his eyes. “Fine, I’ll do it tomorrow. And I’ll get my own damn beer.”

He sat up, finally taking his shoes off, only to leave them sitting on the carpet as he strolled past his girlfriend of three years and grabbed a beer from the fridge. She glared at him, but he didn’t seem to notice, instead patting her on the behind.

“You look real cute today, by the way. Seriously, I love the short hair.”

She blushed a little. Just when Samantha was ready to finally give him the flick, he’d come out with something spontaneous that made her feel real giddy inside. It was her trap: she loved sweetness, and Fred could turn it on even when he was being a total loaf at times. Unfortunately, he ruined the moment by grabbing a beer, returning to the couch, and putting his legs up as he drank messily. He even followed it up with a proud burp.

Samantha could only sigh. Nothing was getting through to him. Three years ago she’d met Fred by chance when he’d started flirting with her at a work clothing store they both needed uniforms from. She’d been instantly attracted by his laidback, casual demeanour, and it didn’t hurt that he was a solid six feet in height with a good muscular build (without being that annoyingly showy gym-nut muscular). He had messy black hair and dark eyes, and he was quick to chat her up and show a lot of mutual attraction. She was definitely his type, too: a brunette tomboy who wore casual tees and ripped jeans, and was in a good height range for him in turn at five foot seven. Needless to say, they were dating within the week, going steady within the month, and were having a lot of fun sex as they solidified this new relationship.

Unfortunately, after a whirlwind year and a half, the cracks began to show in their relationship. What Sam had taken as a real casual, down-to-earth approach to life had disguised the fact that Fred was essentially a deeply lazy and often messy individual. As her hours at the bank increased, and her pay with it, she sought to improve their living standard and grow up a little. Fred preferred to remain locked in his ways, drinking beer to excess from Friday to Sunday, and doing little to help around the place, particularly when it came to the ‘girly’ chores. It drove her up the wall, but she stayed in the relationship because she loved the way he looked at her, particularly when they had sex, and how just when things got desperate, he’d always do something romantic to make it up for her.

But this time she was adamant. She needed to come clean. She gestured for Fred to shift his feet off the couch, which he did so, but she moved away from his arm as he went to wrap it around her lovingly.

“What’s up?” he said. “Look, I’m sorry about the clothes. I’ll try and get better.”

"You'll try, but you won't," she said icily. "Look, Fred, we need to chat about some things."

"Can't it wait?"

"It can't. I need to pull off this bandaid. Look, you know I love you, right?"

"Of course, babe. You put up with me something fierce. That's gotta be love, right?"

She winced at how true his words were. "That's exactly my point. I've been putting up with a lot the last year and a half, Fred. That's half our relationship. I've changed, I've got a promotion, I'm making decent money, but I'm still doing most of the chores. And I've changed in other ways, too. Ways that are hard to talk about, but that I *have* to talk about. Look, Fred, I want you to know I'm still attracted to you. A lot, in fact. But . . ."

Fred's eyebrows raised. This was not how he was expecting his comforting afternoon to go. He was starting to become concerned, and a little annoyed as well.

"Look Sam, is this about me leaving the toilet seat up this morning?"

"What? No! Well, sort of. I guess it's a toilet seat matter, of a sort." She laughed nervously, working up the will to say what she needed to. "Look Fred, I'm just going to spit this out okay, and please try to be understanding."

"I'm all ears," he said, taking another sip of beer.

"I'm into girls."

Fred nearly spat the beer out. "The fuck? This is a joke right?"

She gave a sheepish, somewhat guilty grin. "It's not. It's really not. It's something I've been grappling with for a while, actually."

"So, what, you're not into me or something?"

"I am. I'm still into guys. I'm bi. It's just . . . lately I've been leaning more towards girls than boys, I guess."

She blushed furiously, not sure she was coming across how she wanted. It was so hard with Fred, who didn't tackle change well at all. He folded his arms, setting aside his beer, giving a pained look as he furrowed his brow.

"I don't get why you're telling me this," he said. "I didn't need to hear this."

"You do," she replied, touching his arm. "Because it concerns you. It concerns us, Fred. I've been leaning towards girls for a lot of reasons, most of them just because I guess I always hid away that part of myself, but also because, well, you've been such a *man* lately, and I don't mean that in a good way."

“What does that mean?”

She stood in anger, gesturing around the place. “You come home and grab a beer, leaving a mess while I’m cleaning! You don’t put the toilet seat down. You take me for granted, and expect me to do all the cooking and cleaning. Girls . . . just aren’t like that. And you’re so damn closed off all the time. I used to think it was because you were really casual, but you can’t just be open with your emotions, or bubbly, or even dress yourself up stylishly. And I guess I kind of want that. I want that now, actually.”

A long pause followed. Slowly, Fred took his beer and finished drinking.

“Are you telling me you want to break up?”

Samantha’s shoulders fell. “I guess I am. I think I’ve wanted it for a while Fred. I want to start dating someone better suited for me. An ideal partner who will treat me how I want to be treated. Who will be more open with me, who’ll give a helping hand. Hell, I just want to get out there and discover who I am and date a girl I’m interested in. The type I . . . uh, like. Not that the type matters. I know this is hard to hear, but I think it’s best if we break up.”

Fred’s world was collapsing as he heard those words. He’d had three good years, and as far as he’d been concerned just a few minutes ago everything had been going swimmingly.

“I don’t understand where this is coming from, Sam,” he said.

“I told you that-”

“Yeah, yeah, but I can change and be better. Please, don’t walk out on me, love. You can’t do this! You know I’d do anything for you. You’re my dream girl. I don’t want to lose you.”

“Fred, I’m afraid you already have. I’d been asking you to change and-”

He stood, almost a little hyperactive as he rallied to save himself. “Then let’s do it. I’ll change, for real this time. I’ll be your ideal partner, just like how you want.”

Samantha didn’t believe him, but she did believe his sincerity. “My ideal partner, huh?”

“Yeah, in every way. Just like you deserve. I swear it.”

An idea was brewing in her head. In a way, it would be her one last chance to have Fred in her life, *and* to explore her new desires. Hell, it could turn out for the best. At worst, it would at least make Fred appreciate her more, and stop taking her for bloody granted. She crossed her arms.

“Fine, I’ll think about it. But right now I just need my own space, Fred.”

And then, typical of Fred, he made the wrong move. “Sure thing, so long as you give me a chance. I’ll stay here. You’re right at your Mom’s place, right?”

She managed to restrain her frustration. “Actually,” she said. “I’m thinking of going to stay at my Aunt Tila’s. She might have something that will help us. As a couple.”

Fred nodded, eager to hear it. It was telling about his lack of effort that he didn’t inquire any further, however.

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Samantha’s Aunt Tila was a strange woman, one who had long climbed to practice magic and its arts and travel the countryside in her old-style horse drawn wagon covered in numerous arcane decorations. Most members of the family assumed it was just Aunt Tila being a hippy and putting up a front about being some ‘Wandering Witch’, but she evidently was successful enough to do as she wanted in life, and go where she wanted as well. Samantha had always had a soft spot for her, and not just because the olive-skinned older woman could be a real hoot; she had also seen Tila give a man a potion when Sam had been just a little girl, promising it would ‘solve his dating problems’ after he had paid. And it had: to her astonishment, the man had turned into a gorgeous raven-haired woman, just as he’d apparently wanted deep down inside. Tila had just winked at her.

“That’s the magic,” she said. “But don’t tell your parents. They wouldn’t believe you. They certainly don’t believe me.”

Ever since, Samantha had always been fascinated by her aunt, and adored catching up with her when she was in town and hearing all about her magical talents and spell casting and arcane tonics and so on and so forth. Tila, evidently, enjoyed her company back, because she’d messaged Sam that she was in town and ‘*free for a drink if you’d like.*’ Sam was quick to take her up on the offer, and for the first time found herself not asking questions of Tila, but telling her aunt all about her boyfriend troubles. It wasn’t intentional, but Tila’s carriage had extra, dare one might say *magical* space inside it, and the comfort was enough that she felt like spilling all.

“Well, he sounds quite dreadful as partners go,” Tila finally said when Samantha was done complaining. “Totally useless. And he makes you pay half the bills, still?”

“More sometimes, if he thinks he deserves some good drink or wants to go to the casino with his friends.”

“Lose him, that’s my advice.”

“I want to, but I have a few sweet memories of him. When we met he was so different. No, I think I’ve changed. But here’s the think Auntie Tila . . . he says he wants to change to, to be my ‘ideal partner.’

Tila cocked her head like that of an owl. “And you believe him?”

“I believe he wants to change, but I don’t think he can. Unless . . . he has some outside help? I know I’m asking a big favour here, and I would never ask you for your-”

But Tila was already standing up and looking through her numerous shelves for the right solution. "Oh, my darling niece, why hesitate? I would have always have helped you out because you're a good one, and because you're the type *not* to ask for favours, I suppose, so I know this is a big one. He wants to become your ideal partner, hmm?"

Samantha gave a sheepish grin. "I don't think he knows exactly what that might entail. I'm . . . I recently realised I'm bisexual. And more into girls. A particular type of girl, in fact."

Tila giggled, her voice filled with raspy delight. "All the better! If he insists on being such a chauvinist, perhaps there'll be a chance he gets to see how the other side fares. And perhaps things might even work out. Either way, I promise you'll be freed of this lazy, messy, poorly behaved and entitled *man* as you know him, so long as you read him *this* scroll in his presence."

She handed a small rolled up parchment to Samantha, who took it delicately. "Are you certain?"

"Nothing is certain in magic, my dear. But would you rather stay with things as they are?"

Samantha's phone buzzed at that very moment. She grimaced as she saw she had eleven unseen messages from Fred, all asking her when she'd be back and if she could pick up some groceries for him. He was complaining about only ordering takeaway.

"I don't think I could stand it for one more second," she said to her aunt, before hugging her. "You're the best, Tila."

"And soon so will your Fred," the supposed witch said, grinning.

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Fred scoffed at the notion of magic, and found it hilarious when Samantha returned. She had indeed brought all the groceries, and even made him his favourite steak roast. Hell, she'd even let him have sex with her again - he really was quite good at that, at least. And afterwards, when he thought he'd gotten everything back with no sacrifice, with the kitchen and trash and their room still a mess as he'd left it, she demanded he partake in the magic scroll that would turn him into her 'ideal partner.'

"This is ridiculous," he'd said, having gotten dressed again. "Can't we just snuggle up on the couch and watch one of your chick flicks and call it a day?"

"No Fred," she responded. "This happens now. I meant what I said the other day. You begged and pleaded and said you'd change for me, otherwise I said I'd leave you. I'm not backing down from that. You can either go along with this and maybe keep me as your girlfriend, or you can enjoy the fact that this was our last night together, and the last time you ever get to sleep with me, because I'll be out of here."

Fred was flabbergasted. Incredulous. Disbelieving. He scoffed, playing it off, until he saw that Samantha was most certainly not backing down.

“Fine, fine! It’s all just bullshit anyway, but if it makes you feel better.”

“You could have done a lot of other things that would have made me feel better, this is just your last possible chance to do *anything*. I’m going to read a spell scroll, and at the end you’re going to verbally agree to the conditions, and if all works well, the magic will make you into my ideal partner. Does that work for you, or would you rather I walk out the door? Either option is fine by me, but if you really are committed to a chance-”

“I am,” he said, though his voice was decidedly surly and unenthusiastic. “Just, you know, get it over with or whatever so we can go back to being normal.”

Samantha couldn’t help but smirk. ‘Normal’ wasn’t what she had in mind at all, but Fred was just showing her who he’d been all along, she supposed. She unfurled the scroll without drama and moved to stand in the centre of the living room. Naturally, Fred remained sprawled on the couch.

“By speaking the words upon this scroll, I invoke the magics of the ancients,” she recited. The dark ink on the scroll lit up gold before her eyes, exciting her, though Fred could not yet see it. “Oh great ones, let there be a change in form and mind. Let the one who stands before me consent to become my ideal partner, my first love, my greatest attraction and deepest, most devout follower. Let them worship me as I am intended to be worshipped, and fulfil all desires that I would want in a loving spouse for life.”

The writing was now entirely glowing, and only one step remained.

“Well?” she said. “Do you consent, Fred?”

He rolled his eyes, reaching for his beer. “Sure, I consent to this crazy change. Now that I’ve done that, can we get back to - Nghhh!!”

Fred suddenly doubled over, clutching his stomach. The gold lettering of the spell scroll began to float off of the parchment in Samantha’s hands, becoming a twisting series of words made of pure light that descended upon the man. The paper itself crumbled in her hands, dissipating so that only the magic seemed to remain. Fred looked up in astonishment, his face pained, his insides twisting about in discomfort.

“Wh-what’s happening? My guts, s-something’s happening? I’m seeing lights!”

“I’m seeing them too,” Sam said, hardly able to believe that the magic was working so quickly. “I told you, the magic was real!”

“Magic isn’t r-real - UGHH! Help me! I think I’m having a - NGNHH!!”

He was trying to say ‘heart attack’, but the pain and discomfort wasn’t in his heart, but spreading all across his body. Fred tried to stand, only to fall back on the couch. He tipped over the beer as he did so, spilling it on the floor. Samantha could only hope it would be the last time she

would have to clean up her lover's mess, but she didn't dwell on that thought long: she was beginning to see something strange occur before her eyes.

Something fantastical

"Fred! You're changing!"

"Sam!" he moaned. "H-help me! My skin is on f-fire. My chest has got this weird pressure in it - and my ass as well! Ohhhhh! It f-feels weird!"

It felt *pleasurable*, but he didn't want to admit that, instead focusing on the discomfort, on the alien sensation of what felt like hundreds of invisible hands resculpting his flesh, inside and out.

"No, I mean it!" Samantha said, becoming quite clearly excited. "You're actually changing! Your hair!"

His scalp was indeed burning, and it felt like thousands of little needles were pushing through it. He gripped his hair, only to feel that something *was* pushing outwards - more hair!

"What the - how? Oh God!"

He leapt to his feet, pushing past his girlfriend to the mirror that sat on the other side of the living room. Fred's eyes dawned in horror as he bore witness to his hair growing longer and longer right before his eyes. His normally short, dark and messy locks extended inch by terrible inch, growing light in tone as they went. In mere moments, his hair had somehow turned dark brown, then hazel, then pale brown, until it had transformed entirely into much softer substance that was no longer even dark blonde. His hair lost its slightly greasy state, gaining a shine and shimmer to it that spoke to a very feminine care routine, and soon it reached his shoulders, slipping down onto his back in perfect waves just shy of straight.

"This is impossible!" he whined. "Did you spike my damn beer? *What's happening to meeee?*"

His jaw dropped. Fred fell silent. His voice had just jumped up a full octave, squeaking as if he were going through puberty. It had sounded, somehow, almost like a husky *woman's voice*. He parted his curtain of new hair, trying to tear it away, only to notice that his *eyes* were changing as well: one was already a beautiful bright ocean blue, and the other dark iris was similarly changing.

"Oh fuck. Oh f-fuck! What's happening? What are you turning me into?"

"I told you, Fred," Samantha teased, coming up behind him. He hadn't noticed, but his shoulders had already begun losing some of their breadth. "You're becoming my ideal partner. This is what you agreed to!"

"I didn't think it was r-real! OHhhhhh, why does it f-feel like thisssss!? FUCK!!"

The last exclamation came as his waist suddenly pinched in, as if compressed by some giant invisible vice. At the same time, his hips began to crack wider, the bones audibly creaking as they expanded. He gasped, furiously working to unbuckle his pants before the strain as too much: he had a rather thin pair of hips usually, but now they were starting to look like the kind of childbearing hips that men - and women like Samantha - went absolutely gaga for.

“Ohhhh! God! Make it stop! Reverse it, you bitch! Reverse it now! MPHMHPH!!”

His lips ballooned, becoming perfect and pouty like an online influencer who'd had a slight filler touch to make them extra sensuous. His remaining eye turned blue, but that wasn't where the bulk of his concentration was: he was alarmed by the pressure in his hips that had now spread around to his ass. An ass that was growing in size to become impressively and appropriately bottom-heavy.

“NNGHH!! It's growing! Make it fucking s-stop already!”

“I can't,” Samantha declared, already a little turned on by the sight she was witnessing. “The magic is irreversible, and you consented to it.”

“I d-didn't think it was real! This isn't fair!”

His hair grew a little bit longer: Samantha's ideal woman would indeed have long hair that went all the way down to above her perfect tush, after all. It was halfway down Fred's back already, and as it extended she noticed that the hair on his arms was dissipating also. He tugged at his shirt, overheated and overwhelmed by the way the skin was stretching and softening, and the carpet he'd grown there was obviously in full retreat as well.

“What's not fair is me having to put up with all your chauvinism and lack of effort in this relationship,” Samantha snapped. “What's *not fair* is that I've been doing all the housework and cooking and all the relationship efforts, despite working as much as you! What's *NOT FAIR* is that you've been a terrible boyfriend, Fred, and you've mistreated me and taken me for granted. Well, you begged to stay in my life and keep me so long as you changed, so now we'll see if you'll be a better *girlfriend* than a boyfriend. How about that?”

Fred spun around to face her, momentarily forgetting the mirror. Already his features were changing: his cheeks were looking a little more cute and round, maybe even younger, and his jaw was reshaping to give him a beautiful heart-shaped face.

“What? I'm not - you're not turning me into a fucking w-woman, are you?”

“Not at all, Fred,” she answered, placing her hands on her hips. “*You* are. You agreed to become my ideal partner, after all.”

“I *am* your ideal partner! We moved in together! We just h-had - ahhhh, God! My hips! - we just had sex!”

“And the whole time, I couldn’t stop thinking about what it would have been liked if I’d been fucking a sexy blonde hottie with a huge ass instead.”

As if in response to her words, Fred suddenly moaned with what was clearly a deep arousal. He couldn’t help it: just hearing the words ‘huge ass’ was making him excited. His dick hardened in his underwear, but the real bliss was in his rear, which expanded yet further, his cheeks swelling like full balloons until he could have been a super model with his own television show, at least if one was just to look at his behind. It was big, made even larger by his womanly hips, and his cheeks wobbled as he was forced to pull down his trousers just to free up available space. His underwear became lost between his cheeks, making him look like he was almost wearing a g-string, and the result made him almost salivate with a strange sense of fulfilment.

“Gawd,” he said, his voice taking on a valley girl drawl, high tone included, “my ass looks super hot! I mean, what the fuck?”

He wasn’t wrong, his ass *did* look hot. For a woman, that was. It was big and ripe and shockingly sensitive, and for some reason he couldn’t resist squeezing it with his hands, the fingers of which sank nicely into the two hemispheres of flesh.

"Mhhmmm, s-so sensitive. Why is it, like, so sensitive?"

Sam smirked. She was trying to hide her own obvious arousal at her boyfriend's changes. "What can I say? I've discovered I'm really attracted to platinum blondes with big, bottom heavy asses. Just like I'm attracted to a pair of long, sexy legs."

Her words were serendipitous, for at that very second the series of discomforting pressures and blissful changes descended down Fred's legs. He lost more height, his spine reducing in length and his limbs along with it, leaving him looking small and increasingly cute in his masculine shirt and collapsing trousers. But as much as he was shrinking, his legs remained long in relation to his new size, with thick thighs to match his impressive hips and ass, and shapely calves where his trousers were now drooping down to.

Fred couldn't help himself, he squealed like a total girly girl, shocking not just himself but Samantha herself, who'd never imagined her boyfriend acting like that.

"My legs! I've got totally female legs! Ohh, and my feet are all dainty!"

He lifted said feet, only for his oversized shoes and socks to slide off dramatically, leaving his neely feminised feet bare. They were no longer coarse but little and beautiful, the kind of feet that would look killer in heels.

"Since when do you say 'totally', babe?" Samantha remarked.

“I, like, don’t!” he cried, voice going up yet another octave even as his face softened further, his ears shrinking to a neater size. “Something’s happening to, like, my brain and stuff! It’s like I’m getting dumber! Why am I getting dumber?”

He grunted as his arms changed, becoming lithe and thin and feminine, and then gasped as his shoulders shrunk yet again. He now had an undeniably hourglass figure hidden beneath his baggy shirt, shown off only because he kept clutching his form tightly to reveal it. Samantha watched this with interest, but couldn't help but blush at his previous remarks.

"Well, this is a bit embarrassing to admit," she said, "but remember how I said I've discovered I'm kinda into blonde bimbo types? I really do mean the *bimbo* type. Like, the really girly girl who's a total cute ditz and super emotional."

Fred twisted his neck to look at her. His eyes were now so gorgeously ocean blue, and his face was practically female now, with just some rough edges left to erase.

"But I'm *not* super emotional!" he exclaimed. He was immediately contracted by the tears bubbling in his eyes and the red blush of emotion on his cheeks. He clenched his fists and shook them in an amusingly valley girl manner, as if literally demonstrating his frustration, and this motion was accompanied by his hands finishing their transformation, complete with long nails that were painted a bright pink.

"What the actual fuck?" he said, looking at them. "How did - no! NO!!!"

It was the first sign of more than just his body changing, because his toenails also gained bright pink nail polish, and his face began to be touched up by makeup as well. His lips became yet fuller as they gained glossy pink lipstick, and his eyes developed cute matching eyeshadow. His lips thinned, gaining a feminine arch that had been tweezed to perfection, while a cute stud appeared in his nose and little hoop earrings in his ears. In mere moments his face was now *exactly* the kind of bubbly blonde persona that Samantha had been finding herself attracted to, and her body was responded to it right at that moment.

"Holy shit, Fred," she remarked. "You look fucking amazing."

"I knooooow," Fred whined, only to stop himself. "Wait, I don't! No! You've got to, like, stop this. I'm getting all these super girls thoughts, like - like what kind of hot pink cocktail dress would look good on me!"

It was true. The very moment he turned and saw his changed aspect in the mirror, his brain was flooded with yet more mental changes. Neurons fired off, severed, or reconnected in new branching ways, and his entire system was flooded by estrogen to override any remaining male testosterone influence. Not only was he feminising in body, but in soul as well, and this was helped by the formation of a womb below his stomach, having just finished from its first development when he'd doubled over. Now, the thought of wearing these male clothes just seemed so . . . *icky*. He wasn't even finished transforming yet and he was already feeling an instinctual urge to wear something cute and adorable and tight and devastatingly sexy, especially if it showed off his amazing bottom-heavy hips and ass for Samantha's gaze.

He got his inadvertent wish mere moments later, because suddenly his clothing reshaped, glowing bright gold as his trousers unfurled and his shirt as well. They mingled together, joining

as one fabric until finally they conformed to his body, whereupon the light faded. Suddenly, Fred was wearing a tight pink cocktail dress just as he'd imagined it would be. It was shoulderless, and ended at his upper thighs, revealing a very sexy hourglass figure. However, it was impressively loose in the chest despite showing off his astounding rear. That was, until the final changes started.

"Ohhhhhhh," he moaned. "It's h-happening. Ohhhhh, a p-pressure in my chest! Sammy, I think I'm growing t-titties! And a total pussy too! Ahhh, it f-feels sooo hawt! Oh God, why do I want big titties and wet pussy soooo much!?"

Samantha could only tell her new girlfriend-to-be the truth: "Because you're becoming my ideal partner, *Lucy*," she said.

"MMhmm, Lucy. Such a super cute name," Fred said, and then there was nothing more to say at all, because the changes began. The intense pressure in his chest gave way to two surges of flesh. His nipples expanded, becoming large and pink and perfect, with wide areola that were already deeply sensitive. They were pushed forward, riding a wave of flesh to fill the impressively large cups of the dress. They reached their limits of the fabric, heavy and wobbling, then surged upwards where the only space remaining was available: this produced an incredible amount of generous cleavage that left little to the imagination.

"Ohhhh, they're s-so big! I - I love them! Ohhhhhh, I've got nice big boobies!"

Samantha was wide-eyed. "Holy moly, you do."

"Mhhmm, and I'm getting a - NNGHH!!!"

She squeaked, hit by an orgasm as her manhood withdrew, scuppering back into her body and eliminating her last vestigial trace of maleness. For just a moment, Fred's male pride rose up in anger and horror, dreading what was coming and yet helpless to stop it. But then the pink aura of *Lucy's* new female energy overcame it, and there was nothing but satisfaction as her lower lips finished forming her tunnel connecting to her uterus. She sighed softly, overwhelmed and emotional, wiping her tears away, unbelieving what had happened to her. She felt so girly, so beautiful and hot. So pretty and emotional and silly, and despite herself she couldn't help but giggle and grin as she shook her shoulders and hips, letting her most prodigious parts wobble and bounce.

"Like, ohmigod, the magic was totes real! I'm *literally* your dream Barbie right now!"

Samantha regarded her, coming up beside her as they both stared at the mirror. It was clear that Lucy was still not sure how to take all of this, though her mind was adapting quickly.

"How do you feel about that?" Samantha asked, and it was with genuine concern that she asked it.

Lucy bit her lip, trying to smother that grin. She was embarrassed as all hell. She'd been a man all her life, and now it was impossible *not* to think of herself as a cute, bubbly blonde of a woman. More than that, she was hit by a surge of regret and guilt over her behaviour as a man, and it was enough for her to start crying again.

"I - I feel terrible!" she said, rubbing her eyes as the tears started to flow. "I was, like, such a bad boyfriend to you, Sammy! I took you for granted, treated you like total trash, and never stood up for you. I was, like, the actual worst! I can't believe it took becoming a total woman to see that! I'm so, so, so super sorry!"

Before Samantha could say a word, her new girlfriend was hugging her intensely, her big chest pressing against Samantha's smaller one. It was incredibly comforting, and it was only then that Sam realised how much she'd been missing this kind of affirmative contact.

"It's okay, Lucy. I - maybe I shouldn't have transformed you, I-"

"No, you should have! You should have *aged* ago. Ohmigod, I feel so dumb even though I'm, like, way dumber now, for how I treated you. Gawd, I just want to do everything for you now. I want to make it all up to you! I want to be your perfect girlfriend, your ideal partner. I want to cook you sweet treats and cuddle up in bed and watch that *Pride and Prejudice* series with you finally and I want to please you and make you happy and - and - I love you!"

She kissed Samantha, and it was a very passionate kiss.

"Damn, girl," Sam said, when they parted. "I feel bad. Is Fred even in there anymore?"

Lucy looked down at her busty blonde body and grinned sheepishly, cheeks turning an adorable red, just like how her girlfriend liked. "He is. It's still me, Sammy. It's, like, super hard to explain, especially because words are totes difficult and stuff now that I'm such a colossal ditz and stuff. But . . . it's me. I've got big titties and they feel weird, and my ass is huge! Gawd, this is supes embarrassing even if it feels right. Which it doesn't! But it does! Awww, I feel like such a dummy."

She giggled sweetly, causing her tits to wobble heavily in her tight dress. This just made her laugh more. "Gawd, they're so big and wobbly! This is super weird. But, like, I'm your ideal partner now, right? So you won't leave me?"

Samantha inspected her new creation. It was hard not to be incredibly aroused by Lucy's appearance, or her demeanour: she was even cocking her hips with a hand on one side in a very feminine pose, without even realising she was doing it.

"Well, if the result is that my former boyfriend is now my hot girlfriend who is actually going to finally change and be a loving equal partner, how could I?"

Lucy couldn't stop herself: she literally jumped for joy, clapping her hands together and squealing. She was embarrassed even in the act of doing it, but her new feminine compulsions were impossible to ignore, and it felt wonderful to release her emotions so openly.

"Yes, yes! Thank you! I love you sooooo much, Sammy, and now I promise I'll finally show it. Just wait, I'll be, like, the most loving and attentive girlfriend everrrrr. I'll never let you down like I did as Freddy, and I'll always dress up nice and be super fun, but also listen to your problems and stuff, like girls do! Gawd, it's gonna be super weird to get used to, but I *have* to. The magic has made my brain all funny like that, I think. Maybe. Please, is there anything I can do for you? Anything to prove I want to be your ideal partner?"

Samantha could hold her arousal in no longer. She grabbed Lucy by the shoulders and pulled her in for a kiss. The two lovers sighed softly as they embraced once more, this time without the excitement of the initial change, but rather the passion of attraction. For the first time, Lucy felt her large nipples stiffen with lust, and her new pussy - something she had ignored until that moment out of awkwardness - began to warm and moisten. She moaned in Samantha's mouth, and soon the two were caressing one another like never before, running their hands over each other and breathing more heavily.

"Mhmmm, I can think of a few ways you can please me," Samantha stammered, running her hands over Lucy's breasts and squeezing them. "Quite a f-few ways, actually."

"Ohhh, I thought you'd n-never ask!" Lucy exclaimed. "I'm so frickin' nervous, but my new hawt girly body really, really wants some girl on girl with you right now. I want you to make me a woman for real, Sammy. Please!"

Samantha grabbed her partner's ass, sinking her fingers into the prodigious, pillowy flesh. Lucy squeaked in pleasure, loving every moment of it.

"Let's head to the bedroom, hot stuff, and I'll show you how much you'll enjoy being my hot new bimbo girlfriend!"

They ran together, holding hands and giggling, Lucy unable to contain her new excitement. She knew it would be a long road to fully accept her new life and form, and that there would be a whole lot of difference in how she would be perceived, in her future work and identity and general approach to life. She would forever be a sexy ditzy bimbo with gorgeous blonde hair and a killer body that everyone would lust after, her girlfriend most of all. But she would still have Sammy, and now she would never take advantage of her girlfriend ever again. They would be perfect together.

And as the two lay panting in the aftermath of their lust, Lucy having orgasmed multiple times as Samantha had rubbed her wet, sensitive clit and sucked on her big tits, there were no real regrets to be had for either of them. Sure, it would take getting used to, but the feelings of pleasure and rightness were just too powerful for Fred's male pride to ever truly return. She was Lucy for life now, and things could only get better. In that post-coital bliss she snuggled up with her lover, the two women clinging to one another in pure comfort. Lucy giggled.

“What?” Samantha said, barely restraining a smile.

“Nothing. I was just thinking that this is, like, totally ideal.”

“That’s magic for you.”

But then the arousal was back, and the two were moaning in lust once more as they played with Lucy’s new body. The new woman was just fine with this: she had a lot of making up to do for her girlfriend.

And a lot of making out as well.

**The End**