

CHAPTER 1

So, there are many important truths in the world. You learn them as you are growing up. Things like ‘look both ways before crossing the street’ or ‘never get involved in a land war in Asia.’ Well, I want to add another one to the list. ‘Never insult a witch.’

It all started one afternoon when we were throwing a Frisbee around my sophomore year of college. At 5’ 10”, I was average, but not tall, which meant that Frisbee was often an exercise in frustration since Nate, Josh, and Steve, my three best friends were all over 6 foot. During games of Ultimate, I was able to do OK because I was fairly fast and nimble (I had a relatively slim, but athletic build). Anyway, I had just grabbed the disc away from Josh, and I threw a short, hard pass to Nate, which knocked him straight in the chest. Surprised he yelled “What the Hell Zach?”

“Sorry, thought you were paying attention.” I replied.

“No,” he said, walking over, “I was distracted by a whale tail sighting.” He pointed.

At this point the four of us had all migrated to one corner of the field we were playing in. Right next to us was one of the greenhouses that were used for some of the science classes on campus. And inside was this goth chick, who was leaning over planting flowers. She had a perfect heart shaped ass, and every time she leaned over, you could clearly see the ‘whale’ tale. That was the name around campus for any time a girl’s thong was visible above her pants. Her thong was bright pink with a little bow at the top. It made her ass look awesome and we could all not help but stare.

Now, that is when I proceeded to do something really stupid. I had just picked up one of the new iPhones with the awesome camera on it. So I decided to try it out. I pulled out my phone, focused in on her ass, and

was about to take the picture when the girl turned around and stared at me. All the laughing stopped. She gave us one of those death glares that only women can really manage. I stood transfixed, for some reason I could not break eye contact with her. Vaguely, I heard my friends saying “Come on Zach, lets get out of here...”

I couldn't really think of a response. Eventually, without really thinking, I blurted out, “I am going to go apologize to her.”

“Whatever Man. Meet us back at the dorms.” Said a voice behind me. I think it was Josh.

Meanwhile, the girl was still staring me in the eye. She was walking out the side door and towards me. When she reached me, I could swear I saw fire in her eyes. She spat out “I am so sick and tired of the guys on this campus being assholes who objectify and insult women.” I could almost taste the venom in her voice. “I am going to teach you a lesson,” she continued, all the while never breaking eye contact. “I am going to show you what it is like to be constantly worried about people staring at you.”

With that, she started mumbling under her breath. I could not make out the words exactly, and I wished I could understand why I still felt rooted to the spot. Finally, she stopped, and her eyes focused back on me. “Let's see how you like it, “ she said. “I have cursed you with a little bit of magic of my own invention.” At this point I was sitting there thinking that she had lost it, but she walked away without another word. I relaxed a little, realizing that my entire body had been tense, unconsciously freaked out I am sure by ‘crazy eyes thong lady.’ Shrugging of the entire experience, I headed back to the dorm.

I was now hurrying along, because I was guessing the Halo tournament we had planned for the evening in Nate and Josh's room had

already commenced. The two of them had managed to get a decent sized room together. I had snagged a closet of a single dorm room at the end of the hall. Steve had a larger single, but one that was far on the opposite edge of campus from the rest of us. Therefore, since Nate and Josh actually had a room large enough for more furniture than a bed and a desk, and the three of us were closer to each other than Steve, their room became the natural hangout.

As I was walking across campus, mentally bemoaning my storage woes, I began to get annoyed by quite possibly the worst wedgie I had ever felt. My boxers kept slipping up into my ass, and it was getting really annoying. I tried to discreetly pull them down and get stuff into place as I was walking, but I could not quite get a grip on them. It was really starting to become a problem too because the bunching was starting to squeeze my junk a lot more than I was normally comfortable with. The material felt weird as well, but I could not figure out what it was without looking down my pants in the middle of the quad, which seems like a bad idea. Instead I reached around (hopefully discreetly) , grabbed the back of my ass, and tried once more, I managed to pull what almost felt like a piece of string out of my ass, which felt better, but I realized two things. First, I had half pulled my pants down with all the attempts to solve my little dilemma, and second, as soon as I let go, the string thing seemed to snap back into place and snuggle back down into my ass.

Concentrating as I was on my predicament, I did not notice that two girls had come up behind me, and they passed me, giggling as they went by. "Crap," I thought, "They must have seen me picking at that wedgie." At that moment, as my face was reddening from the minor embarrassment, I heard a voice, but it was like that voice was coming from INSIDE my head.

*Your curse has now officially begun.
I leave you to discover exactly what you will become.
Your life you must carefully arrange*

Because each time you slip there will be a small change.

It took me a moment to place it, but it quickly came to me. That crazy thong lady!! Now I was admittedly a little freaked out. Was I hearing things? Also, my legs were starting to kinda itch and tingle...I started scratching them, but it did not really help. I swerved off from my path to the dorms and headed into the nearby engineering building. It was a Saturday afternoon, so the building was completely abandoned, which was good, because by that time I probably looked like I had seen a ghost.

I stopped into the first bathroom I saw, and headed for a stall so I could remove my pants to properly fix my wedgie issue. I closed the door behind me and dropped trow all in one motion. Something was wrong. In place of my normal boxers was a pair of pink, undeniably feminine, underwear. As I reached behind me I realized the reason I had been unable to fix the wedgie situation was that I was actually wearing a Thong! As tried to look behind me I just managed to glimpse a tiny pink bow at the top of the panties as they emerged from my ass. In a daze, I quickly removed the offending underwear and threw them to the ground, by this time, definitely rattled.

Unfortunately, the removal of these under garments did not actually help the situation, but brought my attention to another thing I had not noticed. It took me a second to realize what it was as I looked down. My dick was there, looking almost completely normal...almost. Normally it was surrounded by a generous helping of pubic hair, however now, there was almost nothing. My stomach was completely devoid of it's normal 'happy trail' leading up my abdomen, all that was left was the tiniest triangle of hair right above my dick. Even worse, I realized as I looked down, was that all my leg hair also seems to have disappeared. From the belly button down, I was hairless.

I was completely caught up in my head. I was staring down at myself

trying to figure out how this was possible. I am not sure what going into shock feels like, but in one corner of my brain, I was somewhat concerned that this might be it. Unfortunately for me, it was right then that two guys entered into the restroom complaining about how horrible it was that their professor rescheduled their lab to Saturday. I quickly grabbed my jeans, pulled them up, and sat down, pretending I was taking a dump. I quietly listened to them at the urinals, waiting for them to finish. As I looked down, I realized that with my penis between my legs on the toilette, it created a visage that was just a little too reminiscent of a sight that once would have meant arousal for me, but now only conjured up confusion and fear. For all I could see was the tops of my smooth legs disappearing into my jeans, and that tiny little patch of hair.....

Laughter brought me back to reality. "Check it out!" one of the guys was whispering to his friend. "Some chick must have been in here getting it on, and she left her panties on the floor!" Horrified, I looked down and realized that the pink thong I had discarded earlier was now lying on the bathroom floor.

"Dude, you don't have a chick in there with you, do you?" inquired the second guy.

"No, just me...must have been someone else," I barely managed to reply, keeping my voice almost steady. As this was happening, the tingling feeling was starting to return. I heard them leave, still talking about the lucky engineer that got a girl in the bathroom, when I turned my attention to the tingling in my lap. I was thinking that maybe I had just been sitting too long and my legs had fallen asleep, but at that moment, I started to get pushed off the toilette seat. It was subtle enough that I might not have noticed it had I not just been thinking about sitting too long, but it was almost as if I was sitting on a slightly padded seat.

I stood up, looked behind me, and realized that it was not the seat

that was padded, but ME! My ass had ballooned out to about twice it's normal size. It was at that point I realized, somewhat belatedly I suppose, that the hair on my ass had also disappeared, and when added to its now larger size and somewhat heart shape that it had morphed into, the sight was decidedly feminine. "Damn it!" I said under my breath, still reeling from everything that was happening to me.

As I stood there however, I began to piece together what was happening. That voice had said that when I 'slip there will be a small change,' and I think I might have just got what 'slipping' meant. I grabbed the pink thong from the ground. When those guys saw the thong was when I started feeling the tingling. and what if those giggling girls had not actually been laughing at my attempt to pick a wedgie, but had seen the thong peeking out of my jeans. As soon as I thought it, I realized, with extreme embarrassment, that must be the case. They had seen a whale tail...except the whale tail had been ON ME! 'Let's see how you like it' the witch had said. (I was now presented with fairly strong evidence she MUST have been a witch)

Well, at least now that I had figured out the 'rules' of what was happening to me, I could hopefully avoid it. I pulled my pants up, struggling a bit to get them over my newly larger ass. They felt strange. Not only due to the fact that I was going commando (No way I was going to put that *thing* back on) but also because I realized that hair is somewhat of an insulator. I could feel the breeze flowing up my pant legs between my leg and the jeans. It sent a small shiver up my spine. Maybe this is why girls are cold all the time... As soon as I thought that I regretted it. I do NOT need to be drawing any more comparisons or insights to women than I have to. I have had more than enough already.

I stuffed the pink thong deep into my pocket, and took a couple of dollar bills, and put them in my pocket above that. I wanted to make double sure that they could not slip out, or be seen by anyone as I made my way

back to the dorms. I walked out, and examined myself in the mirror, especially my backside. The lack of hair was unnoticeable. If I lifted my hands high enough above my head, you could kinda see that there was no happy trail, but that was not necessarily that uncommon. Some guys even shave that off. My ass was larger certainly, and a little tighter than I would like in my jeans, but I doubted anyone would think anything more than that I had gained a little weight.

Somewhat mollified, I left the building and resumed my course toward my dorm. As I went, I tried to figure out what I should do. I can't really tell anyone or report her. Not only does it seem WAAAYYY too far fetched, but telling someone would seem to be a 'slip up' in terms of letting people know what is going on, and I wasn't going to risk having something like that turned against me. The logical conclusion was to find the girl and apologize. The problem is that I could not tell you anything about that girl, other than that she worked in the green houses and wore pink thongs sometimes. Not a whole lot to go on.

I was right outside my dorm as I was thinking that, when suddenly I heard her voice again. "*Hey Zach...*" This time still in my head, but closer, like she was right behind me, watching me.

"Where are you!?" I whispered fiercely, wheeling around looking for her, trying not to let the occasional passerby think I was insane. At least I was headed towards one of the side entrances.

"I am no where that you can find me," she replied into my head. *"And I am disappointed by you..."*

"What are you doing to me? Why are you doing this? Change me back!" I angrily replied as loudly as I could manage without nearby people hearing me. I started up the side stairwell to my dorm on the third floor. I was not sure if I was trying to get away from her, or get to my dorm so I

could continue this insane confrontation in private. Still, I knew I needed to get into that room.

“You know what I am doing, and I will not change you back. And I am disappointed because you are not wearing my present. If you don’t wear the things that I give you, it makes the curse no fun. And if I am not having fun, then I will need to punish you to make sure you are listening.”

“OK...OK, I am listening!” I replied frantically as I unlocked the door to my room. “What do I have to do to get you to turn me back.”

“Maybe we will discuss that after you have had a chance to consider your actions...meanwhile, know that if you do not wear the nice things I give you there will be a FITTING punishment. Now take off your pants.”

I considered for a second. Then did as she said. Comparatively, this request was minor and I hoped it might help to calm her down. I realized however, as I was about to fulfill this request, that I could no longer feel the pink thong in the pocket of my jeans. With trepidation, I unbuttoned my jeans, and saw the first flash of pink. as I unzipped them, I could see the rest of the thong emerge, looking somewhat strange as my dick and balls were sticking out of the top and bottom. I stared at amazement. I have no idea how I ended up wearing the thong again. Still, not wanting to upset the witch, I continued.

I glimpsed a view of my back in the mirror on by closet as the pink bow emerged from my jeans as I lowered them. The bow now seemed to sit neatly on top of my newly expanded ass with the string of the thong now delving deep into the crevice. I finished lowering my jeans to the floor, and stood. Waiting.

“Now,” she continued, “for your FITTING punishment. And that is all for the evening. I will leave you some time to think about what has

happened.”

The tingling suddenly returned. I now knew enough to be concerned as soon as it started. However this time it was much more intense, and much more centralized. In my dick. I could feel it, a strange mix of pain and pleasure, like my dick had fallen painfully asleep and was being awoken by someone giving it a blow job. Immediately I was hard. I could see my penis poking out of the pink panties. The tingling was intensifying to the point where I was having trouble standing. I collapsed onto my bed (only a step or two away in the tiny dorm room) and looked down again. My dick was still rock hard. But now it barely was able to pass the waist band of the tiny panties. Whereas before it had proudly stood about two inches above the waistband, I could now only see the tip protruding.

Terrified I almost ripped the panties off when I realized that was what got me in trouble last time, so instead I just watched as the tip of my penis slowly descended below the waist line of the panties. It was almost as if I was losing my erection, but it still felt completely rock hard. I lifted hem of the panties to be able to stare on in horror. Somewhere it occurred to me that I should never have to lift the hem of some panties in order to see my dick. I also realized at the same time that my balls, which were previously falling out of the tiny underwear were now easily contained by the tiny strip of fabric. I looked down and they seemed to be much smaller, and much closer to my body than I ever remember them being.

The pressure in my dick was increasing, as was it's rate of decent. My balls had now merged with the rest of my pelvis creating what I could already recognize as some type of mound. My dick was quickly slipping inside as if some invisible force was pushing it inside. Then I heard a SLURP! followed by a Pop! and my dick was gone, replaced by a slit. I looked down into the panties to see nothing but bare skin. I absentmindedly realized that even the small triangle of pubic hair that I had earlier today was gone. The entire area was completely smooth, save for

the tiniest hint of a slit that I could detect from my current vantage point. It was undeniably, a pussy. I lowered the hem of the panties, not wanting to look at it. I could not help but notice as I did so, that I could still detect the small indent of the cleft between my thighs through the tight silky pink fabric of the panties.

I stared. Not knowing what to do. Should I yell, cry, run, hide? I don't even know. Then I heard her laughter. "Now....they FIT...."

CHAPTER 2

I came to without realizing that I had passed out. I was disoriented. I did not remember falling asleep, or the events of a very hectic afternoon and evening. I glanced at the clock. It was 8:00 PM. My first thought was I had missed dinner. My second was that I had missed Halo. Damn... Then things started coming back to me. I glanced down, and it all came rushing back in a tidal wave that almost knocked me out again. It had not been a dream. Between my legs where there should have been a pair of boxers and my cock there was now just a pair of panties. The panties clung to my front creating a flat triangle between my legs. There could be nothing hiding there. IT was gone...

I sat for a moment, unsure of what to do. Then I realized how exposed I was, jumped up, and locked the door. Had someone come in while I was sleeping? Was I going to leave my room to discover I was some strange circus freak laughing stock? Well, first things first...I need to figure out what I am going to do. With the door securely locked, I take the couple steps back to the mirror to survey the damage. I look like some kind of freak. I am hairless from the waist down, but my torso still appears as if nothing has changed. That is a small relief. My legs are hairless, but they

don't really look *that* feminine. As I look at them, they seem too...blocky, or bulky, or something. I had never really stopped to think about what made women's legs so attractive, but it was apparently not JUST a lack of hair. Instead, I now looked like I had a swimmer's legs, although admittedly the lack of hair was strange.

Then there was my ass...it was not insanely huge I realized, as I tried to judge objectively. It could have belonged to a guy who had just put on a couple of pounds, or a girl.... I think it was mostly noticeable to me because before, my ass had been mostly flat. With my athletic build I was not really used to having a whole lot of fat much of anywhere, so even this little bit was noticeable.

Unfortunately, examining my ass drew my attention to the one area I had been avoiding. The thong appeared above and below my ass, sloping around to my front where there was now a very subtle mound. I realized that this was another small deposit of flesh, which had the effect of slightly 'plumping' my whole crotch area. I carefully took the panties off to survey the damage. As I had glimpsed before passing out, the area between my legs was now completely bald. All that was left was the smooth mound, and a slit running down the middle. I shuddered.

I had seen several pussies in my time. I was in college after all. I had been in a couple of relationships from high school to now, and lost my virginity when I was 17. Since then I have had a couple of hookups at college, so I was quite familiar with the sight that was before me, but not from this angle. I carefully started to probe the folds beneath me and realized how sensitive they were. I also realized it was actually a little more difficult to see from this angle. Normally, I was used to looking at these things from the opposite view. Often fairly close up, as I was quite good (or so my girlfriends told me) at eating them out and causing some seemingly awesome orgasms...I cut that line of thinking immediately.

I was not at all ready to go down that road. First I need to figure out who this girl is, and get her to change me back. Change! I just realized I had taken the panties off, which is what got me in trouble the last time. I quickly pulled them back up, feeling them slide along my legs, snugly into place over my new equipment and between the cheeks of my ass. Again, I heard laughter in my head....

"I was wondering when you would wake up," echoed in my head. I could almost HEAR the smirk in her voice. She continued, *"Don't worry, the rules to our little game are fair. You can take off my gifts the same way you used to take off your OLD clothes. You are allowed to go to the shower, change clothes, do laundry, etc....but if you DON'T wear my gifts, like you tried on the way back, I will give you another FITTING punishment. I will give you a break for a day or so to see how you do..."* More laughter, which quickly faded away.

"WAIT!" I cried aloud, wanting to convince her to stop this insanity, but the voice, and the laughter, faded. I was left, seemingly, alone again. However, at that point I realized she must be watching me...at least some of the time. I was considering searching my room for cameras when I realized if she could do THIS (I glanced briefly down at myself) then she could probably see me without a camera. Dejected, I sat down on my bed, again unsure of what to do next.

It was at this point I realized two important things. First, that I was starving, and second, that I REALLY had to take a piss. Both of these were daunting tasks as the first required venturing out into the world, and the second required going to the shared bathroom on my hall. Neither was a pleasant thought. Still, I needed to do something, and I hoped I would be able to think better on a full stomach and empty bladder. I went to my underwear drawer first, hoping that I could put on a pair of boxers over my new 'present' as the witch kept calling them to help hide them. SHIT! As I opened the drawer, I was bombarded with color. Where I should have seen

a relatively drab collection of darkly colored boxers, what I saw instead was a cornucopia of colors in every size shape and pattern imaginable. What I saw was a drawer full of panties.

Now I understood what she meant about everything being the same. Instead of my normal underwear, every pair of underwear I owned, seems to have been transformed. I rushed over to my laundry hamper, and saw several pairs of panties mixed throughout my other clothes there as well. Frantically, I gathered up all of those panties from the laundry and put them in one of the suitcases on the shelves above my bed where no one would be able to see them. Then I took an extra towel and shoved it on top of all the panties in the drawer. That way if someone happened to open it, they would not immediately see anything was amiss. I realized that this seemed kinda paranoid, but as the curse is apparently triggered by people catching a glimpse of these blasted pieces of clothing, I was not going to take any chances.

Once everything was hidden, I looked down again, annoyed by the sight of the stupid pink thong. I had noticed it sliding up my ass as I moved around the room. I decided a change of underwear was in order since it seemed that was allowed. I lifted the towel, and started sorting through my options. Looking for something simple was, it seemed, not a possibility. I ended up settling on a white pair, although it was not really white. It was made of some sort of stretchy, silky substance, nylon was my guess, and although it was white, there were small flowers embroidered throughout. Annoyed, I relented since this was the best I could find. I slipped off the pink thong, and added it to the collection of dirty laundry hidden in the suitcase, and then slipped on the new pair. All the while, trying to ignore that slit. I could not ignore however, that feeling of the smooth fabric of the panties sliding up my newly smooth legs. I shuddered a little. Settling the garment into place, I was pleased that there was a back to them, but annoyed because these were not at ALL like my boxers. Like every pair of female underwear I had ever seen, they created the obvious triangle in

front. They were quite low cut, my dick (if I still had it) would have been popping out all over the place. However, in my new state, they nicely cupped the mound that now stood between my legs. I groaned. As for the back, I could only describe it as 'mostly covered.' It had been a while since I wore 'tighty whities' as my underwear, however, when I had, the material covered my whole ass. With these, the elastic edge seemed to be cut such that the edge of my butt was kinda sticking out the sides. My newly enlarged ass was not helping with this effect either. I remember really enjoying my girlfriends walk away from a bed in just such little negligee, and it bothered me to no end that I most likely looked similar from behind. I tried to not think about it.

I then focused my attention back on trying to get dressed. I picked my jeans off the floor where I had left them. Slipping them on I noticed how different it felt putting on Jeans without leg hair. The difference is subtle, but when the jeans touched my skin it felt almost as if they got closer. I suppose this made sense since the hair did not get in the way. What was really strange was that same sort of airy feeling that I had noticed earlier in the day. Thinking about it, I realized that normally, the hair on my leg must provide subtle feedback that the fabric is nearby, just from brushing against one another. With that hair removed, it just felt like a lot more air was flowing around. Like I said, weird.

Anyway, so I threw on a belt, making sure that it was tight so my pants could not possibly fall down. Luckily, the panties I was wearing were so low cut that should not be a problem. I then threw on a baggy T-Shirt, just to make sure nothing could be seen above my jeans. I then examined myself in the mirror. Thankfully, everything was FINE! I even lifted my T-Shirt to check. Other than the lack of hair leading to my belly button, things looked almost normal. The lack of hair though should not be noticeable, as again, that is almost 'normal' nowadays. I checked behind me, and although my ass looked a little bigger, the cut of the jeans almost completely hid it. I realized that women's jeans are designed to accentuate

that feature, whereas men's jeans are not.

Breathing a small sigh of relief, I grabbed my wallet, and prepared to sneak out of my room. I did not want to run into the guys, so I went straight down the stairs that were at the end of the hall across from my room. I live on the top and fourth floor. The building is co-ed by floor, so there are guy's bathrooms on the fourth and second floors, while girls have the first and third floors. I stopped off on the second floor to take care of my now aching bladder. I knew fewer people there, so less risk of someone noticing something different. I was also still terrified that someone I knew had seen me lying passed out earlier today.

I quickly made for the bathroom as soon as I hit the second floor landing. I entered, then I groaned. It was the stall for me. I guess I realized that on some level, but it hit home as I was about to turn left for the urinals and realized how that was not going to work. Instead I went to the right towards the stalls, found one that did not appear too gross, and went in. Happily the room was deserted so no one noticed my slightly odd indecision. I turned around, pulled down my jeans and panties in one motion, and sat down. I made sure to keep my jeans up as high as possible, so that my panties would not show. I looked down. The sight was not a happy one. My pants were pulled up to my knees, and inside my jeans I could clearly see the shiny floral pattern on my panties. Ugh. I also could not help but note the very feminine pose. Most guys when taking a shit, just tend to leave their pants at their feet in a pile. While most women tend to hold their pants above their knees. It was a minor, and relatively insignificant difference, but it still annoyed me that I was a temporary member of the 'above the knees' club.

Getting back to the task at hand, I realized I also had no idea how this new equipment worked. I slowly tried to relax my muscles, the same way I normally would have, and was rewarded with sweet flowing relief. Except, Shit! It didn't sound right. Rather than the normal stream that I was used

to, my new anatomy created a kind of FSSST sound. Again, if I had thought about it, then it would not really have been a surprise, but when you are not expecting these things, they really throw you. I desperately tried to pee as fast as possible before anyone came in, which ended up making the sound even more foreign. Just as I was finishing, I heard the door squeak. Thankfully, the last several drops fell just as this happened. I listened to my new bathroom mate head over to the urinals unzip, and begin to pee. At that moment, I felt this immense wave of loss and anger roll over me. Even more, I felt jealous of that nameless college student, going along, taking a piss like it was no big deal. Damn it! As I realized the thoughts I was having could be described as 'Penis Envy' I immediately stopped and pulled myself together to focus on the problem at hand.

First, I waited for the other guy to leave, which happened quickly. I then stood up and turned around, carefully making sure that my ass faced the door, not my other side, in case someone were to glance through the cracks of the stall door. I also made sure to carefully arrange the tops of my jeans so they folded around and covered my exposed panties which were now slightly visible under the stall door. Finally, I grabbed some toilet paper, silently thankful that there actually WAS toilet paper. I had not even checked when I sat down. I was not used to worrying about such things when all I needed to do was piss. Somewhere, sometime, I remember reading or hearing (probably in a grade-school health class or something) that girls needed to wipe front to back. As a guy you only ever HAD a back, so you never had to worry about that. Still, I was careful to make sure when I was wiping and patting myself dry to only go in one direction. I managed this task with a grimace, and forced myself to ignore the alien sensations coming from my nether regions. Finished, I pulled my pants and panties up, readjusted my belt, double checked that nothing was visible, and left the stall. I washed my hands briefly, and headed out of the bathroom and the dorm towards a snack shop for some food.

As I walked, I noticed several things. First, the panties, which before

had just barely covered the sides of my ass, kept riding up as I walked. This was causing them to slip even further on my ass, thus covering even less of it. On top of that, it was also giving me a slight wedgie. I also noticed that walking in panties was not really like walking in boxers. It was possible to ignore them, but anytime I thought about it, which was pretty much all the time, I noticed how my jeans *slid* across my ass every time I moved. It is a feeling you never really get in boxers..in most male clothing, nothing really *slides*. Finally, I noticed what I didn't notice. Normally, anytime I am (or any guy is) walking, or running, or even sitting, there is some amount of concern about your junk. There is a reason guys are always "adjusting" themselves. It is easy for something down there to get in an uncomfortable position where it pinches or pulls. On this particular walk, none of that was a problem. And that was NOT actually a good thing.

Trying to walk while thinking about all that, plus making sure that nothing looked 'weird' or 'off' about my new appearance was not exactly easy. I kept trying to turn around to look at my back to make sure everything appeared normal. I finally made it to the snack shop, ordered a cheese burger, fries, and a liter of coke, and headed out. My plan was to utilize the coke with the fairly large bottle of Rum that I had stashed in my dorm room. If there was ever an excuse to get drunk...this was IT.

CHAPTER 3

I was headed back from the snack shop. My entire attention was focused on trying to hold on to the bag with my food in it, the liter of coke, and the soft swishing I felt from my strange underwear every time I took a step. I did not even notice Steve coming up as I was approaching my dorm again. I was startled by his sudden exclamation of "Hey Zach! Where the

hell have you been?" I almost dropped everything I was carrying. I had not been prepared to deal with my friends, and had not yet come up with a story to explain my absence all day. Nor had I determined whether any of them had discovered something this afternoon when I was lying unconscious and half naked in my room. Still, Steve seemed normal if slightly curious, so that was a good thing.

"Nowhere really," I quickly replied. "I was just taking a nap in my room...I was totally beat." Ok, so not exactly true, but at least it had *some* truth to it. I actually hated lying to Steve. He and I had actually been friends since Highschool, and we both ended up at the same college. He has always been a bit more of a womanizer than me, with a steady stream of attractive, but short lived flings, but overall he is a really good guy. We have been through a lot, and even seen each other through some really hard stuff like when his parents split during 10th grade. Anyway, this was not something that I was ready to share with him...despite our friendship.

"Cool Man," he replied casually. "Whatever happened with that weird ass thong chick."

"Oh, uh, nothing, really," I stammered. I had completely forgot that my friends had actually been there for the beginning of this strange nightmare. "I tried to calm her down, but she was not hearing it. Eventually we both just went our separate ways." Again, mostly true...

"Wow," Steve laughed. "Good for you I guess for trying to smooth things over, but we are going to have to find you a real date if you are desperate enough to try for her."

"Nah man, it wasn't like that," I defended myself. Admittedly I had not had a date for a while, and that was currently the LAST thing on my mind, but even earlier today, I had not really been thinking about that.

“Well anyway, Josh called to say that the third season of Mad Men that he ordered just came in,” he explained, “we were all going to watch a couple of episodes. Come On.”

I could not see any way to really decline this, since we had all been looking forward to see how the third season was. Still, I was not sure hanging out with friends was the best idea. At the same time though, for the last couple of second, I had actually forgotten about my little ‘problem.’ I almost felt normal. After a seconds hesitation, I replied, “Sure...Lets go.” “So where have YOU been? I assumed you would all be hanging out playing Halo all day.”

“Yeahh,” he grinned. “I ended up spending the afternoon with that girl Chrissie.

“Really? I thought you were with Lisa now?” I asked, now genuinely interested in Steve’s ever complicated social circle.

“I am, sorta,” he explained. “Neither of us wants that to be much more than an occasional hookup.”

“Good for you then I guess,” I said, laughing. I never know how Steve gets himself into the situations that he does while looking for pussy. A dark cloud of depression passes over me at that thought as I realize that my own anatomy now has a very important similarity to the girls that Steve has been chasing. An even darker thought followed that one as I imagined for a second Steve plowing Lisa or Chrissie. I did not know Chrissie, and my mental image of her looked a disturbingly close to myself.

“You OK Man?” Steve asked, most likely noticing the shadow over my expressions. I shook myself out of it, and focused on the moment.

“Yeah, yeah, I am good, lets go watch some Mad Men and get drunk.”

I replied definitely. Hoping that if I said it, my resolve would hold, and my mind would follow my words.

A few minutes later we were all on various plushy furniture objects in Nate and Josh's room and Mad Men is in full swing. The show is set in the 60's, and it is made by AMC. It is a little slow, but really well done characters and fascinating to watch. We also all are liberally helping ourselves to my Rum, Nate's vodka, and various other forms of liqueur we had stocked up. None of us were 21 yet, and so it was technically illegal, but no one really bothered you in the dorms unless you were publicly drunk or whatever.

We were at a point in one episode when Peggy was getting it on with some dude she had picked up in a bar, and the scene was pretty hot. Previously, I had never really found Peggy all that attractive, but in that scene, with her perfectly smooth legs stuck up in the air, visible with her skirt pulled up, she was definitely pretty decent. I was also several rum and coke's in at that point, so it was possible that 'beer-goggles' had something to do with it. Anyway, I found myself thinking about her. And then, it was like, everything between my legs started to feel....wet. I jumped initially, worried that I had peed myself or something, but I realized that it did not really feel that way. It was more just a slickness, combined with a slight feeling of anticipation and a sort of softness. It took me a second, but I realized that I was getting AROUSED! I mean, I know I had been aroused by the sight of Peggy. But what I did not realize was that this was my new anatomy's response to this. It felt different, but for once, kinda in a good way.

Still, I was trying to have a 'normal' night, so I focused on the show (which had now moved past that scene) and had everyone do a round of shots in an effort to clear my mind. It worked, for the most part, although I could still feel a slight damp spot in my panties from where my earlier excitement. By the end of the third episode we were all pretty drunk. I

decided that it was about time to call it a night, and said goodbye to everyone. I was able to walk a 'mostly' straight line back to my room. I stopped however before going in, when I realized I had to pee. Damn alcohol! I turned around and headed for the bathroom. I walked over the the urinals, unzipped my fly, and went to pull out my dick. I hit silky fabric....nothing else. No hole to grab anything out of, and nothing to grab even if there was. SHIT! My alcohol addled mind had momentarily been running on autopilot.

I quickly zipped up, and headed for the stalls again. By this time, I almost peed myself because I had to go so bad. I threw down my pants, turned around, sat, and let goo, with a satisfying rush. Then it happened, I heard movement beside me! somewhat was finishing up in that stall. Wiping from the sounds of it! "Hey!" They exclaimed (sounding slightly drunk) "Is that a chick over there?" I froze. Well, the top half of me froze. The bottom half, powered by alcohol, was still letting loose. Much as I tried to stop, my bladder was so full that the traitorous "FSSST" continued unabated. I said nothing, but saw him moving around next to me. "Hey, he said again, I know its a girl in there, I can hear you, and I see your panties!" FUCK! I hadn't even realized that I had left my pants lying at my feet, my panties resting on top of them, discarded without thought in my haste to empty my bladder. He continued drunkenly, "Well, when you are done you should stop into 419 and we will party!" It was that asshole jock that lived at the other end of the hall. He left the stall, and stumbled out of the bathroom without another word.

I was now clutching my pants which I had grabbed as soon as he pointed out my error. My bladder, after giving me away had finally finished, and I quickly wiped, and started to leave. However, I was starting to feel the tingling again! SHIT SHIT SHIT! I was terrified from the moment of discovery that this is what it would mean. I had hoped that maybe the 'break' the witch had mentioned would include the curse's warnings against being discovered. I was now guessing that was not the case. Cursing

myself, I quickly zipped up, left my belt undone, and sprinted to my room, holding my t-shirt down to make sure no one saw anything. I went in, locked the door, and stripped off my jeans immediately.

The tingling was now all up and down my legs. It started at the bottom of my legs, and seemed to go up from there. It was like my muscle was slowly melting. As I had mentioned, despite the lack of hair, my legs still were still quite muscular. That was all fading, and what was left was a smooth, plump layer of fat in its place. Not disgusting fat, just enough to give them that smoothness that makes legs so attractive. As the changes reached my knobby knees, I saw them transform, smooth, and round. My thighs similarly, plumped just the tiniest bit as the lines of muscle disappeared, replaced by curves. As the tingling faded I looked down. I was forcibly reminded of just an hour or two earlier when I was thinking about how attractive Peggy's legs were as they stuck up in the air. Mine now easily equaled hers.

I ran my hands down my legs, feeling with wonder. I had thought they were smooth before, and they were, but their current state was more alien than that. The skin was softer in addition to being rounder. They also felt more sensitive somehow. As I ran my hands down my new legs, the sensation was familiar, yet alien. My hands felt a leg that was as soft and supple as any I have felt. Normally to slide my hands up and down such a fine set of legs would have been a pleasure. In this case however, the problem was that the legs being caressed were attached to me! As I ran my hand over the smooth skin, the skin on my hand felt rough against me, sending small shivers up my spine.

I glanced in the mirror as I was doing this. I could see my lower half laying there on the bed, looking to be honest, hot. I pulled a blanket over my torso, leaving only my lower half. I hated to admit it, but I could not really tell that half was anything but female from the belly button down. The feet were a little large, but other than that... As I was staring into the mirror,

that warm, wet feeling started to return. I don't know if this is alcohol induced or not, but I cannot help but begin to rub my hands up and down those smooth legs. I start moving closer and closer towards my inner thigh as I do. I notice that the feeling in my new equipment seems to be intensifying...anxious almost.

Curiosity finally gets the better of me, and I allow my hand to trail up my thigh, and trace over the middle of my new feminine mound...right above where I know that cursed slit is hiding under the white silk of my panties. My excitement, and the feeling from my loins is increasing. I let my hand to continue up to the waistband of the panties, then slowly reach underneath, sliding my hand along the smooth flesh towards that slit nestled in between my newly feminised thighs. On some level I realize that this is a bad idea, and I should be turned off and repulsed, but curiosity, horniness, and shots of rum get the better of me. I finally slip my finger past the first layer of those moist folds, feeling the slick flesh beneath. Slowly, I run that finger back up towards me until...WOW! My finger grazes what I knew must be there. My clitoris. The sensation sends sparks through my whole body and I can't help but let out a small gasp.

I then start in earnest caressing the area, twirling my finger ever so lightly around that tiny little nub. The feelings are intense. It is reminiscent of someone caressing my dick, but different, both because those feelings are emanating with burning intensity from such a small point, and because they flow outwards, causing my entire body to shiver with pleasure. As I work, I look to the mirror, and see my normal masculine hand extending down into the panties of some hot looking chick. This shocks me for a second, and sends visions through my mind of me doing the same thing to previous girls and girl friends. Although the thought should be sobering, in the moment, twisted as it is, I found that even MORE arousing. I continued my ministrations, eventually starting to dip a finger further inside those folds.

That feeling more than the others truly brought home the craziness of the transition that is currently plaguing me. As my finger dipped inside of me I realized that I had taken a fundamental shift. I was no longer the penetrator...the one doing the fucking, the one taking someone. My new anatomy put me squarely in the category of those that were PENETRATED...taken...fucked. The haze of hormones began to lift...I realized what I was doing, and what that meant. I did not want to just accept what was happening to me, and this felt like acceptance. I needed to find a way to change BACK. I needed to get my cock back...I needed.... I choked up. It was difficult to think, and I could feel tears in my eyes. I blinked them back. I may not be myself at the moment, but I would not allow myself to succumb to crying about this like...well, like a girl. I quieted my thoughts, and tried to calm down. Gradually, my breathing slowed, and the tears threatening to spill out receded. I quietly promised myself that tomorrow I would start making some real progress towards solving this. For now though, it was time for some sleep. I was exhausted.

I stripped out of the rest of my clothes, minus my panties (I always sleep in my underwear...the only way I am comfortable) and pulled the blankets over me. I was annoyed when I realized that my earlier exertions seems to have left an uncomfortable wetness in my underwear. Annoyed, I got up, added my current pair to the growing pile of panties in the suitcase above my bed, and rummaged about in the drawer for a replacement. I was able to find a pair of cotton ones at the back. On the plus side they covered my entire ass, and were a not completely unmanly green and white striped. On the negative side they had lace all around the edges and some sort of seam running up the middle of the back panel. I discovered that seam appears to have been designed to cause the fabric to fall in between your ass cheeks. Not quite like a thong, but almost similar. I examined their appearance in the mirror briefly, and realized that these were what was called 'boyshorts.' (I had dated a fashion major for a couple months, and she always explained all the names and styles of all her lingerie.) The name, which I had once found cute and funny, now just felt

insulting. I am a boy...and yet I had never worn anything like these before. Sighing in frustration, I collapsed in bed, exhausted, trying to ignore the fading feeling of arousal from my escapades and focus on sleep.

CHAPTER 4

I woke up the next morning feeling hung over. My head was pounding, and I could barely think. I groped around on my bed side table. My hands quickly found what they were looking for; an extra large container of Advil and a half finished bottle of water I keep on the edge of my desk near my bed at all times. I gulped down some water and 4 advil, hoping to ease the hammer that seemed to be periodically going to town on my temples. Normally at this point I would have stumbled half asleep to the shower to wash off the post drinking grime and hopefully ease my headache with the warm water. Luckily however, enough of my mind was functioning that I decided I should wake up first.

I got out of bed, and threw some sweat pants and a T-Shirt on to make sure that no one could walk in and see something they shouldn't. This also helped me to concentrate, as I could more easily ignore the strangeness in my lower half. I started a cup of coffee brewing with the Keurig machine in the corner. (I had received the 'single cup coffee' miracle machine from my parents last year for Christmas) I also grabbed a small pre-packaged coffee cake from the the small stash under my bed. I sat down at my desk with the small cake and my coffee. My goal for the day I decided was to start searching through our college directory for that witch chick that did all this to me. Everyone at my school has their picture taken and added to the directory. The site sucks, and was probably designed before people had Facebook to help them keep track of names and faces. Still, it was helpful to try to find someone if you were not friends on Facebook, but unfortunately I had no way of searching other than going through each page of pictures one by one. The problem is that our school

had just shy of 10,000 kids at it, so this was going to take a while. I settled in to concentrate on the screen.

Without realizing it, I finished off my entire cup of coffee, my coffee cake, and the bottle of water. I was close to having gone through all the people with a last name beginning in 'A' when I realized how badly I needed to go to the bathroom. I couldn't help but wonder if these changes had impacted the size of my bladder. I quickly checked the mirror to make sure that my baggy sweatpants and t-shirt adequately covered me. Everything seemed OK. I felt like I was about to burst! I almost had to squeeze my legs together to keep it in. Annoyed, I glanced at myself in the mirror, and the pose I was in almost resembled a little girl when she needed to pee. I quickly left the room without wanting to dwell on that too much.

I almost ran down the hallway and into the bathroom. I was smart enough this time to check all around and realized that someone occupied one of the stalls. I stepped into the one farthest from him and closed the door, hoping that he was almost done. I carefully pulled down my sweatpants, keeping them close to my knees as I sat down so my green and white striped boyshorts would not be visible. The guy in the end stall seemed to be taking forever. I could hear him turning some sort of magazine, which meant that this was most likely a 'leisurely' activity for him. I really felt like I was going to let go in a second if he didn't leave. I crossed one leg over the other to try to hold the stream in. The part of my brain that was not occupied by trying to stop myself from peeing realized that this action of leg cross is one that would have been barely possible, much less comfortable, just two short days ago.

Finally, my bathroom buddy started to finish up. I waited in agony as I heard him flush and whatnot, and then slowly meander his way towards the sinks to wash his hands and then leave. I cautiously uncrossed my legs, and waited for just one second more to make sure the coast was clear, and then let loose! My body relaxed as the stream of liquid let loose.

After a couple of seconds however, I heard the start of the door squeaking open. In horror, I tried to stop the stream, but my bladder was just too strong. In a sudden moment of inspiration though, I reached behind me, and hit the lever to flush the toilette. The sound of the flushing covered the “FSSSST!” as my bladder furiously emptied and my new bathroom partner wandered over to the urinals. Luckily by the time the sound of the flush was starting to stop, I had finished with my business. I carefully wiped, and pulled the sweatpants up, and flushed again. As always, I hated the feeling of the panties cupping me so closely both behind and in front. Still, at least I had avoided another catastrophe. I left the stall just as the newcomer was finishing up at the urinals. It was Nate! Now I was doubly glad that I had figured out how to solve that little problem. The last thing I needed was one of my friends discovering something about my predicament.

“Hey man,” he greeted me, “I am still recovering from last night too...you got the beer shits?”

Without thinking, I almost replied that I did not, as that was one issue I was NOT having. But I realized that Josh assumed I had been taking a dump since I had come from a stall. “Yeah man,” I quickly covered, “That and the hangover has been killing me all morning.”

“Ouch,” He laughed. “You should stop over, I think we are going to play some Halo or something.”

I had learned last night that hanging out with my friends could be helpful to forget my problems, but I had to be careful. I considered it, but I needed to track down that witch, so I declined, citing lots of homework as an excuse. Josh shrugged, and we parted ways to opposite ends of the hall as we left the bathroom. I still REALLY wanted a shower, but I decided that from now on I would be showering late at night in the hopes that everyone would be asleep and I would run into fewer people. Instead, I returned to my perch at my computer to pore through more pictures from the university directory. I sat, furiously scanning through picture after

picture, and profile after profile, trying to find the witch that was doing this to me. Eventually, the pictures seemed to be blurring together, I was having trouble concentrating on them and then.....

...I woke up. I had not even realized I fell asleep. I glanced at my screen, the first name showing was Thomas Xander. I did not think I had managed to get that far. I glanced at the search bar at the top of the page. There was a lot of gibberish characters there, beginning with the letter X. I realized I must have fallen asleep on the keyboard. How far through the alphabet had I made it? I remember I got through the A's. I remember thinking I had to be close to the end of the B's.... I sat there trying to remember C names I had looked over. Lots came to me, as did names from the rest of the alphabet, but trying to sort through if I knew them from class or from my search was difficult. Shit! I am going to have to start all over, probably somewhere in the B section to make sure I got everyone.

I glanced at the clock in the corner of the screen. 5:39. Wow...I had been asleep for at least four hours. Must have been the hangover. My stomach was rumbling. I needed some food. My friends and I normally ate around 6:00 at the dining hall across from my dorm. I decided I needed to try to act normal. First, I decided a change of underwear was in order since between the drinking and last night's activities, I was feeling kinda gross. I searched the drawer of panties for something that would NOT crawl up my ass all day. I ended up settling on a bikini style pair. They were purple and felt like satin or something, but they did not have any annoying lace, were a single color, and did not invade my ass. I supposed I could do worse. The material was different than anything I had worn before, and felt incredibly smooth as it glided up my legs to settle on my changed sex, but I tried to ignore the sensation. I threw on some Jeans, a baggy T-Shirt, and a hoodie. I then made sure there was no way anyone could catch a glimpse of anything they shouldn't, but an examination in the mirror seemed fine. I shot a quick text off to Steve telling him to meet us at the dining hall and headed for Nate and Josh's room. I found them, as expected, in front of

the TV. I rounded them up easily enough, and we all headed for dinner. As with last night, it was relaxing to participate in a normal schedule. When we met up with Steve, he did comment on my 'scrubby' attire, but I just shrugged him off by saying I was feeling lazy.

Dinner was, as usual, less than amazing. The cafeteria food at our school is always edible, but often not much better than that. Edible, as in, 'will not kill you.' Still, a bunch of hungry college age guys polish off a ton of food and we all piled our plates with whatever looked decent. As I was working through my plate however, I found that I got full slightly faster than I normally would. That thought frightened me a little bit. What all actually changed. The external changes are obvious, but what changed inside me? Did my stomach shrink? I was aware from some basic level health class or something that women generally had smaller stomachs. That also brought up the question of what OTHER organs may be missing or added...I was no expert on the human anatomy. I knew men had a prostate somewhere, and women had ovaries and a uterus... It was somewhere in the middle of this thought process that I realized the guys were staring at me.

"What?" I asked, worried that they had seen something or realized that I was different somehow. A cold sweat broke out down my back. My groin muscles involuntarily shivered as I realized how different I was from the last dinner we had shared together.

"Dude, we asked you about watching more Mad Men and you were totally spacing out." said Nate, perplexed. I breathed an internal sigh of relief. I didn't mind if they thought I was out of it, as long as they did not realize WHY.

"Sorry guys, " I quickly covered for myself, "I guess I am still recovering from that hangover." They laughed, and said it was OK. Steve was still giving me a kinda strange look as if he did not entirely buy my excuse, but he thankfully did not push the matter. I refused more Mad

Men, saying that I needed to get some work done and I did not know if I could handle watching them drink as much as they do. The excuse seemed to be accepted without any issues, although I could tell Steve seemed to realize there was something more going on. I finished everything I could, which was about half of what I had on my plate. Still, I felt stuffed, and sat back on my seat to relax.

Those small differences continued to plague me. Before, leaning back with my legs open felt good. It let my package 'breathe' a little. Now, the feeling was different. Spreading my legs had an odd sensation on my new pussy lips...I could just barely feel them part slightly, and the air flowing up my legs sent slight chills down my spine. I was again annoyed by the changes forced on me, and sat up and closed my legs together. Again, I was struck by a subtle difference. When you have a penis between your legs, pushing your legs together can often pinch or get uncomfortable. At the very least, you end up squeezing yourself a little. Now, there was nothing. Having my legs like this was actually quite comfortable. Out of morbid curiosity, I glanced around to make sure no one was watching and crossed my legs under the table. It felt completely normal, comfortable even. I quickly uncrossed my legs, and decided I had better head back before anyone discovered anything. I said my goodbyes and trudged back to my dorm.

I walked into my dorm room, and turned to lock the door, as was my new custom. When I turned around to collapse on my bed, I almost jumped out of my skin in surprise. There, lounging on my bed, was the witch...

"Hey Honey," she said with an evil sort of a smirk. I could not help but stare. Here was the woman responsible for all the torment in my life the past couple of days. I wanted to run at her, grab her, force her to change me back. Unfortunately, I found myself in that uncomfortable state of being unable to move. All I could do was continue to gaze at the witch

on my bed. She had obviously dressed for the occasion.

She was wearing a tight black tank top that sloped down to show a generous amount of her breasts and part of her red Bra. Beneath that was a red plaid school girl's skirt so short that an astounding amount of leg was showing. All of this really worked with her jet black hair, black nail polish, and dark eye makeup. I couldn't help but be a little turned on. She was lying on her stomach, and that heart shaped ass that had originally got me in all this trouble was on full display. The skirt barely covered her.

"You must be wondering what I am doing here, " she continued, obviously relishing this moment. I found myself wanting to reply, but I couldn't. "Well, as you might have guessed, I have been watching you as you respond to my little bit of magic. And while I expected that this would be entertaining, I did not realize how exciting it was going to be," she purred. It took me a moment to process everything that was going on in my head. I realized immediately that when she said 'exciting' she did not mean action movie exciting. I knew she must be horny, and this brought up several conflicting emotions.

First, there was the fact that she was Hot. The Goth makeup and school girl thing totally worked for her, and under normal circumstances, I would love to fuck her brains out. BUT, there were several problems. The first, was that although I was getting aroused, the result was not a rock hard erection ready to service this woman, but a soft wetness that made my knees a little weak. I knew that I no longer possessed the equipment necessary to screw this woman. Second, was the fact that the logical part of my mind, wanted nothing to do with her other than for her to change me back. I should be reporting her to the police, or forcing her to change me back, or something. That part of my brain was currently fighting my obviously still active hormones. At least I was still attracted to women...

She giggled, probably sensing my internal struggle. "I haven't even

told you what is making me so horny.” she continued to giggle, “Come here, and sit down on the bed. “ I did. As always, it was like I was not entirely in control of my body. “You see,” she explained, “I have always had this fascination with watching a man fuck a woman. There is something incredibly arousing about the pistoning of a rock hard dick into a slopping wet pussy. And I decided tonight, that I wanted to get a taste for what that was like. “ I was confused. I knew that she knew that I no longer HAD a dick to pummel anything with. What was her game? Just to taunt me more?

It was at that moment that she stood up. I could not help but stare at the front of her skirt. It was barely enough to cover her as it was, and so I quickly realized that in the front, something was sticking out, lifting the skirt up. She laughed. “Ahh, so you have noticed my little friend here.” She lifted her skirt up. I nearly choked. She was wearing a strap-on! Where she should have had a nice flat triangle of a pair of panties (a sight that I had recently become all too familiar with), a strange contraption sat with a pink dildo sticking out of it. That is what had been pushing her skirt up. I stared at it. I heard her giggling some more, this time with an edge of anticipation. “I can’t tell you how much I am looking forward to this,” she explained, staring at me with now hungry eyes. “Lay down on the bed,” she commanded. I obeyed. Still out of control of my own body. She slowly removed her top, displaying fully her nice round breasts cupped beautifully in the red and black silk and lace of her bra.

She then moved over to me, and pulled off my hoodie. My arms complied with her unspoken request, even though inside I was desperately trying to withdraw. My T-shirt quickly followed my hoodie, and then she moved down to my jeans. She undid the button and unzipped the fly slowly. She smiled as the band of my purple panties came into view. “My, what a cute pair of panties you picked out today, “ she cooed. I felt sick, but my body was betraying me, and was continuing to get aroused. She pulled my jeans off, taking my socks and shoes along with them, leaving

me in bed with nothing but a pair of panties on. she straddled me, her knees on either side of me, and she leaned down and kissed me. I found myself kissing back, and was surprised again when she stuck her tongue in my mouth aggressively taking on the dominant role. I could feel the tip of the strap-on tickling my stomach.

She stopped, and got off me momentarily, only to reach down, and hook her fingers into the band of my panties. For the first time since this whole thing started, I found myself wanting to keep them ON instead of take them off, but again, my body was not cooperating. My hips lifted off the bed of their own accord allowing her to gently slide the panties down. I had done this same thing many a time before. I always loved that moment of removing that last barrier to sex, relished the feeling of sliding the girl's panties over her ass and down her legs, leaving her pussy open to my waiting dick. Now the same thing was happening, except it was my pussy that was now open, I was the one now exposed.

She gently parted my thighs, sliding in between my legs, and leaned down towards my mouth again. I could see in her eyes the fire of desire, and could tell she was loving this. Again we started kissing. She stayed in the dominant role here as well. I could feel her hand start to snake down toward the folds between my legs, and her fingers began to lightly caress the button of my clit, sending shock waves up my spine and causing small gasps from me. I also felt something else. the tip of the strap-on was still there, this time now tickling the folds of my new vagina as she continued the ministrations of her fingers on my slit.

She stopped kissing me for a moment, and I opened my eyes to focus on her. I had not even realized that I had closed them. She gave a wicked sort of a smile. I had just begun to think about what that meant when suddenly she pushed forward with her hips. My back arched, and I let out a kind of strangled scream as suddenly the entire length of the pink strap on was pushed into my dripping wet hole. This was nothing like what

I had felt during sex before. The thing felt like it was filling me completely, pushing me apart. It barely had time to register that I something was inside me when she pulled out again with an almost audible pop! She then proceeded to push back forward. SOOO slowly. I could feel the lips of my pussy slowly parting as the head of the dildo went in. I looked down, and I could see the pink shaft extending out of my pussy up to her. It was a crazy sight to see something pushing itself into me. I could feel each millimeter as she slowly went all the way back in. This time it really sunk in. I was watching her fuck me. I could not think straight enough to get farther than that. All I could think was *'its really happening...she is really fucking me.'*

Just as that thought passed through my head, I felt her push down, all the way to the hilt of the strap-on. I could now feel her weight on top of mine, our hips touching, the dildo pushing up inside of me. She gave me another wicked smile, pulled out once more, and then began exactly what she had said she loved. Fucking me. Pistoning hard, fast and long into me. The sensations were alien to the point of being overwhelming. I watched as the pink dildo went in and out, disappearing inside of me and then popping back out again. I felt each thrust, as a pressure and an electricity seemed to build inside me. I realized that I once again had control of my limbs. My brain half hearted tried to back up; to get away from the pink rod that kept spearing me, but with each thrust my resolve weakened.

The witch changed the angle she was sitting slightly and pounded hard into me. I let out a half yelp, half scream, and lost the battle to pull away. I grabbed her waist and pulled her close to me. This time I was participating in the kisses that inevitably followed. The sight, as I looked up her was surreal. Her breasts bounced up and down with the exertion and I could see a bead of sweat going down her slender neck. Her waist was slender, sweeping wide out to her hips. But I could not get over the fact that in between her legs was this pink imitation of a penis, and more

importantly, that that pink rod was fucking the shit out of me. I think the thought itself was really what put me over the edge. All of a sudden waves of pleasure started to emanate through my body. My entire body tingled and shook as a massive orgasm crashed down on me. I clutched as hard as I could to the witch, at this point not caring that this shoved the dildo into me as far as it could go. Time seemed to stretch out forever, and finally, it abated. I let go, and fell back on the bed, gasping for breath.

Again, she let out the evil sort of a giggle that seemed to be her specialty. In her eyes, I could see a look of exaltation. A look that clearly implied she was winning in her own personal game, and knew it. The realization of what just happened started to break through the after effects of the orgasm. I shuddered, thinking of what just happened, and realized I still had a strap-on pink dildo buried inside me. Quickly, I scooted back on the bed, and with a sick sort of sliding sound, the dildo popped out. I shuddered again, this time in residual pleasure at the sliding feeling and shock at the suddenly empty hole between my legs. I could not really form rational thoughts at that point, I just kind of stared down between my legs, trying to comprehend what just happened. Luckily, I didn't have to really.

"Well sweetheart," she said slyly, "that was certainly hot...never did I think that this would be so much fun!" I felt sick, but she continued, oblivious, "Don't worry though, there is plenty more where that came from! The fun is just beginning!" With that she bounded off the bed, and quickly started to throw on her discarded clothes. When she turned towards me again, I could still see a tent where the dildo was hidden beneath her skirt. She looked down at it and giggled again. "Aren't you glad you no longer have *this* problem?" Although I had never had any desire to wear a skirt, I would have killed to have the problem of hiding a boner, even if it meant wearing a skirt. She seemed to know that, and leered at me. I covered my empty crotch self consciously, realizing that it was open, and completely exposed to the abusive witch. She turned away, grabbed a long coat she must have worn here that covered up her lecherous outfit, opened the door,

and left. All the while giggling in that evil manner.

I collapsed, relaxing for the first time since I had stepped through my door. I had not even realized how tense I had been the entire time she was in my room. I was annoyed to realize that the bed underneath me was slightly damp. Glancing down between my legs at the still dripping pussy, I quickly realized the likely source. Still, I was too tired to care. I felt disgusting, violated, and exhausted. Part of me wanted to get a shower to attempt to get clean and wash away the memories of this evening's events, but I realized that the shower stalls would be too populated right now. Instead I set my alarm for 5:00 AM, figuring that things should be deserted by then, and fell asleep almost immediately.

CHAPTER 5

I woke to complete confusion. My alarm was blaring, I was tangled in a mass of blankets, and I seemed to be naked. I never slept naked. And it was still dark out. Then I remembered. The previous evenings events came flooding back in a torrent. Shame, violation, embarrassment, anger, and even some small inkling of arousal. Unable to begin to figure out the conflicting emotions that were raging through my consciousness, I chose to ignore them, and focus on a shower. First, I quickly cleaned up the remnants from last nights activities, then I grabbed the first pair of underwear out of my drawer. It happened to be a see through thong with black lace around the edges. I hate thongs. I also did not ever think I would have enough experience with them to create an opinion. Disgusted, I returned the offending garment to my drawer and pulled out another pair. Black and white hip huggers with a butterfly pattern and black lace around the edges. It could be worse... I threw on a pair of sweatpants and a giant hoodie and headed for the bathroom.

Normally I would have just walked to the shower in a towel, but that was not an option at the moment. First, my stomach, in its newly hairless state, was barely passable. Second, and more importantly, my newly feminised legs would be quite noticeable to anyone passing me, and I was not about to get caught again. Once in the shower, I closed the curtain, and removed my clothes. Luckily no one was around at this time of morning. Late enough that most night owls were in bed, and early enough that the morning folks were not up yet. I carefully reached out of the curtain, and stretched towards the bench to place my small bundle of clothes. I was careful to keep my lower half hidden behind the shower curtain...just in case. As I was setting down my belongings, I happened to glance in the mirror that was across from the row of shower stalls. Luckily nothing was visible, as the curtain was successfully hiding my lower half. I did notice with trepidation however, that you could see my faint silhouette through the flimsy shower curtain. I was fairly certain that it would not give me away, but it was a little worrisome.

Focusing on the task at hand, and wanting to get out of this very exposed position, I turned on the water and started washing. The piping hot water flowing down my smooth skin I have to admit felt fantastic. I quickly washed my hair, and then proceeded down the rest of my body. Washing my new genitals was a different experience, but I managed to do so without causing any strange arousal, mostly by attempting to touch them as little as possible. The wash cloth gliding over my smooth legs was also a new experience, although I hated to admit it, one that felt rather good. I forced myself into clinical detachment and powered through the shower quickly. I then grabbed my towel from the hook on the side of the shower, and dried off. One positive of the lack of hair was that my skin dried much faster. I was also thankful that I was able to grab my clothes, get dressed, and return to my dorm with no interruptions. It was still well before 6:00 AM, so I pulled off my clothes and collapsed in bed to sleep for another couple hours before my 10:00 AM class.

It was 9:55 when I woke up again. I looked at my watch with a start, realizing I had 5 minutes to get to a class that took about 8 minutes to walk to. I jumped out of bed, and grabbed some jeans. I pulled the first t-shirt out of the drawer that I saw. It was just a plain white undershirt, but I did not have time to be picky. I did take the time to quickly check that my panties were not visible, and they were not, although the shirt did not hang quite as low as I would like. Still, I did not have time to worry about it. I grabbed my school bag and ran out the door and towards the building where my class was. Luckily this was one of those 'core classes' with about a hundred or more people in it, so I was pretty sure I could sneak in.

When I arrived, I was only a minute or two late, but that prof always starts right on time. I managed to slip through the door without it creaking and quickly jumped to the first available seat the third row from the back. The professor had been talking about something having to do with Gothic architecture, and he did not notice me come in. At least something was going right. I got out my notebook and started to copy down what the professor said. Although I always start out with the best of intentions in this class, it is often hard to pay attention as the professor drones on in a seemingly never ending monotone. By halfway through, my eyes had glazed over and my note taking ability was only half hearted.

There was about 5 minutes left in the class when I first heard the giggling. The two girls behind me were whispering constantly and giggling. It was starting to get annoying, as the laughs, and their talking was getting pretty loud. It brought me out of my dazed state as I tried to figure out what was so funny. It was then that I realized that something was off. There was a kind of constricted feeling like my shirt was too tight around my chest. I reached up to scratch at my shirt a little bit, and felt something beneath my shirt. That's strange, I thought...I looked down to try to see what it was, going cross eyed a little bit. That was when I heard a bit of what the giggling girls behind me were saying. The only word I clearly caught was 'crossdresser.' Immediately my heart started racing. What had

they seen? Were my panties showing? I was sweating...I grabbed my stuff, and sprinted out of the room without even waiting for the end of the class. I immediately headed for the nearest bathroom. Even as I was running down the hall, the tingling was returning.

This time it was centered in my chest. I made it to the bathroom, just as the feeling was intensifying. I quickly took off the t-shirt and stared in horror down at my chest. There was a bra there! There was no mistaking it. It was fairly basic, compared to many of the bras I had seen on girlfriends and online. Just a dark blue band around my chest, except for the small cups in the front and the straps going up over my shoulders. It looked kinda silly there to be honest, but I was worried that was going to change. I could feel the tingling start to increase. I reached behind me and struggled to unhook the little clasps that kept the bra hooked. I could do this one handed with a girl, but it was much harder when they were on YOU and it required reaching behind to your back. I finally managed to take the bra off so I could watch the changes.

The first thing that was obvious was my hair on my chest was starting to disappear. The tingling was inhabiting my whole torso now. It intensified momentarily along my arms. The hair there quickly thinned out, going from a dark black to a slight almost imperceptible peach fuzz. My underarms also went completely hairless in what felt like seconds. The tingling started to recede from my arms, but not before I noticed that my biceps seemed to shrink slightly. By this time my chest was completely hairless as well. I realized in some remote corner of my brain that my body was now completely devoid of substantial hair from the neck down. The tingling seemed to be abating, but then it suddenly centered on my nipples, almost painfully. I looked down and watched as my nipple plumped up slightly. The area around my nipples too, also seemed to be expanding and becoming a slightly different shade of pink.

The tingling stopped, leaving me to examine my newest set of

changes. My nipples were undoubtedly feminine, but thankfully, quite hideable. My arms seem to have lost some muscle mass and some hair, but they are not what I would describe as feminine...just a little thin and weak. Still, I doubted it was that noticeable. The hair was now gone from my upper body to match my lower body, but since I already had the problem of huge female sized nipples, as well as hiding a bra, I didn't see that it mattered whether there was hair on my chest, comparatively speaking at least. I felt my new nipples to see whether there was any breast tissue, and was relieved there was not. I was jolted though, by how sensitive they were now. The slight touch seemed to send signals directly down to the pussy hidden between my legs. I also noticed that between my examination and the cool air of the bathroom, the nipples were now erect. I figured I should put my clothes on to try to rectify that situation.

I glanced at the bra. Out of morbid curiosity I took a look at the tag. It was apparently an AAA cup bra. I shrugged, and turned my attention to putting it back on. It turns out that trying to put a bra on is even more difficult than trying to take one off yourself. I ended up just connecting the little clasps in front of me and then spinning the thing around and pulling the straps over my shoulders. I would have loved to do away with it entirely, but I knew from my last experience with the panties that trying to not wear these articles of clothing could be disastrous. I then put my shirt on, which helped my newly hairless chest and nipples to warm up slightly. I still had a major problem however. The bra, which was darkly colored, was very easy to see under my thin white t-shirt. Shit! I don't know what to do. I checked my bag...no additional clothing.

I debated internally...should I just stay in the bathroom all day? No, they close up the academic buildings at night, and would kick me out eventually anyway. I think my best bet is to make a run for it. The 11:00 classes should be underway, and it is early for the lunch crowd yet. If I run, straight out for my dorm, maybe no one will see me. I did find a hat in my bag, which I put on. I listened to make sure no one was in the bathroom,

and left the stall. I glanced at the mirror, and clearly saw my reflection, with the outline of a bra visible with little difficulty. I was almost shaking...still, I needed to focus. I checked the hallway outside the bathroom before leaving completely. It was empty. that was a small help at least.

I made a run for it. I literally ran, flat out, through the halls and out the door. I took the back exit out of the building, and would take the path that wound around the outside of campus around all the dorms. That made the trip take longer, but it would be less populated than going through the quad in the center of campus. Miraculously, I met no one. There was a couple on a bench making out in the woods, but they paid me no mind. There were a couple kids on a small lawn throwing a Frisbee around, but they were concentrating on their game. I tore into my dorm and through the back stairwell. And ran straight into someone!

Papers flew everywhere...I almost knocked some girl over, I had to catch her arm to stop her from falling, and to steady her on her feet. When I saw her face, I winced internally. Janelle! She was this girl on the floor below me that I had been trying to get to know all semester. "What the hell Zach?" She asked, clearly annoyed. We had hung out at a couple of dorm parties, so we knew each other, just not as well as I would have liked.

"Sorry Janelle...I am just in a huge hurry, my bad, I will make it up to you sometime." I babbled, half walking up the stairs.

"Its OK, these things happ-...Wait...Zach, are you wearing a bra?"

My heart sunk. She had noticed. This was bad for two reasons. First, I was terrified of the return of the tingling. Second, I was not happy about the girl I was into catching me wearing a bra. I quickly covered with a rushed explanation of, "Yeah, I lost a bet with Nate and Josh and I had to put it on and go through campus. That is why I was going so fast, they did not specify how fast I could go through campus. I was hoping no one

would see me.” Ok, so mostly a lie, but at least that last part was true.

She laughed, and seemed to accept my explanation. “Well, don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone. I think it is cool you actually went through with it.” She even smiled. A small light in an otherwise horrible day. I figured I had another 2 or three minutes before the tingling started, so I quickly helped her gather her papers.

“Sorry,” I explained, “I have to run now though, I don’t want anyone less understanding catching me like this.”

“Ok,” she laughed again, “ we should hang out sometime...we could play dress up or something.” I was not sure how to take that, but she winked, so I supposed it was alright. Still, my thoughts were completely derailed from the hot girl in front of me when the tingling started up again for the second time in less than an hour. I was back in my dorm room in a few short seconds. I locked the door, pulled off my shirt, and was again, staring at my chest. This time, the tingling again filled my whole torso.

I looked in the mirror, too focused to even remove the bra. My shoulders and chest seemed to be kinda shrinking slightly. Not getting smaller, just kind of getting thinner...more delicate I guess. By the time I realized this, the tingling was already fading in those areas and was intensifying behind my newly feminised nipples. Shit I thought. And sure enough, ever so slowly, the flesh behind my nipples started to puff up. The area swelled, and started to push out the cups of the bra. Not far thankfully, but far enough. The area plumped and rounded until I had two small disks of flesh sticking out. Surprisingly, I also saw the fabric of the bra change and warp. Where before it had been simple fabric, it seemed to develop wires and support beneath the cups, pushing my new assets up and adding some amount of support.

I took the bra off and glanced at the tag. It had changed to be an AA

cup. Not much, but enough to now be noticeable. The tingling had subsided thankfully, so I examined my changes. I definitely had boobies. They were too small to really be described as boobs. They more resembled one of the first girlfriends I had in early high school. She was just starting to grow breasts, and they were definitely there...enough to put my hands around and suck, but not enough to fill out a swimsuit. That was OK with me obviously, since I was not looking to fill ANYTHING out.

I took my pants off and stared at myself in the mirror. I hated what I saw. I looked like a girl. My panties were still on covering my sex, but the area there was obviously flat. Everything appeared soft and hairless. And my newly acquired boobs were definitely noticeable. I did not have all the 'curves' that I often admired, but I had enough. I have to admit, I kinda was turning myself on. I struck a pose in front of the mirror. It looked pretty good. Again, my mind was a mix of conflicting emotions. I was kinda turning myself on. Flat chested girls with just the hint of breasts had always been kinda a fetish of mine. Sure, I loved big boobs as much as the next guy, but there was something about those little buds poking out that was really attractive to me.

Looking at myself in the mirror, at least from the neck down, I could have been one of those pictures that I used to look at on porn websites. I felt my pussy begin to moisten. I could see my nipples start to stick out. I am getting turned on by myself! I attempted to distance myself from the image in the mirror...I started thinking of the girl in the mirror as just a larger version of some video I might watch online. Slowly, I sat down on the bed...not looking at myself, but across the room at the mirror.

I watched as the girl's hand slid down her smooth body...slowly grazing over those tiny breasts. I felt electric shocks running through my body from my nipples down to my crotch. I ignored them, and concentrated on the mirror. I watched as the girl's hands traced down over the rest of her body, her stomach, and the almost imperceptible mound between her legs.

She carefully lifted the edge of her panties to slide her hand into them. I watched as her hand inched ever closer to the slit between her legs, the outline of which was just barely visible through the thin material of the panties. Slowly she dipped a finger between the smooth cleft between her thighs. I gasped. This time I could not ignore the fact that the woman I was watching was actually me. I had just brushed my finger over my clit creating a wave of pleasure that brought me back to my own body. I looked down and could see my hand buried inside the panties that I was being forced to wear. I could see my finger just disappearing as it dipped between my legs. I realized that unconsciously I had been opening my legs, spreading them to allow for better access.

Something about realizing that my body was unconsciously opening itself up to get penetrated by some foreign object snapped me out of my daze of horniness. I snapped my legs together and decided that I had better get dressed. I glanced down at my underwear, annoyed because as I calmed down, I realized that my panties were now damp with the juices from my previous excitement. Ashamed, I stripped them off, avoiding the mirror as I did not want to get distracted again and added them to the growing collection in my suitcase. When I went to my drawer to replace them I noticed two disturbing facts. First, in addition to the colorful assortment of panties, an equally colorful assortment of bras had been added.

Second, my selection of underwear was starting to look a little thin. Actually, more accurately, it was starting to look a little stringy. While there were many pairs left, I had already worn many of the more substantial pairs in the collection, and the only pair of 'normal' cotton bikini-style panties was a pink pair covered in hearts. The remainder were a variety of shiny materials, lace, and (I shuddered a little) thongs. I resolved to figure out a way to do laundry at some point soon. I also picked the bra up off the bed and used my clasp it in front and spin it around trick to put it on. I noticed that this time when I put the bra on, I could actually feel my small breasts

settling in the cups. I ignored the feeling and pulled on the jeans I had left lying on the floor. I then headed for my dresser and pulled out an old baggy t-shirt that I had leftover from some fund-raiser in high school, and a college hoodie. Once I had both articles of clothing on, I examined myself. The bra, my diminished shoulders, and my newly formed little boobies were all hidden beneath the bulky sweatshirt fabric. I breathed a sigh of relief. At least I could leave my dorm room.

I decided quickly that my first order of business had to be to figure out some way to hide these latest changes. There was a Wal-Mart about 10 minutes walk from my dorm, so I set off in that direction. The experience of walking, now that I had time to reflect on it, was slightly different. As a guy, you are always aware of your equipment when you are walking, and it occasionally gets in your way. Without those parts, walking felt different, and I was worried that my stride was also off. I was not sure if the difference in my stride was due to the lack of equipment, or due to the small changes in weight in my chest and ass. I did not think it should make that much of a difference, but who knows. Anyway, suffice it to say that I made it there eventually although I was self-conscious the entire walk.

Once in the store, I headed straight for the sports section. I picked up quite a few rolls of compression bandages. I had used these before during high school for minor injuries, and I was hoping they would be able to hide any noticeable bulges. I also decided that I should pick up one more thing, but I was much more nervous about that. I headed, with a large amount of trepidation, towards the women's clothing section. Luckily, this Wal-Mart was quite well stocked and had a huge selection of clothes. I wandered into the section with a giant 'intimates' sign above it. I was aware of how out of place a guy looks in this area, as I got a sidelong glance from a middle-aged woman browsing through the panties. The irony however, was that I was almost as qualified as her to be in that section. Saddened with that thought, I focused on my mission. When I got to the bras, I was able (thankfully) to quickly find what I had been looking for. The sports section

had a variety of bras. I found a couple designed for A-cup breasts. Most seemed to be made of some sort of stretchy, highly elastic type material. I quickly picked out two that were rated for “High Impact Activities” hoping that they would do the best job of compressing my new assets. The bras were black and white respectively, and looked almost like a tank top, except everything below ‘breast level’ was cut off and there were cups designed to hold a woman’s breasts. I would have picked up one or two more, but they were \$35 a piece, and college students are poor. (who would have thought bras cost that much!)

With a great deal of embarrassment, I went up to make my purchases. I was terrified that this would trigger the curse again, but I was hoping that because the feminine items were not yet mine, it would not count. Luckily it seems I was right as I left the store (with my purchases triple bagged) and made it home with no issues. When I got back to my dorm, I locked my door and stripped off my multiple layers of clothing, including the bra. I took the tags off the white sports bra, and pulled it over my head. It felt tight, pushing my newly formed breasts into my chest, and holding them in place. While it was a little uncomfortable, and seemed to remind me of my predicament every time I moved, I was happy to see in the mirror that bra minimized my breasts to almost nothing. I threw a t-shirt on, and was happy to see that other than being able to see the outline of the fabric of the bra beneath, I could not really see my breasts.

I had just breathed a sigh of relief when I heard a knock at the door followed by a “Zach, get your ass out here and lets go to dinner.” It was Josh. I glanced at my watch and realized it was 5:00 already. I had no idea how it had gotten this late. It seems time flies when you are being tormented by an angry witch. I quickly grabbed the hoodie again and threw it over my head. I glanced at the mirror to make sure everything looked OK and opened the door. Nate and Josh stood at the door. We exchanged our normal greetings, and I am fairly certain that I managed to not stress out and sound almost normal.

As we were about to head out, Nate commented “Every time I walk into one of these glorified closets it makes me claustrophobic.” He waved his hand around my minuscule dorm room to emphasize.

“Yeah, yeah...” I replied. This was not a new joke for them, as everyone liked to make fun of my living conditions. At one point they had called me Harry Potter for a week because I essentially lived in a cupboard.

“Yeah man,” Josh continued. “I don’t see how you fit everything in here....Wow!” I looked around in surprise at Josh’s exclamation. He had been surveying my abode, and I realized in sudden horror that his eyes had fallen on my laundry bin. The top of said laundry bin happened to have a bright pink lacy bra sticking out, clearly visible. Oh No....

“Wow dude, did you actually manage to fit a chick in here?” Josh asked laughing, and picking up the bra and dangling it in front of us. “Who was she? If she was wearing this, she seems like she would be hot!” I flushed red. I realized that like the last transformation of my clothing, not only had the clothes in my drawers transformed, but also those in my laundry, as if this were my standard wardrobe and nothing had changed.

Luckily, it seemed as if they thought that the bra belonged to some girl I had been with. I decided to go with it. “Shut up dude. Yes she was hot, but it is none of your business.” I was trying to be more harsh than I normally would, maybe that would make them go away or shut up about it.

“Alright, alright, no need to get your panties in a bunch,” calmed Nate. I blushed a little more, although I don’t think they could tell. Nate could not know how close to home his very casual insult had just struck.

I could feel the beginnings of the tingling again. I had hoped since I was not wearing the bra, it would not have counted. Not good. I tried a

different tact with the guys. “Look, I will tell you guys about her later. We were actually just texting about doing dinner together before you guys came over. You head to dinner, and I will catch up with you after and answer your questions...ok?”

That seemed to get through to them. They shrugged and started to head out the door. “You had better be able to show us some pictures of this chick!” Yelled Josh over his shoulder as they headed out the door. I closed the door behind them, trying to be as casual as possible while all the while, the tingling started to intensify on my chest. I locked the door, and pulled off my hoodie and t-shirt. Already though, the tingling was doing its horrible work. I could see, underneath the sports bra, fighting against the strong elastic, my chest was pushing determinedly outward. While before the area had only the barest, almost imperceptible bulge, there were now actual mounds forming beneath the fabric. I pulled off the bra, and by that time the tingling was already starting to recede having quickly done its work.

I stared at my chest. I had breasts. Before, I could almost have argued that they were slightly flabby pectoral muscles, or at worst the beginnings of breasts. No more. Now there were actual lumps on my chest. I cupped them with my hands, feeling that now almost familiar sense of excitement travel down my spine to the void between my legs. My now expanded boobs were enough to actually hold on to. I felt almost sick. I moved over to the laundry basket to retrieve the offending pink garment that caused this latest change. I noticed as I moved that I could now feel the movement and a slight bouncing from those cursed orbs on my chest as I moved. I gathered up the pink bra, along with a couple of others buried within my laundry basket, and added the lot to my suitcase and the now somewhat sizable collection of panties. I walked back to the mirror and looked at myself. “What am I going to do?!?” I despaired aloud. I could feel tears threatening to well up and overwhelm me, but I refused to cry. I might not be able to stop what was happening to me, or my

seemingly never ending feminine transition, but I could at least deal with it like a man. I laid back on my bed, exhausted from three changes within a single day, and closed my eyes.

CHAPTER 6

When I woke up, I realized two things. First, it was almost 11:00 at night, something I gleaned from a quick glance at the clock, and second, I needed to pee. Now. I felt like my bladder was about to explode. I jumped out of bed and fumbled around in the semi-darkness for my hoodie which I knew was lying next to the bed. I threw it on and bolted out the door. I ran down towards the bathroom, feeling like I was moments away from the a torrent exploding from between my legs. Somewhere in the back of my mind I wondered whether this experience had shrunk my bladder as well. I burst into the bathroom and luckily was with it enough to take a quick glance around, and saw the legs of some guy in one of the stalls. I remembered clearly the last time I had made the mistake of peeing within earshot of another guy, and was not going to make the same mistake again. I debated internally about what I should do...should I try to wait? I decided quickly against it as I did not think I could make it.

I dashed back out the door. I ran for the stairs, literally flat out. As I started down them, I realized that this jolting was not helping the situation. My bladder was about to burst, and I did not think I could hold it much longer. (The pressure was enough even to distract me from the bouncing of my boobs, which also objected to the harsh treatment) I hesitated at the third floor for just a moment. It was a girl's floor, but I was closer to this bathroom than the one on the next floor down, and right now, the floor seemed deserted and every second mattered. Making a snap decision, I put the hood of my hoodie up to cover my face, hoping that no one would notice me and headed for the bathroom door. I noticed as I opened the

door that pink stick figure in a skirt which normally meant 'stay out' but in this case, it just meant relief. I glanced inside quickly and was extremely relieved to see that there was no one there. I shot into one of the stalls (there were nothing but stalls and sinks here I noted) and closed the door.

The stream that let loose felt like a river more than a stream. Moments after I started however, the door opened. Shit! I thought. I tried to stop, but literally could not. It was like once the floodgates had been opened they could not be closed again. All I could do was sit there, pants (and panties) around my knees, waiting for the seemingly unending torrent to stop. I was also terrified that I would be discovered in the girl's bathroom. But that was when it hit me. The sound emanating from my bladder...that 'fssst' sound that had betrayed me once before, was not out of place here. Girls were used to that sound. In fact, I could hear the girl that came in enter a stall and a similar sound came from her stall. As I was realizing this, the torrent finally started to end, as I could feel my bladder emptying itself. I stood up and wiped. I hesitated for a second to listen to the sounds around me. It sounded like the girl was still in that stall and I could not hear anyone else. I decided to make a break for it.

I quickly pulled up my pants and panties in one motion, flushed the toilet, and buttoned and zipped up. I left the stall quickly, but quietly, with my hoodie up, trying to hide my face. I glanced outside the bathroom door, and I saw two girls at the opposite end of the hall, but they were not facing this way. I jumped out of the bathroom, and walked, head down, towards the stairs. As soon as I hit the stairs I bolted back up to the third floor, and my room, relieved that I had avoided that little catastrophe. I opened the door to my room and stopped. There she was. Just like last time, lazily lying on my bed as if she owned the place. An involuntary shudder ran through my body as the previous night's activities ran through my brain.

This time though, she was dressed slightly more modestly in form fitting dark jeans and a black tank top. The tank was cut low though, and

you could clearly see the edges of a red bra peeking out as well as the straps of the bra under the spaghetti straps of the tank-top. The look worked for her, and I again grudgingly acknowledge my attraction to her. She smiled at me and said, "Well, I bet you are proud of yourself for not getting discovered just now, as well as not having an accident as I was kinda hoping that you might." She again smiled, and it almost seemed sweet, but you can tell that there was a much more nefarious purpose in the smile from the look in her eyes. "You will be happy to know that since you sounded like a girl, none of the other girls thought you didn't belong there, and so no changes for that little adventure." I winced slightly at the mention of 'other girls' as well as the implication that I belonged in a girl's bathroom. My attention however was more focused on the very dangerous witch in front of me. I could almost tell she was displeased by my narrow escape, and I could almost feel a 'BUT' that was going to be added to her last sentence.

"BUT," she continued (*I knew it!*), "you forgot a certain article of clothing in your haste!" My eyes widened in realization. She smiled that evil smile of hers and pulled a pink shiny looking bra from behind her back. She dangled it in front of me, taunting me with the sight of it. With almost pure glee, she taunted, "and you remember what the result of you not wearing your new clothes is right?" I nodded, almost not able to believe this was happening again. "That's right sweetheart, it is time for your FITTING punishment!" She threw the bra to me. I glanced down at it, realizing that the cups seemed larger than the other ones I had seen in my drawer. I looked at the tag and saw that it was a D-cup bra!

The current growths on my chest were bad enough, and that was only an A! How big were these things going to get!?!? Just as I thought that, the tingling began. I looked back at the witch, intended to plead for her to stop this, but instead my eyes caught hers and I immediately felt that loss of control that so often happened around her. "Take off your shirt," she commanded me. I had no choice but to obey. I found that once I had done

that though, a measure of control returned. I still could not move my feet, but I could at least look around and move my head. I looked down, and watched and the orbs on my chest ballooned out. Much faster than before. Within a minute they were more than double the size they were before. I looked down in despair. The tingling was receding but already the damage was done. These things were MASSIVE. I had no idea how it was going to be possible to hide them. My life was over, I had no idea what to do now. I think I was almost in shock.

Finding I could move again, I sat down, right there on the floor. I felt an enormous jiggling as I did from the weights on my chest. My thoughts overwhelmed me. I did not know what I was going to do. The witch in front of me swam in and out of my eyes. I had kinda been getting along and dealing with these changes, although only barely, because I still felt as if I could hide them from the outside world. But there were no way to hide these. I looked at the witch...and pleaded, "Please, Please, stop this! I give up, I will do anything you want, just please, change me back!"

She almost seemed to be considering. My heart jumped into my chest. "Well...I don't know about changing you back, but I suppose we could work out a little deal where I will reverse ONE change." She smiled as if she was being generous. Still, I was not going to argue.

"ANYTHING." I agreed easily.

"Well, you see, I have been thinking about having a little fun with this, so here is what we will do. " She produced a device that looked like a small egg with a wire sticking out from her pocket. "I want you to spend the whole day, from the start of classes to the end of classes tomorrow with this in your pussy. "

I choked a little bit. WHAT!? I would have to walk around with something inside me? It was bad enough that there was someplace that

was supposed to fit inside me. It was much worse that I was supposed to walk around with it. Still, it was better than the alternative.

She continued, "If you agree, I will reverse a single change right now, however if you do not follow through with your side of the bargain, then the change I reverse tonight will return, plus another one, and I will have my way with you again. The only thing you have to tell me is what change I need to reverse. "

I swallowed. This was a dangerous deal to be making because I had no doubts that she could make it much worse for me if she wanted to. Still, I think this is my best shot to getting a little bit closer to normal. The only question is what change to reverse. My initial reaction was the obvious one. I wanted my dick back. I almost blurted that out. But then I realized that if I kept these giant melons on my chest, then I would quickly be discovered and more changes would follow. "I agree, and choose the boobs," I announced.

She smiled again. "Thought you might choose that...Shame, I liked them on you, but a deal is a deal." I felt the tingling return again, but this time my breasts were thankfully shrinking. They deflated almost like a balloon with a hole in it. A wave of joy spread through me as I realized that one small area of my body would be back to normal.

As I watched, the mounds quickly diminished, but before they were completely gone, the tingling stopped, along with their progress towards normalcy. "What gives!?" I exclaimed. "I still have boobs!"

"Oh sweetheart, I know," she replied in a voice smooth as silk. "But remember, I only agreed to reverse ONE change. The changes that got them to this size were separate changes."

I felt sick. Not only was I still stuck with boobs, but I had to now walk

around with that thing in me all day tomorrow. I had hoped that at least it would be worth it to get rid of these stupid things. The witch seemed to be enjoying my turmoil, but got up to leave anyway. “Well honey, I will leave you my little present and be on my way...Have fun tomorrow!” And she was gone. I picked up the egg thing and looked at it. It appeared to be plastic, with a small coated wire coming out one end. It seemed to be designed for the use that the witch wanted me to use it for, because it had arrows indicating which way it was supposed to be inserted. (with the wire facing down so that you can pull it out I assumed.)

I was too tired to put much thought into this, and despite being terrified of what might happen tomorrow, I laid down on my bed again, exhausted by the night’s crazy activities, and passed out.

CHAPTER 7

I awoke to my alarm. It was 9:00, and my first class was at 10:00. I knew that I had to have this thing in me by then. I quickly got up to head for the showers. I knew that this was a really good time to shower because most of the people on my hall had classes now, so the bathroom should be empty. I still took my time, and tried to be as careful as possible. For once though, I was able to get through the experience without any problems. One guy walked in while I was showering, but he did not discover the bra or panties hidden under my jeans, nor could he see through the shower screen to see my now very feminine body.

By the time I had showered, brushed my teeth, and all that other morning nonsense, it was already 9:40. I had already gotten dressed with my baggiest pair of jeans, double T-shirts, a hoody, my sports bra, and a pair of purple mesh style panties. Not exactly a lot of modesty, and more

'sexy' than I would like, but at least it was not a thong. Again, I realized that I was going to have to do laundry soon.

Having delayed as much as possible, I decided that I needed to take care of my little assignment from the witch. I grabbed the egg, and pulled down my pants. With a deep breath, and while trying not to look, I went to push the egg in. I found that it was difficult, and hurt a little. I realized, almost immediately, that the problem was that I was not wet. I considered my options...should I try to play with myself? I dismissed that idea, as it felt too much like surrendering to my anatomy. I decided using some saliva might be best, so I spit on it a little, rubbed it around on the egg, and tried again.

Things seemed a little easier that time, but I was still getting resistance. I was running out of time, I needed to get this thing in. I examined the egg for a second, and then with a sigh, stuck the thing completely in my mouth. I rolled it around with my tongue briefly to make sure that it was covered in saliva. I had an unpleasant vision of girls in some of the porn videos I have watched doing similar things. I put the idea out of my mind, and pulled the egg out of my mouth. Newly covered in saliva, it was much more slippery. I moved it down to the lips of my pussy and pushed in. It slid much easier this time, gliding into a spot nestled up in between my legs, while my pussy lips closed up around it. The wire on the edge of it stuck out a little bit, which I was glad of, because I was somewhat worried that it would get lost up there.

I stood up experimentally. With every movement, I could feel the slight movement of the foreign object inside of me. The feeling, I was annoyed to admit, was turning me on a little. Still, not having time to dwell on this, I pulled my pants up and grabbed my stuff to get ready. This sudden movement I found, caused there to be more movement inside me, and increased the feeling of arousal. Still, I needed to get going, so I grabbed my stuff and walked quickly towards my first class. The walk

drove me nuts, as with every step I was reminded of the pussy between my legs by the subtle movement of the egg inside me.

Once I made it to class, I was definitely aroused. I could feel the warm wetness in my pussy. I also realized as I sat down on the hard classroom chair, that I could feel the egg when I sat as well. I squirmed around a bit, trying to find a position that it would not be noticeable. Ugh..I am about 15 minutes in and already the witch's latest scheme is causing me TONS of problems. I finally managed to find a spot where I was comfortable, and I settled down to wait for the lecture to start. As usual, the prof came in, and started droning on about statistics while all the students endeavored to take notes and stay awake. For me, staying awake was not really a problem, due to the very strange circumstances I that kept distracting me. Taking notes however, seemed out of the question. I could not concentrate.

Finally though, I began to calm down, and the wetness seemed to be receding slightly. I began to try to focus on the prof, and was even able to get a couple of lines of notes taken. That's when it started. At first it was just a quick pulse. A twinge that I felt down below. Then it was gone. I must have imagined some weird sensation. Then it started again, this time a little longer. It was hard to describe the feeling, but I knew it was coming from between my legs. Just as I began to concentrate on it, it stopped again. I waited for it to continue, but it did not. I tried to go back to taking notes.

Just as I started to figure out what in the world the professor was talking about, I felt it again. It seemed almost like something was massaging me from the inside. I could not help but squirm as the feeling increased. That was a mistake. That pushed the egg around inside me, and I realized at that point, where this feeling was coming from. The Egg! It felt like it was vibrating. The feeling strange, but somewhat pleasant. What in the world?? I thought. I was in the middle of that train of thought

when I heard out of the corner of my mind that the professor had released us, and that class was over. Similarly, the vibrations from the egg seemed to be over as well. I considered taking the egg out, but knew that would result in a lot of changes I wanted even less than this egg.

I headed to my next class. When I was about halfway there, the buzzing started up again, this time much more intense. My knees buckled involuntarily, and I collapsed to my knees. A guy passing by stopped. "You OK man?" he asked, obviously concerned at my sudden 'fall'.

I tried to respond through the haze of the complex feelings generated by the buzzing between my thighs. I think I got some excuse about tripping on the sidewalk out before I stumbled away. As I was about to get to class, the buzzing stopped. I was relieved, but I knew too well that this reprieve would not last. I decided a quick stop at the restrooms was in order. I quickly jumped into a stall, and carefully pulled down my pants and hid the panties between my legs. I spread my legs as far as I could, so that I could try to see what was happening. I saw the string protruding from my pussy, and just as I was examining it, the feeling started again.

I felt the lips between my legs, and confirmed that the egg within me was definitely vibrating! Just as I realized this, I heard the voice in my head again. "*Oh, you didn't think it was as simple as just walking around with that thing all day, did you?*" I could hear the laughing, but it was quickly fading. I groaned internally. There was nothing I could do though. I needed to just soldier on, and ignore the feelings. I pulled my pants back up, check to make sure everything was hidden, and prepared to leave the stall. The vibration was causing a steady stream of small shocks to shoot up my spine, but I tried to ignore it.

I opened the stall door, walked out, and suddenly the vibration more than doubled. I could not help but let out a "Unnnngghhh" and my knees gave out a little. Luckily, the bathroom was deserted, so no one noticed,

but I was going to have to concentrate. The burst of strong vibrations only lasted for a second, and then stopped completely. Warily, I opened the door and headed to class. I sat down, hoping that the witch would give me a break so that I could concentrate on my studies...no such luck.

It took all of about 4 minutes after the start of class for the ball to start doing something new. It was not quite a vibration, it was more like I could feel it moving inside me. I guessed that in addition to a vibrating, it also had one of those weights that could be used to make it roll around. I shuddered a little bit, as I could feel it inside me, reminding me of my forced femininity with each little movement. Soon after, the vibrations added to the rolling motion.

At this point, I was ashamed to admit, the constant sensations were starting to get to me. I could feel my nipples were hard as rocks, straining to escape the multiple layers of clothing they were hidden beneath. I could feel moisture seeping out of my crotch and into the panties I was wearing. It seemed like bolts of electricity kept shooting up and down my spine. Concentrating on the lecture not only with this level of arousal and stimulation, but also with these constant reminders of what had been done to my body was nearly impossible.

Worse though, was the fact that my arousal was starting to build. At first, the feeling was a mere agitation, then it became more of a pleasant tickle. By now though, my body was working overtime. I felt like I was going to slide off my chair. My legs were completely weak. My panties felt drenched in juice. Unconsciously, my legs kept drifting farther apart and my hips wanted to start thrusting. These impulses were obviously a natural reaction to the stimuli that was going on, but one I was desperately trying to control.

By this time however, the little egg had returned to buzzing crazily, and doing that thing where it seemed to roll around inside me. I bit my lip,

trying not to make any sounds as it pulsed extra strongly. I could feel a charge building up in my body. The last time this happened, I did not know what to expect, but this time I did. My body was determined to have its release, and if the egg and that the witch had anything to say about it, that release was not going to wait.

I crossed my arms on my desk and buried my face in them just as the first wave hit me. I bit into my lip harder, desperately trying not to cry out, but something within me really wanted to. The buzzing continued as another wave hit me...This time I could not help but groan a little in pleasure. I noticed out of the corner of my eye that the guy next to me gave me an odd sort of glance, but he seemed to let it go. My pussy continued to pulse with the buzzing of the egg for a while longer, sending electricity in waves throughout my entire body.

I could feel the lips of my vagina twitching in response to the buzzing from the egg and the orgasm racking my body. The muscles in my vagina kept clenching around the egg, heightening the pleasure. The waves continued to crash over my body, made even more intense by the continued ministrations from the egg inside me. I bit down on my hoodie, trying not to make a sound. I could feel my entire body weak with pleasure, unable to even sit properly in my chair, I was almost slipping under the desk. Finally, the waves started to recede and I was able to think again. The egg seemed to have stopped its rolling buzzing motion.

I hazarded a glance at the guy in the seat next to me. It seemed like he was paying attention to the lecture, but I did catch a sidelong glance in my direction. Great, I thought, that is all I need. In my current state I was not interested in any more scrutiny than was absolutely necessary. At least I had managed to control it as well as I had, given the intensity of that orgasm. With a penis, having an orgasm in public like that was not really an option. There was too much movement involved. Part of me marveled that it was possible to have such an intense experience, and have no one

around you be the wiser.

Still, I beat my brain back into submission, as that train of thought led to a point that too closely resembled accepting or enjoying these changes. I was not willing to do either. Mercifully, the rest of the lecture, which I was completely unable to concentrate on, went by without further suspicion from my class mates or activity from the device buried between my legs. I counted my blessings, and was one of first ones out the door as soon as the prof dismissed us. I headed to my next and final class for the afternoon. Luckily this one was an English seminar class that all students were required to take. You could generally sleep through it without issue, and the tests were easy enough that you could breeze through with little studying.

When I got to the classroom, I was treated to the first piece of truly good luck I could remember in the last several days. The prof was sick, and she had cancelled all of her classes this week. There was a small reading assignment listed at the bottom of the note for our class, but that was it! I could have almost jumped! The day was over, my debt to the witch was paid, now all I had to do was get back to my dorm and get this thing out of me.

I left the academic building and headed across one of the larger lawns back to my building. I was walking at a brisk pace when the egg suddenly flared up at full power. My legs went to jelly and literally gave out beneath me. I stumbled and fell almost flat on my face. Luckily, I was just able to break my fall with my hand. Just as I was trying to get up though, the egg hit me with another blast and my arm gave out. I dropped to the ground again, and groaned. I need to get up before someone wonders what the hell I am doing. I was pulling myself to my feet when a guy running by stopped to ask if I was OK. I told him that I was, but he still had an odd look on his face as he ran off.

Once I got to my feet I started off again as fast as I dared. At this point the egg had started a constant stream of sensations, varying between low and high to make sure I could never quite get used to it. I could feel the thing inside me as I moved, and the pressure of the walk made the egg press on the sides of my vagina while it vibrated, making the sensation even more intense. I soon realized that I was *not* going to make it to my dorm as I had first hoped. I veered off to the side to the same engineering building where I first discovered my horrible predicament.

I made a beeline for the nearest bathroom, however I was not surprised to see that the building was not as deserted as it was the last time I had to make a pit stop here to figure out what was going on with my underwear. I stumbled into the door to the men's room as a particularly intense wave hit my lower body when I was trying to open the door. I noted one student washing his hands as I entered but that was it. I quickly locked myself in the farthest away stall. I made it just in time too, as the egg was starting to go into overdrive.

I, thankfully, heard the other student leave just as the first wave of the orgasm hit me. I moaned a little as I felt the pleasure wash over me, emanating from the still buzzing egg inside me. The egg was not done, and nor was my body. Just as I was coming down from the first wave, a second crested, even more intense than the first. I shivered violently and bit my lip to avoid screaming. At this point I was nearly straddling the toilet. Desperately trying to just keep myself from making enough noise to attract every person in the building.

Midway through this effort, my heart sank. The door had opened. I nearly bit my tongue off trying to clamp down on any sounds that might have escaped my lips. Miraculously, I was successful. The lone guy that had entered quickly went over to the wall of urinals. I cursed myself internally when I realized that rather than taking a stall in the corner, I had occupied the one that started right after the wall of urinals. The guy ended

up picking the urinal literally right next to me.

I could see his feet, and after a second, hear the stream start. I was irritated that my mind, even through passion induced stupor, managed to feel some level of envy at the man right next to me that was able to just chill at a urinal and take a piss. Damn that witch! As he was peeing though, he laughed a little. Then said out loud, as much to himself as to anyone else, "Smellls like sex in here...or actually...smells like pussy....I can't believe an engineer managed to get a girl in here, much less have sex with her." He continued, even as my horror grew, "I need to meet this guy and shake his hand. And maybe meet the girl too."

By the time he finished, the last of the orgasm was dying down, and I was able to process what happened. And that was when the tingling returned. This time, just like the last time I was stuck in a bathroom like this, the changes centered around my midriff. I could feel my ass expanding even more than it had before. I lowered my jeans slightly and raised my shirt to survey the oncoming damage, dreading what I was about to see. Not only had my ass continued to expand, but I could also see other changes as well. My waist appeared to be shrinking, while my hips remained the same. Similarly, my legs seemed to slim slightly more as well. With one final set of tingling, I knew that the changes had abated.

Looking down at myself though, the damage was more than done. Anyone looking at that figure could not help but think 'girl.' Even ignoring the purple panties with their horribly flat triangle of fabric that I could see looking down, the rest of me now matched. I could see, looking around behind me, that my ass could now compete with the best of them. Interestingly, though, I did not think anything actually got larger. If anything, most things got smaller, while it seemed my ass and hips stayed about the same. While that might seem like a good thing, it gave me a figure that I was fairly certain could compete with many cover models.

When I pulled my pants up, my suspicions were confirmed. They barely managed to stay up on my hips, despite how wide they seemed. While they once fit quite well, they now were just managing to catch on my hips before falling off completely. That was when I realized something else. There was about two inches of fabric of the jeans pooling at my feet. I had shrunk! Now, I had not been that tall for a guy to begin with, so I had no idea how I was going to hide that I was now even smaller!

After several minutes of near hysteria, my brain managed to wrestle itself into thinking somewhat logically. I needed to get back to my dorm. I decided that a repeat of last yesterday's mad dash through the campus was not exactly ideal, but it was probably my best bet. I left the bathroom, hiking up my pants as I went, and proceeded to run all the way to my dorm and up the stairs as fast as I could manage while trying to ensure my pants did not fall off. I opened my door, and saw her, grinning like a Cheshire cat, and I knew the torment of this day had not yet ended.

CHAPTER 8

She was wearing what was quite possibly her most outrageous outfit I had seen her in yet. It consisted of an incredibly small black leather mini-skirt, and what could only be described as a corset, with red ribbons crisscrossed up the front and back, pushing her breasts out to an almost impossible degree. Despite my initial despair at seeing her, I was reassured by two things. First, I was fairly certain that there was no way that she could hide a strap on under that tiny skirt, and second that if nothing else, I was feasting my eyes on some incredibly attractive girl-flesh and was very much aroused. At least all these changes had not changed my orientation at all.

She made a gesture with her hand, and I involuntarily walked the next

couple steps into the room and the door closed behind me. “How was your day!?” she practically purred.

“It was torturous, and I am sure you know that, but I succeeded in your little test,” I blurted out. I was trying to be defiant, but not so much that I would piss her off. Possibly not the smartest thing to say, but I was getting too fed up with this craziness to care.

“So you did,” she smiled. “But it seems like your pants no longer fit you! I guess it is time for another pretty gift from me to help out!”

I stared in horror. I had completed her tasks. I had got caught once, but ultimately, I had not violated any rules which should create another change. I looked down, but I did not feel the tingling. What I did see though, scared me almost more. My jeans, were changing. A second or two ago they were bagging down at my feet, but now they appeared to fit normally. Their progress continued however, and I could feel the material start to squeeze my legs as it got tighter. Additionally, I felt a tickling sensation as the hem of the jeans continued its upward trend. They were now just below my knees and looked like a pair of capris. In horror though, I realized that they were not stopping. The upward progress of the hem continued until it was several inches above my knees. And then the entire material of the jeans started to merge together and separate between my thighs. Before I knew it, before I almost realized it, I was wearing a skirt.

I looked back up at the witch with a renewed sense of horror. “I can’t wear this!” I exclaimed in what sounded even to me like almost complete fear. “There is no way I can hide this!?” The question in my voice was implied, but she seemed to be considering.

“Oh honey,” she replied, in that voice that I knew meant nothing good. “I know it will be hard, but you do look amazing in it.” I glanced at the mirror, and was extremely distraught to realize that she was absolutely

right. my long legs descended from the bottom of the skirt looking smooth and delicious. The tight, short skirt accentuated my newly expanded hips, the ass pushing out the back, and my cursedly flat front. It was the type of lower half I would have taken a long look at if it happened to be walking by. “And just to show you that I am not completely heartless, and to show you how much I appreciate what a good sport you are being, I am going to give you a gift, that I think you might actually enjoy.”

I was highly skeptical of that possibility but I figured I did not have much of a choice anyway. “First,” she continued, “I need you to remove that egg, as it has certainly done its job for today. But I want to watch.” That was actually something I was glad to do, even if I was not a fan of her watching. I went to unzip my fly to take off my pants (I mean skirt! Damn!) when she stopped me, saying “Uh uh...You don’t need to take your new pretty skirt off...remember you have easier access now, you can just reach under there.”

The evil grin was back. With even more embarrassment than I thought possible, I hiked up the skirt so that I could get access to the little string that would allow me to remove that infernal egg from inside me. This action, more than the idea of wearing the skirt itself, got to me, as this was not only completely undignified, but also something that was completely impossible with traditional male clothing. The only way to get access to your junk as a guy, is to undo your pants. With my new attire however, there was an implied level of vulnerability. At any given time the only thing separating my sex from the outside air were my entirely too skimpy panties.

Speaking of, I noted with annoyance, that I could see the bottom of my mound, and the purple panties in the mirror as I pulled the skirt up. The sight was both arousing and disheartening. I felt like I was going to go insane being equal parts turned on and petrified by the changes that were occurring to me. Going as quickly as possible, I pulled aside the bottom of the panties, grabbed the string, and pulled it out. I let out a small shudder

of pleasure as the egg pass out of me and 'popped' out of my lips. I almost cursed in annoyance, but managed to restrain myself, and instead just smoothed the skirt back down to a more modest level, annoyed by the action which was inherently feminine.

She smiled again. "Now it is time for your gift since you have been so good. I want you to take off your pretty panties, and lay down in bed, and close your eyes." I almost immediately reached up under my skirt, and pulled down the panties. They pooled at my feet, where I left them lying on the floor, and proceeded to climb on the bed. This was one of those 'outside my own control' moments that was becoming almost normal whenever I was in a room with this woman. As soon as I was on the bed, I felt my eyes close and the room descended into darkness. "Now," she started, "You are going to lose feeling to your body for just a little while until I get everything set up, but don't you worry, this is going to be fun."

Internally I was almost screaming, but no sound actually escaped my lips. My eyes were closed, and I lost feeling to my entire body almost as soon as she told me I would. The only sense that was still really left to me was my hearing, and I could hear her humming slightly, as well as some rustling that sounded like it came from the bed below me. After only about a minute or so, though it seemed like longer, she told me to open my eyes.

I looked down, and was disoriented for a second. I was still lying on the bed, and she was sitting at the foot of the bed, looking down at me. I found the ability to move my head had returned, though the rest of my body still felt numb. My attention was first drawn to her bust, as it looked amazing as she leaned down towards me. Second, my attention went to her skirt, as I worried, with horror, that she would have donned another strap-on while my eyes were closed, but the front of her tiny skirt still appeared perfectly flat. That actually brought my attention to the third thing my poor confused mind noticed. **THERE WAS A GIANT TENT IN MY SKIRT!**

I don't think I would have ever been that excited by the sight of me wearing a skirt, but I could see the long pole of my dick, pushing out the fabric of the skirt, just the way the witch's had the other night. I could not quite feel the rest of my body yet, I was guess it was residual from the spell that gave me my dick back, but I did not care, I could easily see that it was there, and ready to go! She smiled what seemed like an almost genuinely happy smile. "You see Zach, while I enjoyed fucking you the other night, I have to say that I missed the sensation of having a good hard dick in my pussy. I thought we could rectify that."

I nodded almost gleefully. The prospect of having my dick back, AND getting to finally fuck this woman in the RIGHT way almost pushed my embarrassment at the fact that in our previous sexual encounter not only had I been unable to provide the dick that she had obviously been desiring, but I had been the one to get fucked. Still, I pushed those thoughts out of my mind to focus on the future which was looking MUCH brighter. Then she smiled again and pronounced, "With that, I am going to return full control/feeling of your body to you, and we can let the surprise commence!." There was a hint of the evil grin behind that expression, but I was too caught up in the moment to care. I finally had my manhood back!! My ability to move returned and I almost immediately reached towards my skirt to pull it up so I could gaze upon my long lost dick once more.

There was a twinge of something strange as I moved. Reminiscent of the feelings that the egg had created in my earlier today, of something inside me moving and shifting, but it was easy to convince myself that these were just phantom sensations from earlier trauma. I lifted the skirt over the edge of my dick and....saw PURPLE!? My face fell almost immediately. Where my dick should have been, a large purple dildo seemed to protrude out of me. I did not quite know what I was seeing. I asked in momentary bewilderment "You turned my dick into plastic?" I was forlorn, I grabbed it and tried to stroke it, but none of the reassuring feelings

came back from it.

What did happen however, was a flood of feelings from somewhere else. Between my legs! I looked down and realized that while it initially appeared that the Dick/Dildo was attached to me, the same way it should have been, I realized that it actually went INTO me! I looked up to her in horror. She clapped her hands and exclaimed joyfully, "You see! It is not like your silly old penis, it is so much better. It is called a strapless strap-on!" She reached down and pulled on the dildo, and I felt it sliding out of me, just like the egg had minutes ago. What she then held in her hands looked somewhat like a dildo that I had seen in porn movies, or the night before, but it had a bend forming an acute angle in the middle of it. The part that had been in me looked about as long as the part that had been sticking out like an imitation of my dick.

Almost before I could react, the witch took the thing, and inserted one end into me again. I felt the sensation of being split open and penetrated once again, and let out a gasp. Then she waved her hands and said, "Ok, enough of this, lets get to it." Immediately, I was filled with desire so strong I could do nothing but respond to it. I sat up, and began kissing her, pressing my body into hers. As I did so, with every movement, I could feel the dildo pushing up and moving inside of me. I could also feel the external piece of the dildo pressing up against both our stomachs. Unfortunately, when I had previously felt this experience as a man, it felt like my penis was bursting to get out, anxious to be able to penetrate into the woman it was pressed against. Now, the object pressed against my stomach felt just as foreign, like it wanted to penetrate me. Except I was already being split in two by the dildo that was moving around inside of me.

Deciding to make the best of it, I flipped her around on her back. If we were going to do this, I wanted to at least be the one that took her for once. I grunted with the effort of moving even such a small petite girl across the bed. I positioned myself between her legs, relishing the return

to my position as the dominant role in sex. Positioning my tool was a little more difficult than I remembered since I could not feel it, but I used my hand to help guide the tip of the purple dildo to her hole, ignoring the sensations that were counterpoint inside of me. Finally, I rammed my hips home to take her. And I screamed!. While I did succeed in taking her, I also succeeded in sending waves of pleasure through my own body as the dildo pushed itself up inside of me.

She laughed, and just as she did, the dildos inside of both of us started to vibrate, and we almost simultaneously let out moans of pleasure. Then she sat up, pushing herself so that our legs were interlocked, and our bodies against each other. She kissed me hard. I could feel the dildo inside me pushing up even deeper as were locked in that embrace. Then, without warning, I felt it withdraw slightly. I broke the kiss and looked down. She had drawn her hips back, pulling my half of the dildo out. The very tip was still just barely embedded between my thighs. I watched as she moved her hips back closer to me, and felt the now too familiar feeling of something splitting me apart as it glided inside. I shuddered as a wave of pleasure overtook me.

She looked like she was going to start another thrust, but I gritted my teeth, and squeezed with my muscles down there as best as I could figure out how. I am not sure if it was a horniness spell or what, but suddenly I decided that I was *going* to fuck this girl, even if that meant using a dildo that also happened to fuck me at the same time. The squeezing sensation was pleasant, but I managed to retain control. When she pulled back for another thrust, I noticed happily that the dildo started to pull out of her slit. I grinned with satisfaction, pushed her back, and thrust as hard as I could.

I repeated the action again, despite the bolts of electric pleasure that were now sliding up and down my body. Though the purple tool that extended from my body was frustrating, in that it was a reminder that this was 'pretend' instead of the real thing I had possessed just days ago, the

act of finally taking control of sex was immensely satisfying. I continued to pound into her, though the equal and opposite reaction of the pounding was working my own pussy into quite a state. I could feel the beginnings of an orgasm building deep within me. Still, I kept going, and I could see that she was also getting worked up.

At just that moment, as I finally felt as though I was at least successfully fulfilling what should have been my masculine ability to fuck this girl till she came all over me, the dildo inside me jumped to an even more frenzied level of activity. Much more than the egg had been, this thing was crazy. All at once, it seemed to be vibrating and pulsating and moving, even as I tried to thrust into the witch. My last thrust ended as I screamed in pleasure. The orgasm that had been building racked through me, and I could see the witch also peaked at the same moment. We held onto each other, not thinking, just riding out the pleasure as it had its way with our bodies. As the orgasm started to fade, I realized that I had cum, not like a man, triumphantly thrusting into a woman, but like that woman that I now was. Clutching with wild abandon to my partner and completely unconcerned about the thrusting, and entirely focused on instead the dildo inside of me. It seemed at every turn, this damn pussy was determined to remind me that I was no longer the person I was.

At some point during my contemplations, the dildo had gone static again, and the witch pushed me onto my back. I was still weak from the after effects of the orgasm, so I had no energy to resist. She then pulled the part of the dildo out of me by holding onto it with her pussy. She obviously had more practice than I did at that, because I was incapable of managing any sort of complex maneuver like that with my pussy still quivering from our recent activities. When she rolled over, I looked down sadly. I no longer had even the semblance of a dick, just the bare slit between my legs, and she once again had the purple bulbous thing standing at attention causing more envy than I would care to admit.

Still, the experience had exhausted me, and (I am fairly certain aided by a quick spell from her) I was falling asleep even as the witch was gathering her clothes and preparing to leave. I shuddered as she gave me one last wicked smile, closed the door, and my mind fell into blissful dreamless unconsciousness.

CHAPTER 9

I woke up gradually, only somewhat aware of my surroundings. I did register that quite a bit of time had passed, as it was now dark outside. I managed to focus enough to check my phone for the time, and I saw that it was just after 3:00 AM. I was not sure how long I had been asleep, as I could not remember exactly how long the afternoon's events had taken. I did however, remember those events. My body shuddered involuntarily at the embarrassment and pleasure of what had occurred. Realizing that I needed to take stock of my newly worsened situation, I got up to examine the state of my wardrobe.

I opened the drawers on the small dresser where I kept my pants, and found exactly what I was afraid of. The witches trick earlier transforming my jeans into a skirt had not only impacted that pair, but everything owned. I took out the clothing items, and found skirts in a variety of lengths, colors, and materials. Continuing my search it appeared that all of my dress pants had been transformed into either formal looking skirts or some form of similar, but definitely different (and unfortunately feminine) slacks. However, that gave me hope. If the witch had left at least some of my clothes as pants, maybe I could find something besides skirts. I checked my shorts, and they were all WAY too short to even be considered, even without the fact that they would expose my obviously feminine legs. Finally I checked the drawer with my pajamas and workout attire. I found a selection of depressingly lacy nightgowns in pastels, as well as a selection of what I believe was called 'yoga pants' in colors like

bright pink and lime green.

However, digging to the bottom of that drawer, I discovered two things that gave me a small amount of relief. The first, was a pair of the yoga pant style sweatpants in black. These were definitely girl's clothing, and way too tight around the top, but I felt like I might be able to cover that up and make it look acceptable. Then, at the very bottom back of the drawer, was a seemingly old pair of actual sweatpants. They were grey, and looked oversized (or at least oversized for my new smaller frame) enough to hide any of the inadequacies of my lower half. I assumed that since they were in my newly transformed closet, they must be acceptable. I immediately pulled them out, and slipped them on, to cover myself as I was tired of standing around in my panties. (I realized absent-mindedly that I must have been awake enough at some point to at least pull the panties back on after the sex session with the witch.)

I then moved to another drawer, and pulled out the baggiest sweatshirt that I could find. I picked up my bra from where it lay discarded on the floor and shrugged into it. It disturbed me how already, putting on the bra was becoming easy as donning any other piece of clothing. The sweatshirt quickly followed to cover up the offending garment. When I glanced in the mirror, I was happy to see that even though I looked like a complete scrub, I did not immediately appear female. I definitely seemed smaller, almost dwarfed by the sweats, but that was better than more revealing clothing.

With sudden inspiration however, I glanced over at the laundry bin. Like before, my overflowing laundry basket had also gone through a transformation. All of the pants that were already in there, were transformed as well. (As with many college students, I always end up waiting as long as possible to do laundry) There, I was thrilled to actually find Jeans! Not jean skirts, but actual jeans with pant legs and everything. Digging through the somewhat massive pile, it seemed that several the

pairs were WAY too small, in fact I was not even sure, looking at them, how they were supposed to fit, even with my reduced size. One pair had some stupid styling on it that was colorful and sparkly, which was obviously not acceptable. But other than those small issues, I found 3 pairs which looked like they might actually fit close to what I was used to.

Unfortunately, when I brought them to my nose to sniff, they gave off an undeniable smell of 'dirty laundry'. For some reason, as soon as you put dirty clothes together, the smell that they put on each other seemed to multiply. I did not feel like going around stinking up the place was a good way to fly under the radar, so I decided that doing some wash was probably in order so that I could attempt to continue to appear normal until I could fix this. Luckily, it being fairly late, I was hoping the laundry room would be deserted. Still, it was a terrifying thought, given the dangerous contents of my current laundry. Thankfully, my laundry bag was a big canvass thing that you could not see through at all, so I was not worried about stuffing everything in there to head down to the laundry room. I gathered a selection of the acceptable looking jeans, as well as a bunch of long t-shirts and sweatshirts that I thought would be able to cover my upper half well. I also grabbed the panties and bras that I had hidden away in the suitcase.

My selection of those items was getting rather thin, and I had no desire to be stuck with thongs. The idea of walking around with a constant wedgie by design just seemed stupid. I reflected that men MUST have designed that type of underwear as it was extremely uncomfortable and.... Argh! I stopped myself from going down that path. I WAS a man, and I liked the look of a girl in a thong, and I was not going to allow myself, even mentally, to begin ranting like a feminist. Not that I had anything against feminists per se, I just was not going to become one. Or anything else female.

Finished both my mental wrestling and the process of gathering clothes to go wash them, I heaved the bag onto my shoulders to head out.

Or I tried to. I barely budged off the floor. It seemed like it weighed about 300 pounds. 'What the hell?' I thought. I didn't put anything in there that was super heavy. I did not even have the thing completely full. I normally filled the thing to the brim, overflowing with clothes. I had avoided that because I wanted to make sure I could cinch it closed tightly up top so no one could see the contents. It was then that I realized what the problem was. Me. I had obviously lost muscle mass. It made sense, given how much I had shrunk, but it did not occur to me until now that this might impact my ability to perform simple actions like do the laundry. It had not even occurred that it had happened really at all. I knew I was stronger, but it seemed I was also quite a bit weaker.

Tears were threatening to well up in my eyes at this newly discovered aspect of the curse. I forced them down with effort. I was not going to start crying like a girl. I realized that along with having a pussy, I presumably also have several of the other pieces of internal female anatomy. Although not an expert on that subject, I did know that meant that my body was now producing a whole lot more estrogen and other female hormones that could potentially be impacting my emotional state. I had never really cried as a guy, or even been tempted to. That was just not a thing that you did. Instead you punched things, or yelled at people, or whatever. There definitely was no crying. So, with a force of will, I stopped myself from thinking about my lack of strength, forced back the tears, and decided to get this task done.

I started to drag the laundry bag, which it appeared I was still strong enough to do. With a LOT of effort. I got the bag to the door, and opened it to check outside. The hallway was deserted. It seemed most of my hall mates were asleep. I dragged the bag to the stairs, starting to break out in a sweat from all the effort. Thankfully, gravity was on my side on the way down and I was able to half drag, half roll the bag to the basement floor where the laundry room was. Normally, the lack of elevators in my building did not really bother me, but today I was about ready to start a protest at

the school for not installing them.

Once I reached the laundry room I was panting from all the effort, but relieved because, as I predicted, it was deserted. There was a single washer going, and that was it. I quickly loaded several of the washers with the contents of my laundry bag, being careful to shield the view of what I was doing as much as possible from the door. I jumped at every sound, terrified that someone would walk in and see the bright undergarments that were being placed in the washer. I separated the wash into three different washers. One held all my male clothes, a second held the selection of jeans and pants that I had found (including another pair of semi-acceptable but slightly tight looking) sweatpants, and the third contained all the bras/panties that I needed to clean. I set that washer to 'delicate' as I hoped that was what that setting was used for. To be honest, I had never used that before, but I had always assumed that was its purpose. I started the other washers on their more normal settings and set a timer on my phone for when the wash should be done.

I then tromped back up the flights of stairs to my room. I had resolved to use the waiting time to start going through the campus directory again looking for the witch. I needed to find out her real name if I was ever going to get her to fix this. I had forgotten how far I had managed to get through the directory, given all the craziness that had occurred since my last attempt at this, so I started with the last names beginning with 'C' looking for anyone who looked similar to that stupid witch. I managed to stay awake the entire time and was actually almost through the 'E' section when my phone beeped to inform me that the wash was done.

I jumped down the stairs, eager to complete this task, and continue my search. It felt good to be doing something positive towards fixing this. I was convinced that if I could just discover the real identity of this woman, I would be able to contact the police, or the school administration, or something to force her to change me back. I reached the laundry room and

started transferring the clothes to the open dryers, which was thankfully all of them. First all my male clothes, then the jeans/pants, and finally, the stupid load of colorful bras and panties. This required several trips since there were so many small scraps of fabric in this bunch. As I was finishing loading the last handful, I nearly jumped out of my skin as I realized that some girl had just walked in. She was looking at me strangely. "Oh no...." I thought.

"Doing your girlfriend's laundry for her?" she inquired, obviously surprised. I stumbled mentally for a second. I just assumed that she would think I was some sort of a pervert, but I guess this was significantly better. Still, I was terrified as I realized what the implications of this 'slip up.' would probably be.

"Ummm....Yeah," I replied stupidly. "We take turns at it. Anyway, sorry, but I have to go." I blurted out as I shoved the last set of the offending garments in the dryer, turned it on, and almost ran out of the room. I could already feel the beginnings of the tingling starting at the edge of my hands and feet. My plan had been that if I had all the panties/bras in one load, everyone would just assume that there was a girl doing laundry in one set of dryers and a guy in the other set, and everything would be fine. Unfortunately, I did not count on someone walking in while I was loading. "Damn it!" I berated myself. Why had I not been more careful.

By the time I had reached my room, the tingling was in full force up my arms and surrounding my feet. Surprised that it was not more intense than that however, I took off my sweatshirt and my shoes to start to survey the damage. Most of the change it appeared had already occurred, as the feeling was already going away. My feet appeared to have shrunk to match the rest of my body. The small traces of hair that most men have on their feet had disappeared. They were left appearing small and, the only word that came to mind was 'dainty.' Similarly, my hands had shrunk, and my arms had thinned to match the rest of my torso. The hair on my arms had

receded to a nearly indiscernible ‘peach fuzz.’

I took off all my clothes and examined myself. I was female. There was pretty much no denying it. Before, there had been various pieces of my body that retained their male appearance providing at least some sort of hope on my part that my body was still partially male. Now though, aside from my neck up, I was a girl. The curves were all there, everything appeared to be perfectly proportioned. Other than the small breasts, which were still a large enough to never be mistaken for anything other than breasts, I was a perfect knockout chick from the neck down. I sat down on my bed, and completely beyond my control this time, the tears came. Tired of fighting, I let them.

CHAPTER 10

I allowed myself about an hour to wallow in self misery and tears. I know that it is not masculine to cry, and guys don’t do that. And it killed me that I was allowing it in myself. But at this point I was just overwhelmed. The situation I was in was quickly spiraling out of control, and I honestly did not know how to fix it. I still had not found the witch in any sort of campus directory. My body had now changed to the point where hiding the fact that I was female was going to be near impossible without wearing a solid burlap sack. (Something I was already considering by the way.) I honestly had no idea how I was going to solve this, and what I should do. So, the only thing I could do, was to let my misery overtake me.

My girlfriends had often told me that a ‘good cry’ was therapeutic. I was surprised to find out, that they were somewhat right. By the time my phone beeped to inform me that the dryer had finished with my clothes, I felt better. It was not that I had solved anything. I certainly hadn’t. I definitely had not come up with any ideas to fix things, I had not done that

either. But I at least had the strength to move forward.

I slipped on some shoes and headed downstairs to retrieve my treacherous laundry. Or at least I tried to. What actually happened was that I tripped and almost fell into my door as my shoes slipped off my feet. I looked down and realized that my newly shrunken feet were not easily going to be able to fit inside my size 10.5 sneakers. I looked around my room, despair threatening to well up in me again. I grabbed a couple of socks out of my drawer and stuffed them into the shoes in the hopes of being able to walk. I tried a couple of tentative steps. While better, I was still fairly confident that I would crack my skull open when I was trying to traverse the stairs with my laundry.

While the sock solution might work for other things, I decided the best option would be some sandals. They still felt too big for me, and they flopped around a lot, but I could at least wear them. I considered going barefoot briefly, but if you have ever lived in a college dorm, you know that the floors have literally seen it all, and you want to avoid coming in direct contact if possible. I could not even imagine the number of students that must have puked in these halls since they were constructed. Anyway, I digress. Having found a reasonable temporary solution to the foot ware crisis, I headed downstairs to grab my laundry. I had donned two layers of sweatshirt and my only pair of not form-fitting sweatpants for the occasion. I looked like a bum, but at least I managed to be somewhat androgynous.

Thankfully, the laundry room was deserted this time, and after checking the hallway thoroughly, I was able to quickly gather all my laundry up, and sprint as fast as my heavy load and too-large shoes would allow back to my room. Unfortunately, as I went into the stairwell, I ran right into some guy. I dropped by laundry bags with a grunt, or more accurately, something between a grunt, and a feminine 'oooph'.

“Oh, sorry man.....I mean....miss...I mean. .” He glanced down at me

for a second, looking at my diminutive form, specifically to my exposed feet, then to my chest (as if looking for something), then back to my face. There was obviously confusion in his eyes as I looked up at him in terror. Terror because first, I realized how much I needed to look up in order to see this guy's face (and he did not seem super tall) and second, because I was fairly certain this counted as another slip up. "Well, just sorry." He mumbled, and quickly made his exit through the stairwell door.

I made my way back to my room as the tingling started in my scalp. As I climbed as fast as I could, hauling the laundry bag along behind me. I could feel the tingling start to extend down my neck, though, to be honest, it felt less intense on my neck than it normally did. Maybe the witch was losing her power I thought in a sudden burst of hope. However, when I reached my room, I heaved the laundry bag onto the bed turned my attention to the mirror, I realized what the change had been. By now the tingling had all but receded, and what I was left with, was less of a tingle, and more of a tickle. My now shoulder length hair was lightly brushing against my neck, explaining the sensations I had earlier.

I stared in horror. My previously short hair had lengthened into what was undeniably a feminine cut and length.. My face still looked like me, but that was fast becoming the only remnant left of my previous self. My brain overloaded with the previous despair and this new issue. That was when I heard a small giggle from behind me. I nearly jumped out of my skin (if only!) and whirled around, to see the witch lounging against the wall next to the door. How in the world had I not seen her?!? (magic obviously, my brain informed me...)

"My my, what pretty hair you have my dear. You are really coming along." She taunted happily. I tried to respond, but experienced the now familiar lack of control in my vocal abilities. She smiled and continued knowingly, "Still though, it seems you have quite a problem now. None of your shoes fit you. But don't worry, I am here to help."

I did not want her help. I knew nothing good came of that. And I might have even been stupid enough to say that to her, had I been able to speak. I guess I should be thankful in this case that she saved me from my own smart mouth. Anyway, as I was watching her, I slowly began to grow. I could see myself, in comparison to her, getting slightly taller! I was thrilled. She was finally changing me back! Even she didn't let me go back all the way, every little bit was a huge blessing.

When the growth stopped, I looked down to see whether it would continue, or if my legs had returned to their previously masculine shape and height. They hadn't. What I did notice however, was that my sandals had changed. A minute ago, I was wearing a simple pair of black sandals. Now, my footwear appeared to have a variety of straps on them. More importantly, I realized, looking down, the height increase came not from a return to normalcy, but from the heel that the new sandals were now sporting. Actually, I was fairly certain that they did not really count as 'sandals' anymore, and were now just high heels...or pumps, or whatever. I did not really have enough familiarity with women's shoes to judge. (My ex had tried to get me to learn all the different types of shoes, but her efforts there were not as successful as they were with underwear.)

Staring open mouthed at them, I looked over to the witch. She giggled again in that special way she had which told you that she was enjoying torturing me. "Well she said, at least that problem is solved now." And left without another word. I surveyed the damage around the room. All of my shoes had changed, and it seems, multiplied. Where I previously only had about 4 pairs I now saw evidence of at least 10 around the room with more peaking out of the closet. They seemed to include almost every type of shoe I had ever seen. Tall heels, dress shoes with smaller heels, sandals with flowers and butterflies, and I even saw a pair or two of tiny looking sneakers (though I supposed they probably fit my new feet.)

I was unable to process these two new developments at the same time. I glanced at the clock. My late night adventures had brought me to 6:28 AM. I could see the light starting to come up outside. Not caring if I missed classes or not, I locked my door, and collapsed on my bed. I was not capable of even considering a plan on what I was going to do next. Thankfully, sleep quickly claimed me.

CHAPTER 11

I awoke with a jolt. Something had just plopped down on my bed. I twisted to see what it was and got a mouthful of hair. Forgot about that. Clearing the hair from my mouth and eyes, I saw that it was the witch. I screamed. Or I tried to. It appeared that she had once again turned me into a mute. At least I could still move, which was a small blessing. I took in the witch, and my surroundings. It looked like I had managed to somehow avoid nightmares, and sleep all the way through the night. Light was peeking through the curtains, illuminating the witch in yet another outfit that was obviously made to arouse my still powerful attraction to the female form. As I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes, I could appreciate her tube top which showed off both her ample bosom and bare midriff. Below that, she sat demurely with her legs together on the edge of the bed, in quite possibly the shortest skirt I had seen her in yet. Despite having just woken up, I felt the now familiar moisture between my lips as a body responded to the pleasing sight before me.

Unfortunately, my mind knew better. I knew well that nothing good ever came of her visits. There was not a whole lot I could do about it however. “Lets see how my little creation is doing,” she cooed. “Show me some skin!” With that my body stood and started doing the out-of-my-control thing as I reached down, and much to sensuously for my taste, pulled the huge sweat shirt over my head. I was amazed, in a corner of my brain, that I could stand at all. I was still wearing the heels, and could

feel the unstable nature of the tiny footwear below me. Under the witches control however, maintaining my balance did not seem to be a problem.

She continued having me strip as I was forced to slowly pull the sweatpants down my long smooth legs. When they pooled at my feet, I daintily (who knew I could daintily anything) stepped out of them with one foot while balancing on the other heeled foot. Again, I was amazed that this balancing act was even possible. Stepping down, I saw myself lift my other foot, the huge sweat pants dangling precariously on the edge of my tiny toes, and kick the garment into the corner of the room behind the witch. I stood there for a moment, almost posed, in just my tiny bra and panties.

She did not leave me in that state for long however, as she soon crooked her pointer finger, beckoning me to her wordlessly. My body responded in that strange auto-pilot manner that I was almost becoming used to by now. “No matter how much I get from you, I am still super horny all the time now,” she explained. “I want you to relieve some of that pressure for me.” With that, my body started to oblige. I watched myself get off the bed and kneel in front of her. I glanced in the mirror out of the corner of my eye, and the view we presented was undeniably hot. My lithe figure knelt poised on the bed, ready for whatever she had planned. The hair pooling around my face hid pretty much all of my remaining masculine characteristics, and the tiny garments I was wearing did nothing to disguise my very feminine aspects.

I slowly parted her thighs, an action which I felt was equal parts mine and hers. I reached under her skirt, dreading what sort of toy or new torture she had in mind for me. However, I was rewarded with a flat bright pink triangle that was 100% woman. My hands, still acting with a mind of their own, reached up and hooked into the waistband of her panties to pull them down. She complied with a slight lift of her hips. As this was occurring, I could not help but marvel at how small and delicate my arms and hands had become. They appeared almost miniscule, even compared

to the dainty creature in front of me.

As I removed her underwear from the hook of her feet, she commented, "Don't those look familiar hun? They are the same pair we both have, that got you into this whole mess." Now that she mentioned it, the small thong was instantly recognizable. I blushed furiously and tried to avert my eyes from her and the garment the best I could without moving my head. Somehow I had no control over what I said, or did, but I could still blush. That was stupidly frustrating. "I am going to give you back control of your body now," she said, as if it was a great boon, "but that control will come with an irresistible desire to get me off."

To be honest, this new situation was not bad as far as I was concerned. I got to control my body, and she was not trying to fuck me, at least for the moment. Plus, going down on a girl was not new territory for me as a guy, so this was also nothing horrible. Sure, I would have preferred to be fucking her, and not on my knees, but I suppose beggars can't be choosers. With those thoughts running through my head, I also began to feel the magically induced lust beginning to build inside me. I knew I had to get going with my task.

I turned back to her skirt, and lifted it up....and stopped. at some point over the past few seconds, most likely when I had looked away from her comment about the underwear, she must have done some pretty fast magic because where I was sure a pussy sat moments before, there was now a rapidly hardening dick! And not a plastic strapon sort of thing, but a real living, moving penis! In horror, I looked up at her with a look of disgust. She smiled down with one of the biggest smirks I had yet seen her wear. "Oh you didn't think I was going to make it easy for you did you? You have had a pussy for a while, and are becoming quite the woman, but it is far past time you became a cocksucker! Now get to it!"

I stared in horror at her, my gaze alternating between her face and

her crotch. I could feel the heat inside me rising up to undeniable levels. Every time I looked at the now rock hard cock in front of me, it grossed me out, at least mentally. But my body was responding like it was addicted. I could feel myself getting wet to the point of soaking my panties. My mouth felt dry but somehow I was also pretty sure I was almost drooling. I licked my lips in an almost involuntary gesture.

I started to lean down toward the organ, almost without thinking, and opened my mouth, again almost as a reflex. Before anything could happen though, that newly lengthened hair decided to try to choke me. I sat back, coughing a little, and swept the hair back, hooking it behind my ears. I was going to have to find a pair of scissors as soon as I got out of this mess. Returning my attention to the now nearly irresistible rod in front of me, I leaned down again until it was right in front of me, with tip nearly touching my mouth. I licked my lips again, except this time, continued the motion of my tongue by sticking it out and licking the tip of the penis ever so slightly.

A small rush of relief passed through me as some of the enormous mental pressure that I was feeling was let off. I was pretty sure if I did not continue, both my pussy and my head were going to explode. I leaned down further and allowed my lips to envelope the tip. Once I had started, I found that stopping was almost impossible. I quickly popped the entire thing in my mouth. A corner of my mind, the part not completely incapacitated by lust and desire, was almost ready to puke at the fact that I currently had a cock filling my mouth. The much larger part of me though, only wanted more. I swirled my tongue around the tip inside my mouth, eliciting a surprisingly manish moan from the witch above. I looked up and her mouth was hanging open in an 'O' that I am pretty sure was equal parts surprise and pleasure.

My insistent desire was pushing me to get moving with my task. I figured if I was going to do this, even the 'normal' part of my brain wanted to get it over fast. I sucked in as much cock as I could handle, allowing it to

go almost to the back of my throat. I was not about to attempt any 'fancy' deepthroat sort of maneuvers. I then let the cock out of my mouth, and started licking up and down the length to get more lubricant going. This elicited yet more moans from the witch....I ignored them. Once the whole thing was properly wet, I stuck it back in my mouth and grabbed it with my right hand. I was amazed, as I tightened my hand around it, how big it felt. I think it was a combination of it being slightly larger than my missing tool, and the fact that my hands were now much smaller. Wrapping my fingers around it though, felt like I was gripping a club, not someone's dick.

Putting my musings aside, I got to work, bobbing and sucking with my mouth as best I could, and pumping with my hand for everything I was worth. I could taste as she was getting excited, and precum started to leak out the salty mixture in my mouth. Ignoring my revulsion though, I pushed on, slurping and sliding along the length of the cock. Surprisingly quickly, she let out a particularly hard moan. I felt the dick twitch in my mouth and under my hands. I knew what was about to happen and went to remove the organ from my mouth when I felt her hands on the back of my head.

I probably could have resisted and managed to push back, but the surprise at being unable to withdraw, and the quickly oncoming orgasm did not allow me enough time to think. Very suddenly a torrent of hot salty liquid hit the back of my throat, Without thinking, I did the only thing I could. With the dick still firmly in my mouth, the only option was to swallow, which I did, Gulp after gulp of the salty thick fluid shot down my throat, and I grabbed as much as I could. It was too much though, and I could not swallow quickly enough, so some of the cum dribbled out around the corner of my mouth.

"WOW!" She proclaimed above me. "That was incredible! You are quite the cocksucker my little friend. We are going to have to do that again sometime!" With that, she mercifully withdrew the penis from my mouth. As it passed my lips, the full weight of what I had just done hit me. With the

overpowering lust now burnt out, all that was left was the knowledge that I just sucked a dick and swallowed a full load of cum. Well, almost a full load I thought bitterly as I reached up and wiped the corner of my mouth with the back of my hand. It came away with the white and sticky substance I was very familiar with. Me, and every other guy was familiar with masturbation, and cum, but normally after I was done it went in a kleenex to be forgotten about in the trash. It was not all over my face, I did not have an after taste in my mouth, and I did not have a load in my stomach. I felt like I was going to puke.

Instead the events, what had just happened, and my own emotional exhaustion got the better of me, and I just burst out in tears. All the pent up emotion came out, and I could not hold it in any longer. As I knelt there with the sobs wracking my body, the witch cheerfully got up from her spot and headed for the door. "Well hun, ta ta for now!" she said with disgusting cheerfulness as she headed for the door. I barely heard her, as I was still attempting to process everything that had just happened to me, not to mention quiet my uncontrollable sobs.

CHAPTER 12

I am not sure how long I just laid there on my floor letting myself cry. I know it was a while. I was just starting to get a hold of myself when my self-pity session was interrupted by a knock at my door!

"Zach?" A gentle voice called from the other side of the door. "Are you OK in there?"

It took me a moment to place the voice. It was not often that women (other than the cursed witch) show up at my door. After a few moments of clearing my head though, I recognized the voice. Janelle! How is it that I

have been hoping to get closer to this girl for weeks, and now I run into her twice during this whole mess. I certainly could not let her see me like this, so I froze. Hoping that if I was quiet enough she would assume no one was home and just go away. My luck could not even carry me that however.

“Zach,” she called again. “I know you are in there, I heard you crying a second ago. Can I come in?”

Shit! I thought. So much for the staying quiet plan. Also so much for any hope of her liking me now that she had overheard me crying like a baby. Though, I suppose given my current situation, there was little chance of me convincing her I was a ‘big strong man’ regardless. Anyway, I made a snap decision to try to get her to go away, and the best way to do that I figured, would be to answer the door, assure her I was fine, and send her packing.

“One Second!” I called, getting up to try to hide my altered appearance. Or at least I tried to get up. I quickly fell on my face as I realized belatedly I was still wearing several inch high heel-sandal things. I am sure that she heard the resultant crash from outside, but thankfully did not comment further. I pulled the offending shoes off my feet and shoved them under my bed. I looked around frantically now, taking stock of my situation.

I was naked, save for a bra and some panties. Clothing was the first priority. I glanced around, frantically looking for my sweat pants from earlier, but I could not figure out where they had gone. My eyes focused instead on the yoga pants that lay where I had discarded them before my earlier laundry adventure. They were definitely feminine, but I felt if I put a sweatshirt over them, it would cover the worse of feminine nature of the garment. I pulled them on, marvelling at how stretchy they were, and how well they conformed around my ass and crotch. I was so screwed.

I grabbed my trusty giant hoodie, and pulled it down as far as it would go. I checked the mirror to see how it was looking and immediately realized my much larger problem. My hair! Its new length was like a blazing sign saying, 'This is a chick!' I scrambled around and grabbed an old baseball cap from on top of my dresser. I stuffed my hair up inside the hat as quickly as I could manage while still being thorough. For good measure, I pulled the hood up over the hat, and then examined myself in the mirror.

I looked like a crazy person. I had little trouble telling that my pants were somewhat feminine. I looked like I had stolen some giant's sweat shirt, and for some reason I was wearing a baseball cap and a hood in the middle of my own dorm room. However, I was not left with much time to consider because just as I managed to get to the point of barely acceptable, Janelle banged on the door and yelled through, "Zach, come on, open up, this is getting ridiculous!" My level of panic rose a level or two more, and I frantically shoved the last couple strands of hair into the baseball cap, and headed for the door.

I attempted to use the door for cover as much as possible. Standing behind it and leaning out into a small crack when I opened it. "Hey Janelle," I said as casually as I could possibly manage. "What's up?"

She stared at me for a second, like I was insane. Which, let's be honest at this point, was probably somewhat justified. "What is up," she said sarcastically, "is that I overheard you crying, you look like shit, and are for some reason dressed like some sort of wannabe hoodlem in the world's largest hoodie." I winced. Yup....pretty much right on. I was beginning to feel like opening the door had been a big mistake. "Now let me in," she continued forcefully, half pushing the door open.

I resisted for a second, knowing this was a really bad idea, but quickly

relented both because I was almost to exhausted to care anymore, and because her pushing on the door was surprisingly hard to resist. I wondered briefly if she was stronger than I was. She swam for the swim team, and so while not crazy musclebound or anything, she was definitely very fit. Anyway, relenting, I opened the door, I retreated to my bed. Carefully pulling a blanket partially over me as I sat down to help hide my lower half.

She quietly came over and sat on the bed next to me, obviously sensing my distress. The irony here was that there was a time in the very recent past when I would have been ecstatic to have this girl on my bed with me. Now I was some combination of terrified and depressed. After a long moment of silence, she started the conversation. "Well, are you going to tell me what is wrong?" she asked gently.

I was honestly surprised that she cared as much as she did. Though I suppose witnessing a college 'guy' crying loudly enough that you could hear it outside the dorm room door was abnormal enough it might have spurred some definite concern. I brought my knees up to my chin and shook my head slightly. "Nothing is wrong," I denied, though I was fairly certain I was not fooling anyone. "Sorry to have bothered you."

"It is no bother Zach," she soothed, "I am just worried about you." As she said this she reached a hand out to touch my leg. I almost involuntarily flinched away from her touch, not wanting her to discover what was beneath the layers of clothing and blanket. She got the hint and withdrew slightly to the other side of the bed, startled at my sudden and negative reaction. As she did however, disaster struck. She bumped into the laundry bag I had thoughtlessly heaved onto my bed earlier that night. This caused it to fall over and start spilling the contents onto the bed. Unfortunately, the contents included a variety of bras, panties, and who knows what else, all colorfully feminine, and all clearly visible.

Janelle stared for a moment, obviously trying to process what she was seeing. In the meantime, I busied myself with turning the brightest possible shade of red I could possibly imagine and attempting to disappear. She eventually turned and asked the obvious question, "Zach....Why is your laundry filled with women's clothing?"

I sighed, not really knowing what to do at this point. I gave my brain a chance to formulate a plan, but it was not cooperating, and I could not find a way out. So, barring a plan, I went with arguably something stupider. The truth. Maybe it was the stress of keeping everything quiet. Maybe I was just tired of hiding. Regardless my reasons, it all came blurting out. The witch, the curse, my transformations. I could see her incredulous expression as I told my story of woe. However, proof I soon realized, was easily at hand.

The tingles had returned. And this time it seemed, with a vengeance. My whole body was tingly. I decided that I might as well at least convince one person, so I just went for broke. I stripped off my sweatshirt right in front of her. She gasped at the site of my very female figure, or at the bra, or at the breasts inside the bra, or at the now exposed yoga pants with the very flat crotch. Well, she gasped...at something anyway.

Before both of our eyes, I was watching them mirror closely, I began to shrink. Not the minor shrinkage like I had before, but big time. I was losing several inches of height. It seemed that though my stature was decreasing, I was gaining it back elsewhere. My breasts once again began to swell outwards. My waist and hips responded with their own changes, shrinking slightly, and swelling slightly as well. Finally, I felt it travel up to my face as it began to shift and morph.

Finally, when the waves of changes had subsided, I surveyed the final result. For the moment, I was transfixed by the sight in the mirror, ignoring Janelle on the bed behind me. The first thing that I noticed was

my face. The person staring back at me was not the person I was used to. She, and that was the only word that applied, she was a beauty. Her small button nose was adorable. Her lips pouted in a way I found indescribably alluring. Her eyes seemed gigantic, both because they were staring wide eyed, and because they were much larger than what I was used to. Delicate lashes hung from those eyes making her appear both dangerously sexy and enticingly innocent at the same time.

My eyes continued downward, and fell upon the reason I was feeling so much more pressure on my chest. My small breast buds from before had grown. I now had tits. I realized somewhere in the back of my mind that the spell must have reformed my clothes along with the recent changes, as the globes on my chest sat pleasantly, but fully in the cups of my bra. Now though, they also stuck out, more than I thought I would have any chance of hiding.

As I continue my sweep, I saw that my hips had now configured themselves into a gorgeous hourglass shape, filling out the yoga pants I was still wearing in a way that would have got me instantly hard if I still had anything left to get hard. Finally, gazing at the entire image, I realized how tiny I had become. At some point, during my inspection, Janelle had stood up and was now behind me. I realized with horror that I was now shorter than she was! I turned to her, my mouth still agape, not knowing entirely what to say. Similarly she stared back, her eyes traveling up and down the body she had seen transform right before her eyes. Finally, I said, "Now do you believe me?"

CHAPTER 13

She continued to stare at me, transfixed by the unbelievability of everything she had just witnessed. To be honest, I was having trouble

tearing my eyes away from the mirror as well. This was easily one of the strangest experiences of my life. The woman in front of me was both obviously me, and completely foreign to me. It was probably shock that was preventing me from going into full fledged panic mode, but at the moment at least, I was too distracted by the visage staring at me through the mirror.

“Are those things actually real?” Janelle asked, breaking my reverie, and looking pointedly at my(!?) boobs.

“You know more...” I started to say, but stopped. I know I had spoken before, but I don’t think my brain had a chance to process it. My voice was, unsurprisingly, transformed along with the rest of me. It was high, sweet, and almost musical. Janelle did not seem to notice my consternation, but instead seemed to interpret my half formed thought that she knew more about this these things than I did as some sort of challenge. Her hands whisked along my back towards the straps of the bra clinging there. I shivered at the touch and watched, with fascination, as she undid the clasp. As soon as she did, I felt the new weight on my chest make its presence known as the bra sagged around my chest. She pulled it off carefully, guiding the straps down my arms.

As my full chest came into view I was struck again by how complete this change was. My previously enlarge nipples and areola were now placed on a pair of breasts even larger than the ones the witch had temporarily granted me earlier. They were both extremely large, and quite shapely. I was surprised at how much both the nipples and the large mounds behind them seemed to be defying gravity in their attempt to stand out at attention. Particularly, I could feel the pressure of those two little nubs as they hardened due to a combination of arousal and cold.

That was when I realized it. I was turned on. I should be scared, crying, worried about what comes next, but at the moment, those worries

were beyond me. I was staring at one of the hottest women I had ever seen. And behind her, was a woman I had been crushing on for half a year. The fact that the first woman was actually me registered, but not quite at a conscious level. I turned around, facing Janelle. I really was facing her too..Her eyes were only about an inch above mine. The loss in height was still throwing me.

She looked down at my voluptuous assets, and slowly reached her hand up to cup them, gently, but firmly. I gasped at the sudden sensation. "Zach," She said, her voice oddly almost husky, "I have to admit something to you..." I waited, not sure what she could possibly *admit* to me given the gravity of what I had just shared with her. "I have always been a little bisexual," she expelled in a rush of words, "and right now, something about this situation is turning me on more than I think I have ever been in my life."

I stared at her for a second, not entirely comprehending what she just said. Slowly though, my mind, still immersed in the neanderthal instincts of almost every college guy started to kick in. There was a super hot girl in front of me, telling me she was turned on. Without giving my logical self too much time to catch up, I pushed forward, both literally, and figuratively. I leaned in, causing my chest, her hands still placed there, and her own breasts to squish together. I ignored this strange obstruction though, and focused my attention on having my lips meet hers.

When they did, she responded without hesitation. What was strange however, was what happened once our lips met. The feeling was....softer than I had ever experienced. My newly formed lips caressed against hers, sending unexpected tremors up and down my body. While I was originally planning on aggressively kissing her, the softness of our lip's embrace shocked me into passivity. It seems she felt the same way, and rather than either of us taking the aggressive role in our embrace, it became instead softer and more tender as I felt out the changes to my body on a physical level.

Soon, her hands dropped from my breasts, and instead circled around me, drawing me in closer to her. The feeling of her soft sweater tickled against my nipples, even as my lips were gently massaged by hers.