

The Sorority Charter (Men to Sorority Girls Multi TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Dariz

When a struggling frat steals a spellbook and casts a reality-altering spell, they are just hoping to conjure a sexy sorority from nothing, full of girls that will be their perfect girlfriends. Little do they know that the spell is actually slowly changing dozens of ordinary male students across campus; all of whom are alarmed to find themselves becoming the ideal girlfriends of the frat in question! Can they escape this fate? Will they want to?

The Sorority Charter

Part 1: The Spellbook

This is the story of how Alpha Zeta Rho came to existence. You've heard of it, I've no doubt. *The* sorority. The one populated by incredibly beautiful ladies, the object of women's envy and men's lust across the whole campus. Yes, I thought you might have. Well, you may be surprised to know that Alpha Zeta Rho is actually a new addition to Sanderson College. Yes, I am aware that it has a supposedly eighty-year long history. Trust me, that's bullshit. Or it isn't. It's both, in a way. Reality changes will do that, alright.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Suffice to say, the birth of this new Sorority was enacted by a very different kind of charter to what you may assume. Certainly, I never expected the Sorority to influence my life the way it has, nor for the charter to be so . . . *binding*. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that the first members of Alpha Zeta Rho *never* wanted to be part of it, and in fact wished to escape it instead, strange as that may sound. I know I did. I was desperate to get out, and yet each time it pulled me back in whether I wanted it to or not. Sounds tragic, doesn't it? In a way, it is.

Thankfully, this is not just a tale of tragedy, though it has those elements in store for you. The Sorority Charter, as I call this story, is also a love story. And a party story. And a story of liberation, and of horror, and of self-acceptance and beauty and lust and coming-of-age. And, yes, it's a total comedy. And it's very, very sexy as well. It's all these things and more, and even I don't know all the details. There were dozens of us directly affected, and so many more beyond whose lives were uprooted and changed without them knowing simply by their proximity to us. But it's a story worth telling, much of it from my own perspective, and other parts from what I found out since or was able to piece together along the way.

So here we are, dear reader. The story of Alpha Rho Zeta. I hope it changes you. Because God knows, it certainly changed me.

Our story begins four years ago, in the year 2021. The global pandemic was starting to cool down, but to say the classic college experience had been decimated would have been an understatement. Lectures were increasingly going online, even at the proudly academic Sanderson College, which advertised itself often as a 'true college' over the corporate 'data farms' that just existed to spit out cheap degrees. It also had a raucous party culture, which was both a bane and a mighty boon to the college's reputation. Still, the damage had been done. The state had taken minimal casualties from the virus, thank God, but the unfortunate result of such health protocols had been the social death of the campus.

No parties.

No dating.

No events, major or minor.

No getting to know one another, becoming a new person as you carved out your own niche upon the landscape that was Sanderson's rich and verdant social fields.

Instead, as the Greek fraternities and Sororities slowly began to fill up again, there was a sense of paralysis in the college. Some, like Kappa Kappa Nu, did quite well. Jock-sports types are always blessed that way, and the college was desperate to get its moneymakers back on the field again.

Not so for Beta Sigma Beta.

The fraternity had once been one of the mighty greats. It had hosted the kind of parties that were the stuff of *legends*; crazy idiots drinking from kegs while doing handstands and having two hot chicks trying to jack him off kind of stuff. The kind of party that everyone needed to have just once in their life, and yet these guys were having them every week. But by 2021 they were a shadow of their former selves, the fraternity members a bunch of average-to-worse guys who were desperate just to make an impact. God knows, they weren't doing well with women.

And that's where the story *truly* begins.

It was a rainy and stormy night. Why wouldn't it be? Daniel McHadley was running through the rain towards Kappa Kappa Nu carrying something under his jacket. I wasn't here for this part, but what hid within the folds of his clothing would change the destiny of everyone in the fraternity, as well as so many more outside of it. He was a shorter-than-average dude with messy brown hair and rounded glasses, and was doing well in physics but not enough to fully stand out. But he was also *audacious*, having found a strange text at an old antique store that was decidedly *not* for sale: a text that was more like a clasped tome, in fact, and labelled itself as a *spellbook*. Suffice to say, for all his love of

physics, Daniel believed there were forces beyond it, and he had stolen the book and absconded with it before the seller could notice.

He knocked madly upon the door of his fraternity, and it opened quickly. The very wet man stepped inside and flung off his shoes.

“Jesus, what took you so long, Jason? I was fucking freezing out there!”

Jason Kaffe was another fraternity member, and a total dweeb. He was a self-proclaimed *otaku* who loved anime, manga, comic books, video games, and going to superhero movies. He had rounded cheeks that made him look younger than his actual twenty two years of age, and his black hair was always too greasy, his shirts a series of poorly washed superhero logos. He gave a goofy grin.

“Dude, how was I supposed to know you were knocking? It’s seriously stormy right now. It’s come out of freakin’ nowhere. Like there’s some lady in the sky-”

“I get it. Storm. Some X-Men thing, right?” Daniel said.

Jason frowned. “Well, yeah. Did you get the book? The one you told us about?”

Daniel grinned and unzipped his wet jacket, then pulled forth the heavy clasped tome. “Here we are, bud. The real deal.”

“She wasn’t even suspicious that you were going back there?”

“I bought some other stuff to throw her off. Dumb witchy crap. This was the thing I really wanted.”

Jason looked at the cover of the tome. It was bound in leather, and in gold writing simply said: *Aunt Judy’s Evocations and Alterations: A Spellbook in the Areas of Transmutation, Transfiguration, Transformation, and some Alchemical Transitive States*.

“Huh, long title. You think this is the real deal?”

Daniel chuckled, holding it. He was glad that Jason was a man who *wanted* to believe in magic, all thanks to his love of comic book worlds and magical girl manga.

“Trust me, when you hold this book, you can *feel* the power, Jason. Are the others waiting?”

Yeah. I mean, they think this is just some silly game or something.”

“They won’t once we use a spell. I’m sure of it!”

The pair entered into the wider living space beyond the entrance. Sure enough, many members of Beta Sigma Beta were sitting around, looking rather, well, *beta*.

Scrawny little half-Asian Alexander Sato was trying to get wi-fi while the storm and lightning raged outside, all while inputting numbers on a calculator.

Lawrence Hart was trying to read one of his textbooks in the meagre light, since the actual electric lights were constantly failing and flickering, but his clear expression of annoyance made it obvious that he was struggling to absorb the heavy jargon of his literature studies.

Only dark-skinned Broden looked anything like the old Beta Sigma Beta. He was lifting weights with ease, his form muscular, his face a mask of concentration.

"Lemme guess, your spellbook is in Canada?" he asked Daniel.

At this, Daniel actually chuckled, then held up the large text. "Oh, she's quite real, as you can see. Tell everyone to gather around. Lawrence, ring the bell! We're all gonna see that magic is real. I'm sure of it. I can *feel* it."

The others came down until at least forty members were present. If I remember right, it was forty six members, with seven absent for various reasons. Those seven would be greatly jealous and embarrassed by what was about to follow. Daniel was the leader of the frat, despite his complete lack of success in turning it around and his desire to host parties people would actually *go to*. He had tried many shortcuts, but *magic*? Well, it was enough for the frat to think about cutting him loose, or simply replacing him, or at the very least recognising that some changes needed to be had.

"Oh shit, not the magic thing again," Bernardo said. He was from Brazil - full name, Bernardo Lima - and was one of five brothers, and the only one not to have a jacked, sporty physique. Still, he loved soccer, and had dreams of a successful sex life: he had posters of hot Brazilian girls in bikinis plastered all over his room walls. But magic? That was too much for him.

"Hey now," Daniel said. "This is real. There's a reason I went back to the shop. I could *feel* the magic in this book. Everyone, listen up, there's a spell in here that will make us the luckiest goddamn frat bros in history! In eternity, even! A spell that will launch us to the top, and get us all laid as well! A spell that will give us our ideal girlfriends!"

"Yeah, right," Alexander Sato said, rolling his eyes. "Magic isn't real. You should know this. We're in the same physics class."

"I believe it," Jason said.

"You believe that radiation gives you superpowers."

"It could, dude! You don't fucking know!"

"Some people from the Bikini Atoll might disagree."

Bernardo stuck up his head. "What's this about bikinis?"

"Look, just give it a chance, okay?" Daniel said. "Everyone gather around. This is some good shit here! It's not like we've got wifi or power because of this freak storm, so why not chance it? Unless anyone's got any objections? Tim?"

He looked over at Timothy Hellers, the ginger-haired man who desperately wanted to be head of the fraternity, but had lost votes on it by slim margins, *twice*. His arms were folded as he joined the ranks of Bernardo and Alexander, the cynics.

"If this fails, you'll be an embarrassment, you realise that? I'd have to put leadership up for another vote."

"Then I suppose you wanna stick around and see, huh?"

Timothy narrowed his eyes, but eventually nodded. "Go on then, tell us about this spell."

With a smile, Daniel gestured for Jason to drag over a desk. The fraternity members gathered around, each shifting around the room or resting upon the stairs to look down over the heads of the rest. Their leader opened up the heavy tome, first unclasping the metal binding. He shifted through the pages almost reverently, feeling the aged pages. There were so many spells here, but only one that he truly desired to use; the one that had caught his intrigue the moment he'd opened the book in the dusty old antique store.

"Here it is," he said triumphantly. "The Spell of Perfect Union."

Alexander leaned his head over the page sceptically. "Dude, you can read Latin?"

Daniel chuckled. "I knew that course would come in handy. It's also literally the only Latin spell I could find."

"How convenient," Timothy said, his arms still folded as he gazed upon his frat rival.

But Daniel was resolute. "Okay, all who bear witness, according to this description, will be rewarded! This spell will grant us our perfect lovers! Our ideal girlfriends. I know just about everyone here is going through a dry run, striking out, or - no offence Gerald - generally dissatisfied with the girls we do have."

Gerald blushed red. He and Tess had been going steady for six months now, and it was obvious to everyone that she dominated him completely, and not in a fun way.

"So, what," Bernardo said. "You say some magic words and we all get super hot supermodel girlfriends?"

"Exactly!" Daniel said. "Look, I took the book. I can feel the power in it, in a way you can't. I *know* this will work. It should conjure them into existence and change reality so that no one even notices something is up. Hell, there's probably gonna be a next sexy sorority on campus tomorrow filled with our girlfriends, and no one is the wiser - except us! We get to keep our memories, at least according to this."

The group was growing more sceptical. Even Jason, whose mind was flooded with images of a really hot blonde cosplaying as the greatest bombshells in DC and Marvel comics, was starting to question this. Still, the powerful crack of lightning and the low rumbling of thunder outside the rattling windows gave enough ambience that no one objected to what was happening. No one, that was, except for Arthur Welling. He was a quite Christian man, and while he wanted to party and drink with the best of them, this seemed too supernatural.

"I'm out," he said, adjusting his longer brown hair. "Best of luck. This is just . . . weird pagan shit. No offence."

Others grumbled as well, but Daniel raised his hand.

"Fine, lose out, then! For anyone who remains, listen up and be prepared to describe your perfect woman!"

He began reciting the words upon the page, speaking in an ominous voice, or at least as ominous as he could muster. The ancient Latin sounded guttural and strange upon his tongue, and not every pronunciation came easily, but the underlying drama remained. The young men of Beta Sigma Beta were captivated as the lightning and thunder seemed to time itself to his words, and by the time Arthur had left the building entirely in his own protest, he had missed the first beginnings of the truly supernatural: the book was starting to *glow*.

"Whoa!"

"Is that a trick of the light?"

"This is just some phony illusion."

But Daniel's eyes were starting to glow, and with each weave of his hand in time with the ancient words, there was an afterimage of his hands, a ghostly twin of his own self. The lightning grew more powerful, the thunder even more so, and soon the book was shining so brilliantly as to be almost blinding. The young men were stepping back, but *none* were stepping away, not anymore. Daniel was shouting now, as if fully possessed by the book, and as his voice reached its crescendo he cried out in awe, hurling the book onto the ground and stepping back from it as a pillar of light, swirling like a hurricane, emerged from its pages in the centre of the room.

"H-holy FUCK!" Alexander cried. "It was real."

Timothy said nothing, but his jaw hung low. His arms were no longer crossed.

"Daniel, how in the hell?"

Daniel was breathing heavily. He had felt the magic *move* through him. Hell, he'd almost been sceptical of his own claims, but now he knew them to be true. Magic was real, and a portal was before him. He knew, according to the spell, what he had to do.

"Hear me!" he declared. "I desire a perfect union! I want an artsy, creative and beautiful social butterfly who takes me to parties with her and helps me become popular. I'd want her to be very girly and super feminine, laidback yet always ready to have sex! I'd want her to be not very smart, hell, make her stressed out from thinking too hard. She can let me handle the logistical stuff, because simply looking good and doing her makeup will calm her down instead. Oh, she'd be a latina! Nice, perfect olive skin. I'd want her to have thick thighs and a perfect peachy ass, and the kind of hourglass figure that won't quit. Her hair would be dark and curly, and her lips perfect for kissing, among other things. But her best features would be her huge cans - her big tits, I mean. They'd be 36H's: real big, round, perfectly natural tits that are ultra sensitive and that she just loves to show off!"

He couldn't think of anything else, and was trying not to blush at how over-the-top his description was. Still, it allowed him to form a perfect image in his mind of a very sexy, very

horny girlfriend who would always support him, practically *worship* him, and let him handle the hard stuff while she did her best to please. And with his words said, he stepped through the light, which immediately turned a powerful gold in colour. The men of the frat gasped as the words Daniel had just spoken suddenly glowed brightly within that golden pillar, turning quickly around the centre as if part of an ongoing ritual. Which, in a basic sense, they were. Daniel looked back and clasped his hands together.

"It's working!" he declared. "Everyone, if you want your perfect girl, describe her and then step through the portal to add her to the power! Only when it's done will the spell fire!"

The frat bros moved with purpose now. Pathetic, dateless, and often incompetent as they were, they weren't going to give up this opportunity. They marched through the pillar of light, tingling each time, shouting their ideal woman to the heavens and revealing more about their own unrealistic expectations than anything else.

Jason Kaffe knew instantly what he wanted. "Hear me! I want a sexy blonde cosplay girl with huge head-sized boobs! The kind who can go to cons with me and always wants to cosplay as the sexiest superheroine and anime characters! Oh, and she'd be turned on by my nerdy collections!"

Broden Tiddlestone had a similar certainty. "Hear me! I want a sexy black beauty, six-foot-two in height. A real amazonian beauty, you know? The kind who'll hit the gym with me, and can crush me with her thighs, ha!"

Bernardo Lima hesitated, clearly a little embarrassed, but the excitement won over as the other frat bros began chanting stupidly, their excitement easily overriding any kind of good sense. "Hear me! I want a bottom-heavy bikini model! A sexy girl who loves the beach and shaking her ass and letting me grope it! Oh, and she'd be a soccer superfan just like me, and dress up naughty on game nights!"

So it continued. Lawrence Hart, failed Casanova, decided he wanted a sexy club girl who always wore tight dresses and was practically a total nymphomaniac helplessly devoted to him. Alexander Sato wanted a beautiful Japanese girl to please his family, with the note that she'd be ultra fertile for when he wanted to start a family with her. Even Timothy Hellers got in on the action, wanting a dumb bimbo type with sexy brown hair and hazel eyes, and a strong desire to have threesomes with him and any other hot girl. On and on they went, the frat getting amped up. This was the most exciting thing to happen to Beta Sigma Beta in years. They had their nerds, but for the most part were underperforming academically. They had their jocks, but were ultimately unappealing and mostly dateless. Now, they could have everything they wanted, especially hot girls. Some wanted bimbos. Others wanted future trophy wives. Some wanted sexy black cheerleaders, others wanted shy librarian redheads. Some went for sexy nerd girls with big boobs, others for slender supermodels. Whatever they asked for, their words were added in a torrent to the pillar of light, until finally the light

was beginning to warble and shift, as if increasingly unstable. The last man went through - Peter Danvers, who wanted a “big tiddy goth girl who loves sucking cock and can shred the guitar like no one else’s business” - and finally, the pillar looked like it was going to explode. Daniel was quick; he knelt before the book from which the pillar protruded, and called out the final words in latin. Translated, they went like this:

“Let our Perfect Unions begin! Bless us with our ideal mates!”

And then he shut the book. The pillar of light exploded, briefly blinding everyone in the room. And yet they were able to open their eyes just in time to see their words soaring above their heads, their descriptions of their ideal lady careening out through windows and dancing through walls and shooting through ceilings, all of them out into the universe to make their changes to reality.

All that was left beside the spellbook was a charter outlining a Sorority. One that didn’t exist: *Alpha Zeta Rho*. Then, with a wink, that disappeared too.

For a long ten seconds, nobody said anything. Even the rain was starting to dissipate, and the thunder and lightning had halted, as if ended prematurely by the casting of the spell. Daniel held up the book and clasped it, then placed it on back on the desk.

“And now,” he declared, eagerness already suffusing his entire being. “We play the waiting game.”

Where was I in all of this, I hear you ask? I’m sure you’re dying to know. Truth be told. I wasn’t at this scene at all. All of this was recounted to me later. I was never a member of Beta Sigma Beta. But as Daniel and his peers would soon find out, a spell cannot create life from nothing. Not real life. Not life endowed with a *soul*. And so, instead of creating perfect girlfriends from the void, the magic instead spread out across campus, sinking its invisible tendrils into dozens of students, seeking to transform them instead.

And yes, I was one of them.

Part 2: The Words in the Air

My name was Calvin Gardener. I was twenty one years old, and I’d taken a year off from schooling to work, since I’d come from a very working class background and the costs of college were prohibitively expensive. As such, I was a year behind many of my peers and already carried quite the chip on my block about that. It was easy to be resentful when so many others had it better than you, and could simply buy their way to success, especially the much richer kids. I’d never be mistaken for one of them, not with my fairly worn clothes. I only had an average build, and the best thing going for me was my light blonde hair, which a couple of ex-girlfriends had complimented, and my current girlfriend Hannah loved.

I was actually with her just before it all went down. She and I were making out on our bed. I wasn't a member of a frat - who had the time and money for that? - and so Hayley and I had gotten an apartment that was near enough to the campus, or at least as much as we could imagine. I had a number of maths tests coming up, and while a small part of me was nervous about the subject despite it being easily my strongest, Hayley had a way of eliminating even the smallest of fears when she dragged me to bed.

"Are you - ahhh - regretting this now?" she purred, gasping as I held her from behind, pressing her up against my lap as I put a hand down her shirt to cup her small yet lovely breasts.

"Not at all," I replied, stroking her nipple. She moaned, and soon we were going at it, her bouncing on my lap, facing away from me but curling her arm back to caress my neck as I fucked her. I could still barely believe I'd found a woman like Hayley, a girl who was super into maths, who managed to look past my endless complaints about the unfairness of life and didn't mind that I was a total workaholic and study-aholic as well. She made me *want* to make time for her, and besides, her dark brunette hair always smelt so lovely, and her body was always warm and lovely to the touch.

We lay together on the bed for way too long, just enjoying the feel of one another in each other's arms. I stroked her back, loving the softness of her. I loved that about women: how *soft* they were. I couldn't get enough of just stroking Hayley's skin as we rested together, feeling the curve of her hip, the way her waist retreated inwards, the smooth nape of her neck. She made these little purring sounds as I touched her, snuggling up against me more. Looking back, I wish I'd stayed there even longer, savouring that moment. Alas:

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

"Ugh," I said, rolling over to hit the alarm on my phone, disentangling from my girlfriend even as she tried to pull me back.

"Don't go," she whispered.

"I'm sorry, I gotta. I have a mathematics test, you know this."

"I can't believe I'm in a relationship with a future mathematician."

"Hey, math is amazing. It's the language of the universe."

"I like sex as the music of *our* universe."

I chuckled, leaned over, and kissed her on her forehead. "You get back to sleep and dream about it, then."

"Naw, I've gotta get up, too. Can't miss anymore history lectures."

"I can't believe I'm in a relationship with a history major."

She threw the pillow at me, and the pair of us chuckled. We had a good dynamic like that. We got to enjoy one another's bodies a little more as we showered, but by then I was starting to get a little anxious about being late. I left the apartment in a hurry, a sandwich

wedged in my teeth as I ran for my car. I may have broken a few speed laws to get to the quad on time, by which point I was racing across the campus green, trying to memorise calculations and formulas in my head.

And that was when it happened.

Something golden glimmered in the air above. After last night's storm, I didn't expect the day to look so lovely, and so for a moment I just thought it was the sun. But the sun was still rising behind me, and the golden light appeared to be moving. I stepped to the side, trying to get a better angle on it; it was nearby, but it wasn't a model plane or some tech development out of the engineering labs, at least as far as I could see. Instead, it looked like . . . *words*. A series of sentences turning about and twisting in little loop-de-loops as it spiralled ever closer towards me. I could only make out a few of the words, but they were certainly real.

Latina.

H-cup boobs.

Thick thighs.

Peachy ass.

Not very smart.

Looking good.

They danced around me, swirling about just a few feet away, surrounding me like a pillar. There were other people on the quad, but not a single one seemed to notice this completely alien event going on.

"What the fuck?" I said. "Is anyone seeing this?"

Ryan Donoghue was walking past to the same test and gave me a funny look. "See what?" he asked.

I won't lie, I wondered if I was having a stroke. I tried to move through the words, but they followed me, dancing every closer and glowing brightly with golden light. By this point, I was starting to get more than a little worried, so I picked up my pace, but it was so hard to see. The golden light was growing, and the words repeated themselves. I could now hear a voice behind them, a male voice proclaiming them excitedly.

"I desire . . . perfect union . . . creative and beautiful social butterfly . . . super feminine . . . makeup will calm her down . . . hourglass figure that won't quit . . . lips perfect for kissing, among other things . . ."

"Stop it!" I shouted, trying to cover my head. "Stop it, now! I don't know what this is but stop it right fucking now!"

As if this strange apparition had heard me, it suddenly silenced. It glowed so brightly I could see nothing, nothing but the words, and then they shot *into me*. I groaned, falling to my knees as some form of energy bloomed within me, a ripple that cascades all throughout my

core and right to the tip of my head, my fingers, my toes. I fell to my knees gasping, imagining that I was dying of some kind of heart attack.

And then I was on the campus green again, a number of people looking my way with concern.

“Dude, are you alright?” Ryan asked me. I looked up at him, then down at myself. Some other commotion was happening across campus - a few other people moving to view another distraction, so at least not too many people had seen me.

“Um, yeah,” I said, the sensations ebbing away. “I feel fine. I think . . . I think I just had a panic attack.”

I moved on quickly, feeling utterly embarrassed. I still managed to hear Ryan’s voice.

“Some panic attack, wow.”

That was the start of it, of course. Had I paid attention, I might have found out sooner that I was far from the only person on campus to experience the strange golden words in the air, or to feel that rush of strange energy through my body as the odd event climaxed. Toby Hayes over in the engineering lab had rushed to the bathroom in a panic and was assaulted by his own words. He was an overweight Caucasian man, and yet what were the words he heard and read?

“Sexy black beauty . . . amazonian . . . hit the gym with me . . .”

While doing a training session with his teammates, the Lions captain Avon Franklin, an African-American man with an enormous frame, was sidelined for a suspected concussion. The words that filtered into his head confused him greatly:

“Sexy blonde cosplay girl . . . head-sized boobs . . . cosplay . . . turned on . . . nerdy collections . . .”

Nerdy Peter Weathers was holed up in a computer room working on his animations for his digital effects unit when he saw the words spiral in. No one else was around, but he would later tell me what he saw and heard:

“Bottom-heavy bikini model . . . letting me grope it . . . soccer superfan . . .”

Caleb Myers was even affected, the expected valedictorian of the college, smart and confident and with a mean streak a mile long due to his wealthy privilege. It was suspected that he used his money to bribe even better marks. To his horror, the words filtered into his brain.

“Big tiddy goth girl . . . wears fishnet stockings . . . loves giving head . . . crazy in the sack . . . shred the guitar . . .”

Rory Fairview had just been hitting on some women and making them very uncomfortable. Everyone knew him as a player, one who was far too aggressive; he relentlessly mocked Beta Sigma Beta ‘losers’ and talked himself up as a ‘real alpha.’ And yet:

“Beautiful Japanese trophy girlfriend . . . submissive and soft-spoken . . . greatest cook around . . . ultra-fertile . . .”

The words in the air didn’t come all at the same time. Ryan Donoghue wasn’t exactly my friend, but we certainly got along in our mathematics classes, and I respected his intelligence, as I knew he respected mine. He even checked in with me to see if I was okay before our test started, having moved to sit nearer to me to ask the question. I appreciated the concern, but didn’t tell him what I had seen; I gathered I had just been in a rush and set off a panic attack, despite the fact that I had never been a particularly anxious person before.

Imagine if I had told him. After all, when Ryan was relaxing that evening with his own girlfriend, he had to excuse himself for a few moments when he had his own ‘panic attack.’ The description was not exactly kind:

“Dumb bimbo type . . . hazel eyes . . . threesomes with other hot girls . . . giggles at my jokes . . . can’t help but pose sexily . . .”

But all of this I would discover only later. At the time, I just viewed it as a strange little mirage of my brain, and got back to work. Unfortunately, I was quite distracted by the event, because I really struggled with some of the questions. I managed to get most right, but some of the formulas were oddly difficult for me, and there were some questions I puzzled over for far too long before ultimately skipping, despite *knowing* that I should recognise them. It made no sense, and yet . . . it was like the information had just clean poured out of my head.

If only I had known.

The first sign that something was truly up only happened days later. I was in physics class, one of my other favourite subjects, listening to my professor drone on about the laws governing electromagnetism and finding it oddly boring, when I scratched the back of my head. I noticed something odd: my hair was longer. Much longer than it should have been, at least an inch or so. Hell, it was going over my eyebrows to the point where I could just barely almost see the blonde hairs in my vision if I focused.

“Hey Calvin, you okay?”

I turned to see Daniel McHadley, who was sitting next to me in the lecture theatre. He was a little shorter than average and had glasses that really did not suit his face, but I didn’t mind him. We were both fairly introverted but I got the sense that he was pretty socially

incompetent on top of that, despite the fact that he was the leader of his frat. Beta Sigma Beta had a pretty poor reputation, so maybe the two were connected.

"Yeah," I replied. "I'm just realising that I need a haircut. I swear this has grown overnight."

"I know what you mean. I have to get my hair done too."

He wasn't wrong; his style was always a mess of dark chestnut hair, like he'd just gotten out of bed.

"Hey," I asked. "Is any of this making sense to you?"

"Of course," he replied. "It's just electromagnetism. I wish we'd get onto the interesting stuff quicker, but you know Professor Hagartt. Never skips ahead."

I chuckled, hoping the Professor hadn't heard our whispers. We were near the back, at least; definitely introverts.

"Good point," I said. "Maybe I'm just tired. Been sleeping weird lately. Body feels weird."

Daniel considered this. "Maybe go to the doctor?"

"Nah, I reckon it's just poor sleep."

"Well, I know a thing or two about that. Did you hear I'm no longer the head of Beta Sigma Beta?"

I raised an eyebrow. "Wait, really?"

He slumped forward. I could tell he was embarrassed. "I tried something . . . stupid. I really thought it would work, but it was just a fancy light show. Nothing's come of it. So now Timothy Hellers is in charge. Asshole. It's not fair. I mean, was I that bad of a leader? Man, I really thought I was getting confident . . ."

I admit, I felt a little sorry for Daniel. He had an insecurity and anxiousness that I had freed myself of in my teenage years. And like me, I knew he'd come from a working class background and had achieved a scholarship. Neither of us cared for assholes like Timothy Hellers or Caleb Myers who were rich and powerful and could get away with so much more.

"Hey man," I said. "I'm sure the sun will shine again. I'm sorry what you were planning didn't work out, but you can always contest for leader again down the line, right?"

"What's the point?" he replied. "I'm nothing. All I've got left are my grades. God, I'm never gonna get a girlfriend. How did you do it?"

I smirked a little, and told the truth. "Honestly? I lucked out, found a gal who likes her me-time as much as I like mine. Besides, we're both total nerds. Maybe go for that."

He just sighed. "I just wish I could have someone who could balance me out. Shit, I'm just whining now. Sorry, I'll stop distracting you."

For reasons I couldn't understand at the time, I kept on thinking about Daniel McHadley even after my college day was done. I finished at noon on Mondays, but Hayley

finished at two, so I made my way into town to get a haircut. Daniel's words floated in my mind, and for some reason I really did find myself wanting him to succeed and find a girlfriend. Someone who could balance him out. I was, you might say, *magically* invested in the outcome. But then my haircut made things weird, and finally tore my thoughts back to myself.

"All done! Whadda ya think?"

I looked up at my reflection, eager to see my usual hairstyle returned, only to frown.

"Um, it looks the same as what it was?"

It really did. My hair was still an inch too long, maybe longer. It also looked a little darker than I was used to, but maybe that was just a result of a fresh cut, or something. But my hairdresser just gave a quizzical look.

"No, I definitely adjusted it! Look how much I took off."

She gestured to the floor where several inch-long locks of blonde hair were gone. Hair that looked blonder than my current do, to be honest. I was taken aback. It was like I'd stepped into the Twilight Zone and reality just wasn't making sense.

"Look, can you cut it a little further? It's still a bit long for me."

She cocked her head. "Are you sure, hun? You wanted to keep it longer."

"No I . . . I didn't. Look, just cut it so it's not touching my eyebrows."

My hairdresser shrugged and then got to work. This time I paid attention; sure enough, she was cutting it back, and I was happy that it was being shortened. We finished up and I paid at the counter and left to head home to the apartment. Yet when I arrived, I could feel the hair against my brow yet again.

"The fuck?" I said, looking at my reflection in the car window. "How is it still long? This makes no goddamn sense."

I touched my hair again, then ventured inside, feeling very odd about this whole episode. Had I just had the world's most incompetent hairdresser or something? Did she only thin it, and not cut it? I made my way to the bathroom to check out my reflection more closely, only to pause.

"Huh," I said.

I looked . . . different. It was subtle, but certain parts of my face just looked a little . . . odd. I couldn't describe it at the time, but my eyes just looked a little too big, and my blue eyes a bit darker than usual, just like my hair. And my skin was kinda tan. I mean, I was descendent from the whitest white folk from England and Ireland. The Gardeners had probably never seen a black person until the 1950s, at least knowing my grandparents. We were practically allergic to the sun. I loved a good beach trip, but I had to lather up for it. Only now my skin looked . . . tanner. Not, not tanner. I looked actually *tan*. Like I'd managed to survive in the sun without getting burned and my skin had darkened, just a little. It wasn't,

like, olive skin or anything, and I was still very white. But I was no longer *pale*. The paleness that Hayley liked to playfully mock.

"What the fuck?" I said. I took off my shirt, and to my alarm the tan continued all over my body. I ended up getting naked and checking myself out all over, and the tan was everywhere, with no discernment from where I should have been sheltered from the sun.

Perhaps I should have freaked out more by that point. But to be completely honest, I just felt . . . weird. Like I'd developed a temporary skin condition. I got out my phone and organised a GP visit, but could only get one in two weeks, unfortunately.

"Been eating too many carrots, I bet," I told myself. I'd turned a little orange once before, back in high school. The other kids had made fun of me. I'd had a chip on my shoulder since about it. I'd eaten too many carrots and tomatoes because I was fucking *poor*, you dipshits. I couldn't afford finer things, and my mom, who raised me by herself, struggled to provide for us.

"Goddamnit," I said, shaking my head.

I didn't even notice that Hayley had returned by that point. She coughed, and I nearly jumped ten feet in the air, causing her to laugh nervously as she put down her bag.

"Sorry! Didn't mean to scare you. I just come home to a sexy naked man and, well, I was admiring the view."

I turned on the spot to appreciate my loving girlfriend. "Sorry, I was distracted by this strange tan. And my hair."

She raised an eyebrow. "Strange tan?"

"Yeah, my skin is darker. See?"

She pouted briefly. "I don't know any difference. Your hair looks the same as well."

"Don't joke around, Hayley. Look at me. I mean, my hair is longer and darker. And I'm still pretty white, but you joke all the time about me being pale."

"Eh, you're not *that* pale."

I was pretty struck, but then Hayley advanced towards me, licking her lips. "But you *are* sexy. And I've just finished up a lot of study and wanna relax a little with my sexy boyfriend. So why don't you bring that oh-so-tanned body to the bedroom?"

Well, *that* pulled me out of my slump. Thank God for Hayley. We retreated to the bedroom and I put my concerns behind me. Still, I wasn't too proud of my performance. For one, I had to have a little 'extra encouragement' to get it up, and even erect I didn't look as impressive as I was used to. And even when I slid between my girlfriend's thighs, I had to *really* focus to get myself to cum. Hell, even to stay hard. It was hot sex, but in the end I had to focus on her moans to get myself there, and when I did finally climax, it was only a little. Barely a trickle. She, at least, was satisfied, and curled up against me, making those cute

purring noises of hers. I just stared at the ceiling. For some reason, despite the lovely sex, I couldn't stop thinking about Daniel McHadley's situation.

I really hoped he'd find a girlfriend soon. Someone perfect for him.

Part 3: Creeping Changes

I wasn't the only one starting to experience strange changes, of course. Others around the campus were having their own private panics, as I would later find out. Ryan Donoghue had ginger hair, but it had become a very strawberry-blond overnight, something his girlfriend also thought was normal. Toby Hayes' pale skin had darkened, and he'd lost nearly ten pounds by the time he woke up. Avon Franklin, on the other hand, found his body weary and weak, and that wasn't even getting into how his dark African-American skin looked lighter all of a sudden. Peter Weathers had a pressure in his ass that was only growing, while Caleb Myers was shorter than he remembered being; not a cool thing for someone who liked to lord it over others. Even the bullying, alpha-male Rory Fairview was changing, turning into Alexander Sato's ideal girlfriend: his eyes became almond-shaped very quickly, and his gym-bro muscles were starting to slim down.

But none of us were aware that this was something that had spread across the student body, at least at first. For the next few days, I operated under the assumption that I just had some kind of temporary skin condition from my diet, or perhaps related to that strange episode from the golden words in the air. Some people noted my new tan and hair - Ryan was one of them, and I noted his new hair.

"That's funny," he told me. "Abby says my hair has always looked like this."

"Nah, no way you had those blonde bits. You were full ginger."

"That's what I told her! I guess we notice our own changes more than our girlfriends. Is there something in the cafeteria food or something?"

I laughed at that, but I got the sense we were both a little uneasy. It was kinda odd to have some people commenting on my hair and tan, and others acting as if I'd always looked that way. Perhaps if those had been the only changes I experienced, it might have just been an odd little blip in my life. Instead, more alterations began to pop up, subtly at first and then not so subtle as they continued.

My eyes were definitely darker, that much was for sure, and I could have sworn that my skin had lost some of its blemishes. Even the scar on my left temple from an old BMX accident looked like it had faded. My hair was also growing much faster than it should have been, and despite the fact that I organised *yet another* haircut appointment, when I returned home it was like no hair had been cut at all. Instead, the hairdresser must have put some

kind of lotion through it, because my blonde hair was definitely a dark, dirty blonde by this point, at *best*.

This wasn't even getting into the slow changes in my body. They crept up on me, small alterations that slowly compounded until I finally noticed them when it was all too late. My chest hair was thinning. I had never been the hairiest guy, but just looking in the mirror I could tell I was smoother. Hell, Hayley said as much when we made out on the couch. I couldn't even complete the deed, because my damn dick wasn't cooperating, and what she said next practically killed the vibe entirely.

"I just love how smooth and soft your skin is," she said with a grin. "Like a woman's."

I tried to argue that it hadn't always been that way, but I felt like I was going crazy; the overwhelming majority of people on campus acted like I'd always been the way I was. And so my hair continued to thin on my limbs as well, and when I woke up over a week after the incident with the golden light, I was well aware that I had shrunk a whole inch in height. My clothing fit me, of course, but my perspective was just slightly off, and Hayley was not as short relative to me as she had been.

"This is crazy," I said, scratching my chest as I marched to campus. "How the hell does no one notice? My hair is twice as long as it should be! I have to brush it behind my goddamn ears now! My nipples are - ngh! Fucking sensitive. How can nobody notice this!?"

It wasn't an entirely true statement, because when I was in physics class Daniel McHadley kept looking at me with a frown from across the room. When I approached him in the library later, I asked him directly about it.

"This may seem like a weird question," I said, my voice cracking from what I assumed was (at the time) nervousness, "but do I look a bit different from before?"

Daniel blushed. "Sorry, I was trying not to look. I didn't realise you were going for a new style. A few others on campus are. Is it, um, like, a popular thing? Should I grow my hair out? I'm guessing your girlfriend likes it, right?"

"No one else notices!" I exclaimed. "It's like I've always been this way. Listen, I think something weird is going on. I think I'm changing, and I don't know why."

He gave a sheepish look and shrugged. "Maybe it's magic? It's kinda real, y'know."

I growled and stormed off. I knew that Daniel could be a bit kooky, and that things weren't going well for him lately, but telling jokes and believing in magic wasn't going to help me. At least, that's what I thought at the time. Looking back, I think he was genuinely curious, but just hadn't connected the dots to his own actions yet.

Instead, I was left to continue changing. Ryan Donoghue had stopped coming to class; apparently his latest grades and participation in tutor discussion was so appalling that he had left the course out of shame, which confused me greatly given that he was clearly brilliant. We'd literally had a friendly rivalry going!

Other strange shit was happening too, though. As I left my latest mathematics lecture, struggling to understand the latest practical applications of the formulas and even some of the formulas themselves, I was so distracted by the odd pressures in my nipples that I quite literally walked straight into someone else with an “oof!” My damn darkening, growing hair had blocked my view momentarily; I couldn’t get used to whatever condition I’d developed!

Much to my chagrin, I’d bumped straight into someone I really didn’t want to make an enemy of: Rory Fairview, the self-proclaimed alpha male and ladies man who had more than once tried to start a fistfight with me, Ryan, and just about every other man on campus, barring Avon Franklin, but he was the Lions Captain.

“S-sorry,” I said weakly, trying to swerve around him on the campus green.

“Dude, what the fuck? You knocked my food to the ground! Pick it up, you cockhead.”

I winced. His voice had cracked, and sounded softer than usual. Somehow, I knew that would go worse for me; he would get embarrassed and want to establish authority quickly.

“Look, it was an accident. I’ll pick it up and-”

“And fucking eat it, asshole,” he continued. He pointed to the ground, and I realised he hadn’t been eating anything. A day-old hotdog was on the ground, half-eaten by pigeons. I kept his visage out of sight and made myself small.

“Ha! Check it out, poor boy is about to have a meal!”

I could have died right then and there. That voice came from Caleb Myers, Rory’s best friend, and the guy who was richer than practically everyone else on campus put together. His Dad was a massive real estate mogul, and like Rory he often had pretty girls on his arm, though it was because of his wealth and confidence more than anything. If Rory was a hammer, he was the scalpel. Together, they were a damn shitty pair to come across in a moment of weakness. Me, feeling shorter and less masculine, was just about ready to shrink into nothingness before them.

Except that Caleb Myers had called me ‘poor boy,’ the absolute fucker. And *that* was enough to make me angry, no matter how alien my body was becoming to me. So I wheeled around and faced the pair.

“What the fuck did you say to me, Caleb?”

He strode forward, a smirk on his perfect face, his blonde hair immaculate.

“I called you *poor boy*, Calvin. You gonna try and tell me otherwise?”

Rory snickered, but then scratched his chest, wincing a little. I was about to explode on them - few things get me raging more than people looking down on my working-class upbringing - but then I noticed something weird about the pair of them. They looked *different*.

Rory's skin had tanned like mine, and his eyes were . . . sort of almond-shaped. Like an Asian man's instead of a Caucasian like he was. His hair was darker too, like mine, only his curls had straightened. Caleb, on the other hand, had gone more pale, and he definitely looked a little shorter. His figure was more petite as well, and his shoulders smaller.

I couldn't help it. I started laughing. It was enough to make Rory step forward and prepare a swing at me. I jumped back, balling my own fist.

"You got something funny to say, dweeb?" Rory said, though his voice cracked again. Why the hell was he speaking with something like an accent?

"Yeah, why do you look so weird, Rory?" I said. "You too, Caleb."

"You're the one who looks weird," Caleb mocked, folding his arms and trying not to blush. "You look like you've become a total fag or some kind of tranny. Do you even realise how much you look like a chick?"

"Take a look in the mirror, asshole. The pair of you look as changed as I do."

That was enough to get them to stop. Rory looked to Caleb, then back to me.

"You can tell we look different."

"Fucking obviously," I said. "Wait, do other people not notice for you?"

"They're just idiots," Caleb countered. "And it's just temporary. Some fucking rash or virus or something."

But I was starting to think otherwise. We all looked different, and Caleb was scratching his nipple idly, just like I was often doing. Rory too.

"If this was a virus, how could it be affecting memories? Hell, my own clothes fit my shorter body perfectly - explain that!"

They couldn't. I could see it in their eyes. Rory grimaced and marched to me. "Then what the fuck do you think this is, *poor boy*?"

I balled my fists. "I've got no fucking clue, but I'm gonna work it out. And I'm not telling you two assholes."

Rory cracked his knuckles. "Oh, you wanna go, do you?"

I was just about to, but then something suddenly hit me; I really didn't want to. Not because I'd lose, or even because I wasn't a violent person, but it just seemed so . . . *mean*. I wanted to be carefree and laidback and *social*, not combative! It was like some new instinct had come over me, so instead I put up my hands.

"Please, can't we all just get along! I don't want to fight!"

It sounded pathetic, especially as my voice cracked, and yet somehow . . . it worked. Rory withheld his fist, and even pulled it back, holding it protectively. Then, to my greater shock, he gave a slight bow.

"I am so very sorry," he said in that slight accent. "I don't want to hurt anybody. It's not my place. Please, go."

I ran before I could figure out what was going on. Caleb was shouting behind me.

"Why the fuck did you let Calvin go? You had him, you moron!"

"Shut up, I'm just as tough as you! I just . . . don't want to fight."

"Since *when!*? Jesus, my chest hurts."

I didn't hear the rest. I was running straight to the carpark. My mind was going a mile a minute, but not all the pieces were coming together. But others were changing, that much was clear. They were changing just like me, and most people didn't even know. But those who *were* changing could recognise it.

I needed a plan. I needed to bring all of us who were changing together, sans those two dickheads. And then, somehow, I'd find a way to reverse this, whatever it was.

I didn't have sex with Hayley that night. Don't get me wrong, I probably wouldn't have anyway. It had been a tiring and troubling day for many varied reasons, and she'd been hard at work as well. As much as I was freaked out by my physical changes, I also needed to start earning money, and so I was still submitting resumes to every damn business in town as well in the hopes of getting something. I couldn't subsist off of my grant money forever, and I'd rather Hayley dump me than mooch off of her waitress money.

But I *had* been determined to have sex anyway, if only to prove something to myself. I needed to prove that, whatever weird condition was hitting me, I could still make love to my girlfriend. When she came home late from her restaurant job, I did my best to make out with her, but I failed at every turn. I needed my body to react to her, but I had to damn well *force* it. Despite her pretty looks and sexy manner, I could only make out, and nothing more, not even when she touched my member and began fondling my balls. They just felt flatter than they should be. Smaller, too.

"I'm sorry, babe," I told her. "I guess I'm just tired."

At this, she gave me a funny look. "Calvin, you're *always* like this. It's no problem. I mean, I don't expect us to have *actual* sex. That's not our relationship."

To say my blood ran chill would be an understatement. For God's sakes, her tits were out, and I was massaging them, and it was doing *nothing* for me, and she was telling me this was *normal*.

"What - what are you talking about?" I asked her.

She giggled. "Oh, don't be silly. We're roomies. Of course we're gonna make out from time to time. That doesn't mean we have to get serious or anything. We don't put a label on it. It's just the college experience. You know I'll stop the moment you get a boyfriend."

She smooched me on the cheek, and smiled gently. "I'm gonna head to my room now and sleep. It's been a long day, roomie. You rest up. And hey, I don't mind if you think about guys when you touch me. You know I think it's kinda cute."

Another smooch, and she got up and walked away. I didn't even say a thing, I was too overwhelmed. Too shell shocked. When I looked down at my bare chest, two prominent nipples with widened areolas greeted me. The flesh beneath them was raised, giving the impression of two nascent little breasts. Slowly, I raised my hand and prodded my left nipple, wincing a little. Oh God, no wonder it had felt so sensitive when we'd been making out; it stiffened immediately, a pleasurable feeling radiating out from it and making my other enlarged nipple stiffen. They were darker than I remembered, but they were also much bigger. Feminine. Womanly.

"Fuck me," I said. "This is nuts. How can this make any sense?"

I brushed my darkened hair out of my eyes, trying to calm myself. Then, something that Hayley had said entered my mind. She'd said *her* room. *Her* room, as if we hadn't been sharing a single bed for months now. As if there even *was* another bed in the apartment. My heart beat rapidly in my chest. Goosebumps rose upon my skin as I stood up and walked slowly down the corridor to where Hayley had gone. I opened the door just slightly where the spare room was - just a crack - and then almost screamed at the impossible.

Hayley was laying down, listening to a podcast as she searched over her lecture notes from early that morning. The bed beneath her was pink with a thick doona, and it *hadn't existed twenty minutes ago*.

I thought back to Daniel's words in the physics lecture. He may have been an awkward guy, but perhaps he really had been right. This really *was magic*, the reality-altering kind.

I closed the door to Hayley's room and moved back to my own, trying to ignore my weird nipples and the various slight pressures in my body, even the shake of my hair as I walked implacable back to my room. Thinking was hard, but I chalked that down to panic.

"Need to find the others," I told myself. "Need to find the others."

It was the only plan I could think of, but it didn't calm me. So, for reasons that were utterly foreign to me, I grabbed an A4 sheet and began to draw a green field landscape with misty mountains upon the horizon, just to calm myself. It worked, and my end result after half an hour of drawing finally let me go to sleep. It was a damn good drawing.

And up until now, I'd never been able to draw in my life.

Part 4: Ryan Donoghue

The next morning, some more changes were apparent, however subtle. My skin looked more than tanned, now. In fact, it looked a light olive. Very light, but still *olive*, like I had some

Mediterranean ancestry. My hair was also close to reaching down to my cheeks by this point. This wasn't even getting into the fact that I had zero body hair, as far as I could tell. Well, I still have very light hairs, but only the same as you would find on a woman. Nothing like a man's body hair, and certainly not on my chest, which looked smooth and carefully waxed. Ugh, it was all wrong.

It only increased my determination to figure out what was going on. The supernatural explanation seemed to be the only one that made sense, especially given that my own mind was failing me. I often liked to think of complex equations to calm my mind, but now I was struggling to keep such thoughts organised in my head at all. Instead, I found myself thinking about gorgeous art, of textured backgrounds, or beautiful scenery that I would like to draw or paint or photograph. I'd never been an artsy person at all!

But I'd heard a strange description of an 'artsy girl' or somesuch.

I left the apartment and made my way to Sanderson College. My clothing still fit me, but I couldn't help but feel like my nipples were a little uncomfortable, throbbing occasionally as if wanting to grow bigger. I ignored that too, and got to work on my plan.

The first person I needed to meet was Ryan Donoghue. Something was happening to him, and I realised now that it must have been connected to my own changes. I had a mathematics lecture, but he wasn't present. Thankfully, I was able to grab his number off of one of his friends, claiming I needed it to return something to him. I tried calling a couple of times, but got no result, so I sent him a series of messages.

'Ryan, this is Calvin Gardener speaking. This may sound crazy, or it may sound frighteningly familiar, but I'm changing. A little over a week ago, my appearance started altering, like I was becoming a different person. My hair has become darker and longer, and I can't keep it short. My skin is tanner, almost olive. And my body hair is gone. Even my voice is cracking. I suspect that something similar might be happening to you, after you mentioned the strange change to your hair colour. If you think I'm crazy, just tell me, but if you think I might be onto something, please reply. There are others like us. We're not alone. Something VERY WRONG IS HAPPENING TO MY BODY AND MY BRAIN AND WE NEED TO WORK IT OUT TOGETHER!!!'

I set about my next plan after that. Initially, I wanted to simply draft up an email and send it to the student body, but again the odd changes to my mind rebelled against me. I needed to do something less logical and clinical and mechanical and more . . . creative. The end result, to my own surprise, was something I created using graphic design and an image I personally painted using some art supplies during some spare study time. I didn't know where the imagination and creativity had flowed from, but it made me *calm* in a way I hadn't felt for days.

The end result was a poster, one I made many prints of and digital variants. I put them up all over campus, attaching them to the entrance of faculties and around the popular sights of social gathering. It was a simple but eye-catching display that depicted an ordinary male silhouette holding his head as if suffering a headache, and then a much more psychedelic mirror image on the right with that same silhouette now growing longer hair, losing his height, and even gaining a more feminine, emasculated silhouette. The words, also eye-catching, read thusly:

ARE YOU CHANGING? FINDING REALITY OUT OF SYNC? NO ONE NOTICING THE LITTLE THINGS ABOUT YOU THAT ARE DIFFERENT? CONTACT THIS NUMBER, OR MEET OTHERS JUST LIKE YOU TONIGHT AT 7PM IN THE GYMNASIUM

I also began something else a bit arty: a journal to record my changes. I couldn't remember everything, but I wrote down a total description of how I used to look, what changes had occurred, and roughly when. Then I described how I was feeling presently; anxious, nervous, and with oddly throbbing nipples and hip bones that were getting sore. If my mind continued to slip, then the journal would be necessary to find my way back, like Hansel and Gretel, I supposed. It also gave me an excuse to doodle in the margins; in just the last couple of days, I had gained the skill to draw in an anatomically impressive cartoony style, providing imagery that reflected my changes.

It had reached afternoon by that point, and I had no more lectures for the day. Ordinarily, I would have gone back to the apartment, but I didn't want to face Hayley and the fact that she no longer even considered me her boyfriend. I didn't want to look at my reflection and see someone not-quite me looking back. I *certainly* didn't want to see my penis and testicles, which had definitely shrunk further. So it was a massive relief when I got a text from Ryan Donoghue.

'DUDE!!!! I thought it was just me!!!! I'm really fucking freaking out here! IT'S SOOOOO WEIRD! WE GOTTA MEAT NOW! When are you three?'

Odd spelling aside, I was enormously relieved. I texted back immediately.

'I'm free right now. Where do you live?'

Ryan didn't live with his girlfriend, which made it easier. He also no longer *had* a girlfriend, according to his follow up messages, which were written frantically and with poor spelling. Abigail was acting like they were just 'besties,' which was freaking him out. When I knocked upon the door of his fraternity - Omega Psi Nu - I was shocked to see the figure that opened the door. I wasn't enormously close to Ryan, but we were friendly, but the person in front of me was only vaguely like Ryan. Too many features were wrong.

For one, his red hair had gone fully blonde. And not just blonde, it was a bright honey-golden blonde, or perhaps even lighter than that. For two, his face looked slightly off. It took me a moment to realise that his trademark whiskers had just evaporated, and that his skin was baby smooth, just like mine. His eyes had always been blue, but now they seemed . . . *bluer*. Like real ocean blue, the kind of blue that were impossible to ignore.

“Calvin?” he asked.

“Ryan?”

“Oh God, it’s not just me!”

He pulled me into a dramatic hug, a rather uncharacteristic gesture. I could actually hear him sobbing, and so I sort of awkwardly patted his back.

“There, there,” I said. “There, there. It’s okay. You’re not the only one.”

Ryan pulled back and wiped his eyes. “S-sorry. I get really, uh, emotional lately. And I want hugs and, like, physical contact. And I’m getting worse at my college work.”

“Me too,” I admitted. “I feel like I’m getting dumber, but I’m also picking up new skills.”

He cocked his head, and his blonde hair fell to one side. It was even longer than mine. “What kind of new skills?” he said, voice curious.

“Well, I can’t stop myself from drawing and painting and doing artsy stuff, I guess.”

He frowned. “Oh.”

“Why? Have you not got something like that?”

At this, Ryan blushed. It gave him rather cute rosy cheeks, all things considered.

“S-sort of. Um, I get kind of . . . horny.”

“Horny?”

“Like, really horny. I can’t explain it. I’m, like, constantly thinking about sex. I can’t help it. I’ve been masturbating like four times a day, dude. And . . . it’s getting harder.”

I had a feeling I knew what he was talking about. “Shall we go inside?” I asked. “I think we should talk over a cup of coffee.”

He slapped his forehead. “D’oh! Sorry! I’m, like, feeling so stupid lately. Come on in.”

I did so, and he quickly made two coffees, though I had to remind him twice that I prefer black with no sugar, which made him even more embarrassed. A number of his fellow frat bros were in the area, but none of them treated him or I out of the ordinary. A couple made jokes as they passed, though.

“Such a bimbo, Ryan! Did you forget to go to your lecture again?”

“N-no! I just . . . it slipped my mind, that was all.”

A couple more of them laughed. “Pretty head, but nothing in between!”

He went glum and whispered to me. “They’ve all started teasing me like that. I don’t know, like, where it’s come from. It just started happening! Calvin, something is seriously wrong here. I can barely, like, even say a sentence without using the word ‘like’!”

"Let's talk in your room," I suggested.

We moved there, and I was astounded to find that it was different to what I expected. For one, the walls were *pink*. Pink and vibrant, and with boy band posters on the wall.

"Ignore it," Ryan said, fuming a little. "If I tear them down and throw them away, they just, like, spring up again when I'm not looking. Same for the paint."

"Just like my hair and my clothes," I said. I was starting to notice that my shoulders were slimmer, and my waist too, but still my clothing conformed to my changing dimensions. "Look, this is some reality-change we're going through."

"Like, duh. None of this makes any sense. I'm so fucking frightened, man. My own friends are calling me pretty and dumb!"

"And my girlfriend thinks we're just roommates who occasionally make out for fun, now. Look at what's happening to us. We're turning into women, Ryan. It can't be more obvious. Even our voices are higher."

Ryan gulped at this. Clearly, the revelation had been beyond him, but then his intellect reduction seemed to have proceeded a lot faster than mine.

"Oh God. Oh no, I can't be a woman! I can't, like, be a fucking woman! Abigail isn't dating me anymore, is it because she thinks I'm, like, a chick? Shit, is that why my junk . . . ?"

I nodded slowly. "Mine too. And my nipples are swollen."

"Mine too! I thought it was a rash!"

"We need to compare stories and figure out what is going on, Ryan. I've organised a meeting for anyone who's been changing across campus, as I know at least a few others have been affected. We need to find the common thread, before our minds get all dumb. I mean, right now I'm trying to not think about how much I'd like to redecorate your room and maybe put up a cute mural. So it's affecting me as well."

Ryan nodded. "Okay, okay. Where to we, you know, start?"

"The words in the sky. The golden words. Did you see them?"

At this, his eyes went wide. "Yes. Yes! Oh my God, I thought I was just having, like, a tired episode or something."

"I thought it was a panic attack. Now, try to focus your mind like I'm focusing mine. We need to figure this out. What did you see?"

He told me, and I shared with him my story as well. The common threads were clear: golden words floating through the sky, able to pass through solid objects. We could both make out the words, and both remembered some of the things that were said. He recalled the word "*bimbo*" which made sense: he was certainly becoming a valley girl type as far as I could see. I shared with him that I remembered "*latina*" coming up, and something about "*H*" as an important letter, but what that was, I couldn't figure. But it explained my darkened skin; I could well be on my way to becoming an attractive latina-type woman. It would also provide

some information on why my hips felt so sore. Latina women were often stereotyped as having wide hips and big . . . butts. The thought of it made me shiver.

“Ugh, my stupid brain is totally jealous of your skin,” Ryan whined. “This is so, so fucked.”

“I know what you mean. I’m pretty sure I’m changing race. What else do you remember?”

Other common threads emerged, but so did some interesting distinctions that I immediately wrote into my artsy journal in case I ever forgot. We both heard voices, but our descriptions didn’t match at all: my voice sounded like a standard male voice but with a slight Boston accent to it, whereas Ryan remembered a more squeaky male voice, like a stereotypical nerd’s. Even the tone was different: I recall the voice shouting dramatically, whereas Ryan remembered his gushed like an excited fanboy who could barely keep his words in.

“So, we’ve got different descriptions, and different voices,” I said.

“Like, as if someone casted this on us?”

“I don’t know. Like magic? Maybe. But who?”

“And why? I never hurt anyone! I was never anyone’s enemy!”

“Me either. Well, Rory Fairview and Caleb Myers hate me, but they’re affected too. We’ll have to find out in a few days when we have the gymnasium meet. I’ve booked it out for a new club event since there’s no event on that night. I’m hoping we’ll be able to find a couple more people who have been affected at this gathering. Maybe that’ll give us the clues to fight back on this.”

Ryan nodded, but looked quite morose, running his fingers through his hair.

“But that’s, like, still a few days away! How much more am I gonna change!?”

It was a good question, and I won’t lie, it opened up a pit in my stomach. Things were spiralling out of control, our bodies slowly but surely changing.

Could I even last three more days?

The answer was both yes, and no. Over the next three days, further changes occurred to my body and my very reality. My hair continued to grow, to the point where it was nearly reaching my chin. I cut it several times, but whenever I wasn’t paying attention it was suddenly the same length again. It was also now clearly brown, no longer blonde at all, and was starting to curl a little. My face hadn’t changed too much, but my eyes were just a tetch darker again. But my lower half was transforming more than I’d like. In just three days my

chest had expanded to the point where it was impossible to deny the obvious: I now had *breasts*.

Boobs.

Tits.

Mammaries.

Whatever you wanted to call them, I now had them. Sure, they were tiny. Just little A-cups, really, but boobs nonetheless. They jiggled just slightly, but only when I hopped or made a dramatic movement, but the nipples were sensitive, and the flesh underneath was a little sore, as if promising further growth. I really hoped I wasn't growing a big pair, because it was easy to hide them currently, even if most people didn't notice a difference; just a few frat bros and Ryan when we caught up. My butt was also a little bigger, and my hips wider, but my real point of concern was my dick. I'd never been a rah-rah alpha male type like Rory or Caleb, but I'd definitely been secure in my masculinity and happy with my package. It had certainly made Hayley very happy, and my old girlfriends. Now, my dick was seemingly half its usual size, and I was getting very worried over how long I might have it if this situation wasn't resolved. I could well turn into a goddamn *woman*. With a *pussy* and everything. A *vagina*. Not that my GP saw anything wrong with me. I managed to move forward my check just in case, and he just looked me over and told me nothing was out of the ordinary.

"You look exactly the same as when I last saw you."

"Doc, I've got boobs. Since when did I have boobs?"

"It's uncommon, but some men do have more breast tissue than others. And you do have more estrogen in your system than most men. I'd suggest wearing a bra if you wish to contain them."

And of course, bras I now had. My own room was slowly transforming, becoming just a little bit more ornamental, gaining artwork I never remembered painting, as well as throw-on pillows and a dresser and even a goddamn *makeup stand*. I vowed not to use it, even if my damn brain changes were making me a little . . . curious.

No, I wouldn't. I couldn't. It would be the death of me, especially since Hayley was surprised that I *wasn't* wearing any.

"No gloss today? You usually wear such cute makeup!"

I just made some excuse. There was no point actively fighting it. My lovely girlfriend didn't see me as her boyfriend. Worse, I was finding it hard to be attracted to her, even when she walked around in the morning in just her underwear. It was all going wrong, and the fact that I now had fucking *bras* was the tip of the iceberg. Part of me wanted to try them on. The male pride in me refused. I still had willpower, even if I often found myself doodling on the page during lectures and wearing more casual outfits than usual. I wasn't one for shorts, but

found myself wearing them more often, the denim kind with the cutoff look that showed off my lovely thighs. Fuck, I was starting to think of them as lovely, wasn't I?

A few people had reached out to me. Caleb had sent an angry stream of messages demanded that I explain what was going on or he'd sick Rory on me. I elected to ignore them. He'd called me 'poor boy', so I was still angry in a counterproductive way. Besides, he needed to calm down.

But others had sent me messages, often cryptic and anonymous, asking if I was referring to some 'girly' changes. I answered yes, of course, and pleaded with them to come to the gymnasium. One of them, to my shock, was Avon Franklin. We ran in very different circles, but everyone knew him as a good guy, though he was a beast on the field. Now though, even he was affected! An expanding list of names was growing, and the anticipation for our gathering grew.

Finally, the day arrived. I managed to get through my lectures, even if I found it so, so, so fucking hard to pay attention to anything about mathematics and physics. Daniel kept looking at me funny - he was one of the guys who could tell I was different. I actually asked him if he noticed my 'new look' and he acted surprised.

"Oh, no! I was just, well, I guess it's surprising! You look like you've come back from a holiday down south and gotten a, uh, a wax or something. Um, no offence."

It was humiliating to realise that I wanted to continue a conversation with him, and ask if he'd gotten a girlfriend. I even popped that question, to which he blushed.

"Um, no. I really thought something was gonna work out, but it all collapsed in my face. I guess I'm just gonna die alone, y'know. Not many girls dig a guy who can speak Latin, and there are so few of them in physics class."

"Look, if you notice that my looks are different, can I tell you something -"

The bell rang, and the lecture ended. I needed to get ready for the gathering tonight. But I made it a point to write in my journal as I left that I should talk to Daniel, figure out why some people could see the clear differences but most couldn't. I doubted he was behind this at all. He was just a somewhat anxious and intelligent guy, but he didn't have a malicious bone in his body. Besides, he was better at physics than I was.

I left that thought behind and called Ryan Donoghue. "Hey buddy, are you ready to come help me set up for tonight?"

"*Like, totally!*" he replied, his voice even higher and bubblier than usual. "*I really hope it goes well, because, um, I've changed even further!*"

I looked down at myself. Had my breasts grown a little? I was wearing a compression bandage to hide them, but it was feeling . . . taut.

"Yeah," I replied. "I think I've changed more than I thought, too."

Part 5: The Gathering

I didn't know quite what to expect at the gymnasium. I'd gotten permission from the campus admin to use it, and with the phoney student body I'd created online and my own trustworthy reputation, that part went smoothly. Of course, I didn't appreciate the fact that the reality change went so far as to be reflected on my image, right down to the light olive skin. What a fun way to realise that my lips were thicker than they used to be. Puffier. *Poutier*.

Still, I'd done my best. This new side of me felt a strong compulsion to make this more than a meeting, so I'd actually bought snacks and set up some fold-out tables, and even made up a little banner welcoming those who were members of the 'Change Club,' whatever that truly meant. I even had some low-key smooth jazz music playing, as if that would somehow calm any of us. Ryan helped set it up; I could tell he was antsy. I could also tell that he was growing boobs as well; they tented out his shirt just a little, and without a bra on, the indentation of his nipples were similarly obvious.

"Oh, this banner is so cute!" he declared. "I really like the colours!"

"Thanks!" I beamed. "It's, uh, my other side who kind of revels in it."

"And it's my other side that thinks it's so cute. Ugh. This is, like, so embarrassing! Will anyone even, like, show up?"

It was then that somebody *did* enter. I didn't recognise him, though I'm familiar with him now, for certain qualities of 'him,' I suppose. He was a somewhat overweight guy with mixed-race features. He wore glasses and clearly had a set of moobs, and he looked quite uncertain to be here as he stepped forward. His hair was a loose afro, but from the way he kept on fiddling with it, I got the genuine sense that the hairstyle was a new development.

"Hello!" I called out. "Are you looking for, uh, the Changed Club?"

He nodded nervously. He was wearing a shirt that conformed a little too tightly to his large gut and chest, and below that were a pair of workout shorts, of all things.

"That's me," he said, voice cracking a little. "I saw the posters and messages around the campus. I've been trying to figure out if others are . . . like me. Are you . . . have you been feeling a bit different?"

Ryan and I looked at each other.

"I'm changing race, and my dick is shrinking," I said flatly. "And my brain is changing too."

"I've got, like, boobs now! And I'm starting to sound like a total bimbo!" Ryan added, voice unexpectedly perky.

To my surprise, the man actually sighed in relief and walked from the entrance all the way over to us. "Thank God! I mean, no offence, I'm not glad other people are changing, but I was so afraid I was the only one. I wasn't far away from turning myself into a mental ward because I thought I was going crazy."

"Not crazy," I said. "But our minds are certainly changing."

"Yeah, I've been working out more and more," he admitted. "I know it doesn't look it, but, well, I've lost almost twenty pounds." He cracked a wan smile. "I might just soon be regular obese instead of morbidly obese. I'm Toby Hayes, by the way."

"Wait, I've seen you around," I said. "But you weren't -"

"Like half-black?" he said, touching his forearm.

"Y-yeah," I finished weakly. "Sorry."

"No biggie. I'm . . . still getting used to it. I mean, I'm starting to *look* mixed race, and not just in colour."

"I know what you mean. I think I'm turning into a latino. Well, a *latina*."

At this, he exhaled, closing his eyes for a moment. "Fuck. I was hoping it wasn't that, but . . . my moobs aren't going down. And I can see your friend is growing them."

"Sorry, I should introduce myself as well: Calvin Gardener. That's Ryan Donoghue."

"I'm becoming, like, a blonde bimbo or something," Ryan said. "Don't mind how I talk. I'm, like, getting dumb and stuff. I'm meant to be a super whiz at physics so this *totally* sucks. Ugh."

While we commiserated, another individual entered. To my shock, I recognised this man, or at least recognised enough of him to make the connection as to who he was supposed to be. He was a little over six feet in height and had chocolate brown skin, and his muscles were very much pronounced. His figure was wide like a buss, and his hair was short and curly.

"Holy shit," Ryan said. "That's, like, Avon Franklin!"

The big man scratched the back of his head. I could see then that his pecs were more swollen and soft than they should have been. Just like his normally shaved head now had thick black hair, and his impressive height and breadth were less so than normal. Even his skin was lighter; he was normally a dark ebony black, but now he was considerably lighter.

"I can see that y'all have the same affliction I do," he said in a voice that should have been a lot brassier. "As you can see, I'm pretty fucking pissed about this. So let's hear it, what's the explanation?"

"We're turning into women," I said, bluntly. "And we're trying to figure out why and how."

He chewed on that for a moment, then nodded, as if accepting this entirely.

"Okay, yeah. That tracks. We gotta figure this shit out."

"Exactly my thoughts."

“Because this thing is changing reality as well. My girl doesn’t see me as her man, and I’m only in temporary frat quarters now, instead of being one of the main members. So whatever this is, I figure it’s magical.”

We all agreed with that by this point, though Toby Hayes theorised it was perhaps something high-tech in nature. Ryan mentioned aliens, and I wasn’t sure that was entirely born of his increasingly bimbo brain. Still, the world had opened up a great mystery to us, and the least we could do was commiserate about it. In fact, it was the major topic of conversation as more and more changing men - and a scant few women - entered the gym. We began forming an impromptu circle, sort of like an AA group, but then as more arrived and the sheer scale of what was going on revealed itself, we ended up breaking into little social groups, like some kind of miniature preservation of college cliques.

This was when I met so many others who I have already referred to, and learned of the strange descriptions they had seen and heard when they’d first received this curse. Ryan shared that he was becoming some kind of bimbo, and I shared that I was becoming a thick latina as far as I could tell. Avon’s mood soured completely, despite his stoic and calm demeanour, when he told us what he remembered about his own words.

“A blonde white girl. Fuckin’ hell, that’s why I’m getting lighter. The words talked about ‘cosplay’. Hell, I’ve done cosplay, but I got the feeling the kind of cosplay whoever did this to me was talking about is a whole lot different than dressing up as a WWE wrestler for a convention.”

Toby Hayes, to the shock and jealousy of several, announced that he was certain he was growing muscles and losing weight. The word ‘amazonian’ stuck out to him, and while he was far from it, those who were more familiar with the overweight engineering major could attest that he was definitely taller, less flabby, and even seemed to have some muscle hidden beneath his large size.

“That’s not, like, fair!” Ryan cried. “How come he gets to be some buff tough girl and I gotta be a total floozy!”

“Try gettin’ turned into a white girl,” Avon said in a snarky tone, gesturing to his still-dark-but-not-*that*-dark skin tone. “I don’t wanna dress up as fuckin’ Power Girl. I’m a Marvel guys besides, except now I got a whole stack of PG comics at home and I’m fuckin’ daydreaming about buying a white leotard, red cape, and fancy blue boots.”

At this point, Peter Weathers raised his hand nervously, as if we were back in high school. Avon grunted with amusement.

“Dude, you can speak up. You don’t need permission.”

“Oh, s-sorry,” he said. “It’s just that I’m usually pretty nervous about these things. I think I’m getting less nervous though. It’s the one good thing about my change. Except, uh, I’m probably going to be too confident. I remember something about me becoming a

‘supermodel’ and having a ‘bottom-heavy bikini beauty.’ I don’t even go to the beach all that often! I’m not a strong swimmer. But lately, well, to be frank, my ass has been growing, and I’ve got these bikinis suddenly appearing in my drawers.”

A number of members affirmed that they’d experienced a similar phenomenon. Harry Marks even had a nursing bra, which scared him a great deal. Everyone could see that the star track runner was gaining a thicker figure, and he confessed two particular words that had him *very* worried.

“I, uh, heard the word ‘MILF.’ Um, and ‘lactating.’ You don’t think that . . . I mean, I’m not going to end up a fucking thick MILF with milky tits, am I?”

“I believe they’re called mommy milkers,” came a new voice, and I cringed as I recognised it. It was fucking Caleb Myers stepping into our meeting, projecting a sense of confidence and leadership that he hadn’t goddamn earned. “So, I get that I’m not the only one getting humiliated. Which one of you fuckers did this? Because I will have my Dad sue you into the goddamn ground.”

“And that’s *after* I beat you half to death,” Rory said, coming up behind him.

Both had changed further. Caleb was looking paler than ever, and appeared to have dark makeup around his eyes. He was also wearing black boots, the kind that went almost up to his knees. His chest had grown, and his hair was longer and dark black now. Rory also had blackened hair, but his was straight and silky, already past his shoulders; probably the longest grown hair of any of us by that point. He was clearly Asian by this point - Japanese, I figured - and he was developing a kind of refinement and elegance that in no way fit his old temperament. He had thinned considerably, and he was trying to look tough, but it just left him pouting in a way that emphasised his growing femaleness.

“None of us are behind this, Caleb,” I said, though it was oddly hard to be so aggressive.

“Then who organised this shindig?”

“I did,” I said. “Those were my posters.”

“Wait, you made those?” Gabi Barnes asked. She was one of the only women here, and was a plump, bull-faced girl. I know it sounds mean, but she certainly wasn’t a high-bar of attractiveness. Only now she was thinning, and she’d heard something about becoming a ‘sexy French lady’, which accounted for her growing accent. “Those were amazing. So colourful!”

I blushed with appreciation. “Thank you! I’m really trying to develop my skill. I really like just relaxing and finding the right inspiration to draw and let the beauty of the world flow through - ugh! That’s my *other* thoughts.” I looked to Caleb and Rory. “See!? We’re all affected here. Toby Hayes is becoming some kind of Amazonian girl.”

“A black one,” he said, frowning a little. “I mean, not that that’s bad.”

“Nice save,” Avon said, rolling his eyes. “Wish I could say the same for becoming some white chick with a huge rack.”

“Still kinda racist,” Peter Weathers whispered beneath his breath, touching his sore hip as he did so.

“Look, the point is,” I said, “that we’re all in this together. So we can drop the act of bullying and stuff. I mean, can’t we get along for this? We should all be on the same side here.”

Caleb grimaced. “Well, I suppose that can work, if I take charge. I’m the one with the most resources, and I think you all know how much power I can throw around. My Dad-”

“Ain’t here,” Avon said. “And might not even be your Daddy soon. Calvin here put this together. He saw the pattern. I’m trusting him over you any day of the week.” He went right up in Caleb’s face. “And bad thing for you, nothing about the words in my head said anything about me bein’ all submissive and shit. Pleasing a man, sure, and that fucking scares me, but I’ll still smack you right across the mouth if you try that power move shit here.”

Caleb frowned, fury in his eyes. His diminished height was more obvious than ever. “Rory, what do you think of that?”

But Rory, possibly to his own surprise, had taken a step back and instinctively *bowed* to Avon. He had bit his lip, his expression utterly demure, and it was clear even he was confused by that demureness.

“I think . . . I will defer to the leadership,” he said. “I mean, I’ll go along with it, or whatever. Because I refuse to lose my dick. I’m a ladypleaser, not a pussy. Excuse my foul language.”

I almost laughed; he was a man at war with himself. But my new compulsions wanted me to make nice, so I gestured for them to join us. “Look, we can all work together on this. Won’t you share what happened to you? We need to figure this out.”

Caleb hesitated, then stormed off. Rory made a strangely apologetic bow once again, then changed his expression to a humiliated grimace.

“Whatever,” he said, becoming angry again. “Best of luck, poor boy. We’ll figure this out without you, Calvin-san.”

At that little moment of Japanese-speak, his cheeks bloomed red again, and he scampered off dutifully after Caleb.

It left the rest of us to calm a little. We were never all going to get along, but I’d hoped to get information from everybody first, particularly as our meeting had swelled to nearly three dozen members, which was more than I imagined it would be. I harnessed the power of my little feelings journal, and our nerdier members such as Peter Weathers and Kaley Taylor (who was terrified of becoming a sexy Swedish twin alongside Fran Schmitt, German exchange student), were able to compile some prototype spreadsheets as we compared our

stories. Further patterns began to emerge, as well as the understanding that our effects had all come over roughly a twenty-four hour period. We'd all heard pretty distinct voices as far as we could tell, almost exclusively American and local-sounding.

We also commiserate and offered advice to one another. Some of us had sisters. Others (only five) had always been girls, and others still were more advanced in their 'female mind-states.' A couple had even given in to their compulsions and started wearing bras for their little A-cups and minor B-cups. Perhaps because we were desperate, or perhaps because we were simply more in touch with our feminine side whether we wanted it or not.

"Hey, hey! Shut up and listen!" a mature age student named Frank called out, one who was meant to be in his thirties but was clearly de-aging into his early twenties. "Don't be embarrassed! I was never the most confident guy, but the words wanted a tough Aussie sheila with big tits and a bigger personality, so listen up! Most of you have only got itty bitty A-cups, but I can see a few of you are just a little bit bigger than that. Girls, I know this won't come as new information to you, but I thought it might be easier for one of us changing guys to demonstrate things and make it less awkward, and this way you don't have to get your own tits out, right? Okay, so I'm currently a 36B. Enough to get a bit of cleavage. Hands up, who's still a bit sore in the chest?"

I put my hand up. So did Ryan. So did Toby Hayes and many others. A few girls did too, some clearly a bit embarrassed about it.

"Right, so that's most of us. Calvin, the one who called us here, has theorised that this means our tits are gonna keep getting bigger, and frankly, who am I to argue? So this information will be necessary, especially if reality flips and people start seeing us as women, right Calvin?"

I hadn't thought that far ahead, but I nodded. It was good to have someone who was as willing to put thought into it.

"That's right," I answered. "So everyone listen. We've got some spare bras that Frank here was kind enough to bring. I know some of you have them in your bags as well, thanks to the reality changes. So give it a shot if you can, and if not, pick a partner. We can do this, everyone! I'm going to be trying one on too, so if we get a bit embarrassed, that's okay."

I could barely believe what I was saying. Hell, I'd never been this socially capable before. I'd never been bad at chatting with others, and usually quite confident, in fact. But I'd always been an introvert to my core, someone who needed a time out from social contact to recharge my batteries, per se. Now, it was quite the opposite. Here, at our very first meeting of the Changed Club, I was going around and helping Frank inspect the various men, and even accepting help from Gabi Barne, who was struggling with her growing French accent but muttered kind words.

"You need to settle yourself in your cups more. Yes, like that. And then put your hands here. No, don't stretch the straps. I'm sorry about all of this. I can't imagine how hard it is. I've looked like a pug ever since puberty so I'm mostly seeing upsides, but you boys . . ."

"Thanks," I said. "Really, I mean it. God, these emotions. I'm trying to keep it all together."

"Well, you're doing a great job. You and Ryan, especially. And Avon, too."

"Poor guy. He doesn't deserve this."

"None of you do. Oh! Look at that! Your bra is perfect. You're about to be a B-cup soon, I'd say."

"Yay, go me," I said. Though even as I said it, something twiggled in my brain. I couldn't figure what it was, only that it was connected to bra size in some way. Perhaps if I'd figured it out earlier, the massive leaps and gains I'd be making in future days and weeks wouldn't have been such a shock to my system. As it was, I looked down at my small but present breasts and sighed.

"God, it actually looks *good* on me. I just wish it had more *colour*."

Part 6: Community Research

My subjects changed. I should have been prepared for that, but just a couple of days after we had started connecting the dots together, reality continued to mould further around our little changed community. I was no longer studying mathematics and physics - hell, I could barely understand them anymore! Instead, I was majoring in art and business, both of which presumably fit the new me I was becoming. It was certainly an alien feeling, entering a course everyone else assumed you were always a part of, and yet was your first time experiencing it. At least I had Avon Franklin with me. As he put it, "I guess I have to be into art if I'm going to be making cosplay costumes for my body, right? What a joke, man."

Me? I absorbed all of it. I couldn't *not*. Just as the words had said, I was becoming a gal who loved art and creation and imagination, and it was hard not to be fascinated by it all. How had I not realised how amazing it was to understand the use of negative space, the way to filter foreground and background, the use of impressionistic skill? How did I not know the history of the human form in art, and the many great artists who revolutionised its display? God, physics and maths seemed so damn *boring* compared to human interest.

Of course, this unfortunately extended to my own bodily displays as well. Truth be told, the good vibes from our first gathering had left me vulnerable to further changes. When I got out of the shower the next morning, I cleaned myself up and tried to ignore my shrinking penis and growing breasts and overall changes, and I was so wrapped up in getting myself

ready for the day that I didn't even notice I was applying some lipstick until I was smacking my lips together and making sure my hairstyle was nice and lovely for the day. I wiped it off immediately, of course, but it left me feeling *wrong* for the rest of the day, and so the next morning I begrudgingly allowed myself to put some more on, just so that the nice gloss would work with my overall look, since I was choosing to dress a little more colourfully. Part of me was even thinking of showing off my midriff a little, but I knew that was a trap; part of this new persona that was slowly working its way through me, erasing all that I was and replacing it with an entirely different person. A *woman* at that.

And it was increasingly obvious that I was becoming a woman. My silhouette was more female. I was getting the thinner waist, the trimmer stomach, the wider hips. The latter ached, and I got the sense I was developing a real pair of baby makers. Sometimes I would even catch myself putting my hand on my hip and cocking it to the side in quite a feminine pose, as if it just came automatically to me. And that wasn't even getting into my butt. Poor Peter Weathers was growing a way bigger one thanks to the words specifying his rear, but mine was becoming a real peach, and I'd started to notice it wobbling a bit more when I walked. And while my thighs didn't wobble, they were certainly getting thicker as well. I was afraid I was going to develop some serious curves, and Ryan said as much when we caught up at our second meetup, this time on the green behind the library where we could all find some privacy to discuss our crazy condition.

"Ohmigod," he said, perfectly imitating the classic valley girl voice. "You're, like, really developing those curves! I fucking hate that my changing brain wants to be super jelly - er, I mean *jealous* - about that. How are you doing?"

"Terrible," I admitted, my face sour. "I'd hoped we'd find the magic solution, but all we're doing is helping each other adjust and acting like AA group."

"You don't think it's helping?" Toby said, noticeably having lost a bit more weight in just three days, and even gained some muscle on his journey towards amazonhood. "I mean, I'm still really scared about this, and I can't stop myself from working out in my spare time, but I'm feeling way better now that I know other people are going through it who can help us."

"He's not wrong," Avon said. He was now below six feet just barely, and his skin was yet lighter, though still brown. "I mean, this shit is wild as fuck, man. I'd be going stir crazy if you hadn't started this group. At least this way I know I'm not going nuts, and we can work together to figure out a plan."

"But that's just it," I said. "I don't have a plan! Every day I just become more and more of a latina girl, and I've got no progress to show for it, no clues to work out! I mean, we're all in new classes! Avon, you've been put on the cheersquad!"

At this, Avon soured as I had. "Yeah, yeah I have. You got no idea how much I miss being part of the football team already, and how much I have to fight my mind to remind myself how much this sucks. But we need to keep a level head, man. We need to come up with a game plan, coach."

At this, I paused. I realised several others were looking my way. That included Kaley and Fran, who were both looking more and more identical lately as they were apparently becoming Swedish twins, as well as others like Frank (future Aussie girl), Peter (bikini beauty with a fat bottom) and even Harry Marks, who was looking older, thicker, and struggling with waves of arousal (he was becoming the lactating MILF, much to his despair).

"Wait," I said. "You want *me* to come up with the game plan?"

"Of course," Avon said. "Y'all were the one who first connected the dots. You put up the posters, took the initiative, worked out similarities and differences, started up the spreadsheets and the journals. Y'all even hooked up those who are becoming a lot dumber with their own journals to help them track it all, man. To keep them remembering. If that doesn't make you the team leader, I don't know what would."

"I mean, I figure we're all team leader, right? I'm just some introvert."

At this, Ryan giggled. "Please, you, like, used to be an introvert! But you've been, like, way more of a social butterfly since the changes started, and you're good at keeping people calm and stuff."

I thought to the words. I wasn't carefree, that was for sure. But maybe I was a stage or two before it, and able to project *calmness*, at least. I took a deep breath, mindful of the slight weight of my growing breasts. Others were looking to me, and I realised that in their eyes, I was a sort of leader. Ryan was becoming too bimbo-like to take on such a role, and Avon, despite his experience, clearly recognised I was better in this role. Even Gabi Barnes was nodding for me to say something; she'd helped support me at the first gathering, and that felt like a good seal of approval.

"Alright," I said. "Game plan time. We've got a list of similarities and differences between our accounts, and I've had some time to think on it. I mean, I needed more time than usual because I'm not as good at logic as before and I keep thinking about makeup and dresses."

At this, I received a chorus of muttering agreements and shared frustrations. Clearly, I was not alone on this account. This damn invader was taking over my mind and body. A fucking arts and makeup obsessed bimbo who was stealing all that I was, right down to my race and sex and personality. Right down to my own relationships! I wouldn't accept that, but I could at least *harness* my increasing social skills to damn well make a difference. I just had to think of this as a massive art project *as well as* a big social planning event. If whoever or

whatever had wanted me this way, then I would use the devil's tools for good, at least metaphorically speaking.

"Okay, let's come together, girls. Guys. Whatever!" I pointed at each member in turn, assigning jobs. "Ryan, no offence but you're becoming a total bimbo. I need you to get close to some of the sororities and find out if any weird stuff is going on. Witch stuff. Covens and the like, okay?"

He gave a giggling salute. "Sure thing, boss!"

"Toby, I need you to lean into the gym nut stuff, okay? Find out the same in that crowd. Avon, you're turning into a cosplay gal, right?"

"A damn white one," he complained. "And I think I'm getting big tits."

"Join the club," Frank whined in his Australian accent.

"Well, comic nerds might be the kind to try out some kind of spellbook in their basement or something. Get out there and ask questions. Think of it as a risky play on the field."

That seemed to work by him, as well as a few other changing men. I shifted to Peter Weathers and Kaley Taylor. At least I hoped it was Taylor, because she and Fran Schmidt were looking increasingly identical.

"You two are still tech whizzes, and I know you help in the library, Kaley. Try and find out if anyone has looked into or booked out a book on magic, or looked up witchcraft, or something. Peter, I know you're a good guy, but if you're getting the confidence of a bikini supermodel, then I'm sure you can definitely be an awesome hacker still, right? The kind that can run a search on any chatter about magic and stuff?"

"I - I guess I could try. I mean, I just worry I might turn more. I already bought a bikini yesterday, and I don't want to wear it!"

I gave him a sympathetic grin. "I know, but you got this. I know you do! Mark, you're turning into a MILF, but that brings authority. By now, I reckon Rory Fairview is submissive enough that you can drag her here. And that will isolate Caleb, and make him want to come back to us. Hell, he might be submissive too. I believe you can do this."

"Beats turning into a fucking milk machine, I suppose."

One by one I convinced them, and as I did, I found myself complimenting the group more, giving them flashing smiles and charming grins and doing my best to boost them up. It was a tactic, certainly, but it started to feel genuine, like I was leaning into that positive, charming, social butterfly side of myself that the strange magic had inculcated in me. Heck, it was starting to make my nipples and chest ache and my pelvis twitch as well. I hoped I wasn't stimulating further change in doing all this, but I had to try *something*. At least we had a gameplan, now. I assigned further roles, then gathered others to do readings online and in

the library on everything to do with gender change and magic and witchcraft. We would have to come up with *something*. I just knew it.

My hair was reaching my shoulders, and my skin had reached a mid-tone olive. I was growing longer eyelashes, and with each passing day my features were more like those of a lovely latina's, including my increasingly plump lips and my lovely cheekbones. Ugh, I hated how much my looks were automatically pleasing to me. I had to swallow down this gross pride when I checked myself out in the mirror, especially since I was often applying makeup without a second thought.

We were all working hard on Project Manhood, as Toby had named it, but nothing good had turned up except to close off any potential theories we already had. It was very unfortunate that only a few of us were actually becoming real smart; most were remaining at average intelligence and just shifting skills and focuses, while others - like me and especially Ryan - were becoming less intelligent and more focused on our looks. Ryan had even started wearing bright (and even hot) pink as his standard, whereas I couldn't help but wear bright colours. I was exposing my midriff, much to my despair, and to make matters worse my bras had upgraded themselves. They were all B-cups now, and I had a dreadful feeling that they would only grow even larger, damn things. They had started to jiggle when they weren't in a bra, and when I accidentally wore a pushup bra, Hayley had actually looked at me and giggled, putting her thumbs up.

"Fuck yeah, Calvin! Your titties are hot. I mean, they ain't no C's like I got, but that pushup is letting you work it, girl."

"So you really don't see anything wrong with this?" I asked in my squeaky, feminising voice. "A man as your roommate with boobs?"

"A cute man. Besides, you're kinda intersex, right? You've been like that since birth. A shame you aren't compatible with guys, since that's the team you go to bat for, right?"

It wasn't. I wasn't batting for *anyone* at the moment, which was only a step above in humiliation. My feelings towards either sex were dull, and while I was appreciating female beauty more and more, especially as I met up with the Changed across campus, I couldn't lie and say I was attracted to it. Nothing got me going anymore.

At least that was what I thought.

I was studying in the library, trying to focus my often-scattered mind on the tome of old witchcraft that I was reading, when suddenly *he* walked in. I hadn't seen Daniel McHadley in over a week, and he was just an average-looking guy with unstylish glasses and mussy hair, perhaps a little shorter than the average man. We hadn't even been close

friends or anything before, and I hadn't thought much of him since I'd started the Changed Club.

But now I did see him, and it was setting a fire inside of me that I couldn't understand, and yet felt so very keenly. Something about the way he carried himself, that cute nervousness, the way his forearms were bared because his sleeves were rolled up. Even his mussed-up brown hair had me intrigued; like he'd just gotten out of bed and was in a rush. There was almost a cute David Tennant look to him or something, albeit shorter. I wanted to find a better pair of glasses for him and put him in a better outfit that was more flattering to his figure. And I wanted to do it up close and-

Ugh! What was I thinking? I tried to look back at my book, but it was hard to take in so much information on a subject that wasn't art-based, or connected to fashion and the like. I wish I'd bit the bullet and worn a freakin' dress. I already looked more like a woman than a man to outsiders, and-

"Oh, uh, hi there! Are you reading about magic?"

I looked up and my heart skipped a beat. It was Daniel, looking down at me, his gaze lingering briefly on my small but pert breasts. I hadn't even realised I'd undone the top buttons to show my faint line of cleavage. God, what was wrong with me?

"I'm . . . doing research," I said weakly. "It's me, by the way."

He paused, looking me up and down. "Sorry, I don't think we've met before, have we? I thought you were a new student. I think I would have remembered a girl like you."

A girl. He thought I was a *girl*. So I was right, I really did look like one now.

"I'm not . . . ugh. Nevermind. You're Daniel, right? Daniel McHadley?"

His jaw slackened for a moment in surprise. He really was cute, damn him.

"I didn't realise you knew who I was. Um, can I know your name?"

It slipped from my tongue before I could stop myself, like it was instinct. Like it was *who I was becoming*.

"I'm Carmelita Garcia," I said. That's right. Not Calvin Gardender. *Camilla Garcia*. Which was apparently my new Latina name. God, I'd even said it with the trace of a fucking Brazilian accent, or something like it!

"Wow, that's a really pretty name," he said, before scratching the back of his head.

"Sorry, that was really forward. I just find magic really interesting. You know, I actually believe it's real."

"Trust me," I replied, trying not to take him in with my eyes too much. "Me too. I want to find out about curses and spells and stuff."

"Do you speak Latin?"

I shook my head. "I only speak English and *Portuguese*." I actually blinked and realised I'd said another thing that was new to me. I imagined any day now I'd wake up

being able to speak a new language, perhaps even it as my new *native* language. That was a scary thought.

“Oh, that’s a shame. Latin is one of the languages of magic. I mean, at least I think it is. I’m more of a physics guy, but I’ve always believed in the supernatural.”

I smiled, and it was an earnest smile. “I didn’t, at least until recently. I think my world is changing more than I thought. I’m sorry, I really have to go. I’m not making any progress, here. But perhaps we could study magic together sometime, Daniel?”

He smiled just as eagerly back. “Hell yeah! I mean, absolutely, I’d really love to. I’ve got too much spare time on my hands lately after I lost the leadership of my frat. I’m over at Beta Sigma Beta. If you ever want to catch up, you’re welcome - you’re welcome to come round!”

God, he was so nervous talking to me, and it made me feel flattered. I had one hand on my hip and was cocking it to one side. I was even twirling my darker curls with my free hand, as if I really were interested in him. It was all completely fucked. I was meant to be doing research, and instead I was sort-of flirting with a former campus peer!

“I - I’d love that,” I said. “I need more experts on magic.”

“Well, I don’t think of myself as an expert. But I think I’ve seen a thing or too. I tried to do a spell the other week, but it fizzled.”

I paused. So did my heart. “What - what kind of spell?”

“Oh, it was stupid. It’s embarrassing to admit.”

“What was it?”

“I - I was trying to contact my grandma. Yeah, I really miss her.”

Perhaps if I’d been more of my old self, I would have seen past the embarrassed lie. Perhaps if I’d been less of an optimistic social butterfly, or less smitten, less taken in by his cute male form. But instead, I took his words at face value, and instantly eliminated the connection I could have made much earlier.

“Oh, I see,” I replied. “Well, I’ve really got to go. I’ll see you around, Daniel.”

“I hope so, Camilla.”

I couldn’t help myself. Those words were becoming my mantra lately, but I really couldn’t. I started masturbating as soon as I got privacy from Hayley. She was heading out to the most popular club in town, openly stating that she was looking for a hot date. It was like a dagger in my heart, and so I lay in bed with my hands down my pants, moaning as I rubbed and teased my very small dick. It still managed to harden, and my tiny balls still quivered with excitement as I soothed my sadness with images of boys. Hot, hunky men, to be specific. I

rubbed my nipples, cupping my small but sensitive breasts, squeezing them together and sighing deliciously before returning to fondle my dick. The men were replaced in my mind's eye with Daniel, no matter how much I tried to resist him. Those forearms, that cute nervous smile, the way he looked at me like I was - like I was his latina goddess!

"Oh God," I moaned. "*Oh meu Deus*. Mhmmm . . . I can just imagine it. Ahh, Daniel. I want you. Just the once. Just the once inside m-meee. Ohhhh, I want to please you! I want to - aahhh! Ohhhh!!"

I came. There's no way else to put it. I came, and the sad remains of what was left of my semen from what was left of my testicles was expended from me in one last glorious male orgasm. I moaned. No, that's incorrect. I *wailed*. My voice cracked up another octave, and for once I didn't care. I didn't even care as my nipples throbbed and my bones changed shape. My hips widened just a little, and my breasts *bloomed*, expanding half a cup size or more. I could feel my hair snaking out faster than it ever had, visibly expanding as it slid down my sweat-stained forehead. I mumbled in Portuguese without a second thought.

"<God help me. God help me, that was good. I can't believe I did that but it felt too amazing not to imagine you, Daniel. Please f-forgive me. I just wanted to make you happy. Oh God, help me.>"

I murmured words like that again and again, switching back and forth between languages as if I'd done it my whole life. When the post-coital bliss finally ended, I managed to slowly rise up off of the bed, my joy turning to fear and sorrow in my heart. Already tears were forming in the corners of my eyes, bubbling down over my cheeks as I crept towards the full-length mirror that suddenly had always existed in my room, just like the cute summer dresses I could now see hanging in my wardrobe to my right. My breasts bobbed with each step, jiggling now that I'd torn away my compression bandage to feel them. They were distinctly heavier, but my hips had widened too. They sashayed just a little as I stepped towards the mirror, my ass bouncing a little as well.

I wasn't beautiful. Not yet. But God, I could see the beginnings of beauty. My face was still a little too hard-edged and masculine, and my shoulders still too wide, my figure not quite the hourglass it would become. But I was now *pretty*. Worse, I was now *female*. Not fully - I still had a meagre little penis - but enough so that if I were to wear full clothing, most would just take me as a slightly tomboyish yet still pretty cute woman. I had failed to stem the tide. Even with our group research underway, I had slipped into the part of me that just wanted pleasure and beauty and *boys*.

"Camilla Garcia," I murmured, my voice even more accented than before.

It sounded even more natural to me than Calvin.

And it scared the shit out of me.

Part 7: Breakthrough

C-cups. Fucking *C-cups*. They seem so small now. Imagine that! ‘Little’ C-cups, which most men would lust after, but to me now sound positively dainty compared to the melons I would eventually grow, so full that not even a thick jacket over an equally thick sweater could hide their massive teardrop shapes. As it was, I still freaked out nonetheless.

“I hate you!” I screeched the next day, until Hayley barged in.

“Camilla, what’s going on!? Are you okay, bestie?”

“I’m not Camilla!” I shouted. “This skin isn’t mine! This curly black hair isn’t mine! *Oh meu Deus*, it’s black now! And I look almost *brown*. And I’ve got tits, Hayley!”

She looked at me with concern, moving to embrace me and try to centre me. “Honey, honey, you’ve always had tits! Nice once! I’ve always been a bit jealous, you might recall?”

“They’re not mine!” I repeated. “I just . . . oh God, Hayley. I can’t stop it. I can’t figure out what’s going on. I can’t even do maths anymore!”

“Since when could either of us? I’m a history chick and you’re an art freak! A damn cool one. Jesus, Cam, how can I help you? Did you have a bad dream? Are you having a panic attack or something?”

I simply held her, sobbing. “A panic attack alright,” I eventually managed. “I just wish it was a bad dream.”

I convened another gathering to share our findings, but mostly just so I could be ‘among my own.’ To my shock, Caleb was there, as was Rory, and both looked like they were ready to finally eat crow. Neither was violent, thank God, but they were sitting apart from the others where we gathered. We’d determined that there were forty-six of us, but only half our number could make it to the area behind the bleachers while football training was going on. It was obvious that the feelings of moroseness were as strong with those present as it was for me. We were all more feminine. Hell, I was wearing a woman’s shirt and a bra underneath - a goddamn *C-cup bra* - and it was the kind of shirt that was bright (blue, specifically), tight, and bared a strip of my midriff and dipped low enough to show my cleavage, which was embarrassing as hell and yet felt oh-so-right. I even had my cutoff denim shorts and a pair of women’s shoes on, and my hair fell around my mid-tone olive shoulders. I felt like a woman, and so did the others, which was why it was hard for us to meet one another’s eyes.

“I feel like suuuuuch a total bimbo,” Ryan whined, giving me a little hug as he sought comfort. It was hard to even think of him as a *he*, because he was wearing a tight pink dress that showed off boobs that were almost as big as mine, perhaps just one cup-size

behind. It was only the slight nub of his penis showing that reminded us he was a guy, because his hair was now platinum blonde and curled at the ends, and he had pink makeup and eyeshadow.

Avon pouted as he looked at Toby Haynes. "Lucky," he murmured in a sweet voice. "You get everything I would have preferred. Look at me!"

His boobs were as big as mine, though his skin was lighter. He was also wearing tighter clothing: the white tank top in particular showed off his growing assets and revealed the diminishing state of his muscles.

Others were just as changed, or catching up to us. They were also adopting female names, much to our shared embarrassment and shame. On his journey to becoming a bottom-heavy bikini beauty, Peter found himself going by 'Peyton', a name that he found hard to ditch. Frank was easy, at least; the budding Aussie hottie was forthright as ever, and was going by 'Francesca,' but accepted 'Frankie' for short, and for his own mental security. Even Gabi had changed, and she wasn't even originally a man. To keep up with her increasingly French nature, her own conception of her name had switched to Gisele, and she pronounced it rather beautifully with her changing voice. Kaley Taylor and Fran Schmidt had woken up to find themselves living together in a shared apartment. Their accents were now Swedish, and their looks nearly identical as they grew taller, blonder, and bustier. Kaley was now Karli, and Fran now Freja. Their last name was now Larsson, which they shared. They even had photos of one another as twins on their respective phones, which had to be very weird.

"I can't stop thinking of Karli as my sister!", Fran/Freya said. "No offence, but I never wanted a sister! I was fine as an only child!"

"How do you think I feel? It was the same for me! Only now I'm European! At least you didn't change!"

"Swedish is not the same as German, not even close!"

Of course, I couldn't hold off on it forever. Caleb and Rory were standing around at the edges of our little meeting, and it was clear they were trying to suss out what we had learned and how close we were to reversing things. I needed to burst their bubbles, but as much as I wanted to humiliate them, the bubblier part of my growing female self preferred to preserve the peace.

"So, thanks for coming, I guess," I told Caleb and Rory. "How are you two dealing with it all?"

Caleb frowned. He didn't even look like himself anymore. Like so many of us, he was growing a bust, but his skin had gone mega-pale, and he was wearing black lipstick and eyeshadow. There was a purple streak in his growing black hair, and I could have sworn he was wearing a corset beneath his tight shirt, one that squeezed his waist in further. He was

also now shorter than me, which was more than a little hilarious for the guy born on third base with good looks and a silver spoon in his mouth.

"How the fuck do you think I'm going?" he whined. "I'm stuck as a fucking goth girl! I can't even think of myself as Caleb anymore! I'm *Circe*! It doesn't even sound similar! At least everyone else got names that sound similar! This is fucked!"

I gave him a partly-sympathetic grin. "Do you know what you're becoming? I mean, are you ready to share the words you heard now?"

"Yeah, whatever. I'm becoming a 'big tiddy goth girl,' obviously. Do you have any idea how fucking hard it is to keep on top of this? This stupid body keeps giving me thoughts about sucking cock and -"

He froze, and I got the sense that this bit of information had slipped right out. I wanted to relish this, but perhaps my girly instincts were right for once. "Hey, it's okay. I masturbated last night to one of the male students here because my body has the hots for him. We're all in this crazy boat, we just don't want to share this particular part, right?"

To my surprise, Caleb pouted his black lips, but cooled. "Yeah, sure. Uh, thanks, I guess. I guess I could have it worse."

He indicated to Rory, who hadn't spoken yet. He now looked like a pretty Japanese woman, but I had no doubt that he would be beautiful soon. His hair was easily past his shoulder blades, and was so shiny and silky that I grew briefly jealous. His figure had lost his alpha male status entirely, and I could tell it humiliated him.

"I'm guessing you aren't Rory Fairview anymore?" I asked him.

He bowed a little without thinking, and when he spoke, it was with a gorgeous, lilting accent. "I'm . . . Rukia," he said. "Rukia Furuta. I really want to turn back. You have no idea how much I need to turn back. I can't even go to the gym anymore. I'm not attracted to women anymore. I'm a freakin' alpha male but everytime I see Alexander Sato walk past, I can't help but . . . ohhh."

He bit his lip, going red in his olive-skinned cheeks. I knew the feeling he was getting exactly, but I had to imagine that for an obsessive ladies man like Rory, this was an even bigger change.

"Please," he continued. "I need you to turn me back. I keep cleaning, and being modest, and wearing pretty dresses before I stop myself. I can't even swear properly anymore, and sometimes I think about what it would be like to . . . to . . ."

"To have sex with a man," I said. "I know."

He shook his head. "No, not that. I get that with Alexander, but . . . it's more."

Circe/Caleb sighed deeply. "He keeps imagining what it would be like to have a baby. To get fucking knocked *up*."

My eyes widened. "Christ."

“How do you think I feel?” Rukia/Rory said. “It’s not at all fair! Please tell me you have something!”

To my surprise, I actually touched him comfortingly on the shoulder. “I’ll try. Peyton and Karli - er, I mean Peter and Kaley - might have something.”

I called for everyone to gather around. Toby was just exchanging his new name with Ryan: the nascent Amazonian was now thinking of himself as Tanisha, while Ryan was thinking of himself as Riley . . . and imagining all sorts of sex acts with Timothy Hellers and literally any other woman, including us ‘almost women.’ I had to literally click my fingers in front of his face to get the attention of the soon-to-be-bimbo.

“Hey, Riley! Ryan, whatever. Come over. Peyton and Karli might have something.”

They were gesturing me over after now that we’d all done our Changed meet and greet. Caleb/Circe and Rory/Rukia abandoned their position at the fringes and wandered closer to where the pair were pouring over data under the shade of the back of the bleachers. It was so hard to reconcile Peter/Peyton’s originally scrawny, nerdy build with the red-haired beauty he was becoming. Even in full jeans, his incredible ass was increasingly obvious, as was his facial beauty. I felt a twinge of jealousy, but then also something new; I was actually *happy* for him. Ugh, this stupid female side of me! I pushed away those bubbly feelings and the desire to help shop for better clothes with him, and instead focused on the data they were pouring over.

“Found something?” I said. “Please, please, please tell me you’ve found something.”

“We think so,” Peter/Peyton said, adjusting his now-ginger hair. “Do you want to say it, Karli?”

The new Swede shook her head. “You go. It was your effort. I just noticed the patterns after your algorithm.”

“Okay,” he said, voice cracking a little. “So we decided to go about this from the other side as you suggested, and compile a list of those who recognise us as Changed but *aren’t* Changed themselves.”

“And they’re *all men*,” Karli said. “Every single one. Not a single girl - not even my best friends - have realised I’m changing into a bloody *Swedish* woman.”

“Does anyone recognise these names?” I asked as Peter/Peyton turned the laptop for the two dozen of us to see.

“Oh my God,” Ryan/Riley said. “It’s, like, Timothy Hellers! I’ve been soooo into him lately. That hot red hair. Me and another girl could have a lot of fun with - shit. Sorry! TMI, I know! I can’t help it!”

Avon, who was now finding it hard not to go by ‘Astrid,’ frowned as he looked over the list. “That guy,” he said, pointing to the name that read ‘Jason Kaffe.’ Nerdy guy. Gross hair. Wears superhero shirts. I only see him occasionally but . . . I kinda wanna dress up for

him. Get bigger titties so I can wear a Power Girl or Wonder Woman outfit or something, I don't know. It's whack but . . . I almost felt some kinda connection. Like we were both now nerds. Which I'm not, by the way. No offence to any nerds, nothing wrong with that. But it's not me, y'know. Only it might be, soon."

We nodded. All of us understood. I recognised a name that sent a shock through my system. "Daniel McHadley," I said. "I've, uh, been having sex dreams about him. I've even started doodling his face in my margins when I'm not thinking."

"He's a total nerd!" Toby/Tanisha said, flexing his growing muscles and showing off his ever-darkening skin. "You need someone with some height and breadth! Oh shit, I see someone: Broden. Broden Tiddlestone. He's hot as hell. I thought about asking him to work out with me more than a few times."

Other connections were made. Caleb/Circe was still frowning, but did share one detail: an average-looking guy named Peter Dancer had caught his eye. Rory/Rukia, on the other hand, was smitten with Alexander Sato, the half-Asian student one year his junior.

"It's so embarrassing, but . . . he could give me such wonderful babies. God, this is so freaking wrong. I've had sex with fifty women this year alone, and now I want that little simp to f-f-f-lie with me!? It's not fair!"

The truth was finally unravelling. We were, in some way, being linked to these men, fantasising over them. They had noticed our changes, but perhaps didn't know the true extent of them, since our majors and realities had all changed enough for them to think we had just transferred out and then a number of girls transferred in. It wasn't like we knew any of them deeply.

"This is something," I whispered. "Well done, Peyton! Well done, Karli! You've found our first major breakthrough!"

I hugged them. Blame girly-me. I couldn't help myself. Hell, there were even tears in my eyes courtesy of all that damn estrogen flooding through my system. I finally understood what Hayley was talking about back when she'd been my girlfriend. I needed those days again, needed her to be mine again, and this could be it.

"Okay, we need to approach them," I said. "Oh shit, maybe that's too forward? Maybe we need to spy? No, what do they have in common?"

It was Avon/Astrid who took the computer and looked over the names. "Broden, Broden, Broden . . ."

"Hey, that's the one I keep thinking about," Toby/Tanisha said. "The stupid words want me to be his sexy, tall, super fit black girlfriend."

"Yeah, don't worry, I ain't snatching anybody up. I'm looking to get out of this, remember? But I *know* Broden. Not super well, but he did try-outs for the Lions a while back. He ended up not quite making the cut, but he was good about it. Went big on the gym life

instead. I haven't caught up with him in a while, but because he didn't make the Lions, he didn't make it into the big frat he was applying for. Instead, he made it to Beta Sigma Beta."

"Like, is that important or something?" Ryan/Riley asked.

Caleb/Circe understood though. The increasingly short goth girl launched forward and grabbed the computer, ripping it from Avon/Astrid's hands. "Let me look at that! Jesus, these fuckers! Astrid, your dumb brain actually figured something out."

"Hey, I'm scoring damn high and you know it."

"Whatever. Check this out. I make fun of these Beta Sigma Beta losers. They're a pack of has-beens, and their frat used to be a big deal. Only now they're full of loser simps and nerds and rejects."

Peter/Peyton stood up, and I could tell we had the same thought. "It's a frat," the redhead said. "A whole frat cursed us, or something connected us to a whole frat."

We went through the list together. I did a roll call of the twenty five Changed we had presented, then hurriedly began calling, texting, and messaging through social media any of the others in our group. I leaned on my Camilla Garcia side, adopting her enthusiasm for social connection and optimism. I felt like a true extravert, calling up everyone and sharing the good news that we had solved a major part of our 'case.' Some were ecstatic, others were cautious, but if even Circe and Rukia were getting hopeful and working alongside us, then it was a damn good sign. I only wished I'd seen the clues earlier: I felt like an idiot for discounting Daniel. I didn't believe for a second that he knew what was going on with me - he was not the best liar, and my new self was good at reading people - but he'd clearly misled me on whatever magic he'd tried, or how spectacularly it had failed. I doubted he even realised what he'd done, *if* he'd done something at all. Still, I should have followed up on it earlier. I wouldn't make that mistake again; especially not with the ever-present ache in my boobs and hips that were signalling more changes to come.

"Okay, listen up people!" I called, gaining the attention of our group, even Circe, whose dominating presence had been diminished by his shrinking height. "I don't think we should move on this today, okay? There's too many variables, and if we meet with these guys individually, they'll just deny it or worse, if there's malicious intent. Instead, we need to ambush them together, and confront this as a group. We're becoming women, and so we're all feeling vulnerable. I mean, Jesus Christ, I speak with an accent now and think in Portuguese when I'm not paying attention. But we should know that there's safety in numbers. Tomorrow, we gather *everyone*. I've contacted everyone in our group and am still waiting for responses, but I think we march on their frat and demand answers *together*, and make sure Beta Sigma Beta makes us men again. Who's with me?"

I'd never been one for speeches, and yet I held them to attention. They actually raised their fists in the air. "*Hear, hear!*" they cried. Even Circe again, and Rukia was *enthusiastic*. Understandable, given how submissive he was becoming.

"Tomorrow is the day," I said. "We might experience some more minor changes overnight, so just hold onto yourselves. Worst case, it'll be just another cup size, perhaps some change in your skin tone, maybe a bigger butt."

Peter/Payton groaned. "How big can it get!?"

"At least you aren't wearing a corset!" Caleb/Circe snapped.

"Everyone, it's not a competition! Remember, we're a sisterhood. I mean, a brotherhood. Whatever! My point is, we're in this together. We'll go through some more minor changes, but when we have all our numbers we can take on the frat directly. It'll be a Saturday, so no classes for them to run off to. Most of them should be there. We might even have the numbers advantage to get our point across and find out what's going on. And no one is getting left behind."

There were nods of agreement from the group, and I felt pretty proud of myself, to be honest. I still saw Camilla as this serpent sliding into my life and gobbling the real me up, but the ability to socialise and work a crowd . . . I could stand to keep that.

"Okay," I said. "I'll work out the details and send them to you tonight. See you tomorrow after some minor changes."

How I wished I'd knocked wood after saying that. We were all going to see each other the next morning, that much was certain.

I just didn't realise how so very different that morning would be.

Part 8: Alpha Zeta Rho

The first thing I realised when I woke up was that I had definitely grown a cup size, seemingly overnight. I could quite literally *feel* the extra weight upon my chest, and there was this weird effect where my boobs had sort of 'separated' to the sides, weighed down by their heft so that they sagged to the sides. Well, sagged didn't sound quite right, because they were still pert and perky, and my skin was now a mid-tone olive, without blemish and beautiful.

I sat up immediately, intent on checking out my changes. My boobs wobbled, and while I was sort of getting used to that, I wasn't prepared for so *much* wobble. An instinctive part of my brain told me that I definitely had D-cups now, if not the much-vaunted Double-D's. They looked bigger from my perspective looking down, and as I cupped them and pushed them up, I was alarmed at how much cleavage I could create.

"<This is too much>," I said in Portuguese, before correcting myself back to English. "Way too much. They better not get any bigger."

Spoiler alert, they absolutely would. I had no fucking clue how big they would get. For now though, they seemed *huge*, and all the more so because I could feel how slender my shoulders had become, how my waist had tightened further, and how my hips then spread out. I thought I was sitting on a kind of cushion until I realised that it was my *butt*. It had blown up overnight, and I remembered why: I had masturbated again. I hadn't even cum down there; I don't even think my penis could produce semen by this point. But I'd played with my tits and stroked my sensitive skin and ended up moaning to the point where poor Hayley banged on the door and told her "roomie" to keep it down. Talk about a low point.

Only now I was an ever more curvy latina, and my hair was flowing down my shoulders, just a little. It was black, and curly, and as I felt my face I somehow knew I would already be very pretty, perhaps even beautiful.

"Fuck! I need to - wait."

In all the fuss over my new curvy, jiggly, olive-skinned body, I hadn't noticed that I wasn't in my room. I wasn't even in my apartment anymore. For one, the walls were *pink*. Not hot pink, thank God, but *pink* nonetheless. A kind of calming salmon pink. It was a little smaller than my apartment room, and the decorations were more vivid. Somehow, a number of the paintings I had created (and 'created', as in, they had manifested from my new reality-changed past) had moved into this room as well and hung themselves up on the wall, including some portraits of women who I recognised as Ryan/Riley and Toby/Tanisha in bright outfits. Even my bed had changed; the covers were quilted from crazy patchworks in a kaleidoscope colour. Something told me that this was 'Camilla's' doing, that other side of me that just *loved* artistic expression and spurned mathematics. God, when was the last time I even thought of an equation to calm me? Now I just mused on Colour Theory and how to improve my background-foreground distinctions.

"*Que diabos?* Where the hell am I?"

I touched my throat instinctively. I sounded so . . . female. I knew I had for some days now, but even the husk in my voice was gone, barring just the tiniest trace. Instead, I had a lovely mezzo-soprano. Not as high, I suspected, as Riley's bimbo-sweet voice would go, but still pretty damn high, all things considered. Even my throat was smooth; there was nothing left of my male Adam's apple. I looked down at my breasts again, shook my shoulders, which caused them to wobble and pull at my chest.

"*Oh meu Deus*, this is too much."

I stood (another jiggle) and walked over to the window. I was shirtless and braless - something that would have to be rectified soon, but I needed to see where I was. My boxers had changed to sort of silky pyjama bottoms too, and they emphasised my *bunda* - my ass -

rather prominently. I felt at my penis, and quickly determined that it was still there. It was just a nub though, and skin flaps were forming on either side of the stem's base. I had to imagine they would become my labia lips.

"Ignore it. See where you are. Think, Camilla."

I pulled apart the curtains and stared out in shock across Sanderson Campus grounds. I appeared to be three floors up, and I could see some early risers jogging across the green in the distance. My male Calvin self would have figured it out more quickly, but I was a little slower now. A bit more simple-minded and with a smaller logic zone in my brain. So instead of immediately working out what was going on, I hurried to where my new closet was and quickly grabbed a pyjama top, not even bothering with a bra. I quickly regretted that last choice as I burst out of the room and ran down the stairs of the building: my expanded bust bounced with each hurried step, jiggling and wobbling and trying to separate the buttons of my silky blue top. Even my butt bounced!

I knocked on doors as I went, waking everyone in the house. Gears were finally turning in my brain as I passed a confused and sleepy Avon/Astrid, looking now like just a tanned white girl with boobs as big as mine, dressed in white underwear and a sleeping bra.

"What the hell, girl? What's going on?"

"It's changed!" I cried, racing past her - for it was impossible to think of her, or even me, as a man now. "Reality has changed again! It's changed so much more than I thought it would! I was wrong!"

More girls emerged. Peyton emerged in her loose pyjamas pants, but they were very tight around her rear. Fuck, the former me would have loved to have seen her in a bikini. If we didn't stop this, the new me *would*.

"Everyone, get up! We've all been moved! It's all shifted again!"

I heard a squeal and opened a nearby room door. I knew it would be Riley, and sure enough she was dressed in pink lingerie of all things - did she *sleep* in that? What the hell!?

"Camilla!" she cried. "Something's, like, totally weird about my room. And I'm, like, almost totally a girl now. I'm even thinking of myself as totes a girl! I'm sooooo dumb now!"

"It's okay, you're not a bimbo yet. But you're right; everything has changed! Come on!"

I led the procession of girls - including all the ones that hadn't shown up at yesterday's meeting such as Mark, who was now Martha, and looking thicker than ever. She was cupping her large tits, which looked to be in some kind of maternity sling, and wincing.

"They're so sore! I think - I think I'm lactating!"

She certainly did look like a MILF, that was for sure. She was definitely in her mid-thirties now, and had a thick body with a slight stomach, some boobs that were bigger than mine, and hips that had definitely birthed a child - sort of, I guess.

"I'm sorry, Martha. I know, it sucks! But please, I think we've all been moved here for a reason."

We entered the main living space on the first floor, and there the truth became obvious. It didn't hurt that there was a giant banner and set of trophy cases along one wall that celebrated what this place was.

Alpha Zeta Rho.

It was proclaimed in large golden metallic lettering, embossed upon a large piece of varnished hardwood. Various other decorations, mugs, banners and the like said the same.

"What the fuck," Astrid said, the new white woman stepping forward and taking in her surroundings. She didn't even look all that 'built' anymore. She just looked fit . . . for a woman. "We're in a goddamn sorority."

"Alpha Zeta Rho," Peyton said, scratching her prominent butt. "I've never heard of it."

"Because it didn't exist until yesterday," Gabi said, her voice sweet and French-accented. Her hair was now blonde, in a pixie cut, and her features were delicate, with a cute button nose adorning her face where once it was far more . . . snoutish. "Trust me, I know. I applied for all of them, even knowing I'd be kicked back from a heap."

"I was in Kappa Sigma Psi," Karli said in her Swedish accent. She was easily six-foot-one tall now, and loomed over most of us, including Astrid, who used to be six-foot-four, once. "I never heard of this place either."

"It didn't exist," I said, still getting used to the strength of my Brazilian accent. "It came into existence only last night, but now it's *always been here*."

I walked over to the Alpha Zeta Rho charter on the wall, reading through the various rules, its membership, its core values, its sorority features and responsibilities. My name was listed in the membership log on the desk below it. Everyone's was. And it also outlined our changes, the exact conditions. I could read the full words of my change, and it made me groan. *H-cups!?* What the fuck kind of size were *H-CUPS!?*

But the cause was indeed listed. The names of every member of Beta Sigma Beta, or at least most of them, were attached as signatories to each of our changes. I snarled, grabbed the charter, and tried to tear it up.

Only it knitted itself back together instantly, and set itself back on the wall, shocking us all. Tanisha used her strength to shred it, and Riley even swallowed parts of it. We took it down and tried to burn it, but it did nothing. The magical charter kept re-establishing itself. Whatever curse this was, *that goddamn document* was the signed clause. It was *binding* us, and Beta Sigma Beta were responsible.

"We're all in a sorority now," I said. "We've probably been living her for *years* now. We've got our own *charter*. And those Beta Sigma Beta bastards did this."

"Like, oh my God. Everyone, look! It's us! In photos and stuff! We look super hot!"

Our gazes shifted to where Riley was pointing, and sure enough, we were indeed depicted in numerous framed photographs on the walls. Some were of members like Tanisha winning physical competitions, another was Astrid winning a dressup, others were group photos of us, including where we were all in cheerleading outfits. It annoyed me how damn hot I looked.

"We're so fucked!" Circe whined. She was more of a goth girl than ever, her skin ivory-white, her statue only five-foot-three at best. She was cute as hell, and her boobs were swelling up like mine. The future 'big tiddy goth girl' was hunching over to hide that last fact. "I don't deserve this! I don't wanna be some fucking sorority bitch sucking cock and drinking cum! I don't care if I can shred the guitar now, this sucks!"

Rukia was beside her, blushing as well. "I . . . also had dreams last night. About Alexander Sato. Please, we have to confront them . . . so I can change back and beat him up instead of wanting to massage him and make him a traditional Japanese breakfast!"

"What if they make us worse!?" Martha shouted. "What if I get pregnant?"

"Ohhh, don't talk about pregnancy, Martha-san. Part of me wants that! It's f-f-f-freaking' wrong!"

"At least you aren't becoming, like, a super dumb bimbo!" Riley yelled.

Astrid scoffed. "At least you get to keep your race!"

"I mean, maybe this won't be so bad, mates?" Frankie said in her Aussie accent, the beautiful tan brunette chuckling lightly. "Bein' a hot chick's not all that bad, right?"

The whole room erupted into shouts at this, chaos descending upon our evident panic. I had to whistle loudly in order to get them to calm down.

"Everyone! Everyone! This only means the plan is all the more important! We have to go to Beta Sigma Beta, and we have to go there *now*. Put on your clothing, wear something nice. Get your makeup done and check your hair. But then keep everything else in check! Because they are turning us back!"

We marched on Beta Sigma Beta as if we were about to lay siege to it. It was, in fact, the nearest fraternity to us, which also seemed *highly convenient* for whatever those boys wanted of us. All of us Changed now looked entirely like women, and the world thought of us as women. Hell, I was getting messages from Hayley asking when we wanted to catch up for a friendly brunch - apparently in this timeline, we were besties rather than lovers. I let it fuel my anger, keeping me focused even as I conversed with my new sorority sisters. We were all getting used to new features in our bodies, but one in particular would come in handy: Tanisha's new brown body was tall, fit, and had very attractive girl muscles. It also meant

that when she knocked on the front door to Beta Sigma Beta's headquarter, she fucking *knocked*.

"Open the hell up!" she shouted. "Or I'll huff and puff and knock you all on your asses if you don't!"

There were forty six of us all gathered at the front of the building. Windows opened above us, and several of the young men looked astounded.

"Gabe, isn't that the MILF lady you were describing a bit over a month ago when we did that thing?"

"Dude, shut up! It wasn't real, remember? Wait . . . it does look like her."

Martha's eyes went wide. "Oh no! Gabe Straud? You did this to me?"

"I - who are you, lady?"

The front door opened, and Timothy Hellers was on the other side of it. He paused, jaw slack at the sight of over forty incredibly beautiful women of all types, styles, shapes and colour staring back at him, our arms folding beneath our breasts in clear anger.

"H-hello? Can I help you?"

Riley squeaked. My former acquaintance from mathematics class leapt forward and hugged him, then slapped him across the face.

"You handsome douchebag! You've, like, made me a total bimbo, baby! And now I keep fucking touching myself when I think of you?"

"What the hell?"

I pushed forwards, the de facto leader of the group, and gave my best smile.

"Hello, we're the total membership of Alpha Zeta Rho, the sorority that neighbours yours."

Timothy checked his cheek and furrowed his brow. "What are you talking about? There's no sorority next to ours!"

"Well, you better check. Because thanks to all that magic you used, now reality has changed itself. Just like all of my sisters and me have *somehow* become a bunch of busty, beautiful women. Do you recognise the voice that changed you, Riley?"

She nodded as she bit her finger, still looking at Timothy. "Yup. It was totes him. He's so dreamy, but it was definitely his voice! He wanted a blonde babe who would totes be into threesomes with him and another girl. Mhmm."

The man's jaw dropped. I took the initiative to enter the welcome room, and the other women joined me. Timothy backed up, still mesmerised by Riley's hot pink crop top and yoga pants. Behind him, other Beta Sigma Beta members were gathering. I could see Daniel among them, and he immediately gaped specifically at me. Once again, I couldn't resist the urge to be a beautiful, extraverted social butterfly. I gave him a cute wave, biting my lip a little to try and stop myself from smiling as I saw him.

"Oh my God," he said.

"What's going on?" someone said.

"Holy shit, the magic worked!"

"Daniel was right! It did summon our dream girls, it just took a while! Oh my God, I bet the blonde is mine! She'd look so good as a cosplayer!"

"Can anyone see my bikini girl? Or is she not wearing a bikini right now?"

"Finally! I can show my family a lovely Japanese girl!"

"Fuck yeah, check out them goth girl tiddies!"

I'd never liked Caleb/Circe until she broke the spell of the pathetic frat boys leering at us in a circle.

"Oi! Fucksticks! Stop checking out my tits! We're here to push your shit in until you change us back, assholes!"

That was enough for the mood to turn suddenly awkward.

"Wait, turn you back?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Did the magic not work?"

I strode past Timothy and jabbed my finger towards Daniel, even if it felt like a mean motion to make. "Did you do it? The magic. I heard someone say it. Was it a spell? A curse? Why did you do this to us?"

All attention was now on him and me. Daniel looked so damn nervous I thought he might collapse. He coughed awkwardly into his hands and then adjusted his glasses.

"D-do what? The spell was meant to make us ideal girlfriends."

"And what do you think I am, *idiot*? Why did you choose us? Why did you change us!? We were always friendly in physics, why do this to me?"

I thought his jaw had dropped before, but now it looked ready to unhinge itself from his body. "Wait, wait. *Calvin? Calvin Gardener!?*"

"Who did you think I was?"

"I thought . . . I didn't think you were anyone. I thought . . . the spell didn't create you?"

"No! It changed me! It changes all of us!"

"And now we're growing tits," Astrid said. "And going white."

"And thinking about things we shouldn't," Rukia added, touching her slim stomach. She was in a red shirt and pants, but they did not suit her at all.

"And my ass is huge!" Peyton complained, turning so that Bernardo almost fainted from the pleasure of seeing such a rondure backside. "You've got me thinking about bikinis, asshole!"

“And I’m meant to be Avon Franklin, leader of the lions,” Astrid said. “Only this greasy-haired nerd Jason Kaffe here is making me into some booth babe, and the worst part is I kinda want that. What do that to me, man?”

Jason gasped. “Y-you’re the Lions captain!?”

The shouts started up again, and I poked Daniel in the chest once more, even if it felt way, way too mean for my new self. “You have some explaining to do.”

Daniel put up his hands in a placating gesture. “Woah, woah, woah now! I promise I never meant to change anyone! None of us did, right guys?”

There was a chorus of agreement. In fact, most of them looked utterly horrified by the realisation of what had happened.

“We just thought it was going to make girls out of thin air! Like, perfect girlfriends manifested into, uh, reality and stuff! I didn’t realise it was going to turn someone, or I never would have done it! Please, Calvin, please believe me. We may have been, uh, a little pathetic in what we were trying for, but we’re not assholes.”

It was almost better this way. I looked around at my sorority sisters, most of whom were wearing quite feminine clothes. Hell, I was wearing a girly tee that bared my midriff, not to mention shorts that showed off my thick olive thighs and wide hips. We had changed so much, but at least it wasn’t maliciously done. Perhaps that was a good sign for changing back.

“Okay, let’s start again. Can we find a place for us all to sit down and chat about this? We need to know what caused this?”

Daniel nodded, as did the others. “Of course! I promise we’ll tell you everything.”

Daniel did, in fact, tell all. Guilt was written upon his face and upon the others in the frat, except for Timothy who looked annoyed by the whole thing, his eyes focused on Riley in a way I didn’t much appreciate. Mind, a lot of eyes roamed those of my sorority sisters and I, not that I could blame them. None of us were biologically female - yet - but we were certainly looking quite attractive. I still had a damn ache in my bust and occasionally adjusted myself in my cups, which got more than a few slack-jawed stares. It was embarrassing; how much bigger could these things grow?

Still, I had no reason to doubt Daniel’s testimony, or that of the others. He was apologising profusely, as were others like Jason Kaffe and Alexander Sato, the latter of which was particularly apologising for the ‘really fertile’ part of the wording, which only made Rukia blush all the more and pout, clearly humiliated by how she was very much not an alpha male at that moment.

After these revelations, we each paired off with the person who had designed our respective changes. It was understandably natural and supernatural all at once: we each felt a connection to the man who'd uttered the words during the casting of the spell, and we wanted to know more about our potential fates, for better or worse. Timothy in particular was more than eager to take Riley to a spare room for a chat. I would have thought nothing of it, once, but my new social skills put a red alert in my mind, so I asked Tanisha to take Broden Tiddlestone with her to the same room to keep an eye on him. If anyone could be taken advantage of in their state, it was poor, bimbo Riley.

After that, I paired up with Daniel, resisting the urge to take his hand as he led me up to his room. I shivered a little like I was some teenage girl, and without even realising it at first I fidgeted with the buttons of my tee top and let more cleavage show. God, what was wrong with me?

To his credit, Daniel only looked *a little*, though he clearly wanted to keep looking.

"And here's the spellbook," Daniel said. "As you can see, all the spells are in strange ancient languages. I'm not even sure what some of them mean. Latin is the only one I know; I learned it just because it was a cool language."

This admission put butterflies in my stomach, damn them. The fact that he loved learning was attractive, but I knew the attraction was born of magic, so I forced it away and looked over the book myself.

"I'll get Hayley to look at this," I said. "She's my girlfriend. Was my girlfriend, I mean. But she knows history. She might be able to provide some clues. And you say you stole it?"

"Yeah," Daniel said, scratching the back of his head. "I went back to the antique store to return it sneakily without her noticing, but the place was all packed up and no one was there."

I got the address down in my colourful diary just in case.

"Hey, that looks cool. You're a good drawer."

I blushed when I realised he was looking at the margins. I closed it quickly, hoping he hadn't seen that I'd drawn *him*. Him, specifically *shirtless* him.

"You should know, you made me this way. Artsy and crafty and a real social butterfly. And not very smart."

Daniel looked away, then sighed and cleaned his glasses as the awkwardness rang out. "I know I've said it several times now, but I'm so, so, so, so, soooooo sorry about this. I really am. I was an idiot! I was messing with forces I didn't understand, and all for what? To create some fantasy girlfriend?"

"One who isn't too bright, as I recall. Who exists to balance you out, right?"

"Fuck . . . when you say it out loud. And the latina thing?"

I chuckled. "Not the best way to learn a new language, but I guess a pretty quick way. And these boobs are sore. They're still growing."

He gulped, and it made me laugh again. "Look, why don't we try working together on this, then? We clearly have a connection thanks to the magic you used, and now we need to figure out how to undo it, right? So we go through the tome more carefully. We find any languages or symbols that could be recognisable. Peyton and Karli can help, and I'm sure your Jason can too, provided he's not ogling poor Astrid's tits as well."

At this, Daniel actually relaxed a little and laughed with me. "I know it's terrible to laugh at, you know, Avon Franklin himself becoming a busty blonde cosplay girl. A white girl, at that. But . . . maybe at least she'll be able to convince Jason to shower more often and help him with how to handle that hair of his, right?"

I found myself giggling. "Oh my God, I know so much was going on, but I couldn't stop looking at it! How is it so greasy?"

"I have no idea!" he said, raising his hands dramatically. "We all try to help him out, but he refuses. "I swear, he uses the grease from a McDonalds' fryer as hair product."

I was getting tears in my eyes I was laughing so hard, and it had the effect of causing my chest to rise and jiggle a little on my chest. I smacked Daniel lightly on the shoulder.

"Hey, I caught you!"

"Shit, sorry! It's just - wow! They're right there!"

"How do you think it feels to be the one growing them? You know, if there was any karma in the world, *you* guys would have been the one to change."

Daniel shrugged. "Maybe, uh, that would have gotten me laid at least, right? You know, the funny thing is that I gave a whole speech and everything. There was lightning and thunder. It was so dramatic. And then . . . poof! Nothing."

"Except for the part where you turned forty six people into girls. Well, forty one, plus five women."

He scratched his head. "I've been wondering about that. How come?"

"We're all only children."

"Huh? How'd you figure that out?"

"It was Astrid. She's much smarter than people think football players are. She noticed that none of us were talking about siblings, and then brought that to Peter - she's Peyton now, the one with the huge ass. Well, not overweight, but-"

"The kind of ass Bernardo kept raving about from back home."

I smirked. "No wonder you're all *Beta* Sigma *Beta*. So dateless you had to make your own women. Anyway, it makes sense, right? The curse needed to change reality, so it spread out across campus and affected those in your age range, and those who had no siblings. Makes reality changing less messy, I guess."

"Wow. I mean, no offence, but my dream woman wasn't quite as smart as this. Fuck, that sounds bad. I mean, I was kinda describing a trophy girl, I guess. Doesn't, uh, reflect well on me, but that's what I described."

I sighed, turning serious. I gestured to my face, adorned in lipstick, and to my hair which had been carefully dried and styled that morning, and then to my clothing, which had taken me over ten minutes just to decide on. "Trust me, I'm getting worse on that front. I'm getting more artsy and Pollyana all the time. I can't even figure out my old subjects, and I think about style way too much. That's why, as much as we're laughing right now, we really need to get back to this."

I tapped the tome, remembering why I was here, and trying not to think about how much I was enjoying Daniel's company, not to mention that cute laugh of his.

"Because if I don't turn back in time, Daniel, then I'll be some ditzy arty latina without any trace of me left. Just like poor Riley will be a blonde bimbo. And Astrid a total booth babe. All of us will be changed, and the people we were will be *murdered*. One thing being a woman has given me is a good read on people. I don't think you want to kill the people we used to be just to get a submissive girlfriend, right?"

He shook his head, looking almost offended. "Of course not! I'd never!"

"*Obrigada*. Thanks. I'm pleased to hear that." I shifted closer to him, even placing a hand on his thigh without thinking about it. My face was so very close to his, and it was hard not to get lost in his eyes. But this was exactly what I was trying to avoid; becoming his, mind and body and soul.

"Because everything is riding on this. Our entire *sorority*. And if we can't change back or find a way to stop this, Daniel, then you'll get everything you want in the worst way possible."

He gulped again. "Of course. I won't let you down. I'll do everything - *everything* - to make up for my mistakes."

Another little flutter in my heart. Part of me wished he wasn't so sincere and willing to correct his error, because damn if it wasn't making me attracted to him.

It made me wonder if the other Changed were feeling just as desirous about their respective 'connections.'

We needed to undo the spell, and destroy the indestructible charter.

Part 9: Beach Day

Rome wasn't built in a day, as Hayley had once often reminded me, and neither were solutions to a magical crisis. More answers had come our way, and we had the spellbook with us - Daniel had even insisted we take it back to Alpha Zeta Rho as a measure of good

will. Timothy Hellers had argued over this, and poor Riley had been caught in the middle. I told myself I'd have to watch her; I didn't like the way the new leader of Beta Sigma Beta looked leeringly at my friend, or how he'd wanted to hold onto the spellbook now that he knew it worked. For now, at least, it was located near our Sorority Charter, and in many ways had formed a symbolic part of it: we were magically bound against our wills to this change, to this reality, to our new bodies, but we were also bound together by our shared community, one we had created.

It was something that filled me with purpose, even more so because I was now such a social extravert. In the following days I continued to check on all the girls, even as each of us were on the very verge of becoming actual, biological women. My own penis was precariously close to dissipating altogether, and it brought mixed emotions. I hated that Camilla was stealing my life, a parasite sucking away the Calvin parts of me, but there was an instinctive feminine part of me that was excited to have a vagina. To feel my inner passage and imagine Daniel fucking me.

Yes, I was still having sex dreams, and no, that was not a good thing. I was obviously not the only one: while none of us at Alpha Zeta Rho talked about it much, we were all feeling that connection to our counterparts over at Beta Sigma Beta, and knew we had to tread carefully as we worked with them. Still, when we tried to switch up dance partners, as we put it, we often found ourselves gravitating back to the ones who had specifically changed us. For me, it was made harder by the fact that Daniel was so passionate in helping us, so cute in his awkward stammerings and nervousness in my presence, and so praising of my art. I found little excuses to show him what I was doodling or painting or crafting whenever we met to go over the tome, and even Peyton was rolling her eyes at points.

"For fuck's sake, my ass is still growing here and I *literally* can't *not* move in sexy ways and make sexy poses. I swear I'm like *two days out* from wearing hot bikinis in *public*, so please stop making googly eyes!"

We both blushed at that. "Peyton, did Bernardo happen to like his women with a commanding streak?"

The former nerd sighed. "Ugh, yes. Sorry. I'm trying hard to rein in being a total supermodel prima donna here, but it's hard!"

Peyton wasn't wrong. I'd been inviting Daniel round to our sorority, and we in turn had visited their fraternity. The spellbook and charter needed further investigating, and Daniel believed that it was the *charter* we needed to figure out, since the spellbook was simply too arcane. We needed to look into loopholes and consider the clauses of everyone affected. The only problem was, this took time, and the charter was continuing to change us, me included.

You know, because of my humungous boobs.

I had moved into the realm of an E-cup. I didn't even realise such sizes existed, but apparently I was moving towards H-cups, which would be about the size of my own head! It was getting me more and more attention, especially as my wardrobe continued to move towards the revealing. I struggled to maintain my own male pride, but a lovely yellow crop top just looked too good on me, and to my own shame I'd started wearing skirts as well, which just looked divine!

I'd also gotten a job. Yes, another reality change had hit me, and now I was a waitress at the campus cafe, working right alongside my old girlfriend. It allowed me to make some money at least, and to indulge in my new outfits, since there wasn't a set uniform. Moreover, I got to at least be close to Hayley again.

"I'm so glad to be working alongside my bestie," she said with a wink when I arrived for my 'first' shift, which in this reality was actually my second year working there. "By the way, you look so damn good in the crop top and skirt. Guys will go gaga and give you so many tips."

The compliment left me blushing. "Um, thanks Hayley. You know, I often thought that about you. I went gaga for you, once."

"Oh, stop it! It's too bad we both bat for the other team, huh? I bet we'd make such a great pair, otherwise. Plus, you've got the most amazing olive skin. You could tell me all your secrets if I wooed you."

That, at least, got a chuckle from me. "Trust me, it's simply magic."

"I bet! No wonder all the football jocks all want to date you. Still, you like the nerdy types, I know. Anyone special lately?"

I tried not to think about Daniel. I'd only reconnected with him for the last few days, but it was hard not to be attracted to him . . . or to wear cute, brightly-coloured things that showed off my stomach, my thighs, my hips and especially my *bust*. It felt huge on me still, wobbling more than ever, heavier than ever, and yet . . . a small part of me was proud to have the biggest hooters at Alpha Zeta Rho. I couldn't even *be* beaten; the conditions of that indestructible magical charter made that clear.

"N-not so much," I said, blushing. "I'm trying to focus on putting myself right at the moment."

"Well, make sure you *put yourself* out there today, girl. We share all our tips, and your tits get the best ones. So go make some college boys happy and serve them up!"

I was barista and waitress, and once again my new arty side came out to play. No ugly maths, no incomprehensible science, just fun making swirls in the coffee, or hearts, or other little images as I got the froth just so. I giggled at my customers' jokes, sticking out my chest at the right times, and generally let my hips sway. It came so naturally to me now that I knew my brain was still changing, right down to my own carefree attitude; it was hard to

actually be annoyed at my own behaviour when it just felt so free and nice and, to be honest, kinda fun to be so flirty! When Daniel and a few other Beta Sigma Betas dropped by for coffee, I found myself blushing and giggling when he came to interact with me, and I even made a very delicate heart in his coffee froth.

"Free of charge," I said, trying not to let Hayley see how stupidly smitten my dumb new latina beauty face was.

"Gosh, really? I mean, I feel like I should be paying double, after all that I've done to you."

"Hey," I said, smiling brightly. "One good thing is that you finally got me a job! And with these girls, I'm getting some tips."

I even, rather daringly, shook my shoulders and let them wobble. He swallowed, trying like hell not to look and failing, which made me giggle again.

"You're a monster, Camilla."

"Hey, blame my Frankenstein!"

And that was just the thing. We were all, ostensibly, working towards reversing this. I had Peyton and Karli and Freja figuring out the indestructible sorority charter implications, and several Beta Sigma Betas doing law were helping out. Both frat and sorority were reaching out to anyone who claimed to have be Wicca, Pagan, or just have a general connection to magic, however tenuous. We were searching online for the book's owner and other accounts of this woman. We were also tracking down the languages in the tome, eldritch as they were. We were doing all of that, and yet . . .

. . . and yet I couldn't escape the feeling that all of us - on both sides - were getting easily distracted, to the point where our meetups were already starting to feel more like dates and miniature parties and excuses to hang out rather than desperate research sessions. After just a week since Alpha Zeta Rho had come into existence, and my own boobs had become fully stacked F-cups, I even found myself at the *beach*. It was a trip I'd taken with half the whole damn sorority, and it had been my own idea, damn me! We were all tired out from dealing with our changes, trying to hold in our impulses, not to mention our attraction to our male counterparts, that I decided we needed that girly experience; a road trip, some time on the beach, and sunbathing galore!

Yes, part of my Camilla self *loved* to sunbathe, just as she *loved* to wear a bikini that showed off so damn much of my ultra curvy, endlessly attractive body. Mine was bright blue, and I'd actually purchased it myself - no excuses when it came to my reality change, this was all *my* doing. I half-blamed Peyton, since her need to fulfil her bikini model role according to the Charter was now so strong that it was causing her near-physical pain not to fulfil it. Riley was also desperate, and several other women had bikini clauses. So I dressed up, loving the way I looked and even posing in the mirror, knowing that my penis was

effectively gone and there was just the matter of my vaginal passage needing to form to complete my womanly nature.

I looked *spectacular*. We all did. Even Martha was there, wearing a one-piece outfit with maternity cups to soak up fluid, since her boobs were now lactating, much to her embarrassment. Perhaps also to her arousal, since her counterpart Leo Forrest actually met her on the beach, walking along it with her. I tried not to judge, but I sure hoped when they disappeared that nothing happened. Sex would probably only make things worse.

I went into the water, though. I ran down the beach and laughed. I felt untethered and wild and *free* as I played beach volleyball with my gal pals, and with each jump my huge boobs threatened to escape the earth's gravitational pull. Naturally, Tanisha's team won: she was over six feet now and a total sexy athlete, and she seemed to revel in her dark skin and beautiful curls.

"Hell yeah! I don't have to put on as much sunscreen, and I can swim like an Olympian."

"Go you," Astrid snarked from her beach chair, lying back and soaking up the sun's rays. She had the second biggest rack apart from me, and now had perfect white skin and long blonde hair. I had seen her purchasing fabrics to make costumes out of for cosplay while in the mall. It seems all of us were picking up new skills.

That included Peyton, of course, who had Bernardo with her at the beach, having called him to take photos of her beautiful body, including that luscious ass of hers. God, it was a nice day, one in which I spent half of it sunbathing and letting the sun make my olive, oiled-up skin even more lovely. And yet the longer it went on, the more I noticed that Beta Sigma Beta boys were arriving, and not to ambush us or take advantage of us; the Alpha Zeta Rho girls, despite mostly being former guys, were actually *inviting* them over!

Timothy was there, and he was laughing as he put an arm around Riley's waist. She was leaning against him, giggling and feeling his muscles when he pointed them out, not that he had many muscles. I wanted to go over there and give him what-for, but the downside of being such a lovely social butterfly was that being confrontation was now a lot harder. Instead, I just kept an eye on him, especially when he trotted over her.

"Riley and I are going for a walk and a swim? Care to join us? I've been wanting a number two. I've got a free arm, after all!"

"I - Riley, what are you doing?"

"I'm just, like, having a bit of fun!" the blonde bimbo said. "You know, like you wanted us to have!"

"I didn't expect him to be here. Timothy, I don't trust you. And I don't want you out of sight, Riley. Everyone in Beta is trying to help us, sure, but they still *like* us. They get turned on by us."

"Can you blame a man?" Timothy said, smirking.

I frowned. "And some members might even not want us to get reversed."

"Like, fine! We'll stay in sight, does that help?"

I nodded to my friend, and Timothy's eyes narrowed, but he acquiesced, at least. Still, part of me remained jealous, especially as Timothy *did* end up with another girl on his arm. Tanisha was out there with Broden Tiddlestone, the two of them doing swim laps and seeing how far they could skip stones with their muscled arms. Peyton looked more confident than ever as she demanded Bernardo take ever better snaps of her emerging sensuously from the water in her white bikini, her red hair wet and gorgeous. Even Rukia was present, quietly holding hands with Alexander Sato when she thought no one was looking, the pair eating snacks she'd made for the pair of them as they sat in the shade of her parasol. Circe pouted, muttering to herself, angry that Peter Dancer hadn't shown up and trying not to burn her ivory skin in the sun. And then there were others, like the Swedish twins and the beautiful Gabi Barnes, who were splashing in the water with their other sisters, moving among the men and splashing them jokingly.

"God, we're all becoming such flirts, and fucking *Daniel* couldn't be bothered to show!"

"Um, sorry for being late."

I squealed and jumped . . . right into his arms. To my shock, he managed to grab me quickly, one hand under my butt, the other around my shoulders, and suddenly we were staring eye to eye, him gripping me, me pressing my increasingly buxom chest against him, my nipples stiffening with immediate arousal as I found myself super turned on by his manly reflexes. The fact that he was shirtless didn't help, of that his gaze once more fell on my tits, then back up to my sheepish smile.

"Uh, hey," I said. "You surprised me."

"Sorry!" he said, lifting me up. I could tell he wasn't the strongest guy, but he wasn't quite as scrawny as I thought he was. "I just heard from a heap of the guys that we were having a relaxing party while we strategised."

I put a hand on my frankly fantastic hip, cocking it to one side to emphasise the curve. "Is that so? Well, I guess it turned into such. I think we're all losing our way a little, but . . . it's fun."

"Just fun?"

I chuckled. "A lot of fun, actually. I've been so stressed over this whole change and undoing the magical Sorority Charter that it feels good to just give in to my new self."

"I mean, are you sure about that? I don't want you, you know, turning entirely into Camilla?"

I snorted. "And here you were the one that did this in the first place, especially to me."

"I know, but . . . jeez, I feel bad about it. I can't believe I was so stupid. I wouldn't want anything to happen to you, Calvin."

The name stung. "Call me Camilla. I still want to go back, but I mean, c'mon, I've got F-cup boobs that are practically spilling out of this bikini and your eyes are about to fall out of your head from straining not to stare at them. Camilla is fine until the magic is reversed."

He chuckled nervously, his eyes going down to my cleavage. God, I had so much of it now, and if I didn't stop this, I'd have so much more. I still had letters G, *then* H to go! Another two whole cup sizes! The weirdest part was that it made me sort of excited. Sort of . . . warm, inside.

I grabbed Daniel's hand, an excitement filling me. "C'mon," I said. "Let's go swimming together."

"Wait, seriously?"

"Of course!" I cried. "I'm a carefree woman, at least for today! Let's have a swim! It'll be fun, and get my mind off of everything!"

He beamed. "Wow, sure! Let's do it! I'm not the most amazing swimmer."

"That's okay," I said, pulling him towards the water. "This new me is a bit more active. I'll be sure to show you."

Show him I did. I didn't intend to, but I ended up, much like many of the other girls on the beach, getting a lot more closer to the man I was magically connected to. I couldn't help but brush my skin against his, or leave my hand on his shoulder as I turned to point out how Tanisha was hurling a beachball around, or simply giggling with delight as he lifted me up in the water so I could do a bomb. The fact that I had my thick thighs wrapped around his waist when that occurred, my huge tits right up in his face, was the kind of reckless behaviour I was trying to avoid, but God, I just felt so free! I cried out in English and Portuguese, uncaring who could understand me.

"This was the day I needed!"

He laughed, and so I did I, splashing one another with water and giggling as we did so, even flinging the beachball back to Riley, who was having fun with the other girls. It was a perfect day, the weather warm, the ocean inviting, and this very cute dork in front of me, wet and naked from his boardshorts up. Without even meaning to, I squeezed my breasts together to form a tight canyon of cleavage, using my arms to create the effect. I leaned over a little, pronouncing them even further.

"Jesus Christ," he said. "I mean, sorry! It's just - wow!"

"Your fault for giving me these!" I said. "Do you like them?"

"That's . . . that's a loaded question."

That made me laugh again. I sidled up closer. "Maybe a nearer inspection is what you need. They feel nice, I bet."

"I - I wouldn't know."

"Well, go on, feel!"

Before he could realise what I was doing, I grabbed his hands and placed them on my chest. He marvelled at this, his jaw gaping, but I pressed them there, letting his fingers sink into my full, sensitive flesh. I had to bite my lip to stop from moaning, and my nipples hardened as he began to cup them. I knew what I was doing was wrong, but I couldn't stop myself. I was too turned on, too attracted to this man, and the air was electric. His look of disbelief was so damn cute, and I could see his logical mind whirring, shorting out as he got to cup the biggest, best pair of tits either of us had ever beheld.

"Go on, play with them!" I said, letting him cup the undersides. "Let them wobbled and - ohhh."

I moaned as he began to massage them, then shake them, letting them wobble. My boobs were big enough that they had little 'deposits' out the sides of the bra, pushing out near my armpits. God, I was stacked, and he was appreciating that very fact as well.

"At the risk of ruining this entire moment," Daniel said, "and knowing I will do everything in my power to change you back, you must know this, Camilla: this is happiest day of my life."

How could I resist such words?

I kissed him.

I pressed my wet, curvy, busty body against him, my breasts sliding against his chest, his hands lowering to grip my hips, his fingers now arrayed across my derriere, which was now large enough to bounce a quarter off, straight to the moon. The kiss lasted only a few moments, and it also lasted an entire eternity. When we parted, I could feel more changes stirring within me, a kind of womanly glee that signalled how lustful, carefree, and super feminine I was becoming. It also sent a warning straight to the part of my brain that still had its male ego.

"Oh shit," I said. "Oh . . . oh shit."

Part 10: Dates & Denials

I wasn't the only one who had kissed her man that day. I wasn't even the first: Timothy Hellers, that redheaded bastard, had sought out Riley and convinced her to find a private space with him, and the two had made out. Riley had described it as wonderful, but his words sounded far more sinister. He'd told her, as I would learn:

"You could stay like this forever, and be my beautiful blonde bimbo, stupid and sexy and loving your place. Don't you want to share me with other women? Don't you want to be

my trophy girlfriend and dress up in sexy revealing outfits for me? If you get your pussy soon, I can cum inside it."

It made me want to throw up how much I had betrayed my friend by not looking out for her, but then all of us had failed to some degree. Martha had let her partner cup her boobs and even produce milk in front of his eyes. Tanisha had lain up against Broden; nothing had happened, but she confessed to me that she wanted it to. And Rukia had given a goddamn massage to Alexander Sato's feet.

And I had kissed Daniel McHadley, and I couldn't stop thinking about it. I had masturbated that night, cupping my ultra-sensitive F-cup tits and moaning with sweet passionate ecstasy as I finally came, uncaring how much change it would bring to my body by morning. But it was just too hard to resist: I needed *some* kind of relief after being so bold as to let him feel my big breasts, to hold my gorgeous latina body. I was in a goddamned *bikini*, and it had turned me on to be so girly and free and beautiful right before him. I could feel his hardness, and wanted it *inside of me*. No doubt so many other members of my new sorority wanted that of their men, too. It was why I'd convinced us to leave ASAP, before we all lost control. It was *us* seducing the boys for the most part, after all.

But then came the next morning. I had dreamed of Daniel. Imagined him crawling atop me, his cock hard and throbbing, and me spreading my legs to receive him. We were at his frat, and the other girls were there. We *belonged* to them, and it didn't matter. We had made their campus popular as we were meant to, and it made me *wet* just to experience the dream.

Wet.

Wet.

I woke in the sorority, now more used to my pink-walled room with its arty decorations. For a moment I was disoriented. Had I peed myself? But then I realised what was going on. I could *feel* an emptiness inside of me, but it was a good kind of emptiness, as well as the worst one possible. My heart beat heavily, a wonderful and horrid mix of anticipation and dread, as I lowered my hands down beneath the band of my pyjamas, over the triangular patch of hair I now possessed there, and then further over a nearly flat Venus mound. My fingers reached into a warm depth. A wet *slit*.

"I have a vagina," I whispered. "I have a pussy."

There were other changes, too. I could feel that my hips and butt were a little more pronounced, my height perhaps further reduced, my hair even longer. Certainly, there was a greater weight upon my chest from what were now likely to be *G-cup* breasts, their nipples hard and aroused. But none of that was as significant as the development between my thighs. I was a woman fully now, in mind and in body. I had a *womb*. I had fallopian tubes and ovaries. I could fall pregnant. And I could . . . experience a woman's pleasure.

“Daniel,” I murmured. “What have you d-done to me?”

I didn’t even know if I was saying that with pleasure or fear by that point. I simply began to touch myself, slipping fingers into myself, and rubbing my throbbing clitoris, which was all that remained of my penis.

“Ohhhh,” I moaned, before speaking in Portuguese. “<Yesssss. Fuck me, Daniel. Fuck me with your hard dick. I want it in my new p-pussy. Suck on my t-tits. Mhmm. Make them b-bigger! I want to have the biggest tits for you, and always dress up and look good for you! Let me b-balance you out and b-be your perfect girlfriend! So long as you c-cum in me! Ohhhh, I can j-just imagine it! I can f-feel it! I can - can - can - AIIIEEEE!!!>”

I cried out, writhing in euphoric relief as I experienced my first female orgasm, followed not long after by my second. It was like being flooded with bliss, and my whole body was wracked by it. I kicked off the sheets of my bed, shook my head violently, and my breasts bounced everywhere, even hurting a little. But it was a good hurt, and I even squeezed my tits together, imagining Daniel’s face right inside of them.

In the end, I was left panting and breathing heavily, the realisation coming down upon me.

“Shit!” I said, gathering myself. “The transformation is nearly done! The Charter!”

My intent was to run straight down, but my mind was even girlier. I had a shower, then I applied a rigorous haircare and skincare routine that left me feeling blissful yet again. I dressed myself in a lovely black set of lingerie, then put on a blue tube top that showed off my shoulders and cleavage, and then a loose skirt that only went down to just above my knees, with a slit on the side. I applied makeup professionally, knowing exactly what to do, and only *then* did I feel ready to take on the world. I rushed downstairs, but judging from the moans coming from several rooms, I wasn’t the only one who had become fully female overnight. I arrived at our display room, the magical Charter clearly displayed, and found that Astrid was already there, dressed as a sexy superhero with a leotard and boob window, taking photos of herself and blushing her new white cheeks with embarrassment as she showed off her tits. God, my tits were even slightly bigger than hers, and her cans were huge! Riley was there, texting madly on her phone, tears in her eyes. Peyton was reading the charter, occasionally patting her rear. She had evidently knocked over a trophy with it when she’d turned around and hadn’t even noticed yet. Caleb was whining and whining, now shorter than ever, looking like a complete goth girl, her boobs pushed up by her corset to show a ridiculous amount of pale cleavage. The Swedish twins were holding hands nervously, talking amongst themselves in their new language.

“Camilla!” Giselle called in her French accent. “Ze Charter! It has changed! Look!”

“We’ve all changed,” Astrid said, finishing her selfie and sighing. “I’ve got a pussy.”

“Same!” Frank said. “It’s fuckin’ awesome, mates. Seriously, has anyone masturbated yet? Tell me you’ve masturbated!”

There was a chorus of agreement, and I joined it. I even admitted how good it felt, and from the blushing face of Rukia I could tell she’d felt the same.

“We’re stuck like this,” she declared in her soft, lilting Japanese accent. She was wearing a really gorgeous orange summer dress that pulled tight around her little waist, and her hair hung all the way down to her behind. She couldn’t have looked more like a future traditional housewife if she tried.

I ignored them, as well as the whispers and murmurs from the crowd about how much more ‘blessed in the chest’ I now was, as well as the fact that I was now wearing a tube top and skirt like I was more than proud of my curvaceous form. Instead, I looked over the charter where Giselle was pointing it out, as well as Peyton and Karli Larsson. Sure enough, a new, glowing pink text had added to the end of our various conditions.

“To be sealed in five days.”

“Five days!?” I gasped. “But - but we haven’t made any more progress!”

“Maybe it doesn’t mean permanent,” Astrid said, though I could tell even she didn’t believe it. “Damn, it does, doesn’t it? No wonder my wardrobe is now full of sexy outfits. There’s a Poison Ivy one in there, and a Harley Quin. Man, and I just learned I’m on the cheer squad. Cheering my own damn teammates . . .”

“Like, this isn’t fair!” Riley cried, hugging me, her own chest having filled out to an impressive E-cup or so. “I’m, like, dumber than ever! And I can’t stop being soooooo horny. I give up! Let’s just stay as women! We’re not gonna make it back so why, like, even fight it anymore!?”

I thought of Daniel, and how good it felt to be in his presence. I imagine we were all feeling that in some way, even Astrid: I’d noticed that Jason’s hair was less greasy and his hygiene far better lately. I had little doubt that it was her influence.

“No, we can fight this,” I said. “No matter how good it feels, we can fight it. At the very least, we won’t lose our minds, I promise you! We just need to work extra hard. No more events like the beach day, got it?”

There was a general agreement, though I could tell Riley was pouting. She’d *loved* the beach day. As had Peyton, but then she was *meant* to be a bikini model.

“We need to talk to Beta Sigma Beta and kick them into high gear,” I said. “We’ll find someone who can do magic if we have to!”

To say the plan disintegrated would be an understatement. The problem was, our own lack of focus courtesy of the magic made it very, very hard for our sessions with the frat not to accidentally turn into a series of dates. We tried to avoid it over the next two days, the clock still ticking, but we kept naturally pairing off. I would walk with Daniel around the campus green, discussing solutions, but in the end we would start discussing his love of physics and my newfound love of art, fashion, and *dance*.

"I mean, it doesn't like it's entirely a change for the worse!" he said as we walked, my breasts bobbing in my tight top, my hips sashaying gently, our hands brushing so close as to almost touch. "Not that I'm excusing what I did! I just mean . . . you were always so serious in the lectures. I respected you, don't get me wrong. But you just seemed . . . angry a lot."

"I had a chip on my shoulder," I replied with my lovely accent. "I grew up poor. My mother raised me before she passed. But we missed a lot of opportunities. I had to deal with people like Circe and Rukia. Sorry, I mean Caleb and Rory. I had to deal with them a lot. It hardened me, and I was always more introverted, focused on logic and coldness, which attracted me to mathematics and physics. But I had another side, too. With Hayley, I mean."

"I'm sorry I destroyed your relationship. I'm sure you're eager to get it back."

"I . . . I think I should be. But do you know the strangest part? As much as I loved having her as a girlfriend, I almost like having her as a best friend more."

"Really?"

I giggled a little, my hand brushing his again. "I know, it sounds crazy as hell. But . . . I never really had friends. I either had a girlfriend or I was completely alone. Hayley often bugged me about it. Now though, I have an entire sorority around me, and I have Riley - she needs me, now. And Hayley . . . I get a lot more passionate about her passions, now. Plus, I finally have a job, I guess. I like working alongside her. I don't know, maybe it's this silly bimbo brain you've given me."

"You're not a bimbo!" he protested. "I mean, my description was far too . . ."

I put my hand on my hip, thrusting out my considerable chest. "Male fantasy?"

"Well, uh, yeah. Yeah, definitely that. But you keep defying it! I thought I wanted a woman who was less smart than me, who could do the emotional work for me. It was stupid, and I was stupid. But talking to you, I realise . . ."

My heart skipped a beat, and I breathed in so deeply as to cause my ample assets to rise and fall like two great fleshy mountains.

"Realise what?"

He looked away and mumbled the response. "Realise I kinda . . . want someone more like you."

You could have cut the tension with a knife. Every part of me wanted to kiss him, to hold him, to get him to try and remind me of the formulas for mathematics and the laws of physics I had forgotten by this point. But I hesitated, knowing the cost.

“Say, why don’t we talk about your fashion sense?” I suggested.

“My fashion sense? I don’t know that I’ve got one, Camilla.”

“Exactly! We’re already on a detour, so let’s go get you some new glasses and some smarter clothing to show off how actually cute you are. Besides, this silly female brain of mine really wants to buy a new top . . . the kind that dips to show these big hooters off a little more. Wanna come?”

Boy, did he.

When we returned, we were laughing and holding hands and barely thinking. I was feeling warm from how he looked at my body, and I was enjoying seeing him dressed up smart casual, his glasses now suiting him, his hair styled better. I adjusted his hair a little with one hand, grinning from ear to ear.

“Now you look perfect,” I said. “Ready to be a leader of a frat again.”

“Ha! I doubt that. Timothy is a regular tyrant these days, but . . . I feel a lot better. You’re amazing, Camilla. Not just as a woman, but just . . . amazing.”

I gestured to his frat. “I suppose you better enter and-”

“Ohhhhhh! Ohhhh, yessss!”

My eyes went wide. So did his. We both recognised that voice. It was obviously Riley. I ran inside and so did he, the pair of us launching up the stairs, my shoulders aching from the way my heavy G-cups bounced. We crashed into the room where the sound was coming from, and sure enough, there was Riley naked on Timothy Helker’s lap, his cock inside of her, she writhing in ecstasy as she came.

“Yessss! Like, this is soooooo goooooood! Ohmigod, Camilla! You should - mmhmm - totes join in!”

Rage filled me. I had a big protective instinct now, and I strode forth and pulled Riley away from Timothy, even as a sort of envy flooded me as well.

“You douchebag! You took advantage of her!”

Timothy rose to his feet, seething with rage, his cheeks flushed with humiliation. He was still hard down there, his cock wet with my friend’s juices.

“You bitch! She wanted it! Get the fuck out of here!”

Daniel stepped forward ahead of me, protecting me. “Timothy, what the hell, man?”

"Oh, like you have a leg to stand on! You started this! I'm just enjoying the fruits of your labor. She wanted my dick, so I gave it to her."

Riley was confused, but I got her clothes for her and started to help her dress.

"I, like, really did want it, Camilla. I really did!"

"I know, it's just . . . I don't trust him."

"M-me either. But I'm soooo horny, and he promised to make the feelings go away!"

The fucker hadn't even used a condom. A new female lioness was rising in me, and I was proud to possess her.

"We're leaving. Don't even think of following us."

We left Timothy there, descending down the stairs. Other members were approaching from outside - Timothy had played some seriously fucked up cards, because they were coming from Alpha Zeta Rho - he'd wanted to be largely alone when this happened.

"Woah, is she okay?" Jason asked, looking nicer than ever thanks to Astrid's influence.

"She will be," I assured him.

"Timothy was fucking her," Daniel said. I'd never seen him so angry, he looked about ready to burst open. "He took advantage of her. He sent you all off to help figure out the magic problem, right?"

"H-he said he had to stay behind with Riley to figure something out!" Broden said, his arm around Tanisha's lap. The fit amazonian beauty helped take Riley and walk her away to our sorority. Riley was assuring everyone it was okay. It was obvious it had been consensual, but . . . there were lines. And there was also manipulation. I turned to face Beta Sigma Beta's men.

"He has to go," I said, fury in my heart.

"We - we can take a vote," Alexander replied. "It's never been done before, but-"

"It'll be done *now*," Daniel said. "He's out, immediately. Trust me, I'll make sure he's never part of this again."

"You'll be leader?" I replied.

"Maybe. I don't really care. I've got a lot to make up for, and I'll start by getting him out."

I could have kissed him, but the timing was bad. There was also something else going on: the look on the boys' faces told me that they had other news, something *big*.

"You found something?" I asked.

There was a slow series of nods, and Bernardo grinned. Peyton was beside him, and her hair was a bit mussed up. Had they been making out? Well, at least it wasn't through manipulation and taking advantage of a bimbo brain.

"We found the witch," he said. "And she's coming to campus tomorrow to undo the magic. She's going to fix the *Charter*."

I clutched Daniel's hand. The wave of emotions that ran through me was indescribable. I could pick out two quite clearly.

The first was relief.

The second was disappointment.

I couldn't tell which was bigger.

Part 11: Ready to Return

The vote was immediate. We could almost hear the yelling from our sorority. Timothy packed his things and fled in anger. Somehow, it wasn't even the best news of the day: the witch had been found thanks to the combined efforts of fraternity and sorority, and we were going to be turned back.

She arrived three days later, by which time we were all biting our fingers. My transformation was effectively complete: I now had hella big 36H-cup breasts, and damn they were heavy. I was a little smugly proud of them; I had a bigger bust than anyone, even Martha who was now a lactating MILF. Only mine were pert and proud, round and full on my chest. Still, as much as my body was pure, exquisite perfection, I was getting worried. Not only was the deadline for turning back almost over, but we weren't far off from *wanting* to stay changed, me included. Riley was having trouble keeping her pussy in her pants, and Rukia had started delivering handmade sushi rolls to Alexander, blushing all the while and muttering under her breath how much she hated *loving* her own submissive nature. Others were a bit more like me, and starting to appreciate what their new female side had given them. Tanisha loved her workout routines and helping spot Broden, and Peyton had taken more than a few selfies and novice photoshoots with Bernardo 'for the memories.' We even had girly nights at our sorority, comparing styles, fashion, watching movies that made us far more emotional than we were used to, even listening to Circe shred the guitar like a pro. It also gave me more time with Hayley, working alongside her and flirting with customers and appreciating what it was like to have an actual social life, with *friends*.

Still, I couldn't deny a profound sense of relief when the witch arrived. I got the text from Daniel to come over immediately, and I did so with Riley and Astrid in toe, the two I was closest with (Astrid was dressed up as something for Jason, a character called 'Tifa' which I wasn't familiar with, but she was certainly competing with me for skin shown off and cleavage emphasised). We were ushered into the living space of Beta Sigma Beta, and standing in the centre of the room was the witch herself.

She wasn't exactly the old woman that Daniel had described, but rather a pretty and tall brunette with arched eyebrows and a commanding expression like a royal queen.

"Y-you're the witch?" I asked.

She smirked, looking from me to Daniel and back again. "I am she," she said. "And a student here, now. I like to go where things get *lively*, especially when *someone* steals something he shouldn't. You're lucky you're not a frog right now, Daniel Mc Hadley."

He gulped, but she strode past to kiss me, surprisingly, on the cheek and take my hands.

"I'm very sorry this has happened to you," she said in her British accent. "Though you appear well adjusted. I am Selene."

"Camilla," I replied. "Camilla Garcia."

She raised an eyebrow. "Are you entirely sure?"

I hesitated. "Well . . . it's confusing."

"I imagine so. You're very lucky your friends found me. Too bad you're tethered to this dolt."

"He's not a dolt, he's just . . . he's a good man."

She narrowed her eyes again. "Well, I'll be, that wasn't even compelled from the magic. That was genuine feeling. No wonder this whole situation is complicated." She clapped her hands together. "So! An unbreakable charter. We'll need to add new clauses and see what we can fix. Can you show me it?"

I gestured for Astrid to bring it over. The charter could not be destroyed, but it could be rolled up and moved with the right care. My buxom blonde friend placed it down, and Riley gave a little squeak, still awed by it. The men gathered around. Other sorority sisters were arriving by this point, and were finding their own counterparts. Rukia, naturally, cuddled up against Alexander, uncertainty on her face. Tanisha entered, looming over us as she stared down at the charter. We all waited with bated breath to see what Selene would do. I found myself taking Daniel's hand, feeling the strength of our connection - not the magical part but the genuine connection we had formed together.

"Can you do anything?" I eventually whispered.

Selene raised her head. "I believe I can. This magic has been done more cleanly than I thought. Props to your 'boyfriend' here, he didn't do the worst job, though he still fucked it up enough."

Circe tittered at that. The fact that she was positioned in front of Peter Dancer and holding his arms around her didn't register any irony in her, apparently.

"It'll take time, though," she said. "I've got to get the clauses right. If I add too many, or try to wipe out too much, then the whole thing might lock. Think of it like an alarm system, or a cake in the oven. I'm not good at metaphors. My point is, don't fucking steal my

spellbook next time.”

“Sorry,” Daniel said. “Lesson learned.”

I smirked at this, squeezing his hand. “More than one lesson, I’d say. I think we all learned a bit from this ordeal. Not all of it bad, Selene.”

At this, she just scoffed. “You almost sound like you want to stay.”

An awkward silence filled the room. I didn’t know how to respond. God help me, I didn’t know how to respond! Why wasn’t it just . . . easy?

“I . . . one more night would be nice, I guess,” I said, cuddling up against Daniel a little. “Just to say goodbye to it all.”

Selene stood up and shook her hair out. “Well, you’re in luck. One more day is what you have, and what I need. See this?” She raised what appeared to be an ink quill in her hand. It glowed a bright, neon pink at its tip. “This will amend your Sorority Charter. I’ll be able to unwind the clauses and change you back, leaving this all as temporary. There might be some parts that stay - some skills, mental attributes, some lost muscle mass, but take it up with Daniel for *stealing my goddamn spellbook*.”

“I didn’t realise you used it!” he said weakly.

“I don’t. I got ones way better than that. But it’s an *heirloom*, jackass. You’re lucky ‘your girl’ vouches for you as a changed man. Again, *frog fate*.”

I stood protectively in front of him, but she just waved his hand. “I know, I know, you like him. Whatever. So, I need to keep the Charter and this quill close together so the magic binds. You got space in your sorority?”

I beamed. “We certainly do!”

Selene began marching out, gesturing for the men to move aside, which they did.

“Good! Daniel, try to tone by grabbing my bags. Girls, bring the Charter and the quill back to the display area where the magic is most fertile. It’ll bond overnight, and tomorrow the big changes can be made!”

She turned her head back a little and winked at us sorority sisters present.

“Oh, and I’m sure you can enjoy one last night of celebration *away* from my work, thank you very much.”

Before I left, I could already see the plans erupting in everyone’s minds, the excitement beginning to dawn, the anxiousness too. We were at the end of our journey, and where did we go from here?

There was only one answer to that.

We had one last night to celebrate our sexy female bodies, to enjoy being women, and for the boys of Beta Sigma Beta to make amends to us in a wonderfully celebratory fashion.

Yes, we had an entire *party*. We bought drinks to cheer us up, and the frat boys went along with it, playing music as we requested, buying food and drinks and dressing up more stylishly than they ever had to please our girly and rather horny troupe. Daniel kept close to me, assuring me that nothing like what happened at the beach would ever happen again and that he was keeping an eye out, but frankly, I just wanted to have fun now that I knew the end was drawing close to this - well, not nightmare. Not anymore. I'd had too much fun and learned too much about how to cut loose and just enjoy the moment to think of this as a nightmare. Perhaps simply a scary yet wonderful dream that had made me grow as a person, especially in two prominent places, ha!

So I told Daniel to can it with the mopey talk, and just have fun with me, like we had at the beach and on our not-dates. Hell, I'd already invited Hayley around to the frat, and she brought her own boyfriend, and I could scarcely believe how totally *okay* I was with that. He was handsome and a good match for her, and she and I went gaga over each other's outfits! Soon we were all drinking more, singing classic eighties songs and the like. We'd all dressed up; I was in a black dress that was damn *tight* on my figure and had an in-built push-up bra that made my tits look damn *fine*. Huge, and oh-so-fucking fine. And the kicker? I'd bought it myself. It wasn't even a reality change.

"I feel so fucking hot right now!" I exclaimed as the party really got going. We were letting our bodies go free, and I was giggling at Daniel's dorky dance moves, gradually getting him out of his shell and encouraging him to move those nerdy hips of his. Even Martha was dancing with her partner, while Tanisha and Broden were crushing the dance floor, using their incredible strength to pull off some serious moves. Already Riley was feeling a lot better: there were a number of men who hadn't gone along with the spell, after all, and she was at the centre of them, giggling and laughing and flirting like all hell. It was an entire disaster waiting to happen, but who cared if we were going to change back in the morning? Tonight, we could just be free, and maybe even . . . explore some other feelings as well.

I will be honest, I don't remember much of that night. Riley did a stripper dance, I remember that part. Tanisha arm-wrestled half the boys and won. Circe got out the electric guitar and fucking *shredded*, and then demanded Peter Dancer get out there with his drums and kickass with her, which he did. Rukia kept serving drinks and food, and made sure everyone was taken care of, and for once she seemed okay being her submissive self. Frankie was nuts, of course. I doubted she ever wanted to change back, because she was making out with her man on one of the couches all night long.

And me?

I couldn't resist him, in the end. Daniel looked to me like I was the whole world, and I knew in my heart that I'd already forgiven him. I'd become his dream girl, sure, and I certainly was struggling with my inhibitions, but I was actually happy. I wasn't looking to prove something. I wasn't hiding away. I was here, and I was ready for something new, even just for this night.

So I whispered in his ear, my voice giving away my tipsiness.

"Let's go upstairs," I said. "I wanna show you something."

He raised his eyebrows, but I could have let him into a volcano by that point, and so I took his hands and dragged him up the stairs. I found his room and giggled as he followed in, then closed the door.

"Close your eyes," I said. "It's a surprise."

Daniel did just as I asked, but his grin was evident. "Um, is it a gift? What are you showing me?"

"This," I said. "Open your eyes."

He did, and saw that I'd taken my dress off, and my bra too. My huge G-cups, now bordering on near-head-sized H-cups, were sitting proud and pert and fucking *round* on my chest, jutting forth with dark nipples erect and desperate to be touched.

"Ta Da," I said dramatically, cupping them and striking a sexy pose. "What do you think, big boy?"

His erection was immediate, but his expression was flabbergasted.

"Camilla, this isn't you, you need to-"

But I stepped forward and shushed him. "Don't worry. I'm not Riley. I'm not being manipulated. And you're no Timothy. But I want this, just for tonight. I'm really drunk and I'm really horny and I really like you, so why don't you suck on my tits and then fuck my brains out, you sexy dork."

Well, *that* was permission enough, because he immediately pulled me against him and kissed me. I returned the kiss, moaning into his mouth softly as his hands held my body. I pushed them further down to cup my juicy backside, then continued to make out with him, putting my arms over his shoulders and resting them there in a supremely feminine gesture.

"Mhmm, you kiss well," I said.

"Holy shit, you kiss *amazing*."

I giggled, and then kissed him again. This time I used my tongue, and moments later so did he. My nipples stiffened further, and I pressed my chest up against him so that he peeked down at my gargantuan cleavage.

"Woah."

"Made you look!"

"How can I not?"

I began undoing his shirt buttons. "Now let's get you naked. I wanna feel you, Daniel. I wanna *fuck* you."

I was so aroused that I didn't care how feminine and lustful I was being. He began to unbuckle his trousers, and it excited me so much that I started to help him. Soon he was naked, and his cock, while not massive, was thicker and still larger than I expected. I didn't care all that much about size, though. For a former guy, too big would be too intimidating. I was like Goldilocks - I wanted everything *just right*.

"Come here, handsome," I said, crawling up on the bed. "How do you want me?"

I could see the nervousness in his expression. "Um, is, uh, missionary okay? I mean, I know it's all standard, but I really want to look in your eyes when we . . . well, when we make love."

Something in my heart soared. I was being all horny, and he was being *romantic*, and in such a genuine, shy way too. I kissed him pressing my breasts against his form, enjoying the pulses of pleasure his firmness gave to my sensitive nipples.

"*Bom Deus*. Daniel, you couldn't have said that any better."

We got onto the bed, and soon he was on top of me, humping me slightly as I kissed him. My boobs wobbled, and he cupped them, squeezing them together.

"Ah," I said. "Bit more gently, please."

"S-sorry! I'll be careful."

"It's okay," I said. "Is this your first time?"

He shook his head. "But . . . first time in a while. And never with someone so . . ."

"Latina? Busty? A former man?"

"Hot," he admitted. "And beautiful. And amazing and - can I go inside you? Sorry, I'm just . . . I want to make sure you're okay with this."

I smiled, and actually grabbed his cock. Why was it turning me on so much? I grabbed it and pressed it against my entrance. With a moment's nervous, anxious anticipation, I held it there, and then I gave into my newfound freedom and embraced the chaos and the wonder and the beauty of my being.

"Ohhhhhh," I moaned as he slid inside me. "Ohhhh, that's s-so strange. *Deus*. Don't stop! Mhmm!"

He slid further into me, causing me to moan.

"Good girl."

Fuck if *that* didn't turn me on, being called his *good girl*. I kissed him passionately, then pulled his face into my endless cleavage, letting him lick and suck my big, sensitive nipples. I grunted and groaned, spreading my legs wider as he thrust again, and then again, seemingly getting harder and harder as he pounded my wet pussy. His cock stimulated

every nerve, lighting my passage up like a Christmas tree. I squeezed my breasts together, playing with them as he fucked me, then giving way to his own ministrations.

“I I-love your breasts!”

“I love how much you I-love them!” I cried back. “I love being your f-fucking *stacked* latina! Ohhhh, go f-faster!”

I gripped his ass and pulled him further into me. I was bucking my hips in time with his, the pair of us forming a perfect dance. Finally, it was too much. My breasts were jiggling, slapping audibly, and he lowered himself to kiss me. I pressed my overdeveloped assets against him, passionately locking lips.

And then I came.

Dear *Lord*, I came.

I came so fucking hard that I thought I was having a seizure, and then the unrelenting waves of pleasure continued so long and hard that I nearly didn't notice him cumming inside me, flooding my tunnel with his hot, sticky seed. The orgasms were so continuous that they became *one*, and I lost count of how many there were supposed to be. His bear-like grunting in my ear only extended the bliss, and I squeezed him with my legs, refusing to let him go.

It was in that post-coital bliss, looking into Daniel's eyes and feeling his hardness against my softness, *experiencing* how perfect our coupling was, that I had my last memory of that night. I was drunk, and I was perfect, and I was more happy than I'd ever been.

I was Camilla Garcia.

Did I even want to go back?

Part 12: The Snag

Something was wrong when I woke. The body against mine was far too soft, and my breasts, large as they were, seemed to be touching another pair of breasts. For a moment I thought that, somehow in the chaos, I had slept with Hayley. It filled me with shame; what I'd shared with Daniel last night had been too special to diminish like that.

But then I opened my eyes, and saw Daniel.

Daniel changing.

Daniel groaning.

Daniel developing *breasts*, his body vibrating softly, his eyes a panic as he began to moan.

“*Que porra é essa!?* What the fuck!?! Daniel, what's happening!?”

“D-don't kn-know!” he managed, voice cracking as his eyebrows became feminine, his jawline too. His hair even extended, leaving him as a surprisingly beautiful Caucasian girl

with a cute nerdy look. "I c-can't move! Why am I becoming - ahhh - a girl!? Ahh! Why am I s-seeing golden words!?"

I got to my feet and went to call for help. I only made it as far as the door when something sharp flew through my brain. I turned and saw words of my own flying straight at me.

"No! That bitch! She tricked us!"

And then I couldn't move. The golden words were more powerful and radiant than ever before, flooding into me as I took them in.

"Submissive to me . . . follow my every whim . . . an entire harem devoted to me alone . . . revenge . . ."

No, it couldn't be Selene. The voice was male. I recognised that voice. Who the hell was that *voice*!?

I was distracted as Daniel rose from the bed, now sprouting large D-cup breasts and a slender figure. She moaned as clothing encircled her; a push-up bra and then a cute dress that made her look like a sexy librarian, stylish glasses and cute ponytail and all.

"Camilla! I'm not in control of my body!" she cried in a panic. "I'm sorry - I don't know how this happened but I feel it's my fault!"

"It's not yours!" I said, grabbing her hand even as my own body began to march against its will. "I know who's behind this!"

We were marched down the stairs. I didn't even get to clean up, but then I didn't need to; all of the women exiting Beta Sigma Beta were in perfect health and hygiene, looking as if they were all ready to head to the club or go on a date or, in some cases, go for something *saucier* in the bedroom. I looked to Tanisha, who was clearly raging her muscles against her magical compulsions, and then to Rukia, who looked far more uncomfortable with *this* kind of submission. Riley was exiting a room with several other women who looked terrified; I recognised that they *must* be other Beta Sigma Beta members who had changed into women like Daniel. It also made me realise I was not the only one to get lucky last night, not by far.

"What's going on!?"

"Why do I have tits!?"

"Whoever did this, you can take me, but let Circe go! She doesn't deserve any of this!"

"Yeah, let the Sorority go! We started the magic, Selene!" Jason cried, or at least I assumed the thick nerd girl was Jason, given she was holding hands with Astrid. "If we're to be punished, do it! But don't mind control my Astrid!"

The Beta boys may have started this whole nonsense, but they clearly had redeemed themselves, because soon there was a chorus of brave defences of the Alpha Zeta Rho

sisters. Lawrence Hart was even going to bat for Martha, urging her to run at the soonest possibility, despite the fact that she was now quite the MILF herself.

"Fuck you, Selene!" Circe cried.

"It's not Selene," I uttered loudly, as we marched out of the fraternity and straight towards Alpha Zeta Rho. The witch was standing there in front of the entrance, but she was now wearing nothing but black lingerie over her pale skin, and her make up was hella slutty, her lips fuller, her breasts more exaggerated in size. Her expression was one of shame and fury, but not at us.

"It's not her at all," I repeated, squeezing Daniel's hand tighter.

A figure emerged from the doorway, slowly clapping his hands. Timothy Hellers was taller than before, musclier, and certainly more handsome, but the ginger-haired loser was recognisable regardless. He had the magic ink quill over his ear, and it glowed menacingly neon pink at its end.

"Well, isn't this beautiful?" he called out. "First I lose Riley, then I lose my position as Fraternity Head, and then I lose my fraternity entirely! You really had me on the outs, everyone, especially you, Daniel, and you Camilla, you *bitch*. And then just imagine my luck when I snuck back to the fraternity to see what fuss was going on with your mysterious guest, and I overheard the promise of my salvation."

He removed the glowing pink quill from above his ear and twirled it in the air as if he was a conductor before his orchestra.

"Tell me, how does it feel to be part of my harem, you treasonous *fuckers!*?"

A wave of exhalation and whimpers spread across the crowd, and I realised I was making sounds like that myself. I rubbed my thighs together, feeling the dampness in my crotch. Fuck me, he was handsome. I knew it was the foul magic compulsions, but it hit me nonetheless. I wanted to fuck him. I wanted to be *his*. I wanted him to degrade me and make me submissive and share me and shame me. It was all wrong, as far as possible from the respect and attraction and care Daniel had shown to me. This was total domination, but the magic was too strong to fully resist.

"Go on, admit how you feel about me!" he yelled.

There was only a brief pause before the responses came, and I could hear the strain in their voices.

"I - I love you, Timothy! I, like, really want you to fuck my bimbo brains out!"

"I want to dress up in sexy cosplay for you!"

"Let me suck your cock! I promise to swallow and never spit!"

"Take me from behind! I betrayed you as your brother, so I deserve to be mounted!"

"I'll always wear sexy lingerie for you!"

Even Daniel spoke up, standing behind me. "I'll - oh God - I'll be yours! I'll do every naughty thing to make up for what I did! I -"

Then he looked at me, his eyes shifting in my direction, and he seemed to regain some of his stolen willpower.

"I - I - FUCK YOU, TIM! YOU BASTARD! TURN US ALL BACK, NOW! DON'T YOU DARE DO ANYTHING TO CAMILLA OR ANY OF THE GIRLS WE CHANGED!"

I'd never seen him so angry, and it lit a small fire in me. Not enough to overcome the magic, but enough to feel its heat, and take comfort in it. Unfortunately, Timothy Hellers just smirked. He stood next to Selene and patted her on the ass, which caused her to blush.

"Th-thank you," she murmured. "I d-deserve that. God, I hate you."

"Oh, don't worry, I love a bit of passionate hate sex," Tim said. "A good thing for me that writing your name in the Sorority Charter made you so submissive to me, or I might be in trouble. Fortune favours the bold though, doesn't it? Although, perhaps not after *that* outburst, Daniel. In fact, I think some changes are in order! Oh, and with more witnesses, too! You're just in time, my lovely ladies!"

He gestured with a sweep of his arm out to the side, and our gazes shifted as one to take in a new horrific spectacle: at least two or three dozen more women were approaching, many dressed in absurd harem outfits, one in a dominatrix costume, a few in bikinis and fetishwear. I was trying to figure out who they were, but my Camilla side actually had a bit of intelligence on that front; I paid a lot more attention to people now that I was more extraverted, and so I connected the dots.

"You changed the professors!?" I cried.

Timothy chuckled. "Well done! A few gave me less-than-spectacular grades, and others I just felt could use an upgrade. After all, why not take full advantage of the Sorority Charter and its magic? There's also a few ex-girlfriends in there, a couple of footballers who disrespected me. I'm keen to let each one of them make it up to me."

Their eyes showed their shock despite their sensual body language. To my utter horror, I noticed that Hayley was in the crowd. She'd never done anything to Tim, and yet there she was, her figure more exaggerated, her lips pouty and full and plastic.

"*Babaca!* You asshole!" How did you change them so fast?"

He smirked back at me. "A lucky coincidence. I'm not sure, actually. Any ideas, Selene, my pretty whore of a witch?"

I could tell she wanted to kill him on the spot, but was totally under his sway.

"The magic has reached its fruition with the initial members who were cursed. As such, it can catch everyone up who gets added later. A loophole I should have seen. If I get free . . . you'll suffer eternally!"

"Well, I'll have to make sure you don't get free, then!"

“People will come and stop you!” I yelled.

“Yeah!” Riley added. “There’s, like, way too much going on here! Even if I, like, really wanna give you a tittyjob and stuff, you can’t, like, get away with this, no matter how handsome you are!”

“And then you’ll get fucking wrecked!” Circe screamed from the back. “Uh, no offence. You know, because you’re such a sexy master and all. Goddamnit.”

Timothy cackled again. “Haven’t we all learned by now that no one is coming? Remember, no one else remembers reality being any different! To the rest of the world, me having the world’s biggest harem located in Sanderson College is perfectly ordinary!”

Despite the horrid confluence of events, I knew he was right. Reality would consider this a regular thing, and no one would be the wiser. We would be his slaves forever. It made me sick to my stomach how much my body wanted it. I could feel my brain becoming ever more susceptible to him.

“Which is why I’m going to have a lot of fun getting what I deserve,” Timothy continued. “I had planned on fucking my sexy bimbo Riley, just to complete an act you all stopped, but given that you betrayed me, Daniel, and spoke up so loudly, then maybe I’ll do you first, right in front of everyone.”

He snapped his fingers, and we all followed submissively, no matter how much we wanted to resist, he was just too *irresistible*! And yet I could feel a kernel of that flame inside of me, focused on Daniel. I could remember the passion he had shown me last night, the tender care, the intense attraction. How cute and dorky and loving he was, despite his initial magical muckup. His capacity for change. And it reminded me of all the change I had undergone. How I had gone from a young man with a chip on his shoulder and few to no friends, to a confident woman who had the biggest circle of friends imaginable, and had discovered a passion for art and creativity that went beyond the bounds of her previous love of science. I still wanted the latter back, but I couldn’t hate what had happened to me. I loved too much of who I had become.

Which is why I knew I had the strength to do what needed to be done, even as we poured into the living space of Alpha Zeta Rho. The charter was sprawled across an improvised table - two coffee tables pushed together - and had an extensive amount of commentary in pink written on it. Timothy had been at work all night, inking in the margins and adding names and conditions. The words ‘submissive and loyal’ were quite extensively featured. I could feel that loyalty growing within me. I squeezed Daniel’s hand to keep that fire lit.

“Why don’t we form a nice circle right here?” Timothy said. “Those of us who can fit? I’m rather keen to let everyone watch as I fuck you, Daniel. Or should I say *Danielle*, now? Ha!”

Danielle blushed. I could see that the words were starting to work on her. I embraced her, hugging my lover.

"I just need the quill," I whispered, so that only she could hear me.

Danielle nodded, understanding the stakes. She left me, and our hands parted. It only made that fire within me roar even bigger.

"That's the spirit," Timothy said, gesturing out his arms. "I'm thinking I can fuck you right here on the floor. Maybe take you from behind like the bitch you are now, Danielle. What do you say?"

Daniel moaned, whimpered. "That - oh God, that sounds good!"

We all made our own murmurs. It sounded very good. We could feel the jealousy growing. Rukia, in particular, seemed desperate to want to please her new master, courtesy of her already submissive nature. Riley just looked impatient to be fucked. I searched out Hayley's eyes and whispered to her.

"I'm sorry."

She nodded, not understanding what was going on.

"I'll make it right," I mouthed. I wasn't even sure if she understood me. My former girlfriend-turned-bestie would *not* fall to him. I refused to let that happen.

Unfortunately, the man I cared for most in the world was currently undressing. The Swedish twins gave a little 'ahhh' of approval as Danielle kissed Timothy, and a mix of envy, arousal, and disgust flooded through me, as I imagined we were all feeling.

"Zis is not right," Gabi murmured. "But I can do nothing."

"I'm just so turned on by it," I said, stepping closer, then to the side, as if angling to get a better view. "Please let me watch, Timothy!"

"Oh course, dear. You and Riley are next."

I shifted closer to the table with the charter. It could not be destroyed, but now it could be *added to*. I exhaled, readying myself. Danielle was kissing Timothy, and he was unbuttoning her top, readying to free her delicious breasts. The tension in the room had never been higher. This moment was everything. Danielle kissed him again, then, summoning all the strength she could, she gripped the ink quill that Timothy had foolishly left in his pocket while he was distracted and flung it over to me. There was a gasp, and I caught it in midair. I had so little time, because Timothy noticed only a second later it was missing, and turned to face me even as I dove for the charter.

"You BITCH!" he screamed, pushing Danielle aside. "Stop her! My harem, get her!"

He marched towards me, but my allies summoned just enough of their willpower to distract him. Tanisha in particular moved slowly, using her stolid, strong body to block the man, and Astrid launched herself at him, still in her sexy superhero cosplay.

"Let me, my hero!" she cooed. "I'll use my *powers* to stop him!"

“What the fuck! Get out of the way!”

They did so, but each offered resistance as I scrawled upon the Sorority Charter in one of the last blank sections left. I put down Timothy Hella's name, and included my conditions, all while striking out any mention of ‘loyal and submissive’ to him that I could find. Riley began tugging on Timothy's pants, as desperate for his cock as she was to stop him.

“Get the fuck out of my way! All of you!”

He ran for me, grabbing my hair and ripping me back. I deliberately flung the ink quill back into the crowd. He was too late: I'd finished the line. I fell, only for Danielle and Tanisha to catch me. My focus was on our tormentor, who was searching to see what I'd written.

“Timothy Heller is a member of our sorority. A nice girl, without a mean bone in her body, who always wants the best for her sisters.”

“Try not being an asshole for the rest of your life!” I spat.

He turned just in time to look at me with horror, and then his body began to change.

“No! NO! You can't do this to me!”

But it was already done: his hair grew longer, his figure shifted and changed, becoming a cute girl-next-door type with vibrant red hair and a slender figure. She clutched her brain, struggling to even hurl obscenities at us, moaning as her mind was rewritten to be compelled to be much nicer. When she raised her head finally, it was horror in her eyes.

“No! This isn't - oh God. I'm sorry! I'm so, so, soooooo sorry! We need to fix what I've done! I mean - no! You did this to me, but - I need things to be better for you! What did you do to me!?”

“Made you a nice girl,” I replied. “Selene, can you fix the rest of us?”

The witch was already striding forward, looking utterly *pissed*. She gazed right into the terrified Timothy's soul with a glare that could have turned flesh to stone.

“You're lucky I have to see to these poor souls first, or I'd be having your liver plucked out each day for eternity.”

Timothy whimpered, but the witch pushed past her. She moved to the charter and groaned. “What an utter mess! Shit! Fuck!”

She looked back to us, and I could see what was to come already.

“I can undo everything that cockroach has done, and I'll be able to undo a number of your mental restrictions, but I *won't* have time to change all your bodies back, or even reverse most of your new personalities. I can only change a few back. I'm sorry.”

There was a pause, and then, perhaps even to my own shock, I actually laughed.

“Camilla?” Daniel asked.

I kissed him. “This is such a relief. I'd like to have my love of science and maths back, and some intelligence too, but I want to stay as Camilla. I want to stay with you.”

The immediate broad, beaming grin on his face was priceless.

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely!"

Riley was the next to pipe up. "Like, I'd love to stay too! Maybe just make me, like, not sooooo dumb, but I'm totally down to still be totes sexy and stuff!"

"No way am I losing these muscles," Tanisha said, flexing. "Or my man Broden here."

Broden put an arm around his amazonian, grinning almost as much as Daniel.

One by one the others agreed. Some preferred to be changed back, but even the Swedish twins decided to stay - apparently they'd developed a true twin bond while I wasn't paying attention. Gabi was perfectly happy as a sexy French girl; much better than her original ugly self. Still, I expected Rukia and Circe to wanted to change back. Except . . .

"I will stay with Alexander," she said. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but I like the new me more, and being with my boyfriend. I want . . . I want to give him the biggest family possible!"

That made Circe's jaw drop, and in the end the punk rock goth girl rolled her eyes. "Fine, fuck it! I still have my mean streak, but I like this new style. Just don't think I'm still not the coolest kid on the block now, got it?"

Laughter spread, and Selene looked shocked.

"Well, I guess I'll just make some minor adjustments, then," she said, sighing with relief. "That, I can certainly do."

She got to work on the charter, while my sisters and I came together with our fraternity lovers. It was the dawn of a new day.

Part 13: Epilogue

That was four years ago. As you no doubt discerned from my introduction at the very beginning of this long story, things turned out alright, and I was more than happy to stay as Camilla. I love my gorgeous latina body, I love my huge boobs, even if they are a distraction at times, to me and others, no doubt about it. God knows, Daniel loves them, and makes a point to be clear on that every night, because I am still just that damn lusty.

Yes, we're still together, and yes, I love him. The whole reason I wanted to get this story down is because just last week he proposed to me. God, I was a mess of tears. I started speaking in Portuguese instead of English I was so overcome. I finally screamed yes as I leapt into his arms, and we had a metric fuckton of sex in the aftermath. Trust me, once you experience a female orgasm - or multiple orgasms, as I often did - you never want to go

back. Especially when you've ended up with such a sweet, caring dork of a man like my future husband. Besides, it's just too fun getting him all riled up when I give him the most amazing titty jobs you can imagine. I let that slip to Hayley once, and she never stopped teasing me for it.

I'm no longer at Alpha Zeta Rho. I graduated with my major in art *and* mathematics, with a minor in physics. A big shout out to Selene for giving me back my old passions, while still allowing me to live as my new, better self.

We're all living as our better selves, in fact. It's harder to keep in touch with my sorority sisters these days, but we all managed to check in once in a while, despite us being all over the place now. Hell, Rukia is already married and expecting her *third* child with Alexander Sato. Yep, that's three children in just four years. She must give birth and recover like a pro, because when I do get to see her, she looks just as beautiful as ever. No doubt Alex's parents are thrilled. I sometimes wonder if Rory only lashed out to show how masculine he was because deep down he *wanted* to be more feminine. As Rukia, that'll no doubt be the case.

Circe remained Rukia's best friend, and never an odder pair has one seen. She's actually taking off in the local scene as a punk rocker. Turns out she's got quite the singing voice, and she can let off any frustrations about her new life in her cryptic and rather vulgar lyrics. Naturally, I go to every performance I can, dragging along Daniel and making out with him. It helps when I promise to wear fishnet stockings and a corset that makes my already-huge tits absolutely *pop*. I feel like I'm banging on the same drum over and over here, but we fuck a lot at festivals. In fact, after I encouraged Daniel to do a little weight training, it was at one of Circe's festivals that I actually got banged up against a wall for the first time. It's one of our regular positions now; it makes him so dominant in the sexiest way.

The others have all adjusted. Karli and Freja actually moved 'back' to Sweden, despite technically never having been there. They love it, though apparently they often compete with boys. Not a problem for Frankie. She dated her Beta Sigma Beta counterpart for a while, but nothing could pin down that free Aussie girl. She's travelling the world constantly, with an endless parade of men on her arm according to her Instagram feed.

Astrid may not have returned to being a Lions captain, but she certainly bulked a bit to become part of a local women's football club. It helps her Power Girl cosplays anyway, as well as her She-Hulk ones. No one hears any complaints about it from Jason, whose hygiene is excellent, and is now her professional photography as well as boyfriend.

Gabi became a model; I bet she never expected that! As did Peyton, but then *everyone* knew that would happen. Bernardo is also her professional photographer, a job he definitely relishes. The pair are also engaged, and I can't wait to be the maid of honour at

her wedding. She's already told me that she intends her wedding dress to really emphasise her wonderful backside. Who can blame her?

Riley and Hayley remain my best friends, of course. Hayley is studying her PhD in Ancient History, and I couldn't be happier for her. Thanks to Selene's magic, all the temporary transformers remember nothing of what went down, which I'm grateful for. Sometimes I still look at her and imagine what our life would have been like together, but I think we're both happier off. Besides, though she hadn't found *the one* yet, I love being her wingwoman at bars. It's just, well, I say this with a big of smugness, I have to clarify that I'm already taken first. The big bosom is a big draw, after all.

As for Riley, she's a total slut and loving it. No judgement from me at all! Free from Timothy Hellers, she became quite the party girl, dragging me along to clubs and the like. She still loves threesomes - Selene couldn't undo that part - but I suspect she's very happy with that condition anyway. Of course, she's also a fucking mathematics *whiz*, and has a great career ahead in that. Stereotypes, eat your heart out!

And last of all, there's Timothy Hellers. Or, rather, *Taylor* Hellers. After my tenure and graduation, she stuck on as the new head of Alpha Zeta Rho's sorority house, welcoming new initiates and staying on as a student for the long-term. Is it weird to say I'm happy for her? I mean, I'm also amused by her fate and all, but after years of struggling with it, I think the experience has made her grow. She still gets embarrassed from time to time, but having a sweet boyfriend that crushes hard on her has really mellowed her out. Hey, if even Caleb and Rory can change, why not Timothy? Besides, if she ever finds a way back to her old body and ways, she knows Selene has that whole 'frog for life' or 'liver plucking' threat,

Which leaves me, of course. I'm planning on going into the sciences, still. It's an ode to my former self, but nothing will stop me from my arts and craft in my spare time. I've already sold a good number of paintings and sketches, and I like to visit cons with Astrid and sell more themed stuff there. Daniel encourages me, and while the money is good from it, it's frankly mostly done for the passion. It *is* me, now. My expression of myself, and all that I've become thanks to that spellbook and that charter.

Of course, as nice and romantic as that all is, the charter also gave me a wild and carefree side that I will never stop indulging in. Daniel loves my curvaceous bod, and I love showing it off for him. So let's just say that to thank him for his romantic proposal on the beach, I've bought a very expensive and sexy set of lingerie to show off for him tonight. He has no idea, but I know it'll drive him wild to see me in it, especially when he learns the underwear is *crotchless*.

What can I say? I still have the eagerness and excitement of a hot sorority girl!

The End