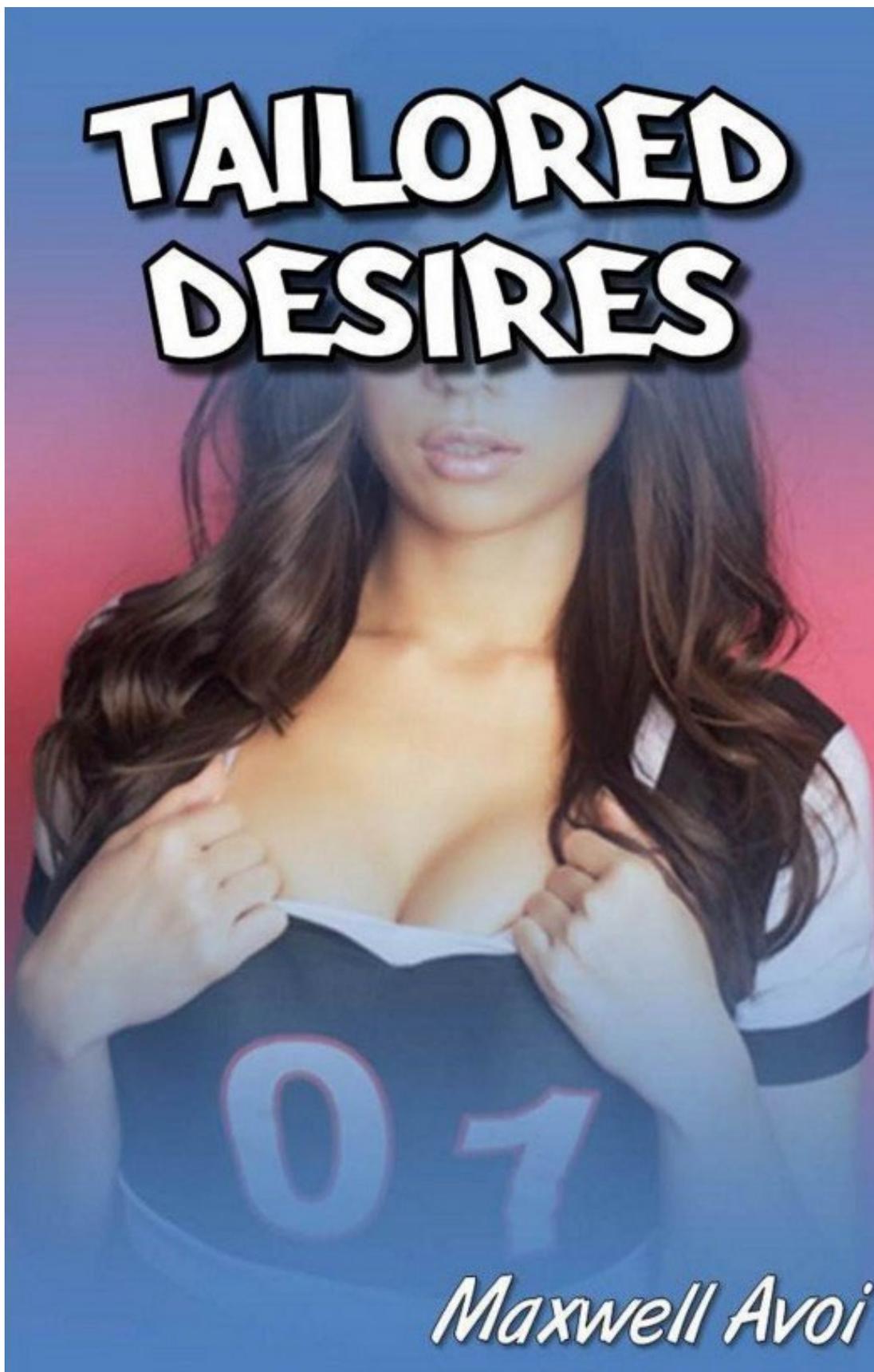


TAILORED DESIRES



Maxwell Avoi

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Tailored Desires

By Maxwell Avoi

Smashwords Edition

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“I never knew that being poor was like this. Why the fuck do people let this happen to themselves?” said Trevor.

I rolled my eyes and kept pretending to study. Trevor was my roommate and while he wasn't a bad guy he came from a privileged background that hadn't quite prepared him for the realities of college life. “You're not poor, Trevor. You have shelter, clean water, food, and spending money. Oh, and higher education.”

“Yeah, but I'm already through my allowance for the month,” he said, collapsing on his bed in a cloud of pique.

I rolled my eyes again, not bothering to hide it this time. “You just got it what, a week ago? Where did it all go?”

“Connie. And Dahlia. Oh, and Gwen.”

“Jesus, dude. You know Dahlia was a guy at the start of the semester, right?”

He shrugged. “Who cares? She's hot now.”

I shook my head. He was right. Dahlia was hot enough to ignite thermite but I couldn't wrap my head around the idea that she had been male at the start of the semester. There had been some kind of magical accident or curse or something that had hit him and a bunch of other freshmen. It was weird what happened at college sometimes. I just knew that if a girl looked like she'd been constructed by the devil specifically to tempt mankind, then she was probably one of the ones under the curse. The administration was supposed to be taking care of the problem; until then it put a little bit of a crimp in my dating plans.

It was just as well. I was at the start of my junior year at Central University for Thaumatology, and I had declared for a major in a degree in Applied Thaumatological Techniques. This basically meant learning and applying magical techniques in various ways to material objects instead of using pure spells. I preferred to use potions, though there were plenty of other options. I left the theorizing and the development to the big brains who understood that shit.

“So what're you working on?” said Trevor.

“Transformations. It’s a pretty delicate field of-”

“Yeah, great. How’s that help me get some money for my dating life, huh?”

“You could get a job.”

Trevor looked at me as if I’d suggested that he cut his dick off. “Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?” he said.

“It was a thought. Why don’t you research a spell to make luck or something?”

“I wouldn’t know where to start. You know those are high-level spells.”

I nodded absently. Luck-bending spells were considered to be reality alteration and were therefore restricted to high-level practitioners. University students were right out.

“Then go study something.”

“I already memorized everything for the rest of the semester.”

It was true, and one more thing that made Trevor irritating to have as a roommate. He was smart enough to be one of the theorists, but he didn’t care enough to apply himself to actual work.

“What kind of transformations?” he said.

“Physical ones. The mental ones are a lot more dangerous, so mostly I’d be able to affect things that came from altering hormones and stuff.”

“Like what?”

“I dunno, like being able to make a person angry or something. What do you care?”

“I’m trying to figure out how to make money with your potions. So you can’t them to turn wood into gold or something?”

“Sure, if you want highly radioactive gold that lasts for about an hour.”

“That’s sub-optimal.”

“You’re the brain. You go work it out and leave me in peace. Go date someone.”

“I can’t, I don’t have any money!”

I threw up my hands and turned my back on him, pointedly ignoring him until he sulked his way out of the room and left me in peace for a while.

A better roommate would have felt guilty. I did not.

I got about ten minutes of studying done when he charged back in to my room. I entertained a bout of nostalgia for the concept of privacy and then turned to see what he wanted this time.

“Dude,” he said. “I got it.”

“I’m sure they can find a cure for it.”

“I slap my knee. Oh, my sides. Oh God, please, please stop,” he said, deadpan. “I figured out how to make money off of your transformation potions!”

I already had several ideas of my own but this promised entertainment value. I closed the book and said, “All right. Lay it on me.”

He put his hands out in front of him, his fingers and thumbs forming a square. “Porn.”

I blinked and said, “Context?”

“Well, not like...porn, porn, you know. Like softcore stuff. Not even porn, really. Custom picture layouts.”

I stared, my arms crossed.

He waved his hands as if batting away objections or bees. “Hear me out. Say you make a website with an order form. You can have some guy come in and fill it out, and then you make a potion that’ll transform someone into the girl that the guy’s ordered on the form, right. So someone takes the potion, we do a photo shoot, and the guy gets his pictures. We get cash. Ba boom. I’m assuming that the potions are, like, short-term.”

“They are.”

“Then it’s perfect!”

“An order form for girls? That’s...I mean, diabolical might be a good word, but I’m really going to have to have more than one adjective here.”

“Not a real girl. Just a bunch of pictures.”

“And I notice that you’re vague about who we get to take the potions.”

“Us. Duh.”

“Us. You want us to transform into women based off of a guy filling out an anonymous order form.”

“Now you’re getting it!”

“And again the adjectives fail me. How the hell did you come up with this in ten minutes?”

“I get a lot of that. The sheer brilliance of my plans often-”

“Oh, here’s one. Ridiculous. And another! Dangerous.”

“Oh come on! If we take the potions then we won’t have to pay any models!”

“What if I get the mix wrong?”

“You were complaining that you didn’t have any more challenges just yesterday.”

“That was after getting drunk while celebrating an A on a test. A midterm. I’m almost sure that I wasn’t making any sense.”

“What if it worked for extra credit?”

“I think it would be more likely to get us kicked the fuck out of school.”

“Okay, okay. Are you saying that you can’t make it work?”

“I can make it work, but it’s still going to be really-”

“We start by charging two fifty per shoot. That’ll be, I dunno, fifteen pictures of the buyer’s choice.”

“What do you mean ‘start’?”

“Hey, once it takes off we can double the price or more. How long does it take to make a potion like that?”

“I dunno. A couple hours, probably, to fine-tune it?”

“Two hours, another half a day doing a shoot, and then we pay the photographer and split the rest...I bet we can pocket an extra seventy-five a day, or more if we get a photography student and don’t pay him at all.”

“Whoop de shit?”

“Dude! That’s almost four hundred a week. Each.”

“What about materials? They’re not going to be really pricey, but there’s some cost there.”

“So we take care of that too. Look, it’s just the start, man! We can take other pictures at the same time, non, you know, custom ones, and put them on a website! Have subscribers and shit.”

“You’re going a long way to get out of getting a real job.”

He rolled his eyes and said, “At least think about it. This could really be a thing.”

“Fine, I’ll think about it. Now go away.”

He did, and I opened up my book again. The problem was that not only did I stick to my word to think about it, I couldn’t stop thinking about his idea. I loved the thought of it, the more that I turned it over in my head. I was sure that I would be able to pull off the custom potions; I’d been making potions in class for months now, though probably not ones that were so comprehensive.

I found Trevor in the living room. “Okay, fine, I’m in for now,” I said. “But I swear to God, if there’re any problems at all...”

“You are not going to regret this!” he said, jumping off the couch and tossing his controller to the side. “This is going to be amazing!”

I sighed and rubbed my eyes. I already had the feeling that I was going to regret this. “Fine, but you change first.”

“What?”

“You be the first one to take the potion. You turn into a girl the first time.”

Trevor moved his head back and forth as he tossed the pros and cons around, and then he shrugged. “I trust you, man. I can do that. How long would the changes be?”

“You were talking about a half day for the shoot...say twelve hours? I could fine-tune it down to six or eight later if that would work better.”

“Yeesh. All right, I guess. I’ll find our first client!”

I figured that I would have a day or two to review the formulas involved and work out any kinks. Naturally, Trevor came back with a client and a completed order form within two hours.

I sighed and took the form from him. “He wants...a black cowgirl. Tall, nice boobs, wow, really long legs, and a serious ass. Short hair...I can do that, I guess.”

“Great. How long would it take you to make the potion?”

“I’m gonna need a day or two to go over the recipe and work things out in the lab. Want to try for Saturday?”

“I can do Saturday. Is there any way that you can get, like, exact measurements for the clothing for that body?” Now that he was sure that it was all going to work, he was all business.

“Not a chance. We can guess, but no one’s that good.”

“Shit. I’m gonna need something to strip out of.”

It took me a moment to recover from that comment. “What about smart clothes?”

Smart clothes were a magical innovation. They were mostly for habitual shape-shifters, but there were all kinds of applications. They could take on a wide variety of sizes and forms depending on what was needed and the depth of the owner’s pocket book. More expensive outfits could cover a wider range.

“Can you make those?”

“Hell no. I do potions, man.”

“Shit. Wait, I think Laura makes those. She wanted to be a designer, I think.”

“Was she the one with the blue hair?”

“That was Lacey. I’ll give Laura a call, maybe she’ll help us out.”

“Great.” I could feel more of the paycheck slipping away. I was starting to get nervous about my place in this whole plan.

I went back to studying. I had to admit that since what I was reading had a more practical application to my life, it was more interesting than when it had been just theory. Potions were pretty forgiving; a single fuck-up in using a daisy instead of a pansy wouldn’t cause the imbiber to die. Enough small mistakes would simply cause it to not work, but there was always the chance that I would overlook something major. I looked over Trevor’s order form and nodded again. It would help to have the form; it would give me a physical piece of information to hang some magic on.

Trevor came back and said, “Okay, I’m gonna go see Laura. Can I borrow ten bucks to get her some flowers?”

I sighed and handed him the ten. “Just be sure to get the clothes.”

“Oh I will.” He gave me a grin that said that he planned to get more than just clothes, and then he headed out.

I went back to studying. I stayed with the book until my eyes started to burn, so I took a break to get some coffee. The magic involved seemed pretty easy; I was sure that I would be able to make the potion in the school's lab. After that I would have to get my own materials if I wanted to make any more. I didn't want to use the university's resources for my own projects if I could help it; doing so would probably lead to the kinds of legal problems that would get our little scheme noticed.

I wasn't as nervous about my skills as I'd let Trevor think. Transformation potions were actually pretty easy, just a level two out of nine for straightforward changes like the ones that we were talking about. Gender change wasn't a simple thing but when it came to transformation magic it was relatively minor. It wasn't like Trevor was asking me to do cross-species transformations or anything. Humans were simple enough; the body already knew how to be human, so there wouldn't be much resistance from the morphic fields.

Trevor was gone for the night, probably spending it with Laura, and when he came back he had a wide grin and a bundle of clothing. "Smart clothes get," he said. "She didn't even ask too many questions."

"How on earth did you explain it to her?"

"I told her that it was for a play. Then whenever she asked questions I distracted her."

"Aaaand enough said. Okay, I think we have what we need to make this work. Do you have a photographer?"

"Shit. Um...I'll work on that."

"Weekend's coming up, tick tock."

"Bite me."

I took the order form and my books to the potions lab, determined to see what it would take to get the whole thing to work. I had adjusted to the fact that we were going to actually do this, so by this time it was more of a mental exercise than anything.

It turned out that it was going to be even easier than I thought. I used club soda

as a base, since it was in transition from a liquid to a gas. I knew that wasn't truly the case, but that's what it looked like to me, and intent important than scientific truth when it comes to magic. I added a few drops of alcohol to reinforce the idea of transition, since alcohol evaporates quickly.

Then I added a used cocoon, a few drops of ketchup (a liquid-solid caught between worlds) and a drop of rosewater to reinforce the idea of femininity. I concentrated on the order form as the mixture heated up.

The heat added kinetic energy to the formula, which I would bind to the magic to provide it with the power to operate. In my mind the points of support were glowing dots, and the energy from the heat was the web that I spun between them. The points of support were the ingredients, all of them reinforcing the idea of what I wanted the potion to do. The order form let me be even more exact than usual with the process, and by the time I was ready to tie off the strands they glowed in my mind like a spider web of lightning.

Then I tied them off all at once and the potion made a gloop noise. I opened my eyes and found that the various ingredients had disintegrated, adding their magical potential to the mix. The potion was a little fizzy, and it was a deep pink color. I poured it off into a vial and capped it while speaking the proper incantation.

I held the vial up and swirled it around, then shrugged. It looked like most of my other potions, but it was interesting to think that I had created something that would cause such a change in someone. I was glad that it wasn't going to be me.

By the time Saturday morning rolled around, Trevor had found himself a photographer. He told me about it, shouting through the door, as I brushed my teeth.

“His name's Jean! He's supposed to be this artsy type, but he's willing to work on commission and I told him that he'd have a chance to shoot this really hot girl.”

I spat and stuck my head out the door. “Bet he hated that.”

“He kinda did, actually. He got all uppity about how photography was an art and how dare I try to sully it with the idea that he was going to do anything but see a collection of lines and shapes and light. I let him go on for a while and then just

agreed with whatever the hell he'd said, and we're cool now."

"Great. When's he expecting us?"

"In about an hour. Time enough, right? I mean, this isn't going to take long to work, is it?"

"Shouldn't take more than a minute."

I went and got the vial from where I'd put it in my sock drawer. He squinted at it. "And it'll wear off, right?"

"Sure. Takes about twelve hours."

"Super. Anything else I should know?"

"Don't take another potion while you're under the effects of this one. The magic could interact in unpredictable ways."

"Then what could happen?"

"Um, anything. Actually. At all."

He gave me a look, saw that I wasn't kidding, and said, "Well, that's not terrifying. Hokay, down the hatch."

He uncorked the potion and drank it down in one gulp. For a moment, nothing happened, and then he frowned. "That feels fucking weird."

"You might want to sit down."

He headed for the couch, sitting down abruptly as the magic took effect and started changing him. It didn't look painful, as I'd expected, and the whole thing was sort of anticlimactic. I'd expected writhing, at least.

Instead he seemed almost sleepy, lying there as his skin darkened. His legs got longer, both they and his arms slimming as the changes went on. He wore nothing but boxers and a bath robe, so I was able to clearly see the way that the bulge in his crotch melted away. His hips widened at the same time, first stressing and then tearing the fabric of his boxers as his ass swelled. His new

breasts swelled softly on his chest, not nearly as impressive as his ass but definitely there. The most jarring changes were to his face, the cheekbones lifting and the lips plumping as I watched. By the time he was done, he had the kind of face that I would have expected to see on a warrior queen, all sensual eyes and proud planes. His hair was jet black and still cut short.

Trevor sat up, her mouth moving in shock as she looked at herself. “Holy fuck,” she whispered. Her voice was a little low for a woman but otherwise unremarkable. “It really worked.”

She stood up, her movements a little unsteady, and she immediately cupped her new breasts. They weren’t huge, but they were noticeable. “These are nice,” she said.

“Uh. Thanks?”

She didn’t respond. She kept on with her exploration, moving her hands down to the waist of her boxers and trying to tug them open to see what was between her legs. The waistband was loose enough on her slim waist, but the boxers were packed to the bursting point after that and she couldn’t see much.

“We’re going to have to cut those off,” she said. She gave me a faintly accusing look.

“Hey, you saw what he wanted on the order form.”

“Yeah, and I guess we gave it to him.” She tilted her head and looked behind her to look at her own ass, and when that didn’t work she made her unsteady way into the bathroom instead. She was tall enough that she could admire herself from behind if she stood on her tiptoes. “Fuck a duck,” she said when she finally moved the bathrobe out of the way and got a clear view of herself.

“You’re going to make some lonely guy with too much money very happy,” I said.

“No shit. Jesus.” She kept staring at her ass, flexing first one cheek and then the other. I rolled my eyes and put the bundle of smart clothes down on the toilet.

“There you go,” I said. “Hope you have a cowboy hat ready.”

I left her admiring herself and went back into the living room to wait for her. After a few minutes I called out, “Trevor! Burning daylight here!”

“Hold your horses!”

A few minutes later she came out and spread her arms to display herself. “Tadaa!” she said.

She wore a flannel shirt up top, unbuttoned and tied at the belly to show her flat stomach. It incidentally also gave a wondrous view of her hips. She wore a pair of jeans so tight that I wondered whether she could walk, but then I stopped thinking when she turned to the side to give me a view of That Ass. She was breathtaking. I knew, because for a moment I couldn’t breathe.

“Jimmy. Yo. Snap out of it!” she said, snapping her fingers at me. She turned, putting her butt away so that I could think again.

“I’m a fucking miracle worker,” I said, grinning.

“Yeah, you’re the pope. Can we get going?”

It took us another couple of minutes to get her smart-fabric shoes on and transform them into cowboy boots. Smart fabric worked well but it was slow to respond. It made sense; you didn’t want a stray thought suddenly changing your clothing in public. I said, “What about a hat?”

She waved off my concern. “Got it in the car. Let’s go. You’re driving.”

I followed her out into the hall and then down the stairs. Watching her from behind was amazing, even though she was unsteady on her new legs. She learned quickly, though, and by the time that we got out to the car she wasn’t stumbling much at all. I opened the passenger side door and grinned at her.

She gave me a dirty look and got in, settling herself with some difficulty; you don’t think about how different a car seat feels if you’re three inches taller than usual. To say nothing of the other changes, of course, which had to be distracting. I got in on the other side and we took off.

I said, “So what’s it like?”

“What’s what like?”

Trevor grinned when I rolled my eyes. She said, “I mean, it’s really different, but at the same time I’m used to a lot of it. Still have two arms and legs, you know? But everything feels off, is all. Not painful. Just different from what I’m used to. Didn’t expect some of it. And damn these pants are tight.”

“I noticed that.”

“Yeah, I noticed you noticing. Don’t stare at my ass like that, man.”

“Trust me, you’d be doing the same thing.”

She sighed. “Fine, whatever. Boobs are fun, though.”

“Well I knew that already.”

“I mean they’re even fun to have. These are just the right size. They’re here, but they don’t get in the way. Not like my boo-tay.”

“You’re the one who took the order.”

“Yeah, well. It’s gonna be fun to see what we get next when it’s your turn.”

I thought about protesting, but fair was fair. She was taking all this pretty well. She dug around in the back seat and came up with the hat, and I spent the time trying not to run off the road thanks to the world-class butt in my face.

Jean’s photography studio was right next to a strip club called Absolute Ecstasy. I glanced at it and said, “Classy.”

“Nice place, actually,” she said. She worked her way out of the car, almost losing her balance but catching herself at the last second. “Damn. To walk like this, you gotta get this thing moving and then hang on, mostly.” She slapped her ass and then headed for the studio as I tried to look anywhere else.

I gave up on that by the time we got to Jean’s door. He was on the third floor, and I’d followed Trevor and her magical ass up both flights of stairs on the way there. She would have made a priest give up on his vows. Trevor knocked, and there was a crashing noise from the other side of the door. An irritated voice

yelled, “Fuck off!”

“But I have an appointment!” said Trevor, grinning at me.

The door flew open, revealing a tall, slim man standing there, panting. He didn’t wear a shirt, and his long blond hair stuck out all over the place. His mood improved noticeably when he saw Trevor. “Who’re you?” he said, looking her up and down with undisguised interest.

“I’m Trevor’s friend. We’re supposed to do a shoot.” She tipped her hat.

“Oh, right, the cowboy thing. I found a saddle, come on in.”

He turned and led us inside. Jean’s studio was also his apartment, the whole thing was dedicated to his craft. The day to day of keeping himself alive was obviously not a priority; he had his bed and his hot plate in one corner, and that seemed to be the extent of it. God knows that he didn’t ever put more clothing on; the entire time I was there, he wore nothing but a ratty pair of sweatpants.

“So what do we do first?” said Trevor. She sounded nervous for the first time since her change, and I kept an eye on her as Jean bustled around the set. I was just watching to make sure that she wasn’t going to freak out. I swear.

Jean led us to the set and showed us where Trevor was going to take her pictures. It was a simple thing; he had set up a post with a saddle on it, strong enough for her to sit on if he told her to do so. “Are you wearing what you want for the shoot?” he said, all business now that we were getting close to the shoot.

Trevor nodded. “This is it. Do I...what do you need me to do?”

Jean started snapping out orders and Trevor did her best to comply. I had thought that we were only going to be there for a little while, snap a couple dozen pictures and then go home, but that wasn’t even close to the case. We were there for hours. Jean clicked that fucking shutter hundreds of times, taking a picture every second or so as Trevor worked it. And Trevor really worked it once she got over being nervous about the whole situation.

At Jean’s command she stripped, very slowly, and he took pictures of every single part of the process. He took so many shots, in fact, that I even started to develop some of that professional detachment that he showed during the process;

I simply got used to how Trevor looked, and while her bare breasts were great there's very little that a person can stare at for hours without becoming used to it.

Trevor wasn't nearly as nervous about her tits as she was about the lower half. She wasn't used to having breasts, and the idea that they were something to be hidden wasn't as ingrained as the idea that she wasn't supposed to walk around without pants. She took a lot of encouragement, and finally Jean told her to take a break. She threw on a robe to cover her boobs while she came to sit down next to me.

"How're you holding up?" I said.

"It's not as bad as I thought it would be. It kinda was at first, since I'm not used to, you know, all this. But it's not too bad."

"You ready for the next part?"

She took a deep breath and shrugged. "I think that I am."

"You don't have to do this you know."

"I didn't say that it was awful. I get to play with boobs."

"There you go."

"And hey, you get to watch."

"I admit that I'm watching."

She patted me on the shoulder. "It's all right. I get to watch next time."

She got up and went back to the set when Jean called her, and then it was time for her to seriously strip. Within minutes she was down to her panties, and then she was naked. I stared. I admit it. I knew exactly who and what she was behind those dark eyes, but I stared.

She leaned back against the saddle, her incredible legs spread a little and her fingers toying with herself. She gasped a little, her eyes widening when she touched herself, and Jean caught it on camera. She worked everything she had, standing in positions that looked awkward as she showed off her hips and

frankly amazing ass to the adoring camera. She knelt and bent and spread, every movement more and more comfortable as she went, and the camera kept on clicking, clicking.

By the time that Jean was done with the shoot I knew every inch of Trevor's new body. It was well-made; I did good work. I knew that a lot of it was more to do with the subjective desires of the magic and the guy who'd ordered the look, but still.

Finally Jean wrapped it up and said, "Okay, get dressed. Nice job. I'll have Trevor come over and we can pick the best shots."

He put the camera away and headed over to his computer, where he dismissed our entire existence as he went to work on the pictures. I was impressed; even though he and I had both spent the day looking at Trevor's altered body, a naked woman wasn't something that could just be dismissed even through familiarity. I watched with appreciation as she dressed. A day of being naked had worn some of her self-consciousness away, so she didn't try to hide herself.

We bid Jean goodbye. He didn't even look up from his computer. Not that I could blame him or anything; Trevor was dressed again, and Jean had plenty of pictures of her naked to look at. We went back downstairs and piled into my car.

On the way home I said, "So how are you feeling?"

"A little tired of you asking me how I'm feeling, mostly," she said.

"Sorry, but I'm curious. Call it professional curiosity."

She snorted, an indelicate noise. "Professional. All right, fine, I'm doing just fine. There's no problem, and I'm not particularly upset about the pictures."

"I was a little worried about how you'd feel about that part, actually."

She blinked at me. "Why? It's not my body they're looking at in those pics."

I didn't have a response. If she was in that kind of denial then there wasn't much I could do about it.

"How much longer is it gonna be before I change back?" she said as we went

into the apartment.

I looked at the clock. “A few hours. Five, or so? No more than that. That was a long shoot.”

“No kidding. We’re gonna have to charge more.”

“We have to get someone paying anything at all, first.”

She patted me on the shoulder. “That’s my job, don’t you worry about that. Now I’m gonna go play with my new stuff for a while.”

She headed toward her room. When I said, “Need any help?” she just gave me the finger before closing her door.

I was glad that Trevor wasn’t loud about whatever she was doing in there. I had things to study for, not the least of which was making sure that I’d nailed everything down for the potion recipe. I had the idea that I could get some of the basic ingredients together and then just customize it whenever we had an order.

The local potion shop was run by a tall guy and his smoking hot wife. She was the kind of woman who had obviously had some work done, and it was work that was too good to have come anywhere but from magic. She had long red hair, giant tits, and curves that would have gotten a roller-coaster condemned as unsafe. The couple was always very pleasant to me, and while she dressed in a way that displayed her body in a tasteful manner I never got the slightest hint that she was anything but faithful to him.

Damn it.

I sourced out the materials I would need, and I was surprised to find that they weren’t going to cost nearly as much as I’d thought they would. The woman running the shop just laughed and said, “Cocoons are the easy part. No one wants these plain ones, they want the butterflies. Or the silk. Rosewater’s even easier. What kind of potion are you making, anyway?”

I told her that it was a transformation potion for a client. She just shrugged and filled my order, and I carried the bag back to the apartment. I knew that I would be able to use the college’s laboratory for a while, though eventually I was going to want to get my own equipment. If this business took off then I could get my

own after a few sales.

I ran into Trevor on the way back in. He was back to his male form by that time, and dressed in his usual fashion. “Oh hey,” he said. “I’m heading to Jean’s to pick up the pics now that I’m not all T and A.”

“Very politically correct of you.”

“Go me! I’ll be back.”

He got into his car (much nicer than mine) and drove off (faster and quieter, too). I went back inside to start a makeshift potion laboratory in one corner of my room. Fortunately my needs were modest. I wouldn’t have to really start working out things like heat or water sources for a while yet, at least until I got my own equipment.

Trevor came back after about an hour, waving a thumb drive. “Dude! You didn’t tell me how hot I looked!”

“That statement has everything wrong with it.”

“Don’t be a hater. Come on, come see what we picked out.”

Trevor plugged the drive into the slot on his computer and thumped his fingers impatiently while it loaded up. Then he showed the pics. There were about thirty of them, and they went from “hot cowgirl tips her hat” to “hot cowgirl spreads and shows it all.”

“This is totally going to work,” he said, his voice quiet. “I had more ideas about the business, too. What if we sold, like, these thirty as an exclusive to the guy who buys them, and then we use the best of the rest for the website and our subscribers?”

“Oh, nice,” I said. “So when does that all get under way?”

“I think we’d better have some more spreads first.”

“Well, I got some ingredients. I just need the order form and I can go make some more potion.”

He held up his fist and I bumped it. “That’s what I like to hear,” he said. “Don’t worry. We’ll get the orders going. Just lemme send these off to the buyer.”

“Any suggestions for more potions? Like, anything that you thought might have come in handy or needed to be changed?” I said.

He tilted his head and then nodded. “I was kinda clumsy.” He pointed at the pictures, and I saw what he meant. There was an appealing sort of coltishness in Trevor’s female form, as if she hadn’t gotten used to her legs or other equipment. “I mean, yeah, it works, but it was hard to deal with when I was in that shape, you know?”

“Something to make you...uh, us more comfortable when we change shape?” I said.

“Yeah, just enough so that we don’t feel like we’re going to fall over, you know? Because some of these guys are going to want more extreme stuff.”

I could only imagine. “Okay, that’s fine. I think I can work with that.”

“Now what about the guys who’re going to order celebrities? Like say that someone wants to see J-Lo naked or something.”

I was already shaking my head. “Can’t do it. It’s illegal as hell, for one thing, and to get an exact match would be incredibly difficult.”

He said, “But if someone wanted a short, curvy latina with an ass that could end wars...?”

“We could totally do that.”

He grinned and I grinned back. I said, “So when are you going to get your next order?”

“Eager to be a chick?”

“No, I just want to get this off the ground as soon as possible, that’s all.”

He nodded. “I can get more orders this coming week. Probably once word starts getting around we’ll have even more. I have to learn how to get someone to host

a website, too.”

“That should be hard, in today’s world.”

“Yeah, yeah, smartass, go learn how to make potions.”

I went off to research how to make the imbiber more comfortable in his new form. There was a lot of overlap in the transformational magics, so I got to do a field trip to the school library to get some more books on the subject. Mages had been transforming themselves and others for eons, of course, so there was a lot to sift through, but I eventually grasped the basic idea. It meant moving from a level two to a level three potion to encompass all the changes and the requisite magic, but I was confident that I would be able to take care of it.

After hitting the library and bringing home a mountain of books I went to my tai chi class. I was in that class four nights a week, mostly in an effort to bolster my attempts to learn how to meditate. Focusing on creating a potion meant being able to clear my head of all distraction, and meditation and martial arts helped me with that.

By the time I got back late that night, Trevor had his next order.

“That was quick,” I said. “How many of your friends are doing this, anyway?”

He shrugged. “You’d be amazed. Also that I was able to up the price to five hundred bucks without any problems.”

I narrowed my eyes. “Why were you able to do that? What did you promise him?”

He waved his hand. “Practically nothing. It’s fine, you’ll be doing the pictures anyway, so no big deal.”

“Trevor, what did you do?”

“I had to agree to let him come and watch the shoot, that’s all.”

“Dammit Trevor!”

“What? You were going to be doing the poses and stuff anyway, who cares? It’s

not like anyone's going to recognize you, even if he knew who you were, which he absolutely doesn't."

I sighed. He had a point, and the five hundred could be split into much nicer slices than the two fifty. "Fine. But he just watches."

"No touching. I made him sign something."

"Oh, yeah, because that's going to be enforceable."

"Oh, hush. He doesn't know that. Now here's the order form. Can you be ready to do this tomorrow?"

"Good Lord, Trevor. I mean, I guess I can get up early and get it ready, but what kind of-

"I knew you were the man for the job! It'll be fun, don't worry."

I took the order form from him and read over it. "Ah yes. Obviously a classy guy. Blond librarian with giant tits, huh?"

"Hey, nothing like a challenge."

"Wonderful. Well, it'll be a chance for me to see how well my adjustments to the formula work." I explained a little bit about how I was going to try to make the potion's user more comfortable in his new skin.

"That would have come in handy yesterday, but yeah, that sounds like a good plan. I got Jean to promise to be ready by ten, okay?"

"Wonderful. Will the smart clothes work for a suit?"

"Sure. We're going to have to get some more sets after a while, but it should be fine for this."

"Awesome. Be sure to wash them tonight, huh? I'm going to bed."

I had a hard time sleeping that night. I was worried about what would happen the next day. I'd never altered myself to this extent before, and even though logically I knew that it was going to be fine I had a hard time explaining things to my

emotions in a way that made them understand. I finally fell asleep about three in the morning, dreaming of Trevor chasing me through a maze while he tried to throw vials of fizzy potions at me.

I got up too fucking early and went to the lab. It was open on the weekend for homework so I just snagged a quiet bench and went to work. I had brought my own ingredients this time, and since I knew the recipe it wasn't long before I was weaving the magic together. The addition of the "be at ease" factor made it a little tougher, and I know that I dropped one loop that should have been securely strung into the web, but I had plenty of redundancies built in to compensate. Soon I stood there looking at a pink, fizzy liquid. I packed it up and headed home.

Trevor handed me the smart clothes when I got back. In their quiescent state they looked like a smock and plain shorts, unadorned and un-patterned. I took them and headed for my room.

"Aw, you're not going to change out here?" he said.

"Nupe."

"I did! You saw everything!"

"And you're going to see everything too, but I'm not going to change out here the first time. Get over it."

"Rats."

I closed the door and stripped down. Like Trevor, I went with wearing a bathrobe as a nod to the barest minimum of decency, and then I sat on the edge of my bed. I reminded myself of all the ways that this process shouldn't be feared, and then I took three deep breaths before drinking the potion down.

I had done minor changes, so I knew to expect the tingles and the ringing in my ears. I hadn't expected the effects to be so strong, but it made enough sense that I could force myself not to panic. I lay back on the bed, fully aware of all the ways that my body morphed as the potion did its work.

Then it was over and I sat up. I felt...nothing, really. If I hadn't known, intellectually, that I hadn't been born the way that I was now, I would never have

realized that anything had changed. I didn't feel like I was wrapped in cotton or fuzzy-headed or anything; I just felt normal. I stood up and went to the mirror, my left arm looped under my tits to give them some support, and what I saw in the reflection was exactly what I'd expected to see. I didn't see what the big deal was.

Apparently, the "be comfortable" facet of my potion had worked. I judged myself to be ridiculously hot, with wide blue eyes and blonde hair tumbling down damn near to my ass. Instead of worrying about whether my over-plump lips felt strange (they didn't), all I could see was that I needed a touch of makeup to make the look complete.

I was slightly disappointed. This was supposed to be some grand, climactic thing, and it had sort of sputtered. The weirdest part of it all was that I had clear memories of growing up male, but now that I was female I felt that being a man would have been awkward.

"Ooookay," I said in a voice that managed to be completely alien and totally normal to my ear. "So that part of the potion works great."

I dropped the robe and went to put on the smart clothing. I almost forgot to admire myself in the mirror, but once again I had that strange doubling effect as I looked at my killer body. It was just my body, as familiar to me as if I'd grown up that way even though I hadn't been female until five minutes ago. I shrugged and put the clothes on. The biggest problem there was that the smock was too damn small to fit over my giant boobs. I squished them around but still there was nothing to be done in its current form. Instead I had to sit there with my chest hanging out for a couple of minutes while I concentrated on the smock to make it into something more suitable.

By the time I got done with the smock and the shorts they didn't resemble their starting forms at all. Instead I wore a gray skirt that buttoned up the side and a tight white sweater. I wrangled some rubber bands and put my hair back in a bun after a little bit of figuring, and then I found the glasses that I used to wear before I moved to contacts. I couldn't wear them as they were, but after I'd popped out the lenses they worked just fine. I probably wasn't the exact image of a librarian, but I would do as far as sexy went.

Trevor knocked on the door as he had several times before during my

preparations. “Are you sure you’re okay, Jimmy?”

I opened the door this time and gave him an eyeful. I spread my hands and spun slowly, coming back to rest in the same position. “What do you think?”

He gaped. I had never had anyone gape at me before, and it was pretty funny. I snapped my fingers in front of his face and said, “Hello? Trev?”

“Jesus,” he said. “You’re incredible.”

“Yeah, I know. Are you okay?”

He looked me up and down with no indication of shame at all. “Are you okay? Because you look like you should be toppling over.”

I rolled my eyes. “I’m fine, Trevor. The new potion worked great, and I feel like I was born this way. The only weird thing is you staring at me.”

“Really.”

I shrugged, amused when his eyes went to my chest. I wasn’t wearing a bra since I didn’t have anything that would work and the smart cloth had its limits, so the girls were pretty bouncy. I said, “Eyes up here.”

“How comfortable are you?”

“Like I said. I don’t even notice that I’ve changed unless I think about it, and even then it’s hard to remember.”

“Well you’ve changed. If you’re that comfortable, we should totally fool around after the shoot.”

“Aaaand no.”

He shrugged, not offended. “Worth a shot.”

“Hey, you got to play with yourself after your shoot, so that’ll have to do.”

“Yeah, but I didn’t have, you know, those.”

I grinned and lifted the bottom of my sweater, pulling it up until it was tucked

underneath my chin. My boobs rolled out, bouncing a little. “There, happy?” For fun I bounced a little on my toes, making my tits tumble and jostle.

“So. Happy.” He reached out to touch one but I popped his hand and pulled the sweater back down. They were big enough that I had to struggle a bit, but soon enough I had the girls covered again.

“You’ll get to see them again soon enough, but no touching remember? I heard that there was this photo shoot,” I said.

“Right. Right! Yes, to the photo-cave!”

I followed him out into the hall and then took the lead down the stairs. I was sure that he was checking out my ass in the tight skirt, and the knowledge of it didn’t bother me in the slightest. His attempt to cup one of my tits didn’t really bother me either; I was calm with all of it. I made a mental note to possibly tone down the “be comfortable” part of the potion for next time. I probably wouldn’t mind it at the moment, but if I wound up letting Trevor paw at me I thought that I’d be upset about it when the potion wore off.

We headed for Jean’s place. Once again we parked at the strip club, and this time I led the way up the stairs. Trevor’s continued interest in my ass still didn’t bother me. It was interesting to feel that kind of confident, or at least to not care about what anyone thought about me. I was who I was.

Jean let us in, grumbling that we were late, and then he kept on grumbling as we waited for the client. He had set up a little display of shelves and books for me to pose by, so we ran through some basic scenarios while we waited.

About fifteen minutes after we got there, the client finally showed up. He was short but stout, appearing to be made entirely out of muscle. He had the sort of face and blond hair that made me sure that his name was something like Troy or Chad.

“Jessica, this is Derek, the client who arranged all of this,” said Trevor. I smiled at Derek and gave him a nod, and he stared at me. Well, he stared at my chest. I couldn’t blame him.

I said, “Derek, so nice to meet you. I hope that this goes according to your plans.”

He managed a nod, just barely managing to keep himself from gaping. I smiled and headed for the photo area. I wanted to get this over with as soon as possible, even though I didn't feel nervous about any of it. I didn't feel much of anything about it. It was just something to be done.

Jean was fairly good at giving direction but I improvised a bit over the course of the next few hours. Under his commands I posed and performed one of the slowest strip teases in history, gradually displaying my belly and then rolling the sweater up while coyly keeping one arm over my breasts. When I finally let them free it was with the attitude of bestowing a gift on the camera, and I was sure that it was one of the really good shots that would make it into Derek's collection.

I undid the buttons on my skirt, allowing it to slip from me in stages, and by the time I was naked I was sure that Derek was ready to come in his pants. I posed in a few awkward positions, not really feeling sexy. Instead I felt physically uncomfortable. Mentally I was fine. I was fine with everything, an attitude that worried me just a little. I remembered how I'd felt when Trevor had cupped a boob earlier that day: not so much irritated as aware of the fact that I was probably expected to push him away. I hadn't really felt anything one way or the other, though I had liked the feel of it. This was the same way. I was worried by my lack of worry.

Still, it allowed me to get into all kinds of awkward positions that would have made me die of embarrassment just a few hours before. That was what the client had paid for, so that was what he got. And I gave it to him as hard as I could. By the time we were done with the shoot I was dripping sweat and felt as though I needed a cigarette.

Still naked, I walked up to Trevor and Derek and said, "I hope that was as amazing for you as it was for me." I gave Derek the kind of smile that could melt a man's fillings and then enjoyed the sight of him trying to make a coherent response.

Trevor said, "You were great, Jessica, now go shower off and I'll see Derek out, okay?"

I walked off, my hips swinging smoothly beneath me. I was sure that every eye was on me. And again, who could blame them? Far from being bothered by the

idea, I was totally at ease with it.

I showered, not spending a lot of time inspecting myself. It was still hard for me to remember that I hadn't always been this way, so the novelty of my new body didn't drive me to take a closer look. I got dressed and went back out to find that Derek was already gone.

"Well I think that went well," I said.

"Derek couldn't stop talking about you," said Trevor. "That was incredible."

"Good deal. I think I'll head home now. I have stuff to study for."

"Yeah, absolutely. I'll meet you at the car."

I headed downstairs and stood next to the car, looking around the area with vague interest.

"Are you one of the girls here?" said a timid voice. I turned and saw a short, fat man standing there on the sidewalk, staring at me.

"I'm sorry, what?" I said.

He held up his hands as if he expected me to hit him, and he said, "No, no offense! I mean, you just look...you're so beautiful, I thought you might be one of the dancers! Is all! I'm sorry!"

It took me a moment to understand that he was asking about the club where we were parked. I had never even been inside Absolute Ecstasy, much less danced there. I wasn't surprised to find that the question didn't bother me at all. I said, "No, it's okay. I'm not one of the dancers."

He was already most of the way down the sidewalk by the time I spoke, so he didn't hear me. I turned and looked at the front of the club. He had thought I was a stripper. I supposed it made sense, given how I looked and how I was dressed. I wasn't offended or uncomfortable at the idea. If anything, I was intrigued.

I had other things to do, though, and with any luck I would be able to just stick with the photo shoots and make some extra cash that way.

Trevor came down and we got into his car. On the way back to the apartment he said, “You okay?”

“I’m fine. You know, the potion’s working so well that I don’t even think that there’s any real reason to be upset.”

“Huh. So you won’t freak out if I told you that Derek wanted to see if you were interested in going out.”

“Nope. But I’m not interested, so there’s that.”

“You really are comfortable.”

“You’ll see what it’s like. When’s the next shoot?”

“Soon as I can hook up with another client. Hey, I was thinking while we were in there, is there any way that you can make another potion that’ll turn you into the exact same girl?”

“I suppose it would be possible. Right now I’m sort of working with general ideas, but it gave a specific effect. I think it’s possible. Why?”

“Well, I was thinking about our subscribers at the website. If we had a, you know, stable of girls, then they’d get used to them and would maybe request more private shots from a favorite.”

“Why do I suddenly feel like a pimp?”

He rolled his eyes. “Please. It’s not like we’re selling their bodies.”

“Well we kind of are.”

“It’s not like we’re selling real girls’ bodies.”

“I feel pretty real right now.”

“Are you with me in this or not?”

“Oh, I am, I just wanted to mess with you.”

“Bitch.”

“Pimp.”

When we got back to the apartment I went to my room and changed into my robe again. I still had a couple of hours before I changed back to normal, so I spent it playing video games on my computer. I had done all the studying that I wanted to do, and while I trusted Trevor to stop when I said stop I still wasn't sure whether I would say stop if he tried anything. This bizarre comfort with myself and everything around me had its downside.

Finally I changed back, my body going through the same waves of tingles and surges as before. Magic felt strange. When I was back to normal I put on a t-shirt and some sweatpants and sat back to think about what had happened.

The weirdest part was that I didn't feel weird about it. I wished that I had taken a little more time to inspect myself, but at the time I hadn't bothered because it was so normal to me to have those giant tits and no dick. I thought about asking for some of the pictures but decided that it would just be weird.

I wandered into the living room and found Trevor sitting there on the couch with Derek. They both had drinks and were playing something on the X-Box that involved a lot of shooting and, apparently, swearing.

“She was the hottest fucking thing on the planet!” said Derek. It was more than I had heard him say the entire time that I was female.

“She's a hot one all right,” said Trevor.

“Who's hot?” I said. I went into the kitchen area and poured myself some vodka and cranberry juice.

“This girl that Trev hooked me up with today!” said Derek. “She was doing this photo shoot, and you never saw tits like those in real life, you know?”

“A photo shoot, huh? What kind?”

“The fucking hot kind,” said Derek. “And man, she was panting for it, too. When she was done she was all sweaty, and she couldn't wait to get her hands on me.”

I took a sip and was glad to find that I'd added too much vodka. “That right.”

“Stuck her tongue down my throat, man. So hot. If Trev and the photographer hadn’t been there I don’t know what would have happened. But I can fucking guess!” He hooted with laughter as Trevor blew up his tank with a rocket.

“She was that hot for you, huh?” I said.

“Telling you, man! She was a sure fucking thing!”

I didn’t have anything else to say. I just sat there while they blew each other up and Derek bragged about almost nailing me. The fact was that it was possible that if he’d made a move I wouldn’t have stopped him. That facet of the potion was making me more and more nervous as I thought about it. I’d have to tone it way down or get rid of it entirely for the next time that I went female. I made a mental note to ask Trevor whether he wanted to get rid of it next time he changed.

Finally Derek left, to wend his staggering way across campus and back to his frat house. Before he left he promised to let everyone know about Trevor’s service, and he passed Trevor an envelope with what he obviously thought was a successful attempt at being sneaky.

Trevor closed the door and I said, “What a douche.”

“No kidding. Rich douche, though. He doubled the money when he saw you.”

“What, seriously?”

Trevor grinned and nodded. He opened the envelope and counted out three hundred and fifty bucks for me. “Same for me, a hundred for Jean, a hundred for Laura, and that leaves a hundred for supplies and getting the website up and running.”

“I feel like I just finished a bank heist.”

“Well, if that’s the case, you were the distraction.”

I groaned. “Don’t remind me.”

“Ah, starting to remember what it was like?”

“I remember everything, including you trying to honk my boob. Thanks for that, by the way.”

“Dude, you flashed me.”

“Yeah. I think that part of the potion that made me comfortable in that skin was a little strong.”

“Great overall effect, though.”

“Oh, many thanks. So what now?”

“Now I hunt clients and work on the website.”

“Rock on.”

I didn't hear much from Trevor for the next week or so. It was nice to be able to get back into my studying habit. The events of the weekend faded until I could almost convince myself that I had dreamed the whole thing. The fact that I had the occasional dream about being Jessica again only made it easier to rationalize. The money was nice, though, and it was hard to resist the idea of making more of that.

Trevor found me on Friday and said, “All right man. Tailored Desires is up and running, and we have a half-dozen orders.”

“Jesus. A half-dozen, seriously?”

He nodded, grinning. “And a couple dozen subscribers already.”

I sighed. “I guess we'd better start churning out some content, huh?”

“At this rate we may need to hire help.” He put his hands out in front of him as if reading from a marquee. “Get paid to be a babe! Half-day's work, two hundred bucks, no questions asked or answered!”

“That doesn't sound like an illegal venture at all.”

“I have a talent. So you ready to do some mixing?”

I went to the lab that night and got busy. I worked to alter enough of the “be at

ease” part of the formula to make sure that I wasn’t going to accidentally roofie myself or Trevor, and I was almost sure that I had gotten the mix right. There were two orders, and before I left that night I had two vials in my bag, each one neatly labeled.

Trevor greeted me with a smile. Things had gone well with the website, and he’d actually had to put a hold on orders in spite of having jacked the price up again. “We’re up to six hundred dollars for a custom set,” he told me, grinning from ear to ear.

“This is turning into a serious thing,” I said in reply. The whole situation was making me feel nervous, actually, but I figured that we could handle it.

“It’ll be awesome. So are we ready for the next shoot?”

“Sure. Which one was it?”

“Hot cheerleader.”

“Ah yes. I hated making that one. I needed more information to go on, you know?”

He nodded. “Well, we do the best we can. Small and slim, right? With a nice rack?”

“Yeah. I went with a C-ish cup.”

“Rock. I’m gonna go talk to Laura tonight and see if I can score some more smart clothes in the right size. Nothing wrong with having plenty of outfits.”

“We’re going to need to find some shoes, too.”

He nodded and pulled out his phone. He made a note somewhere and said, “I’m pretty sure they do a smart-cloth version of shoes. Laura would know anyway.”

“Sounds like she knows her stuff.”

“Laura knows all kinds of stuff.” He grinned at me in a way that made his comment clear, and I rolled my eyes as he headed out to see her.

Trevor barely made it back in time for the shoot the next day. He screeched to a halt outside the apartment and then tore up the stairs. He carried a bag in one hand, and his clothing was disheveled. “Sorry, sorry,” he said as he burst inside.

I shrugged. “He’s not my temperamental artiste.” I held the vial out to him. He took it and went to his room to change body and clothing.

When he came back out he was wearing a cheerleader uniform and the body of a slim, stacked Japanese woman with high cheekbones and wide eyes. On her tiny feet was a pair of sneakers that I didn’t recognize; apparently Trevor had managed to score some smart shoes. She said, “You ready to go?”

“Always ready to see you strip.”

She grinned and let me follow her to the car again. This time she was a lot more graceful than she’d been when she was the Booty Queen. She also seemed a lot happier with me sneaking glances at her, and even encouraged me once by flipping up her skirt to show that she wore nothing beneath.

We settled into the car and I started it up. As I drove I said, “Are you okay? I got the mix right, didn’t I?”

She shrugged. “I feel perfectly fine. It’s fun to be like this.”

That was new. “Fun?”

“Sure. I mean come on, look how cute and hot I am. Not to mention being able to do a handstand, right?” She nodded to herself as she watched the scenery go by.

“Cute and hot, huh.”

“Oh, what, like you don’t think so? Please.”

I said, “Ah...”

She rolled her gorgeous eyes at me. We were doing a lot of that with each other. “It’s okay, Jimmy, I swear. Breathe.”

“Sorry. Yeah. It’s just still strange, that’s all.”

She shrugged. “Doesn’t feel strange to me at all. In fact it feels pretty good right now. What did you do differently to this body?”

“I actually dialed that part of the potion back, the one that helped make me so relaxed. It was making me act strange.”

“Strange how? I didn’t notice anything.”

“You were too busy staring at my chest.”

“Guilty.”

“Strange like...I would have gone along with anything. The only thing that really stopped me was that I knew that I’d be upset when I changed back, and even that probably wouldn’t have stopped me for long if someone had made a determined effort.”

“Effort at what?”

“Flirting or something.” Unlike when I’d been Jessica, I was heartily embarrassed by the turn the conversation had taken. I could feel the blush spreading up my neck and into my cheeks.

“Man, I should have kept flirting, then.”

“You’re a bad girl.”

“I’m just drawn that way.”

We pulled into the parking lot and I followed her up the stairs to Jean’s. I was almost sure that she didn’t give me any extra show, but the hem of her skirt sure seemed to like to flip up and display her lack of underwear pretty often.

Jean’s apartment was as usual, and we got right into the shoot. He’d found more props, mostly pom-poms and a rack of bleacher seats, and the shoot went swimmingly. Trevor was completely without self-consciousness, willing to do any shot with a smile on her face. There were a few times that she seemed to be really getting into it, losing herself in rubbing at her next equipment, but each time she shook herself back into focus and resumed smiling at the camera.

It was incredibly hot. I tried to keep my interest from showing.

Finally we were done. She came up to me after her shower and said, “You ready to go?”

I said. “Sure. Just one thing, huh?”

“Sure, what’s that?”

I pointed at her bare chest. “Clothes?”

“Oh. Right.” She went over to where she’d been doing the shoot and gathered her things up. Jean raised his head and signaled to me to come over, so I did.

He said, “Where do you guys get these girls, anyway?”

“Ah, I think Trevor’s friends with a lot of different women,” I said.

He shook his head. “Amazing. I can’t even get a date. And they’re awesome models. They never object to anything, or whine about it being too cold or hot.”

“Well. Glad you like them? I think they’re trying to break in, you know, so they’re not willing to make too much of a fuss.”

“Now are you ready to go?” said Trevor as she came over. She was back in her cheerleader outfit.

“Yep, let’s get out of here,” I said.

“We have a hot date,” said Trevor to Jean. Then she jumped up and threw her arms around my shoulders, surprising me so much that I didn’t even react when she pressed her lips to mine. I was acutely conscious of her boobs against my chest, and then she was gone.

“Ah haaah,” I said, trying to formulate a thought. Trevor just giggled and patted my cheek, and then she skipped off toward Jean’s door. Jean shook his head and went back to whatever he was doing on his computer. I followed Trevor down the stairs again.

I found her standing by the car, staring at the front of the strip club. “How much do you figure they make?” she said.

“What, the owners? Jealous?”

She flashed me a grin as she settled into her seat. “Nah, we stand to make a pile. I was just wondering if we should think about getting part-time jobs there.”

“You’re kidding, right?”

Trevor shook her head as if clearing it. “Just sounded fun, that’s all. This potion’s a good one.”

“Yeah. Yeah. Is it too much?”

“Oh, no, nothing like that. It’s just a surprise how...comfortable I am.”

I hid a start of surprise at her use of the word. As far as I could remember, I hadn’t used that term out loud to describe what I’d changed about the formula.

“Well. Uh, good?”

“Really good.”

“Well good.” I couldn’t think of anything else to say about it. “So hey, what’s the

next shoot?”

“Oh, I talked to Jean about that one already. He’s ready to do the shoot tomorrow.”

“Oh. Well, great. Same time as usual?”

“Yeah. The socialite.”

“Right, I figured. I get all the tits.”

She grinned at me, an expression that made my pants feel a little tight. She said, “Hey, mine aren’t that bad right now.”

“So I saw.”

“You saw everything. Lucky dog.”

“I...uh.”

She snorted and went back to staring out the window. I followed her up the stairs and then watched as she sailed back toward her room. She said, “I’ll be in my bunk.”

Last time she’d disappeared into her room, while wearing the body of the Nubian queen, she hadn’t made any noise. This time she was a little louder, though still not rattling the walls with her cries. She stuck with low moans that moved to a slightly higher crescendo and then back, oscillating louder and softer for most of the evening until finally they stopped.

Trevor came out in his normal form, his hair disheveled. He gave me a shit-eating grin and collapsed in the chair next to the couch.

“Man, I don’t know what you did to that formula, but do more of it.”

“What? What do you mean?”

“I felt like I’d been born that way, but I didn’t have any of that urge to follow anyone’s directions or anything. It was more like...I was free to have fun. I felt liberated. And then when I touched myself, holy shit, dude.”

“I’m not sure I’m old enough to hear this.”

“Seriously, it felt like lightning.”

“Yeah, I heard.”

“Oh. Heh. Sorry about that.”

“But it wasn’t a bad thing?”

“Nope. Loved every second of it.”

“Yeah, I heard.”

“Jerk.”

“Bitch.”

“So you’re ready for tomorrow? Guy said that he wanted a really classy look, like a lounge singer at a high-class nightclub.”

“Yeah, with curves like ridiculous. I used Jessica Rabbit as a template.”

“Nice! You won’t regret it.”

“I’m not sure I even want to think about it.”

“So don’t. It’ll be fine, come on. Then when you’re done you can come back here and enjoy yourself like I did.”

I rubbed my eyes and bit back my first couple of responses. “I think I’m going to bed.”

“Good deal. I’m kinda wiped out myself. Night.”

“Yeah, yeah.”

I slept better than I’d expected, but the next morning was a long one. I kept putting off the potion until it was almost time to go, so I didn’t even drink it until around eleven that morning. Once again I was holed up in my room, wearing nothing but a robe. I wasn’t sure why I was even wearing that much, but it made

me feel better so I just went with it.

When the tingles and shifting were over, I stood and went to the mirror that I'd set up on my dresser. I nodded in satisfaction at the what I could see of myself. Long red hair swept over creamy shoulders and down a chest that looked as though it should have its own gravity. I ran my tiny hands down my curves, relishing the feel of them. Last time I'd been mostly about the tits and face, but this time I had an ass and hips to match, and I could see that my legs were just as impressive. I was the total package, nothing but womanly exaggeration from tip to toe, and I loved everything about it.

I swayed over and picked up the smart cloth top, concentrating on it while it shifted. By the time that it was done I had a glittery green dress that matched my eyes. I picked up the other pieces and concentrated more, winding up with a classy black bra and a pair of panties with attached garters and hose. The last set of cloth turned into a pair of long silky gloves that ran all the way up to my biceps.

I took my sweet time getting everything on, amazed and satisfied to find that I knew precisely how to work all the female clothing that I hadn't worn before. The potion had really done a good job.

When I was done I checked the mirror again. I saw a woman who could start fires by pursing her plump lips. I blew a kiss at the mirror and gave a wink with one heavy-lidded eye, and then I made my way out into the living room to present myself to Trevor.

He stared, his mouth hanging open. I gave him a flirty grin and reached out to push it closed. "You'll draw flies," I said. My voice was a low purr, one that was simultaneously new and completely familiar to me.

"Sorry, I just...you know. Wow."

I smiled a bit. "Why thank you sir."

He stared at me, his eyes traveling my curves, and I couldn't help but shiver under the attention. Trevor was an attractive enough guy, I figured. Why not preen a little?

"So should we get this show on the road?" I said.

“What? Right! Yes!” Trevor snapped out of it and led me toward the door, holding it open for me to go through. Even though I’d never walked in high heels before that day, thanks to the potion I not only could wear them but managed to make every movement look good. It was simply second nature now.

Of course I led the way to the car. I liked the idea of him looking at my well-rounded behind, my breathtaking hips. My dress was slit up one side, all the way to my hip, and kept giving little glimpses of the top of my stocking. My deep red hair often swung over my face to cover one eye, and I wondered briefly if I’d gone too far in the direction of Jessica Rabbit. Then I realized that you could never go too far in that direction, and I just went with it.

The few people in the street stopped and stared openly at me as I got into Trevor’s car. I ignored them grandly, pretending to not even see them though I managed to get one spectacular leg out for inspection during the car-entering process. I was amused to find that not only was I comfortable with the attention but that I welcomed it.

“You’re just fucking incredible,” said Trevor as he drove us to Jean’s. “What’s it like?”

I sighed and stretched, arching my back like a cat. “You know what it’s like. It feels totally normal to me.”

“Yeeeah, but come on. This isn’t a normal girl. People stare, that’s gotta be weird.”

“Why shouldn’t they stare? I dressed to draw stares. It’s healthy.”

He glanced at me and I just offered an enigmatic smile. I was telling the absolute truth, but he wasn’t sure if I was kidding or not.

He said, “All right. If you’re so comfortable, how about you and I go out and have dinner after the shoot?”

“With you dressed like that?” I reached out and patted his hand. “In your dreams, honey.”

“I have better clothes at home, you know that. And...oh my God, I just thought of something that might get us more money.”

We were in the strip club parking lot. I said, “You keep thinking, then. I have clothes to take off.”

I swayed up the stairs and into Jean’s apartment. Jean stared at me, and I posed to best advantage. The fact was that it didn’t seem that this body had a bad side, so it was pretty easy to show off the goods.

Once he had recovered, we went ahead and got started with the shoot. As before, I took my sweet damn time. I posed by a microphone on a stand, acting as if I was delivering a soulful croon into the mic for a while. I made sweet fucking love to that mic, without removing a stitch of clothing, and I was sure that the pics would be worth a bunch.

I had fun with my stripping, taking my time and not getting a single complaint from either Trevor or Jean. By the time I was down to my underthings, Jean had to change out the memory in his camera because he’d filled it with shots of me removing my dress. I kept vamping at the mic, making up snippets of songs as I worked it, and soon enough I was completely nude for them. The camera’s eye followed me just as relentlessly as Jean’s and Trevor’s, and I welcomed all my voyeurs with a wink and a smile that promised everything.

Finally I was done. Jean and Trevor stood staring as I gathered up my things. I was still just as calm and self-possessed while naked as I’d been in all my clothing. On impulse, I walked up to Jean and gave him the kind of kiss that could set hair on fire, ending it with a tiny flick of my tongue across his lips. “You were wonderful,” I purred.

He tried to say something, but the only thing that came out was a string of random syllables. I winked and went off to shower.

It was in Jean’s shower that I learned what else the potion had done to me. I ran the soap over my nipples and gasped at the feeling. I had expected them to be sensitive, and of course there was the majority of me that simply treated the sensations as normal, but they seemed much more sensitive than they should have been. I tested it again, rubbing one, and shivered from head to toe when I did so.

Then I ran one hand down my belly, still shivering a little, and found the lips between my legs. I hadn’t done a lot of exploring of my female bodies, so this was still somewhat uncharted for me, but I seemed to know precisely how to

find what I was looking for. The small nub that I tickled with one finger shot thunderbolts through me, and I moaned in my new voice without thinking about it.

I hoped that I hadn't been heard outside. A girl has to have some secrets. I quickly finished up the shower, enjoying every single touch of my hands to my body, and dried off. Now that I was aware of how sensitive I was it made the simple act of putting on clothes both slower and more enjoyable. I could feel my giant nipples rubbing against the inside of the bra, sliding over the silk again and again like an assault by an obsessed lover. My underwear rubbed against me in delicate places too, and I hoped that I would be able to get to the car without climaxing.

I swayed out, controlling myself with a bit of effort, and found both Trevor and Jean studying the shots of me that Jean had snapped. I came up behind them quietly enough that they didn't notice, and I had to admit that I was even hotter than I realized. "Very nice," I purred.

Trevor jumped a little. "Oh! Uh, Samantha. Yeah, you think it turned out well?"

I leaned in to point at one, my heavy breast resting on Jean's shoulder for a moment. I smiled when he stopped breathing. I said, "I think that one's one of the best."

"Yes," Jean whispered. "Yes, me too."

I stood up straight again and turned to Trevor. I said, "So, are you serious about that date, honey?"

"Of course."

"Then let's go get you ready. You're not exactly fit to be seen with me."

He scrambled for the door. He called out his thanks to Jean, the words running together, and I let him hold the door open for me again. This was going to be fun.

"Were you serious about the date?" he said as we headed for our apartment.

"Sure, why not? And what were you thinking earlier, when you said that you had

a way to make more money off of this?”

“First tell me what you really feel about this...are you going on this date just to mess with me, or what?”

I leaned back in the seat and raised one leg to inspect my knee. It was flawless, of course. I said, “You know what it feels like when you have the potion. I think it might be fun to be wined and dined like the woman that I am, that’s all. Why?”

“I was thinking...remember Derek?”

“Of course I remember Derek. He’s the one who allegedly, what was it...oh yes. He bent me over a chair, as I recall.”

“Uh. Sorry about that, he’s sort of...well, he’s awful. But you remember that he wanted to pay extra to come and see the shoot?”

“Of course.”

“What if he would have paid even more to go out on a date with you afterward?”

I tilted my head. I suppose that if I’d been in my real form I would have been upset about the idea, but now I was calm enough to give it due consideration. “I wouldn’t be against it, but if he’s going to lay out that kind of money, wouldn’t he expect something more than just dinner?”

“Oh, well, he might, but he’s awful. I was thinking that we might include a date for the higher-paying clients, but nothing more than just escorting. No sex involved.”

“Mm. Well, I could get behind that, I suppose.”

“Really?”

“Why not? It sounds like fun. I’m going to be like this for a while yet anyway, why not have some fun and make some money?”

“Your potions are scary.”

“They are pretty good.” I held up the knee again, smiling.

He shook his head. “This is going to be fun.”

“Absolutely.”

We went inside and I waited around for an hour or so while Trevor got dressed and made some reservations. Bonito’s wasn’t the best place, but it was decent enough that they wouldn’t be upset at our somewhat-formal dress. I wasn’t showing much skin, after all, and the rest of the package made up for anything else. I didn’t anticipate problems.

We got there and seated, and I gave the waiter a slow smile that made him stutter when he gave us the specials. I let Trevor order for me, and I smiled again when he ordered wine. While we waited for our meal I said, “You know, if I was a normal woman, this whole thing would be pretty romantic.”

He arched an eyebrow and gave me a grin that he obviously thought was quite charming. “Really now.”

I nodded. Then I took the most impressive breath that I could and let go out in a deep sigh. “Too bad I didn’t think to change my orientation.”

His eyes widened. “Say what?”

“I think you’re cute, but I think that waitress is hot,” I said, nodding toward a trim little Italian girl.

The expression on Trevor’s face was priceless. He warred between irritation, lust, and approval of the images bouncing through his head. The best part was that I was only partially kidding: being comfortable with my new body also meant being comfortable with its urges, and those seemed to be pretty hetero. My mind was still male (ish) and therefore I was attracted to the waitress.

But I was also attracted to Trevor, and it didn’t bother me a bit.

I said, “Better luck next time? Or maybe you can...” I put my hand over his and rubbed the back of his hand with my thumb. “Cure me.”

He gaped for a moment and then said, “I have no idea if you’re kidding or not.”

I laughed and said, “Remember what it was like when you took this potion.”

He thought for a moment and his eyes widened further. I was afraid they were going to fall out into his soup. “You are serious.”

I shrugged. My bra kept my giant tits from bouncing, but the motion was slow and sensual enough to draw the attention of diners for several tables. I kept my hand where it was. “Might be. Might not. You’ll never know, I suppose.”

He turned his hand over and gripped mine. Then he raised his other hand and said, “Check please?”

I pouted. I knew instinctively that I had a great pout. I said, “But Trevvie. I’m still hungry.”

I eventually compromised. We waited there until the restaurant could pack our meals into to-go boxes, and then we carried them out to the car. I kept waiting for him to say something, but all he did was take my box from me and then offer to open the door.

I allowed it, of course, and then I was delighted and surprised when he turned and wrapped me in his arms. He pressed me against the car as he kissed me, and I kissed back with the same kind of enthusiasm. I felt no urge to pull away, no sensation that any of this was weird, and simply melted into his embrace. He finally pulled back, flushed and breathing hard, and he started to say something. I stopped him by taking his face in both hands and kissing him. I felt one of his hands slide down my back to rest on top of my ass, and I just enjoyed the sensation for a moment.

When we were through I pulled back and arched an eyebrow. “You were saying?”

He gave me a nervous laugh and his body language changed from kiss the hot chick to oh fuck, it’s a bear. He looked as though he wanted to back away, but I had him pinned between me and the car.

I sighed and pulled back. “You’re a good kisser.”

“Uh, thanks?” He moved around me, leaving the door open. He said, “I think we’d better get back before you, you know...” He gestured at me, moving his hand to encompass my entire body.

I tilted my head in acknowledgement and then got in, making a production out of it that included exposing my leg to mid-thigh. Trevor couldn't help staring at that, with good reason. It was worth staring at.

He got into the car and drove, and about halfway home he said, "That was fucking crazy."

"What was?"

"Why did you kiss me?"

I shrugged. I felt bored with the topic already. "I wanted to. You're a good-looking guy, Trev."

"Yeah, but...I mean, what about all that stuff you said about still liking women?"

"Of course I do. But this body likes men, and the potion made me very comfortable with this body, remember?"

He shook his head. "I can't do it, I'm sorry. I just can't think of you as anything but Jimmy."

I reached out and took his right hand, moving it closer to me so that I could press it into my left breast. "Even now?"

He had a whole-body shudder that was fascinating to watch. "You're not thinking straight! The potion's making you do this!"

I shook my head and kept his hand right where it was. "The potion's only making me comfortable. And making me more sensitive, like right where your middle finger is, there. Nothing's forcing me to do a single thing."

"You're going to be upset about this when you change back." His voice sounded a bit weaker, as if he was losing track of his own argument while he tried to convince himself.

I pressed his hand firmly against my chest, even deeper. I had a lot of breast for him to explore. I said, "That's later. I want you now. Don't worry about the future."

When he pulled into the driveway of the apartment he parked and turned to me. “Even if we...you know, you’ve only got a little while until you change back.”

I shook my head and leaned in for another slow kiss. When I pulled back, I purred slightly. I said, “If there’s some reason that the potion can’t change me back, like say there was something inside me that was incompatible with my male form...then it just resets and waits another twelve hours.”

His eyes widened and he said, “Ohhhhh, shit, you are gonna kill me.”

I laughed and tossed my hair. “Maybe later. But that’s later.”

I got out and led him up the stairs, moving slowly as if we hadn’t all but decided to jump into bed together. I could sense his impatience, and I would be lying if I said that I didn’t enjoy it. The anticipation of it was almost as much fun as the kissing.

When we got inside, he seemed to be at a loss. I took his hand and led him to the couch, where I had him sit down. Then I turned on the television and selected a music station that was playing some jazz. I turned to him and smiled while I started moving my hips, swaying just a little in time to the beat.

At the same time I unrolled my left glove, starting from the top. He had seen this before, seen all of my body before, but then it had been for the camera. Now it was just for Trevor, and if the state of the front of his pants was any indication, he was enjoying it. I rolled both gloves down, smiling and moving as if I was stripping for myself instead of him, as if he was a voyeur.

I got into the music, losing myself in the mournful sax and the slow tick of the drums. Someone had a sweet trumpet in there as well, and I felt it slide through me in a way that made me gasp. I kept up my stripping, letting this and that fall by the wayside until I wore nothing but my panties and the attached stockings. I made sure to keep my spectacular breasts covered with my rich auburn hair, the color like a banner against my pale skin. He could see my nipples, rock-hard thanks to the cooler temperature and my own internal heat.

I was more turned on than I could remember being in a long time. It manifested differently in this body, of course, but thanks to the potion I was fine with all of it. I unclipped my stockings and sat on the coffee table to roll them off, taking my sweet fucking time about it. Finally it was just the panties, and these took

twice as long as anything else. I teased, allowing my hair to open and close over me while I started to unroll them, thought twice, and then started again. By that time he was panting, of course, and who could blame him? I felt just as marvelous as I looked.

Finally I slid them down, letting them fall an inch at a time until I stepped out of them with an easy gesture that left me entirely naked for him. I never had the slightest sense of self-consciousness; we both knew that I was magnificent, and I was fine with my body. Standing there, seeing him try to take me all in at the same time, I even felt proud.

Then I gestured to him to stand up, and we started the process of stripping his clothing off. I took just as much time. I had never seen him naked except when he was wearing a female form, so this was both new and delightful. Everything about him turned my body on further, and everything about the potion allowed me to just enjoy the arousal for what it was.

Nearly an hour had passed since we'd entered the apartment by the time we were both nude. Trevor was decently-endowed, standing straight up from a thatch of hair between his legs, and the sight of his cock made me feel warm inside. I pressed my marvelous body against his as I gave him another kiss, and now his hands roamed freely. Mine did as well, and I think I shocked him at how much pleasure I took in touching his body. I certainly enjoyed making him gasp and shiver.

I led us into his bedroom, one slow step at a time. There was much kissing and touching, our way paved with the promise of what we were going to do to one another. Finally he let me fall back into the bed, and I propped myself up on one shoulder so that he could watch my heavy breasts roll around on my chest. I propped one knee up at the same time, both to give him an unimpeded view of my own sparse thatch and to display my legs to greater advantage. I was vain, so what?

He lowered himself onto me, kissing and touching as he gasped with raw need. Before he went any further he said, "I don't have...can you get..."

I shook my head and nibbled on his earlobe. "Part of the potion, baby. None of these forms can get pregnant."

"Oh thank God," he said as he sank into me. I arched my back and met him, his

way made easy by my own excitement. It felt amazing, both utterly normal and completely alien, and I purred out a deep groan at the feel of my flesh enveloping his.

He moved inside me, and it felt glorious. I wasn't shy about my own needs, shifting my hips and body to make sure that he hit what I instinctively knew would feel the best. I kept purring and moaning as we went. He obviously liked the sounds as well, and pretty soon he was panting.

I was panting too. The strip-tease and the associated touching had worked as foreplay on me, and I was hot for him. I pumped harder, my hips strong against him, my body insistent, and then I felt as though I was on a fast elevator that went straight to heaven. I reached the top and let out a low groan as I came, my body clenching at his and my hips bucking without my directing them. The feel of me going off underneath him set Trevor off as well, and he pushed deep inside me as his body stiffened. It felt amazing, amazing, and I was lost in the sensations.

I clung to him as we rode each other down, and then we were able to relax. I shivered from time to time as my body gave up an aftershock or two, and I cooed softly.

Trevor smiled at me. "That was the best," he said, his voice caught somewhere between contentment, apprehension, and post-coital bliss.

I chuckled, the motion making my breasts rock gently. "I can say without reservation that you're the best man I've ever had in bed."

"Ah hah." His laugh was a nervous one.

I said, "Sorry. Mood-killer." I took his hand and pressed it between my legs. "But I'm still here for you, and I'm still hot."

His eyes widened a little. "Really?"

"Oh, Trev. If you've only gone once and fallen asleep, you haven't been with a real woman before."

"What do..."

I wrapped my tiny hand around his cock, pulling gently again and again as I tugged him back to life. He groaned and lay back, enjoying the feeling of it. Then I lifted off the bed and threw one amazing leg over him, sinking down onto the shaft as if I had done it a million times.

It was a little different like that, deeper and somehow more personal. I smiled down at him and said, "Let me do the work this time, hon."

He settled for worshipping my body with his hands and gaze, and I rocked gently on top of him. I found myself using some of the same moves that I'd done during my strip show, making a little dance out of it for him. This time we were both less frantic than the first, and we were both able to enjoy the whole display more.

I happened to glance at the clock at some point during that second ride and noticed that it was nearly midnight. I smiled my slow smile and gave Trevor an extra-strong surge with my hips, and then I forgot all about the clock.

Everything that he did, and everywhere that he touched, felt delightful. The sensitivity that I had managed to include in the potion held strong, and I was distantly grateful that I was comfortable enough in my new skin to appreciate every last drop of pleasure.

The second time with Trevor was much longer, something that didn't bother me at all. I could have stayed there for days just enjoying the feel of him inside me. I had never felt it before, and yet it felt utterly natural to me now. When he came the second time, filling me up, I thought that he was going to pass out from the strength of it. I finished myself off with my fingers, moving slowly and riding the wave (and him) until I arched my back and cried out softly. I fell asleep wrapped around him.

In the middle of the night we both woke up and found ourselves ready for more. I let him in from behind that time, both of us lying on our sides as we moved together, and my climax was so, so sweet.

In the morning we woke up the same way, and then by the time that I had to start thinking about whether I wanted to change back. I decided on one more quickie that led to another long session that eventually pushed me past the noon marker again. When we were done, we lay there stroking one another.

Trevor said, “Are you sure you’re okay with all this?”

I smiled. “I am right now. This whole thing felt amazing, Trev, and none of it bothers me even a little bit. Does it bother you?” I pulled softly at him, smiling wider when he stirred in my hand. “Even a little bit?”

“Not...ah, not right now. I think you might actually kill me here.”

I shook my head, my hair brushing both of us. “Not right now.”

Then I climbed on top of him and we had one last long, slow ride together. I left him sleeping when I went to shower, and I chuckled at the way that the water made my over-sensitive nipples ache. I ached in several places, in fact, in all the best ways. I was sure that I would be upset when I finally changed back, but for now I felt deeply satisfied.

I wrapped myself in my robe and went to my room to study when the shower was done. The place looked and smelled like me, but it was a me that I wasn’t familiar with right then. It felt like sitting in someone else’s space. I shrugged; whoever owned it would have been glad to have a woman like me sitting there.

Somewhere in the back of my head I knew that thought wasn’t mine, that it was brought on by the potion, but there was no emotional attachment to the knowledge. It was easy to dismiss the thought.

After about an hour, Trevor poked his head in and said, “I think I’m going to go out for tonight, maybe go talk to Laura or something.”

“You’re a machine,” I said, grinning and purring a bit.

He blushed and laughed. “See you later!”

“Mm, but probably not like this.”

He took one last look at my giant breasts and incredible legs. “Too bad,” he said. Then he left.

I understood that he was probably clearing out so that I wouldn’t throw some sort of episode when I turned back. I appreciated the thought, though right then I wasn’t sure why it was even an issue.

Just before midnight I found out why it was an issue. I felt the bubbling and tingling spreading through me, and I settled back on my bed to wait out the change. When it was done, I closed my eyes and groaned, putting my hands over my face. I couldn't fucking believe everything that I'd done under the influence of the potion. The worst part was that I hadn't really been under any kind of major influence: I'd simply had my discomfort stripped away. The normal inhibitions had been gone, and any problems I would have had with the urges from my altered body had been either missing or unable to express themselves.

"Fuuuuuuck," I said, growling into my hands. I still felt sore in various places, though most of them made no sense now that I was in a male form again. The worst part was that I had no trouble remembering any of it. There was no comforting fog of denial available; everything was fresh and immediate. Now that I could no longer mess with them, I appreciated how different it had been to have such long hair and enormous tits. I could think back and react to the differences brought on by the advent of having a pussy instead of a cock, and how my altered hips had forced me to sway when I'd walked.

Of course Jean and Trevor had stared. Being comfortable with myself had meant being confident as well, and a woman like that projecting such strong confidence was probably hot enough to be illegal in most states.

I consoled myself with the thought that we were going to make a lot of money off the site. Surely that woman alone would bring in the subscribers.

I sighed and sat up, looking back to my books. I was sure that there was an answer to the problem, that I would be able to find a way to make the female versions of us comfortable enough to walk without being okay with simply jumping into bed. Right then, though, it sounded like a lot of work. I lay back down on the bed and closed my eyes, trying not to think of the incredible sex that had filled my last day and a half.

After all, if Trevor and I were going to be continuing this business, I had to be comfortable...with being comfortable.

I figured that I would have a hard time looking Trevor in the eye next time I saw him, but it wasn't quite as hard as I'd imagined. He breezed inside with barely a hello the next day, and just as I was getting ready for a heart-to-heart of some kind I realized that he wasn't alone. He had a girl with him who looked familiar.

A moment's thought dredged up her name: this was Laura, who'd made the smart clothes for us. She was pretty, though not some raving beauty as either Trevor or I had been. I was sure that she had slept with him, though, so at least we shared something there. The thought almost made me burst out laughing but I fought it down.

"Jimmy! You know Laura. Laura, Jimmy."

"We met at the Christmas party," said Laura. I nodded to her, still feeling nervous about Trevor's presence. What was I going to say to him?

As it turned out, he had something that derailed me completely. "Laura knows about our new business, and she wants in."

I said, "I...what? What about our business?"

She raised an eyebrow. "I know that you can take potions to turn into women so that you can strip for the cameras."

I was glad that she stopped there. Either she didn't know any more or she was remarkably discreet. I said, "Well. Ah. I guess that you know about...what is this about wanting in?"

"Trevor told me that you guys have been using the smart cloth outfit I got you to make your clothes, which is great, but it has a shelf life. The enchantment will probably wear off of it soon if you keep changing it around that way."

"Oh. So you want to what, partner with us to make clothes for our, um, our potion forms?"

She grinned at my obvious discomfort. She had a wonderful grin, mischievous with a note of something I didn't recognize. She said, "That and I want to try it out myself. It sounds hot."

Ah, that explained the unknown component of her grin. She was intrigued. I said, "I would have thought that you wouldn't like the idea."

"What? Why? Because I'm a woman for real?"

"Well...yeah."

Trevor snorted from the kitchen. Laura's grin actually got wider and she said, "Hey, whatever. You guys aren't using your real bodies or anything. I figure it's no worse than drawing cartoons or making computer animations to order. It's not like you're pimping yourselves out."

There was a certain amount of silence. I said, "Yes, that's true. That's not something that would happen."

She shrugged. "So it's not like I'd be showing off my goods. You're the potion guy, right?"

"That's me."

"Trevor promised to show me some of the pictures of the bodies you made. You any good?"

"Try fucking great," said Trevor. He came back to the living room with his tablet computer and sat down on the couch. Laura sat down too, though I was somehow cheered to see that she sat in a nearby chair rather than next to Trevor. Maybe she wasn't sleeping with him after all.

Trevor said, "Now I gotta warn you, these aren't safe for work."

She rolled her eyes. "I've seen it all before. You would not believe the stuff that I've put together for photo shoots."

"You're a clothes designer, though, right?" I said. I sat down on the couch on the other side of Trevor.

"Enchanter, mostly. I pretty much concentrate on smart cloth and let the designers take care of themselves. Still, there are a lot of variations. The more that the smart cloth looks like the final product the more that hel-lo."

Trevor had turned his tablet in her direction, displaying some of the leftover shots from when he'd been a black cowgirl. Laura made a sort of facial shrug as she scrolled through them, and then she said, "Well. Golly. You guys don't fuck around when you show off the goods, do ya."

"I don't want to turn out a sub-par product," said Trevor, his voice a little haughty. We both stared at him until he grinned.

“So which one of you is this?” said Laura. “She looks like she’s never used her legs before.”

“That one’s me,” said Trevor. “That was before Jimmy made some adjustments to the formula. Now whoever drinks it is comfortable with their new body.”

“Oh, gotcha. That makes sense.” She smiled at me, apparently not seeing my growing blush. I fought to suppress the images of Trevor sliding into me, the way that we’d wound around each other as we’d come together again and again. I wished for some of the confidence that I’d felt as a woman.

“It works great,” said Trev. He called up the next set, the one where I’d been the blonde librarian type, and Laura inspected the pictures with professional detachment.

“There, this is why you need me as a partner,” she said. “If I’d been around I could have made a suit jacket to go with the skirt, and a bra to hold those puppies in. Would have looked more librarian-y. I could have done something with the hair, too. Do you guys use any makeup?”

Trevor and I both shook our heads, slightly mystified at her lack of reaction. “I figure that people mostly don’t care,” said Trevor.

“You mean you figure that guys don’t care, and you might be right for most of the time, but eventually you’re going to get someone who gets pissed because he wanted a girl with slutty makeup or something. Or the lights will wash you out. I’ll help you guys with your hair and makeup when the time comes.”

“This is turning into my strangest conversation of the day,” I said.

“Not the week?” she said, flashing that grin again.

The images of me fucking Trevor surged forward again. “No, not of the week.”

She shrugged and went on looking. When she got to the woman that I’d been the day before, she slowed. “Holy shit,” she said. “You must have used magic just to stay upright.”

I said, “When you’re under the influence of the potion, it’s just like you were born that way. You barely notice any difference.”

“That doesn’t sound like a whole lot of fun.”

“Well, we’re in it more for the money than the fun,” said Trevor.

Before we could steer the conversation into truly uncomfortable waters Laura said, “Now see, this is what I mean about the smart cloth.”

“What?” said Trevor. Laura was indicating a picture of me wearing the complex underwear from the day before.

“See how many moving parts, and how much it had to stretch to deal with this?” she said. “I’d be shocked if it lasts for three or four more uses, after all that.”

“His boobs weren’t that big,” said Trevor. He didn’t look at me. I felt my ears burning.

Laura rolled her eyes. “Yeah they were. But that’s not the point. The point is that the cloth was stretched and changed way more than the enchantment can deal with for long. You guys absolutely need my help.”

Trevor looked at me at last, and I saw nothing but serious thought. He said, “If we bring her in, we can spread the load a little, especially if she wants to do some of the modeling.”

I shrugged. “Fine with me. My potions should work just fine.”

He turned to her and said, “You’re in.”

She clapped her hands and then held the right one out for us to shake. She said, “Good deal. Even split, then?”

Trevor nodded. “Partner.”

“Partner! So when’s the next shoot?”

“Actually, the site’s order form is up now. I’ve gotten a couple of orders in today already.” Trevor took the tablet back and accessed another program.

He turned it back so that she could see, and she laughed at what she saw. She said, “Is my timing great or what? This guy wants twin cheerleaders. Redheads,

even.”

I looked at what she was pointing at and I felt the blush come back just a little. The guy who’d ordered the cheerleaders had been remarkably specific, which was going to be good when I went to make the potions, but the thought of two identical girls showing their bodies off...

I said, “So...I guess it’s Trevor’s turn. Do you want to do this too?”

She shrugged. “No time like the present, right? It’ll take me a day or two to get the smart clothes ready. Are your measurements exact?” She pointed at the numbers that the client had entered, rolling her eyes just a little.

I said, “Well, they’re close enough for smart clothes, anyway. Will that be a problem?”

“Oh, no, nothing like that. I just wanted to make sure before I got too carried away. I can get in the neighborhood, and whoever’s wearing the clothes can alter them.”

“Well, our photographer’s getting good at this, so we can actually try for an evening shoot if we want,” said Trevor.

She said, “Sure what time?”

“Um...Wednesday? Say around seven?”

“Sounds good. You guys bringing the pizza?”

“Pizza can be arranged,” I said.

“Right on. See you guys then. Text me the photographer’s address, okay?”

“Ah, actually,” said Trevor. “He doesn’t know what we’re doing. We usually change here and then drive over there.”

“Oh, okay. I’ll meet you here, then.”

We finalized everything and she went on her way. She was small and slim, and she filled her jeans nicely, so I didn’t have much trouble watching her go. When

she was gone I rather felt as though I'd been through a tornado; Laura had a lot of energy.

Trevor returned and sat down, and he said, "Man, she's really something, huh?"

"Hey, man, thanks for not telling her about, you know."

He waved it off. "No worries. How are you doing today?"

"Embarrassed, mostly."

He shook his head. "Sorry, man. I don't really know what to say."

"No, it was my fault for not testing the potion first. I just didn't know what it would do, you know?"

He nodded. He looked like he wanted to say something else, but that he couldn't figure out how to put it. Finally he said, "Are you gonna have any trouble making up that next potion in time?"

"Oh, no, it'll be fine. I just have to double the formula is all. I'll probably make two separate batches."

"Will that make them enough alike to be twins? He's really adamant about them being twins."

"That...is actually a really good point. I'll have to find out. I'll figure it out before Wednesday, though."

"I trust you."

He nodded to me and didn't quite flee the living room. I understood his need for a little space; the specter of embarrassment still hung over both of us even though we had both assured each other that there was nothing to be embarrassed about. My having had hot sex with Trevor was going to take a little processing on both sides.

My sleep was mercifully free of dreams, and the next day I went to the lab to work on the formula. I finally had to track down one of my professors, Doctor Sherberry. She had office hours on Mondays, so that worked out. I found her

looking through a stack of papers that I recognized as our recent midterms.

“Ah, yes, how can I help you?” she said when I introduced myself. I wasn’t surprised that she didn’t know me; potioning is a growing field, and the classes tend to be pretty large.

I said, “Well, I’m trying to work out a theoretical issue. If I’m doing a transformation potion and I want two people to use it so that they’re identical, would I be able to double the formula to make identical changes in the subjects?”

She leaned back in her chair and looked at me as if seeing me for the first time. “That’s an awfully specific set of questions for a rookie potioner,” she said.

“Well, it has to do with a paper I’m trying to understand. I was hoping that I could get your opinion since I know that you’re one of the best.”

She smirked a little, and for a moment I thought that she’d seen through the flattery, but then she started talking. The upshot of it was that it was possible to double a formula, but that it would take more energy and concentration than making a single potion. I thanked her profusely and went back to the lab, determined to get things taken care of.

The formula was easy enough; by this time it only took me a few minutes to get the basic mixture going. I worked quickly, barely noticing the difference in volume of potion until I got to the point where I had to weave the energy into magic.

Then things sort of got interesting. Doubling the size of the potion meant increasing the amount of energy it contained eight-fold, and I hadn’t had experience is dealing with that much energy at once. It jumped all over the place as I tried to envision the web, strands of it tearing as I wove so that I had to go back and patch things. There were several times when I thought that I wouldn’t be able to finish. After a long struggle I managed to get the magic in place with only a few loose strands, and the potion matrix solidified.

I breathed a deep sigh of relief and sat down hard on the floor, glad that no one else was around. An energy overload could have involved the potion exploding, which would have sucked. Flying glass is best taken by other people.

I poured the completed potion into two vials and capped them off before cleaning up. The potion fizzed a little, something that I wasn't used to, but it looked fine so I didn't worry too much. I packed up my things and headed back to the apartment.

...and then I didn't have anything to do. The strangest thing about starting a new venture is that from time to time there's nothing going on, so a person has to get back to real life instead. It was hard at first to concentrate on studying, but I got back into the swing of things after a little while. My potioneering wasn't the only class that I had, after all, so I worked to keep ahead of the others. I didn't hear Trevor come back or go out, and eventually I fell asleep on my books.

The routine of classes and extracurriculars was enough to lull me over the next couple of days. By the time that Wednesday evening rolled around I had nearly forgotten about the weirdness that had so briefly gripped my life. Then Laura knocked on the door to our apartment and the whole thing jumped into the spotlight again.

"Heya!" she said as she breezed in. She was carrying a duffle bag. "Got the uniforms, or at least I got the clothes ready to turn into uniforms. Trevor ready?"

"Actually I'm not sure where he is," I said. "I got a text from him that he was on his way by the might be a little late."

She shrugged. "No big deal. You have anything to drink around here?"

"Beer okay?"

"Beer's perfect."

I led her into the kitchen and sat down with her at the small table that Trevor and I sometimes used for food but mostly for storage of miscellanea. I cracked the bottle open and passed it her way, opening another for myself.

"So potions, huh," she said. "How'd a nice potioneer like yourself get involved in Trevor's evil plot?"

"What's the classic answer? Just lucky, I guess." I took a pull from my beer as she chuckled. "Nah, I was just in the right place with the right skills when he had his idea. It sounded crazy at first, but you know Trevor when he gets talking."

She nodded and smiled. “I do. I do indeed. So you’re in it for the money, the thrill, what?”

I coughed on the beer when she asked about the thrill. When I was all right again I said, “I’m in it for the money. And a little bit because it helps my potioneering skills.”

She narrowed her eyes. “Your skills aren’t going to get me killed or turn me into a frog, right?”

“Oh, no, no, nothing like that. It’s just good to get real-world experience, you know? Before I graduate and sign up to be a soulless corporate potion drone somewhere.”

“Making no money at all, I’m sure.”

“Well, there are benefits to being a drone.”

“Sounds awful. I’m in this for the fun of it, and the money. And to get some more experience working with smart cloth. I’m sure you guys will give me the opportunity to try different recipes and variations of existing designs.”

“I can just about guarantee it.” I told her about what we’d done already, and she laughed.

“You boys are going to be glad that I’m involved.”

“I’m already glad,” I said, before my mouth could take instruction from my brain. I tried to hide the blush with a long sip from my beer, but it was a little late for that.

“Aw, Jimmy, that’s sweet,” she said. She took a drink and said, “I’m gay.”

I blinked. “What?”

“Gay. Me. I like the ladies.”

I sputtered, trying to backtrack somehow. “Oh, no, it’s not that I…”

She held up one hand. “It’s cool. I just wanted to get that out of the way since

we're going to be working together and I know that I'm damn near irresistible."

"But you and Trevor?"

She shrugged and drank again. "Okay, so I'm gay with a little bit of curiosity. Damn little. And it's been satisfied."

I held up both my hands in a surrendering gesture. "Hey, say no more. Message received."

She nodded and finished her beer. "Good. Oh hey, there's Trev."

Trevor breezed in and said, "Hey, there was a party and I didn't get a beer!"

"You were late, that's why," I said. I tossed one of the vials to him and he caught it with one hand. He looked closely at the liquid inside and said, "Is this fizzing?"

"A little. It's fine," I said.

I gave Laura the other vial. She took it and then opened up her duffle bag, offering a bundle to Trevor. "Cheerleader outfits, hot off the press," she said.

He took his and retired to his room. Laura looked around and I said, "You can use my room, it's fine." I indicated the door and she headed that way.

I forced myself not to pace around as the minutes dragged on. Finally the door to my room opened and Laura came back out. I assumed it was Laura, anyway; she looked nothing like our costumer now.

She wore a red and black cheerleader's outfit with an easy grace that meant that my "be comfortable" ingredients were working fine. She was about my height, slightly tall for a woman, but outside of that there was no way that she would ever have been mistaken for me. Particularly in Braille. Her breasts strained at the material that hid them, heavy and soft behind the cloth. The top revealed a muscular midriff that had just enough padding to soften the hard edges. Her strong waist led to magnificent hips, and the skirt that she wore barely went to mid-thigh. The pleats held the material out a bit, making the skirt look even shorter. She had on ankle socks and sneakers, and she carried a pair of red-and-black pompoms.

She lifted them and shook them, and her breasts jiggled right along. “Yaaaay team!” she said. Laura’s grin was still the same, but her face had gone from girl next door cute to oh God please fuck me now hot. Full lips and wide green eyes beneath a rich shock of auburn hair that fell to her waist made it even harder for me to take my eyes off of her.

“I, ah...” I said, demonstrating all my linguistic skills.

“Agreed,” she said. “I mean, I feel like I should feel silly or not be able to walk or whatever, but this feels just fine!” She struck another pose, one that probably would have gotten her kicked off of a cheerleading squad for incompetence but that looked absolutely amazing with her new body.

“Well, good,” I said weakly. I was still trying to come up with something more to say when Trevor’s door opened and she stepped out. She was dressed the same way, though her colors were blue and white. Other than that, she was identical to Laura’s new form.

Laura turned to her twin and said, “Oh, I like those colors better.” She closed her eyes and concentrated, and her clothing slowly changed color. When she got it right, she stood next to Trevor and put her arm around Trevor’s shoulders. “What do you think?” she said.

I had no words. They were glorious and incredibly hot. Trevor smirked. “He thinks we’re awesomely hot,” she said, mirroring my thoughts.

“Well yeah,” said Laura. She turned and looked at Trevor, her identical twin, and said, “I don’t think you’ve ever looked this good to me before.”

Trevor grinned and said, “Just wait until we get in front of the camera!”

I said, “Are you two, you know, okay, like with what you’re going to be doing? The client wanted you to kiss and touch and stuff.”

Laura snorted. She reached out and grabbed Trevor’s left tit, kneading it. “So okay,” she said.

She stopped when Trevor let out a deep moan. Both of us stared at her. Her face was flushed and her eyes closed, and she sounded like a woman in the midst of a really good orgasm.

She opened her eyes and looked around at us before focusing on me. “What did you put in that potion?” she said, sounding as if she was having a hard time catching her breath.

“Uh. The usual stuff. Why?”

“That was...really intense,” she said. She took a deep breath and blew it out through soft lips. I had a hard time taking my eyes off of her.

“Really?” said Laura. She reached up for her own boob, squeezing it a bit. She shrugged.

“Maybe if it’s someone else doing it,” said Trevor. She reached out to knead Laura’s breast, and Laura’s legs nearly buckled as she gasped.

“Holy fuck,” Laura moaned.

“Oookay, maybe there’s some kind of...I don’t know, like a resonance thing?” I said. “Because you’re both under the influence of the same batch of potion or something.”

“Shouldn’t we get to Jean’s?” said Trevor.

“Right! Yes!” I said, glad to be able to think of something else besides joining in on the breast massages. I led the way out the door, and by the time that we got down to my car I had lost track of which one of the twins was which. They were identical down to the freckles on their cheeks.

One sat in the front seat and the other got in back, and we were off. “So what’s it going to be like?” said the one in back. I assumed that one was Laura, which meant that I had been admiring Trevor’s breasts when she’d put her seatbelt on.

Trevor started to chatter about the shoots and what to expect, and mentioned that Jean was cute. I looked at her and she shrugged. “What? When I’m like this, he’s cute, you know how it is.”

“Oh he does, huh?” said Laura, her tone teasing.

Trevor giggled. “When Jimmy was changed for the last shoot, we had a date afterward, and then we-”

“Whoa, whoa, TMI,” I said.

“We did TMI all night long. And most of the next day.” Trevor nodded, smiling devilishly when I glared at her.

“Wait, I thought that this only lasted about twelve hours or so,” said Laura. She poked at her greatly-expanded breast to emphasize what she meant.

“Well, if, say, there’s someone inside you, then you don’t turn back,” said Trevor.

“Really.”

“It might be different for you because you’re a girl. Jimmy, are you okay?”

I was hunched over the steering wheel by this time, trying to melt into the floor mats or something. My face was so red that it looked like a bad sunburn. “Fine,” I managed.

“Oh, he’s embarrassed,” said Trevor, as if just realizing what was going on. “I forgot how easy it is to embarrass him!”

“It’s cute,” said Laura.

“It really is!” said Trevor. She sounded as if she was surprised to find that she thought that I was cute. I remembered the way that I’d felt when I’d figured out that I was fine with the idea of going to bed with Trevor. She probably was surprised. It was the kind of realization that caught a straight guy by surprise, no matter whether that guy was male at the time or not.

The girls chattered back and forth about how Trevor and I had found out about the transformation issue, and I tried to concentrate on driving. It was tough because even though she was busy embarrassing me, Trevor was still distractingly hot. I had always been partial to redheads.

When we got to the parking lot we found it full; we’d never been there after dark before and the strip club was a popular one. Some of the club’s patrons watched the girls getting out of the car, and I wondered if they were hoping that Laura and Trevor were going to be on the stage soon. I had no doubt that the cheerleaders would have been fine with the idea, so I didn’t mention it. I herded

them up the stairs, taking plenty of good looks at them as I went. They didn't mind at all.

By the time I got to the top of the stairs I had lost track of which one was which. It was impossible to tell from their body language; Trevor wasn't concerned with her new appearance, and Laura wasn't worried about what was to come. Both of those traits had the same source in the additives that I'd put in the potion, so the effect ended up being the same.

They let me knock but when Jean opened the panel in his door to see who it was they crowded forward, their bodies pressing against me in a delightful manner. "Hi Jean!" they chorused, and then dissolved into giggles.

I gave him a weak smile as his eyes widened. Jean vanished from the panel and unlocked the door.

The girls led the way in, one of them taking the lead. I tentatively identified her as Trevor, but I figured that it wasn't that big a deal. I said, "Jean, let me introduce you to Cindy and Mindy."

"Hi!" the girls chorused again, and then they headed for the photography area. Jean gave me a look as if to ask whether I was serious, and I shrugged.

"So, the usual?" he said.

"Yep. Take all the shots you want, and we'll give you the normal payment."

He nodded and got to work, adjusting lights and doing arcane things to his cameras. While he did that, one of the girls turned to the other and said, "Cindy, how about I do your makeup?"

"Okay!" said the one that I assumed was Trevor. While the potion would have made her comfortable with the idea of doing her own makeup, it wouldn't have given her any competence beyond what she already possessed. I hoped that "Mindy" had some idea of what she was doing, and that probably meant that Mindy was Laura.

I watched them putting the makeup on. Everything that they did was erotic, even though they weren't trying. Their eroticism came from their bodies, both from their frank voluptuousness and their glowing health.

I got lost in watching them as they murmured and giggle with one another, Mindy doing Cindy's makeup and then her own. They seemed to find everything funny, which was nice, and they didn't have any problem with touching one another anywhere as they worked together, which was even better.

They paraded back to the photographing area and then they started to have a wonderful time. They worked everything they had; the addition of a partner took the entire thing to a different level. They started out doing a sort of a cheerleading routine, though it was obvious that neither of them had ever done such a thing before.

From there they started to undress each other. The most difficult part was keeping them from tearing one another's clothing off. I had to caution them several times to take things slow, and Jean did the same as he clicked furiously. It was difficult to get them to keep their hands off of each other when he went to change the memory in his camera, and I found myself wishing that I'd gotten some pictures of them during that time.

The sight of them playing with one another, completely carefree and enjoying themselves immensely, made me so hard that I had to turn away to hide it. I had no place thinking that I was going to be involved with a scenario like the one that had happened over the last couple of days, though from the other direction. The sight of them playing, though, the way that they kneaded each other's breasts and kissed one another's glorious skin, drove those thoughts relentlessly.

By the time they were nude the light outside was gone. I figured that it wouldn't last a whole lot longer, but then they started playing in earnest. They worked each other into a frenzy, their hands and mouths feverish on one another, and before long one of them was gasping as her spectacular body locked up in obvious orgasm. Her twin climaxed a moment later, both of them clinging to each other as their bodies convulsed. They came down slowly, gasping and whimpering. They were covered with sweat and breathing hard, and they started to touch one another again with even greater enthusiasm.

Jean clicked pictures all through their second lovemaking session, and when they came again he moved in close to get shots of their breasts and faces.

They appeared to be done when the second climax released them. Jean and I waited but the girls just clung to one another and writhed a little. Finally he took

his camera back to his computer and I went to get Mindy and Cindy.

I carried their clothing to them and said, "I think it's time to go, ladies. There's a shower in the back room for you if you want."

One of them focused on me, and she said, "You want us to take a shower?"

"Ah, probably one at a time, you know?"

"Oh. Right. Okay! I'll go first." She kissed her twin and got up, heading to the bathroom. She didn't carry a stitch of clothing with her, and seemed unworried about that. The other one was in the same state. She stood and waited by the door to the bathroom, gloriously naked and un-self-conscious about that. She stood there with her arms folded under her heavy breasts, smiling at me or Jean whenever we looked over at her.

The first one came back out, shared a lingering kiss with the one who'd been waiting, and then went to get her clothing. She dressed the same way that she'd walked: not caring who was watching. I watched, and when she stood up again she gave me the kind of wink that made me hard. It also reminded me of the sex that I'd had with Trevor, which tended to wilt me. It was a strange combination.

The second twin came out the same way and did the same thing, all the way down to the wink. I went to Jean and said, "Trevor should be here in the next day or two so you guys can pick out the final pics?"

Jean nodded, unable to look away from his screen. I could only imagine what was on there, even though I'd seen the whole thing live. I understood now why the last client had paid so much extra to watch me during my last photo shoot.

"So Jimmmyyyyyy," said one of the girls as we left. "What do you want to do noooooow?" She draped herself over my shoulders, pushing me into the wall, and then the other one did the same from the other side.

"I think we should go have fun," said the other one.

"Uh, what kind of fun?" I said. It was impossible for me to come up with anything more coherent than that; they were not shy about pressing themselves against me and their abundant physical charms were just as distracting as they had been during the shoot.

“I think we can figure something out!” said the first one. Then she kissed me, hard, and pulled away only to give the other one access to do the same to me. By the time she was done I was even less capable of coherence.

They giggled together. Each one took a hand and pulled, and I followed them downstairs. I felt like I was in a dream.

When we got down to the parking lot it was just as full as it had been when we’d gone up. Either no one had left or they’d been replaced by those who could appreciate gyrating women on a stage.

The main difference was that people were waiting for us. One of them was an enormous woman, not fat but simply huge. She looked like she was about six-six and monstrously broad across the shoulders. She had a sweet face and giant boobs, and she loomed over the other person confronting us.

It was the second woman who held my attention. Objectively, she was built in pretty much the same way that Trevor and Laura were, but there was much more to her than that. I couldn’t have said what was so perfect about her heavy eyes or her long dark hair, but I couldn’t take my eyes off of her. Something about her made the twins look like mud-spattered scarecrows.

“Hello,” she said, and her voice was the most powerfully sexy sound that I had ever heard. It was smoky and sweet, like honey bourbon, and it drifted across my ears like a lover’s caress. I felt the twins take my hands, pressing themselves against my arms.

“Um, hi there,” I said.

She tilted her head. “I’m Miss Stacy. This is Bree. I own the establishment you see behind me.” She gestured at the club, Absolute Ecstasy.

“It’s very, ah...I’ve never been in there,” I said, trying to come up with something useful to say. A lot of blood was being used to keep me harder than I’d ever been in my life, so there wasn’t a huge amount left over to operate my brain. Miss Stacy glanced down at my groin and smiled a bit, the expression just as sexual as her voice.

“That’s fine, dear. I just wanted to talk to the three of you. I saw you going up to an apartment up there, and I wanted to make sure that everything was on the up

and up.”

I blinked. “What do you mean?”

She nodded to Trevor and Laura in turn. “It wasn’t that difficult to see that these two are altered. At least one of them is a natural man, and I’m not sure about the other one. I brought Bree along to make sure that there weren’t any problems involving magic that forced someone into a gender change.”

I opened and then closed my mouth, not sure where to start. Fortunately, one of the girls stepped in. “Trust me,” she said. “This is by choice. I’m having a great time like this, and no one forced me into anything.”

“Me either,” said the other one. “It was actually my idea!”

Miss Stacy narrowed her eyes and looked back and forth between them. She finally focused on me and said, “I hope that’s true. I’d hate to think that there might be something going on that would require some sort of intervention.”

Bree moved for the first time, uncrossing her arms and then crossing them again the other way. Her faintly bored expression didn’t change as her muscles rippled. Given that her upper arms were bigger around than my leg, I didn’t want to have to think about her brand of intervention. “Nothing like that,” I said. “We’re just doing some photo shoots.”

“And probably having sex later,” said the girl that I was fairly sure was Laura. The statement was so surprising that it actually caused me to take my attention off of Miss Stacy for a moment. Probably-Laura winked at me and then I turned back to Miss Stacy. I gave a weak smile.

She just rolled her eyes. She dipped her hand into her bottomless cleavage and came out with three pieces of card-stock. “My card. If there’s a problem, ladies, don’t hesitate to call. And if you’re the one with a problem, well, feel free to hesitate, but I’m still available.” She winked at me and I damn near came in my pants. She held out the cards until I took them, being sure to be extremely visible about handing one to each of the twins.

Miss Stacy waved with her fingertips and said, “Have a lovely night, everyone.” She turned and walked away, followed by Bree, and I found that it was impossible to take my eyes off of her until she disappeared into her club.

“Well that was rude,” said probably-Trevor.

“Oh, I thought it was nice,” said probably-Laura. “She was concerned about us!”

“I didn’t know that female gorillas could get that big,” I said, thinking about Bree for a moment before my mind switched back to the image of Miss Stacy’s hips as she walked away.

“Gorillas? You mean the cow-girl?”

I blinked and looked at Laura. “Cow-girl?”

“You didn’t see Bree’s horns?” said Trevor.

“No, she looked like a regular human to me,” I said. “I mean, outside of being ten feet tall and able to snap me in half with her pinky.”

“Wow. I bet you didn’t see Miss Stacy’s wings, either.”

“Or horns!” said Trevor.

“Wings? Horns? I...didn’t see anything like that,” I said. Granted, I’d mostly been looking into her eyes or at her body, but I thought that I would have noticed something like that.

“Weird,” said Laura. “Must be a magic thing. Ready to head home?”

I held the doors for them, which made them giggle, and this time they both got into the back seat. I drove quickly, my mind still processing the scene back at the club, and then I hung up on something that Laura had said. Had she really offered to have sex with me, or had I just been imagining things thanks to the overwhelming sexuality of Miss Stacy’s presence?

The girls were no help. They whispered and giggled to each other the whole way home, and I couldn’t think of a graceful way to ask if I’d heard what I thought I’d heard. I settled for wondering whether I would take them up on it if one or both of them offered.

After wrestling with the problem back and forth I decided that I would take the noble route and turn them down, gracefully. There was no reason to embarrass

anyone, after all, even if they wouldn't be embarrassed until they changed back to their normal forms. The memory of my time as a woman in Trevor's bed was still fresh.

I kept up my virtuous thoughts all the way up the stairs. I even led the way. When I opened the door I said, "I don't know if you want to head home tonight or not, Laura, but if you want to stay I'll take the couch and-"

One of the twins cut me off by pushing me up against the wall with the full force of her spectacular body and then pressing her lips against mine. I struggled a little as the virtuous ideals leaked away, but not enough to actually push her back. After a few seconds she pulled away but the other twin replaced her before I could catch my breath. While the first one had been busy kissing me, the second one had been taking off her top and bra; her enormous breasts pressed flat against me, unhindered by any cloth besides the shirt I wore.

"I don't think he thought I was serious," said the first one, the one who was now stripping out of her clothes.

The one kissing me pulled back enough to say, "It's only fair. And he's super cute."

"And everything feels so good," said the stripping twin, the one that I was fairly sure was Laura. They were so similar that it was difficult to discern who was who even if I hadn't been distracted by a half-naked wet dream trying to put her tongue down my throat.

I didn't offer up even token protest; apparently all my chivalrous thoughts were nothing more than bullshit. The girls alternated, one of them distracting me while the other took off more clothing. By the time that they were naked they were distracting me by leading me to Trevor's bedroom and pulling off bit of my clothing.

I wore nothing but boxers by the time that I hit the bed, and soon those were gone as well. Both of the girls were gloriously naked, neither of them the slightest bit self-conscious. I wanted to protest that they were under the potion's influence but every time I opened my mouth it was covered by either soft lips or softer breasts, and soon I just stopped trying.

They were gentle but enthusiastic, and I found that everything that I did to them

worked beautifully; there was no part of their bodies that didn't react to my touch. Often the reactions were spectacular, especially at the beginning. They cooed and moaned while I worked on them.

I lost count of how many climaxes they had. For a while I kept score but soon they all blended together until I could barely tell where one left off and the next started. I pounded into them, barely noticing when one moaned something about never having realized what it felt like for a woman. Trevor was in the same state that I'd been in when I'd changed, and there was no guilt or worry about anything that we did.

We fucked and fucked, and even when I couldn't get it up anymore I was still glad to bring them to one climax after another with my hands and mouth. We stopped moving around one in the morning, collapsing together in a pile of satiated flesh.

I wasn't the first one to wake up the next morning. Someone moving around was my alarm clock. For a moment I just enjoyed the sensation of being in bed with someone, coupled with the delicious ache from the sex. Then I actually opened my eyes and found Laura trying to extricate herself from a tangle of me and Trevor. All of us were back in our normal forms. All of us were naked.

I yelped a little and rolled off the side of the bed. I landed dick-first on a discarded shoe and spent a few moments reviewing the life choices that had led me there. Finally I was able to stand up, covering myself with one corner of the sheet.

Laura was already gone and Trevor was blinking at me. "Whoa," he said. "That was a fucking trip, huh?"

I just stared at him, unable to think of a response. He seemed just as unconcerned with his nakedness as he had the night before.

"Listen, though, close the door on the way out, huh?" he said before closing his eyes again.

Either he didn't remember what had happened or he was a lot more resilient than I was. I found my pants and put them on commando-style before gathering the rest of my clothes and following Laura out the door. I closed it behind me; why bother Trev when he was in a mellow mood?

Laura had fled to my room; I heard her thumping around in there. I hoped that she was just getting dressed and not venting on my stuff. I put on the rest of my clothes and went to the kitchen to find breakfast. I wasn't sure how I felt about the night before, but I wasn't upset. I just hoped that neither of the others were either.

When Laura came out of my room she was dressed in the same clothes that she'd worn when she'd shown up the day before. She looked tired but I suspected that it was more stress than fatigue. She stood there in the doorway of the living room until I said, "Breakfast?"

She came over and sat down, taking the cereal box. She fixed herself a bowl and ate it all before she said, "That was...I am so embarrassed."

I said, "Well, the potions are designed to make you comfortable in the body that they give you, is all, and-"

She waved her hand to shut me up and said, "Not about the sex, not entirely. I'm embarrassed that I had sex with a guy that I told that I was gay, and who I told had no shot with me. I...don't want to send you the wrong signals, Jimmy, you're really nice and all, but that potion just made me do things."

I blinked. "Do you not remember what Trev said about what happened the last time I took the potion?"

It took her a moment but then her eyes widened. "Oh my God, were you guys serious about that? I thought you were just fuh...uh, kidding me."

I shook my head. "And trust me, we've all been there now. I don't think you were in your normal frame of mind. I don't think the potion forced you to do anything, but I think that you weren't yourself. I just hope that this isn't all too weird for you now."

She fixed another bowl and said, "I'm not going to lie. It's weird."

"No kidding."

"But I mean...it's not like you guys are trying to force me to take it, or I'm going to be pregnant. Because I'm not, right?"

I held up my hand. “Scout’s honor. I included an ingredient that makes the new bodies sterile. Standard thing for sex change potions.”

She raised an eyebrow. “You potioneering students have weird standards. But yeah, okay. It was weird, and I had sworn to never have sex with another guy, but I guess this doesn’t really count.”

“So you’ll still partner up with us?” I said.

She nodded. “The money’s good, and now I know what to watch out for. That potion is powerful stuff.”

“And that’s the toned-down version. I had to cut it some other things that apparently had some other side effects, but it’s working.”

“What side effects? I’m not going to turn green, am I?”

“Nothing like that. I mean it seemed like you were both, um, pretty sensitive, is all.”

She nodded, her eyes widening a bit. “It was like being strapped to a fucking rocket. Every time someone touched me, it was all boom and fwoosh! And it was fun to have really big tits for a little while, but I wouldn’t want them all the time.”

I glanced down at Laura’s modest chest before I could think about it, and when I looked back to her eyes she was grinning at me. “Take a potion and we might talk,” she said.

I blushed so hard that I thought I might pass out, and she started to laugh. When she was done laughing at me she stood and said, “Okay, I’m heading to class. See you guys soon, I guess?”

I nodded. “Glad to have you around, Laura.”

“This is incredibly weird, but I guess I’m glad I’m involved too. Later.”

“Later.”

I watched her go, wondering what the next client’s order might bring. At least

that I knew that whatever happened, I was sure to be comfortable with the results.