

What's Your Number? (Man to Trophy Girlfriend TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A few years ago, Justin was turned into his best friend's dream girlfriend by his spiteful ex. Now, Justine and her boyfriend Samuel are given a magical view of their 'statistics', complete with all the embarrassments that she has endured; dresses worn, orgasms had, girliest moments, and so on.

What's Your Number?

Justine moaned as her boyfriend lifted her up against the wall. She wrapped her hips around him, and the pair began to make out, their tongues dancing in one another's mouths, her large breasts pressing against his muscular chest.

"Are you sure about this?" she asked him between kisses. "What if someone spots us?"

"They won't. Besides, I bet we're not the only ones wanting to get a bit handsy at this party."

She exhaled, cooing as he kissed her neck. His hands were working at her underwear, pulling them down enough for him to enter. She was already wet, her nipples throbbing, her entire body aroused for him.

"It's a g-gala, man," she moaned in his ear, unable to stop herself from giving it a playful little nip. "We're meant to b-be classy. Ahh . . ."

"Nothing's classier than you in this sexy dress of yours," he replied. "I fucking love it when you're all done up."

"And thanks to this s-stupid curse, I can't *not* be done up whenever you w-want. Ohhh, I m-miss being able to do this as a man."

He began to feel her breasts with one hand, his superior strength still keeping her aloft against the wall of the room they'd broken into secretly.

"Do you want me to stop?"

She shook her head. "You know I don't. Ahh. This girly body really fucking needs you, Samuel. Just get your big, sexy dick inside me already. God, I'm such a fucking nympho it *hurts*. Now get inside me!"

He was more than happy to oblige, and soon he was thrusting into her, banging her against the wall while she cried out for sweet relief. Outside, the classy gala they'd been invited to continued. It wasn't the kind of event either would have imagined going to just a few years ago, but then neither could they have imagined that Justine - formerly Justin - would get transformed into her best friend's dream woman as a punishment for cheating on

her girlfriend at the time, who turned out to secretly be a witch. Justin hadn't even believed in magic, but to the former man's horror, he had suddenly found himself transforming due to her hex, her words echoing in his ear as she taunted him.

"You cheat on me behind my back. You treat girls like submissive little sex conquests and brag about them to your friend. I knew I should have dated Samuel instead of you, but you were just so charming. So as punishment, I'm going to make YOU his ideal woman, Justin. You can spend the rest of your life living as his perfect girlfriend, dressing how he wants, acting how he wants, and giving him all the hot sex he desires. Choke on that lifestyle, you cheating bastard, and then go choke on your best friend's dick!"

And she had, God help her, she had. Previously, she had been a tall and handsome guy with dark brunette hair. A real lovely drink of water for the ladies. But now, right before her best friend, Justin was transformed into *Justine*, a sexy blonde with big E-cup tits and an hourglass figure that wouldn't quit. She even had a peachy ass and long, luscious legs, and a pair of pouty lips that were just made for kissing . . . and giving the best blowjobs imaginable. Samuel was almost as shocked as her, but her body craved him, and he found himself affected by the magic as well, unable to resist her. The pair fucked like animals that night, much to her humiliation. When she woke in the morning, she was compelled to give him a blowjob morning surprise, and swallow every drop of his issue. It was then that she discovered reality had further changed; she now lived as his total fantasy girlfriend, sharing his apartment, possessing her own wardrobe that was filled with stylish and sexy clothing that showed off her buxom body.

And from that day, that had been her life. Justine couldn't escape it, and while Samuel did his best to treat her right, the fact was that they banged every time one of them got horny, which was a *lot* thanks to the curse. All she could do was adjust, knowing that her ex had doomed her to this life for her cheating. And because Justine now *hated* her ex for what she'd done to her, she decided she was going to make the best of it after her period of mourning (also her periods, which made her mourn her manhood). She considered her options and how to take advantage of the body and compulsions she'd been given, and in the end, she'd concocted a plan.

By the time the two were fucking one another at the classy gala, Justine had been her female self for three years. Instead of becoming a corporate climber as she planned, she was instead a model, using her gorgeous body and ample assets to earn money. Yes, it embarrassed her, and she didn't always like her photoshoots, but at just twenty four years old, she was young and unbelievably sexy, and it was raking in the cash for her and Samuel to live an increasingly wealthy lifestyle. She'd received acclaim for her sexiness and appeal, not to mention her many bikini shoots and large online following, and so had been one of the members invited to this charity ball. Wanting to make a splash, she rocked up in a shiny

silver dress that hugged her curves in all the right places. She knew she was hot, with her big, bouncy tits gaining a lot of attention, and she'd turned these into a source of pride when she needed to, making ripples wherever she went. Naturally, Samuel was her plus one. Her friend-turned-boyfriend was, at least, very handsome, and she'd gotten used to his trimmed goatee brushing against her soft features when they made out. It annoyed her how much it turned her on that he was taller and stronger than her, but as he fucked her against the wall, she didn't much care.

"Ohhhhh, I'm s-so close!" she moaned. "So f-fucking close!"

"Me too. Let's c-cum together, Justine. You're so goddamn pretty."

"I'm your supermodel! I'm your submissive, sexy girlfriend! Ahhh, you really won out from my ex's curse, didn't you?"

"I - ahh - guess I did. Fuck!"

"Ohhhhh!"

They came together, as they usually did. The fact that he stuck his thumb in her mouth at the last second made her cum extra hard; she sucked on it, moaning as she did so. His dick pumped load after load into her, and she knew she'd have to clean up in the aftermath of this crazed and scandalous lovemaking session. Still, she held him, panting heavily, letting him rest his face in the curve of her impressive cleavage.

"Ahhh, I must be . . . getting soft on all this," she muttered. "I didn't even w-want to resist that time. Mhmm . . . I'm such a naughty slut for you."

She'd started to like saying things like that over the last few months. Sometimes, she couldn't imagine being a man again, not when the pleasure and success was so great like this. But then . . .

"That's very nice to hear, *Justin*, because that's exactly what I wanted you to become."

Samuel turned, still holding Justine in his arms, though he placed her to the ground in the same movement. Both of them gasped, because sitting on a desk in the Tenebaum Hall's side room was Justine's ex, looking classy herself in a smoking red dress, her brunette hair pinned to one side. She was smoking on a cigarette just like she always used to do, and her left arm had a number of tattoos down the side.

"Mia!?" Justine said, quickly pulling up her underwear even as semen leaked between her legs.

"The one and only, *Justin*. Sorry, it's *Justine* now, isn't it?"

"What are you doing here?" Samuel said, throwing a hand out protectively, as if he could somehow shield his girlfriend from the witch's magic.

"Oh, just dropping in to say hi. So, hi Samuel. Looking sexy in that dark suit. You two are doing well for yourselves. You know, Justine, I never expected you'd become a hot

model after I made you your best friend's slutty GF, but I guess you always bounce back, huh?"

Justine took a deep breath, which caused her tits to strain against her tight dress. She was deeply aware that her ex had just watched her getting pounded by her boyfriend, and that was damn humiliating enough, especially with those *very* high-pitched cries she'd let loose, not to mention her deeply feminine O-face when she'd cum.

"Are you - are you here to change me back, Mia? Because I swear, I'm so sorry for cheating on you and-"

Mia made a dismissive gesture. "Please, water under the bridge. But no, I'm not here to change you back. The magic I inflicted on you was pretty permanent, to be honest. I really didn't want you to ever have a chance of being anything other than the hot piece you are now. Wow, those are nice tits. I'm almost jealous."

"Then what are you here for? Just to humiliate me?"

Mia made some finger guns. "Got it in one, girly!"

Justine and Samuel exchanged a glance.

"Why?" the man asked. "She's always stuck as a girl."

"And you just watched me orgasm like a total chick. Isn't that enough?"

Mia shrugged, then puffed on her cigarette again. "I thought it would be, but truth be told, I'm a little annoyed that you two are going up in the world. I mean, don't get me wrong, it's fucking hilarious that you're on the road to becoming a supermodel. I saw that big billboard with you on it, the one with you in the pink bikini and the sunglasses, emerging out of the pool with water dripping off those huge boobs of yours. Fucking *hot*. A nice little reminder that I'm totally bi, not that you ever believed me when you were a man."

"I hated doing that bit," Justine said. "It was embarrassing enough! And now I take fucking lingerie photos of myself for Instagram."

Not that she *always* hated doing so. She sometimes got a little *too* proud of her uploads, especially that one in the white lingerie that had gone viral.

"Well, as I said, I take a lot of amusement from that," Mia continued. "But you're also raking in the cash, going to fancy galas, making endorsement deals, wearing finer dresses than I ever had, and all that jazz. So I thought, hey, why not put this all behind me? Just one last little dose of reality for Justine before she fully commits to the supermodel lifestyle. Just a couple of reminders of just how girly she's become."

Justine paled. She was already aware of how girly she'd become, but in truth, part of her had become very *used* to it. It had been three whole years after all. She'd had more sex as a woman than she ever had as a man, been penetrated in multiple ways, worn sexy outfits in public, been the subject of male gazes left and right. Sometimes she even took some smug pride in it, especially when other women were jealous. Hell, she even liked

making Sam look good when one of his old high school buddies tried to one up him - she moved straight to his side, switching on the hotness, and made it *very* clear how lucky Samuel was. Besides, she *was* getting very wealthy. Her success did make her happy, even if it was embarrassing to know it came from showing off her body.

“I - I hate what I am. You don’t need to humiliate me.”

Mia chuckled. “Please, honey. I’m not stupid. I have no doubt you’ll be self-conscious about your female life forever, I designed the spell that way! But you’ve annoyingly adjusted *way, way* better than I’d hoped, and turned your failures into success. So, I’m just here for some final closure.”

Justine stepped back against the wall, her heart pounding.

“Are you here to change me again?”

“Please, I’m not that cruel. No, I’m just here to . . . illuminate you. I fear that you’re not entirely aware of the changes I’ve made to your life, so now it’s time for you to learn something. Chiefly . . . what’s your number?”

“Huh?”

Mia chuckled. “Your statistics. Your numbers. How many times you’ve been fucked, how many positions you’ve had, how many men have masturbated to you, how many dresses you’ve worn. All the girly embarrassments displayed in statistical wonder right before your eyes. So, enjoy!”

“What are you even talking abo-”

Mia clicked her fingers, and suddenly everything went dark.

“Justine!” Sam called. “Are you there!?”

“I’m here, Sam! I can’t see shit, though.”

“Me either. Are we even in the same place?”

They got their answer immediately, because the lights, such as they were, immediately turned on. The pair gasped; they were definitely not at the Tenebaum Hall anymore. In fact, it looked like they were in some kind of expansive virtual space; the floor was a cyber-blue series of square grids that extended out to the horizon in every direction. Before them, a second grid rose up like a giant screen, semi-transparent. The sky was nothingness, just endless blue. The only real features were the two of them, still clad in their classy clothing.

“What the actual fuck!?” she said. “Where the hell are we?”

“I don’t think we’re anywhere,” Samuel said. “At least, not in our reality.”

“What, we’re in some demiplane or something?”

“The fuck is a demiplane?”

“I don’t know . . . this, I guess!” she said, throwing up her hands. But the motion of her hands did something to the huge screen twenty feet in front of them, which was easily

three floors in height and twice that across. Instantly, it filled with images of Justine; photos she'd taken, images of her being fucked in a variety of positions by Samuel. Video footage of her screaming in fury as she was literally unable to put on a male sweater and instead was forced to opt for a sexy crop top. Numbers crossed the screen, various graphs and pie charts indicated her hobby focuses, what she searched for on her phone, and a running clock measuring the length of her time as a woman vs that of a man. She was reminded again that she had, really, been a woman for a comparatively short amount compared to her twenty one years as a man.

"Woah, did I do that?" she said.

Samuel stepped forward and looked at the enormous screen. Holy mackerel. It's your entire life as a woman, Justine. All the facts about you. Look - it says you've started watching *Fantasy Love Island* here. Since when did you watch girly shows?"

She blushed, crossing her arms beneath her breasts. "That's not true, I haven't!"

As if responding to her denial, the screen enhanced the stats on her show watching, then brought up several clips of her grabbing her phone to watch *Fantasy Love Island* as soon as Sam was asleep or out of the room. There was even one of her rapidly changing the channel to an action movie as he arrived home early from work.

Samuel raised an eyebrow and looked at his girlfriend. "Really?"

She huffed. "Fine!" she said. "I got addicted, alright? Pauline and the other model girls all swear by it, and so I thought I'd just watch it so I could fit in. But . . ."

Another graph showed up, one that outlined an increasing trend of addiction to the show, and a high level of dopamine release.

"But you came to enjoy it."

"Ugh, yes. It's fucking addictive, dude! I don't want them to vote Charlie off the island. It's a goddamn cliffhanger they left us on last week."

Samuel smirked at this. "Well, I guess this is the kind of thing Mia wanted you to experience, huh?"

"Oh, shut up."

"It doesn't seem that bad."

She looked up at the changing screen, which now displayed a huge rotation of images and miniclips of her wearing numerous dresses, including some where she seemed to be actually turning around and checking herself out.

"This is humiliating."

"I'm just saying, it could be fun. It's not like she's turned you into a gerbil of something."

"Why do I have the feeling I'm gonna want to be a gerbil before this is over?"

"Can I at least ask for a statistic?"

Justine sighed, pouting a little in her sexy way. "Fine, go ahead. I reckon we'll have to if we want to get out of here anyway. Just don't choose anything too embarrassing."

Sam nodded. "Sure, sure. Uh, computer! Magic screen thing! How many times have Justine and I had sex?"

Her eyes went wide. "Dude! Seriously?"

"Come on, tell me you aren't curious. Besides, Mia said it first: what's your number? I want to know!"

The magic screen changed, and suddenly a pile of statistics appeared, breaking down Justine's sex life as a woman, as well as her sex life as a man for comparison. The headliner answered Sam's question directly. In big red letters, in fact.

4,562 Acts of Intercourse as a woman

238 Acts of Intercourse as a man

"What the fuck!?" Justine exclaimed, covering her mouth in shock. "We've had sex four thousand, five hundred times? That's - that's gotta be impossible, right? I mean, I thought I was pulling good numbers as a dude, but . . . no way."

Even Sam was astounded. He looked further down the numbers.

Average Amount of Intercourse per day: 4.16

Most Popular Times for Sex: 7am-9am, 6pm-10pm

Most Common Penetrative Sexual Positions:

- 1. Missionary*
- 2. Cowgirl*
- 3. Doggy Style*

Least Common Penetrative Sexual Positions:

- 1. Kneeling Wheelbarrow*
- 2. Standing 69*
- 3. Reverse Cowgirl*

Most Common non-Penetrative Sexual Position:

- Blowjob*

Most Common Location for Sex: Home Bedroom

"Woah," Samuel said. "We have sex a *lot*. Like, even more than I thought we did."

Justine followed his gaze and looked over the statistics. "This is so gross. It maps out everything. Wow, we do missionary style more than cowgirl? But I like cowgirl way better."

Samuel blushed. "Yeah, but I sorta like throwing you on your back and then fucking you. Makes me feel all dominant, and I love how you spread your legs."

Justine rolled her eyes. “Typical. I go from being a guy to *having* one that likes me all submissive.”

“Please, you enjoy it. Look at that orgasm board to the left. You cum practically every time we go missionary.”

“Yeah, but cowgirl I at least feel more in control! Like, still a girl, and you play with my tits, but at least I’m not as submissive.”

“Like doggy style? That’s number three on the list.”

She pouted again, folding her arms once more. “Yeah, but I can’t stand doggy style. That one is humiliating as all hell. You’re literally mounting me from behind and I feel like such a . . . a *slut!*”

Sam nudged her, then pointed to the orgasm board again. It showed that doggy style produced the *most* orgasms for her, and not by a small margin. Her eyes went wide and her cheeks flushed red. “Fuck that witch. You weren’t supposed to know that. It’s just the curse, alright? It gets me off the more girly I act, all to punish me and make me a total chick. So when you take me from behind . . .”

Sam nodded. “Your body goes wild.”

The buxom blonde jabbed him in the chest with her finger. “You are *not* to take advantage of that, got it?”

He put up his hands. “I’ll try, but no promises! Man, I’m not surprised that Kneeling Wheelbarrow is our least used position though. I didn’t love that one.”

“Yeah, that wasn’t great. Didn’t love Standing 69 either.”

“Too embarrassing?”

She chuckled. “Too much blood going to my head. Not the fun kind of rush.”

“Holy shit, look at how many blowjobs you’ve given me! That’s at least one a day!”

This made the beautiful woman go even redder in her pale cheeks. She looked to where her friend-turned-boyfriend was pointing, and nearly died on the spot from embarrassment. If there was *one* thing that most definitely still made her feel very self-conscious about being a woman even after three years, it was the fact that she sucked off her best friend at least once a day, sometimes more. Half the time it was to get things started before he penetrated her, but other times, she went all the way. She could never forget what it felt like that first time, compelled to go down on him, trying to speak and argue even as her body was forced to give him the greatest blowjob of his life. He’d held her hair, forced also by the curse, and then he’d cum when she fondled his balls. His warm jizz had squirted into her mouth and down her throat, and she had moaned, almost getting off on it, and disgusted at herself for doing so. She’d swallowed it all, even licking the head of his penis to gather up every last drop, and then she’d looked up at him like he was her master, and she was his sub. God, it was as shameful as it was a frustrating turn on.

“Jesus, you’ve sucked a lot of dick,” her boyfriend continued.

“Not a lot,” she muttered. “Just yours.”

“Well, I mean . . .”

He pointed at the graph that showed her number of sexual partners as a woman. It listed her number clearly: *Sixteen Male Partners, One Female as a Woman*

She groaned, wishing there was a seat to fall back into. Or a black hole. They both remembered that time. It had been just a couple of months into her new existence, and she had tried to wrench herself free in one final Herculean effort by bussing herself interstate to track down Mia. She was hoping it would get her to change back by undoing the magic, but instead, her slutty instincts were turned loose, and she ended up in Vegas, drunken and nymphomaniacal, sleeping with men left and right and even participating in a gangbang where she sucked off one man while another took her from behind. It was *not* a time she liked to remember, especially since her body had been so damn randy because she’d felt such a *need* to be with Samuel again. She disliked his occasional teasing, but she’d never forget that he moved heaven and earth to track her down, and how he punched the lights out of the guy who tried to ‘claim’ her.

“That doesn’t count,” she said. “That was early days. I’m *your* sexy slutty supermodel now, remember?”

“I’m not likely to forget it. Still, wow, I mean, I didn’t realise you’d sucked my dick that often. I mean, wow. I guess I’m one lucky man, huh?”

She ribbed him in the side. “And don’t you forget it?”

“How do you feel about it?”

She lolled her head back and groaned. “Dude, how would *you* feel if you were told you had to suck a dick a day, at the least, for the rest of your life.”

“Point noted. I mean, it’s not all bad, right?”

“No, but that’s the annoying part. It’s just . . . weird. Addicting. Tasty. Ugh, Mia’s really in my head at the moment over this stuff. She’s right, this is so embarrassing.”

“If it’s any consolation, I think you’re doing great,” Sam said. He kissed her on the forehead, which made her feel all warm and tingly.

“Okay, I’m good. Let’s move on from - what!? Five litres. Fuck off!”

Sam took a moment to realise what she was talking about, but she pointed it out.

5.72 Litres of Semen Consumed Orally.

“That computer has to be lying.”

But as if she had tempted fate, suddenly six one-litre jugs zapped into existence on the grid floor before them, all filled but the last, which was about two-thirds filled with white, sticky fluid. The smell alone made Justine’s heart skip a beat. It was a bit too overpowering, but God if it wasn’t a fucking aphrodisiac these days.

"I stand corrected," Sam said. "Jesus, is that really my cum?"

"Get it out of here! It reeks and it's making me all aroused!"

She waved a hand, and the jugs were gone. Sam cracked up laughing, which left her placing her hands on her hips.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing," he said. "It's just . . . I must be a real stud, huh?"

Justine cracked up laughing as well. "You better be, with a hunger like mine, right?"

They laughed some more, the sheer ridiculousness of it making it impossible *not* to find humour in it.

"You seriously flood my mouth sometimes," she said, wiping tears from her eyes.

"Because I'm such a stud?"

"Because you're such a stud."

"Hence the five-point-seventy-two litres, naturally. That's a lot, right?"

"It feels like a lot, even across three years. Goddamn, I never thought I'd swallow cum at all, let alone nearly six litres. Still by *far* the most embarrassing thing I've done."

"Apart from *Fantasy Love Island*, of course."

Justine flicked her hands at the screen, moving to other stats. "We are *not* talking about that. Instead we're talking about-

"Dresses worn, apparently," Samuel remarked. The image showed her in a range of styles, from elegant and classy to naughty and slutty. She had a pink cocktail dress on in one little clip, turning to show off her ass and bust at the same time, and then in another she was at a model event, and she wore a very chic gown that nevertheless dipped low to show off some lovely cleavage.

"Oh, I remember that one. I felt like a damn peacock."

"A sexy peacock. Hey, it says here you've worn over two-thousand dresses."

"Fuck off, there's no way that's true."

But the graph didn't lie, and it took Justine a moment to realise why; it also counted all the ones she'd tried on when visiting designer clothing stores or just the simple mall, including that time she went through twenty five in a single day as part of a spending smorgasbord.

"Okay, that makes sense. I know it makes me money, but you know I hate dresses. I'd much rather bare the midriff with a sexy crop top and short skirt if I *must*, rather than wear a dress.

"Is that so?" Samuel said, and his smirk told her that he'd found another amusing statistic.

"Oh God, just lay it on me, man."

He pointed to a line graph, one that said *Justine's Enjoyment Factor Wearing Dresses Across Time*. It showed a clear rise over time, with some impressive peaks, the first of which they both recognised as the date she had her first actual fashion show involvement. Naturally, another wave of embarrassment hit the former man, especially as clips played off her posing alluringly in a tight yellow dress that pushed her breasts up into lovely piles that threatened a magnificent wardrobe accident. She looked humiliated and awkward when she wasn't following her compulsions, but as soon as Samuel wasn't looking from the sidelines, a strange little smile appeared on her lips as she strode forward, the crowd clapping and gasping at this new beauty's appearance. Watching this, Justine could barely look at her boyfriend.

"I knew it!" he declared. "I just *knew* you had fun during that first model show! You told me you hated it!"

"I did!" she protested, before looking down at the ground and holding her arm sheepishly. "I just had these little moments where it kind of all . . . went to my head."

"And you liked the dresses. You *do* like dresses! You've been lying this whole time!"

Another groan, another wave of self-conscious awareness. She turned and gestured to herself in her lovely silver dress, her body displayed like some kind of goddess of beauty and lust. "Of course I started to like dresses, man! The good ones are really comfy and airy and the summer dresses are so much better on a warm summer's day and I look fucking fantastic in them, let's not lie, and besides they drive you wild which drives *me* wild, and did I mention how fucking comfortable a well-tailored dress is? It's like walking on *air*, dude!"

Samuel was trying hard not to release a boyish giggle by this point, but only succeeded in letting loose a guffaw instead.

"I'm sorry, it's just . . . why hide this?"

The attractive supermodel put a hand on her lovely hip and then gestured to her divine form. "Why do you think? I'm already drinking five litres of cum and giving you titty jobs and showing off my sexy curves online and in public. I have a makeup routine that takes me a fucking hour on a *good* day, dude. Mia's stupid curse has already made me a girly girl. I wear *pink* now. Pink *dresses*. The last thing I want to do is admit that I've actually come around on wearing them."

Samuel moved up and hugged her from behind. It was comforting and warm. Protective. She leaned back against him, resting her head in the crook of his shoulder. He gently wiped away a stray tear from each eye.

"It's okay," he said. "I'm not judging, Justine."

"I know," she said, sniffing a little. She wiped away another tear. "Goddamn, now my hormones are making me all gooey. I swear, I've been even more emotional lately. Ever since I got sick two weeks ago. Ugh, I'm such a woman."

“You’re *my* woman,” Sam said, kissing the back of her head. “And you’re an awesome *person*, not just a woman. Person, Justine, whether you’re a man or a woman.”

“Thanks, Sam,” she said. She looked up at her statistics board. “I just feel a little silly, you know? Like I’m giving away another part of my manhood. Sure, I’ve got a pussy and I can’t help but love getting railed and I know how to do my makeup all perfect, but at least I still get to complain about the dresses, right? I guess I just don’t want to lose every part of my Justin self.”

“You still like videogames and action movies, right? And going to the gym?”

“Even though I wear a sports bra now and can’t lift as much.”

“Still counts. Hey, the numbers up there don’t lie: you go the gym *more* now. It actually says you’re *healthier* than before. Fitter for your body type.”

Justine managed a chuckle through the sob. “That’s pretty good. Damn Mia for bringing this all up. That witch bitch. Making me admit I love my dresses.”

“Well, I told you, you look amazing in this one.”

“Oh, it’s totally one of my top five looks. Plus, I can *feel* you staring at my big tits, dude.”

“Can you blame a guy?”

She giggled and turned, making a little sexy pose with her chest thrust out.

“Not at all. Just like you can’t blame me for teasing you with them.”

“Thatagirl! Hey, and about the dress thing, *I’d* be enjoying the hell out of a dress if it was acceptable for guys to wear them.”

She raised an eyebrow. “Bullshit.”

“No, I mean it. Don’t tell me you don’t remember what it’s like to have sticky, sweaty ballsack syndrome on a hot summer’s day.”

She cackled in a very unladylike manner. “Oh fuck! I do! Holy shit, how could I have forgotten that? Mind you, I get some serious boobsweat, now. You’ve got no idea.”

“Feel better though?”

She sighed, composing herself. Samuel was taken aback as always by her beauty.

“Yep, I’m better. Okay, let’s get through this. Bring on the embarrassment.”

They continued, and the pair took turns looking at the statistics, numbers, and graphs revolving around Justine’s life. Of particular amusement to the pair was the information on how others perceived Justine:

Percentage Breakdown of Attitude by Women of Similar Age:

72% Jealousy

19% Adoration

14% Attraction

16% Judgement

“That adds up to more than one hundred,” Sam mused.

“I think there’s an overlap, see that graph?” Justine noted. “Woah, I did *not* expect such a crossover between ‘judgement’ and ‘attraction.’ I guess all the ladies who hate me are just super horny for me, huh? You know, I’d always suspected, but this is nice to confirm.”

“What does the men’s graph say?”

“Ooh, good idea. Let’s pump up the age ranges.”

Percentage Breakdown of Attitude by Men of Adult Age:

89% Attraction

56% Adoration

22% Judgement

“No surprises there,” she said. “Wait, who are the fourteen percent of people who are totally fucking blind? Am I just not their type? When I was a guy, I’d kill for a girl with hips, tits, and an ass like mine.”

“Maybe it’s the judgey crowd,” Sam said. “I thought the adoration would be higher.”

At this, she guffawed. “Oh, man, spoken like a guy who hasn’t experienced some serious sexism! In the last three years, if there’s one thing I’ve learned, it’s that guys who are horny for a hot lady will do anything they can to drag them through the mud; in comment sections, online, even in conversations. Fucking chauvinist pigs.”

“Even me?”

She put a hand on his arm and kissed him on the cheek. “Not you, babe. Thank God. But a lot of dudes. They like to put a girl down because, on some level, they recognise the girl has power over them. They want her, but it’s not enough to just jack off to her, because it makes them feel all weak and submissive and they can’t get a girl like that. So she’s a ‘bitch’ and a ‘bimbo’ and a ‘total whore.’ Jackasses. Show him, big magic TV!”

Sure enough, a massive word cloud appeared involving online discourse centred around her. Her name featured prominently, as did ‘tits’, ‘cup size’, ‘bikini photoshoot’, and ‘generate AI nude’, among others. But ‘cunt’, ‘whore’, ‘bitch’, and other insults all featured. It made her feel disgusted, and Samuel too.

“What a bunch of incels,” he muttered. “Sorry, I didn’t realise it was at this scale.”

“Yeah, that’s another thing I should have told you. Didn’t want to feel like a girl running to her white knight, I guess.”

“Well, if you ever want to talk about it.”

She sighed. "Maybe another day. For now, let's look at something more fun that makes me feel better than these jerks. Magic TV, how many men have masturbated to me? Oh, and how many guys have checked me out in public?"

She expected the number to be, she didn't expect the figure that sprung forward:

*Approximate number of men who have masturbated at least once to Justine: 12.3 million.
Approximate number of men who have ogled Justine's body when they thought she wasn't looking: 129,000*

"Woah," Sam said. "Big numbers. I bet I'm on there. No offence, but I *constantly* check your ass out when you walk away, or your tits when you lean over."

"Duh," she responded, squeezing her boobs together to tease him. "Why do you think I sway my ass so much or lean over like I do? I get horny, and it's the quickest way to turn you on. Plus, if I do that, you always volunteer to go pick up the groceries."

"You sly minx!"

"They are big numbers, though. Damn, I didn't even know I'd *met* one hundred and twenty nine thousand people. I guess those bigger modelling events count with the crowds, huh?"

"And clearly your social media is taking off. That number is gonna get way bigger."

Justine patted his crotch jokingly. "A bit more than five-point-seventy-two litres there, I'd say!"

"Please, woman, I can only produce so much, even with the curse!"

"Well, at least I'm still a fucking rockstar when it comes to being a sex idol," she said. "Even if, you know, *tits*." She cupped her large breasts, pushing them up so they were even more obvious. Sam practically had to look away to avoid wanting to go at it with her right there and then.

"I'm starting to think you enjoy wearing dresses *and* having big tits."

"Well, at least I've got a pair to play with any time I want. Still, gets pretty weird when I realise my best friend loves to suck on my nipples."

"You love it. You make those sounds when I suck on them."

She flicked the screen, ignoring his words. More numbers flooded the screen, from the layers of makeup she'd applied to the number of times she'd twerked in a club; thankfully, that was only thirty-four times.

"I may have a great ass, but I am *not* a twerker," she said.

"Shame."

The most common hairstyles, the amount of sex dreams, even the top ten list of celebrities she was attracted to all came up, and she blushed once more as Sam teased her about the last.

“What’s wrong with finding Humphrey Bogard hot? He’s handsome! He’s *the* noir guy.”

“He’s also been dead for half a century or longer.”

“Eh, he probably has great bones.”

“And moving on!”

The next statistic was perhaps one of the more embarrassing ones for poor Justine: it showed her top girliest moments ranked. She let out an “eep!” and covered her face at this one, trying not to blush furiously once again.

“We don’t have to read this one!” she announced.

“Oh, but we totally have to,” Sam said.

Justine’s Ten Girliest Moments, ranked from 5 to 1:

5. Voluntarily getting her first manicure at Wendy’s Salon

4. Drinking her first pumpkin spice latte and becoming addicted

3. Wearing a hot pink dress on her cinema date to Barbie with Samuel

2. Her excited dance to Taylor Swift’s ‘Shake It Off’ while Samuel was at work

1. Geeking out with her model girlfriends over the comfortable new lingerie line with supportive bra padding

Footage played for each of these, and Samuel wished he had popcorn to eat while he enjoyed them. Justine peeked through her hands and winced as each moment played with sound, showing her giggling and indulging in a little girliness. The *Shake It Off* dance was by far the worst for her, though when the conversation between her and Pauline and the rest of her girlfriends followed, she was mortified at the lines she’d said voluntarily:

“Oh, I really think I’d look great in this. Sam won’t be able to look away. He’s been such a sweetie lately, and I know he loved me in pink. This would be a real nice treat for him . . . you know, for him, obviously. Not because I’d be excited about it or anything.”

“You liar, Justine! You’re always talking about how good your man is to you! And you would look dynamite in that. I bet you could surprise him with it tonight.”

“Mhmm, maybe. That could be fun.”

Sam’s jaw fell. “You told me that night was because of compulsions!”

“Well, the sex bit was compelled, in a way. I was just . . . planning to fuck you anyway. Fine, I picked the lingerie out. The bra was really supportive. It’s still my favourite.”

“And you actually *are* addicted to those lattes. And you dance to Taylor Swift now.”

“Not for you, I don’t. I was just . . . excited. I’d gotten off my period. Hell, I’m pretty sure I’ve missed mine this month, so maybe you *will* see me dance again, right?”

Sam was laughing so much at the footage of her awkwardly asking for a manicure that he almost missed that last bit. “Wait, you missed your period?”

“Yeah, it was an off month for me,” I guess.

Sam frowned. “That’s . . . that’s not a thing, Justine.”

“Sure it is. Magic TV, show him! I’ve just had a spotty month, I didn’t get my period.”

The screen changed, but the information it presented wasn’t exactly what Justine had in mind. Her jaw dropped as she took it in.

Children Conceived Between Justine and Samuel: 1 child (presently in utero)

Current Gestational Progress: 6 weeks

“Uhh,” Justine murmured. It felt like her system was in shock, as if she’s just short-circuited and was in need of a hard factory reset. “That can’t be right. Sam, it’s a glitch. That *has* to be a glitch.”

“I don’t think it is, Justine,” Sam said, also staring at the magic screen. He looked over the statistics. “Look, it even gives a conception date. I’m pretty sure that’s when we were holidaying in Italy. Remember you in that bikini, us on that fancy yacht, all that celebratory wine . . .”

Justine blinked several times. “You didn’t wear a condom.”

“And I’m pretty sure you weren’t on the pill.”

“I was! I - oh shit, I think I might have forgotten. No. No, I can’t be preggers. I just - I can’t be knocked up.”

Sam pulled her against him, wrapping her up in a loving hug. “Hey, it’s okay. We’ll . . . we’ll figure this out.”

“Figure this out! I’m having a *baby*, Sam! You knocked me up, you fucker!”

He smirked. “Literally ‘fucker’ in this case.”

She pouted, pulling a little away from him, but staying in his arms. “Oh God, I’m preggers. I’m knocked up. I’ve got a bun in the oven. I’m up the duff. How could this happen?”

“Well, when a woman and man love each other very much-”

“Can it, you!”

“Hey, I recall you wanted kids, once.”

“No, I said I wanted to get Dua Lipa knocked up with my babies. I didn’t say *I* wanted to be the one carrying kids. Shit. What the fuck is going to happen?” She rubbed her stomach, not that she could see it standing up, what with her giant boobs in the way. “I bet

Mia knew this. She just *knew* I'd be thrown off my feet over this. Crap, I'm just hitting the highs of my modelling career, just finally starting to celebrate my body and - yes - enjoying all the cute showy dresses and the attention, and now *wham!* I get pregnant."

Sam kissed her on the forehead again. "I'm sorry, Justine. I promise I'll be there for you."

"Of course you will, it's your baby that you put in me! You're half at fault for this! Great, now my boobs will get even bigger. My belly's gonna get huge. And then there's *birth*. Shit, I'm going to have to push a whole baby out of my cooch. And then there's nursing - no wonder my big boobs have been so sore and sensitive lately." She cupped them and winced. "I swear, if I end up as an F-cup, I'll never be able to get you off them."

"That would be pretty hot."

"If only *you'd* been the one turned into a lady. Maybe then I could enjoy this like you."

"Hey, I wasn't the one that cheated on a witch!"

Justine let out a long groan of annoyance. "At least tell me that the stats show it to be healthy. I can't even look right now. It all makes sense; I've been emotional lately because of all the preggo hormones. Christ, getting knocked up by my best friend . . . I'll never live this down . . ."

Sam let her wander off a bit while he stared at the screen. The numbers indeed showed the baby to be healthy, though he passed his eyes over the gender so as not to spoil anything. The due date was there, surprisingly near his own birthday, which was fairly exciting, and there were even predictions for future pregnancy habits. Apparently, she was over ninety percent likely to crave melted cheese and oranges from her second trimester onwards, and her libido was set to skyrocket around Week Sixteen and peak just two weeks prior to her due date.

"Holy hell," Sam whispered to himself. "That's a lot of pregnancy sex. Damn, that's hot. Jeez Louise, her milk production is off the charts. She might go bigger than an F-cup in the end. Mhmm, I wonder if she'll need any 'help' there."

He decided not to pass this on to Justine. She was dealing with enough at the moment. He could only hope that she would adjust and come to enjoy the fruits of her changes once her baby was moving and truly alive inside of her.

"Anything I need to know?" she said, facing away from the screen and stroking her stomach in wonder. "Sam?"

His eyes were focused on one final factoid provided by the screen. Samuel knew he'd always wanted a large family, and God knows since he'd been made part of the curse, he'd been extra virile and productive in his sperm count just to keep up with his friend-turned-girlfriend's lusts. Yet still, he hadn't expected the numbers in front of him:

Expected Number of Future Children Between Justine and Samuel: 6-8 children over the span of approximately 10-12 years.

“Sam? I asked if there’s anything I should know?”

The man turned, feeling both excited, cautious, and overwhelmed by this peak at a likely future. He took in the radiant form of his lover, observing her beauty, already noticing the extra glint in her hair and softness in her skin, practically glowing with the signs of very early pregnancy. When she turned to look at him, his gaze wandered across her impressive bust and lovely hips, all perfect for providing him with a family.

“Everything’s good!” he said, putting on a genuine smile. “The baby is healthy and developing fine.”

“Well, there’s that, I guess. At least it’s just one, right? One and done?”

Sam swallowed. “Well, let’s just see where life takes us.”

“Whatever, dude. Don’t think I’m letting this become a habit. God, I’m gonna be a mommy. So embarrassing, just like Mia knew it would be. I bet I’ll be doing pregnancy photoshoots and everything, ugh!”

The world began to dim, the various grids shutting down and the magic screen with it. Numbers flew by - how many times she’d eaten ice cream during her periods, that time she’d orgasmed the hardest when he’d eaten her out at the beach resort, the most embarrassing times she accidentally showed off her boobs, and so on. Justine took all of it in, holding herself and trying not to melt into a puddle.

“I can’t believe this. Five-point-seventy-two litres and a baby inside of me. What a takeaway! Mia is never going to let me live this down.”

Sure enough, their surroundings blinked, and they were back in the Tenebaum Hall side room, Samuel’s arm around her delicate waist, her own hand plastered upon her belly as if she could actually feel the new life developing there. Mia was still sitting on the desk, still smoking, still grinning.

“Find out any interesting statistics, Justine?” she asked.

“Yeah, the number of times I’m going to kick your ass!”

The witch scoffed, getting down to her feet. “Well, judging from how red you are - with fury and embarrassment, from the looks of it - I’d say my goal succeeded. Congratulations, by the way. I look forward to seeing you again down the line when you’ve got a big, swollen belly. I bet Samuel here will like it, won’t you, Sam?”

Sam said nothing, but held Justine a little tighter, which she appreciated.

“Any glimpses at the future, perchance?”

Justine frowned. “What are you talking about?”

The witch gazed at Justine, then Sam, then Justine, then Sam again. She seemed to recognise a flicker of nervous understanding in Samuel's eyes, and at this, she finally broke into laughter.

"Ah, why ruin the surprise for you two! Well, I've had my fun, Justine. You two can go about the rest of your night and look splendid together. Don't forget to invite me to the babyshower, Justine!"

And with that, she disappeared in a puff of purple smoke which quickly scattered into nothingness.

"I really hate her," Justine said.

"I can see why you dumped her. Maybe next time, you should dump her, *then* date someone else."

"Noted, just in case I ever get my penis back," Justine said. She took a deep breath, rubbed her stomach once more, and then went down on her knees while tugging on his trousers.

"What are you doing?" Sam asked.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" she said. "I've been humiliated enough, and thanks to that witch you know I actually *enjoy* doing this now, damn you. So hurry up and let me suck on your big hard cock already, while I've still got the core strength to go down on you like this."

Sam grinned and unbuckled his trousers, releasing his erect member. He made sounds of satisfaction as Justine began to stroke his shaft, drawing her lips closer. But before she could get to the act, she broke out into a giggle.

"What's so funny, babe?" he asked. "Are you okay?"

She laughed a little louder. "Nothing, it's stupid! I was just wondering . . . what do you think is going to arrive first? Our baby, or the six litre record?"

The End!