

Perfect Pairing (Bimbo TG, Clothing TF)

**By FoxFaceStories**

### **Commission for Kayrne**

*Lance and Greg are two good friends at a bar enjoying themselves, when Greg notices a rather hot woman across the room and begins hitting on her. Lance fails to stop his friend from harassing the woman. Both men come to regret this when they find out the gorgeous woman and her boyfriend are in fact a magical pair who have the power to turn Lance and Greg's lives upside down.*

### **Perfect Pairing**

Lance and Greg were enjoying themselves at the bar, getting a little tipsy together as they talked about old times. Lance was a university student majoring in medical science; he had ambitions of becoming a surgeon. He had dark brown hair and a slim but muscular build, the kind that attracted girls, particularly once they found out he was going to be a well-paid surgeon who saved lives one day.

Greg, on the other hand, worked as a builder's apprentice, and was far more traditionally masculine, with light facial hair to match his blonde hair, and a more impressively muscular frame. He too was successful with the ladies, but vastly preferred to pump-and-dump rather than get to know them. Unlike Lance, who liked a sexy girl alright, but preferred a proper relationship, Lance had a reputation as a bit of a perv, someone who was always staring at a girl's cleavage even if he already had a hottie on his arm.

Both men had drunk a number of beers and shots together, enjoying the scenery of the bar, particularly some of the fine girls who had come to party and drink together on a Friday night.

"Look at that one," Greg said, gesturing towards a well done up girl with mixed Asian heritage. She was wearing a short skirt and tight top, and her makeup was done to emphasise her cheekbones and dark eyes. "Man, I'd love to fuck her. I bet she loves being dominated, just look at her."

Lance chuckled a little awkwardly at his friend's comment. "How can you even tell? You don't even know her!"

Greg shrugged, took another big swill of his beer. "Just can. Trust me, a girl dressing like that? Can't be older than twenty, maybe twenty two? Total daddy issues. Trust me, girls with daddy issues let you do anything to them. They're fucking into it."

He chortled, leering at her. She caught him looking, gave a smile, but disappeared back into her crowd of friends when Greg continued to stare too long.

"Damn, couldn't stop looking," he said, not exactly unbothered.

"You probably made her uncomfortable."

"Well, maybe she shouldn't be wearing a dress that rode so high up her thighs she was practically flaunting her vagina at me."

Lance rolled his eyes dramatically and sipped at his beer. His friend could be a real pain sometimes, particularly when Lance introduced him to his new girlfriend. Greg respected the bro code alright - he'd never even flirt with a chick who was 'claimed', as he put it - but the way he talked about, and talked to women often turned them away. He didn't mind; he had the looks to keep attracting them; something about his down-to-earth, rugged man who works with his hands-type personality just seemed to be like catnip for certain girls, particularly ones rebelling against their rich fathers.

"Greg, do you ever plan on settling down with someone?"

The friend smiled. "Maybe when I'm old, in my forties, and getting sick of eating fast food. For now, why shouldn't I try to get as much pussy as I want? Way better meal, if you know what I mean."

Lance laughed. "Sadly, I do. Fine, let's just say I wasn't in a relationship. Who here would you play wingman for me? Or better yet, who would we compete over?"

"Hmm, well, that's an unfair question, surgeon boy, because I'd win even despite your hoity-toity university pedigree. It's 'cause I've got more hair on my arms."

"Yeah, sure Greg."

"Ha! Okay, let me have a look."

Greg's eyes scanned across the room, searching the various hot babes until he settled on one sitting away from the bar.

"Oh dear Lord in heaven, that chick right there. Holy fuck."

Lance looked her way. He knew he shouldn't be having this conversation now that he'd been dating Harriet for over a month, but the lady in the corner was indeed fine as all hell. She had long brunette hair that was near perfectly straight down half her back; a shiny silky quality to it. Her figure was a perfect hourglass, with a thin waist and wide, child-bearing hips, as well as a set of tits that were the size of freakin's cantaloupes. Her face was perfect, with a big pair of pouty lips, high cheekbones, and mesmerising eyes. She was dressed up in a sexy blue cocktail dress that displayed a wonderful amount of cleavage, her breasts pushed up so that they were nearly spilling out of her top. She wore a set of dark high heels which no doubt would have revealed a very shapely ass, were she not sitting down, but from her posture, it certainly seemed like she had lots of padding back there.

She was possibly the hottest woman either man had ever seen, and Lance was tempting to hit on her just to see how far he could get, before a sense of guilt came over him.

"Yeah, okay, so that's a total babe."

"Yeah she is," Greg replied, pointing without caring at her body, "and check out those lips. Total DSLs."

Dick Sucking Lips. Greg loved that acronym. But judging from their perfect fullness, he perhaps wasn't wrong.

"So let's say we were competing for that woman's affections," Lance said, slurring his words a little from the drink. "What would you do to get her attention and make her into you?"

Greg gave a big smile, stood, and down the rest of his drink in one big dramatic flourish. He pressed it back down on the table, adjusted his shirt, and flashed a second grin.

"Just you watch, surgeon boy. I'm gonna make her wet for me. Girls like that love to know who the boss is."

Lance looked back to the woman, who was talking in a somewhat flirty fashion to a tall, muscular man with white hair. The man walked back to the bar, clearly getting a drink for her.

"Uh, dude. I think she's already spoken for."

"I - hic! - I see a window. Just watch. She'll leave that white hair dude as soon as she sees me coming."

He strutted over to her while she was alone, leaning over the table in order to get a look down her top.

"Hey there, babe, mind if I sit near you?"

The woman froze, giving an obviously nervous look.

"Um, sorry, this spot's taken. I have a - a boyfriend."

Greg just gave a cool smile and looked around the room. "Well, I don't see him here right now. Would you like another one?"

Again, she gave that fearful look.

"Please, you should get out of her. I'm not what I seem, and Len -"

"Oh, Len is your boyfriend, huh? And what's your name, sweet cheeks?"

"Danny. Now, please, I mean it when I say that -"

"Danny, Danny, short for Danielle. I can dig it. That's a real hot name for a hot lady like yourself."

Across the room, Lance slapped his forehead. His friend was drunker than he thought, and his flirtation was bordering on harassment. He wandered a little closer, but otherwise didn't do anything to stop him. He'd always let his friend have a long leash.

Greg leaned closer to the gorgeous brunette named Danny. To the attractive woman's shock, he placed his hand on her waist, running his fingers down and suddenly squeezing her ass. She squeaked in response.

"Holy shit, you've got an amazing ass. I bet Len is real lucky, yeah? Wanna make me lucky too?"

A set of loud footsteps sounded behind him, and to both Lance and Greg's shock, the tall, muscular white-haired man named Len emerged from the crowd holding a drink for his girlfriend. He didn't have a look of fury, but rather one of amusement as Greg fondled his lady.

"Uhh, listen buddy," Greg stated, but was cut off immediately by Len's baritone voice.

"No, go on. You were fondling my girl. I want to see you continue."

"Hey, I'm just a little tipsy and I -"

"Go. On."

Lance watched in disbelief as a nervous Greg continued to fondle and grope Danny. She had a look of shock as his fingers traced up over her breasts, squeezing them tightly through her blue dress.

"P-please. I d-don't want to make Len d-do something," she moaned, her nipples becoming erect in response to his ministrations.

"Doesn't look like he's doing anything at all," Greg replied, getting more confident. "In fact, I'd say he's rather into guys like me enjoying your body, right?"

He continued to massage her, causing her to yelp and squeak.

Lance stepped closer. "Hey, look Greg, I know this is fun for you but maybe you should lay off and -"

A powerful hand swept down to stop his path. He looked up to see Len, the enormous muscled man, smirking as he kept him from moving any closer.

"Wait for it," he simply said.

Danny continued to squeak, overwhelmed by being groped and ogled in public.

"L-last chance, I'm - ahhh - telling you!" she cried.

"Sure lady. But first, how about this?"

Greg bent forward and shoved his face between her tits, immediately shaking his head to motorboat her buxom bustline. Danny gaped in astonishment, and something must have snapped, because Lance saw her expression change from fear and anxiety to abject rage.

"That's it! That's fucking it! I've been so damn good, I've resisted making a demented wish for nearly a month now, but you just made me break my streak. I hope you're happy!"

Greg recoiled at her sudden snap. Lance looked to Len, who was now grinning fiercely.

"Finally," the boyfriend said, "it begins."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Greg said.

Danny smirked. "My boyfriend over there? He's a fucking genie. A while ago, he and I made a bad series of wishes from another genie. He got stuck granting my wishes, and I got stuck as a woman whose wishes always bring further punishment because they're so easy for him to misinterpret. But today I don't think I'm even going to *try* making my real wishes clear. I'm happy to let Len decide what happens to you." She turned her head to look at Lance. "And your friend, for being such a weak-willed asshole that he couldn't stop you from harassing me."

Greg spun to face Lance, looked a moment in awe at Len's size, and then took his friend's hand. "C'mon Lance, these people are freaks. Let's get the hell out of here."

Danny laughed. "I tried to be nice! But you pushed me to this. So here goes: *Since you clearly need a girl in your life, I wish your weak friend Lance here would become your perfect girlfriend, able to become any girl you want to grope. And I wish you would become whatever she wants or needs.*"

Len laughed in amusement, but Greg just looked at her like she was crazy.

"What the hell kind of wish is that? Even if magic was real, you think ending up with a crazy hot girlfriend who can be whatever I want is bad? Or getting to be whatever that crazy hot girlfriend wants?"

But Danny just cackled, her large breasts wobbling enticingly. "Oh, trust me, now that you've got my temper flared I can't wait to see what Len does with this. You have no idea how much scope for humiliation my wish has left for both of you."

Lance felt strangely uneasy, but Greg was fired up. He made to spit something back, but suddenly there was a loud booming voice - Len's baritone - echoing through the room. It seemingly cut away all sound of the background music, the dancing, the bar, the various patrons, through even the remaining silence itself, dividing the two men from the world.

*"Your wish, my master, is granted."*

He stretched out his hands dramatically, and brought them together in a thundering clap that seemed to break the heavens. Everything went a brilliant white, and both men lost consciousness.

The last thing either of them saw was Lance's hair beginning to lengthen down his face, and his body beginning to bubble and shift. For a moment, just before unconsciousness reached him, Greg thought he was kind of starting to look like Danny.

But surely that was impossible, right?

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Lance and Greg woke together in the same bed. For both of them, it was a slow wakeup, and quite a comforting one. After all, neither remembered going to bed together, and as far as either of them knew, they were not in bed with each other. Greg woke from a wonderful dream in which he'd been having sex with a bombshell of a woman. He remembered her name from last night - Danny, or Danielle, perhaps - especially her dynamite curves, big dick sucking lips, and huge stonkin' tits. And, to his immense shock, he realised he was currently curled right up against her.

She was the little spoon to his big spoon, her voluptuous form enveloped by him, her rounded backside pressed against his dick, her heavy, soft tits covered by his forearm. He shifted slightly, placing his full hand over her rounded boob, savouring the feeling of her buxom chest. Her nipple was surprisingly big, hardening a little at his touch and causing her to moan a little a second time. She pressed her ass harder against him in response, a pelvic rhythm akin to thrusting that began to make him hard.

"Holy shit," Greg whispered to himself, "she must have come home with me."

"Mmhmmmm," she groaned, still in the act of waking. Her silky brown hair fell to one side, and she moved a little so that she was on her back, giving him a beautiful look at her near head-sized tits and flat stomach. She was perfectly naked, as was he. She opened her eyes.

"Hello beautiful," she said.

Her eyes went wide. "Greg? What - what the fuck?"

"Hey, don't blame me that you went home with me last night. You knew I'd treat you better than that boyfriend of yours."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" she said, before clutching her throat in surprise.

"What's wrong with my voice? And my body - it feels weird."

Her eyes wandered down over her form, and she shrieked. Greg hadn't figured it out yet, but the beautiful form in front of him wasn't actually Danny, but his best friend Lance. She shrieked a little, sounding quite feminine, and the motion caused her large breasts to wobble profusely.

"I'm - I'm a fucking girl! I've got tits!"

She shot a hand down to her crotch, between her wonderfully proportioned thighs, and felt at the absence that was there. She groaned a little in unintentional arousal as she rubbed her clit.

"Holy sh-shit! I've got a cunt!"

"I'll say you do. Wanna try it out, babe?"

She moved to push Greg away, but some invisible force stopped her arms before she could do so. For some reason, her body couldn't shift away from him. She saw that his dick was hard, and it was something she definitely never wanted to see.

"Greg! What the hell are you doing?"

He placed a hand on the curve of her hip, caressing her, while his other hand rubbed her sensitive pink nipple.

"I'm getting you in the mood for a good fucking, I'd say."

Lance bit her lip in response to the alien pleasures. It was all too much - it felt too good! She could feel her tunnel - her damned *vagina!* - beginning to moisten, readying itself for penetration. It terrified her. But not as much as the fact that for some reason, she couldn't think of herself any other way but as a 'she.'

She placed a hand on Greg, not meaning for the gesture to be so intimate.

"Greg, please, I'm not who you think I am."

"You mean your name isn't Danny?"

"Danny?"

"Yeah, the super hot chick with the massive rack from last night. It is you, isn't it?"

She touched her long brown hair, looked over her pale, curvaceous form. Holy shit, she really had been transformed, just like the genie wish. She went to say something, to tell Greg what was going on, but suddenly he returned her onto her back, and positioned himself over her. His large dick - and she was shocked at how large it looked - was hard and practically throbbing. She found herself licking her lips, strangely attracted to its allure in a way that simultaneously repulse and aroused her.

"Greg - of fuck - Greg, you have to believe me, I'm not Danny. It's me, Lance!"

"Yeah, right. I think you've got a few qualities that Lance doesn't have. Two *really* big ones, in fact."

The man shoved his face into the new woman's bust, motorboating her magnificent chest, causing it to wobble heavily. She groaned in response, unbelievably horny somehow. Lance tried to remember the wish that had been made the previous night, and recalled something about becoming Greg's 'perfect girl.'

"Holy sh-shit!" she gasped. "You've g-got to stop. Remember the - ooohhhh - wish last night! Danny w-wished I'd be your p-perfect girl - OHH!"

The last sound was in response to Greg beginning to suck and lip her left nipple, resulting in waves of pleasure expanding from her new erogenous zone. His fingers slid up between her legs, playing with her increasingly moist vulva. The busty woman whimpered beneath him.

“Oohhhhh Nngghhh MMHHMMMM that feels s-so wrong, but s-so Gooooood!”

Greg smiled, and somehow she found his face quite handsome. She felt the need to kiss him, and did exactly that, pulling him down against her body, letting her bare breasts rub sensually against his chest and turning her on all the more. She could feel his hard prick against the flat of her belly, and despite herself, she felt a deep *want* to be invaded. To be filled. To be *penetrated*.

“N-no! I d-don’t want this!”

“Yeah, you do,” Greg said, and with that, he *entered* her.

Lance went rigid as her new feminine slit parted, pressed wide by the incoming girth of Greg’s hard cock. Her eyes widened, and she stammered incoherently.

“Ah - ah - ah - ah!!”

He slid deeper, slowly yet implacably, until he was deep into her moist pussy. The pleasure for both of them was intense, but whereas Greg was having the time of his life, Lance was trapped in a strange mix of dream and nightmare, overwhelmed by new delights and repulsed by the knowledge that her best friend was fucking her with his huge dick.

“You like that, bitch, don’t you? Admit it?”

She did. Oh God, she didn’t want to, she wanted to hate it, but she did like it. Love it, even. “I - I like it!”

“You want more? You want to feel it again?”

His words were matched by the way he rubbed her nipples with his free hand, pinching at them, stimulating further sensation.

“N-no.”

“No? Say it again. Tell me you don’t want it.”

She tried. She really tried. But the sensation of her new vagina clamping upon his hard dick was too damn good. “I c-can’t. Keep going!”

“I knew it.”

He began to thrust in full, pushing into her before pulling back, pushing and receding, pushing and receding, faster and faster. She gripped him with her thighs, assuming the ultimate female position, supplicant to his dominance. It was wrong, so damn wrong, but she was horny as well; literally his perfect girlfriend, and she’d made the connection that her heightened libido was no doubt part of that. She began to buck her hips in response, allowing his manhood to press even deeper into her opening, making her almost delirious. If she couldn’t fight it, she could at least speed it up.

She began to speak as he thrust, groping her own soft breast as he did so.

"Greg - I promise - it's me! Ahhhh! Ooh! F-fuck! Just l-listen! Remember Vegas? The g-girl with the red hair? You t-told me you s-struggled to keep it up while d-drunk - NGHH!!"

The man fucking her froze for just a moment, his expression one of awe.

"Holy shit, it *is* you Lance. I've never told anyone else!"

"I - ugghh - told you!"

"Then that means-"

"The wishes, Len was a genie. Danny was telling the truth. Your dumb horny brain has t-turned me into a f-fucking copy of her, dude!"

His hard length was still inside her, and even as they talked, he still shifted a little, mimicking the motion of thrusting, albeit much more slowly. It made the new woman impatient; she squeezed her massive melons, bringing them together to form a chasm of cleavage before Greg's eyes.

"You h-have to be strong enough - mmmhm - to end this, dude!"

Greg considered the incredibly hot woman below him. She was perfect in every way, but then that had been part of the strange wish Danny had made, wasn't it? It was coming back to him now, the strange echo of Len's voice, the white expanse of magic, the last glimpses of Lance's form changing. It really was true, and that means - wow! That meant something *huge*. Something amazing.

He began to thrust again in full, and a smile crept over his features. Lance looked in shock up at her friend, who was now fucking her just as enthusiastically as he had been before he knew she was Lance. No, even *more* enthusiastically! The feelings were overwhelming. She felt so tight against him, his cock so damn big it felt like it was splitting her apart in all the best ways.

"What - oh, God! - what are you doing?"

"I'm fucking the new hottest chick on the planet," he said, panting.

"N-no. I t-told you, I'm Lance!"

"I know. And now, thanks to that dumb wish, you're *my* Lance. You heard what was said, you're gonna be stuck as my perfect girlfriend forever. Now, I don't need to chase down different hot chicks. I can make you what I want. Including" - he grabbed her chest melons, squeezing them hard enough to make her eyes clench shut in response to the pain and pleasure - "making these *even bigger!*"

Lance groaned in shock and horror as her breasts expanded, becoming even heavier on her form, wobbling even more. They were now most definitely the size of her head, likely even larger. She had never seen a pair of tits so big, and they were now *hers!*

"Oh God," she gasped, "what the f-fuck!"

"And I can make you cum just from touching them."

Another shiver of change. She stared at him, pleading.

"No, please d-don't!"

He grabbed them, squeezed hard. What followed was the most amazing series of orgasms Lance had ever felt. They were more powerful than a man's orgasms, quaking through body in overlapping waves, causing her to cry out in a loud, high voice.

"OH YES! OH FUCK! YESSS!"

He thrust a few more times, pressing his chest against her own prodigious one, and then finally he groaned as well, a low masculine grunt that sounded so damn arousing to her new female mind. His body shook for a moment. She felt his balls pulsed against her vulva, and then suddenly a sticky warmth invaded her, his dick pumping the contents of those balls right into her womb. She luxuriated in that feeling, gripping him with her thighs in order to claim as much of his manly nectar as possible.

He collapsed against her, face in her tits, and they lay there for a few minutes, panting, unbelieving what had just happened.

"That was so fucking wrong," she finally said, as he slid out of her, eliciting a brief breath of relief from both of them.

"You loved it," he said, grinning.

She tried to pull away again, but clearly his idea of a perfect girlfriend stayed right by his side, because suddenly she was on top of him while he lay on her back, so that her enlarged mammaries were squished against his chest.

"You know Lance, I really liked you as a friend, but you were never the kind of player I was. With your uni education and dreams of becoming a surgeon, you would have gone away after a time anyway. I like you a *lot* more as my sexy submissive girlfriend who I can make into anything I please."

She was furious. Angry beyond belief. How could he do this to her? She wasn't meant to be a woman at all!"

"You - you pig!"

"You'll get no denial from me, babe. But you'll learn to treat me right. After all, remember what the wish said; I can make you into whatever woman I want you to be."

He rubbed her back, causing her to shiver in unwanted pleasure, and then a second time as something magical caused her to change. She looked in astonishment as her arms darkened in skin tone, and she felt her hair recede, her ass expand and lips fill out further.

"What the hell are you doing now, Greg?"

"Oh, you know I always had a thing for sexy black ladies. They have plenty of 'junk in the trunk', if you know what I'm saying."

Indeed, the padding in her rear became overwhelming, and oddly sensitive - Greg's doing, no doubt. The changes finished, and she managed to shift herself enough to view her reflection in the mirror by the bed; Greg's mirror. So they were in his room now. The woman in the reflection was now a devastatingly curvaceous black chick with a sexy pear shape to her body, thanks to her enlarged hips, slightly thicker waist, and ridiculously curvy rear.

"Holy shit," she said, "I'm a black girl."

Even her accent and voice had changed, taking on a smoky, husky quality with a wider range. The woman in the mirror would have captivated her once, and while she still found her beautiful, it was in a more factual sense, as opposed to straight attraction.

"I'm thinking MILF Monday," Greg said, smug as hell, "Titty Tuesday, Woman of Colour Wednesday, Throwback Thursday - you can be a hot fifties housewife giving me blowjobs then - Freaky Goth Friday, and maybe on weekends we can alternate with whatever I feel like, with some ditzy blonde cheerleaders with huge boobies thrown in. Then when I get my full working license and start making money, then we can have some fun getting you pregnant. It'll be a real challenge to decide what form will look sexiest knocked up, but trust me, we'll have time to work on it."

Lance was horrified. In the space of just a few minutes, her so-called 'friend' was already constructing an entire future for them together, one in which not only would she be his permanent love slave, but also submissive wife and birther of his children. It repulsed her to the core, and yet there was a sliver of desire there too which she couldn't deny, thanks to that damned genie.

"Please, no. Please don't do that, Greg."

He shrugged. "It's too late. Looks like the wish favoured me. Better just get used to it, Lance. I think a few blowjobs will get you acquainted with my big dick enough to accept your new life, but for now, why don't you put on something real sexy to show off that sweet body of yours for me, huh?"

Lance found she was finally able to pull away. She felt dirty, sullied. His cum was still leaking down her thighs, but her greater need at that moment was to dress for him. She moved to the closet before finding the immediate problem.

"I've got nothing to wear!" she exclaimed.

Greg raised his eyebrows. "Huh, I guess the wish doesn't give you outfits. A shame. We'll have to buy some real kinky shit for you to wear around the house, and some hot, tight dresses for going out in public. Show as much cleavage as possible."

He continued to go on, talking about all the hot things he looked forward to her wearing, from tight cocktail outfits to fifties-style housewife dresses to revealing bikinis to two-piece skirt and crop top combos. In her mind, Lance could see a nightmare of a future coming in which her life was dominated by unwanted sexual pleasure, reduced to being a living, breathing sex doll for a man she once thought was her friend. It made her

instantly regret ever sticking by his side, and failing to call him out on the way he harassed and groped women in public. She had been an enabler, and now she was paying the price. But why wasn't he paying his? What had been the word of the other part of Danny's wish. She strained her mind, trying to remember it, pushing through the cloud of arousal that was already rising, already pushing her to give Greg the best damn blowjob of his life.

And that's when she remembered. Danny had wished that Greg would become anything *'she wanted or needed.'*

"I need some new clothes," she muttered to herself.

"Yeah, what do you think I'm talking about," Greg said as he stood naked off the bed, "or did the wish make your brain as bimbo as your body."

Lance turned, a small smirk upon her face. She felt a strange energy inside her, one she had not recognised until her revelation about the wish. She fixed Greg with a glare, and her stopped, a little weirded out by her change in attitude.

"Ah, already coming to terms with your new life then, Lance?"

She shook her head, aware that it made her enormous naked tits wobble, her new ass as well. She didn't care that she was giving him a show. She'd show him a show in a second.

"Oh, I'm coming to terms with it, alright," she said. "But can you come to terms with your new life?"

He snorted. "Please, if you think this is gonna make me have a guilt trip or something, you're out of your mind. I'm all on board for this new life, and that's a fact."

She grinned. "Very well then. You want me to wear something sexy?"

"Goddamn I do."

"Then why don't you help me out. What should I wear?"

He placed his hand under his chin. "Hmm, how about a sexy black cocktail dress that shows off those huge tits of yours. And some big black boots that go nearly up to your thighs. I really like that."

"Done," she said, feeling oddly hopeful about what was about to happen. "But you'll need to help me with that. Please?"

Greg laughed. "Oh, I'm liking this new Lance. Of course I'll help you into it. Just like I'll help you out of it, once you've given me a blowjob while wearing it."

The thought of sucking his long cock and swallowing a mouthful of his semen was strangely arousing, but she knew she had to break free of that thought, and do what needed to be done.

"Well, you may be waiting a while," she said. "Because if you remember Danny's wish, you can become anything I need. And right now, I need some clothing. So would you please become that?"

Greg rolled his eyes, and was about to give a witty retort, when suddenly he felt something in him shift and alter. He gasped, doubling over and clutching his stomach in response to strange twisting sensations that began in his centre, but rapidly spiralled out from there.

His skin darkened, going from light Caucasian to the black of a sunless midnight, far too unnatural to be even the darkest of skin tones. His body thinned, became shorter as well, and his skin itched as it transformed into a fabric. He scratched himself furiously as his legs, arms, stomach, face all became that same cotton surface, and soon his insides felt as if they too were altering to become the same.

"What - what's the fuck is happening to me?"

"I just said," Lance spoke calmly and a little smugly, "I need a dress. And thanks to Danny's wish and Len granting it in a way that would punish us, you're going to have to become my dress."

"D-dress?" Greg gasped, his flesh thinning, his insides hollowing out in an alien fashion as he became empty . . . for now.

"And a pair of boots, don't forget!"

She said it with perfect timing, for at that very moment his legs sort of 'popped' off, detached and changing yet further, becoming sexy leather. They hardened, taking on cylindrical form at first, his feet melding to become hollow, and rather feminine in shape too.

"Oh G-God! I'm sorry! Please change me b-back! I'll treat you right, Lance! I - UGHH!"

His arms deflated entirely, dissipating into the dress that was his midsection. He was floating in place despite the lack of legs, and it allowed a perfect view of his altering body.

"I think we both know that's not true, *baby*," she said. "But don't worry, *I'll* treat you right. If what I understand about these wishes is true, then we're gonna be stuck like this, and that means I'm stuck as a super horny chick thanks to you. I guess I'll just have to find other men to have sex with. And again, don't worry on that score," she repeated, as his face flattened, his mouth almost shrinking into the plunging neckline of the dress, "because I'll make sure you always look like the sexiest goddamn clothing ever, so all those hot men have no choice but to fondle me *through you*. Hell, I'll keep as much of you one as possible when I get fucked, too. That way you can feel what it's like to be taken advantage of and groped as much as you liked to dish it out, *babe*."

His eyes widened in terror. Greg went to say something, but it was too late. All he could do was moan in a strange, reluctant bliss as his face melted into the fabric of the tight

black dress, the rest of his body following suit. He was terrified of dying, but instead he was shocked that he could still think, still even feel in a strange way.

Lance stepped forward and grabbed him, and he shivered in response to her touch. She could feel him do so, and some connection between the two of them told her what her traitor friend was feeling. She laughed.

“Oh good, now you get to feel what it’s like too, Greg. Let me try you on.”

Greg tried to mentally communicate something to her, but he was unable to speak, unable to move. He was all sensation now, and what sensations they were. He was slipped over Lance’s curvy body, and he wanted to cry out in delight as his ‘skin’ conformed to her every curve, straining particularly to contain her prodigious bustline. He imagined her as a sexy blonde bimbo, and it made him feel utterly aroused, despite being a piece of clothing.

Lance, for her part, was shocked as her body changed once again. Her proportions shifted only slightly - her ass deflated a little, her hips drew in, her waist became a little more slim - but the major change was in her face, her frizzy hair, and her skin. They all quickly shifted until she was suddenly the very image of a sexy blonde bimbo, her platinum curls running over her shoulders, her lips glossed over with pink makeup.

“Holy shit,” she said, “you can still change me, you bastard.”

Good, thought Greg, though he couldn’t talk to her. He felt a little looser on her form, and indeed he was now ill-fitting. Lance looked at herself in the mirror, and adjusted her expectations of what she ‘needed.’ In moments, Greg’s boots adjusted to fit her thinner legs, and his fabric tightened in the right places, shifting to become a hot pink to match the rest.

“Better,” she said, grabbing part of the fabric and letting it snap back into place. It left Greg feeling a little delirious. “It looks like you can still alter what I look like, but I can keep doing the same to you, too. We better reach an accord soon, Greg, or perhaps what I’ll ‘need and want’ won’t be clothing, but a big long dildo instead.

The former male-turned-dress cringed in fear. He was able to see his reflection in the mirror - it seemed while being worn by Lance, he could see through her eyes, and somehow he still had the sense of hearing. But he was still angry, and wanted his human form back.

He shifted her to become a petite Asian woman.

She shifted him to be a cute dragon-pattern full-body dress.

He made her into a hot mom-type in her forties with extra curves.

She made him into a set of high-waisted jeans and a loose sweater.

He altered her to become a sexy Latina with thick curly hair and an ass that wouldn’t quit.

She made him sexy green swimwear that barely concealed her body.

With each revenge, the other went further, until they were utterly exhausted by the changes, and Lance collapsed back onto what was now *her* bed, breathing heavily. She was back in the body of a blonde, blue-eyed bimbo, with extra-large lips courtesy of Greg's love of that particular feature. Greg had become a cheerleading outfit, and was trying not to be too turned on by how he stretched tight across her pussy, and her large breasts.

Neither of them wanted to admit it, but they were both quite horny, and both wanting to have a third, more masculine, participant in their undertakings.

"Fuck, this is crazy," Lance said.

Greg thought as much too, though he couldn't say it. He still wanted his body back, and was incredibly angry at his friend. In classic Greg fashion, he'd done zero introspection, and still wanted Lance to be his, instead of the other way around.

Somehow, Lance was able to sense this. She stood from the bed, adjusting Greg to become a hot pink dress again, and checked herself out in the mirror. She was devastatingly sexy, a real blonde bombshell, and she knew she'd have no trouble finding a man willing to give her the good lay she needed. She knew she was stuck like this, and much as she wanted to fight it, her body yearned for another bout of sex. For another experience of being penetrated.

She retrieved her phone and cards, and had fun turning Greg into a little black purse as well, and headed out from the apartment. She was hungry, and not just for food, and her former friend would just have to enjoy the ride. Greg internally groaned at the sensations of her heavy tits wobbling, straining even, against his fabric. It was all too much. He tried to communicate his anger at Lance, and she felt that as well.

"Too bad, Greg," she said, retrieving her keys, and giving herself one more look over in the mirror. "Thanks to you, we're both stuck like this. What was it you said before to me? Might as well make the most of it? Might as well accept it? Time to take your own advice. Maybe you'll complain less when I make you a set of crotchless panties and let a guy fuck me through you."

And with that, she stepped out the door, Greg cringing at the thought the entire time. He tried to change her looks a number of times as she exited the building, but each change still remained a sexy woman - after all, that's what he wanted deep down, and she was always capable of changing him in return to match her new looks. They were a perfect pair now, and would be for life.

In the end, they would both have to get used to it.

**The End**