

Identity (Man to Ultra Feminine Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Brad is a college man with a deep crush on girly girl Tara. Deciding to spy on her, he casts a spell he found in the library to disguise himself as a plain-looking girl to infiltrate her and her circle of friends. In doing so, he hopes to get the scoop on her perfect first date. But the longer he stays as a girl, the more he feminises, and may become trapped altogether!

Identity

The sun had just gone down. The circle was drawn. The incantation was ready. The four items had been placed at equidistant points around the central location: a dress, a hairband, a bra, and an image of an ordinary-looking young woman printed off the internet.

"This better work," Brad murmured to himself. He was nervous; what if the spellbook wasn't real? What if this was just some stupid fake incantation that wouldn't work?

But the earlier spell he'd tried *had* worked. It had changed his hair from brown to blonde and back again. It was one of the only spells in the text that didn't have ultra-rare ingredients or scratched out instructions, but it had *worked*. The young college man had been surprised when he'd found an actual book of spells in the college library while doing research for his history essay on the Salem Witch Trials. He'd only taken the class to get close to Tara, a beautiful Iranian girl with the most lovely smile and gorgeous dark hair. Her skin was olive toned and perfect, her dark eyes mesmerising, and she had the most chic style. Brad had always been a hopeless romantic, but he'd never felt this head-over-heels for a woman before. He was twenty one years old, and had dated numerous times before, but for the first time he was actually nervous talking to her, being around her.

He'd made a fool of himself on his first - and so far only - approach. She'd been talking to her friends Lacey and Peyton about something after their shared lecture, and he'd barged right in and started trying to chat her up. She'd taken one look at him, a little boggled, and said, "sorry, I don't know you, but this is a private conversation."

He'd slunk away so red-faced and apologetic that he still wanted to die when he thought of that moment. He was normally far slicker than that!

And then, while trying to research for that essay, he'd found the book, and with it, his salvation. The hair colour change had been just a test. The true incantation he'd just now finished preparing for was far more radical.

Sex Transmogrification Spell: This spell contains the power to change he or she who casts it into a member of the opposite sex and experience life from the other side. Be warned, the longer one stays in the form of the opposite sex, however, the more one's

identity will converge around one's new sex. A woman will find herself feeling more naturally like a man, and a man more naturally like a woman. The body will take on more masculine or feminine characteristics respectively, and finally become irreversible when reality itself rewrites so that history remembers the caster as always having been a member of their new sex.

Below that were a list of steps to use, and a clear timer: three days before things became permanent, though it stressed that partaking in behaviour befitting one's new sex could accelerate the change.

It was perhaps foolish to try this venture, but Brad was desperate. Tara was his dream girl. For God's sake, she was even the perfect height; an adorable 5'5 that allowed her head to rest gently in the crook of his shoulder. He could imagine lifting her up to kiss him. And, to be completely shallow, she had a *great body*. She didn't always show it off, but he could tell she was hiding a great pair of knockers. He really wanted to see just *how* big they were. But first he had to date her, and that's where the spell came in. He'd mucked up his first attempt big time, and a second impression would have to be *everything*. That meant getting close to her under the guise of being a woman, getting to know her and her friends and their dynamic, and what would be the perfect first date. It was a risky plan, but the reward would be *Tara*.

"Okay, Brad," the man said aloud, stepping into the circle he'd placed in the centre of his apartment, just like the one the spellbook had shown him. "Let's do this. *I call upon forces mysterious and powerful to enact my change! Transform me into the womanly vessel I have prepared for myself, that I may return to male form when I am ready!*"

Brad had expected a werewolf-like transformation: cracking bones and discomfort as his form rippled and shifted and reshaped itself. Instead, a sort of crackling energy emanated around his body, non-visible yet possessing a powerful hum that caused his hair to stand on end. Each of the items around him glowed - the photo, the dress, the bra, the hairband. They rose into the air, much to his astonishment, even as the magic reached its crescendo.

"Holy cow," he muttered.

And then lights inside of the house went out instantly, and everything went dark.

"What was - NGH!"

Brad felt something almost like a *full-body sneeze*, a sudden eruption of change, and then the lights were back on, and the items were no longer around him. They were *on* him. On his very changed form.

He was wearing a white summer dress and a bra beneath it, which cupped a pair of small mounds that were so very clearly a pair of modest breasts. He had a hairband in his hair, which was still chestnut brown but now flowed down to his shoulders. His figure felt strange, weak, and small - shorter, in fact. And when he raised his eyes up to the mirror he'd

placed for this very moment, he was shocked to see the same plain-looking woman staring back at him. She had a slim, simple figure with longer brown hair and brighter eyes than he was used to. The dress suited her form, and he had to admit it was comfortable. Nothing about the woman particularly stuck out, but she looked inoffensive and perhaps just a little cute, which was perfect for his purposes: he wanted to appear like someone who needed others to take him under their wing and help him out.

“She’s perfect!” he declared, only to touch his throat. “Oh, wow, I’m not used to that voice. Huh.”

He sounded a lot softer, that was for sure. A little bit of unexpected vocal fry as well. He cleared his throat as if that would change things, then investigated his body.

“Boobs. Cool. Man, should have gone for bigger ones. Ahh.”

They were sensitive, and it gave him an idea. He began to pull off the dress. Tomorrow would be his debut, so why not have a little fun with his body now?

“Let’s find out if masturbating is better as a man or a woman,” the former male said, running naked to his bedroom.

Yes, this was going to be *perfect*.

Brynn made ‘her’ debut the following day. The spell had indeed changed reality enough to accommodate his new form. His student ID listed him as Brynn Harper, and he had the necessary clothing to change into in his closet. Not that he’d found that out the previous night; he’s masturbated twice, orgasmed like crazy, then fallen right asleep. Waking up as a woman had been a trip, but he was excited to put his plan into action. He decided to dress modestly for his first day, wearing a simple button shirt and shorts, though they felt a bit . . . plain.

“It’ll be fine,” he told himself as he rocked up to the campus. His hips moved a little differently, and the height difference was stranger than expected, but it wasn’t *that* different being a woman, he supposed. Mostly, he just felt smaller and weaker, and perhaps less noticeable. Less able to command a presence.

“Just act cool,” he told himself. “Damn, I should have worn a skirt. I’m pretty sure those girls always wear skirts.”

Still, he turned up to the history lecture and no one seemed to bat an eye, though no one recognised him either. The spell’s additional information had covered this; the reality change would become more potent over time the closer he got to being permanently female. But that was no issue; he didn’t plan on sticking around for too long. Instead, he sat down

alone, looked around with a bit of forced (and some genuine) nervousness, then shifted over closer to Tara and her friends. She tapped Peyton, the redhead, on the shoulder.

“Um, I really hope I’m not interrupting, sorry,” he said with some wonderfully acted demureness. “But this is my first lecture here and I don’t know anyone. Would it be okay if-”

“Of course!” Peyton said immediately. “Take a seat. I’m Peyton. This is Lacey and that’s Tara.”

Lacey waved hello from her seat. She was a chubbier but quite stylish black girl with a magnificent loose afro that had been dyed blonde. She pulled off the look very well, Brad thought, and he said as much, the words escaping his mouth.

“Aww, thanks! I just had it done last week. I’m really happy with how it came out.”

Brad grinned. He’d never thought much about hairstyle before. “I wish I had something I could do with mine.”

“Oh, stick with us, and we’ll find something,” Tara said, her voice musical in its quality. “But you haven’t told us your name, girl!”

“Oh, I’m Bra - Brynn. Sorry, I had something in my throat. I’m Brynn Harper.”

“Great to meet you, Brynn. Love the shirt, suits you well!”

Brad suddenly felt quite self-conscious. “You th-think? I thought I dressed down too much today. I thought maybe a skirt would have been better.”

“That would have looked great, actually,” Peyton said. “Not that you don’t look good now, but I could see you totally being a skirt girl like me. Where have you moved from?”

Brad spun a tale about moving from interstate, and talking about his love of history and interest in it. Peyton and Tara both agreed, but Lacey was clearly in the class just for her friends, as she was much more into her sociology class. The lecture was about to begin, but Peyton invited ‘Brynn’ to join them for lunch if she wanted, and Brad was utterly excited to get his ‘in,’ so to speak. He found himself smiling and feeling strangely gooey inside while the lecture ran, and it was hard to take notes because Peyton was constantly leaning over and helping him out by providing context she thought he had missed from previous lectures, as well as sharing her notes. It was clear that the ginger-haired Peyton was the academic of the bunch, and very well-organised. It frustrated Brad, because as lovely as this was from her, he hadn’t really thought much of her at all up until this moment. This exercise was about discovering more about *Tara*, not *Peyton*. Still, she thanked her. Getting to know Peyton would help her get to know Tara. She just had to be patient.

He. *He* had to be patient. He blinked, remembering not to start thinking like a girl, and got back to taking his notes.

“What? How have you never seen *Mean Girls* before? It’s hilarious! What about *Bridesmaids*? No? Girl, what is wrong with you? You watch *Bridgerton* though, right?”

Brad was being assailed with pop culture references and girly products he didn’t recognise. Lacey was practically quizzing him on them, and it was very clear that the curvy-bodied black woman had a great, grand love of romance, romantic comedy, or just plain chick flicks, be they romance or comedy or the rare drama among them.

“S-sorry,” Brad said, pretending to be Brynn as they ate their lunch together on the campus green under the shade of a large tree. “I guess I haven’t watched enough.”

“Damn girl! I even got my man to watch *Mean Girls*.”

“I’ll try to catch up. Um, what do you like, Tara?”

The beautiful Iranian-American girl shrugged. “I’m mainly into TikTok, personally. I follow all the makeup girls. Don’t really have the attention span for that other stuff.”

“You’ll watch *Bridgerton* if I have to force you!” Lacey said, giving a big belly laugh.

Tara just smirked. “Make me! No, I’m with Brynn, I’m not a movie person. Give me influencer fashion vids anyday. I love Carly Hayes. She has the most amazing dresses. Seriously, I really want to order a whole stack of them but Daddy says I can’t use his credit card again.”

Brad nodded, taking this all in. Okay, so a bit disappointing that Tara didn’t like movies, but good to know, since he’d originally been thinking about suggesting a movie date. Now he could steer clear of that option. And she liked makeup, which was . . . well, he wasn’t sure what to do about that. Perhaps get her a present.

“What line of make up do you like?”

“What doesn’t she like!” Peyton exclaimed, laughing. “Her whole house is filled with every kind you can imagine.”

“It’s not *that* bad,” Tara giggled.

“It totally is.”

“Fine, I’m an addict. Oh, I love the Minami stuff from Japan. And Narassi does the *best* skin oils for my skin tone, I swear.”

“I’ll sign onto that!” Lacey exclaimed. “Too bad they’re expensive as all hell.”

“Hence Daddy taking the credit card,” Tara said, throwing up her hands.

Brad smiled. He already had some things he could use. He didn’t want to push too far, but in such a short time he’d already made his in. That meant he could easily slip back to being his old self tonight and then ask her out perfectly the next day. He’d be in like Flynn, as they said.

“Wait, Brynn Harper,” Tara said, suddenly cocking her head to the side like an owl.

“Wait a moment . . . does that name sound familiar to anyone?”

Peyton held up a finger. She had been going in and out of the conversation as she read a physics book for her next class. "There's a Brad Harper in our class. He wasn't there today. He was the weirdo who tried to ask you out the other day, Tara."

A shiver went down Brad's spine, and his blood suddenly ran cold through his veins.

"That's right!" Tara said. "Wait, you look a bit like him. You've got the same hair and the same sort of eyes. Oh my God, are you two related?"

"We're cousins!" he blurted out.

"Wait, really?" Lacey asked. "Y'all are cousins?"

"Y-yes. We've always gotten along, but lived far apart until recently. He's been helping me adjust."

Tara frowned a little. "No offence, but he struck me as a little rude. He practically pushed Peyton here out of the way to talk to me while I was chatting with my girlfriends, and then tried to mansplain the whole history course to me, and then kept interrupting me with reasons I should go out with him when I was trying to speak."

"Oh, he's just . . . very nervous. He's a very nervous guy! He's always been like that, but he's lovely, trust me. A real, uh, feminist. He just gets anxious sometimes when talking to someone as amazing as you, Tara."

At this, the woman shrugged. "Fair enough. Still, not really my type, I don't think. No offence to your cousin."

Brad had to hide his frown. Things had been going so well. Clearly, he needed to stay in girl form a little longer. He needed to convince Tara that Brad was worth a try.

It was night again, and Brad had started forming a plan of attack, one that he was charting on a piece of canvas he'd placed over an easel. He had recorded everything he learned about Tara and her friends upon it, including what she liked and what she didn't, and her current thoughts about Brad.

"Need to make him seem sweet. Like a cute, ultra-caring guy, which he is. I mean, / am. The kind of guy I'd go for in this body. A nice, tall, handsome . . ."

His thoughts trailed off as he imagined a very different man, a nice tall glass of water with kind eyes and a muscular body. The kind of man who could sweep a little body like his off of her feet and make Brynn gasp and moan and . . .

"Fuck. This body is getting a bit of a libido. Damn it."

He rushed off to the bedroom, keeping Tara in his thoughts as he touched himself again. He gasped and moaned, rubbing his clitoris, feeling himself more emotionally in-tune with his body than he expected. He grasped his small breasts, the pleasure rising.

“Yeah, T-Tara,” he moaned. “Yeah, t-take me. Take my cute, sexy girl body! M-make me moan! Mhmm!”

He realised what he was saying and began to blush, but it was already too late. His thoughts were moving to imagine a handsome man again, one with a big erect cock ready to slide between his thighs. It should have been repulsive, but instead it sounded so, so fucking amazing. He spread his legs wider, inserting his fingers into his pussy and playing with himself further.

“Ohhh, yessss!” he moaned. “Yessss!”

He’d never felt so much like a girl. God, this was incredible. A heat was rising in his body. A head, and a series of pressures. He knew he should stop, but he’d never been one for self-control when it came to his bodily impulses, not as a man, and certainly not now as a woman. And so he finally climaxed, imagining a man thrusting into his passage, and with it came the very feminine desire for him to *be* a woman.

“Yesss! Ohhhhhhhh!”

The orgasms swept through him, flooding his form, but as they did, the pressure rose. A soft glow emanated from his body, causing Brad to gasp mid-orgasm.

And then the lights went out.

Again, that sensation of a whole body sneeze, rapid and powerful, full of change and potential.

The lights turned on, and Brad’s jaw fell. His eyes widened at the sight before him. The former male was lying on his back, completely naked on the bed, and from this vantage point he could tell that the weights upon his chest had *definitely* grown. He’d had a very slim, almost imperceptible bust before, but now his pink nipples were larger, the areolas wider as well, and the flesh beneath them had swollen. He jumped up to his feet and his chest actually *wobbled* for the first time. Not a tiny jiggle, but an actual wobble. His hair was also longer, no longer upon his shoulders but descending down his upper back. He moved quickly to inspect himself in the mirror, pausing only to deal with the wobbly post-masturbation sensation in his legs, which were affected by pins-and-needles momentarily. But when he stopped in front of his reflection he gasped, his voice that little bit higher.

Brad had changed. His breasts were definitely bigger, perhaps around an average B-cup, he estimated, though he was no expert in boobs. His hips were perhaps a bit more pronounced, though his waist remained slim. The woman before him was obviously more feminine and now looked pretty, not just cute. Her eyebrows were more defined, her lips that touch fuller. When he turned, he even noticed that his butt wasn’t so flat.

“Holy moly,” he uttered, testing his slightly sweeter voice. “What caused *that!*?”

But it was obvious, and he knew it. He'd indulged in some feminine desires, and the consequence had been a more rapid change. It was the same reason why, when he turned and examined his body, he found himself smiling more than a little. He really *did* look good now. The kind of gal he'd like to date, were he not interested in Tara, who was *perfect*.

"Still," he mused, shifting and posing in a feminine manner that came easier to him. "I *do* look pretty damn good. I could really pull off a skirt and something bolder now. Maybe even try some . . . makeup!"

He had a dresser in the room now, a further reality change. He knew he had to be wary, but it was hard not to feel a girlish squeal of internal excitement as he moved in a feminine manner straight to the dresser. There were makeup products in the drawers and on the surface, and some lovely colours at that!

"Okay, this can be a good thing," he said. "She likes makeup, now you like makeup. It's just temporary, Brynn. Brad, I mean. The girls are planning a shopping mall extravaganza tomorrow. That'll be your *in*. Being a more confident girl will help you. *Then* you can change back."

Still, as he got to work experimenting with makeup - just for the plan to work, of course - he couldn't help but revel in feeling a *little* girly. In fact, hadn't he always been a bit girly? He could have sworn he remembered doing this all the time as a man.

Right?

When Brad met the trio at the mall the next day, he was feeling much more confident, though there was perhaps still a shiver of nervousness in him. He was wearing a cute sleeveless top that showed a hint of his minor cleavage, and a skirt that went to just above his knees, pleated and black. He looked like a pretty librarian girl, and he didn't much mind that look, until he saw that Peyton was pulling it off, damn her. And damn her for being such a good sport about it!

"Oh my God, Brynn! We've gone for the same style. Looks great on you, girl! How'd you go absorbing all that information yesterday?"

"Alright. You mean the TV shows?"

"No, the history lectures, doy!"

Tara placed a hand on her friend's shoulder. "Don't overstress her, Peyton. Not everyone's a total academic. Besides, today is all about fashion! This is my world you're entering today, Brynn. Are you ready to see me go a little crazy?"

"We have to restrain her at times," Lacey said. "I swear, it's the only reason I eat too much. For the weight advantage."

The girls all laughed, and Brad found himself laughing with them. It was still odd to have an actual pair of breasts now, pushed up by a bra and everything. The skirt was oddly comfortable too. Very airy and . . . freeing. He found himself feeling more girlish today, and even *excited* to go clothes shopping with them, and not just to get to know Tara better. She was still so damn beautiful, but there was no lust in him for her. It was annoying; he was closer to her than ever, able to even spy some of her cleavage - and boy, there was a bit of it deeper down, he suspected - but instead he was just . . . jealous.

Jealous of her ultra cute flowing dress. Jealous of her makeup and lovely earrings. Jealous of her manicure job!

"You just look so amazing," Brad said, the thought practically bursting out of him.

"Aww, that's so kind! I'm going to keep you, I think," Tara said with a wink. "Maybe I *will* have to evaluate this Brad if he's anything like you."

"R-really? I mean, I can give you his number-"

"No romance talk!" Lacey butted in. "All fashion today! And I see a black dress in the front pane with my name on it."

They entered the female clothing store, which was named *Coquette's*. Brad had heard of this but had never been inside of it, except once when an old girlfriend dragged him in. He'd mocked it, failed to understand the appeal or the pricing, but now . . .

Now he *understood*.

The style. The fashion. The cute pantsuits and gorgeous summer dresses and comfortable - or alluring - bras and underwear, all of it! It even had a beachwear section, and it made him suddenly think about what *his* new body would look like in a bikini. It was stupid, he didn't even have the time for it, but what if . . .

"This place is incredible," he said.

"Isn't it just?" Tara said. She looked Brad up and down. "Hey, you look a bit different from yesterday."

For a moment, Brad was nervous that his bodily changes would go noticed, but then Tara just beamed. "You look more confident! I told you, Brynn, we'd get you to drop the shy act! C'mon, I aim to glam you up. There's this influencer I love who just has the best style I want to mimic, but *your* body type is way better suited. Let's go, girls!"

What followed was, to Brad's complete shock, an entire *two hours* dedicated purely to fashion. Peyton ducked away a couple of times; she had a cute nerdy style to her, but evidently wasn't as big on fashion as the other two, and wanted to update her phone. That left Lacey to convince Brad to try on a pantsuit like she was, and Tara to suggest all kinds of styles for her.

"C'mon, you can do it! Just come out with that crop top! You were hiding some nice boobs yesterday, it's time to show them off!"

"I mean . . . you don't show them off, d-do you?"

Tara scoffed from outside the change booth. "Girl, I'm an F-cup. If I show them off too much, people get fucking weird. I save that for dates, and definitely not for guys who try to get an early peek or look too much. They gotta like me for *me*."

Brad sensed an opportunity. "And who is the, uh, 'me' that you are?"

"What do you mean?"

Brad fixed up the crop top in the mirror. It was lower cut than he'd expected, and the top button didn't seem designed to go on. Still, it was nicely supportive, and its dark colour worked well with his skin. Coupled with the rather short skirt he'd been given and it looked *fine*. Damn fine.

"Oh, I just mean . . . what kind of guy *do* you like to date? You know, if you had to, I mean."

"Hmmm. Good question. He's gotta be handsome, of course."

"Brad is handsome."

"Yeah, he's not bad. But I also like a guy with confidence. Hell, I like a guy who shows *passion* in something. I mean, I like to ask a guy out most of the time, and usually because he's a self-actualised person who doesn't *need* a relationship to function. That way lies Momma's Boy territory, y'know?"

Brad bit his lip. He was close. He was so damn close.

"So . . . what kind of interests should a guy have?"

"Oh, you know - oh, Lacey! That looks incredible on you! Holy shit, that is the cutest fucking hoodie."

Brad frowned, almost snapping his fingers in frustration. He'd been close, but at least he had more information now. Probably enough, really. But hadn't he shown passion for history? Ah, but he'd mansplained it to her, as she'd put it. Talked over her. No, it needed to be something different. He needed to be 'self-actualised', whatever that meant.

"Just a little longer," he muttered, before pulling off the skirt and putting on the ripped jeans Tara had suggested for him. They accentuated his now rather lovely legs, with large portions of his thighs shown off.

"What is the point of these? They're more torn than they are present. Mmmh, but damn, I look super cute in them. I need some jewellery to complete the look though . . ."

He emerged to see that Peyton had returned, and the woman's jaw dropped.

"Gals, gals, look! We have a new woman here!"

Lacey squealed enough to make them all jump, and Tara clapped her hands together.

"I'd call that another success of mine, wouldn't you say, girls?"

Her friends agreed, and it left Brad blushing and feeling far more feminine than he'd intended. He'd never gotten this kind of support and compliments from his male friends before, and it left him rather speechless, especially when the comments kept on flowing.

"Oh, we could do lovely things with your hair."

"Do you wear contacts? Trust me, you could look great with glasses, even fake ones."

"Girl, don't let her wear glasses! We need to get some sparkle under those ears!"

Brad almost had to blink back tears. He'd definitely *never* had this kind of affirmation before. In fact, his male friends just ribbed and stirred him up, and . . .

Wait, did he have male friends?

Why would he have male friends? They'd probably just hit on him, he imagined. Hell, with the way his libido had risen, he'd probably hit on *them* if he wasn't careful.

Suddenly, he swayed a little on his feet, and Tara reached out a hand and steadied him before he could fall over.

"Woah, you okay there, Brynn?"

Brad winced. Something felt vaguely . . . wrong. "Y-yeah," he said. "Sorry, I guess the pants are too tight."

"Well, let's get you a better fitting pair. And then we'll put some jewellery and makeup on you. Make this a whole appearance renovation, what do you say?"

Something about her words made him shiver a little, as if it would be a bad idea. But there was a growing curiosity as well. He really did look lovely now, and quite girly. Why not go the whole way, just for a little bit? Why not revel in being a girl? It was surprisingly fun and joyful.

"Okay, let's do it!" he announced, and in that very moment, he saw that his body started to glow.

Everything went dark.

"Oh no!" Brad squeaked.

That strange sensation ripped through his body, a sudden, discomforting, yet not wholly painful transformation that caused new areas to stretch and bubble and expand, and others to slim down further. In just an instant the lights were back on, and his three new friends were looking around in confusion.

"Woah, that was a whole blackout sitch," Lacey said.

"Weird, that shouldn't happen like that, or resolve so quickly," Peyton added.

But Brynn barely heard their words. She was too busy looking down at herself, at the larger D-cup breasts that were now dominating her figure, ripe and beautiful and perfect. The pale orbs rose and fell with every breath, shown off wonderfully by her crop top, and her pants fit her all the better now as well; her peachy behind possessed a snugness in the

material that definitely emphasised its rondure nature. Her midriff was flat yet toned, and her hair was longer and seemed more styled; a quick look in one of the nearby pillar-mirrors showed her face to be much more beautiful than before, with an attractive heart shape to her features, her hair more vibrant and slightly wavy, falling to the bottom of her shoulder blades now.

“Oh my God,” she uttered. “I look so pretty. My boobs look incredible.”

Tara refocused back on her new friend and crossed her arms. “Damn right they do, Brynn! I told you to just have confidence and show that wicked bod off. This is definitely more your style, isn’t that right, girls?”

“Hell yeah,” Lacey said.

“I’m the one pursuing a physics degree, Tara, but when it comes to fashion science, you’re a pioneer.”

Brynn could scarcely believe it. She was incredibly attractive now. A gorgeous woman, to the point where she was *thinking* of herself as a woman. It freaked her out, though she wasn’t entirely sure why. Wasn’t this what she wanted? To look very attractive and everything. Oh, and to hook Tara up with her cousin, of course!

She’d really have to text Brad and tell him what she’d found out about Tara, because he could totally date her now. Not that she had any interest in doing that now, not with a whole manicure and makeup session still to come, not to mention some jewellery shopping. The new woman was very excited to - wait, new woman?

What was she thinking?

She’d always been a woman.

Brynn had a strange dream before waking. She’d been having sex with this incredibly hot guy, spreading her legs and letting him take her. She loved being submissive in bed, especially since in the dream she was wearing a tight red lingerie ensemble that was very sexy indeed. Everything had been so wonderful and *hot*, but the closer she got to orgasm in the dream, the more she could hear a voice howling in despair, urging her to ‘remember’, to ‘recall,’ to ‘break free before it was too late.’

She had no idea what was up with that, of course. When she woke, her underwear was practically soaked in the fluids of her own arousal, and so she spent time rubbing herself and touching her body all over. Her D-cup breasts were so fucking perfect, and she really, really wanted a handsome and protective boyfriend to have fun with them. She just had to find the right guy, one who loved the kind of girly fashion girl that she was.

After that was done, she ate her light salad breakfast and put on a skirt and sleeveless shirt combo that showed a sliver of midriff. She checked herself out in the mirror, and then swapped them out for different colours: a white skirt with a pink top.

“What can I say?” she told herself. “I’m a girly girl.”

She stepped past that odd circle drawn on the wooden floorboards. Something about it made her a little worried and uncomfortable, but she shrugged the feeling off. After the big mall visit yesterday, she was determined to keep spending time with Tara, who was her total BFF, and Peyton and Lacey who were the very close runners-up. Unlike yesterday, they didn’t just have classes in the morning but all day, so they couldn’t go to a cafe or anything. Still, Brynn was so happy to have new friends. She’d originally just approached them so that her cousin Brad could try to find an in with Tara, but now he wasn’t even responding to her messages. A good thing too; he’d probably just make fun of her overuse of emojis and cat gifs, not to mention her pink *Hello Kitty* phone case if he ever saw it.

“Don’t need that jerk,” she told herself. “I’d much rather stay friends with the girls than let him have Tara.”

Still, the thought made her guilty. She sighed, brought out her phone, and sent one last message to Brad, who had yet to respond.

‘I’m going 2 find out what I can 2 help u date her, but after that, ur on ur own, k?’

“There,” she said. “That should satisfy him. Almost as much as this outfit satisfies me!”

She twirled in the mirror, enjoying the way the longer skirt flicked about. It matched really well with her pink shirt, which itself had a nice transparent part that showed off her cleavage nicely. She couldn’t even remember buying it? Had she bought it yesterday?

No, she’d had this forever. Of course she had.

So why did it seem new?

Frowning, Brynn looked into her walk-in wardrobe, noting the numerous bright and often pink outfits there, all of them chic and feminine.

“Huh. I didn’t even know I owned most of these,” she murmured. But then her phone buzzed, a message from Tara urging her to catch up early for a little cafe run before class; they had just enough time to fit it in.

“Oh, well, nevermind!” she said, casting that thought aside. “Time for a pumpkin spice latte with my BFFs!”

She took off to her cute little convertible in the garage, and was soon heading out, none the wiser as to what was going on.

Brynn sat with her friends during history and again in the following tutorial, and sorely missed them during her next lesson which was focused on literature. Peyton was a real legend; that girl completely understood her subjects and was doing everything she could to help Brynn stay on top of it all, while Lacey's optimism alone made her believe she could take on mountains.

"You guys are the best," she told them. "Thanks so much for helping me."

"Ain't nothing to it," Lacey said. "And I really mean that, by the way, because I am *not* the one to ask questions about this shit. Now, if you take a sociology course, I'm your jam."

"No, I mean it. I feel super ready."

Peyton shrugged. "You can thank Tara. She assigned us. I mean, I would've helped anyway, and so would Lacey, but our gal looks out for people like that."

Tara gave a sheepish look. "She overstates. I just thought it would suck to feel so behind and like a fish out of water."

"You're the best, Tara," Brynn said. "Seriously, thanks so much. You guys are the best. I've only known you a few days but I seriously wanna stay friends with you."

"Then stay!" Tara said. "Nothing stopping you, right?"

At those words, something seemed to flicker inside Brynn's memory. She recalled that male scream in her dreams, and felt a similar roar of anguish within her, like something was trying to get out. But she couldn't quite figure out what it was. It was on the very tip of her tongue, and yet it couldn't be communicated.

"So, there's a party on tonight," Tara said. "Friday night get together at Kappa Beta Psi. You like parties, Brynn?"

"I, um, I've never really been to one."

The girls were astounded.

"What!?"

"No way!"

"But you're gorgeous!"

This made Brynn blush. "I guess I just . . . never got around to it. Something tells me I was a pretty late bloomer."

"Well, pretty damn good blooming," Peyton noted. "Nearly as much as Tara's F-cups here."

"Oh, stop it," Tara said. "If you're nervous, we don't have to go, but I think you'd have a great time, Brynn. You can get dressed up - maybe wear that adorable pink dress you had - or the sexy one. We've done enough study. Besides, there's gonna be cute boys there, and enough to go around."

"Cute boys?" Brynn said, suddenly perking up.

Lacey laughed. "You can take the boys, I'll be looking for the *men*, ha!"

"I've got a boyfriend, but I'd love you to meet him," Peyton said.

"And maybe I'll find that cute cousin Brad of yours," Tara noted.

Again that flicker of memory in Brynn's mind, like something was trying to crack through the walls of her identity. She couldn't understand it, but for just a moment, she felt almost like . . . a man. A secret man. It made no sense, though. Was Brad connected to it? Why wasn't he responding to her texts?

"Brynn, you okay?" Tara said, placing a hand on her. The beautiful olive-skinned woman smiled kindly. "If you're nervous—"

"I'd love to go," Brynn said, feeling her excitement rising. "And you're right; I'm totally wearing something *pink*."

Brynn kept checking the time, even when she arrived at the fraternity-based party. She wasn't sure why, but some kind of deadline was hanging over her mind. She had to remind herself to enjoy her time tonight and not good worked up. It was clearly just anxiousness, but why should she be anxious? She was a gorgeous brunette in a very sexy pink cocktail dress, one that showed off her large breasts and pulled right around her waist and hips. Its hem made it only a little way down her thighs, and she wore matching pink heels which added an extra sway to her step. Her new jewellery sparkled, especially her pendant necklace, which sat between her breasts, drawing more than a few eyes to her cleavage.

"Damn, girl!" one of the frat boys said. "I'd remember you!"

"Name's Brynn," she said, smiling and adding an extra bounce to her step. "This the party?"

"We can party out here if you'd prefer?"

She giggled. "Maybe later! For now, I'm looking for my girlfriends."

The man was visibly disappointed, and that made Brynn smile even wider. Not because she revelled in his sadness or anything, but because a man desired her at the drop of a hat. She felt so cute and attractive and *feminine*, with her expensive purse and red lipstick and hair just freshly done. She'd spent over an hour working on her looks, trying not to look like a bimbo but instead a confident yet very feminine woman, the kind who was aware of her good looks and stylishness and knew how to work them to have a boatload of fun. The fact that a number of guys checked her out as she entered told her that it had worked, and even more when she found Tara and the other gals in the lounge area, drinks already in hand. Tara looked gorgeous in a red dress that covered her breasts but suggested their size more overtly, while Peyton was standing with her boyfriend, swaying a little to the music. He was surprisingly nerdy-looking, but that made sense: Peyton was a huge nerd.

Lacey, on the other hand, had two men on either side of her on the couch, and seemed to be courting both of them at the same time. She wore a black dress that emphasised her larger curves, and God, was she *working it*.

“Brynn! You look amazing, girl!” Tara exclaimed. “Doesn’t she, everyone?”

“Hell yeah she does!” Lacey said. “Don’t steal my men here though, okay?”

Brynn laughed. “I’ll try not to!”

“Because you seriously could, Brynn. Pink is *your colour*, babe. I thought only blondes could pull off pink that well.”

Tara handed her a drink. “Don’t worry, it’s just watered down beer to start off. We’ll hit the funner stuff soon. Just remember to watch your drink at all times. These guys are cool but you never know. We’ll keep an eye on each other heading to the bathroom too, okay?”

Brynn nodded. This was a side of womanhood she’d never experienced. Why was that? Surely she would know these things? Again, that little twinge in the back of her mind, telling her something was up. She looked up at the clock on the wall and noted the time. It was getting late. That was important for . . . reasons. Did she have to get something home?

“I didn’t leave the stove on, did I?” she asked herself. “No, it can’t be that.”

“What’s up?” Tara asked her.

“I feel like I’ve forgotten something important.”

“Yeah, me too. Want to forget even more as we get tipsy on the dance floor? Come on, cutie! Let’s impress the guys!”

The party was getting going, and people were starting to vibe to the music in the outdoors section. At first, Brynn felt a little out of place, but she followed Tara’s enthusiasm, letting it join her and become her own, and soon she was moving her hips like a natural, throwing herself into the pop soundtrack and letting its vibe course through her. It was *Shake It Off* by Taylor Swift, and she somehow knew all the lyrics by heart. She placed her hand on her ample chest and sang them out loud, the other hand stretched to the sky as she danced up next to Tara. This was what she always wanted, to be close to Tara. And Lacey. And Peyton. The quartet sang and danced, and the men joined them. One handsome guy in particular made his way right up to Brynn and began to dance up on her. She let him, finding herself enticed by his good looks. He was quite the hunk, perhaps one of the football players.

“What’s your name?” he asked.

“Brynn. Yours?”

“Jacob!”

“Cute name!”

“I was gonna say the same of yours. Never seen you around. I’d remember you.”

“Huh, I’ve already heard that one tonight. Try again!”

He laughed, and she giggled, and soon they were dancing together. Tara was giving her thumbs up, clearly approving this moment.

“Go Brynn!” she mouthed, and Brynn giggled again. She even dared to put her hands on the man’s shoulders and dance with him, swinging around to the beat of the music as the next track played. He peeked at her cleavage, and the arousal rose within her. She was glad someone was appreciating her dress, and she felt so damn feminine in it. When the dancing was done, Jacob let his hand linger on her hip.

“Hey, wanna have a drink and talk some more?”

“Give me a tick,” she said, struggling to contain her smile. “Just gotta talk to my girlfriends a little more. Then I’ll be right over, Jacob.”

She pranced over to Tara and gave her a hug. The other woman was a little taken aback. “What’s that for?”

“For getting me here. This is amazing. Thanks so much for taking me in.”

Tara winked. “No problem. What can I say? You’re a good judge of character. And speaking of . . . that Brad cousin of yours. He’s not around here, is he?”

Brynn shook her head. “No, I don’t think so. He might be out.”

“A shame. After all you’d said, I was hoping to maybe, you know, give him another chance. I love a good date at the park, y’know? Nice and free, plenty of space to walk and talk. No pressure. Best way to get to know someone. I was thinking, if he had the smarts, he might want to propose something like that. Then, if all went well, next time he could take me to a concert. Again, if he’s smart.”

Finally. *Finally*, she had it. The secret to how to appeal to Tara. It was so easy, too: just a comfortable walk in the park. For all that Brynn had been invested in it, treating it like a science, it turns out the answer had just been wonderfully simple. And now she could finally turn back and go out with Tara and -

Wait.

WAIT.

Brynn took a step back. She looked down at herself; at her plump D-cup breasts and gorgeous figure. Her tight pink dress and long hair. She felt her earrings, then lowered her hands down to cup her breasts.

“Brynn, you good?”

“I - oh God. Oh God, I’ve got to go!”

She *ran*, and ran in heels at that. It had all come back to her; the transformation, the incantation, the spellbook, *all of it*. She had gone too feminine too fast, and had forgotten all about her male self. Hell, she even had a female identity now. Her body was attracted to men. She knew how to wear dresses and *liked* it.

“Need to get home!” she cried, running across the campus to get to her car. “Need to reverse this! Before it’s too late!”

She made it to her car, but dropped the keys. She had to make it back by 8pm. That was when she initiated the spell. She wasn’t even sure what time it was now, but if it reached that point, the spell would lock in, and she’d be stuck like this for life.

“Stupid, stupid! I must have miscast it. Or I didn’t read it right. It wasn’t supposed to make me this girly! Ugh, I look so good. Where are my fucking keys!?”

She finally managed to get them from under the car, only for her hands to shake as she tried to insert them into the lock.

“Hurry, hurry! Need to change back, need to date Tara, need to -”

She lifted her hand. Oh no, she thought. Oh dear God no. Her hand was *glowing* faintly, as was the rest of her. She looked up at the streetlight above the parking lot just in time to see it wink out. For *all* the lights to wink out. The blackout hit, and even the stars seemed to disappear, leaving her in total darkness.

“NGhh! HHGHNN!!”

One last, final whole body sneeze sensation. It hit her everywhere at once, her changes completing and then solidifying permanently. She moaned, and when the lights turned back on, the changes were obvious, though they still made her gasp. In her reflection she could now see that she had the face of a supermodel, her makeup even more elegantly and sensually applied than before. Her dress was fancier, and it strained to contain an even larger bust that she innately knew to be a pair of EE-cups, large and round and bouncy. Her figure was a perfect hourglass, her legs long and luscious. Her hair had stylish ringlets, and her jewellery glittered with a bit more diamond sparkle.

“Holy cow,” she whispered, looking at herself, then looking *down* at herself, where her bust obscured any view of her toes. “It’s . . . it’s eight o’clock.”

She quickly checked her phone. It had indeed just passed the deadline. She could feel the magic draining from her system now, any possibility of turning back was now completely impossible. Something in the arcane nature of it made her *know* utterly and truly that this was her now. She was *Brynn*, and the rest of the world knew it too.

“I’m a g-girl,” she croaked. The new woman turned and rested back against her car in disbelief. “How could I let this happen?”

“Let what happen?”

Brynn looked up. Tara was standing there in her lovely dress, looking at her with concern. Brynn realised she had tears in her eyes; she’d been sobbing. So strange, to feel like such a silly girl in front of the woman she had been trying to court. And now she didn’t find Tara attractive at all. Beautiful beyond measure, yes, but actual attraction? No.

“I - I stuffed up,” Brynn said. “I should’ve gone home earlier.”

“Hey, was it that Jacob guy? Did he say something to you? Because say the word and I can get Lacey to fuck his shit up, as she would put it.”

Brynn wiped her eyes. “No, it’s . . . something else. I shouldn’t have come to the party. I wanted to spend more time with you, but I stuffed it all up. I ruined everything and got nervous and ran and-”

“Hey, hey, come here, you. Come here, you nervous thing.”

Tara pulled her into a hug, and Brynn found herself giving into it and finding comfort in that embrace. She managed to get her breath under control.

“Christ, I’m such a girl,” she said.

“A real girly girl,” Tara said wryly. “Pink dress and everything.”

“And heels.”

“Which look amazing, by the way.”

“Th-thanks. I really like them. I really like all of it, actually.”

She pulled back from Tara gently, then looked over herself again, her mouth wide. She realised how true those words were. She was Brynn now. Just like the spellbook had warned, her mental identity had switched, and she was now a woman inside and out. Her style was pretty and pink, her desires feminine, her tastes ultra girly. Hell, she even wanted to watch some of that *Love Island* show that Lacey had been talking about, come to think of it.

“Wow,” she murmured. “I really feel like a girl.”

Tara raised an eyebrow. “Well, because you are, Brynn. Are you a bit tipsy?”

Brynn gave a little cackle, indicating that she was. “I think more than I realised! I just . . . I’m a woman, Tara.”

“Yeah . . . ?”

“But, like, I really feel it right now. I look *great*. I feel *confident* and, like, a total *girly girl*. I feel like dancing again, and flirting with boys, and talking gossip. I didn’t realise I wanted all that until I met you guys. I was . . . nervous.”

Nervous . . . or wanting other things. But now she looked at Tara and just saw a friend, not a girlfriend. Not someone she wanted physically, but instead someone she could lean on, and promise a shoulder to lean on in turn.

“So . . . you want to come back to the party?” Tara suggested. “Or we can stay out here? Just want what’s best for you, my gal.”

At this, Brynn wiped her eyes again. She examined her reflection one last time, marvelling at this new, permanent her, and thinking about how she was even hotter now. Jacob would *definitely* like the look of her now, even more than he had twenty minutes ago.

“I’m ready to go back to the party,” she said. “Sorry for being such a weirdo.”

“Hey, we’re all weirdos, some of us just keep it hidden better. But no more alcohol for you tonight, missy.”

Brynn giggled. “Yes, ma’am.”

“That’s the spirit. C’mon, let’s get back to the others.”

She offered her arm, and Brynn found herself taking it, the pair walking back toward the party. It was almost exactly the kind of ‘date’ that Brad had imagined several days ago; the incredibly hot olive-skinned beauty on his arm as he took her to a party, her arm around his. She couldn’t help but appreciate the irony now; she’d gotten exactly what she wanted, in a way, but as a friend instead of a boyfriend. There was no chance of dating her now. In fact, her mind was already thinking about that handsome Jacob fellow, and those lovely shoulder muscles of his.

“Something funny?” Tara said, noticing her smirk.

“Oh, it’s just . . . I’m really glad to be your friend, Tara,” Brynn said. “I had my whole identity wrapped up in trying to find a partner. But I think I really just needed a friend.”

Tara winked. “Well, I’ve got you covered there.”

Her words flooded Brynn with warm feelings. Yeah, she could make this work. She accepted her new identity as a total girly girl if it meant having someone like Tara in her life. In that sense, the spell had worked out exactly as she’d wanted it to.

The End