

Mini-Story: Break Up Make Up (Amazon TG, Goth Girl TF)

By FoxFaceStories

A novice witch seeks revenge against her boyfriend for breaking up with her, but when the spell backfires, both spellcaster and victim are going to be warped into new female forms that are just perfect for one another!

Break Up Make Up

Gemma had been practicing the spell for three days now, and was pretty sure she had it right. Her grandmother on her father's side had been a witch, but had passed before she could pass on her knowledge to Gemma. It left the young brunette very annoyed, because the power to wield magic was something beyond her wildest dreams. For years, she thought it was beyond her grasp, until she found her grandmother's spell tome in the attic. It couldn't have arrived at a better time: her boyfriend Cole had just broken up with her for being 'too clingy' and 'not his type.' It annoyed the hell out of her; she was pretty, she had nice boobs, and she was always quite feminine! What was wrong with the guy?

Well, now he'd find out exactly what *his type* was like, when he *became* it. The spell was complicated, and required some ingredients that required some interpretation, but Gemma was sure she'd done it right. How hard could it be? Now, all that was required was to knock upon the door of Cole's apartment, get him into a conversation, and cast it.

"Hello?" Cole said after said knocking. A frown appeared on his handsome features. "Oh, Gemma. I thought you collected your things already."

"I just left one last thing," she said. "Do you mind if I come in?"

He sighed. "Yeah, sure."

She entered, grinning as she made her way to the main living room. All evidence that she'd ever occasionally stayed here was gone, but soon there would evidence of a new woman, ha! Gemma turned to face her ex.

"So, I guess I wasn't the kind of gal you're into."

Cole scratched the back of his neck. "Not this again. Look, Gemma, we had some great times together, and you're beautiful, you know that. I guess we just didn't match up, and I'm looking for something else now."

"And I won't stop you. In fact, I've been researching some spells to help you."

"Not this as well. Gemma, magic isn't real."

She grinned. "Oh really? Not even when I can cast a spell that makes you into your own fantasy girl? Like *this!*"

She drew a vial from her pocket, made from the various ingredients she had gathered, uncorked it, and threw it at him.

“Hey, what the fuck!?”

She began the words immediately: “*May you drink deep of your innermost fantasies, and become that which you most desire. May you be cursed with the form you have lusted after, and share its lusts instead!*”

Cole was about to yell at her to leave, but then he suddenly groaned. His body shuddered, and Gemma delighted in the sight of his form beginning to alter. His shoulders pulled in slightly, and his voice began to crack up in pitch.

“What did you d-do to me!?”

“I told you, I’m making you your own fantasy girl as punishment for leaving me.”

“But I - ahh!”

His hair poured out, becoming luscious and dark and thick. His skin tanned - intriguing to Gemma - and soon his chest was pushing out, a voluminous bust that began popping the buttons on his shirt and making him wail in a woman’s tone.

“Ah, of course! A big bust. How typical!”

But then an unexpected series of changes occurred. Cole did not shrink, but instead *grew*. His height expanded even as his hips flared out and his figure took on a more hourglass shape. His muscles became prominent, like that of a trained Olympic athlete.

“Ohhhhhh G-God! Mhmm!”

His face rearranged to that of a regal beauty, with a sharp jawline and piercing eyes. In moments the new woman stood over Gemma, her gaze imperious, her body that of an amazonian beauty. Her clothing quickly altered, leaving her with a tied shirt and daisy dukes that showed off her muscular yet incredibly voluptuous form.

“Wait, *this* is what you’re into?”

Cole looked down at himself - *herself*, now - with shock, especially her prodigious bust. Her hands went to between her thighs.

“Holy shit, I’ve got a pussy. Magic *is* real.”

“Told ya!” Gemma said. “Now I’ll be going. Have fun with your new - nghh!”

She doubled over. It was then that she noticed she had spilled some of the vial liquid on herself. Shit. But the spell was geared towards making someone a *female* fantasy lover specifically. God, what would be hers? She liked girls a bit, what would - oh no!

Her spine compressed, followed by her limbs. Suddenly, Gemma lost height. This was followed by a lightening of her skin in contrast to Cole’s own tan. Her bust swelled to even bigger proportions than her ex’s as well, though perhaps it was simply that they looked so much bigger on her form. Her hair turned black, and similarly dark makeup appeared around her eyes and upon her fingernails.

“Sucker!” Cole said in her dominating female tone. “You’re getting changed too, into a short big titty goth girl, by the looks of it!”

“No! It was just a secret fetish! I like the way they look! I didn’t want to actually become - ohhhhh!”

She shrunk again, and her bust expanded. Her boobs were lifted by a black corset to the point where they practically burst out from her tight black outfit. A black skirt appeared to show off her thick thighs, and tall black-laced boots materialised over her feet. Piercings studded her left eyebrow, her nose, and her ears, and to top it off her hair fell down her back almost to her waist.

Gemma looked down at herself, then back to Cole, then down at herself again.

“Shoot,” she said.

“Serves you right,” Cole said. “At least you look way hotter now. Huh, I must be a lesbian now.”

“M-me too,” Gemma said, looking up at the amazonian woman. God, she was beautiful. So very, very attractive. She swallowed, taking her in, and Cole did the same, clearly unused to female arousal but feeling it very strongly.

“H-how about we try getting back together?” Gemma said weakly.

The new woman grinned.

The End