

## Mini-Story: These Changes Just Keep Getting Worse! (Friend to Busty Slut TG)

By FoxFaceStories

*After angering a witch with his misogynistic comments, Steven is turned into the incredibly hot and busty Selina. He tries to adapt to his new body with the help of his best friend Matt, but each week a new mental compulsion is added, forcing the new woman to be sexier and sexier . . .*

### These Changes Just Keep Getting Worse!

I was playing a videogame on the couch when suddenly my best friend made a low moan. I looked over and saw that her mouth was open. She was nearly *drooling*, in fact.

“D-dude,” Selina stammered. “It’s happening again.”

I swallowed. “Already? But . . . this morning.”

“I know,” she said, starting to pant. “I can’t help it. I f-fucking need your cock again, bro. I need to suck on it.”

She strode across the room, and despite not wanting to not get turned on, my dick started to get hard anyway. How could it not? Selina was literally the hottest chick I’d ever seen. She had ripe F-cup tits the size of fucking *cantaloupes*, and she was wearing a crop top that pushed them up to perfection. Her midriff was toned and flat, and she had a set of hot hips that left her with an hourglass figure. Her lips were full with red lipstick on them, a pair of dick-suckers that I knew well by now. She had high cheekbones, gorgeous dark eyes, and wavy brunette hair that was so hot to hold onto while she blew me. And her voice!

“This isn’t faaaairrrr,” she moaned as she went down on her knees and unzipped my trousers. “These changes just keep getting worse!”

My dick sprang out, fully loaded and fully hard. Her eyes went wide; I guess having my hard cock right in her face was still a bit of a surprise for her, and I couldn’t blame her for that.

“I wish I’d never insulted that bitch of a witch!” she cried, and then she descended on my cock and began to suck me off, moaning as she did so, never breaking eye contact with me. I reached out and brushed her hair, gripping it a little in a way that made her whimper all the more. I couldn’t help it; she drove me wild, and it was not like I could refuse: if I did, the poor thing would probably go insane.

It all started a couple of months ago. Back then Selina was Steven, my best friend. We were out shopping for some party supplies for our apartment move-in celebration when we saw this hot lady walking past. She had a real dump truck for an ass and big tits and a

sexy look on her face, but she was dressed pretty poorly. A bit trashy, to be honest, and she looked really tired. I didn't say anything, but my friend did. God, I can't even remember what Steven said now. Something about how she should dress nicer given what a sexy slutty body she had. He made a joke as well, something like how she should aim to please because men like that.

Well, she didn't take that too well.

"Oh, so you want me to be just some sexy servile slut, do you?"

"Yeah, I guess so!" Steven said, giggling.

"Well, then enjoy being one! See how you like it!"

We thought she was just crazy, but the next morning I was awoken to a scream in our apartment. I raced to Steven's room to find a really, really hot brunette suddenly in his place, a girl that looked like his supermodel sister or something. She was wearing Steven's pyjamas, which were way too big for her, except around the hips and bust, where they were really tight.

"Dude!" she cried. "What the fuck has happened to me!? I've turned into a chick!"

It took a while for me to believe her, but she knew everything about me, including memories from way back when we were in elementary school. It really was Steven, only now her ID said she was *Selina*. She had a really hot body and the biggest and best rack I'd ever seen on a college chick, so it was hard not to keep looking at her. I had to keep reminding myself that this was my best buddy, and that we had to find a way to turn her back. Not that we had any success: over the next week, we couldn't find any trace of the hot witch or anything about magic at all that could help us. The books from the library were of no use, and we left real quick when Selina was hit on by a guy there, which embarrassed and angered the hell out of her. Naturally, she covered herself up as much as possible, hiding in her old clothing. She still walked like a man, talked like a man, acted like a man. She was still attracted to chicks, too. She got annoyed when I tried to check out her tits, of course, though she showed me them once, just to get it over with. They were motherfucking *spectacular*, of course. Massive and full, yet pert on her chest.

And I got to know them a lot better too, because one week to the day after she had woken up to find herself a woman, Selina was hit with another new frustration. We had both thought the curse was over - she was stuck as a hot woman, punishment done - but suddenly her wardrobe had completely changed. Now, it had no male clothing in it at all. Instead, it was filled with sexy women's clothing, even some stuff that was downright slutty. There were crop tops, bikinis, short skirts, booty shorts, lacey bras (to be fair, she really needed those after complaining about back pain), high heels, tied cowgirl shirts, tight blouses, tighter dresses, and the kind of short nightclub wear that you would only wear if you were trying to catch a man.

And now Selina literally couldn't help but wear it.

"This isn't fucking fair!" she whined after trying and failing to wear my clothes, and instead ending up in a crop top that exposed the upper halves of her magnificent breasts and a short skirt that pulled tight against her bubblebutt. "I look like a total slut, man! Why did she add this to the curse? This shit is awful!"

"Y-yeah, sure," I said, ogling her. "Real awful."

"Dude, my eyes are up here! Stop looking at my fucking tits! They already feel weird and heavy enough with your staring at them!"

Suddenly, no matter what, she was dressing up stylish and sexy. She largely stayed in the apartment over that week, but she had to come to campus for her courses, and during those times she received catcalls, was hit-on, or generally had men and women stare at her.

"What the fuck are you looking at!?" she'd yell at onlookers.

It was already embarrassing enough for her, and damn awkward for me. I couldn't stop thinking about her amazing rack now that it was on display, or her ass and hips and perfect long legs. Yeah, I masturbated a *lot* that week.

And then came the next mental change. Suddenly, Selina didn't just dress up sexy, she had a compulsion to *look* sexy as well. That meant she now had a whole collection of make-up, foundation, lip stick, eyeliner, eyeshadow, hair products, and so on, all in the bathroom and in a dresser in her room.

"Great! Now I'm not only dressing up like a hot chick, but I have to waste a whole fucking hour each morning doing my hair and makeup and shit! Ugh, just look at me, will you?"

"It's, uh, really hard not to, Selina."

She folded her arms beneath her breasts, accidentally pushing up her cleavage even more into view. "Great! Now my own best friend is perving on me!"

"I'm just saying, your hair looks a lot less messy. And the eyeshadow does suit you."

"Ugh, these changes just keep getting worse and worse!"

If only she knew. Three weeks after her change, she found herself unable to walk in a silly manly strut anymore. She'd been trying to keep her masculine gait no matter how ridiculous it looked, but now she walked like a woman aiming to seduce: her hips swayed from side to side, and she placed one foot in front of another. When she walked, she did so with her chest thrust out, emphasising each jiggle and bounce. She couldn't even sit or stand still without positioning herself in an outrageously sexy way.

"Stop getting a hard on around me, dude!"

"It's not my fault," I protested. "You're literally pressing your tits together with your arms. And you keep bending over to grab stuff and sticking that ass of yours into the air."

"You think I don't know that? Agh, fuck that witch! I still haven't been able to find her."

Nor did she the following week, when suddenly her voice changed. She now spoke in a breathy, sultry way no matter what the subject matter. I seriously got a major erection just from her asking me to pass her the cereal, her voice was that hot. Even when she complained about how hot she sounded, it came across more like she was tempting me to bed.

"I sound like such a total slut," she moaned, licking her lips and posing with her chin on her hand. Her breasts hung like ripe fruit from her chest, right in my view.

"I can understand how this is very hard-on for you," I said. "I mean hard!"

She rolled her eyes. "Dude, don't you dare start coming on to me. I'm still into chicks. And nothing is gonna change that, no matter how sexy this stupid curse makes me act!"

Well, except the next week, that was. Because she started looking at me funny. And then I heard her moaning while masturbating, saying men's names as she played with herself. I won't lie, I masturbated to that, too. She kept checking out my shoulders, and staring at my crotch.

"Fuck!" she finally admitted. "Now I'm into guys!?"

"You're into me?"

"No way!" she said, her perfect face blushing. "But now I'm into fucking dudes! I mean, I'm into dudes! Jesus, I touched myself while thinking about *dicks*, Matt! As if it's not bad enough that every guy on campus and at work wants to fuck me, now I might actually find them *hot!*?"

I won't lie, I did a bit of a pose, emphasising my muscles, just to see if she would look. And she did. God, she actually caressed her chest a little, staring at me before she realised what she was doing.

"Dude, fuck you!"

"Sorry, I just had to test to see if it was true!"

"Nope, not happening, no way!"

Unfortunately, things didn't exactly go her way. One week later, yet another mental change came over her. Despite her best attempts, she started acting more . . . familiar. Instead of just wearing sexy outfits around me, she also allowed me to see her in her lingerie, or her sexy nightwear before she went to bed. Just little teases that embarrassed her greatly. It was damn awkward for me too; I had to keep reminding myself that this was Steven, my best friend! But it was hard to do so when Selina kept draping up against me when we were watching stuff on the couch, or slid her hand along my back as she walked past all sexy-like, or when she kissed me on the cheek after I got out of the shower and she walked in all naked, her tits right fucking there in front of me.

"That's the curse!" she insisted as she stepped into the shower.

I knew she was speaking the truth, but *goddamn*.

And then, just a week later, this latest change happened. I woke to her furiously moaning, drooling, and swallowing, right there in my bed. She was wearing just her lingerie, and I was instantly getting hard, which made me all the more guilty, since I thought she was having a fit or a stroke or something, like the changes had finally gotten to be too much for her. Instead, she grunted in a low tone.

“F-fuuuuuuck! Get your dick out!”

“My - what?”

“Your dick, dude! Another change has happened. Fuck me, it’s the worst one yet! Just get your dick out or let me do it!”

Before I could even realise what she was doing she had pulled down my pyjama pants and planted her mouth right over my hard cock. I groaned in disbelief, and then in pleasure. I could barely believe it, but my hot and buxom brunette best friend was giving me the best damn blowjob of my life. I tried to pull away.

“Don’t!” she growled, grabbing my cock and devouring it again. She moaned, stroking me off, until finally I came and came *hard*. Her eyes went wide as I shot thick streams of my cum right down her throat. She actually *swallowed* it all too, and then finally fell back on the bed, blushing furiously.

“I couldn’t help myself!” she protested. “It’s another goddamn change. I couldn’t stop thinking about sucking your dick and swallowing your cum. Ughhh, this is the worst!”

But I’d heard her moans. Clearly, on some level, her body had enjoyed the experience. Perhaps that made it all the worse.

The blowjobs continued, of course. In fact, she was sucking me off three or four times *a day* over the next week. Each time she tried to resist it. The longest she ever got was ten minutes before she gave in and yanked my pants down to suck me off. That brings us to now, with her having just started to suck off my dick. My character in the videogame had just died, but I didn’t care. I was in heaven as she expertly bobbed up and down on my member. I could feel my balls full of jizz, and then I exhaled loudly, a massive orgasm thrumming through me as I filled her mouth up. As usual, she moaned too, eyes rolling into the back of her head. She took in every gulp and slurped it down. Fuck me, it was a turn on.

“You seem to be at least enjoying it a little?” I suggested in the aftermath, her still kneeling before me.

“Shut up, Matt. You have no idea what this is like.”

It was meant to be a rebuke, but her words were spoken so sultry-like.

“Yeah, sorry,” I said. “But I’m happy to help?”

She scoffed. “Yeah, no doubt . . . sexy.” She purred the words, then got up on the couch and leaned against me, her full chest pressing against my side while she whispered in my ear.

“This better be the last damn mental change, I swear.”

Those words rang in my ear for the rest of the day. She sucked me off two more times, and finally we went to bed, together, as she was compelled to do now. I even spooned her, my erect penis pressing between her butt cheeks, my hand cupping her large, soft breast. It was perfect, but God if I didn't want to fuck her. I know that makes me a bad guy, but she was such a turn on. A whole week of having the hottest woman imaginable giving you blowjobs will do something to your brain. When I slept, I dreamed of her, and her body taunted me in those dreams, until I was suddenly woken.

“Dude! Matt! Wake up, you damn hot bastard! I n-need you!”

“Wha - huh? What's going on?”

I woke once more with a massive erection, and my brunette friend practically naked, looming over me.

“Oh,” I said. “S-sure. If you need to suck me off, sure. Sorry, buddy. Go ahead.”

But her cheeks were red. Her nipples were large and hard, erect with their own arousal. She moaned and bit her lip, writhing in such a way that her boobs jiggled heavily.

“N-no, not that!” she whined, panting. “Another mental change! I need your dick, Matt! I need it inside of me! Right now!”

She grabbed my body and pulled me against her, locking her lips on mine even as she went on her back. Her legs were spread wide, and I realised exactly what she meant. She needed me to fuck her right in the pussy, to penetrate her completely. Another mental change courtesy of the witch she had insulted, making her the ultimate slut.

“Are you sure?” I asked.

“Ohhhhh, of course not!” she whined. “But these changes just keep getting worse! Now hurry up and fuck my slutty brains out!”

And you know what? I did, and enthusiastically at that.

I was just helping my new girlfriend out, after all.

**The End**