

Simple Wish, Simple Life! (FtF, Bimbo)

"God, why does it have to be so damn hot outside?"

Erin could feel a bead of sweat running down her brow, causing the petite girl to huff in annoyance. The summer heat was unbearable, even inside the air-conditioned library, and she could feel how her tiny body was burning up. Of course, it didn't help that Erin insisted on only wearing long-sleeved dresses and shirts in this heat. At least she wore a skirt today, although it did reach her knees, and it was probably a bad idea to wear leggings as well.

The dark-haired girl glanced up from her study book at the blonde girl that walked by her, and she couldn't help but sigh in jealousy. The girl wore a small sleeveless crop top that showed off her tight belly and slim arms, along with a breezy skirt that looked airy and light. It looked like the perfect outfit to fight against this infernal heat and show off the blonde girl's pretty body. She glanced down at the long-sleeved wool top she wore, the girl muttering a curse under her breath for choosing it today of all days. Even her own skirt was a bit thicker and longer than it needed to be.

Erin's jealousy was threefold. The first thing she was jealous about was the girl's body. Unlike Erin, the blonde had long, shapely legs, a curvy figure, and a pair of sizable breasts that she flaunted around in her tight and revealing top. Erin was nowhere close to her in looks, and she rubbed the tiny tits on her chest with annoyance as she imagined what it would feel to have a proper pair of breasts like the blonde. For once, she'd like to know what it felt like to look like a real woman. It was kind of sad that she was in her early twenties yet had the body and looks of a fourteen-year-old girl.

The next thing Erin was jealous of was the way she dressed. She would love to have the confidence to dress like that and walk around with such grace. But, her shy nature always pulled her back into her shell and stopped her whenever the girl tried to wear anything that would show off her petite or slim frame. Erin often told herself that she would dress like that if she had a body like the blonde, but she knew it wasn't true. She knew she was too timid for it, the realization of which made her heart sink deeper into her chest.

Lastly, Erin was jealous of her boyfriend holding her hand as they walked through the library. It didn't feel fair that an ugly guy like him could find a sexy girl like her while Erin didn't have anyone. Why couldn't she date someone as perfect and sexy as the blonde? Well, it was kind of easy for her to know why. She had no curves and was barely even five feet tall. Who'd want to date a near-sighted and shy girl like her?

Erin sighed as she watched them walk away, staring intently at the woman's ass before they rounded a corner. The black-haired girl wiped another drop of sweat from her brow with a groan. She soon turned her attention back to her study book, now grabbing her pen to scribble down some more notes.

God, it felt like she was going to have a meltdown! Even worse, it wasn't just the heat that was causing it. She could feel her brain straining under the stress of her studies, and she knew she only had herself to blame. Erin hated that she was such a perfectionist and overachiever, never satisfied with getting a passing grade or only doing what was necessary. It was bad enough that she always went over and beyond with everything she did, but she hated herself for constantly signing herself up for new ones. Erin could almost hear her brain cells smoldering inside her skull, burning up under this insane heat wave and the stress of her own life.

"Ugh, I can't take it anymore," Erin groaned as she planted her face in the book, pressing her button-nose against it and feeling how her glasses squished against her face.

Erin just sat there for a few moments, eyes closed as she lay with her head in the book and left some sweaty stains in it. She wanted winter so bad, wishing she could feel the cold air against her skin while curled up in a mountain of fluffy blankets, pillows, and scarfs. Not only that, but Erin wanted to reboot her brain. She wanted to start over and do something else. It wasn't that she hated her life, far from it, but she couldn't help but feel like she would be so much happier being someone else.

The girl let out a sigh as someone walked by, and the dark-haired woman was unaware of the figure stopping to stare at her.

"Erin?"

The voice was familiar, soft yet confident, and she immediately snapped out of her self-pity when she heard it. Erin sat straight up, looking confused and a bit shocked for a few moments as she adjusted her glasses. She found it hard to look the woman in her eyes, even if she knew her, thanks to her timid nature.

It took a few moments before Erin fully recognized the girl. When she did, she couldn't help but smile.

"Shawna? W-Wow, it's been a while," Erin said, smiling at the curvy black girl as Shawna sat down at her table.

"Yeah, it has, hasn't it?" she said, smiling as she gave the shorter and far thinner girl a smile.

Erin had a hard time not staring in awe at Shawna. They really were different people, and it was hard for the shy girl not to admire everything about the black girl sitting across from her at the table.

Unlike Erin, she wasn't thin as a stick. In fact, she was curvy and bordering on chubby, with assets far outclassing most other girls she knew. But it wasn't Shawna's heavy breasts, wide hips, or the full lips on her chubby face that made Erin so drawn to the woman. It was her magnetic personality and her outgoing nature that she couldn't help but admire. It was more than that, though. It was the way Shawna presented herself that made Erin so impressed.

Shawna didn't care that her chubby belly showed when she wore a tight and revealing top like that, nor did she care what people thought when they noticed the exaggerated way she had painted her eyes with her eyeliner. She was unfettered and unburdened by the anxiety and timid nature that Erin had struggled with her entire life. Shawna exuded confidence and grace, no matter what she wore or did. It was remarkable, and it was one reason why Erin had spent more than one night thinking about her in bed. Honestly, if she didn't know that Shawna was already in a committed relationship with a guy, she would have made a move on her. Well, if she managed to fight against her shy nature and actually ask the confident black girl out on a date, which didn't seem likely considering the circumstances.

"So, uh, how are things?" Erin asked, wiping away another bead of sweat from her forehead. God, she envied Shawna. She really wanted to take off her wool top and put on something far lighter and breezier right now, just like Shawna wore.

"Oh, I'm doing great," Shawna said, flashing her giant white smile. "Especially now when the whole family problems are finally over. I never got around to thank you for helping me through that."

Erin remembered back to when they met. They took a class together and were assigned to do a large group project with each other. She remembered that Shawna had some big family crisis she was going through, making her distracted and having a hard time keeping up with the course. So, being the kind-hearted person she was, Erin made sure to help Shawna with her studies and did most of the heavy lifting for the project, so the girl managed to make it through the class despite what was happening.

She never really knew what Shawna was going through back then, and she didn't dare to ask despite being curious. It sounded serious, and she remembered how distraught the girl had been back then. Still, she was happy that Shawna made it through and did a lot better now.

"Oh, um, it was nothing," Erin said modestly, blushing a bit.

"No, it wasn't," Shawna said, emphasizing her words well. Erin's face suddenly turned beat-red when the girl grabbed her hand and looked deep into her eyes. "You really helped me back there, and you have no idea how much it meant for me. Thank you."

"O-Oh, uh," Erin said, flustered and a bit embarrassed. "N-No problem. I'm just glad that you're doing better."

Shawna finally let go of Erin's sweaty hand, caused by the sudden hand-holding and the infernal heat that had swept over the city. The shy girl wiped them clean on her wool top, reminding herself of her poor choice of clothing today. Right now, she wished she had the confidence to wear a crop top as Shawna did.

"So, how are things going for you?" Shawna asked as she leaned back into her chair, rubbing the shaved side of her head before brushing her fingers through the rest of her long curly black mane.

"W-Well, I'm doing fine," Erin said, but she could see the doubt on Shawna's face. The downside of having giant Anime-like-eyes as Erin had was that it made it incredibly hard to hide your true feelings.

"Really?"

"R-Really!"

"You sure? 'Cause you look a little stressed."

"N-Nope! I'm doing great, actually..."

"Uh-huh," Shawna said, not sounding convinced, and Erin could hear and see it.

A few awkward moments of total silence fell over the area as Shawna gave her a judgemental look, staring into her giant timid eyes with her own dark, piercing gaze. It felt like she could peer into her soul, and Erin couldn't help but squirm a bit in her seat.

It was more than what the timid girl could handle, and she could feel her facade shattering under Shawna's stare. Finally, a few moments later, she couldn't take the silence.

"Ugh, fine!" Erin said, finally yielding to the woman's intensive staring. Shawna smiled as she finally got the timid girl to open up. "I don't think I can take it anymore..."

"Take what?" Shawna asked, now shifting to a far more concerned tone. "Your studies?"

"E-Everything!" Erin said, throwing her arms up into the air. She talked loudly for someone like her, but it was barely still louder than a harsh whisper. "It feels like my brain is starting to melt."

"So you're feeling a bit overwhelmed. Why don't you cut back a bit on your studies? The last time we met, you took extra classes and everything, which I'm sure you're still doing," Shawna suggested, and she wasn't wrong.

"It's not just that. It's..." Erin said, her voice trailing off as she tried to find the right words. "It's everything. I'm not just tired of studying. I'm tired of being **me**."

"Elaborate."

"Well... We both know I'm not great at talking with people, and I want to change that. But it doesn't matter how much I try pushing myself, and no matter how many self-help books I read, I'm still a nervous wreck around people. I want to be like you and all the other cool girls," Erin said with a groan and a sigh as she buried her face in her book.

Shawna didn't say anything as she listened, doing her best to let the girl vent before she interjected.

"And I hate being such a perfectionist. I don't want to spend hours fixing a tiny detail to get a slightly better grade. I want to be carefree and happy, which can't happen when I'm like this."

Again, Shawna stayed quiet as her question had made the girl open up and say everything she had been bottling up for god-knows-how-long. Erin suddenly sat straight up again, her glasses crooked on her nose as she continued her rant.

"Not only that but look at me! There are prepubescent teens with better bodies than mine! How am I supposed to find a girl when I look like I just started high school?!"

Shawna nodded, waiting until Erin had let everything out. Finally, after another lengthy monologue about her inadequacies, she realized how long she had been ranting. Her timid nature pulled her back into her shell, and she couldn't help but blush like crazy.

"S-Sorry, I shouldn't have..." Erin started, now looking like she just wanted to melt away in her chair and disappear. "L-Look, forget that, okay? I'm just a little tired and stressed, that's all."

Erin could see the smile on Shawna's face at this point, and for a moment, she thought the black girl was mocking her. But there was a gentleness in her eyes that disarmed her wary mind and put her at ease.

"W-What's so funny?" Erin asked, unable to keep eye contact for more than a few moments.

"Well, I can't stop thinking about the fact that it is probably fate that made us meet today," Shawna said, smiling.

"How so?"

"Well, I've been actually looking for you since we last saw each other. You helped me back there, even if you don't want to admit it, and I want to thank you for that."

"Um, o-okay?" Erin said, not sure what to say.

"Look, you're a good girl and **deserve** to be happy. Okay? Don't let anyone, not even yourself, tell you otherwise. And, I think I know of a way to help you with that."

Erin now looked up from her lap, her large eyes wide with surprise and curiosity as she wondered what Shawna meant with her words. She leaned forward, adjusting her crooked glasses, staring at her friend.

"Do you want to be someone else? Do you want to live a different life? I can give you that," Shawna said, her tone indicating that she wasn't joking. Erin could see the determined look in her eyes.

"H-How?"

"I can grant you a wish, anything you want. Explain who you want to be, and I'll grant it."

Suddenly, the look of curiosity and wonder on Erin's face faded, and she couldn't help but stare at Shawna as if she was crazy. Erin looked almost offended that the black girl had gotten her hopes up before smashing it by saying something as insane as that.

Shawna could see that her words alone weren't enough to convince her, so she needed to show her what she meant.

"Okay, here, let me show you," Shawna said as she grabbed one of Erin's pens. "Here, watch. I **wish** that this pen was a banana."

At first, nothing happened, and Erin's gaze shifted between the pen in Shawna's hands and the black girl's face. Again, the timid girl stared at her and wondered if she was utterly insane. Then, right in front of her eyes, she watched as the pen started to grow in size. The yellow pencil shifted as it thickened up beyond what was viable for a pen.

Erin watched, in awe, horror, and wonder, as her favorite pen changed in front of her eyes. It didn't take long before it began to twist a bit, taking on a curled shape, and shortly afterward, it became what Shawna wished she wanted it to be. A banana, indistinguishable from any other fruit. Erin thought she would have a heart attack when Shawna suddenly began peeling it before taking a bite, eating it as if it hadn't just been a pen a few moments ago.

"See?" Shawna said before taking another bite. "Do you now understand what I mean?"

"H-How?!" Erin said, unable to form a coherent thought.

"Well, it's a bit tricky to explain."

"A-Are you a genie?"

"Well, yes and no," Shawna said without answering the question. "As I said, it's hard to explain."

Erin's mind raced, her world almost shattering as she struggled to comprehend what had just happened. Was it a trick? Was she going insane? Yet, despite how her rational mind tried to use logic to solve this, she couldn't disprove what she saw. There was no doubt in her mind that her

pen was now, in fact, a banana. A fruit that was now finally eaten by her friend, leaving only a banana peel behind.

"But, more importantly," Shawna said, smacking her lips as she ate and swallowed the last of the pen. "This proves that I can help you. I can change you in any way you like. All you got to do is wish for it. Don't worry about any consequences or anyone else. The magic will take care of it."

Erin sat there, staring at her friend. She couldn't believe it! Her heart raced as it slowly settled in that this was real and not a dream, the shy girl feeling how her hands shuddered a bit at the realization. If what Shawna said was true, she could be whoever she wanted. Nothing was stopping her, and only her imagination set the limits.

There were a lot of questions that swirled around in her head. What would her parents say? Her friends? What would happen with everyone she had ever met and who knew her as the girl she now was? Shawna mentioned that the magic would take care of it, so she pushed those worries aside and continued to think.

However, as Erin thought about the possibilities, she realized she already knew who she wanted to be.

"First off, you don't need to decide today what you want to do. Take your time and think it over," Shawna said, but she could already see the determined look in Erin's eyes.

"I know what I want," Erin said in her meek and quiet voice, the girl forcing herself to keep eye contact with Shawna.

"Oh, already? Well, if you say so," Shawna said, looking surprised. "So, what's your wish?"

"I want to be a **bimbo**."

Suddenly, an awkward silence swept over the area as the words slowly sank into Shawna's skull.

"A what?"

"A **bimbo**."

"A bimbo?" Shawna repeated.

"Well, not exactly a bimbo, but..." Erin said, the girl realizing that she probably needed to explain what she meant.

"You want to be blonde and sexy, that it?" Shawna asked, not questioning her decision but simply trying to clear things up.

"Not just that! It's..." Erin said, her voice trailing again as she tried to find the right words. "I hate my brain. God, I really hate it! I hate that I'm always anxious and nervous. I hate being shy. I hate that I'm always second-guessing myself."

Shawna didn't say anything and merely listened as Erin began to vent again about her struggles.

"I don't want to be burdened by my own mind. I want to be free! You know, confident and uncaring. I want the courage to go up to a girl and ask her out without tears in my eyes. I want to wear whatever I want, to show off my body, without feeling self-conscious."

Erin saw how Shawna listened and nodded, staring into her eyes with a dark and warm gaze.

"And... Well, I want to be sexy as well," Erin said, a bit embarrassed. "I'm kind of tired of my body. I just want to know what it feels like to be a woman. You know, someone with actual breasts and curves!"

Again, Shawna didn't say anything. She merely listened, smiling softly, as she waited for Erin to finish talking.

"So, uh, yeah..." Erin said, looking away and staring at the table in her usual shy and modest way. "I guess that's what I mean with wanting to be a bimbo."

"I think I understand," Shawna said. "And I think I can give you that."

Erin looked up, hope filling her large doe-like eyes, and a smile crept over her face.

"Really?"

"Yeah, really," Shawna said, smiling. "But you do know that this isn't reversible, right? This is permanent, Erin. Are you sure you don't want to think a bit more on this?"

"No," Erin said, replying immediately to Shawna's question. "I'm sure."

"Alright then. If you are sure, then I think I can give you that."

Shawna then put out her hands, giving Erin an inviting smile as she waited for the girl to grab them. The shy girl didn't hesitate, making it clear how the usually anxious girl was with this.

"Oh, and one more thing," Shawna said, rubbing her fingers over Erin's hands. "Once you make the wish, you'll forget about it. You won't even remember this conversation. Not only that, but you won't remember your old life either. You'll think you've always been the new person you wish you were."

"Wait, why?"

"It's just a small safeguard that my people put in millennia ago. We don't want people to get greedy and make more wishes than necessary," Shawna said with a wink. "So, are you ready?"

Erin paused. She sat there quietly, staring at their hands, as her eyes glazed over. The shy girl went through everything her friend had said, her keen mind going through the possibilities, before staring back at Shawna. She then nodded, holding the black girl's hands tightly.

"Yeah, I'm ready."

"Okay. Then, all you need to do is think of the person you want to become and make the wish. Imagine her in your mind. The magic will then do the rest."

Erin took a deep breath, holding her friend's hand tightly as she tried to conjure up the image of the person she wanted to be. It was a mishmash of every cute girl and sexy blonde she had ever seen in her life, an amalgamation of every crush she had ever had.

Her heart raced, and Shawna could feel Erin's insane pulse just by holding her hands.

"I wish to be a bimbo," Erin said, and she could then feel an intense tingling sensation coursing through her entire body.

Then, suddenly, nothing. Erin blinked, feeling confused and dazed. She glanced down at her hands, still grasping Shawna's, and wondered what was happening. Erin gave her friend a perplexed look, the shy girl feeling awkward and weird to hold her hands like that.

Honestly, she couldn't even remember what they were talking about earlier. She remembered Shawna sitting down and how she vented to her about why she was stressed. But, after that? Nothing.

"Um, what are we doing?" Erin asked as Shawna let go of her hands.

"Oh, nothing," Shawna said with a smile. "Just something I think you'll appreciate."

"I don't understand," Erin said, confused and a little scared. Why couldn't she remember what they talked about a few moments ago?

"Don't worry about it. Look, it's been nice catching up with you, Erin. I hope that you'll get the happiness you wished for."

Honestly, Erin only felt more confused as her friend left, and she watched as the chubby girl wandered off with a smile on her lips. She wiped a bead of sweat from her brow, feeling warm and weird.

Erin had no idea what had just happened, but she couldn't help but feel happy talking to her friend. It was a bit concerning that she couldn't remember much of their conversation, but she felt oddly relieved.

She turned her attention back to her books, letting out a sigh as she realized how much she needed to read and do today. Yet, as she stared at her notebook and textbooks, she couldn't help but feel how little she cared. Erin knew she should probably feel stressed about how much she needed to study. Yet, she didn't. Instead, she looked at the text with an almost bored and glazed look. Honestly, just thinking about reading more today made her want to fall asleep.

"I guess a short break wouldn't be so bad," Erin muttered to herself as she began to collect her things. She figured she should head home, maybe grab some ice tea on the way, and continue studying back at her place after a short break.

Erin could feel a strange tingling sensation coursing up and down her spine, giving her goosebumps, and she found herself wondering why. She was unaware of the wish she made with her friend and how it was beginning to unravel her from reality.

The wish was already taking effect, but it was happening very slowly. The magic needed time to build up inside her body to transform it, causing a delay before any visible changes happened. It wasn't just going to change her, but her entire reality. So, for now, it was gathering power inside her chest until it could rewrite everything around her.

However, it was already affecting her in some subtle ways. It was poking at her brain, rewiring it, and shifting her thoughts a bit. Erin might not have noticed it, but she had already lost a few points in IQ, dulling her still sharp and keen mind. Her attention span was starting to take a bit of a hit, resulting in her sudden disinterest in studying.

Erin wiped her brow again, sighing at how warm it was. She could only imagine how hot it was outside the library, away from any air-conditioner. She could suddenly hear footsteps and a soft voice behind her as she was packing away her things into her bag.

"Excuse me, miss?"

Erin turned around and saw a small group of college girls standing there, looking at her.

"Are you leaving? Would it be okay if we used your table?" the girl in the front asked.

"Oh, uh, yeah, sure," Erin said as she glanced around the room, quickly noticing how crowded the library was. Not surprising since finals were coming up, and the place was decently air-conditioned. "Go right ahead. I was heading out anyway."

The girls thanked her and grabbed her table, all of them eager to get to studying. Erin headed off, not even realizing what had just happened. She hadn't been anxious or nervous as she talked to the strangers, and even meeting their gaze hadn't been difficult at all. The familiar voice in her head was gone, meaning she wasn't second-guessing everything she did. The

magic had killed it, which caused a few shackles to fall off the woman's mind. She was becoming unfettered, just like she wished, without realizing it.

On her way out, Erin could feel the odd tingling sensation in her spine. It worried her a bit, but not as much as the heat from the sun did. It felt like she would melt away when the sun hit her pale skin! She groaned and hurried into the shade, still sweating like crazy. Again, she hated her choice of clothing. But, without realizing it, she pulled up the sleeves of her top. Already, it was helping, and she let out a sigh of relief as she pulled at the front to cool herself a bit.

Her apartment was close-by, and it would take too long to walk back home. But, even now, Erin wished she was back in the comparably less warm library instead of out here in the heat. The city was busy despite the heatwave, with people coming and going down the street. Unlike before, she didn't feel so nervous in a crowd like this. She didn't even flinch like she usually did when she bumped into people on the street.

Erin sighed and hurried down the street, not realizing that her brain was getting smoother and far less keen with each passing moment. Honestly, she felt less stressed with each step she took. Erin did notice it, though, now idly wondering why she wasn't freaking out so much about the three exams she had next week.

It was weird. The more Erin tried to think of her exams, the fuzzier her brain got. It was hard for her to remember everything about the exams, which should have stressed her even more. Yet, she felt calmer than ever, even if her mind felt fuzzy and frazzled. She shook her head, unaware of her diminishing intellect, to try and clear it.

Erin assumed she was only dehydrated and hot, so she hurried into the nearest cafe to grab something cool to drink. She ordered her usual peach ice tea, idly scrolling on her phone as she waited.

'That's a cute top,' she thought as she glossed at some clothes on her phone. Erin usually wasn't interested in fashion, shoes, and such, so it was a bit surprising that she was now idly scrolling through and staring at outfits as she waited for her order.

Suddenly, as she admired some heels she would usually never wear in her life, Erin realized what she was doing. Why was she looking at clothes like this? There was no way she'd buy or wear any of these. Right?

It was weird, but she couldn't help but feel an odd tingle of curiosity as she stared at the heels, wondering how her feet and legs would look wearing them.

'Jeez, what am I doing?' Erin thought, shaking her head as she heard her name called by the barista.

The shy girl grabbed her mango ice tea and took a sip as she left, her taste buds dancing with joy at how good and refreshing it tasted. She'd usually not go for something as sweet as this, but today she was in the mood for it.

However, as she took a sip from the drink, she noticed the name on the side. **Candace.** She paused and stared at the name for a few moments. That wasn't her name. Did she grab the wrong drink? Candace tried to scan her increasingly smoother brain for an answer, but the more she tried to think, the more it hurt her head. Eventually, the poor girl simply shook her head and let it go. So what if it was the wrong name? The other girl could just grab her ice tea instead.

Yet, as Candace walked down the street towards her apartment, she couldn't help but feel like something was wrong. She hadn't even noticed how she was beginning to associate herself with the name more and more, distancing herself from her old one. Even worse, the magic inside her chest was finally starting to build up enough energy for the transformation, now suddenly cascading through her body as she walked into her apartment building.

Each step Candace took sounded weirder and weirder. Her sneakers usually didn't make much sound as she walked up the stairs, but her gait soon got haunted by an increasingly higher and more pronounced click-clack sound. Candace wasn't aware that her boring sneakers were shifting and changing, with the fabric thinning down and the heels pushing up. It didn't take long before she wore a pair of heeled sandals with straps wrapped around her feet and ankles, showing off her cute toes.

Even more curiously, her toenails suddenly got painted in a pale pink hue with french tips, almost demanding that people would notice them. They looked nothing like the boring things she had before, now coated in a nail polish Candace didn't even own. Yet, with every passing moment, the reality around her shifted and changed. She already had some extra bottles of nail polish at home compared to before, and more of her shoes became far more fashionable and girlier. Sneakers got replaced by heels and boots, all designed to show off her legs in one way or another.

Candace did notice that something was off. Why did everything seem smaller than before? Usually, she'd have to stand on her toes to reach the top of her apartment door, but now she could touch it with ease. She didn't realize it was the three-inch heeled sandals she wore that caused it or how her new shoes made her push out her ass and chest in a way she never did before. She sipped on her drink, idly wondering what felt so off, as her leggings began to crawl up her legs. Little by little, they were evaporating, and she was showing off more and more skin in the process. At the same time, she wasn't feeling as hot anymore.

Another thing that made everything seem smaller than before was that her legs had grown longer. Even her torso had gained a little length, putting her at a more reasonable five foot six instead of a meager five foot one once the growth was over. Her clothes had shifted to match her taller height, but it was clear that her outfit wouldn't last very long as the magic worked on it.

Finally, after walking up the stairs, she stood outside her apartment. Candace fumbled with her keys, her smooth brain still trying to figure out what was so off about everything, before finally opening the door to her small home. She walked in, took off her heavy backpack filled with books, and placed her cold drink on a nearby table before she was about to take off her shoes. Then, as Candace looked down at her feet, she noticed something was wrong.

"What the crap? What am I wearing?" Candace muttered, eyes wide at the surprisingly cute pair of feet and the sexy pair of shoes they wore.

After that, she noticed more heels and boots on the shoe rack, causing her to pause. She had expected to see old sneakers and sandals sitting in it, but it was filled to the brim with stripper heels, high-heeled boots, sexy sandals, and pumps that all looked far too slutty for her. Did she walk into the wrong apartment? However, that thought quickly got dismissed when she saw that the rest of her stuff was as it should be, and she felt something sliding up her thighs.

Candace glanced down, pulling up her skirt a bit, to see that her leggings had shrunk like crazy. Even worse, they were still shrinking! They barely reached mid-thigh on her, now rapidly evaporating, and she felt her heart skip a beat when she saw it.

"What the hell?!" Candace said, barely having time to utter it before her leggings disappeared. "T-This can't be real. I have to be dreaming."

Candace quickly pulled off her heels and hurried into her apartment, soon noticing something else that made her heart race even faster.

Her apartment was small, but she still had room for a large desk against one of the walls. There were usually notebooks and study material all over it, and Candace had spent more than one night hunched over it and frantically studying. Yet, now it wasn't even there. Instead, a large vanity table had taken its place, and she could see bottles of nail polish, tubes of lipstick, and other makeup products on it. Even worse, she could see how new bottles and products kept popping out of seemingly nowhere, filling it with an ever-increasing library of beauty products.

Candace's old books and stuff were still on the vanity table, but they were getting replaced with more beauty products with each passing moment. They shifted before her eyes, changing rapidly, and watching it made her panic. She hurried over, grabbing her heavy calculus book as it was changing, and before her eyes, it turned into a magazine. She saw the front shift and change, soon picturing an incredibly busty blonde spreading her legs on a bed. Her heart sank as she saw it was a porn magazine, and her eyes went wide with shock as memories began to pour in. She remembered lying on the bed, one manicured hand keeping the magazine open and the other rubbing her delicate pussy at the sight of the naked girls in it.

She shook her head, not quite noticing how her shoulder-length hair had begun to grow, slowly but surely cascading down her head. Candace refused to believe the memories. It hadn't happened! Yet, they felt so vivid, and she could almost remember how she lay in bed last night watching two women fuck on her phone. At the same time, she kept pushing herself by playing

with her breasts and using a vibrator until she came. She knew it hadn't happened, but she couldn't deny how real it felt.

Candace dropped the magazine in horror, now walking backward as she watched the last of her books turn to more fashion magazines, pornos, makeup products, and everything else that someone might find in the home of a vapid blonde with a high sexual appetite.

"T-This is insane. It's impossible! Wake up, Candace, you're just dreaming," Candace said, quickly realizing something else. "Wait, my name's not Candace! It's Erin!"

Yet, no matter how much she said the name Erin, it didn't mean anything to her smoother brain. The only one that made sense to her duller mind was Candace, along with any nicknames and versions of them.

Then, as she put her hands on her face, trying her best to wrap her mind around what was going on, she felt something poking against her skin. Candace pulled her hands away, now staring down at her hands in awe and horror. She watched as her nails grew, becoming longer and more feminine with each passing moment. They stopped changing when they were no longer scuffed and with bite marks, now looking somewhat long and dainty. It looked like she had just gotten a manicure, and they too got covered in matching pinkish nail polish as her toes. The tips got rounded, the edge painted white, and despite the horror of watching them change, Candace still couldn't deny that they looked cute.

Even her hands shifted, her fingers becoming a bit longer and more slender as her entire limbs looked more graceful. Panicked gripped her heart as her body seemingly changed against her will. The poor girl remained unaware of the wish she made with her friend and how she was getting the body she truly wanted. But, at the moment, she could only panic.

"T-This is..." Candace said, at a loss for words. It was getting harder for her to think as her mind was getting duller and duller, her once keen intellect slowing down and becoming more sluggish.

Candace stared around her room, now noticing that everything else here was changing as well. She had always been a bit of a messy girl, constantly leaving her books on the nightstand, table, and floor once she had read them. It was clear that wasn't changing, even if the nature of her messiness shifted.

The girl couldn't see old books lying around anymore. Instead, she saw increasingly sluttier outfits here and there, some lingerie, and even bras and thongs. When Candace saw it all, she couldn't help but feel this weird urge to try them on, and she found it odd how cute and sexy she thought some of them were.

On the nightstand, she even saw a vibrating dildo she hadn't bothered to put away from last night, and memories of using it now poured into her brain.

"T-This is insane!" Candace said, almost stumbling on a pair of frilly panties as she took a few steps back.

Suddenly, there was a tingle in her backside, and she could feel it starting to ache. Candace grabbed it with her hands, feeling how her flat and uninspiring behind began to blossom and bloom into something far more enticing.

The poor girl felt a sudden sting of pleasure hit her body when her butt began to grow, causing the girl to bite down on her lower lip to stifle a moan. Her long-nailed fingers pressed against her backside, and she felt how her flat and uninspiring rear was becoming softer and fuller with each passing moment. Soon, her finger began to sink into the more padded ass, and she shuddered as her panties began to pull up between her expanding butt-cheeks.

Yet, as panicked as she was about all of this, Candace couldn't help but feel a little excited. She had seen guys with an ass sexier than hers, and it was now finally blossoming into something she could actually be proud to have. So, as her fingers sank deeper and deeper into her swelling backside, a faint smile flashed across her face before the fear of seemingly changing against her will was in charge again.

"W-Why is this happening?" Candace asked herself as she felt her panties getting swallowed by her expanding rear, causing her underwear to press more tightly against her sex.

No one was there to answer her, and she was left alone to endure her metamorphosis. Eventually, her ass finally stopped growing when it was a perky bubble-butt, with ass-cheeks that were rounded and padded with womanly fat. She squeezed down on it with her fingers out of curiosity, and she wasn't ready for the spike of arousal that made her pussy drool.

"Ah~!" Candace gasped, partially out of shock but also pleasure, as the sensation rocked through her body. "O-Oh god..."

Candace wanted to lift her skirt and look at her ass, the nerdy girl curious to see if it looked as sexy as it felt, but something happened before she could. She could feel something caressing her long and shapely limbs, and she saw how her skirt had begun to creep up her legs. The black garment was shrinking and getting shorter with each passing moment, slowly but surely revealing more of her bare and sensual legs.

A sudden creak in front of her made her look away from her legs. Candace's eyes went wide with shock when she watched the bookcase in front of her shake and wobble, making her think it would fall on her at any moment. The old course literature and fantasy books fell off from it, but they had all changed before they reached the ground. They turned into more magazines, and as she looked at them, she could feel memories of reading through them all fill her brain. Vogue. Cosmopolitan. More pornos. The vapid information in each one of them poured into her brain, filling her previously sharp mind and overlapping everything she had learned in college. A pile of magazines was soon at her feet, all of which she remembered reading passionately.

"N-No..." Candace muttered, feeling how her interest in engineering shifted towards high heels and women's fashion. Her eyes shook as she felt her life unraveling before her eyes, her hobbies changing to something far more appropriate for a dimwitted college dropout.

The bookcase then creaked again, and Candace watched as it changed right in front of her eyes in a matter of moments. It quickly transformed into a full-body mirror, and she stared at her reflection in awe and horror.

The first thing Candace saw was how long her legs looked. They looked flawless, almost as if sculpted to perfection. They were slim, yet her thighs had grown pleasantly padded to give her legs an even more enticing shape. She also noticed that the skirt had stopped changing at this point, now a black and tight mini-skirt that left very little to the imagination. She turned to her side and gasped when she saw her rear.

Candace couldn't believe that she had a butt like this. It pushed out from her body quite a bit, her half-spherical and perfect ass-cheeks stretching her tight skirt to the limit. It was an enticing bubble butt, rounded and flawless, and she gasped when she reached down to squeeze it with long-nailed hands. It was so soft, like a cloud, and she loved how it looked.

For the first time since she started changing, Candace began to calm down a little as she stared at the ass she had always dreamed of having.

"Oh my gawd," she said, not even noticing how she was talking a bit differently from before. "That's actually kind of hot..."

Candace felt her underwear shift underneath her skirt, and as she pulled it up, she could see that it had changed into a thong. It slipped up right between her ass-cheeks, perfectly placed between them, and it barely did anything to cover her wet snatch. She didn't even notice how her shy nature and anxiety had been eaten away by the magic, along with a decent piece of her modesty, leaving her feeling oddly comfortable wearing something like this.

Suddenly, she heard her hips pop and snap, and she saw how they began to swell and grow. Now, Candace couldn't help but smile as she ran her hands over her previously thin slim pelvis as it grew, her heart racing at the thought of finally getting some curves. The fear of it all was dying off now that the magic wasn't just taking away her interests and making her sluttier. Now, she even found herself wanting it to continue, and her increasingly duller mind reveled at the sight of her body becoming sexier.

The skirt and thong adapted and stretched as her hips grew, giving her an increasingly curvier figure. At the same time, her waist seemed to collapse inward, leaving it slimmer than ever. By the time it was over, she could see that she finally had the lower body she had always wanted. Candace's hips were curvy but not exaggerated, just wide enough to give her a sexy sway as she walked. They weren't jutting or childbearing, just perfect. Even her waist was slim, but not to a ridiculous proportion. It was merely a bit thinner, enough to accentuate her curves, and she could even feel how toned her belly felt.

Candace smiled as memories of her going to the gym poured into her head, doing squats and exercising to keep her pretty body as healthy and sexy as possible. It didn't hurt that it gave her all the opportunity to stare at the rest of the sexy girls there, filling her pretty little head with something she could touch herself over once she got back home.

The girl knew that these memories weren't real and that it was pushing some of her older ones out, but she didn't feel afraid anymore. It was weird, but hadn't she always dreamed of having a body like this? She might not be herself once this was over, but was that really such a bad thing? Already, she could feel how the pressure and stress she had struggled with for years was gone, leaving her mind clear in a way it had never been.

It was hard for her to realize that she was getting dumber. After all, perception of one's intelligence needed a somewhat keen mind. So, as her IQ points approached double-digits, she would be increasingly more oblivious to how she was becoming an idiot. Then again, even if she knew about it, would she care? After all, her worst enemy had always been her own brain. So, having a more simplistic look at life might be what she needed.

Candace remained unaware that she had wished for this herself as fear and panic turned to curiosity and pleasure.

"M-Maybe this isn't, like, so bad?" Candace told herself, unaware of how her voice sounded vapid as she began to talk more like some idiotic valley girl.

The girl pulled up her skirt and ran her finger across her crotch, feeling how puffy and needy her pussy had gotten. She bit down on her lip as her moist hole ached with need when images flashed before her eyes. She saw herself in bed, either with her face buried between the legs of some girl she had dragged home from the club or with the slut licking her cunt.

Candace stifled a moan as her libido rose a bit, along with her promiscuity and need for attention. She could feel how the shy girl she used to be was fading, little by little, and she couldn't be happier.

Suddenly, as she got lost in her daydreams for a few moments, her long-sleeved wool top started to change. Candace opened her eyes as the sleeves got shorter, soon disappearing altogether, and how her top was pulling up on her torso. She soon showed off her slim and tight belly as the top shrank, causing her to vapidly giggle as she ran a finger across her sexy tummy.

The formerly shy girl smiled as her top shrank down to a minuscule size, becoming a red tube top that only barely covered her tiny breasts. She would usually never show off her arms and shoulders like this or wear something as revealing, but she wasn't that girl anymore. Candace smiled as she felt her modesty disappear, leaving her with a need to show off her body. This tube-top was perfect for her, although she did find it sad that her breasts weren't bigger.

"This is so weird and stuff, but, like, it feels kind of good," she said, unaware that she was speaking her thoughts out loud now. It was something she'd find herself doing more often,

almost as if her pretty little head wasn't big enough for even her vapid thoughts. "I kinda wish my boobies were a bit bigger, though."

The bimbo felt like some higher power had heard her vapid plea, and she squealed with joy as her breasts began to tingle. She watched with a smile as her flat chest blossomed and grew into something far more womanly.

"Yay!" she said, giggling as she grabbed her growing boobies. She put her manicured hands on them, kneading and squeezing her swelling bosom as a soft moan escaped her lips. "Mmm, I hope they'll end up big and juicy! But, like, not too big!"

Once again, she couldn't keep her thoughts to herself, and she would struggle not to say what she thought in this reality.

Candace ran her fingers over her expanding bosom, feeling how her tiny bra strained under the growth of her growing mounds. She quickly realized she wasn't even wearing a bra underneath that crop top, causing her increasingly dirtier mind to tingle with joy. They had already grown considerably, at least a cup-size or so, and she let out a vapid giggle as she watched them swell even more. Her tiny nipples had seemingly exploded in size as well, her areolas having grown wider and her nipples much thicker. So, when her arousal made them hard and erect, it was impossible not to notice them poking against the fabric of her red top.

The girl ran her fingertips over them, sending tingles of pleasure straight down to her overactive snatch. Candace wasn't scared or horrified anymore, and all she wanted to do was to get this over with so she could explore her body a bit more intimately on the bed. She didn't even notice how all her hard work studying at college was vanishing, seemingly draining from her mind to make room for much simpler thoughts. The last of her study material disappeared, leaving behind more sex toys, magazines, clothes, and beauty products that belonged to a vain girl like herself.

Candace moaned, much louder than she intended when her breasts surged outward a bit more. They grew, becoming rounder yet staying oddly perky despite their size, and she could feel her crop top stretching to contain her growing boobies.

When Candace squeezed them, she had images flash before her eyes of someone else playing with her juicy tits. She had no idea who the girl was, no doubt another one of her one-night stands. Merely thinking about it sent tingles of joy down to her hungry snatch.

Eventually, they stopped growing, and she was delighted to see the DDs hanging proudly from her chest. The top stretched out quite a bit, causing her to show off more than a little bit of cleavage, and she grabbed and jiggled them in her hands with pure and almost childish delight.

"Wow, they're, like, perfect!" Candace said, jiggling her boobies in front of the mirror. She even jumped a bit, resulting in them nearly popping out of her tiny crop top.

But, all of a sudden, she felt confused. Of course, it wouldn't be unusual for Candace to feel confused going forward, especially with her intelligence plummeting deeper into double-digits. However, she couldn't help but feel like something was wrong.

Why was she so excited about her boobies? Sure, they were totally awesome and such, but hadn't she always had them? She glanced down at her cleavage and wondered for a brief moment if her titties hadn't been flatter before. The magic was slowly erasing her old memories, which included the ones of her former body, and it didn't help that she was getting dumber in the process.

For now, Candace did what she always did when she got confused. She shook her head, smiled, and thought of something else that made her happy! Oh, like puppies! The poor girl giggled and began to walk around the room, losing herself in her new life as the changes continued to happen to her body without her noticing it.

"Come on, Candi," she said to herself. "Like, you can't be staring at your boobies all day long."

Candi walked to the kitchen and opened the fridge to get something to drink, not even noticing that her hair had grown down to the middle of her back during the entire event. She didn't even realize how she was twirling a lock in her finger, idly playing with the thicker and more luscious strands that framed a still somewhat nerdy face.

The girl stood there, staring into her fridge as she wondered if she hadn't forgotten something. During that time, her locks began to shift and change. A yellow hue began to spread out from her roots, cascading down her mane and staining her formerly black hair a golden blonde color. The tips curled up a bit, and her straight hair became wavy and flowing.

Candi suddenly closed the fridge and stood up, her eyes wide with shock. What was she doing?! Suddenly, she remembered something important.

"Like, what am I doing?" Candi said before letting out a vapid giggle. "I don't need to get something else to drink. After all, I bought an ice tea earlier! Ugh, classic ditz move, Candi!"

Candi turned on her heel, smiling as she saw the half-empty cup on the kitchen table where she had left it earlier during her panic. She grabbed it with a giggle before flipping some of her golden locks over her shoulder.

"Ugh, you're so silly sometimes, Candi," she said to herself before taking a quick sip of the cool beverage. "Another typical blonde moment! I'd probably lose my head if it weren't attached to my body."

Candi showed surprising insight into her lack of intelligence, almost reveling in the fact that she knew that she wasn't smart. She smiled and sipped some more of her drink, the girl unaware that the changes had finally reached her face.

The now blonde girl wasn't aware that her thin lips wrapped around the straw became thicker and plumper, fattening up to a much more enticing size. It didn't take long before they were soft pillows, like a pair of clouds sitting on her face. Someone would probably call them proper cocksuckers if she had been into guys, but now they were only used for sucking on straws, nipples, and pussies.

Candi smacked her plump lips together, unaware that they got coated in a pale pink lipstick that matched her nails perfectly and made them stand out even more. She walked around her apartment, still wondering why she had felt so stressed and panicky earlier as the changes swept over her face.

"Like, why does it feel like I've forgotten something?" Candi asked herself, unaware of her entire life unraveling just like her former self wished.

The blonde girl didn't seem to notice that the room still changed around her, almost as if she wasn't smart enough to understand the reality-warping magic that twisted her existence. The simple yet tasteful paintings on the walls around the room shifted, becoming thinner and turning into less than elegant posters. They all became the same type, all showing half-naked women in lewd poses that left little to the imagination. A surprising amount of them seemed to portray women from the same strip club, all of which wore bunny girl outfits that accentuated their curves nicely. There was even a poster of Candi herself wearing an equally revealing bunny outfit, the blonde leaning against a pole seductively on it with a smile on her plump lips.

Candi didn't even notice that her bed was changing, not even when she grabbed an old thong that lay on the side of it. The plain and boring sheets shifted in color, taking on a far more vibrant pink hue as the blankets, pillows, and everything became girlier. Some pillows became heart-shaped, and some turned huge and fluffy. Stuffed animals even sprung into existence, most of which became pink-furred bunny plushies.

Soft pops and gentle snaps reached her ears, but Candi didn't notice it. She was lost in her own thoughts, unaware of anything happening around her as her brain struggled to do even one task at a time. Even simultaneously walking, drinking, and breathing was almost too much for her smooth brain. So, she didn't notice how her cheekbones became more pronounced or how her face became more and more gorgeous with each passing moment.

The bimbo blinked when she felt an itch in her eyes, causing her to rub them with her long fingers. When her fingers got close to her glasses, they seemed to snap in the middle. Each part fell to the side of her face, seemingly attaching to the ears as they shifted in material and shrank before becoming rounder. Soon, her glasses were gone and replaced with a pair of golden hoop earrings that dangled against her face as she moved.

Candi rubbed her itchy eyes with her fingers, still struggling to figure out what she had stressed about earlier. It felt like she'd forgotten something, but her pretty little head couldn't figure it out. When she pulled her fingers away from her eyes, they had changed. They had gone from hazel to steely blue, becoming an almost radiantly azure color. Her eyelashes had

grown much longer, now coated in mascara, and her large expressive eyes looked much prettier. They were still doe-like, now with a vapid glazed look to them.

At this point, the magic within her was dying down and fading. She walked to the mirror again as she finished her cold drink, now giving herself a quick look. Yup, still as hot as ever, she thought. Candi didn't even notice how the last of the magic cascaded through her body, slowly causing her pale skin to take on a bit healthier color. It got sun-kissed and lightly tanned, enough to show that she enjoyed being outside but not like she was addicted to sunbathing or had gotten a spray tan.

In the mirror stood a sexy blonde girl with long wavy hair that reached the middle of her back. Her boobies were round and perky, straining her red crop top, and her long shapely legs seemed to go on forever and ever. The blonde mane framed a gorgeous yet clueless face, Candi's lips almost in a constantly confused pout as she struggled to understand and keep up with the world around her. Yet, she looked happy and relaxed despite her lack of intelligence, her eyes sparkling with joy and passion.

Yet, as she admired herself in the mirror, Candi couldn't help but feel like she's forgotten something. Like, something super important! She tilted her head to the side, idly curling a golden lock in her long-nailed finger, as she tried to figure out what it was.

Then, out of nowhere, a chirpy ringtone filled the apartment. Candi turned her head towards the sound coming from the cute clutch on the table near her. She opened it and pulled out her phone, pausing only briefly to stare at the girly pink thing before answering.

"Hello!" she said in a chirpy and happy tone.

"Candi! Where are you? Your shift started thirty minutes ago!" The voice on the other end was upset and womanly, and Candi didn't recognize it at first. Then, as her brain finally caught up with her new reality, she figured out who it was.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, miss Ruby!" Candi said with a vapid giggle to her manager, her cheery mood seemingly impossible to crush. "Like, I kind of spaced out for a bit and forgot! I'll be there right away!"

"For crying out loud, Candi," Ruby said with a heavy sigh before letting out an amused chuckle. "You really are hopeless. Anyway, get your sexy ass over here right away. Don't forget your uniform!"

"Okie-Dokie!" Candi replied before Ruby hung up on the other end, the newly-minted blonde almost prancing across the room to grab her uniform from her closet.

She smiled as she traced her fingers across the skimpy uniform, feeling the silky texture against her hand. Candi had to pause for a bit as she tried to remember which uniform she was supposed to get. Her eyes danced between the bunny-girl waitress uniform in her left hand and the skimpy stripper outfit in her right.

"Eh, whatever," Candi said with a giggle. "I'll just bring both! Maybe miss Ruby will let me do a double shift today!"

"Yeah, shake that ass!"

Candi smiled as she placed the drinks on the table in front of her, the guys clearly so enthralled by Jewel dancing on the stage that they didn't notice her. The only guy that did was staring down into her cleavage with a smile as she bent over to serve their drinks, Candi even shaking her boobies enticingly when she noticed it.

"Thanks for the drinks, babe," the guy said, pulling out a fifty from his wallet before placing it right between her tits.

"Thanksies!" Candi said with a giggle as she felt the money between her fun bags. She might not be into guys, but she certainly loved how they stared at her body with wanting eyes. "Like, enjoy your stay!"

"Oh, we will!" he said, all four guys now staring and cheering on Jewel as she crawled towards them on stage, shaking her plastic curves and giving them a dimwitted smile.

Candi gave her stripper-sis a smile and a cheery wave before walking back to the bar. She adjusted the bunny ear headband on her head, her tall stripper heels clicking against the floor, and she pulled a bit at her leotard when it felt like her boobies were about to pop out from her outfit.

The blonde sauntered to the bar to pick up more drinks to deliver to the tables, her hips swaying and butt bouncing with each step she took with her fishnet-covered legs. She smiled at the bartender and flirted with him innocently before heading out to serve the drinks.

More money piled up in her cleavage or the hem of her leotard as she worked, guys eagerly giving her tips as she flirted with them. She loved the attention, making sure to wink at them teasingly and give them sultry smiles as she served them their drinks.

"Like, here you go, cutie~," Candi said as she placed the cocktail on the table and smiled at the chubby black girl.

"Thanks," Shawna said, pulling out a ten-dollar bill from her wallet before sticking it into the girl's cleavage. However, Candi didn't give the woman the usual giggle and smile she gave the people she served. Instead, she stared at Shawna with a confused look on her face.

"Um, like, have we met before?" Candi asked, leaning forward and flashing her cleavage a bit extra without noticing it. "It feels like I've seen you somewhere."

"Sorry, Candace," Shawna said. "But we haven't met before. Well, not in this reality anyway."

Candi gave the woman an odd look, her brain nearly overheating as she tried to make sense of what the cute chubby gal said. But, she giggled and let it go, as she always did whenever she tried to think too hard on something.

"Alrighty!" Candi said with a giggle. "Like, hope to see you around, cutie~! I'll be on the stage later tonight if you want to see more of me."

"Thanks, but I'll be leaving soon. I just wanted to check in on a friend to see if she was doing okay."

"Oh, who's your friend? Like, do I know her?"

"No, not anymore," Shawna said, confusing the poor girl again. "But that's okay. I'm just happy to see her smiling again."

After that, Shawna stood up and left without tasting her drink, leaving the confused bunny waitress at the table. Candi's smooth brain couldn't understand what had just happened, no matter how much she tried.

"What an odd girl," Candi said, again muttering her thoughts. "But, she was kind of hot. Hope she'll be back~."

Shawna stopped at the exit of the Rabbit's Den to glance back at the bubbly blonde bimbo that pranced across the strip club, eagerly serving the guys and girls there. She smiled, relieved that the formerly stressed-out girl finally seemed happy and relaxed, even if Erin remained blissfully unaware of her former life.