

# Little Bitty Big Titty Goth Girlfriend (MtF, Goth)

William had been standing with one foot inside his car and one outside when his phone buzzed. He leaned against the side of his sedan as he read the text message his wife had just sent him. It was vague and brief, but the intent was clear; she wasn't coming.

"Damn it, Melissa. What are you planning **this** time?"

William had found himself asking that more times than he could count in the years he had been married to the woman. There were times when it felt like he had married the trickster god Loki by accident and that their marriage was just one big excuse to play tricks and pranks on him.

He had this bad feeling about this ever since yesterday when she had asked him to sign some insurance papers. His suspicion only grew when she sent him out for a seemingly endless string of errands today, keeping him on his toes and out of the house. Now, as she texted him that she couldn't make it just when he got to the coffee shop, he knew that she had something planned for him.

It wouldn't be the first time she's done something like this. Melissa did something similar only last month, on his birthday, and it had ended with them going skydiving. The woman had dragged him to all kinds of adventure, most of which had been fun. Some, like the skydiving, were an orgy of panic and fear that still haunted him.

However, most of what she did was pranks and pleasant surprises, like taking William on an unexpected trip across the state or giving him a small gift. She meant well, and he knew she loved him, but that didn't mean that they couldn't get out of hand at times.

Their marriage was a rollercoaster, wildly tossing and turning as time went on. Then again, William had no one to blame but himself. He knew what he was getting into when he married that firecracker. Honestly, it was her unpredictability and mischievousness that drew William to her. That, and her gorgeous smile.

So, here he was, ditched at the last moment just outside the coffee shop. No point in turning around now since Athena was probably already here. William would have to enjoy a pleasant chat and cup of coffee with their mutual friend without his wife on a warm Saturday afternoon. But, as he walked into the semi-busy place, he couldn't help but wonder what Melissa was scheming.

William could see Athena at a table across the room near the wall, her table between a trio of chatty girls and a bearded gentleman enjoying his frappuccino as he worked on his laptop. An excited smile spread across the face of the black girl at the sight of her friend. She wore a

comfortable outfit over her lithe and tall frame, with dark skinny jeans hugging her narrow hips and a loose tank-top over her torso. Athena's toned arms were bare, and William noticed that she had gotten yet another tattoo on her left arm. Her favorite leather jacket rested on one of the empty chairs near her, the only thing about her appearance and outfit that seemed to remain constant.

"Hey, Will! Wow, cutting it kind of close, huh?" she said, her expressive brown eyes gleaming with joy as he approached her.

"Hey, Athena. Sorry that I'm late," he said, adjusting his glasses as he walked up to her table. William took off his jacket and hung it on the back of one of the tall chairs. "I got caught up in traffic on my way here from the office."

"That's okay, no worries. There are still a few minutes left," Athena said as she gestured to the empty seat across the table. There was already a fresh cup of coffee in front of him as he sat down, the rich aroma of freshly ground beans soon hitting his nostrils. "I've already bought you coffee. You like it black, right?"

"Yeah, thanks! So, it's been a while since we last met," he said without noticing the excited and adoring look in Athena's eyes.

The last few months had been pretty crazy at the office, and the only person he had talked to lately, aside from his colleagues, was his wife. He missed spending time with Athena. She was fun, witty, and had this dry sense of humor that they both shared. Athena was Melissa's friend from college, but he had spent more time with her than her wife did in recent years.

Unsurprisingly, she had changed her hairstyle again, something she did on what felt like a daily basis. The last time William saw Athena, she had long black dreadlocks that reached down to the middle of her back. Now she had shaved the left side of her head, and the rest of her long curly hair hung over the right side of her head. Not only that, but he could swear that the piercing in her nose and right eyebrow was new as well.

"Yeah, it has, hasn't it? So, how are you feeling? Nervous?" she asked. It was an odd question to ask. Nervous? About what? Sure, they hadn't talked in a while, but why would he be worried about having a coffee with his friend without Melissa being here?

"Um, not really?" he said as he sipped on his coffee. God, it was good.

"That's great! I was worried you'd be more freaked out by all of this," she said, her words only raising more questions in William's mind.

"I mean, why would I be? We're just getting coffee together."

"A bit of an oversimplification, but I guess that's true," she said, sounding almost amused.

William couldn't shake the feeling that they were both missing something here. It was like they were talking about two different things, a conversation where they both misinterpreted what the other said. Maybe he was overthinking things. Melissa's behavior recently had put him in a paranoid mindset. William knew that his wife was planning something, and he was scrambling to think of what it might be.

There was a moment of silence as they both enjoyed each other's company and the hot beverage. Athena constantly glanced at her wristwatch as if she was waiting for something. It wouldn't surprise William if his wife got her old friend from college involved in whatever she was scheming.

"Oh, and don't worry about the other people here. I've made sure that they won't notice anything. They'll still hear us, so try not to shout or anything." Athena said. Once again, it was a bit of an odd thing to point out. Notice what exactly?

"Not sure if I understand what you mean, but alright?" he said. Athena misinterpreted his confusion for lack of understanding regarding glamour and illusion spells. It wasn't surprising that he didn't understand since he hadn't studied the arts as she had.

"It's okay. You don't have to understand. Just relax, and try to enjoy yourself."

There it was again. The feeling that something was wrong, that all of this was nothing more than one gigantic misunderstanding. William wanted to say something about it, but he still wasn't sure if he was merely paranoid. So, for now, he kept his mouth shut.

"So, did Melissa say anything to you about why she couldn't be here? I've tried calling her a few times today, but I haven't been able to reach her."

Then, for the first time since he got here, Athena looked slightly perplexed. She put down her coffee as she curled up her pierced lip in confusion.

"What do you mean? Why would Lis join us on **our** date?" she said as if the answer was obvious. However, William was far more interested and concerned about why she had used the word '*date*.'

"Wait, what? Why do you think this is a **date**?"

Slowly but surely, Athena started to share his feeling that they weren't entirely on the same page. It was the same creeping sensation that he felt every time Melissa made him dance to her tune, the uneasy feeling that something was wrong.

"What else would I call it?" she asked.

The look of confusion on William's face was more than enough to convince her that the poor man had no idea what was in store for him. The pieces began to fall into place, and a chill passed down the witch's spine as she understood the gravity of the situation.

"Wait, didn't... Didn't Melissa explain things to you yesterday? Didn't she get you to sign something?" she asked. Athena was usually a calm and laid-back person, but William could clearly see the annoyed look on her face.

"Explain what? And yeah, I signed the insurance papers she gave me," he said. Athena wasn't sure if she should laugh or cry when she heard what he said. The only upside here was that William had signed the Pact, or at least it sounded like that, which meant that the spell was active. However, it was less than ideal that poor William had no idea about the reality-altering magic that lay dormant inside him, now only seconds away from triggering.

Athena leaned back in her chair and put her hand against her forehead, eyes closed as she let out a long sigh.

"Oh god, she hasn't said anything, has she? God damn it, Lis. Why do you always pull crap like this?" she said before glancing down at her wristwatch again. "Shit, and we're running out of time as well."

"Look, can you tell me what is going on? What has my wife done this time? What was she supposed to explain to me?"

There it was, the strange mixture of concern and excitement of being pulled into something that William had no control over. It was the reason he didn't say anything to his wife about the pranks she pulled on him. It was fun, and he knew that she wouldn't do anything that would hurt him, either physically or mentally. Well, except for the skydiving incident. Although, William considered that an exception, and he kind of blamed himself that he hadn't told her that he was deathly afraid of heights before.

However, William's phone buzzed again before Athena could say anything else. The timing was a bit too good to be a coincidence, and he pulled up his phone to see what it said. Unsurprisingly, it was from Melissa.

*-Hello, sweetie! I hope you'll have fun on your date today. Oh, and you can look forward to playing with **these** when you get back home tonight~ Unless, of course, you decide to sleep over at Athena's place tonight-*

William barely had time to read through the text before another one arrived that only contained a picture. It was a selfie of Melissa, one that showed off the brunette's cute dimpled face. However, it wasn't her face that drew William's attention. It was the sight of her chest that made his jaw drop to the floor. Melissa had always been an attractive girl, but the one thing that she had always complained about was her chest. Her breasts were almost non-existent, tiny mounds that barely needed the support of a bra. If she could change one thing about her body, then it would be the meager size of her tits. Hell, she had even joked on more than one occasion about getting implants.

Yet, in her selfie, she had a pair of back-breaking boulders hanging from her chest. The huge melons stretched the top to the limit, causing the low-cut garment to really show off her

cleavage. Why would she send a photoshopped image of herself? It had to be fake because there was no way that she could've gotten a pair of tits like that since this morning. Yet, the more he stared at the giant knockers on Melissa's chest, he had this strange creeping feeling that they were, in fact, real.

Then, as he marveled at his wife's bountiful bosom, he failed to notice the slight tingle that swept through his body. It started at his feet, but it slowly crept up his legs and spread to the rest of his body. Goosebumps formed on his arms as a chill passed down his spine. The general feeling of unease got worse as the tingling sensation continued.

"Um, Athena? Do you know anything about this?" he asked as he turned his phone towards Athena.

"Wow, they look a lot bigger on a picture than they do in reality. I did warn Lis that they were too big, though, but I guess she'll learn that the hard way. Then again, I'm certainly not complaining about the view," she said, sounding unsurprised at the sight of the giant tits on his previously flat-chested wife.

"What do you mean? Are you telling me that **those** things are real?"

"Yup! As real as they could ever be. But, right now, we need to focus on you since we are running out of time. It seems that Melissa's sense of humor hasn't changed, which means that I get to explain to you what she has dragged you into," she said, now scootching her chair closer to his side of the table.

She glanced down at William's hand as he put the phone back down on the table, a soft smile spreading across her lips when she noticed his nails. They grew longer, slowly but steadily, and she could see the black color that swept over them. As they grew longer, the color changed and turned a deep violet towards the end. Alternating patterns and different designs appeared on each nail, along with motifs of moons and pentagrams, which even a manicurist would struggle to do.

"Alright, tell me. What's going on here?" William said as he tapped one of his long-nailed fingers against the table. It wasn't something he usually did, and he didn't even seem to notice that he was doing it. He wasn't aware of the new habit of tapping his fingers he was developing.

"First, you need to promise me that you won't freak out and that you won't interrupt me. Okay?" Athena said with a firm tone.

"Fine, I promise," he said, unaware of the feminine and perfectly manicured claws on his hands. William did notice how stiff his hands felt, causing him to flex and stretch his fingers.

"Good! Now then, let's jump right into it. Yes, the picture that Melissa sent was real. I'm the one that gave her them, and I have to say, they turned out much better than I ever thought they would despite their ridiculous size." she said as she occasionally glanced down at his hands as

she talked. Athena could see how small his hands were getting, fingers slimming down and hands taking on a far daintier shape.

"*'How did you do that,'* you might ask. Well, that's easy. I'm a **witch**, and since my apprenticeship ended last month, I'm finally able to practice my magic. The insurance papers that your wife made you sign were actually something that I wrote up. It's a magical agreement of sorts, one that put an enchantment on your body that triggered and became active less than a minute ago." she said. It was clear that he didn't believe a word that she said. Why would he? She probably sounded like she was mad.

"Huh, that was a lot easier to explain than I thought it would be. I'm sure you understand everything perfectly at this point. So, any questions?" she said, stone-faced and in a sarcastic tone. After all, even Athena knew how absurd it all sounded.

"You seriously can't think that I'd believe any of that, right?" he said, flexing his fingers a bit more. At this point, his hands were smaller than Athena's, dainty little things that looked out of place on his otherwise masculine arms. She noticed that he also seemed slightly shorter, and the previously taller man now sat at eye-level with her. William had always been a few inches taller than her, but now they were about the same height.

"Yeah, I guess you're right. Too bad I don't have a way of proving any of it. Anyway, I have to say that I really love your nails. Did you do them yourself, or did you get them done at a salon?" she said as she reached out and grabbed William's hand. She held it up, running her thumb across the back of his fingers as she showed off his new nails and daintier hands. It took the man a few moments to realize that the feminine actually belonged to him.

"What the fuck..." he said, eyes wide as he moved his fingers slightly. His hands were small, soft, and hairless, each finger adorned with a long manicured nail. A familiar tingle passed through his arm as Athena rubbed his hand, a sensation that reminded him of how he felt whenever his wife held his hand. To make matters worse, he could see how the hair near his wrist was pulling into his body, leaving his limb increasingly more hairless. Athena had seen that look before, and she knew that he was about to break his promise.

"Hey! No screaming. Remember, you promised not to freak out." she said, now placing a finger on his lips to silence him before he screamed his lungs out. William wasn't expecting his lips to feel so soft, nor did he think that Athena's touch would feel so good either. They sat there, staring at each other with her finger still on his lips until William nodded his head.

In that time, the long sleeves of his shirt had detached from it, and they were shrinking in size. They soon hugged his forearms tightly, soon stretching over his hands a bit before changing in texture and shape. They turned into a pair of fingerless meshed gloves with an intricate webbed pattern on them that matched his nails quite well. They felt weird and unfamiliar at first, but soon they felt oddly at home on his slim feminine arms. William would never use the word sexy to describe himself or how he felt, but no other word felt apt. For some weird indescribable reason, his long black-violet nails and those meshed gloves made him feel, well, sexy.

"How?! Why?" he said, arms aching as they shrank in size. Muscles atrophied, and the hair on them disappeared, leaving them softer and slimmer than ever before. Even his bones shrank a bit, which was an uncomfortable but not painful sensation that made him squirm in his seat a bit.

"I've already answered the first question. Or is there something about cosmic powers capable of bending reality that you don't understand? As for why, well, that's a bit harder to explain." she said, finally letting go of his hand before running a finger over the side of his exposed arm. Yet again, it sent a strangely delightful tingle through his body, one that woke up his manly pride. William's arms still shrank, getting shorter and slimmer in the process, and they already looked tiny on his masculine body.

As her finger traced the side of his arm, her short nail scratching it slightly, she saw how black lines started to form on it. Ink, by the looks of it, and it soon spread over his upper arm. It soon took the shape of a serpent surrounding a tarot card with two skeletons embracing each other that appeared inside of it. *'Lovers'* appeared in writing at the bottom of it, the poor man not even noticing his new tattoo.

"You might have a hard time believing this, but I've always had a big crush on you. I can't even count the number of times I've *'jokingly'* told Melissa how you'd be my soulmate if you'd been born a girl." she said as she admired his new ink. The changes had spread down to his feet, and it wasn't long before they were shrinking as well. His toenails got painted in a similar color as his fingers, his toes shrank to an adorable size, and his feet soon became small even for a woman.

William had a hard time believing what she said, especially considering she was a lesbian. He even remembered her saying that her perfect girl would be *'short, stacked, and shy.'* They might have good chemistry together, and they did share some interests and the same deadpan humor, but that didn't explain her crush on him.

Even if she wasn't a lesbian, William didn't think he would ever date a woman like her. He couldn't deny that she was a good-looking gal, but it was Athena's heavily pierced and tattooed style that was a bit of a turn-off. But, as William stared up at the girl's face, unaware that she was taller than him now, the man couldn't help but admire the metal studs on her face and ink on her skin. It gave her a seductive edge he hadn't noticed before, one that made his loins once again twitch with excitement. For some reason, she suddenly looked more attractive to his panicking mind.

"Now, let's rewind a bit and go back a few weeks. I've been toying with an idea for the last year, and I approached Melissa with it now that I'm no longer an apprentice. I already knew she'd be thrilled about the idea, but I was unsure if you'd be willing to go through with it. She told me that she would talk to you, and we went through with the plan when she assured me that you were completely on board with all of this." Athena said as she continued to marvel at his shrinking and changing body. William finally noticed that he was shrinking, and he couldn't help but softly gasp when he saw that Athena was a few inches taller than him.

"What was the plan? I'm assuming it has something to do with all of this?" he asked, but he already had a sneaking suspicion of what it might be. William found himself battling a series of emotions that washed over him. He felt fear as his body got transformed against his consent. But, at the same time, it also intrigued him. Not only that, but whenever he glanced up at Athena, he could feel his heart beating a little faster, which was something he had only experienced before with Melissa. William had noticed his new tattoo as well, and he could see how another one was forming on his other arm. Once again, the word 'sexy' seemed to creep into his mind when he admired the gothic angels and thorny roses that took shape from the spreading ink.

"It was quite simple, actually. It was an agreement where I would use my magic to help you two, and, in exchange, I would get to share you with Melissa and that you'd be my girlfriend." For a moment, William thought that she was joking and that this was just her dry sense of humor. But, as she continued to stare at him with a firm look in her eyes, he knew that she wasn't kidding.

A million questions coursed through his mind. Why him? What did Athena see in him that made her so interested? And why would Melissa sell him out like this? More importantly, why wasn't he freaking out more about this?! William was still scared, but curiosity slowly replaced the fear as the changes continued. Not only that, but Athena's presence was oddly soothing. For some unexplainable reason, he felt safe with her near him.

"So, my wife promised to pimp me out to her lesbian friend without even telling me? Wow, I can't see anything wrong with that," he said sarcastically with a stone-faced expression as he stared at his dainty hands. Athena felt both guilty and amused by his words.

"I had no idea that Lis kept all of this a secret! She told me that you knew and were on board with it. Unfortunately, it's a bit too late to stop this now."

William knew that she was speaking the truth. Unlike Melissa, Athena was brutally honest, almost to a fault. However, Athena not knowing about his wife's 'little' prank didn't make him feel any better about being stripped of his manhood.

The transformation had continued as they talked. William had lost a few more inches in height, putting him nearly half a foot shorter than the six-foot-one-tall girl, and his shirt and pants felt a bit too big for his shrinking frame.

His shoes had almost fallen off his tiny feet, but they shrank and shifted before that happened. The material changed to leather as it crept up his legs, soon ending an inch below his knees. Numerous belts, straps, and chains appeared on his new black leather boots. William had lost quite a bit of height in his legs, and he now barely reached down to the floor as he sat on the tall chair. All of that changed as the heel of his boots grew, slowly but surely turning them into a pair of platform boots. The platform was soon three inches thick, with two more at his heel, which gave him a total of five extra inches in height.

"I mean, I guess it's okay. At least you'll be able to turn me back after it's over," William said as he glanced down at his new footwear. They felt oddly comfortable, but he was worried how hard



it would be to walk around on stilts like that. He also watched as the legs of his pants started to pull up, showing off his new boots to the world until they looked more like shorts. William caught a glimpse of his naked legs, his once hair limbs now as smooth and soft as his arms, and he couldn't deny that it felt kind of nice. He ran a long-nailed finger over his leg just above his knee, feeling how soft and tender his skin had gotten.

William only now realized that Athena had gone silent, causing an awkward silence to spread over the table. He glanced up at her confounded and worried face.

"You can reverse this, right?" he asked again, this time sounding a bit worried. William's legs started to ache as his muscle atrophied and disappeared, leaving them slimmer and weaker in the process. Some of his masculine brawn turned into feminine padding before all of it poured into his thighs. They plumped up a little, soon taking on a pleasantly padded and feminine shape. There was no denying that his legs were feminine and slim, much smaller and daintier than they were before.

"I mean, yeah, in theory. It might take some time, but I should be able to return you to normal again," Athena said, not sounding nearly as confident or sure as William might have wanted. His shorts had started to merge together, the legs soon fusing to form a tube-like shape that was getting wider as time went on. His belt detached from his shorts, soon moving upwards on his body towards his waist before growing slightly. At the same time, his shirt started to merge with his shorts. Once again, he couldn't help but feel oddly sexy in the outfit, a feeling that was only getting stronger as time went on.

"God, this feels so weird... Wait, why aren't people here freaking out by this?" he said as she glanced around the room. The three girls were still chatting as if nothing was happening despite all of them having a clear view of him. Even the man at the other table hadn't noticed anything. At this point, William's shorts looked more like a multilayered lace black skirt, with ruffles and a similar webbed pattern on them that his sleeves had. It barely reached down to the middle of his thighs, which made him expose quite a bit of skin.

"I told you, they won't notice a thing. I've put up a glamour spell that distorts reality around the table. So, as long as you sit down and don't move from your seat, then no one will notice anything," Athena said. She watched him squirm and shudder as his pelvis started to shift and widen. It didn't hurt, but it certainly was uncomfortable. Bones popped and cracked, slowly causing his manly figure to gain some curves. Soon he had a pair of curvy hips, leaving everything below his waist somewhat feminine, except for his ass and manhood. She wondered how long he would still be a man, the thought of which made her heart race and forced a smile on her pierced lips. His hips and pelvis thankfully stopped growing before they became too exaggerated. Honestly, they were more girly and petite than wide and jutting.

"I still think it's a bit odd that you have a crush on me. Can you even have a crush on someone that you aren't attracted to?"

"Of course, you can! Haven't you met a guy you wanted to hang out with all the time? You know, someone that makes you forget about everything else and makes you smile just by being near them?"

William knew what she meant, more than she realized. Athena was that person to him. Sure, she wasn't a guy, and he couldn't deny that he wasn't at least a little attracted to her, but he only saw her as a friend. Every time they hung out, they had loads of fun and always seemed to slip away without him noticing it. He smiled, not realizing he was still tapping his fingers against the coffee cup. Not only that, but he was slowly crossing his legs as well, soon smothering his cock with his gently padded thighs.

He glanced up at her face again, reminding him once again that he was still shrinking, and he couldn't help but feel his heart skipping a beat. It felt like he saw her in a new light, now noticing things he hadn't seen before. The sight of her warm brown eyes made his heart race, her smile causing him to smile, and it was clear that she was becoming something far more than a friend to him.

"That's what you are to me. You're sweet. You're kind. You're funny. You're everything I ever wanted in my dream girl." she said, her words sending strange sensations through your entire body. Suddenly, heat surged to his face, and he could feel how his cheeks burned warmly. They turned a rosy red color from her words as he started to blush profusely. He put his hands on his face, feeling the warmth radiating out from his cheeks, and he quickly glanced down at his lap in an oddly shy manner.

"Wow, are you blushing? That's so adorable!"

"What, no? **Shut up!**"

"Admit it! You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

"...Maybe a little."

William never moved his gaze from his lap during the last part of the conversation, and he could see Athena's amused smile as she continued to stare at his shrinking body. She was a head taller than him now, meaning that he had lost a foot in height, and he figured he was close to a mere five feet tall. Yet, he continued to shrink at a steady pace, which made him wonder just how short he'd be in the end.

He watched as his medium-fair skin started to shift and change, becoming fairer and paler with each passing moment. It stopped when it was almost as light as porcelain, which caused his dark clothes to stand out even more against his white skin. William felt a tingle as he stared at his changing clothes and body, feeling yet again that strange sensation that he could only label as feeling sexy.

"The transformation is messing with my mind as well, isn't it?"

"You've noticed it, huh? Yeah, but only a little. It's just a few things that both Lis and I agreed on would be cute to have in a partner and a few things to help you better adjust to your new body."

William had been wondering why his wife had been so willing to let him go through this. After all, he wouldn't be the man she had married anymore. Would she even be attracted to him anymore? But, this entire time, his suspicion that Melissa's short lesbian phase in college had been more than just a phase. He also wondered if Athena had been more than just friends with his wife back in college, but he figured he'd ask her about that later.

A sudden gasp escaped his lips when it felt like he was getting a wedgie. There was a part of him that wanted to lift the skirt of his soon-to-be dress to see what was happening, but he didn't want to expose himself out in public even if there was a spell that prevented people from seeing him. William could feel how his boxer-briefs changed, becoming silky and soft, and how it started to ride up between his swelling ass-cheeks. It was turning into a thong, that much was sure, and his bony backside was plumping up at a rapid pace.

Thankfully, it was all over quite quickly, and the hard wooden chair suddenly felt a lot softer. William's ass was now smooth and padded, on the verge of a bubble-butt, and it looked a right at home on his increasingly girlier figure. He could feel his cock, or what remained of it, was twitching and throbbing with excitement inside of his black thong. It dawned on him that it had been shrinking during all of this, making it clear that he wasn't going to be a man for much longer. He only now realized that he sat with his legs crossed, which almost made it feel like his body was trying to suffocate his cock.

"What's the matter? Are you already looking forward to showing off your new sexy body to your busty wife?" she said teasingly.

"Shut up," he said, unable to hide his smile or his blushing cheeks. "No, it's just, I'm trying to process all of this. I never thought I'd have to get used to being short, sporting boots like this, or wearing skirts."

"Take your time. The transformation still isn't over yet, and we haven't even gotten to the good part yet."

William could feel a sudden chill pass down his spine, and he quickly knew why. His shirt-turned-dress had been shrinking on his torso, now no longer covering his shoulders. He could see that they were as pale as the rest of his body, and a soft pop reached his ears as they shrank and became less broad. William could feel the hair receding in his armpits, leaving them neatly shaved and hairless. His waist started to ache slightly, which made him turn his attention to the belt that fused with his dress. It was merging with his outfit, slowly but surely turning his former shirt and pants into a lace overbust corset dress. It was black but with a webbed pattern in the same violet color as his nails, the sight of which excited the girly part of his brain.

It was hard not to feel naked and exposed as his clothes changed. He was showing off more and more skin, which made him feel a little embarrassed. William was just thankful that Athena had placed a spell around the table, preventing the others from seeing anything, but that didn't

stop him from feeling a little exposed. Yet, as he traced his fingers over the tattoos on his arms, he couldn't help but feel a little better. For some reason, it didn't feel like his sudden feeling of nakedness was caused by his increasingly more revealing clothes. It felt like something was missing. However, something snapped him out of his thoughts before he could ponder on it for too long.

"**Ow, ow ow!**" The words left his mouth before he understood what was even happening, but his cheeks flushed red when he finally did. The straps on the leather corset were tightening as if a pair of invisible hands were pulling on them, causing his waist to cave inward and the leather to creak. Soft pops and snaps reached Athena's ears as she watched William's waist shrink down to a waspishly thin size. She glanced around his back and smiled as she watched a gothic bow form near the hem of the skirt, her smile growing wider when she spotted a smaller one forming near his bust.

The corset tightening and his waist and chest subsequently shrinking at the same time had knocked the air out of his lungs. It took him a few moments to catch his breath, giving Athena quite some time to admire his increasingly girlier and dainty body. When he finally collected his sense, he realized that he had stopped shrinking. William glanced up at Athena, his cheeks burning a bit warm from the affectionate and amused way she stared down at his tiny body. In the back of his mind, he knew that he was a mere four-foot-ten now, and not even his tall platform boots pushed him up to the average height for a woman.

"Oh, I think the **fun** part is finally about to begin."

"I thought you have enjoyed everything about this so far."

"Not as much as I'm going to enjoy **this~**."

It took William a few moments to realize what she meant by that. His chest had been tingling ever since the corset had been tightening around his torso, but it suddenly got more intense. He glanced down and saw how puffy and swollen his chest had gotten. William ran a long-nailed finger across the swollen area, and it sent sensations through his body that made his cock twitch with excitement. God, it was so sensitive! Not only that, but when his dick twitched, he could feel how tiny it was. It was barely an inch, a mere nub at this point, and he couldn't even feel his scrotum anymore.

His flat and slim tummy started to ache, causing him to rub his feminine hand over his corset-constricted waist. It wasn't his outfit that caused the discomfort, although the tight corset certainly didn't help. The pain came from inside his body as his organs shifted and moved to make room for something far more womanly. The discomfort soon turned to pleasure as his reproductive system changed, his body flushed with estrogen and womanly hormones as his womb took shape.

His testicles had been pulled into his body much earlier than this, leaving his scrotum empty and sad. His cock twitched and throbbed as if it was trying to fight against the transformation, but the magic showed no mercy. It shrank, more and more, until it was nothing more than a tiny clit.

What remained of his scrotum was pulled and twisted, kneaded like dough, until it was reshaped into the inner and outer folds of his new puffy pussy. The thong hugged it tightly, the silken fabric rubbing against his moist new set of lips in a way that he had never experienced before.

"Oh god~ **Ah!**"

William's voice echoed through the room, causing some to glance over at their table. Each word that left his mouth was softer than before now that his Adam's apple shrank and how his vocal cords shifted. Athena didn't look affected by the attention at all, an amused smile still adorning her lips as she enjoyed the show. He hadn't noticed the people staring at him. All William could focus on was his changing body and the pleasure that washed over him like a tsunami.

At the same time, his, or rather her, chest had been steadily swelling in size. William held one hand on her crotch, pressing her dainty hand against the fluffy layered skirt, and the other rubbed the leathery corset that covered most of her growing bosom. She could feel how something pulled and pinched at her nipples, which caused even more sudden spikes in her rising libido. William could feel her chest swelling and her nipples growing, slowly but surely taking on a more and more womanly shape. They were already as big as Athena's modest tits, but they showed no sign of it slowing down anytime soon.

**"F-Fuck! Nnnghh~ Oh god~!"**

The words that left her mouth were soft and effeminate, making it hard to tell if it came from a man or a woman. Fat poured into her chest, leather creaking as it stretched outwards to make room for her expanding mounds. William now had both her hands on her chest, cupping and rubbing her growing tits. Her eyes were closed, the former man fighting the desire for relief as her breasts got bigger and bigger. Soon, her back started to ache as her otherwise small and dainty frame got adorned with breasts that looked far too big on her short body. Yet, they continued to grow. Cup-size after cup-size, only stopping when they nearly threatened to pop out of his corset.

Athena smiled as she watched the back-breaking head-sized tits that hung from William's chest. She resisted the urge to reach out and cup them, the witch figuring that she would have to wait until later tonight until she could get her hands on those puppies.

Finally, it was over, and the pleasure was subsiding. William had nearly experienced her first female orgasm then and there, and she wasn't sure if she should be upset or relieved. Her body tingled with pleasure, every inch of her frame itching with the need for release, but that feeling was subsiding quickly. She felt warm, and her breaths came in hot. Athena saw how William was snapping out of her lust-filled trance, and she fought the urge not to laugh when she whispered something into the new girl's ear.

"Hey, um, would you mind keeping it down? The glamour spell only hides the transformation, but everyone can still see and hear everything you do."

Athena's words hit the new woman like a truck. William only now realized just how loud she had been, and she could feel how her pale face started to burn warmer and warmer as she was looking around the room. She could see that the trio of girls was leaving, all three of them looking at her like she was crazy. The guy sitting near them glanced over his shoulder at her, smiling and shaking his head before going back to typing on his laptop.

William had thought that the spell was hiding her, ensuring that no one noticed what she said or did. But now, it was clear that they couldn't see her body changing, but they could see and hear everything else she did. Before the transformation had started, a situation like this would have really embarrassed her. Now, all she wanted to do was curl up into a ball and die of shame. The timidity that had been slowly bubbling and building up inside of her was now overflowing. She could feel her face turning as red as a beet, her cheeks so hot that she could fry an egg on them. She sank in her chair a bit, burrowing her face in her dainty hands in the futile attempt at hiding her shame.

"It's okay. I mean, who cares if a bunch of judgemental strangers heard you moaning and screaming like a slut?" she said with an amused tone, patting him on his head.

"Oh god..." William muttered and shuddered, her now bosom shaking and jiggling from it. The former man could hear how soft her voice had become, so light and airy in comparison to the deep tone she had before. She could probably pass as a man over the phone, but she figured that it wouldn't stay like that for very long.

"Hey, it's alright. We'll leave as soon as the transformation is over. Besides, I doubt you'll ever see anyone here again after this."

William fought through the embarrassment and sat up straight again. She took a deep breath, accidentally pushing her chest out even more in the process, before glancing down at her new assets. Her glasses nearly slipped off from her nose when she saw the two massive globes that her dress struggled to contain and support. They were huge, but they looked even more massive from William's perspective. The soft fat orbs obscured her view to her lap, and she could already realize what a pain in her back it would be to carry these around. Carefully, ignoring the occasional glances from the other people here and Athena's amused gaze, she reached up to them. She ran her dainty hands over them, pressing gently down on them just to feel how soft and pliant they were.

The former man had never really had her hands on a pair of breasts this massive. Melissa had been the first girl she had ever dated, and she was the opposite of being stacked. It was so surreal that the first proper pair of breasts she had ever squeezed was her own. The leather corset hugged her bosom tightly, and it did nothing to hide her cleavage. William stared down at the bountiful valley, almost mesmerized by the jiggle and wobble of the giant tits that her dress only narrowly managed to keep in check. Her cheeks remained a rosy red color as she realized just how stacked she had become, more so than even her wife with her new bosom. Once again, the strange and alluring urge to be sexy crept through her head.

William could feel her cheeks burning a bit warmer when she realized that her thong wasn't pressing down on her cock anymore. It wasn't hard to figure out why, and the realization that she was now a proper woman filled her with all manner of strange emotions. She wasn't upset or afraid anymore, just a bit confused, flustered, and, honestly, intrigued. The sight of her breasts just barely covered by her gothic corset dress and the sensation of the thong hugging her adorable behind made her feel sexy again. There it was, that word. She knew that the spell had made her a bit more timid, with the thought of walking up to a stranger and talking to them now sending chills down her spine, yet William had this strange compulsion to show off her body despite her shy nature. It was a weird duality, one that her mind was struggling with, and Athena could see the confusion on the girl's face as she continued to squeeze, prod, and stare at her new breasts.

"So, got any more questions? Or do you want to continue playing with your tits?"

"What about my job?" she asked after a few moments of silence, ignoring her teasing words and taking the opportunity to clear up a few things. Once again, William could hear how soft her voice had gotten. It was rising with each word she said, her vocal cords changing and shifting to match her shorter and girlier frame.

"Oh, that's the beauty of the spell. Anyone not mentioned in the Pact will forget about your old self. Friends. Family. Everyone. They'll think that you have always been a girl. Here, take a look at your ID."

Athena reached out and grabbed a small bag that hung on the side of William's chair, one that hadn't been there a few moments earlier. It had materialized when her pants had disappeared, causing her phone, wallet, and other things to appear in the black leather bag. It didn't take long before Athena had found what she was looking for amidst the sea of dark and moody makeup products in it.

"Ah, here you go!"

Athena opened William's wallet and handed the girl her driver's license. Honestly, William wasn't sure what to expect as she held it in front of her with her tiny hands. At first, the former man saw nothing out of the ordinary. It was still William's face on it, but she did find it odd how small her shoulders seemed in comparison to her head. Then, after a few moments of staring at it, she noticed what was different about it; her name.

"Willow Robinson," she said, once again hearing how her voice had risen a bit more in pitch and tone. It was softer, frailer, and, honestly, cuter. She doubted that anyone would ever think she was a guy with a voice like this.

"That's not even the best part. Keep looking at it!"

William did, and she could feel how something clicked in her mind. That name, William, no longer felt like it meant anything to her. She knew it was her name, or rather her name as a guy,

but she felt no connection to it whatsoever. Instead, the more she stared at the word Willow, the more it felt like her name.

However, that wasn't even the freakiest part about this. The tingling sensation that had swept over Willow's body was now spreading upward, slowly but surely reaching her neck and her face. She could feel how her head and neck shrank a bit, soon no longer looking proportionally too big for the rest of her body. At the same time, she could see that the same thing was happening in her picture. It changed with her as reality adjusted to her new body and life. It was like looking into a mirror, her eyes never leaving the image of herself as she continued to change.

Willow watched, wide-eyed and astonished, as her lips started to plump up. They had always been thin and uninspiring, but that was rapidly changing. They got plumper and softer, soon growing to quite an impressive size. Both Melissa and Athena had smaller lips like this, and it felt like she had a pair of pillows glued to her face. She ran her tongue over them, feeling how full and soft they were. Willow could taste something on her lips as well, but it was too faint to figure out what it could be. When she saw how her lips plumped up on the picture and how a deep violet lipstick spread over them, she realized what it was.

The changes swept over her face, Willow watching in awe as her face shrank and shifted into a far more feminine shape. Her cheekbones rose a bit, her jawline got less pronounced, and her nose shrank a bit. Her glasses nearly slipped off her dainty nose, causing her to push them up again with her finger. When she did, she could feel them shift on her face. The rimless oval-shaped glasses changed, becoming wire-rimmed round spectacles that sat right at home on her increasingly more adorable face. Her eyes grew larger, becoming more expressive and innocent-looking, and her iris changed from a deep brown to a pale blue. Even her eyebrows got plucked and trimmed, while her chin became as hairless as the rest of her soft pale body.

More makeup poured onto her face, something that she didn't find surprising. Violet eyeshadow, dark eyeliner, and heavy amounts of mascara soon appeared on her face, causing Willow to look more and more like the short gothic doll that Athena wanted her to be.

At this point, it was hard to believe that Willow had ever been a man. All that remained of her former self was her short brown hair, but the tingling in her scalp indicated that it would change momentarily. She watched as the hair on the doe-eyed goth on her driver's license suddenly started to grow. At the same time, she could feel how her hair started to tickle and caress the side of her face and back of her neck as it cascaded down from her head. She pulled up a growing lock with her left hand, watching as the strands thickened and got darker with each passing moment. It was dyed black but with a few purple streaks that ran through her mane near her face.

In her picture, she watched as the girl's hair got pulled up into two loose buns on her head with a few thick locks framing her cute face. Unlike her picture, Willow's hair was hanging straight down. The wavy mess of gothic black hair trickled down over her body, growing until it reached her waist, and she brushed it out of her face in a girly manner. In both her driver's license and



right now, she had long bangs that nearly hung over her eyes. It was almost to the point where she could tilt her head forward and hide her gaze behind them. Athena couldn't help but chuckle a bit when she noticed it all.

All of this was a bit too much for Willow. She could feel how her back ached from the sheer size of her breasts, and she squirmed a bit in her seat from the way her thong hugged her new sex. She could feel the weight of her hair on her head, her pale blue eyes staring at her new visage in the driver's license. The way her dress hugged her curves, and especially her breasts, was both unfamiliar and oddly enticing to her slightly altered mind. Willow hadn't even noticed that she sat with her legs crossed, one hand resting on her lap and with a posture that made her push her breasts out even more from her chest.

"There! You have to admit that you do look incredibly adorable."

Athena grabbed the driver's license from Willow's hand, snapping her out of her thoughts, before putting it back in her bag. The former man glanced up at Athena, and she could feel her heart starting to race. Once again, Willow seemed to see the girl in an entirely new light. It was the same sensation she had felt when she saw Melissa on their wedding day. It was a deep yearning for the woman and an unstoppable urge to do anything to make her happy. Attraction. Sexual lust. **Love**. There were no other words to describe it, and she could feel how her short girly body shuddered and blushed from the way that Athena stared down at her with her warm eyes.

"So, how does it feel?"

"I don't know... Weird, but kind of good." Willow could hear how soft and sweet her voice had become, airy and almost squeaky in tone. Mousy and timid, the voice of someone that didn't quite dare to raise their voice in a crowd. Once again, her increasingly shy nature made her turn her gaze down to her lap when she talked, her pale cheeks a faint rosy red.

"That's great! Anyway, the transformation should be over at this point. So, why don't w-" Athena's sentence was cut short by what happened next.

**"Nnnghh~ AH!"** Willow let out a girly gasp before biting down on her plump lower lip when she suddenly felt something sting her between her legs. She pressed her thighs together, which only made her feel more strange and unfamiliar sensations when she put pressure on her newly pierced clitoris. It made her entire loins ache in a way Willow hadn't felt before, and it sent tingles of pure unadulterated lust through her body. At first, it hurt, but soon that pain seemed to blend with the pleasure she felt.

"Oh, right. The piercings. I almost forgot about those. Well, after that, the transformation should be over," Athena said as she watched rings, studs, and other adornments appear on her body.

Willow had never been pierced before in her entire life, so she wasn't prepared for all of this. The procedure was nowhere near as painful as the real deal, but the sensation was still enough

to make her squirm and gasp in an oh-so girly way. Once again, the slight pain was triggering her loins in a way that her shy mind wasn't quite used to feeling.

She stifled a grunt when her nipples suddenly ached, the girl putting her hands on her breasts when two thick studs went right through her large womanly nips. Willow bit down on her lower lip harder again, rubbing her corset over the area where her nipples were. Unexpected images of thick nipples with large silver studs through them, throbbing with lust, flashed before her eyes.

Another gasp escaped her lips when she felt how her belly button went through the same procedure, a tiny gothic rose stud now appearing down there. However, nothing got assaulted by this as much as her face. She squirmed as studs and earrings appeared in her ears, and she gasped as she felt a sting in her nose. Willow could feel something caressing her cheek as she shuddered, and she could feel how a silver chain now connected up to her nose and left ear. Numerous studs covered her ears, Athena counting at least five in the right ear and seven on the left. She brushed Willow's hair away from her ears to see it, feeling how luscious and thick the former man's mane was at this point.

Willow's eyes twitched as she felt something sting at her eyebrows. Two new silver rings soon pierced her left eyebrow, and another silver stud adorned her right. Once again, there was no pain, just sheer discomfort. Yet, she couldn't help but feel like it wasn't enough. For some reason, she felt naked, but that feeling subsided, little by little, with each silver stud and ring that pierced through her skin. The pain and pleasure got even more intertwined, making it hard to know where one began and the other ended. Willow wondered if the magic had pushed a masochistic streak into her mind. Then again, what if it had always been there, dormant and without her knowing it before today?

Her plump lips didn't get spared either. A ring appeared in her lower lips, causing her to run her tongue over it to feel how it hugged the plump thing tightly. Another few silver studs pierced her skin right below her lip, causing even more metal to appear on her face. To make matters worse, she could feel how something pierced through her tongue, and she couldn't help but loudly gasp when it happened. She gasped as it happened, and she twirled her tongue in her mouth out of curiosity. Willow could feel the silver stud in her tongue move as she did, sending more unexpected yet pleasant sensations through her mind.

Finally, a necklace appeared around her neck with a cross that reached down to her bosom where it rested in her cleavage. Rings materialized on her fingers as she tried to collect herself, Willow's frame now sore and aching from the numerous metal studs and rings that had magically appeared. It was all over as soon as it started, and, finally, the tingling sensation disappeared from her body.

Then, as Willow ran a finger over her face to feel her new piercings, she didn't feel naked anymore. She was showing off quite a bit of her pale skin thanks to her revealing outfit, yet she didn't feel exposed. There was still a nagging sensation in the back of her mind that things could be better, that she could feel less naked with just one more piercing or tattoo. But, for now, Willow felt oddly whole again.

At this point, Willow could only see the two tattoos on her arms, but she had a feeling that she had more ink hidden underneath that dress of hers. Honestly, that thought excited her far more than it probably should. From the look that Athena gave her, she certainly looked interested in inspecting her body for hidden tattoos.

"Now, that should be everything. I think."

"Wow, really? Nothing more? " she said in her soft-spoken and girly voice, stone-faced and dry. It was airy, mousy, and a bit squeaky. Willow didn't even realize she was pouting with her plump purple lips.

"Hey, don't pout. Come here. I think I know a way to make you feel a little bit better."

Athena reached out, placing a hand on the girl's face, before leaning down towards the short girl. Willow barely had time to react before she could feel the woman's lips pressing down on her own, Athena's tongue soon diving deep into her mouth for a passionate kiss.

It was unlike anything she had ever felt before. Her tiny body shuddered and flushed with warmth, almost in the same way she felt when she would kiss Melissa passionately on her lips. However, this was still different. It felt better, as shameful as it was to admit, and she quickly realized why. Willow's lips were plumper and more sensitive than before, which made her loins ache as they pressed their lips against each other. She had never noticed this before, but Athena had a piercing as well, and it was occasionally clinking against the comparably larger metal stud in Willow's tongue. She could feel the piercings in Athena's lips pressing up against her own, rubbing and occasionally pulling at them slightly. It sent more strange but undeniably pleasurable sensations through her short pale body.

The kiss seemed to last forever, and Willow forgot for a moment that she had ever been a man. The sensation was too surreal, too intense, and it felt like her heart was about to burst with joy. She leaned forward towards Athena, letting the taller woman move one hand through her dark mane and use the other to rub and squeeze at Willow's breasts that stretched the leather corset to the limit. Every inch of her body tingled and buzzed with pleasure, her dainty form shuddering slightly as new sensations coursed through her abdomen. Willow had experienced arousal as a guy numerous times, but it felt so incredibly different when she was a woman. It wasn't better or worse, just different.

Eventually, all good things had to come to an end. Willow let out a squeaky and disappointed whimper when Athena pulled her lips away. The former man realized how lost she had been in that kiss, and she couldn't help but blush and stare down at her lap afterward. Athena found herself grinning like an idiot, her own heart beating a mile a minute at the sight of the perfect girl right in front of her.

"How about we leave and head back to my place? We'll pick up some dinner on the way home and just get to know each other a bit. After all, I'm sure that you're just as eager as I am to inspect that cute girly body of yours."

Willow couldn't do anything but blush after that kiss. She felt overwhelmed by all the things that had happened to her. The way her dress hugged her short and stacked body were so unfamiliar, but it made her feel sexy in a way that she had never felt before.

She could feel new urges bubbling up in her mind, thoughts that she never thought she would ever be thinking. The mere thought of getting a piercing had never crossed her mind before, nor getting a tattoo, but now she could feel the urge to get even more. Her body felt like a pale canvas, a tapestry, one that deserved ink and metal on it. Not only that, she had to seriously resist the urge to jump into Athena's lap and let her carry her out of her in her toned arms.

Athena stood up, helping the still confused and somewhat flustered goth girl on her feet again. Willow stumbled on her platform shoes a little before her mind adjusted to walking on the stilts. She had figured that she wouldn't feel so short when she stood up, but the extra height the shoes gave her didn't really help. Hell, it made her feel even tinier than she did sitting down!

Willow was, without a doubt, the shortest girl here, even when wearing the platform shoes. She stood next to Athena, and she had to tilt her head up quite a bit to look her in the eyes. She blushed when she noticed how the taller girl was staring down at her, Athena smiling as she did. Willow couldn't help but stare down at the floor in response, a timid smile forming on her face as her cheeks flushed a rosy red color.

As they left, walking hand in hand, Willow felt a bit worried that Athena wouldn't be able to turn her back to normal after this, but would that really be the end of the world? Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all?

Melissa posed in front of the mirror, smiling as she tried out another new outfit she had bought earlier today. She admired her large breasts in the mirror, running her fingers over them and cupping them to feel their weight in her hands. Yet, despite how amazed and in love with her new tits she was, Melissa couldn't help but frown a little.

*'Athena was right. They are way too big.'*

She snapped out of her thoughts when her phone buzzed. When she opened it up, she saw that she had gotten a text from Athena. She had sent nothing but a picture, but it said more than enough. It was a selfie of the two with Willow now sitting on Athena's lap, the goth girl's massive bosom pressed up against the taller girl's torso. They smiled, both of them, but she could see the slight blush and timid look on Willow's heavily-pierced face. Melissa had to admit that Athena had good taste when it came to women, and she was already looking forward to when it was her turn to spend some time with her husband. Or, more accurately, her wife.

*'Good for them!' she thought before staring at and admiring Willow's bosom for a few quiet moments. 'But thank god my breasts aren't **that** big!'*