

You Can't Tell Him (Friend to Hot Slut TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

Lucas and Ethan have been best friends forever, but ever since Ethan started dating his girlfriend Morgan, Lucas has started constantly third wheeling their dates and sabotaging their relationship to spend more time with his buddy. Unfortunately for Lucas, Morgan is secretly a witch, and if Lucas is so obsessed with 'guy time', then he can have it somewhere else - as a sexy woman who can't help but need a man!

You Can't Tell Him

Part One: So Your Girlfriend's a Witch?

Ethan

"This place is so romantic," Morgan said from across the table. I placed my hand in hers and smiled, gazing into those astonishing green eyes.

"It's the company that makes it so romantic," I said, as dashing as I could.

She grinned, and I found myself lost in that smile. How had I ever landed a gal like Morgan Faye? Don't get me wrong, I wasn't that bad myself. I'd always been pretty handsome growing up, and now at twenty two I had the looks of a lady killer. I mean, I was literally tall, dark, and handsome, and my participation in the football club kept me fit, that was for sure.

But that meant nothing when placed next to Morgan. I couldn't even put my finger on exactly what made her so special. She was beautiful, obviously, and had attractive brown hair that fell in waves over her shoulders, like she was from another time, perhaps the Golden Age of Hollywood. And there were those eyes, not to mention her ruby red lips, which were never without that colour of lipstick. And her body! God, it wouldn't quit. She had lovely breasts and an hourglass figure, and yet she wasn't exactly a supermodel, either. Her figure had a 'hot girl next door' vibe to it, as if she were a real person, and not some unattainable ideal. No, there was something impossible to describe about Morgan; perhaps it was just her intelligence and wit, her endless confidence and her seeming ability to accomplish everything she put her mind to. We'd only been dating six months and I was pretty sure I was head over heels for her.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked me.

I blinked. "Oh, sorry. I was just . . . lost in thought about you."

“Stop it!”

“No, I’m serious. I really was. I can’t believe a guy like me managed to not only score a date with a girl like you, but-”

“Score *with* a girl like me?” she said playfully, raising a glass of wine.

I chuckled, blushing a little. “Well, I wouldn’t put it quite like that . . . but yeah. I don’t mind that part either.”

She sighed. “I’m just glad we finally have some romantic time together. I swear, that parasitic lump affixed to your side keeps making an appearance every time we try to be alone. Alone together, I mean.”

I tugged on the collar of my shirt, knowing exactly who Morgan was referring to. “Listen, Morgan, I know Lucas isn’t everyone’s cup of tea, but he’s my best friend, has been since we were in elementary school together. He’s had my back through everything, and I’ve had his. He’s just . . . a little attached, you know?”

She rolled her eyes, unimpressed. I looked at the restaurant kitchen. The dessert menus had not arrived, and our empty plates were still on the table. I just needed to call a waiter and it would be a good distraction from this conversation. I wanted to defend my buddy, of course, but maybe I wouldn’t need to?

Unfortunately for me, Morgan was dead set on this subject. “He’s a nuisance, Ethan. A real freeloader. When was the last time he did anything for you? All he does is spend all of his time coming around to your apartment - *our* apartment - and eating our food, taking advantage of our hospitality, and sticking his beak in where it doesn’t belong. And the way he talks about women!”

I put up my hands, trying to get her to calm down. That was the other thing about Morgan; as much as I loved her moxie, she could be *really* passionate. It was awesome when we were jogging together, or travelling to new places, or, of course, in the bedroom, but it meant she had a really fiery temper.

“Hey, now, that’s not fair. Lucas is just a bit more of a player than I am.”

“Please, the man is dateless.”

“He goes on dates all the time!”

“Yeah, with the trashiest sluts.”

“So he’s got a type. It’s not like he’s assaulting them or anything.”

“*That’s* where you draw the line? At assault? Ethan, all he cares about is tits and ass! He has a calendar in his apartment of naked ladies, and doesn’t hide the fact that he’s got a Pornstar account! Did you hear what he said about that woman who asked for directions in town the other day? He said, and I quote, ‘She’s got a smokin’ ass to watch her walk away with. Too bad she had no rack, am I right?’ Who the fuck says that kind of thing about a total stranger!?”

I had. Well, I used to, back when I was a teenager, and honestly probably even when I was twenty until I started to really mature. Lucas and I had flunked out of our first year at college and had to reapply for our courses. It was a huge embarrassment. For me, it was a growing up process. For Lucas . . . well, I think he saw it as humiliating, but it also gave him an extra year with 'the college ladies,' as he put it.

"Okay, so he's a bit much," I said. "But he's been backing off, recently."

"Only because you told him to," Morgan said, frowning. "And you had to tell him more than once. He's been third wheeling every date we have, and he spends more time with you than I get to! He's a bad influence, Ethan, a total pig! Sometimes it feels like you two are in more of a relationship than you and I."

I held her hand more tightly. "Sweetie, you know that's ridiculous. I'm here, aren't I? And do you see Lucas anywhere? Of course not. I made it clear to him that he can't be here. This is time for just us."

Morgan cooled down, as I'd hoped she would. "You're right. I'm sorry. I just . . . I can't stand that man. I know he's your best friend, but he's such a chauvinist with no boundaries."

"Well, it's just us now," I said.

But then I was immediately made the liar, because Morgan began to scowl, her expression full of hate. I turned my head and could have died on the spot. There, heading straight to our table, was my best friend Lucas Galford. His short brown hair was in its usual casual-messy state, and he wore a shirt that was just smart enough to let him into such an establishment, though he still wore jeans. He wasn't athletic like I was, but he knew he had charm, and he moved with confidence that had helped me through bad times but caused just as many. And he was grinning as he saw us.

"What," Morgan said. "The fuck. Is he doing. Here!?"

Lucas

It was worth coming to the Rose Restaurant just to see the look on Morgan Faye's face. I had no idea what my buddy saw in her; she was average at best and those green eyes didn't make up for the fact that she was cold as damn ice. I strolled over to the table and grinned, dragging a third seat to their table.

"Fancy seeing you two here!" I exclaimed in my most sing-song voice.

"Ethan, what the fuck?" Morgan screeched.

"I had nothing to do with this!" he said in a panicked voice. It got a bit of a chuckle from me, but I had to back up my bestie.

"Nah, he's speaking the truth, Morgs," I said. "Don't get your panties in a knot. Ethan told me you were having a romantic date and happened to tell me the place, and I was on

my way to the nearby club - y'know, The Fun House - and I thought I'd drop by and see you two lovebirds."

Morgan sneered, folding her arms beneath her chest. She had not-bad tits, but they were only a B-cup. I definitely preferred my girls to have some big, sensitive tits, that was for sure.

"Okay, well, you found us. You said hello. Now you can go and stop being such an asshole."

"Hey, that's no way to treat your boyfriend's best friend, right Ethan?"

Ethan sighed and gave me 'the look.' Yeah, maybe this had been a bad idea, but I was hoping to rope my fella into coming to the club with me, and hopefully find a busty blonde for him to dance up on and finally end things with Morgan. Maybe then he'd go back to his fun-loving self.

"Lucas, it's great to see you-"

"Ethan!"

"-but Morgan is right. This is just a romantic dinner for us, okay? Do you mind heading on to the club? Look, I'll catch you later, okay?"

I leapt on that opportunity. "Why wait? I'm heading there now. Your dinner is finished, and besides, you've had him long enough, *Morgs*."

She hated that nickname, but then again she hated everything about me, including the girls I enjoyed my one-night stands with, so why not mess with her?

"C'mon, it'll be a blast," I continued. "We'll have some fun, get some drinks, shoot the shit like old times. It's 80's Friday, too, so you know it'll be a jam. I'm just saying man, it might be a bit more fun than eating and going home."

Morgan tensed, but Ethan looked almost meditative. I had him, I knew it.

"Oh my God, you're actually considering it!" Morgan screeched. "Are you for real, Ethan?"

"I - maybe it would be fun? We just planned to go home after this. Morgan, we could dance together, get a little tipsy."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," I replied, putting my hands up. "This would be a guys night only. No offence, Morgs, but what happens at the club, stays at the club."

Her lip trembled. Seriously, what did Ethan see in her?

"You absolute chauvinist asshole pig of a man!" she declared.

"Don't forget sexist, on account of all the big-titted 'hoes' I apparently pick up."

"That *is* chauvinist, you nitwit!" she declared. "You have the gall to barge in on our romantic date and try to pull my boyfriend away so you can, what, get him laid and break us up?"

My face slipped for the first time. Oop. *Busted!*

Ethan looked at me, and even *he* was mad. I cracked a smile.

"Dude, obviously I wasn't doing that! Are you gonna listen to her over me? We've been friends since we were kids."

He appeared swayed by that line; he always was, God bless him. It's why he was my best friend. We were loyal to each other.

"I'm sure Lucas didn't mean it that way, Morgan."

But Morgan wasn't having any of it. "Of course, believe the sexist douchebag over me, some date this turned out to be! When are you going to be a real man and kick this loser to the curb, Ethan?"

Well, that set me off. I jabbed my finger in her direction. "Listen, lady, I don't know why you get off on being such a bitch all the time, but I'm getting real tired of it. My friend deserves better, and frankly I do too. If he has to get all lame and settled down, it should be with a chick who actually gets along with his best friend, instead of always trying to stir up shit. Jesus, why do you have to be such a frigid bitch."

We were being too loud. A waiter was heading our way.

"Is there a problem here?" he asked, his voice level.

Morgan glared at me. For just a moment, I could have sworn that her eyes *flashed*. It had to be a trick of the light, but it unnerved me all the same.

"I think you should go alone tonight, buddy," Ethan said to me.

"Yeah," I replied, standing back up. "I'll get out of here."

Ethan

I thought that some making out and sex would make things right with Morgan when we got home, but she still seemed frustrated afterwards, even after I made her cry out by going down on her. I should have stood up to Lucas earlier, I know I should have, but he wasn't a bad guy, not really. Morgan was right though; I needed to establish better boundaries.

These were the thoughts that swirled through my head as I lay in bed, hating myself for fucking up our romantic date. I really liked Morgan. It wasn't love, not yet, but it was something alright. She just had this kind of . . . sway, I guess you could call it. I had to tell her what she meant to me, at least, and admit that I'd fucked up.

I left the bed and got dressed, but when I exited out into the living room, she was nowhere to be found. Curious, I peaked around a bit, but couldn't find her. It was only when I noticed the strange, sickly green glow from outside that seemed to almost emanate through the windows as an ethereal mist. I headed to the backyard, which wasn't particularly spacious but had a lovely garden courtesy of Morgan's intuition. As I suspected, she was conducting one of her rituals again.

That was the other thing about Morgan, and something Lucas had made fun of a number of times: she fancied herself a witch. Not a worshipper of the ancient earth or a follower of Wicca or anything, but an honest-to-God witch. I could largely overlook it, but sometimes it got a bit . . . weird.

And this was weirder than most times. She was chanting something as a cauldron bubbled in front of her, the light cascading out of it, the green-tinted smoke too. She was putting various items inside of it: flower petals, roots, trinkets, and what looked to be something else in her hand; a wooden figure of some sort. No, it was a doll, one with bright blonde hair and a carefully carved figure that gave it Barbie-like proportions. Her words turned to recognisable English as she raised it above the cauldron.

"May this curse find its mark. May this hex deliver karmic retribution, lifelong and permanent. And may its target never tell another so long as I hold her tongue."

She dropped the doll into the cauldron, and it lit up more brightly. Very creepy. Several of the tendrils of light reached out, and I could have sworn I was touched by one. For just a brief second, I had a split second image of a girl in a pink dress, and then it was gone. It almost felt like I'd connected with something but I discounted it immediately. Obviously, I was quite tired.

"Morgan?" I said. "Are you okay?"

She turned to look at me, seemingly unsurprised by my presence. The cauldron dimmed down until it produced no light at all, and then there was just her, basking in the afterglow of it, her eyes flashing just briefly - probably from some other source of light, I had to imagine.

"I'm absolutely fine now," she purred. "I was just doing a little magic, sweetie."

"Yeah . . . that looked kinda weird."

She shrugged. "It was a powerful spell. A hex on a girl who's been getting in my way too often. C'mon, let's head back to bed. I want to do weird and wonderful things to your body."

I practically forgot the creepy scene entirely moments later. Weird and wonderful things indeed.

Lucas

Too bad Ethan wasn't with me, because I was having the time of my life at the Fun House. I'd already danced up with a hot brunette and I was finding this Asian chick to be absolutely *fire*. Neither were perfect, of course; not nearly enough big busts for my liking, but I was sure I could find a great lay between them. This one black chick was giving me the eyes, and I was certain I could dance up against that big ass of hers.

"Lucas."

I turned on the spot, looking around the dance floor. Maybe I was just getting tipsy, but had someone just said my name?

"Lucas Galford, it's me, Morgan Faye."

Okay, that was definitely her. Where the fuck was she, and why did her voice sound like it was beaming directly into my brain?

"Sorry," I said, moving away from the chick I was flirting with. "Just gotta check someone out."

The music blared, and the throng of bodies was thick. I couldn't find her.

"You won't see me, Lucas. I'm far away. But you'll feel my power, oh yes, you will. There's something you should know about me, Lucas."

"Where are you?" I shouted, alarming a few dancers near me. I tried to keep my own moves going, just to not stick out.

"I'm a witch, Lucas."

"Yeah, right. You were always a crazy bitch, and that witch stuff was the worst of it. How the fuck are you doing this?"

A shrill laugh echoed in the air, and it sent a shiver down my spine. It was like the party music had dimmed to a low background hum, but her voice remained an impossible constant.

"I tried to be ordinary, Lucas. Just dabble in a little bit of harmless rituals here and there, live like an ordinary gal and not be the woman I once was. But YOU had to ruin all of that, didn't you? You had to be the sexist asshole always third wheeling my relationship, always claiming your best friend and trying to wreck my relationship with him? Well, that's about to change, for good. You're going to have your own problems soon, Lucas. You want to be a chauvinist? You want to go hunting for hot sluts to bang? Well, karma is coming your way. Soon you'll be too busy being the hot slut yourself to even think about taking Ethan away from me."

What the hell? This was getting psycho weird. I needed to call Ethan, or just plain get out of here. Something freaky was going on, and obviously that bitch had completely lost it. I made a move to get out, but the crowd seemed to block me at every turn. Worse, there was a strange lurch in my stomach. Where was that green light coming from, and why was it focused exclusively on me?

"Hey! Can you people get out of my way already!?"

I halted, clutching my throat. What the fuck was wrong with my voice? It sounded like . . . it sounded like a *woman's* voice.

"Morgan! Morgan!?" I cried, my voice still sounding like a chick's. "What did you do to me? How are you doing this?"

All I got in return was a devious laughter that seemed to echo all around me. The dancers kept blocking my way out, apparently not even noticing me, and my body began to thrum with a strange series of pressures. Something weird was happening, and I was starting to get scared as well.

"Enjoy your new life, Lucas," Morgan taunted. *"Or perhaps I should call you LUCY."*

Part Two: Hot Blonde

Ethan

I collapsed back onto the bed. Holy shit. Holeeeeeee shiiiiit. Since when was Morgan like *that*? She grinned as she crawled back up onto me, smiling broadly after the intimate act she'd just performed on me.

"You liked that, I bet."

I nodded, still catching my breath. "F-fuck yeah, I did."

"Much better than being interrupted, right?"

I nodded again. "Way better. I'm sorry that Lucas has been around so much lately. He means well."

"Oh, does he?" she asked. She simply cuddled up against me, still grinning widely. I frowned at this: I normally would have expected her to argue that point. Hell, she'd been *livid* the other day. Instead, she simply reached over to her bedside table and pulled out a little crystal ball, one she claimed to be able to see through. Weird Wicca stuff, as far as I was concerned. She giggled, staring into it.

"Something funny?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm just having a good show right now," she said. "It's very amusing."

I shrugged. I didn't want to spoil the moment, but this side of Morgan always seemed unsettling, like she was suddenly playing the part of a demon torturing some lost soul. She giggled again, practically *cackled*, actually. She was whispering something, as if sending a message through the stone.

"Oh, you pathetic little man. You deserve every part of this," she said.

"Who are you talking about?" I asked.

She looked at me and smiled even more maliciously. It gave me the heebie jeebies, even after so much passionate sex.

"Oh, just Lucas," she said. "Lucas Galford."

I frowned. Something was on the tip of my mind, but then, like a wave back into the ocean, it just . . . vanished.

"Huh," I said. "Never heard of him."

Her smile grew wider.

Lucas/Lucy

I was about to ask why that frigid bitch had called me Lucy, and how she was doing this, when suddenly the pressures rippled across my body. I was still trapped on the goddamn dance floor, and everywhere I tried to go, the crowd blocked me. They weren't even looking at me, except that I could hear them laughing whenever I turned my back.

"Did you pay these people!?" I yelled. "How are you doing - NGHH!"

The pressure rose in my chest, causing me to yelp. My nipples burned, growing in size and pushing against my shirt like I was some weird freak.

"Ha! That's the stuff!" Morgan's voice echoed. *"Some nice big sensitive nipples to go with some big sensitive titties! You like them big, don't you?"*

Before I could even scream a reply my chest suddenly *ballooned*. There was no other way to explain it. The skin just pushed forwards, new flesh forming there in an instant. It was the most goddamn bizarre sensation I'd ever felt, but in mere moments I had two little pillows on my chest. My nipples were further out from me than they should ever be, and when I moved in a panic to escape my entire chest *bounced*. It was like someone had tied sacks to my chest, only I could *feel* those sacks.

"What the fuck!?" I shrieked over the music. "What the actual fuck!?"

I cupped my chest, trying to push the two mounds back in, but it only caused me gasp in pain: they were *part of me*. Worse, they were weirdly sensitive, and my nipples turned hard for some reason - they were big as well.

"Oh God, oh God, I've got tits. You've given me huge tits!"

"Please, those aren't huge. Those are just starters. B-cups. Most women are around that range. I'm thinking we go bigger. Say . . . Double-Ds? You like 'em that size, as I recall."

"No! Look, you're a witch! I'm sorry for ever - Ahhhhh!"

They surged forth again, pushing up my shirt and straining the hold of some of the buttons. I was now showing off my stomach, and right in my vision as I looked down were a pair of ripe, juicy looking tits. They were twice as heavy now, and twice as big! I cupped them, trying not to salivate from their damn sensitivity. This couldn't be happening. This couldn't be fucking happening!

"Hmmm, still not big enough. A lot of girls have big boobs like that. I think we need you to really stand out. I recall that one girl you always drooled over: that Stacey Ackermann. What was she, an E-cup? I think you should beat her right out!"

"No! No, please! I'm begging you! MHMM!!!"

I was humiliated, moaning as they grew yet bigger. The buttons pinged off of my shirt, flying every which way as my new tits doubled yet again in size, becoming massive melons that - somehow - still stood ripe and full upon my chest. Holy fuck, they were big and wobbling and *heavy*. They were practically the size of my own goddamn head! This bitch was giving me the biggest pair of tits I'd ever seen, and they were *perfect*, pushed up by the tightness of my shirt to show a fucking *canyon* of cleavage. My nipples were even bigger as well, and they were rubbing against the material in a way that was way too uncomfortably weird. I tried to barge through the crowd, but they were just laughing, some of their eyes now on my tits, which were bouncing so much that I had to hold them, which caused me to moan a little, which meant I let go, which made them bounce more, which flew off another button. It was a goddamn nightmare!

"Oh, you pathetic little man. You deserve every part of this."

Her voice was everywhere, and her laughter on the lips of everyone around me. I tried to push through the crowd again, these damn tits making themselves known at every opportunity, only for another ripple to pass through me.

"Nghhh. F-fuck! What now!?"

I got my answer almost immediately. I fell to my hands and knees, and couldn't help but lift my butt high into the air. My hips popped out - first on the left, next on the right - and then expanded. I could *feel* my bones changing shape.

"Ohhhhhhh G-God! Make it s-sstop!"

"Never," came Morgan's voice. *"You want to be a chauvinist third-wheeling asshole, well, LUCY, here's the prize for the behaviour! You like a set of baby making hips, don't you? Time to have your own."*

They spread wider. Fuck, I'd never felt anything like it before. My entire body shape was changing.

"A real tight waist should complement that. You always felt the need to point out my 'sexy hourglass shape' as if you had a right to, right in front of my face. Let's see how you like it."

My waist pulled in. I still hadn't managed to get up off of the dance floor, but the crowd were still laughing, none of them helping me off of my hands and knees. I tried to get up, only to lift my butt up higher. My pants were already way too tight, but now they began to rip at the back as my fucking ass ballooned, just like these goddamn tits which were hanging down against the floor.

"EURRGH!!"

"A nice, juicy ass, that's what we need next. Nothing too big, but definitely peachy. Okay, maybe a little more than peachy. We want the guys to hate watching you go, but loving to watch you walk away."

It grew. I grabbed it, only to shiver.

"Oh, and sensitive too, almost as much as those divine new assets of yours. By the way, did you notice you don't have your dick anymore?"

My eyes bulged. I reached back to feel my crotch, only to cry out in horror. It was gone! It was fucking *gone*!? I didn't even get the chance to say goodbye to it! When had that happened!? In its place was something that was undeniably a pussy. I could feel the passage, and it continued to push into me, as something shifted aside my organs.

"Can't give you the total female experience without giving you a uterus, LUCY. Try not to get pregnant!"

More changes. I was becoming delirious. It was too much for my brain. I managed to get back onto my legs, only to stumble as my height diminished. I shrank, now too small for my clothing except where my womanly assets made it too tight. As I cupped by too-big boobs, my hands became dainty, with perfectly manicured nails. My feet changed also, my shoes falling from my feet.

"Fuck! What do I have to do to turn back? You can't do this to me!"

"I can, and I will. Let's let you slip into something more comfortable, shall we?"

This time my body didn't change, but my clothing *did*. It fused together, shifting and altering until I was wearing a hot pink dress that clung so tightly to me that it was basically vacuum sealed. My legs were now naked, and I could see that they were hairless, shapely legs. The kind I loved on a woman. The dress was so short I was afraid it would ride up my ass if I bent over, and it lifted my tits in such a way that they rose and fell like goddamn ocean swells with every panicked breath. I was exposed: I'd never worn something so . . . *little* in public before. My arms were bare. My legs were bare. My new tits were there for everyone to ogle, and between the laughter they were, a number of the crowd now commenting.

"Such a perfect body."

"I love to fuck her brains out."

"I bet she'd give amazing blowjobs."

Morgan's voice rose up. *"That's a great idea. A set of dick sucking lips. That's what you always called them, LUCY. Time to give you a face - and set of lips - that any man would be pleased to see go down on them."*

I squealed. I goddamn *squealed*. Like a girl. Worse, halfway through, as my face shifted and changed, my lips plumping up and my jaw becoming soft, my voice transformed too. Suddenly, I really was squealing like a girl. I had a high soprano voice, the kind that just dripped with sex.

"You can't do this!" I cried, and for some reason, I said it in a really breathy, moany sort of way.

"By the way, you'll now always speak in a way that sounds sexy and arousing, unless it's an emergency. It'll make you really attractive to men. Oh, and long blonde hair is obviously a must!"

It flowed over my face, long wavy sheets of it, until suddenly something happened that caused it to neaten itself up and fall over my shoulder and back.

"Fucking hell!" I cried. God, even *that* sounded like I was pleading sex, my words half a frickin' sexual moan.

"You're not in hell yet, LUCY. It's time we make some changes to your mind. This way, you'll never be a thorn in my side, or Ethan's, ever again."

A fire lit up in my brain, exacerbated by the way the chucklefucks on the dance floor were laughing and pointing at me, others rubbing themselves or ogling my goddamn tits in this dress. I clutched my head, trying to fight off the change, but there was no way to do it! The crazy witch bitch was too powerful! It was like downloading a set of instructions or something: they fired right into my brain, changing everything. Morgan's voice announced each instruction. I hated that bitch, I swear!

"Your name is now Lucy Galford."

"No!"

"You love being a bimbo."

"I'm, like, not!"

"You can't tell anyone."

"I will! I'm Lucy! I mean, I'm Lucy!"

"You're such a nympho."

"Fuck you! Ohhhh, why do I f-feel warm?"

"Men turn you on."

"Those men . . . they're looking at me . . ."

"Give them blowjobs."

"Oh God, why can't I stop looking at their erections!"

"Always dress sexy!"

"I - no! I - you can't do this!"

"You love pink!"

"I don't!"

"Tittyjobs!"

"Mhmmm - I mean, never!"

"Protection is for sissies!"

"What is wrong with you!? I don't deserve this, you crazy bitch!"

"You get turned on by men treating you like an object."

The commands just kept on coming, and the more I felt them come over me, the more I squirmed.

“Enjoy your new life, Lucy. This is who you are now. And you can’t tell anybody, not even Ethan. You hear that? You can’t tell him!”

My new pussy was getting wet. My nipples were going hard. My body was on fire. It was hell. This couldn’t be possible: nothing felt familiar anymore, even my fucking ass was bouncing a little, and my hair was swaying behind me as I finally, *finally* pushed through the crowd.

Only to land into the surprised arms of a very hot dude.

“Hey there,” he said, tall, dark, and handsome, his eyes looking down at my cleavage. I suddenly felt very, very warm. My skin was flushed, my pussy hungry. I needed to get away, but instead I was unable to control my body as I twirled my blonde hair and giggled.

“Hey there yourself,” my voice said in its sexy femme fatale-kind of way. *“Wanna dance up on me, sexy?”*

The man grinned, and so did I, despite my inner panic. What the hell was happening to me!? And when was Morgan going to turn me back!?

Ethan

I had a weird dream. Normally I just dream about football or hockey or, oddly enough, gardening. I think the last one is my happy place, even though I don’t exactly have the best green thumb it’s always been a dream of mine to maintain a good garden. But this time, the dream was very different. It was a pretty sexy dream at that, even if it was . . . odd.

In it, there was a blonde girl with a stunning figure. She had big tits - we’re talking head-sized, here - and the kind of body that just wouldn’t quit, wrapped up in a tight pink dress. She was dancing with a guy on the dance floor, right up against him, even pressing her chest against him and encouraging him to cop a feel of her ass occasionally. But it was strange, because it also looked like she wanted to get away, but at the same time like she wanted to fuck this guy. In the end, the latter side won out, and she asked if he wanted to come back to her place and fuck her brains out. She was nervous as she said it, even if she was a total bimbo type.

The guy, obviously, said yes.

In the dream, it was like I could read her every thought. I was *inside* of her as surely as the guy was. She gasped and begged him to fuck her dripping wet pussy, and man did he do so. Her massive melons wobbled with every thrust, and he even began sucking on them when she begged him to do so.

"Don't do this!" she cried. "Don't s-stop fucking me! Keep going!"

It was like she was trying to ask him to stop, only for her voice to say otherwise, and then she was lost in so much pleasure that she couldn't stop herself either. In the end, she was screaming out until he dumped his load inside of her, at which point she lost it. I could have sworn she hadn't experienced multiple orgasms before . . . ever. This despite her being the hottest chick I'd ever seen, in dreams or in real life. Finally, he collapsed down on her, and after a time he rolled off, leaving her staring at the ceiling in shock.

"You - you just fucked me. I just got fucked by your big, hard dick."

She looked practically catatonic. The chick was cupping her tits, swallowing as she looked over at herself, but unable to resist the man from snuggling against her, feeling those breasts as well.

"Yeah I did, babe. What did you say your name was?"

"L-L-L-Lucy," she replied. "Lucy Galford. Oh God, that was . . . so fucking good. I want you to fuck me again as soon as you're ready. Or, I could do something else for you . . ."

She said it so sexily, and yet it almost sounded like she wanted to say something completely different. She shivered in bed, and I could somehow tell that she was horrified at being there, but even more horrified by how much she *wanted it* at the same time. The pleasure had been more than any she'd ever experienced.

I woke up not long after, with the biggest, most unbearable hard-on I'd ever had. I couldn't stop thinking about that woman's appearance. I was nestled up against Morgan, and in my sleep I'd adopted the same pose as the man in my dream: cupping her breast as I spooned against her, my erection against her backside. I trembled, imagining that hot blonde lady even as I felt the gorgeous brunette in my arms.

"Morgan?" I whispered. "Are you awake?"

"Mhmm," she replied. "Yeah."

"I'm in the mood. Really, really in the mood."

"Mhm. Go sort yourself out. I've had a long night working my magic. Need a recharge."

I asked her again, but she clearly wasn't in the mood. Damn it, I'd never felt a fire like this. I slipped out of bed, made my way to the bathroom, and sat on the toilet. It had been a while since I felt the need to yank my own chain like this, but goddamn, that blonde was in my mind. Her pleasure. Her weird reluctance. Her huge, perfect tits. I pulled down my underwear and gripped my cock.

I should have been masturbating to Morgan. Instead, I masturbated to that girl. She wasn't even real. I didn't even know her name.

But she had captured me all the same. When I came, she came too, at least in my imagination. The orgasm that followed was fucking *explosive*. That connection I had experienced earlier . . . I felt it again.

I cleaned myself off, feeling guilty. Why was I even thinking about this other girl? Morgan was all I needed. Morgan and . . . no one else, I guess.

So why did it feel like I was missing someone in my life?

Part Three: Slut Life

Lucy

When I woke up, it was with an instant set of compulsions. I thought for a moment that last night had been a dream, or a nightmare, but instead I could instantly tell that my body was a fucking female; My boobs were heavy on my chest as I lay on my back, and my blonde hair was in my face. I wasn't even meant to be blonde! I was meant to have a dick! And - and - and I definitely wasn't meant to be moving like I was on autopilot, my dainty little hand reaching out for Brett's dick and stroking it.

I barely had time to react before I started massaging it, slowly working it to a nice hardness. Holy fuck, last night had really happened. I'd fucked a guy. No, a guy had fucked *me*. I'd had his dick inside me. I'd laid on my back and spread my legs like a total chick, and he'd put his big cock in the pussy I'd been cursed with, and no matter how much I'd tried to beg him to stop, Morgan's curse had made me beg for more, instead. And this stupid slutty body had *liked it*. I'd actually climaxed, more than once, in fact. God, he'd even sucked on my tits! I'd cried out like I was a total hot chick with a sweet soprano voice!

She'd really screwed me over good, and I could only hope that she wasn't serious. There was no way this was my life forever, right?

I had no way of knowing, and my hand was still rubbing Brett's cock. It was becoming rigid, and I felt so gay doing it: I wasn't into guys, but something about touching his hardening penis was lighting a fire in this stupid new pussy of mine. Even my big, fat nipples were getting all tense.

"Hey there," came a male voice. "Someone's eager this morning."

It was Brett. I turned my head to look at him, and a shiver of fear and strange arousal shot through me.

"More than eager. I want you," I said. It was the curse talking, yet again. I *really* needed to get out of here!

"Mmhmm, you certainly had your way with me last night. Give me a few moments to wake up and I'll make your morning."

That was good. That bought me some time. Perhaps if I leaned into the curse a little bit in order to escape it, like swimming diagonally with a current to get away from dangerous waters? It was worth a shot, and perhaps-

"I'm not patient enough for a few minutes, baby," I found my ultra-feminine voice saying, talking like a damn femme fatale. *"How about I make your morning instead?"*

Instead of getting a chance to move off the bed, I actually pulled back the friggin' sheets, revealing his nakedness. His dick was hard, and I was already scared that I'd be compelled to ride cowgirl or something, just like we'd done last night during our second round. Instead, it was something so, so much worse.

"Let me use my mouth," I said, winking at him.

No. Oh God, no! No, no, no, no!

But I couldn't do anything to stop it. Morgan's curse had put me on autopilot, so I found myself lowering my juicy new lips down to his crotch, my long blonde hair draping over his legs. This was my worst nightmare. I *loved* getting blowjobs from hot chicks, especially after a visit to the club. Well, now I *was* the slutty, busty club girl, and I was sliding my tongue up and down Brett's pole while practically *eye fucking him* as well.

It couldn't be happening, but instead I placed my lips over his cock and pulled it up a little, curling myself over it so I could bob my head up and down, up and down, taking more of his fleshy girth into my mouth. I stroked his cock with my soft hand, working him like I was giving the best goddamn blowjob ever performed. I was actually sucking a man's dick, tasting his flesh, feeling how rigid he was. I cupped his balls, stroking them, my hands moving with a mind all of their own. It was utter madness, and it was made all the worse because my body yearned to please this asshole: I had an urgent compulsion to get him to cum.

"Ahhh, f-fuck," Brett said. He placed his hand on my head, scrunching up my hair and pushing my head down further. I'd done that all the time with girls, but it made me start deepthroating him, the dickhead! Why the fuck was it turning me on? My heavy tits wobbled with every motion, and I could feel him getting close. Why couldn't we change positions? Please God, let me change positions!

"I'm close. I'm gonna - I'm gonna - AGHH!"

His balls tensed in my hand, and his dick did the same in my mouth. I tried to mumble something, an urgent request for him to hold off. Hell, even a request for him to fuck me missionary if he really had to. Instead, my mouth was filled with hot, creamy liquid. It

streamed into my mouth again and again, some of it pouring down my throat. I moaned - I literally couldn't not - as he came in my mouth. I rubbed the shaft of his cock desperately, as if trying to extract every damn drop of his fucking seed, which I pretty much was. And of all the fucking fates to curse me with, Morgan had given me this doozy as well: I swallowed every last bit of it. Every last bit, including what was still sticking to his penis. I drank it all down, sweet and salty at once, and damn warm besides. Then I looked up at Brett with my big blue eyes and fluttered them deliberately.

"How'd ya like that, hot stuff?"

Ethan

It had been a strange weekend. A bit of a guilty one, in fact. I'd have several dreams of that hot blonde girl, the one with the head-sized tits that were all natural (not to mention bouncy), and sometimes I even daydreamed about her when I wasn't doing anything. I'd just be relaxing, and then *bam*, I'd be thinking about this buxom chick naked in bed sucking her one-night stand off. She seemed really into it, but also kinda not? And she ended up leaving as soon as she could, but she screamed when she got back to her apartment because it looked all different from what she expected: pink and feminine and everything.

Hell, I could have sworn I practically had a *vision* of this girl screaming at the mirror as she cut her hair, swearing at her appearance as she ripped up her dress, and generally muttering as she ruined her own makeup. It was clearly some weird fiction in my head though, because then something really strange happened: she sort of became all confused as her clothing came back together, mending itself again, and then her hair grew back long just as it had been before, and even her makeup returned, so that she had red lipstick and sexy smokey eyeshadow and all the works.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me!"

Those were the words I could practically hear in my mind.

Was it just some weird fantasy? Was I actually getting a bit bored of Morgan, or starting to think we weren't all that good together or something? I mean, her weird Wicca thing, or whatever her Pagan magic she claimed to have was, had always been something I just had to overlook while dating her. But she had gone really hard into it over the past few days, and it didn't make me comfortable. I got out of the house a few times, playing football with the guys and grabbing some books from the library for my architecture course, but on the whole I just had this imaginary fantasy in my head.

But if it was a fantasy, then why was this chick at war with her own life?

I didn't tell Morgan, of course. I really did care about her, and clearly this was just some weird little mental upset I was having. That hole, that sense of not possessing

something I should, remained with me. I think I just needed a best friend. I'd never really had one. I made a little vow to myself that when I returned to college on Monday I'd try to be more social and make some new friends. Preferably guy friends, of course.

Morgan could be a real jealous kinda gal.

Though come to think of it, I couldn't think of many times she had been, despite knowing it to be so true . . .

Professor Harding was, much like his name, quite the hardass. I knew I'd wanted to be an architect for years now, and Morgan had encouraged me on that path. As had . . . someone else, I assume. I had this dream of designing my dream house and living in it, but man if the course wasn't made more difficult by my professor's absolute perfectionism. He'd reamed one of the design features I'd put together. It was literally just a skeletal sketch. We're talking just the base foundation and frame of a house on a mild slope with a few set geographical features and heavy afternoon lighting thanks to the curve of the rest of the hill. I really thought I'd had that last part nailed down, but apparently not. *"No consideration for future proofing against nearby developments,"* and all that. I'd made a house in isolation, but Harding was the sort of guy who expected you to consider the entire neighbourhood context.

So yeah, I was in a lame mood. I'd shot a frustrated text to Morgan, but she was busy with something and wasn't responding. She didn't go to the same campus. In fact, I'd never seen her campus. Apparently some Wicca place or something, but she didn't talk about it much. It left me drifting in the wind a bit, not sure what exactly to do or who to talk about the anger in the pit of my belly. The football guys wouldn't understand. They were a good bunch, but also a bunch of knuckleheads.

I was just considering going to a local cafe and maybe just vibing with some of my peers, forming some connections like the good old days of first year college, when something caught my eye. Someone. She was walking across the campus green, hips swaying sensually with every step, her chest bouncing in her tight pink crop top. Her blonde hair swayed, impressively long, and her legs were killer, barely covered by her booty shorts. I nearly lost my breath. Could it really be, or was I imagining this?

It was her.

The woman from my dreams.

And she was heading right toward me.

Lucy

I'd never been so goddamn humiliated in my life. An entire weekend of dressing up in skimpy outfits, showing off these ridiculous head-sized boobs, and then fucking whatever guy was interested in me.

Which was *all* of them, by the way. God, even now I felt like a damn piece of meat, wearing a crop top that dipped low so that my tits bounced around, and a pair of booty shorts that pulled tight against my hips and bubblebutt ass. I had no choice! This was all the wardrobe I had now. My own apartment had altered to become so fucking girly! It had pink walls and shit like I was some dumb, bubbly bimbo. Even the photos around the room showed me to be a girl: there was one of me in a bikini holding onto some black guy I recognised from campus, and his hand was on my ass! My ID said I was Lucy Galford, and all the evidence told me that bitch Morgan Faye had somehow changed my entire fucking life! I thought this was just some body transformation, fucking insane as that already was, but my entire life was now governed by this shit, and all because I pointed out that she had a pancake ass and tried to drag Ethan to the club so he could find some fitter, hotter chicks!

And now I was back on campus, not that I actually wanted to be here. It was another one of that bitch's *compulsions*. Her voice had even come into my mind again.

"Time to head back to college, LUCY. I'm sure you'll be quite the hit on campus! Don't forget, you're studying a childcare course with a minor in psychology. A much more feminine change from your whole programming thing, wouldn't you say? Besides, a sexually active girl like you might need to know how to take care of babies if you're not careful!"

Fuck me, she was worse than I'd ever thought. I should have split her apart from Ethan even sooner, before she became some kind of bitch witch mega psycho. Now *I* was paying the price for *his* choice of romantic partner.

So yeah, now I was wearing sexy get up. I even had a fucking belly button piercing, which everyone now knew as well because my midriff was completely on display. Not that I could see my midriff, what with my gigantic boobs blocking any view of my feet. I was a freaking G-cup, apparently. All natural, baby. *Lucky me.*

I'd already sat through a course on childcare. It was stupid; who needed a course on how to take care of children? Well, it turned out to be more about how to professionally care for children in a job, or whatever. Stuff like daycare centres, social work, working in education, camps, all that jazz. The worst part was that my stupid bimbo body was on automatic again during that lecture. It *wanted* to learn. I took notes in fancy cursive and paid attention to every word from my lecturer, soaking it in. And just like when I'd given blowjobs or ridden cowgirl or even (God, it turned my stomach to admit it) let a guy fuck me doggy style on the weekend, I still had that major release of dopamine that left me feeling happy.

It was only when I left the theatre that I realised how much the spell was affecting me.

"Hey, new girl," someone said.

I turned to see a tall, dark-haired woman with a confident smile.

"M-me?" I asked.

"Yeah. I'm Sabrina. What's your name?"

Again, that automatic voice. *"I'm Lucy. Lucy Galford."*

She sniggered a little. "Yeah, I can see you've got quite a bit of 'gal' in you. Look, we've got a little study group for this and other subjects. We invite everyone in the class. There's about twelve of us. I saw you taking crazy ass good notes. Would you like to join?"

I smiled sweetly. Please, God no. Not this. No.

"I'd love to! Can I, like, get back to you? I just wanna get to know the campus a bit more and go for a walk. But I'd really really love that."

She shrugged. "Sure. Just stay clear of Alpha Gamma Psi. Those guys are assholes, and trust me, you're their type."

I giggled and thanked her, then left. Great, so now I was part of a girly study club, not to mention getting warnings about which fraternities to avoid. Which, of course, was making my bimbo body have other thoughts. The boys in that frat were probably some of Ethan's football buddies. Big, strong types with hot muscles and even bigger dicks. I bet they'd love to jizz all over a huge pair of sensitive tits like mine. Mhmm . . .

"Fuck!" I squeaked to myself as I crossed the campus green. "Stop thinking sexy gay thoughts, *Lucy*. You're still in control of your mind, no matter what she's done to you!"

Which was exactly why I'd come to the campus, of course. Not that I had a choice, but I'd also *willingly* come. There were books here, and research assistants, and archives, and all that stuff. I'd flunked my first year of college, but I was in mega-research mode by necessity now. Morgan had turned me into a woman and then had me fuck a three different guys on the weekend, and actually *cum* from it. I needed to find a way back, then get my best friend clear of her, and then find some way to get my revenge. So long as I could get a little bit of control back, there was still hope that-

"Hey, watch where you're walking!"

"Wha-!?"

I'd been so deep in thought that I hadn't even been looking where I was going. I stumbled straight into some big, tall guy and tripped right over like an idiot. He caught me, but my speedy momentum meant he tipped backwards, and I ended up landing right on top of him, my tits pressed right up against his chest like we were in some goddamn meet cute.

"Sorry!" I said. "I wasn't looking where I was-"

I halted. This wasn't some random guy. I was looking straight into the face of my best friend. It was *Ethan*. And he looked . . . *hot*.

"That's okay!" he said. "I'm glad I caught you. I should have moved aside but I thought I recognised you and . . ."

His eyes wandered down, and I realised why. My tits were hanging against his chest like two overripe cantaloupes, my cleavage making a long, luscious line for him to appreciate. My nipples stiffened against his chest just from the contact because my stupid new body was so horny.

"Uhhh," we said as one.

I scrambled off of him, my cheeks damn red. My own best friend had been checking out the tits Morgan had cursed onto me! He got up just as quickly, looking very embarrassed.

"Shit, sorry," he said.

"It's, like, totally okay. Sorry for bumping into you. I'm . . . Lucy. Lucy Galford."

He paused for a moment, looking right into my eyes. It was making my nipples hard. No, not him. Definitely not my best fucking friend, no matter how tall, dark, and goddamn handsome he looked to my bimbo body. But . . . was he recognising me?

"I'm Ethan Trent. Have we met before?" he asked me.

Yes! Yes! I'm your best friend! We've known each other for years! Your psycho witchy girlfriend turned me into a busty blonde with a crazy high libido because she thought I was taking time away from you! You gotta turn me back man! Believe me!

That was what I *wanted* to say. Instead, I extended a hand and grinned sweetly.

"I don't think so, but I'd like to. Do you want to catch up for coffee sometime?"

He smiled in a way that unnerved me as much as it aroused me.

"Sure thing," he said, shaking my hand. God, his touch was so firm and strong, just like my new body liked. "I'd love that."

I'd told my friend again and again to find someone way hotter than Morgan to go out with. And now, to my horror, here I was.

Part Four: Butterflies

Ethan

I should have told Morgan. I know I should have. She actually came back the previous night, and she was *electric*. She'd been so absent recently, and me so directionless, that I was starting to think she was gonna dump me. Instead, she went to get dressed and came back wearing a tight little silk dress that clung to her body so damn right.

"Hey there, sexy," she purred. "I'm in a good mood right now."

"Woah," I'd replied.

"That's all you've got to say? Woah?"

"I just . . . I'm at a loss for words."

She rolled her eyes. Clearly I hadn't given the right answer. But then she'd grabbed me by my shirt collar and pulled me into a kiss. "Do better next time, but you can make it up to me now."

"Wow, what's gotten into you?"

"Let's just say I've been enjoying the fruits of my magic lately, but it's got me feeling all kinds of jealous. I want you to make *my* night magic, Ethan."

And I had. I'd fucked my girlfriend without even putting on a condom. She was on the pill, so it shouldn't have been a risk, but I was so eager. After we had gone three rounds we were finally ready to tuck in for the night, the pair of us naked, sweaty and exhausted. She'd grinned as she held me.

"Now *that's* what I call some good sex," she purred. "You must be really into me to perform like that, honey."

I simply smiled and continued to hold her. I didn't tell her the truth.

I hadn't been thinking about her while I'd been thrusting into her, no matter how beautiful she was. I was thinking of my dream girl, who somehow had turned out to be real.

I'd been thinking of Lucy.

Like I said, I knew I should have told Morgan. Not necessarily all those details, but that we needed to spice up the relationship, or that, I don't know, some girl had leapt out of my dream into reality somehow, and I was feeling all kinds of confused. But then again, I knew the kind of person that Morgan was. I loved my girlfriend, but she had a fierce temper and liked to hex people she didn't like with little dolls and stuff. Magic wasn't real, obviously, but it still creeped me out.

But the part I *really, really* should have told her about was that I'd planned to meet Lucy again after bumping into her just yesterday. I couldn't get the image of her hourglass figure, or those massive boobs, or her startlingly beautiful face and gorgeous blonde hair out of my mind. And those eyes! So bright and blue! She had a bimbo aesthetic about her, and that hadn't normally been my thing, but she didn't strike me as stupid. Quite the opposite, actually. Lucy had just seemed light and enthusiastic and . . . *free*, in a way Morgan never quite had.

And now I was here, waiting for her to arrive. I nervously checked my phone every few seconds, not just for the time but to check on the latest NFL game's results. I could only remember watching football with someone else, but for the life of me it was like they were a smoky shadow. Man, I clearly needed new friends outside of my football buddies.

“Um, hi Ethan?”

The words were like honey, sweet yet syrupy, light and yet containing just a hint of the sensual. I looked up, alarmed at how she'd easily snuck up on me. Lucy was standing in front of me wearing a cute pink summer dress, one of those two part ones that left a two inch-wide strip of her perfect midriff on display. It only had spaghetti straps, which did wonders to show off her slim shoulders and slightly tanned arms. Her breasts, however, were more than hinted at: her bra underneath was visible, lifting her tits up and straining the fabric of her pink top. Her dress was longer, but its semi-transparent fabric still showed those legs, not to mention the spread of her hips.

And yet, for all the features of her goddess-like body, it was her face that captured me the most. She was nervous, her cheeks blushing red, her lips in a slightly worried pout and her ocean-blue eyes almost shimmering with curiosity and hesitation. She pushed a strand of her golden hair behind her ear and grinned sheepishly.

“Uh, do you mind if I sit down here? Opposite you?”

I could barely believe my eyes. This woman was real. I must have seen her around campus and *then* dreamed about her, and yet she still didn't look quite real in the flesh. I nodded, momentarily slackjawed at the sight of her.

“Y-yeah! Of course! It's great to see you again. Lucy, wasn't it?”

She gave a cute little giggle as she sat down, pushing the strands of her hair back again. “That's me,” she said. “L-L-Lucy. The girl you ran into. Well, I guess I knocked you over, right? Pretty funny, me knocking over a big guy with b-b-big shoulders like you, huh?”

Was that a stutter?

She coughed lightly. “Sorry, I was about to sneeze,” she said. She rolled her shoulders back, and I had to focus very, very hard not to look at her boobs. They were much bigger than Morgan's. So big, and yet somehow so perfect on her otherwise slim figure.

“Yeah, I'm real sorry about that. I should have moved out of your way. Still, I appreciate the invite for coffee. I'm not really sure why, though.”

She shrugged. “I'm newly changed,” she said, before her features creased. “Changed to this campus, I mean. I'm looking for people to get to know! Why not the big lug I ran into, right?”

I cracked a grin. Someone else had often called me a big lug, somewhat affectionately. It slipped my mind at the moment, but it gave me a warm feeling the way she said it.

“That sounds as good a reason as any. I'm looking for a new friend too, so it sounds like us running into each other was good fortune, huh?”

“The best!” she said, before biting her lip. “So, coffee!”

“Yeah, I love that stuff.”

Another nervous giggle. "How do you feel about pumpkin spice lattes?"

"I . . . usually go for a cappuccino myself. I'm open to trying anything, though!"

I made the order for us both, then wondered what to say. "So . . . sorry about bumping into you yesterday."

"I actually bumped into you," she said. "I didn't mean to. I've been sort of overcome by everything lately. Going through stuff and all."

"It's a busy time of the year."

"Sure."

Again, that awkwardness rose. Jesus, I was a fucking popular football player with a damn sense of charm. I was good looking! Hell, up until this moment I thought I was a ten. Now, I felt like a five at best opposite this girl.

"So, what do you study?" I asked.

"Childcare," she responded, "with a minor in law."

"Oh, wow," I said. "I mean, I wouldn't have expected that."

She grinned, leaning forward. Not looking at her cleavage was like trying not to notice the light of the sun. It was all-encompassing. Somehow, I managed.

"Like, do you mean the childcare? Or the minor in law?"

Shit, I'd really stepped in it. "Um . . . I just didn't figure you for the lawyer type."

I took a drink of my coffee, trying to calm my nerves while she responded. Lucy moved her lips to the side as she thought.

"Hmm, I guess it's because most lawyers aren't known for looking like big hot sluts, am I right?"

I nearly spat out my drink, and ended up coughing. She blushed at her own words, but my coughs turned to laughter.

"Holy shit, sorry! I just didn't expect that either!"

At this, we both erupted into laughter, enough so that her chest jiggled quite obviously.

"Sorry, I literally can't help myself," she said. "Like, *literally* can't. Sometimes I just say stuff like that, you know?"

"Well, with a body like that, I don't blame you. Though I wouldn't describe you as a 'slut,' that's for sure."

"And what if I am?" she asked, leaning forward again.

"Well, I don't know you well enough to say. Besides, I'd describe you as . . . beautiful."

At this, her eyes widened, and her cheeks turned *definitely* red. She pulled her hand back from the table where it was nearly touching mine. I hadn't even realised we'd drawn so close there.

"You think?" she said, pushing back some strands of blonde hair. "You've only just met me like . . . this."

"I call 'em like I see 'em," I replied. The fuck was I doing? I was Morgan's boyfriend, for God's sake! And here I was, flirting with this blonde bombshell who was somehow out of even my league.

"Well, that's sweet of you to say."

"You haven't asked me what subjects I study."

"Architecture."

I nearly spit out my drink a second time. She took a sip of her own pumpkin spice latte and bit her lip. "I already know a little about you, actually. I guess you could say I've done my research about the super handsome footballer who's also got a super big brain."

For a moment, her ankle touched mine. I didn't pull back.

"Well, yeah, I do. I mean, I hope to become an architect. My professor can be a real hardass . . ."

"But?"

"But I want to be one," I said. "I'm passionate about it."

"What about your football career?"

"I want to think further ahead than that. I mean, I like football. I love to play it. But I don't want to spend my best years getting head injuries and dislocating my shoulder and then finding out that the glory days are behind me just a couple of years in. I want to make things. I want to change the world, at least in my own way." I chuckled. "You know, it's funny, but my friend often tells me . . ."

At this, she lit up, leaning even more forward so that her breasts were actually resting on the coffee house table.

"Told you what? What friend?"

There was nothing but grey smoke and cloudy skies in my mind. I tried to clear the fog, but couldn't do so, and so I shook my head.

"I've got no idea, sorry. Shit, I don't even remember who said it."

"M-maybe he says something like . . . *you're the only jock who can use a pencil. The rest are all eating crayons.*"

"That's it!" I exclaimed. "Hot damn, how did you know that?"

Her expression was hopeful. "I - I say stuff like that, like, all the time. I used to say it to an old *boyfriend*."

"Well, maybe I heard it through him. Was he on campus?"

"Yeah."

"But you're not going out with him anymore? You've got a new boyfriend?"

At this, she gulped. She turned the coffee mug in her hands, breathing heavily. The rise and fall of her chest was something I had to briefly look at, just for a moment.

"No, I'm single now. I've got, um, a bit of a reputation, though."

"For what?"

At this, she smirked. "Well, if you ask around, a lot of guys will tell you some really naughty stuff about me, such as . . . I'm secretly super into video games. And I watch eighties action films. And if I've got an industrial strength sports bra, I don't mind a bit of basketball."

I chuckled at her misdirection. "Damn, a woman after my own heart. And anything else?"

She licked her lips. "Well, rumour has it I'm also a super big nymphomaniac." She looked around as if entirely nervous, and I couldn't tell if this was another joke or not. "I guess I should ask you though, Ethan, do *you* have a girlfriend?"

I was already in the wrong and I knew it. I should have been walking away. I should have told the truth and ended any contact then and there. But something about this woman felt like it was completing an absence I'd been feeling for the last week. And so I told the lie.

"Not yet," I said, giving her a wink. "But who knows what the future will bring?"

Lucy

Christ, Ethan was such an asshole! Why couldn't he have just told the truth and walked away! Instead, I sat at that damn cafe with him, posing all sexily and staring at his eyes and admiring his big, handsome muscles and giggling at his jokes. It was goddamn *torture*. I tried multiple times to tell him outright who I was, but all I could manage were little hints, and every one of them flew right over his head because he was too busy staring at my big fat tits!

It was a relief when I finally headed off to study group reading with Sabrina and her friends. I stood out with my two-piece pink summer dress and all my sexy makeup, but once again my brain wanted to study. I couldn't be my lazy Lucas self, there to pick up chicks at the study bay. No, I was all smiles and giggles and a passion for learning more about childcare, like a *good girl*. And all the time my damn loins were tingling with arousal, because that bitch Morgan had made me such a damn slut that men were on my mind whether I wanted them or not.

And thanks to that chance meeting, it was my best friend who was on my mind now. It was totally *fucked in the head*, because I was mentally slobbering over his manly chin, his square jaw, his kind eyes. Fuuuuuck, I was already imagining him touching my huge, G-cup tits and making them soooooo sensitive.

“Hey, are you alright, Lucy?” someone in the study group asked. It was a nerdy-looking Asian guy named Kenneth. He wasn’t studying for childcare, but was apparently a good friend of Sabrina’s and shared a sociology class with her and several others. I looked at him, all squat and scrawny, with thick glasses on his face. The kind of guy I’d have mocked for never having a chance at picking up girls at the club.

But Morgan’s stupid hex was upon me, so instead I batted my eyelashes at him and felt my body go into autopilot yet again.

“Just a little stressed, Ken, that’s all. But, like, maybe you and I could have some private study later so I can work out some kinks together?”

His face turned hopeful. Me? I just sagged. I knew *exactly* what this meant my night would turn into.

I shifted on Ken’s lap, letting my perfectly pert ass press against him, rolling against his cock so that it shifted further into me. I couldn’t stop it; the pleasure and the power of the compulsions was too great. I only had my bra on by this stage, and I was already removing it so he could feel these huge, heavy puppies. I was fucking a goddamn *nerd* and loving it, that’s how much of a total slut I was.

“Ohhhhh,” I moaned. “That’s the s-stuff. Stay hard in me. I’m going to take you places, Ken.”

“Is this - is it alright if I touch your boobs?”

I rolled my eyes, wanting to tell him ‘No, of course not!’ Instead, I grabbed his hands and forced them on my big tits, letting his fingers sink into the flesh. I still wasn’t used to having such monster G-cup titties, nor how fucking sensitive they were. I would have died to waterboat a rack like this back when I was a lady-chasing dude over a week ago, but instead I was now crying out orgasmically as he fondled my nipples and cupped my boobs up into a veritable *shelf* of cleavage.

“Start bucking into m-me!” I advised while in autopilot mode. *“Thrust up. It’ll work, trust me!”*

“S-sorry, I’ve not done it like this before.”

I moaned and leaned back, turning my head enough to kiss him on the lips and slip my tongue into his mouth. Fuck me if I wasn’t getting aroused by this. I hated it. I hated how fucking horny this bimbo body was. I was going to *kill* Morgan, but first I needed to cum like crazy.

“Don’t worry, Ken, you’re doing great!” I declared, all bubbly and nice. “Follow my lead so we can be - ahhh - in time with each other!”

He did, and while he wasn't the best lover (shit, was I really thinking in those terms already?) I continued to milk his cock anyway. I was being *penetrated*. I had a dick *inside* of me, and it was touching so many nerves it was like I was on fire with euphoria. I tried to push away the bliss and remember how angry I wanted to be, but instead my voice got higher, higher, *higher* until finally I broke out into a goddamn *shriek*.

"OHHHHHH! KEN! KEN, YES!, KEN, YES! YES! YESSSS!"

I thrashed about, and he came inside of me. It was fucking lucky that he was using a condom - of course a smart nerd would - because I had no intention of feeling his cum inside me. I'd had enough of that already. But then another orgasm hit me, and my mind blanked from that topic. I closed my eyes, still crying out in a voice that was actually cracking from how high it was going. And in that moment I imagined something that was so, so, so very damn wrong, and yet so fucking hot to this stupid bimbo body despite my own desires to feel otherwise.

I imagined I was getting fucked by my best friend Ethan and his big, hard dick, his muscled arms wrapped around me and cupping my beautiful boobs.

We collapsed back onto his bed, and I panted and kissed his chest, resting my big tits right near his face.

"Mhmmm, now *that* was a study session," I murmured into Ken's ear.

"Y-yeah. Wow. Um, are we boyfriend and girlfriend now?"

I giggled, but the real me inside cringed, terrified I would say yes. Thankfully, Morgan had made me too much of a bimbo to commit, or maybe this guy just didn't measure up.

"Sorry, sweetie," I said. "It's not like that. I've just got a lot of love to give and, like, a real powerful engine that needs revving constantly, you know? But hey, you weren't bad. I'd be more than happy to ride you again sometime, if you'd like that?"

His eyes were wide behind his glasses. He hadn't even taken them off during sex, his sight was so poor.

"Y-yes! That's be amazing, Lucy. You're the best!"

"Aren't I just?" I said with a giggle before kissing him again.

No. No, I really wasn't. I needed to get back to my body before things went really wrong. And definitely before 'Lucy' caught up with Ethan again.

Ugh. Just thinking about him made my trim little stomach fill with butterflies.

So stupid.

Part Five: Date Night

Ethan

I kept seeing Lucy on the side. I knew it was wrong, but I felt so connected to her in a way I never had to anybody, not even Morgan. Hell, when I was having sex with my girlfriend, I only came so much because I kept Lucy in mind, imagining what it would be like to thrust into her, to hear her cry out as she climaxed. Could anyone blame me? The entire football team were talking about her, and Brett claimed that he'd fucked her, though I wasn't sure if I believed him. She said she had a reputation, that she was a "total nympho," and I guess part of me didn't want to believe it, except that I had seen her drag one of her fellow students in legal studies class to the bathroom once without knowing I happened to be walking by. The sounds that emerged were *definitely* sexual, and yet, for reasons I still can't understand, I wasn't angry with her. I mean, I didn't have a right to, right? It wasn't like we were dating, or I'd asked her out, or like we'd done anything *but* a little flirting.

But I suppose my male pride would have ordinarily conjured anger in me anyway. I liked the idea of a stable girlfriend who was loyal. Hell, Morgan had been like that to me, always. Almost too much with how possessive she could get. And here was Lucy, fucking men left and right, probably an actual nymphomaniac and *certainly* getting a reputation as a total slut (albeit a really hot, really busty one), and it was only making me *more* head over heels for her. I didn't discard her in my mind. I didn't want to stop seeing her at the cafe or walk with her between classes or chat over text. I only wanted to be one of those lucky men.

God help me, I was thinking about her so much that I was practically wanting to get *cucked*, can you believe it?

In the end, I *had* to make a move. No, that wasn't right. I didn't have to. I *chose* to, knowing that I was betraying Morgan. I'd tried to organise a romantic date with my girlfriend to remove my feelings towards Lucy, and even hopefully get things back on track between Morgan and I, since she was so weirdly into her Wicca shtick lately that it was starting to get a little creepy. Instead, she just patted my arm sympathetically.

"I'm sorry, Ethan, but I feel so in-tune with everything right now. I've organised to meet with other members of my coven, even Tila, who can be such a spoilsport. We're going to share our magical discoveries and projects, and I just bet this latest endeavour will make them jealous!"

I was disappointed to say the least, so what I said next simply slipped out of my mouth.

"You mean with the doll? The one you put into your cauldron?"

Morgan paused, blinking, as she realised what I'd said. "Whatever do you mean?"

"I saw you do something late at night. You had a doll with a pink dress. You put it into a cauldron. It lit up. Look, sweetie, you know I don't believe in magic. To me it was just a lightshow, no offence, but ever since that night, you've been acting so obsessive."

"You *watched* one of my rituals? You promised me that you'd allow me privacy when I was conducting them!"

"You didn't tell me you were doing one!"

"Did you hear me chanting? Did you see my cauldron? The lights you just referred to? Don't play dumb, Ethan, you spied on me. And you didn't tell me until now? You could have ruined everything!"

I put out my arms. "I didn't even know what I was ruining! You're so secretive about this Wicca shit, and then something has changed and I don't even know what!"

"Whatever, I'm heading out to my coven meeting. I'll be gone a couple of days."

"Oh, so another thing you aren't giving me a heads-up on. I assume I can't go with you?"

"Why are you being like this?" Morgan spat. "God, I like you because you respect that I'm a witch and I need my freedom."

"So free we can't even have a date night!"

She grabbed her coat. "Keep watching my rituals and nearly fucking them up, and there won't be a risk of date nights in the future! I'm going. I'll see you in two days when I'm feeling less angry with you, and less liable to turn you into a frog! God, I thought you'd be *more* loyal after I took care of that third-wheel . . ."

She was gone in her car not long after, leaving me feeling awkward. Had I done something wrong? I guess I should have told her, but her reaction was way over the top, as if the ritual really had been that important.

It was then that I got a message from Lucy, sending a rush of dopamine to my brain as I opened it up. It was a picture of herself. She was wearing a tight pink singlet that showed off a lot of cleavage and pulled tight against her chest, and she was winking as she took the selfie, her lips pouting as she did so, as if indicating that she was smooching me. God, those lips. I could just imagine them on mine . . . or on another part of me, if the rumours about her love giving head were true. It took me a moment to notice the TV in the background of her image, as well as her caption.

'SCHWARZENEGGER NIGHT! PREDATOR REWATCH!'

I shut my phone without responding. I had such a fucking boner for this girl already, and that was before I found out she was a big Arnie fan.

"How can you *not* love *Predator*? It's seriously, like, the best Arnie film. It flips the whole thing on its head; a total subversion of how he normally is. Plus, so many sexy muscles in that movie. Yummy, yummy."

I laughed. It was the next day, and I was walking with Lucy after she'd had her latest class.

"Nah, *Commando* is where it's at," I replied, smirking at her. "The best corn, the best cheese, and the best one-liners."

"*Remember when I said I'd kill you last?*" she quoted instantly.

"*I lied!*" I recited back, and the two of us laughed. I couldn't help but observe how with each full-belly chuckle her magnificent breasts jiggled from the sheer motion of her laugh. She was in a v-neck hot pink crop top with an equally pink skirt and heels, making her look like some kind of bimbo Barbie cheerleader. Not usually my type at all, but devastatingly attractive, and now she was attracting *me*.

"I've never met a girl into Arnie movies before," I told her.

She shrugged, looking up at me with a blush. "Maybe you just weren't looking for the right girl, *hotstuff*."

I had to exhale at that and compose myself. She cringed a little.

"Sorry, I keep saying these things. I don't - I shouldn't, I know."

"No, it's okay, I told you I wasn't in a relationship," I said, lying again.

We were briefly distracted by a passing man around our age, dark-skinned and with an average build. He had a lot of books in his arms but managed to wave to Lucy.

"Hey Lucy! Really good to see you! I hope I get to sit with you in Law class again!"

She waved back, blushing an even deeper red. "I - uh - maybe, David! We'll see!"

He continued hurrying on, looking back with a smile and nearly tripping over several times, not that I could blame him. I was already moving slightly behind and to the left of her, just to see Lucy's amazing peachy ass and those incredibly sexy legs of hers.

"He seemed, uh, happy to see you."

Lucy gave a sheepish smile and scratched the back of her head, adjusting her bright blonde hair. "Oh, I was really fucking horny and had to give him a blowjob at the back of the theatre while no one was looking. It was a one time thing but I so, soooooo needed some deep-throat action or I was seriously gonna die." She paused. Hell, I paused. "Shit. That was not what I wanted to say. That was a really messed up thing to admit. Fuck!"

In the end, I just laughed. "You weren't lying when you said you were a nympho, then? If you don't mind me saying."

"A massive one. I really can't help it. I can't even explain it, literally. I'm just . . . I need to get fucked by a hot sexy man a lot. Especially big, tough footballers. I'm sure you must think I'm such a slut."

I swallowed. "Well, uh . . . who am I to judge in that case? It's not your fault from the sounds of it. Besides, I've been a bit of a manslut in my time, so let he who is without sin cast the first stone or whatever, right?"

"You don't really mean that!"

"Lucy, you can quote *Commando*. I'm pretty sure you'd have to be shacking up with Kim Jong-Un for me to judge you."

She actually laughed, and then *leaned* up against me, clutching my arm so that her full right breast pressed against my side.

"God, you're such a good friend, Ethan. We should hang out more. And not just at school. At *your place*."

Lucy

God, what the fuck was I doing? I just wanted to spend more time with my friend, but thanks to Morgan's stupid curse I was actually *flirting* with him. Those fucking muscles, that handsome jawline, those big biceps. Ugh, this curse had left me so gay for men it was crazy, and I was masturbating even more than usual.

Masturbating.

To my best *friend*.

UGGHHH.

But maybe it was necessary, if it got me close to the place he and Morgan lived at. Maybe there'd be something among her things that could reverse the curse. She often went away for days at a time for 'coven business', Ethan had told me once, and I had no doubt that was the case now. Why else would he have sent that really, really cute message inviting me over to 'Netflix and Chill' with him. Maybe he meant it. Maybe he did want sex. I'd have to resist it. I'd *have* to.

Not that I'd been so lucky over the last couple of weeks. God, the amount of cocks I'd sucked and tasty, salty cum I'd swallowed alone . . . and it gave me mini-orgasms just to drink it all down, that's how much of a slut Morgan had made me. I could no longer keep count of how many guys on campus I'd slept with. At least they mostly seemed to like me, and Sabrina didn't judge me too much, just thought I was a bit of a 'loose cannon.' The study group was the only thing holding me together; at least I still felt like a person at those things, rather than a cosmic plaything.

And now here I was, stepping out of my car, dressed up all sexy-casual, makeup and all, as I walked to Ethan's front doorstep. I had planned to try and dress down a little, maybe try to push through and impart some truth to him, but the curse was too powerful, and instead I'd gone quite slutty. I was wearing a loose white camisole - well, loose except for

two particular places - and tight black shorts that really emphasised my ass. My shoulders and arms were completely bare, and I'd styled my hair with just the right amount of messiness to it, as if to remind Ethan of the image of me after sex - as if promising that outcome. Just thinking about it gave my stupid horny body the shivers. My lips were a subtle glossy pink, and the eyeshadow around my eyes definitely added to the 'sexy nympho' look.

I knocked on the door, and he leapt up and answered it so quickly that I *knew* he'd been waiting eagerly for my arrival. My body automatically moved, placing a hand on its hip and thrusting out my big G-cup tits further.

"Hey there," I said, grinning. "You down for some action tonight? I mean, action movies?"

He smiled. That fucking *smile*, man.

"Fuck yeah," he said.

My body began smiling too.

I cheered as John McClane pulled his gun from the tap on his back and shot Hans McGruber.

"Yippee-kay-yay, motherfucker!" I cried in my sweet soprano, and Ethan joined me. The villain began to fall in his iconic shot, and I ate more of the popcorn he'd prepared. I kept losing some into my cleavage and having to fish them out, which he no doubt was enjoying the sight of. I kept trying to find an excuse to go fish around Morgan's stuff, but my stupid magical autopilot was on, and that powerful connection existed between us.

"I used to love watching films like this with a friend," he told me. "Funny thing is, I can't remember who that friend is. But man, I miss him. I'm glad you're here now, Lucy."

"Me too," I said, and I realised it was mostly true. At least I still had a friendship with Ethan, though it was riskier than ever. My goddamn nipples were aching for his touch, and my pussy was starting to become damp just in his presence. As the movie began to move towards the credits, I found myself shifting closer to his presence, so that my hips pressed against his on the couch, my bare shoulder against his shirt. He had a premium view down my top and I was doing nothing to discourage him. I just had to leave this as simple flirting. Just simple flirting and jokes and-

-and we both reached for popcorn at the same time. Our hands touched, holding one another with a gentleness and intimacy that made me gasp a little.

"S-sorry," he said, more nervous than I'd ever seen him.

"*It's okay,*" the curse made me purr. "*I like the touch of you, Ethan.*"

"I shouldn't. Look, I gotta be honest with you, Lucy. I've been lying to you. I'm in a relationship with-

"Morgan Faye."

His eyes widened. "You knew?"

I nodded, my arousal still rising. "Since the start. But I wanted to keep seeing you. There's a connection between us, Ethan."

"I know. I can feel it. I can't explain it."

"I literally can't. Not yet, at least."

He reached out and caressed my cheek, then pulled away his hand just as quickly.

"You should go. I'm sorry. This was a mistake. Morgan doesn't even know you're here. I don't know why I'm acting like this."

"*Maybe because I'm a better fit for you, Ethan,*" I found myself saying. "*Maybe because I'm, like, the perfect girl for you. And maybe because I'm sick of sleeping with all these guys on campus, because I just want one guy who can satisfy me and understand me and fuck my goddamn brains out.*"

I stood, panic in my heart, but also resignation. My body's needs were taking over, but I was too damn horny to even want them to stop. I shifted over to Ethan and straddled his lap, placing my hands on his shoulders, then shook my head so that my hair would get out of the way and my tits would jiggle while level with his own face. I knew what was happening next. Oh God, I did.

And so did he.

"Holy shit," he replied. "This is crazy."

"You've got no idea. *Now if you really want me, fucking have me. Because I can already feel how big and hard your dick is, and I want it inside of me, Ethan Trent.*"

I leaned forward and kissed him, and he returned the kiss eagerly. We slipped our tongues inside one another's mouths, and I moaned with each breath, feeling his strong hands upon my thin waist, creeping down to sink his fingers into my ass.

"*Ohhh, more. I wanna be naked. I know you want to suck on my big, sensitive tits.*"

The words flowed from me, and it was so easy to add extra details, particularly as he helped me remove my camisole top and then, in the most deeply sexy way, unclasped my big bra with one practised hand. God knew I'd had enough sex as a woman that I knew the right things to say, and my pussy was so wet that I *wanted* to.

"P-play with them first! Feel how heavy they are! They're all natural, y'know."

"Hot damn, they are. Jesus, you're stacked."

"Mmm-hmm. G-cups. Ohhh, keep massaging them. Fuuuuck, I'll never get used to thissssss . . ."

I was grinding my pelvis against him, then shoving my giant bust in his face. It was too much. I sighed in ecstasy as he placed his mouth upon my left nipple, sucking as he ran his tongue and teeth along it.

"Mhmm! Ohhhh, f-fuck, Ethan! You're s-so good! You're soooo goood!"

He cupped my breasts, then kissed me passionately, helping me shift out of my shorts even as I unbuckled his trousers to free his massive cock.

"You're *amazing*, Lucy. God, I've never felt like this with someone before. It's like I've known you my whole life."

"*Just wait until you're inside me*," I replied, pumping his penis, making sure it was rigid and hard for me. We flung the last of my clothing away, and his, so that we were both naked against one another, me facing him, letting him squeeze and grope my tits and drive me further into his arms. He raised my body up with ease, cupping my soft ass, and then he lowered himself down as I steadied his thick, long cock against my entrance. I'd done this so many times in the last few weeks. So many times, and through so many moments of shame and humiliation. But this was different. I was about to fuck my best friend. I was about to have his big, hard dick inside of me. He was going to cum inside of me, and we weren't even using any protection; this was all raw, all natural, all *hot*.

"Oh God," I whimpered, and then I descended upon him, slave to my curse and my fate. I exhaled, moaning long and high as he slid right up inside of me, my vaginal passage clamping upon him. Fuck me, I couldn't believe this. I'd become such a slutty bitch, the exact kind of girl I'd always bragged about banging. The kind of girl I'd mocked. The one I'd told my best friend to chase.

And now he was, thrusting up into me as I began to gyrate against him, rubbing my big tits on his chest, clinging to him for dear life. I was now that slutty, cock-hungry blonde babe, and I was crying out in sweet relief as I fucked my best friend.

It was the best sex yet, much to my humiliation. I clung to him and screamed.

"Don't stop! I need your hot cum inside meeeeeee!!!"

He exploded into me, his cock throbbing, shooting stream after stream of warm seed right up into my womb. I cried out again and again, orgasming like crazy, pulling his head into my wobbling chest which had been jiggling so much with each bounce upon his lap. I helped him there, suffocating him in my cleavage, my sweat mingling with his as I drained him of all he was worth, milking his dick like I was born to do it. Like this was who I was now.

"Ohhhhhhhh, yesssss!" I gasped. "Yesssss. I needed this! Oh God help me, I needed this, Ethan! I needed you!"

And it was the stone cold truth. Something had gone wrong with Morgan's spell, fucked up as it was already. Somehow, I'd ended up with her boyfriend inside of me. I was in even more danger than ever before.

And yet, I already knew my body was addicted to Ethan.

I'd just become my best friend's lover, and I knew this was only the first time he'd fuck my bimbo brains out.

"Mhmmm," I moaned, releasing his head finally so that I could kiss him. "*That was soooo damn hot.*"

"The hottest ever," he said, running his hands down my flanks before cupping my huge tits. "I don't regret a thing."

That made one of us, at least.

Part Six: New Deal

Ethan

Holy shit.

Hoooooooo-leeeeeee *shit*.

Five whole days on, and I still couldn't believe what had transpired between Lucy and I. It was wrong. It was immoral. It was *cheating*. And it was also the most intoxicating, wonderful, sexy and *connective* experience I could ever imagine. The sensation of her riding me, her massive G-cup tits in my face, jiggling right before me with every bounce . . . Jesus, I couldn't stop thinking about it. About *her*.

It wasn't just the sex. Yes, it was the most mindblowing sex imaginable, and her body was literally that of a busty, blonde goddess with curves for days, but I could fix all of this if it was simply a physical connection. Just some kind of temptation of the flesh, me coveting her body and acting out like my old friend . . . anyway, whoever that was, often talked about women.

But we had a true connection. An actual fucking capital-C *Connection*. She knew the ins-and-outs of football, and was even a fan of the local college Sasquatches, like me. She enjoyed action films, and could recite *Die Hard* from the heart. She was genuinely interested in the ins-and-outs of my love of architecture, and as we lay naked together on the couch, her head resting on my chest, she asked me questions about it, wanting to know more.

Morgan had never wanted to know more about why I wanted to be an architect, about the joy of creation, of crafting a perfect space. Hell, she was barely interested in my football career. Proud of it, yes. Proud of my smarts, too. But not all that *interested*.

Lucy Galford was different. Lucy wanted to know me right down to my core, and I wanted the same of her. I must confess, I'd never really known much about beauty techniques and childcare, or put much stock in psychology, but I found myself entranced as

Lucy told me about her life and her course of study, and how much time she spent each morning looking good, how she liked to show off her body and feel proud of it, how she was a total slut (her words) but wanted to find that special someone to be with.

When she'd said that last part, I swear my heart had skipped a beat. I was feeling her skin, stroking her hips and occasionally cupping her ass, but at her words I kissed her passionately again, and she'd kissed me back with just as much vigour.

God, I was going to hell, but when I thought about that night with Lucy, I couldn't even regret it. We had avoided each other since. It was my impulse more than hers. I saw her on the arm of other guys occasionally, or with Sabrina, her friend from their study group. I experienced instant jealousy, of course, but once again I was surprised by my lack of anger or frustration. After all, I'd been avoiding *her*. Morgan had returned from her coven trip, more enthusiastic than ever, but when she came onto me . . . I made some comment about being too tired from study and football and work. I could tell she was disappointed, and I couldn't put off sex with her the next day, or the next. I had to stay loyal. She'd freak if she knew the truth. But I was thinking about Lucy while I fucked her, and still I had no regrets.

"That was some amazing sex, babe," Morgan told me after five days of this charade. "You haven't been so enthusiastic in a while. I loved it."

"That's great, honey," I told her. I was still thinking about Lucy, and feeling guilty for it. Morgan didn't notice. She kissed me on the cheek and grinned, still naked.

"It's a full moon," she said. "I'm going to use this sexual energy to make things all the sweeter for a certain enemy of mine. Keep the bed warm for me. I might be a while."

She left, naked, out into the garden area where she conducted her weird rituals. Normally, I'd leave her to her devices, but perhaps I needed to take a lesson from Lucy, and show more interest in my girlfriend's life. Be a better boyfriend. I debated internally over what to do for about ten minutes or so, but in the end I followed after her, only to see that she was still naked out in the yard beneath the moonlight, that strange doll again, the little blonde one with Barbie proportions.

But she was meditating, legs crossed.

"Morgan?" I asked her, getting closer.

She didn't answer. When I got up next to her, I saw that her eyes were closed.

"Morgan?" I asked. "What is going on? What are you doing?"

RING RING. RING RING.

I nearly jumped, half-stumbling backwards as I reached into my pocket. To my astonishment, Morgan didn't even stir. I was about to automatically end the call when I saw who it was: *Lucy*.

I ran back inside and quickly answered the call.

"Lucy?" I asked.

There was nothing but heavy breathing on the other end of the line. Heavy, aroused, feminine breathing.

"Lucy?" I asked. "Are you okay? Is there anything I can do?"

More breathing.

"Lucy?"

"*Ethan*," came her voice, her sweet, perfect voice. "*I need you. I need you right now like you wouldn't believe.*"

I looked out into the backyard where Morgan was still meditating. That's when I made my decision.

"I - I'll be there as soon as I can."

"*Please hurry! I need you so bad. Only you! I'm at 25 Katerina Drive.*"

"I know."

"*You do?*"

"Y-yeah, I'm aware. I don't remember how, but - I'll be there, okay? I promise."

"*Be quick. I can't stand not having you with me!*"

I was already sporting a hard on by the time I'd finished writing a little apology note to Morgan. Something about the warehouse dealing with a late medical shipment. Then I put on my clothes, found my keys, got my coat, and sped through every damn red light I thought I could get away with.

Lucy

God help me, I was masturbating to my best friend. I was in bed with a big handsome filipino guy named Samson, what an appropriate fucking name, and he was dead asleep while I was furiously horny. Something about Ethan was driving me way too wild. I'd tried to dive into study with Sabrina, or even jump at the chance to let my dumb bimbo body sleep with other guys. Fuck, I'd actually *volunteered* to suck Oscar Lowell's dick and drink his cum - *twice* - just to avoid jumping my best friend's bones again.

Only now I was literally flicking my goddamn bean while my lover snored next to me. I was even starting to stir him, but for once I wasn't compelled to fuck this guy, so I got up and moved out into his living room, shutting the door behind me. I turned on the lights on low, repositioned his vanity mirror so I could see myself, then sat back on Samson's plush sofa and spread my legs wide.

"That's right!" I moaned erotically to my reflection, imagining me and Ethan banging in such a way to see ourselves. I began to feel myself again. "Fuck me! I don't want him, I want *you*. I feel you, ohhhh. I want only you! It's so f-fucked up, but I want you! Mhmm! I

want you as my boyfriend. I want to be yours. I can't explain it, but I want you to make me yours so fucking bad. Ohhhhh . . . oh - oh - oh - OHHH!!"

The orgasm came. It was never as good as actually fucking a guy. Didn't matter if I was riding cowgirl, taking it from behind, sucking dick, taking it from behind, or even good old fashioned missionary; if a guy was ploughing my hungry pussy or slamming his cock down some hole of mine, I was way more satisfied. Fucking bitch Morgan.

But at least my needs were satisfied for now, and the edge was taken off.

"Well, well, well, sounds like *someone* has found not just a one-night stand, but a *lover*. Congratulations, *Lucy*."

I turned on the spot, a chill immediately going down my spine. No. Not here, in another man's home. Not now. Oh God, not with me literally sitting in a chair with my goddamn hand down my goddamn my goddamn pink lingerie underwear!

But there she was. Morgan Faye was somehow in my apartment, shrouded in an ethereal line as if she were a sort of Force ghost or something. One hand was cupping her chin, the other on her hip, as if she were inspecting me and finding the result satisfying.

"You!" I declared.

"Yes, yes, it's me again. I thought you might want to talk *in person*, Lucy. Or would you rather get back to the man you're clearly sparking a connection with back there?"

I balled my fists. God, I wasn't even wearing a bra. My huge tits were just hanging out there, jiggling with my every movement.

"I don't care about him!" I snapped. "He's just some big guy I had to let fuck me because you made me such a horny slut!"

Morgan laughed. "That's not what it sounded like to me, from how you were just moaning."

I felt myself starting to blush. "That was . . . someone else."

"Oooh, a mystery man? Well, far be it for me to pry. I just thought I'd come and check in on my witchy progress."

I frowned. "I thought you weren't going to turn me back. I thought I couldn't go near you. I - I tried."

"And you failed," she said smugly. "I'll have you know that was because you tried to approach me with malicious intent. I figured you would try such a thing, but now that you've been sufficiently tame, I've dropped any such barrier and-"

I lunged at her, only to find my body halting against my will. Tears were in my eyes.

"Goddamn you, you bitch!" I exclaimed.

She just put her finger to her lips. "Shhh. Your boytoy is sleeping. And besides, I'm not really here even if you could hurt me. I'm enjoying my time astral-projecting from my garden, having just fucked my delicious boyfriend. I'll tell you what, Ethan has turned into a

much, much more vigorous lover now that I don't have to put up with your presence third-wheeling us all the time. All those nagging, chauvinistic comments simply . . . gone."

I tried to control the tears, but God if I wasn't so fucking hormonal and emotional in this body. I swallowed my feelings down as much as I could.

"Why are you here? Why do you keep doing this to me? Haven't I paid enough for getting in your way?"

She inspected her fingernails. "Oh, probably. But the fact is, I'd rather keep you out of the way, sucking dicks and getting mounted by lovers left and right. I just wanted to get a bit of closure on all of this, Lucy, and to give you an idea of what your future holds."

I grimaced. I had really been hoping to change back. Surely she had to change me back? But already I could see the maliciousness in her eyes, the petty cruelty. Fuck me if I hadn't made a mistake going up against this witch bitch. She strode forward and jabbed me hard in the boob, her astral-projected finger somehow still making me wince as she pushed in my generous flesh.

"You're going to remain like this, Lucy Galford. You're always going to be letting men ogle you while you wear saucy little outfits that show off all your curves. You'll always talk like you're about to ask a man to bed, and pose in the most sexy of ways. But I think your age of sleeping around the whole campus may be over now."

I gulped. "You'll at least not make me a total nympho?"

At this, she cackled, rolling her eyes as if I was stupid. "Hardly! Just the opposite, in fact. I'm going to let you find *the one*. Or at least, give you some magical compulsions so you can't help be 'the one' for him. That man you were just fantasising about? Tell me truthfully, do you feel a strong connection to him?"

I felt compelled to tell the truth. God, I was terrified. What if she found out that I fucked my best friend? Never mind that all of this was her fault, she'd skin me alive!

"Y-yes," I admitted. "I found someone. We . . . we had sex. But . . . we had a connection. I keep masturbating, thinking about them. I'm trying to avoid him!"

"And who is this *him* you're referring to? Some well-hung stallion from campus, eh?"

I just barely managed to hold in the truth. "Y-yes," I said. "It's true. Fuck!"

Morgan giggled, clasping her hands together. "Perfect! Well, consider this a modification of your original curse. You'll still be the same overly amply-chested blonde bimbo you are now, Lucy. That's who you are now, like it or not. But from now on you won't have to sleep around with every man you so much as bat an eyelash at. No, now that you've found Mr Right, I want you to suffer an even greater humiliation: I want you to *woo* him."

"I - what!?"

"That's right," she continued. "You're going to act as if you're head over heels in love. You're going to seduce this man, and I don't care if he's already got a girlfriend. Screw her."

You'll be this man's perfect woman. You'll do everything to make him happy, and feel compelled to act out his deepest fantasies. You'll be *his* and *his* alone, and just to make things more amusing, he'll *always* be virile and ready to go when your hungry pussy needs some action, and the same in vice-versa. You'll be perfect for each other. Maybe then you'll finally understand what it is to be loyal to someone instead of trying to force another couple apart. Good luck, Lucy! Maybe we'll do a double date sometime!"

"No!" I cried. "You don't understand! If you do that I'll - I'll end up with him! I can't do that!"

Morgan giggled. "This should be the last time we interact, Lucy, unless I sense an amusing change. Good luck with your paramour. Let love bloom!"

With that, her astral projection faded away, leaving me standing alone in my living room. Suddenly, my heart *thudded*. I had a need. God, I had such a fucking need. My nympho arousal was upon me again, and I had it *bad*. But Samson wouldn't do. I couldn't just go wake him up. He wouldn't do at all.

"Oh fuck, she wasn't lying," I whined. "I need - I need Ethan. I need my best friend. I need his big, hard dick inside me again."

It was all-powerful and overwhelming, that need. I was *gasping* for it. For *him*. Morgan the witch bitch wasn't lying; all my sexy compulsions now revolved around pleasing my best friend, bringing me even closer to danger.

I grabbed my keys. It was a good thing I'd driven to Samson's place, because now I needed to get back to mine. I didn't even bother putting on a bra. He could keep it for his collection. I ran outside into the cool air, my nipples hard from the cold and my arousal. I only needed my purse and my keys and my phone, and the last was most important of all, because I quickly called Ethan as soon as I got in the car. I nearly cried when he answered almost immediately.

"Lucy?"

I paused. My breath was heavy. I was resisting the pull.

"Lucy?" he said. "*Are you okay? Is there anything I can do?*"

I struggled, still panting, my pussy already slick.

"Lucy?"

I caved. Like the naughty slut I was, I caved.

"*Ethan,*" I pleaded. "*I need you. I need you right now like you wouldn't believe.*"

Fuck Morgan. Fuck her!

But I needed to fuck my best friend again first.

Part Seven: I Guess We're Having an Affair

Ethan

I'd never felt so virile before in my life. Just a few hours ago, I'd wrapped my knuckles on Lucy Galford's front door, finding her apartment strangely familiar. She opened it half a second later, wearing nothing more than a lacy pink thong, her massive tits out and proud, her cheeks red, her breath fast with desire.

"Ethan!" she'd declared.

"Lucy!" I'd replied.

We'd stared at one another for a few seconds, both hovering on the edge. And then we lunged for one another, pressing our lips together, making love as we stepped into her apartment and slammed the door shut. I pressed her up against the wall, stroking her curves, and she ripped my shirt away and struggled with my belt, feverish in her desire to remove it. We knocked down photo frames and ornaments, kicked over stools and smashed vases, but we didn't care. I was intoxicated by this woman, and she clung to me as we made it to her bed.

And we'd fucked. God, we'd fucked. It felt like I'd never had *real* sex before in my life until I was sliding between Lucy's thighs, thrusting deep within her as she played with her own huge tits. I sucked on them, fondled them, reached down to grip her perfect ass as I thrust in and out, in and out of her. It was like something out of a dream, a perfect dream.

"Are you taking birth control?" I asked as I got close.

She shook her head. "I was earlier! It might be wearing off n-now. Are you w-wearing protection?"

I shook my head. "Should we stop?"

"No! Fuck no! I need your cum inside me, Ethan. I need it so damn bad! I want you to cum inside meeeeeee!"

I groaned, and then I came. Dear Lord, I came. I thought my first bout with this busty blonde goddess was something, but clearly I had no idea. I *flooded* her, and she made sweet cries of relief, holding me as she came again and again.

In the aftermath we cuddled one another, and she only had to get up to clean herself out, muttering to herself as she did. When she returned, something about her walk was so sexy. Her nearly head-sized tits bounced with each step, her hips swayed sensuously. Despite the fact that we'd only finished fucking fifteen minutes ago, I found my dick rising once more. Her big blue eyes went wide.

"Mhmmm," she murmured. "Someone's happy to see me."

"I can't help myself," I replied. "You're so fucking hot, Lucy. I can't believe you're real."

She cupped her big breasts, squeezing them together. "I can barely believe it either. Ohhhh, I'm sorry about this Ethan, but I really, really need to suck your cock now. You need to, like, forgive me for this."

She went down on her knees as I sat on the edge of the bed, then wrapped my cock between her massive tits, applying some lube in her cleavage to help give me a full-blown tittyjob. Lucy placed her mouth on my dick, sucking on me as she gave me the most mindblowing experience of my life. Her cheeks were red with embarrassment, but I stroked her hair, reassuring her as she stared into my eyes.

"Ahhh - that's good! Don't be embarrassed, Lucy! This is - ahhh - amazing! You're amazing! I - ohhh - can't believe how lucky I am to know a girl like you!"

I came less than two minutes later, and somehow I jizzed just as hard. She deep-throated me, drinking down what felt like *gallons* of cum. I could have sworn she somehow *orgasmed* from the experience. Lucy slumped against me afterwards, me still stroking her hair.

"S-so embarrassing," she muttered.

"Don't be!"

"I'm such a slut! Such a naughty, horny slut who can't help herself."

"Hey, I couldn't help myself either. I . . . I left Morgan to come see you. If anything, I'm far more addicted than you. I can't help but see you, Lucy."

She licked her lips, looking at me. "It's the same for me, more than you know. Can we just . . . can we just cuddle and talk about football and sci-fi movies for a bit?"

And we did. We laughed, sharing stupid anecdotes about our favourite times at the games, smiling as we held one another. I knew she was embarrassed about how much of a sex addict she was, but truth be told she was moulding me to meet all her needs. Just half an hour later I was getting hard again, and she started stroking my member with her hand. Not long after I was taking her from behind, and not in the usual entry.

"I've n-never done anal before!" I exclaimed, fucking her and leaning forward to cup her magnificent tits.

"I - ughnn - have!" she moaned, clutching her bedroom dresser. "Like, way too many times! But you're the b-best I've had! I want you to c-cum in my ass, dude! Make me - ugnnh! OHHHHH YESSS!!"

We came together, and it was not the last time. Jesus, we had sex *five times* in one night. It was like we were perfect for one another, and each time we talked as if we had been friends for years. I mean, she even joked about how hot Stacey Ackermann was, though we both agreed she was way hotter.

"The best part of a chick's look is definitely her tits, though," she said. "You gotta admit that."

"You won't hear an argument here. Though I love a good pair of hips."

"Mhmm, you certainly like mine. But admit it, my tits are the best."

"I can't believe how big they are. Don't you get back pain."

"Yeah, but it's all, like, worth it. Did you want me to give you another tittyjob?"

"I think I'm finally spent. I - I have to go back to Morgan's. I'm sorry."

She grabbed my arm, and suddenly there was fear in her eyes. "You're not gonna tell her about us, are you? Please, whatever you do, don't tell her. I don't want her to know. She . . . she, like, fucking scares me, man."

I could barely believe such an attractive woman, so feminine, could talk like such a dude sometimes, with her 'man's and 'dude's. But I felt like a protective knight seeing her gaze. I kissed her again, more intimately than ever before.

"I promise, I won't tell her," I said. "Let's just . . . see where this goes, you and I."

She nodded. "Yeah. See where it goes. That's my life now, I guess."

"I promise I'll be back, too."

"Good," Lucy replied. "Because you have no idea how much I need you, now. It's insane."

I left, but God I just wanted to stay. When I arrived back, Morgan was clearly annoyed, and when I got into bed she shoved me with a grunt, then pointed out into the living room. I slept on the couch. I knew she hated work distractions and lost sleep.

But perhaps it was a good thing. I couldn't stop thinking about Lucy.

I guess we were having an affair, now.

Lucy

No matter how much I tried to fight my body's lusts, I simply couldn't. Ethan and I continued to see each other as often as we could. I literally bailed on study group several times just so he could bang me in a closet, or one time in a dark corner of the library, which was fucking insane. I even missed a few lectures just so I could suck my best friend off and drink his cum beneath the bleachers. I was insatiable, and so was he.

Goddamn it, it's so fucking humiliating. I was literally crying out in bliss as my own best friend stuck his dick in me. I mean, Jesus, I was actually drinking Ethan's jizz - and *liking* it thanks to Morgan's stupid curse! And she could find out literally any day now, even though we'd been seeing each other for several weeks now.

The only good thing - apart from how damn good this embarrassing sex with Ethan felt - was that I wasn't a total slut anymore. I was still dressing up slutty, of course, there was no wriggling out of that. I wore skimpy crop tops and miniskirts, tank tops and booty shorts, summer dresses that had my ridiculous tits almost falling out and my legs on display. But now the entire football team were grumbling about not getting to fuck me, and many of my

former lovers had turned to whining, or even gossiping behind my back, about what an ‘uppity bitch’ I’d become.

I didn’t care. I didn’t even care when some of them shared pictures with one another, laughing at the hot slut that let herself be photographed in sexy poses. Okay, maybe I did care. In fact, I cried quite a bit, feeling like a damn *woman*. But the power to say ‘No’ to men, for the first time in weeks . . . it was worth every bit of pain, ever lashing out, every damn insult.

“Sorry, it’s just, like, I’ve found someone! Best of luck!”

Yes, my words were always couched in nice manners, but I could say *no*. It did mean I had to run off to find Ethan across campus, and word was starting to spread that I was blowing him beneath the bleachers every time our lectures finished at the same time. I was just grateful that Morgan didn’t attend campus, or she’d know about us already.

Sabrina was one of the first to find out, of course. She’d really become my bestie, totally accepting me despite the fact that other girls hated me for being a big-boobed, pink-wearing hussy. We studied together, looking over our psychology textbooks and childcare studies assignments, and she defended me when people like Dennis Rodman called me a “massive bitch” for not fucking him anymore. And I repaid her by missing several coffee dates and not turning up to study too many times.

“What’s gotten into you, Lucy?” she demanded when I arrived late to our latest coffee date. I’d ran halfway across campus after making out hardcore with Ethan. We’d gotten distracted talking about how much we hated the new *Star Wars* movies, and then I realised that I needed to be with Sabrina. She stared daggers into me.

“I’m really sorry!” I said, panting so heavily that I was probably causing nosebleeds from the men in the store from what I was showing off. “I - um - had somewhere I needed to be first!”

“What could possibly be that important? Lucy, you keep standing me up. I thought we were friends! I introduced you to the study group, and we get along, but now you’re acting like you’re better than us. Like you don’t got time for us.”

I stared into her eyes. God, she had such lovely dark skin. If I were still a man, I’d totally be seducing her straight to her bed.

“I - it’s not what you think, Sabrina.”

“Look, I don’t judge what people do in their own time. I know you, I know what they say about you. I know you like sex, and you like showing off that sweet bod of yours. Well, good on you, girl! I mean it! But if you’re seriously skipping out on a friendship just to have sex-”

“I met someone!” I blurted, and then the curse took over my speech. “*Someone who isn’t just, like, super hot but who really gets me. I’m really sorry, Sabrina, but I’ve never felt*

like this before. We've been going out for over two weeks now but we're keeping it a secret because, well, we're just wild for each other and trying to figure out if it's meant to be. He makes me just head over heels!"

Sabrina gaped at me, and then, to my surprise, she actually got out of her chair, squealed loudly, and hugged me!

"Girl, I totally forgive you! You can't turn up late to our meetings from now on, but this is amazing news! Who is he?"

"He's . . . Ethan Trent."

"Mhmm, I can see it. Handsome footballer, but smart. Isn't he going out with someone already though?"

I gulped. "Y-yeah. *But we can't resist one another. God, he's so good in the sack, better than any other man, and we have such deep conversations . . .*"

"Uh-huh," Sabrina said, one eyebrow raised. "You better watch it, sister. I'm happy for you, but he better not be using you as a side-piece."

I wish he had been. Having Ethan so obsessed with hot, buxom girl-me made things so much more dangerous.

"Okay, keep your eyes closed."

"I am keeping them closed, Ethan! Where are you taking me?"

"Just follow my movements."

I did so. He was behind me, so much bigger than me, his hands over my face. I loved his touch, and hated how much I loved it. I was wearing a fucking *cute* red dress with white polkadots, the kind that cupped my chest up high and had a pleated skirt to it that swished around my otherwise bare thighs. I knew he was looking down at my big tits, and who could blame him? I was putting on a show, and had no idea where he'd taken me since I'd had to wear a blindfold for our little cheating 'date.'

"Tada!" he exclaimed, removing his hands.

Light flooded in, and I was shocked to see that my best friend had taken me to one of my favourite places in the world. I'd enjoyed hiking occasionally as a man, and now the Montfall Trail was before me.

"Okay, so I know it's a walk, but think of it as a romantic walk, and there's something at the end-"

I kissed him. I had to. Stupid compulsions. But I *did* feel good. The mountain path ahead looked beautiful, and the sun was warm on my skin, the trees vibrant green.

"It's perfect!" I uttered. "But - what if Morgan needs you?"

He grinned a little sheepishly. "She's on another coven thing. She's really into her magic lately. I feel bad for saying it, but it's totally bogus."

God, I wish it was, but I giggled with him all the same. "*Oh, obviously bogus! But why can't you just dump her so we can be together?*"

He sighed. "I want to. I just need to find the right time. I thought I found it the other night, when we had another argument, but then I just found that I . . . couldn't. I don't know, it was like a compulsion."

A sudden shudder ran through me. A compulsion? Holy mother of God, could it be that Morgan used magic on my best friend, to stop him from ever breaking up with her? Was I reading into things too much?

I seized his arm, not wanting to let him go despite myself. "Let's go on this walk," I said. "Just don't walk too fast! You're bigger than I am, remember."

And didn't I know it.

We talked just like the old days, only with a clearly flirtatious bent, especially thanks to my sultry, sensual voice. But the talk came easy, and we covered a range of subjects.

"Mhmm, I love a man who understands the importance of a good fishing experience . . ."

". . . I guess the red dress was my favourite, if I had to pick one. But you did look amazing in that pink gym outfit the other day. Holy shit, I couldn't stop looking at your ass, if you don't mind me saying . . ."

". . . nah, Harvey is a good player, but you're not thinking deep enough, Ethan. He tries to make all the plays himself. It's a *team* sport . . ."

". . . child studies is, like, my passion because kids are so damn cute! They seriously make my ovaries totally explode . . ."

". . . I guess I'd like to have a family, one day. To be honest, I always envisioned myself having a few kids, maybe four. I mean, my mother had five, and her mother had seven. What about you?"

This last question threw me. I bit my lip, warring against my compulsions.

"I mean, I really try to stay in shape. *And if I had babies, I'd be the one getting pregnant, right? That's kinda scary!*"

I sighed, happy with my compelled answer. And before the talk of children could continue, we arrived at a lovely picnic area. I actually gasped when I saw the picnic basket he'd prepared. He raced over and opened it up, revealing soft cheeses and my silly girl body's favourite salad, as well as a wine bottle and glasses.

"I figure we should celebrate being together for a month," my best friend said.

Holy shit, a month. It had gone by so quickly. I'd been a woman for several months now, but been with *him*, with Ethan, for thirty days. We'd probably had sex over a hundred times by that point.

I found my body getting warm, and I moved towards him, letting my hips sway and my tits bounce. I couldn't stop the curse, and resigned myself to the bodily pleasures that followed as I leapt up into Ethan's arms and pressed my lips and my tits against him.

"You're so fucking amazing," I said, and at least that part wasn't a lie.

"Shall we eat?" he asked.

"Mhmm, yess," I told him, lowering a hand down to his hardon. *"And then we can have some food, too."*

A month. A whole fucking month. As we made love on the picnic blanket he'd brought, as I rode him, letting him fondle my breasts and squeeze my ass, as he erupted inside my pussy and I realised that once again I had forgotten any birth control, I grappled with that simple phrase.

One whole month of dating my best friend, and being unable to tell him the truth. A whole month. How much longer could we keep this up? How much longer did I want to?

The answer to that last question was impossible for me.

I felt my friend's warm cum flood towards my womb, and my own voice rose high into the sky. Did I really want this pleasure to end, no matter how wrong it was?

Jesus Christ, what was I becoming?

Part Eight: Sickness & Signs

Ethan

I'd tried to tell Morgan so many times, and yet time and time again I failed. The perfect opportunity came a few weeks after that picnic with Lucy. She had become unexpectedly sick, and had even rushed off of me in the middle of riding me so she could go puke in some bushes. She chalked it up to something she ate, but when I secretly took her to the movies to go watch a horror flick, she only made it halfway through the film. Not because she was scared (I was a bigger pussy, really), but because she literally threw up into her popcorn bucket.

"Ughhh," she groaned as I helped her into the car. She was clutching her stomach and frowning. "S-sorry, dude. I don't know what came over me."

"It's okay, babe. We'll get you home."

"Thanks. Just so tired. Ohhh, but please grab me a chicken burger and fries on the way home. I seriously need to eat. I'm so fucking hungry at the moment."

I left her alone for a few days, even though my soul seriously longed for her. She was the missing piece of the puzzle, the girl who made everything make sense. It was like I'd met her before; even her apartment was familiar, as if we were lovers in another life there or something. But while I was constantly messaging to see if she was okay and dropping off takeaway to her, I knew I finally had to confront Morgan. I tried to do so at the dinner table.

"Hey, sweetie," I said. "I think we've got to talk."

"About what?" she said.

"About us."

She became serious. It put a small piece of fear into me, somehow. "In what way?"

"It's just . . . we should go on more dates. It's been too long. I know you've got your magic, but we should recommit to one another, babe. I said before that I can't believe I ever scored a girl like you. I want to feel like that again."

They weren't the words I intended to say. Not at all. I guess when it came to relationships, I could be a real pussy.

Morgan kissed me. "I'd really love to, honey, but I've got another coven meeting coming up. It's a week-long one this time, I'm afraid."

"I . . . understand."

"Aww, I'm so glad you do. I've got such an understanding man. It's just that my magic is really awakening lately. I feel like I'm going leaps and bounds beyond where I used to be. I really want to harness the primal force of the universe and untap my full potential. A certain . . . someone helped me realise how much I could change things lately."

"Did you help someone?"

She chuckled. It wasn't a kind laugh. "Well, in a manner of speaking. I helped them get out of my way. But hey, we can always go on a date night tonight? That lovely restaurant we went to a few months ago? The Romantic one with the amazing bao?"

She took my hand and I squeezed it, feeling so damn guilty and wrong. Hadn't something happened at that restaurant? I was certain there had been a third person there with us . . .

"That would be amazing," I lied.

Lucy

The second I placed my healthy breakfast blend (ugh, I can't believe what I have to eat now) in front of me I knew my stomach was still upset. I managed to get three spoonfuls of my oats and berries down before a sudden lurch hit me, and I had to fucking *run* to the bathroom. I just managed to make it in time to hurl up last night's dinner into the bowl.

"Ughhh," I groaned. "What the actual f-fuck."

The intense nausea passed quickly as it had the previous times. What the hell was wrong with me? I'd been feeling so gross lately, and not at all sexy, which was the *one thing* this slutty, overly-ample body was supposed to be! Instead, I'd been getting off an on sick for two weeks now, and it had made it seriously hard to fuck Ethan when this body was craving him. Instead, I was just having to sleep it off, which made study hard, but when I caught up with Sabrina for lunch she giggled at me scoffing down so many pastries.

"Woah, girl! What happened to all that careful dieting?"

"I'm just soooooo hungry," I said. "I'm seriously gonna, like, *get so fat and lose my pretty figure, I swear!*"

"Well, you have got a little bit of a tummy lately. You might wanna slow down, girl."

I remember going rosy red in the cheeks at that and rubbing my belly. This sickness definitely had me bloated, it was seriously not cool.

And now I'd just thrown up *again*. Ugh. And my boobs were all sore. Maybe Ethan had sucked on them too much the other day. I didn't want to ask him to stop when we were going at it, though. Stupid sensitive nipples making me cum like crazy.

I cleaned myself up and headed back to my breakfast. Strangely, that hunger returned, and I devoured it all and then seconds.

"Wouldn't need seconds if I had bacon and eggs on toast," I whined.

I had a shower, cleaned myself off, and got myself ready for the day. As usual, this meant doing all my makeup perfectly, not to mention a long skincare routine that had like twenty-six steps. I put on my 'favourite' (read: this body's favourite) lacy pink bra and matching thong, and then put on a lighter pink tank top that showed off my midriff, and a short white skirt that looked, admittedly, very damn cute on me.

And then I stopped, turning to the side.

"Fuck, I really am bloated," I said. "I should call a doctor. This is seriously not usual."

I didn't look fat or anything, but I definitely had some bloat in my stomach, which was normally quite slim. Ugh, what would Ethan think? Wait, what did I care!? It wasn't like I *wanted* to be with him, that was just the curse. Mind, he was a pretty good boyfriend, of a sort. Caring and attentive and a fucking animal in the bed.

"Jesus," I said out loud. "Like, what even is my life now?"

My phone buzzed, and I checked it immediately. It was Ethan, which made my stomach fill with butterflies. God, the mere thought of him got my body excited.

'Morgan is going away for a week. We have some time together. Just us.'

I couldn't help myself. The compulsions set in, and I sent back so many heart and smiley emojis that I almost caught diabetes just from the excessive sweetness.

'When can I come over?' I wrote back.

"You don't look bloated."

"I seriously do, Ethan. Look at me!"

I was laying back against my best friend, totally naked against *his* total nakedness. We'd just gone at it yet again, two days into our week-long affair behind Morgan's back. I lived in terror of her finding out, but it was only because of her that I felt compelled to be my friend's fantasy girlfriend. Even now I was letting him fondle my tits, wobbling them occasionally and generally playing with them. It was . . . oddly soothing, I'm embarrassed to admit. But I'd redirected one hand down to my stomach, which had curved out a little.

"You look beautiful. Maybe it's just that time of the month?"

I sighed in relief. "Oh, shit. Yeah, you're probably right, man. I didn't even think of that."

"Really? I thought all ladies had that stuff on their mind. Don't you know your own cycle?"

"Um, it's irregular? *Besides, I don't wanna think about a time when I can't have your dick inside my wet pussy for days at a time. I'll have to give you so many blowjobs just to make up for it.*"

He exhaled. "Jesus, you're amazing. I can't believe you're real."

"Me either," I said, and that wasn't a lie. I tried occasionally to tell him the truth, but I couldn't. "*So you still find me super sexy?*"

He began to touch my nipples, making me whimper and make little sighing noises. That familiar wetness grew in my tunnel, and I could feel his hardness grow between my ass cheeks.

"I'll always find you sexy, Lucy. You're the perfect woman for me. I - I can't imagine not being with you."

"What about Morgan?"

"I'm trying to split up with her. I - I just can't. I don't know why."

Magic. It had to be. But I couldn't even suggest it.

"*Well, let's not talk about her. I want to bounce on your lap while you play with my head-sized titties.*"

He gripped them, and my flesh overflowed his palms, making us both further aroused.

"Nothing would please me more, you sexy woman."

"*Mhmmm, call me your naughty girl. Your dirty slut.*"

"My dirty slutty girl. My naughty nympho. I want to show you how much I fucking love you."

There was a pause, a silence in the air that drew itself out. I could tell the words had just slipped out of Ethan, but they still made my silly body shiver, a smile came across my face.

"I - I'm sorry," he said. "I kind of just said that. I shouldn't have . . ."

But my body was already turning on the spot, facing him as I straddled his body. I placed my hands around his neck and stared into his eyes. Goddamn it, I hated how handsome he was.

"Did you m-mean that?" I asked, my voice trembling with the very real emotions inside of me.

Ethan took a moment, then gazed right back at me. "I did. I know this is crazy. I know this isn't perfect. But . . . I seriously think I love you, Lucy. I *know* I do. You're the perfect woman for me."

Tears formed in my eyes. Fucking emotions, they were just in overdrive right now. And my automatic response rose up in my throat.

"I fucking love you too, Ethan. I love you so goddamn much!"

I kissed him, sliding my tongue into his mouth and moaning as my heavy titties slid against his chest. He gripped my body, then lowered his hands down. I moaned as he entered me, and then I was riding him once more, the two of us in a new form of ecstasy that I had never, ever foreseen.

"I love you!" he said again, gripping me as I fucked him.

"*I - I love you so much!*" I responded.

It was the best sex I'd ever had as a woman. *Motherfucker*, what did that say about what I was becoming? What had Morgan done to me!?

Ethan was still sleeping in my bed, but I'd woken up with some immediate nausea, *yet again*. I raced out of the room, and true to how I remember trying to drag Ethan to a morning concert event, he was out like a light. Good thing too; we'd gone at it like four times last night.

"Bleugh! Ughnn . . . fuck!"

I flushed the toilet and cleaned up my face before calming myself. I just needed a shower. I mean, I'd probably end up wearing a sexy outfit for Ethan anyway, since we planned a whole day-in together at my place for the Saturday, but at least-

"Congratulations, Lucy."

I shrieked, turning around so quickly that my boobs wobbled painfully on my chest. I covered them, though they spilled over my arms dramatically as I took in the sight of the witch bitch herself. Morgan had astral-projected here again.

"Like, what the hell are you doing here?" I hissed. "You'll wake up . . . I've got someone staying with me."

Morgan chuckled. "Your lover, no doubt. I can't wait to meet him, but I might wait a little longer until you *really* start showing."

Something in her words had a dark implication. "What are you saying?"

Morgan broke into an amused smirk. "Seriously? Did I not just see you chucking up into your toilet bowl?"

"Why are you here? I thought you said you were leaving me alone. Haven't you made my life hell enough, bitch?"

"Careful," she said. "I can always make things worse. But then, I think you've already done that on your own. Like I said, congratulations. I take it that Mr Right is the father?"

Her words crashed down upon me so heavily that I nearly stumbled backwards onto the toilet. "I - what . . . I'm not . . ."

"Pregnant? You can say the word, you know, since that's what you are. *Pregnant*."

"No! I'm just . . . it's my period."

Morgan smirked. She stepped forwards in this confined space and placed her hand on my stomach, feeling the curve of it. I could feel her touch, but do nothing to stop her.

"Please, are you lying to me, or to yourself? You've had a period before, you know it's not like this. Besides, you're well overdue for one. This is something else, Lucy."

A shiver ran through me. All the little signs. The hunger, the sore boobs, the tiredness, the cramps, the sickness. Oh God, the *morning sickness*. My jaw dropped as she continued to rub my stomach. Shit, I could *feel* how bloated it was now. Like the beginnings of a pregnant *belly*.

"N-no," I whispered. "It can't be."

"Have you been using birth control, honey?"

"I - I was. I was . . . with the other guys."

"But not with Mr Right."

Another mindblowing revelation, another shock like a nuclear bomb in my head. I ran my hands through my blonde hair, my eyes wide with realisation. It was Ethan's. I was pregnant with *Ethan's baby*. I'd been so addicted to him, and he to me, that our attempts at contraception were half-assed at *best*. And now I was . . . now I was . . .

"That's right," Morgan said, still rubbing my belly. My *pregnant* belly. "You're pregnant. Knocked up. Expecting. In the family way. Your eggo is preggo. At the start of a nine-month

journey. Well, that's not exactly true. I'd say you were about nine weeks along now. Still, plenty more to go! Plenty of growth for you, my slutty girl."

Tears yet again. Damn tears. Fuck, that was another clue I ignored. I'd been getting way more emotional lately because my *hormones* were going crazy.

"P-please," I stuttered. "Morgan, I'm seriously sorry. I know I was a big sexist and stuff, I know I was trying to get Ethan to - to dump you. I was *wrong*, okay. I sabotaged you, and it was *wrong*. But please, you can't let this continue. I can't be pregnant!"

"Of course you can," she replied, pulling her hand back. "For a woman, all it takes is sex and a little time. You better start getting ready though, Lucy. Your Mr Right will find out soon, and I'm sure he'll be over the moon. Ah, let's amend your curse further, shall we?"

"No, please!"

But Morgan was already on a roll, stepping back to look me over. "From now on, you're going to do everything you can to prepare for your coming baby. You won't be able to adopt it out once born; you're going to be a devoted *mommy*. And don't worry, you'll still have a ravenous libido, and do your best to show off your pregnant stomach. Oh, and don't think you can escape breastfeeding once the little bub is born. You're going to be a very milky girl with those big tits. This way, you get the full female experience you often mocked, Lucy."

"But - but -"

"Buh-bye for now, slut! Enjoy having a man's baby growing inside of you. Make sure you get married in the future! You were always so judgemental of babymamas who weren't married, as I recall."

She disappeared. Leaving me with that dreadful news. Shellshocked, I had my shower. I changed, sure enough into a pretty yellow summer dress that showed off, predictably, way too much cleavage. Ethan was still sleeping, so I got in my car (my *pink* car) and took off to the local chemist. My heart thudded as I took several pregnancy tests to the counter. The older woman smiled warmly from the other side.

"I hope you get the result you want," she told me.

It was . . . surprisingly comforting, as far as responses went. I thanked her and drove home. The tests felt like they were burning a hole in the passenger seat. Ethan was finally up when I got back, walking around in his boxers and looking far too sexy to my female gaze.

"Hey, I was wondering where you were. Everything okay?"

"I just have to check something!" I said, hurriedly running past him and grabbing a full glass of water. "I'll - I'll explain soon, okay?"

At least the sexy compulsions were at bay, at least for the moment. I sat on the toilet, waiting for the need to pee to come. Finally, I was able to run the test.

The three minutes of waiting that followed were the longest of my life. I tried four tests in total, all different brands. My heart beat furiously in my chest. I was fucking terrified that my world was going to explode.

"Please let her be a liar. Let her be a fucking liar!"

But then the lines showed. On all four tests.

Positive.

Positive.

Positive.

Positive.

I clenched my eyes shut, my hands shaking. It was true. Goddamn it, it was true. I'd hoped at least once denial cleared that I could move on to anger, but instead I just felt this hopelessness in my heart. I waited until Ethan knocked on the door and asked if I was alright, and then I pulled my pants up and exited the bathroom. I wiped away further tears, feelings so damn hopelessly female.

"Lucy, is everything alright?" Ethan asked, his voice so full of loving concern. "Is there anything I can do? Please, talk to me."

I managed to blink away some of the tears and face him, looking up at the handsome face. This man who was now the father of the child he'd put inside of me.

"Ethan," I said, my voice sobbing. "I'm . . . I'm pregnant."

I held up the last test for him to see. He took it, his face full of shock, and I fell towards him, holding him. I didn't care if this was compulsion or not. I really badly needed a hug right now.

"I'm pregnant," I repeated. "And you're the father."

Pregnant. Holy shit, Lucy was *pregnant*. It was all my fault. I knew she was haphazard with her birth control. She'd admitted she could be "a real ditz" with it because she was so into me, and that she'd been so cautious until she met me. And I hadn't worn a fucking condom half the time we were going at it. Jesus, for all I knew, I could've gotten her pregnant on the first night we had sex.

I stared at the double-lines indicating the positive result. Pregnant. Holy cow. My girlfriend - the woman I was *cheating* with on my *actual* girlfriend - was now carrying my baby.

"H-how far along are you?" I asked.

"I don't know," she whimpered, face pressed against my chest so that her voice was muffled. "I think about nine weeks. That's why I've been getting all tired and sick and bloated. Because . . . because I'm growing your baby."

I swallowed. This was so much. This was so *real*. And yet . . . a small part of me was excited. I loved this woman, truly loved her. I'd never felt such a connection before; it was like I'd known her my whole life but only truly discovered her. When I imagined having a family, it was with her, not Morgan, and kids were *definitely* part of that picture. Sure, this was so much earlier and more unexpected than I imagined. I thought I'd be a father at thirty or later, not in my early twenties. But this was Lucy. My beautiful, devoted love of my life, and she was carrying *my baby*.

"Holy shit," I said.

"I don't know what to do. I'm so sorry, Ethan. I'm such a dumb bimbo. I got knocked up without thinking. This is all my fault!"

"Hey," I said, holding her. "It's not your fault. Takes two to tango, remember?"

"But I . . . I have to keep it. I have to keep it and let it grow. I'm going to be a mommy. I'm sorry if that's not what you want, but I can't get rid of it. I just . . . I can't. I'm stuck."

"Hey," I said, letting her go a little so I could let her see my face. "It's gonna be okay. I'm not leaving you."

"You - you aren't?"

"Of course not. Lucy, you're having my baby."

"It was an accident."

"I know," I told her. "But, and call me crazy, but I can't help but see this as a sign."

Her eyebrows went up. "A - a sign?"

"Yeah. That we're meant to be together. Lucy, I never thought I'd be a father so young, but since meeting you . . . God, I want this. I'm sorry if this is too early, but if you're pregnant, then I want to raise a baby with you. I'm actually *excited*, believe it or not. And I promise I'll do everything to help you on this journey."

She swallowed, gulping down her tears. "You'll be . . . you'll be a daddy to our baby?"

"Of course. I love you, Lucy. And I already love our baby, small as he or she is."

I rubbed her stomach, truly feeling it for the first time, appreciating the contour of her early pregnancy. She blushed red, and it was a beautiful look.

"Th-thank you, Ethan," she said. "This is all so much. But . . . I love you too."

We kissed. I held her. We didn't have sex, at least not for another few hours. But I did hold the woman I loved, and imagined our life together, with our own family.

I really had to break up with Morgan.

Part Nine: Blowing Up

Lucy

I tried sucking in my gut just to look thin again, but it was no use. This wasn't fat I was putting on. I was growing a *baby*. Ethan's baby. I still sometimes found myself utterly bewildered by it, even as I resigned myself to it. Not only had I been turned into a woman, but I'd gotten knocked up as well, and everyone on campus knew it.

It was all Morgan's fault. If she had just let me suffer this privately, that still would have been too much, so she modified the curse so that I literally couldn't help but show off that I was pregnant. I automatically went back to wearing little crop tops and tube tops and tight dresses, either showing off my naked midsection or letting its slight swell reveal itself due to the tight fit. It didn't take long for people to start spreading rumours, especially the resident mean girls who had been treating my nympho behaviour like it made me 'the competition.'

"She looks pregnant. Do you think somebody knocked her up?"

"I bet they totally did. I bet she doesn't even know who the babydaddy is."

"She's such a dumb slut. Look at her, showing off that belly. Either she's fat or pregnant."

"Hopefully both."

I ignored them, walking past the mean girls and letting my hips swing, my breasts bounce, and my belly, sadly, announced itself. When they called out questions, I pretended not to hear them.

"Woah, who knocked up Lucy Galford? Lucky guy."

"Lucky? She sleeps around so much, how could you ever be sure it's yours?"

"Ha, good one! Still, I'd love to fuck her. You know, before she gets too big."

"Go shoot your shot, man. She's always up for it. Hell, I've fucked her. Them big titties are unbelievable, bro."

One of them approached me. I recognised him as Todd Landry, a guy I definitely hadn't slept with before, somehow.

"Hey there, Lucy!"

I smiled sweetly despite my inner anger. "Hey Todd! How's it, like, going?"

"Going well. You look great. I've gotta ask, are you-"

"Yep, totally knocked up. I'm about thirteen weeks along now, and getting bigger every day! Wanna feel my belly?"

Ugh, I hated these compulsions. Thankfully, Todd didn't. Instead, he scratched the back of his head.

“Actually, I was wondering if you were up for, you know, a date sometime. I hear you like dates. And I gotta say, you’re still really pretty, even pregnant.”

“Even pregnant?” I said, folding my arms beneath my boobs. “Wanna reword that, dude?”

“Oh, I didn’t mean-”

“Look, I’ve got a boyfriend now. I’m with Ethan Trent, from the football team. He’s the daddy of my baby. So sorry, but you missed your shot *at sucking on these big, sensitive tits*. Best of luck, though!”

I walked off, humiliated once again, but at least grateful I could turn down guys now. Still, it made me hyper aware of my belly. Clearly, I was showing more than I thought. But then again, it wasn’t like I could see my belly from above, what with my huge rack. At least, not yet. I still had a whole lot of growing left to go. Practically twenty-five weeks of it. I’d only *just* entered my second trimester.

At least my morning sickness was over. I wasn’t getting nauseous anymore, and my tiredness was starting to go away. I really didn’t want to think about the fact that I was pregnant - my bodily reminders and disappearing stomach muscles were more than enough, thank you - but Ethan had gotten me that *What to Expect When You’re Expecting* book, and thanks to Morgan’s hex I couldn’t stop reading it. After turning down Todd I found my usual space on the campus green beneath the lovely tree shade, rested up against my bag, and opened it up. As I did so, I couldn’t help but occasionally stroke my stomach. I was wearing a cutoff tee and workout shorts that bared almost my entire midriff, so I was directly feeling my skin there. No flutters yet, but I’d probably feel something soon.

Fuck me, that was weird to think. I was going to feel a *baby* kick inside of me. All because I’d been way too much of a nympho slut and hadn’t thought to take my goddamn birth control. At least the book was helping a little; it had lots of encouraging little passages, though stuff like ‘mucus plug’ were not exactly what I wanted to read about.

Occasionally a guy looked my way, and I felt that buzz of arousal. Being checked out still turned me on, and I found myself posing, just a little, so others would appreciate me. Pathetic, I know.

“God, you look lovely.”

I smiled as Ethan sat down beside me. I leaned up against him, letting him feel my naked belly. So much was happening in my life, so much insanity, and most of all what he had put inside of me thirteen weeks ago. But my best friend’s touch *was* soothing, and I was sick of fighting that part.

“Mhmm,” I cooed. “I’m feeling my second trimester energy come back to me. You know what that means?”

“I think I do.”

We started making out on the campus quad, uncaring who was looking. In the end, we'd have to take it elsewhere; my pussy was just too horny. But for now, at least, I could get some relief.

Ethan

It was crazy how quickly time was passing. Lucy was now seventeen weeks pregnant, and her belly had really come out of hiding. I was getting low-key obsessed with it, always asking her to send photos, which she did *constantly*. It was like she was my fantasy girlfriend made real. Every excuse I could make, I was over at her place, making love to the woman who was having my baby. I was like a man possessed. Even her being pregnant was a huge turn-on, especially when she said it while we were having sex.

"I'm h-having your baby! Ohhhh, I'm gonna get so big with your baby! You did this to me, mhm!"

Stuff like that. It drove me wild in a way Morgan never had, and still couldn't. But the real magic was after we'd just had sex. She'd been riding me, begging me to touch her belly, which was visibly swollen now that she was in her second trimester. Her boobs even looked bigger, and her nipples were clearly crazy sensitive, because when I sucked on them she practically came just from that.

In the aftermath, we'd curled up together, me spooning her. I still hadn't broken up with Morgan. It was like some impossible task and I couldn't figure out why. I was about to broach the subject when Lucy suddenly tensed and made a little squeaking sound.

"Everything okay?" I whispered in her ear. I was fondling her heavy breast, but maybe they were overly-sensitive today. "I can stop, if you want."

"N-no. It's not that. It's . . . holy shit. Holy sh-shit."

I kissed the nape of her neck. "What's going on? It's not about your childcare assessment, is it?"

She shook her head. "No, I aced that. I better, because I'm gonna be one hot mama in less than six months. No, it's . . . oh my God, it's happening again."

"What? What are you going on about?"

"The - the alien, dude! Feel!"

She grabbed my hand and moved it to just below her belly button, all the way to her left side where her bump met the mattress. We were both naked, warming one another, but for the first time I felt a *third* presence. A tiny little bump pushing against my open palm.

"Oh my God," I said. "Is that . . . ?"

Lucy was breathing heavily, clearly in a state of shock. I let out something halfway between a gasp and a belly laugh. "Holy shit indeed. Lucy, that's our baby."

"Your baby," she said, placing her hand on mine. I leaned up a little. Her bright blue eyes were wide, staring out into the distance. "I'm having your baby, Ethan. H-half you, and half . . . girly me."

"All us," I said, caressing her belly. There was another little bump, and she gasped.

"Ohh, that was a big one!"

"I barely felt it!"

"That's because you're not the hot busty preggo knocked up with the baby, Ethan," she purred. She shifted onto her back, and I loomed over her. God, she was so beautiful.

"Your baby," she said, still stroking her stomach. "This is so fucking crazy."

I leaned down and kissed her, still stroking her belly.

"Our baby, my love. Our baby."

She bit her lower lip. "You're not gonna leave me?"

"Never. I'm here for you."

"You're never fucking here for me, Ethan! I swear, you're using every possible excuse to get out of this relationship. If it weren't for a little hex I made to keep you loyal, I don't know where we'd be!"

I pinched my nose. It was several weeks after I'd felt my baby kick inside Lucy's stomach, and in contrast to all the romantic magic of that moment, my relationship with Morgan was going in the exact opposite direction. We were fighting more often, I was struggling to find time for her, and when I did, she was going to her coven, or on some 'witch trip' as she put it, or needed time to study. And to make matters worse, I looked forward to those times, because it meant I could be with Lucy without needing to tiptoe around Morgan.

"I'm trying, Morg," I told her. "I really am."

"Bullshit! It's like *he* never left! The problem was solved for a time, but then you keep acting like he's still here, distracting you from me, tearing us apart from the inside. God, maybe some residual memories are affecting you . . ."

"Sweetie, what are you talking about?"

She groaned, placing her face in her hands. "Never mind! It doesn't matter. Just witch business, not that you ever cared to learn. It's only my passion, after all."

"Oh, and you bothered to learn about architecture? You know, *my* passion."

My girlfriend paced around the living room, muttering under her breath.

"Fuck. Fuck! Fine, you're right. I should have asked about architecture. It's what you want, and I respect a man with a brain. So . . . we fix this. You walk me through it right now, and I'll talk to you about the non-secret parts of witchery."

“Just like that?”

She shot me a look. “Are you not invested in our relationship?”

“I - I’m trying to be! But it feels like something changed. I’m talking months ago. It’s like you’ve become meaner, even the way you practice magic has changed. I couldn’t tell you why because I don’t understand it, but you’re always muttering about how to change people, use magic to hex them, cause transformations. You know, I try to respect your spiritual beliefs-”

“It’s not spiritual. It’s real.”

“-but something’s changed. And the same is true for me. It’s like there’s this . . . hole in my life. Or at least there was. Like something or someone just disappeared from it.”

Morgan strode across the room. To my surprise, she kissed me gently, cupping my cheek. “It’s my fault,” she said. “I didn’t finish what I started. It’s taken care of, now. It should be fading.”

I didn’t really know what she meant, but I was feeling better lately, but only because of Lucy, not the missing puzzle piece in my life.

“I guess I have been happier,” I said. “Recently, I mean.”

“See? It’s just a transition, Ethan. We’re both becoming part of a wider world, me most of all. It’s going to put a strain on our relationship. But don’t worry, we’ll fix this, even if it takes us time. I won’t let you go.”

She kissed me again, and I tried to kiss her back.

But her words almost sounded like a threat.

Lucy

Five months. Five months pregnant *today*. My life had gone in such a bizarre direction, but there were many things I was becoming accustomed to. The fleshy weights on my chest for one. The way guys looked at me, and how I showed off my body without helping, that was another. Doing my hair and makeup, it wasn’t just a compulsion for me anymore, it was a habit, one I knew a lot about. I mean, God, I actually knew how to apply mascara like a pro. I could put on a bra one-handed. I was so used to having sex as a woman that I was actually not even finding it embarrassing anymore: in fact, I was pretty sure I was having *more* orgasms than usual.

But being pregnant?

That, I couldn’t imagine *ever* getting used to. I mean, my stomach muscles were just *gone*. Sitting up was a struggle. I had a freakin’ baby growing in my *uterus*, and it belonged to my best friend, who was now my goddamn *babydaddy*. I kept waking up in the night and feeling the little guy or gal tossing around, and they were only going to get bigger. I already

had to pee more often, and my boobs had gone up a whole cup size. I was a fucking *H-cup* now, and I wasn't even breastfeeding yet! And this wasn't even getting into how my ass was blowing up and my skin was glowing and my cravings were all over the place (seriously, I was *begging* Ethan to go down to the store and buy pickle slices. Just pickle slices. My stupid preggo body was craving them something fierce. I was turning into a whale, and thanks to my compulsions, I was always showing off my growing bump, often letting my naked belly hang out, or wearing dresses that pulled tight against it. I found myself stroking my belly, cupping it, tapping it *constantly* without thinking, just like some stereotypical pregnant woman. Sometimes I even found myself stroking my belly and smiling, even *laughing* when the baby - *my* baby - started kicking.

It was nuts, and even more so because in just four months I'd be giving birth. Yep, spreading my legs and screaming as I had to push out the living product of me and Ethan. I told him again and again how nervous I was, often after we'd had passionate sex, but he always held me and reassured me, rubbing my stomach and soothing both me and our baby.

Our baby.

Yeah, I definitely wasn't used to it. I mean, I couldn't sleep on my back anymore, and Ethan had gotten me a special pregnancy pillow that was to *die for*. God, it helped my back.

And yet, through it all, I was still studying. Still readying for my childcare degree, still taking a heap of notes and learning my subjects, which were definitely, *definitely* a lot more crucial to know now that the child I'd be caring for would be *mine*.

"Well done, Miss Galford," Professor Abigail Peters told me. "You got full A's on that last assignment. If I may be so bold, but that's a very good sign, given the contents of your belly."

I would have cringed at the line normally, but my hormones were wild with pregnancy, so I actually teared up and hugged her, thanking her profusely. God, I'd become such a *girly woman*.

"A beautiful one," Ethan told me as he spooned me after sex, after I remarked on that very fact.

"A fat one," I whined. "I'm getting fatter everyday."

"You're not fat, you're *glowing*. You look so beautiful, and you feel wonderful. You know, I rather like your belly, sweetie."

He caressed my swollen mound, and I couldn't help but feel like his words were having an impact. Something like a maternal vanity had come over me sometimes. I tried to pretend it was just the hormones, but the bigger I got, the more he showered me with compliments, and the more I was starting to think I liked it. Like I was being lovebombed or something. Even Sabrina said I was a "seriously stylish pregnant lady" and I was riding that high for days. I guess I had to: being pregnant was such a uniquely female and alien

experience. I had a fucking *life* growing inside me, man! So I was taking every compliment and praise I could get. I was also getting as much sex as I could with how randy my hormones were making me, and that meant a lot more bending up against the kitchen table as Ethan took me from behind; we couldn't exactly do missionary anymore, what with how round I was getting.

At least the baby was healthy. The scans showed it to be healthy, though I couldn't ask the gender thanks to some clause in Morgan's curse. All I could do was coo and feel so strange at the fact that a little life was growing inside me. *Me; Lucas Galford cum Lucy Galford*. Emphasis on *cum*.

Yeah, five whole months, and not a peep from Morgan. That had to be a good thing, right? Right?

It was just a month later, when I was bigger yet again and on the cusp of entering my third trimester, when things went wrong. Ethan had invited me over to his place. Morgan was out on some witch thing, something *he* dismissed and I knew the importance of, but he'd gotten a big new screen and wanted to show me a horror movie that he just knew I'd be into. It was a trap; instead, he made me watch *Paddington 2* and my stupid girly preggo hormones had me crying my eyes out by the end, leaning up against him and letting him feel my belly to soothe me. God, didn't I used to be some kind of edgelord and player when it came to women? This was such a *me* move, and he'd done it for fun.

"You are seriously so bad," I told him, kissing him on the lips that were now so familiar to me. I lowered my hand to unbuckle his belt, feeling the hardness that was stirring there. "I'm totally gonna get you back, dude. Just you wait. *But first, I want a post-movie drink, if you know what I'm saying.*"

I started to blow him. It was nuts (literally) how used to sucking dick I was by this point. I didn't even flinch, and I got aroused from cupping his balls while I bobbed up and down on him, shifting my belly beneath me so I could perform the act properly.

"God, Lucy, you're so, so fucking fine! Ohhh, get up here. I want you to ride me with that big belly right up in my face."

I giggled, shifting up to slide down upon him, my knees bent so that I straddled him on the sofa. He had to shift the backrest so he could lean backwards, just to make room for my swollen bump. It rested up against his muscular chest, and I giggled again as he held it in his hands, lifted it slightly.

"Ohhhh, that's such a weight off me, seriously."

"I'll remember to do this more often, right after you *ride* me."

With some help - I couldn't see down there anymore - he pressed his dick against my entrance, and I sighed with relief as I began to milk his cock. Fuuuuuck, it felt so good. He cupped and squeezed my huge, head-sized tits, playing with my big nipples and making me moan. It was so pleasurable, especially with how he looked at my belly with adoration, that I felt like a goddamn motherfuckin' fertility goddess.

"I n-never want this f-feeling to end!" I moaned. "*You love me as your knocked up slut, don't you? You love that I'm so big with your baby!*"

"God, Lucy, don't make me cum straight away."

He sucked on my left nipple, sending more pulses of pleasure. My baby was asleep, but the poor thing would probably wake up in my womb with the way we were going at it. It was all perfect, all pleasure, and for once I didn't give a shit that I'd been turned into a nymphomaniac, busty blonde babymama. I *revelled* in it, so long as I still had Ethan. *My* Ethan. Fuck, I'd grown so attached to him. I couldn't even tell if it was the curse anymore, or if *I* had been the one to change. In so many ways, I was a better friend to him now. I literally couldn't be the toxic friend anymore, the toxic *man*. Instead, we were sharing this. Connecting together, him thrusting into me, and our baby in my belly, pressed between us.

"Ohhhh, I want this," I moaned. And I did. Fuck, it was an epiphany. I really did want this. I wanted *him*. The father of my baby.

And yet suddenly, I felt a presence. Goosebumps rose on my skin, and I could immediately tell that someone was watching us. I stopped my bouncing, though his hardness was still inside of me.

"Oh God," I whimpered.

"*What the actual fuck!?*"

Ethan's eyes went wide, and slowly I turned my head, my body still facing towards my boyfriend. Morgan was right there, standing ethereally, astral-projecting right into her own living room. For once, the witch bitch had no idea what to say, but I could see the rage growing in her eyes.

"Morgan!?" Ethan managed. "How did you - I thought you were with your coven!?"

"I am, you cheating asshole!" she growled. "I'm fucking astral-projecting."

"That's - holy shit, your magic is real!?"

"I told you it was, and you never believed me! What the fuck are you doing with her!? I'm going to strip the skin from the pair of you!"

I pressed myself against Ethan, terrified. "Don't hurt him! It's not his fault! It's no one's fault!"

"As if!" she screamed. "You little *slut*. You just had to find a way to get revenge, didn't you? You *knew* I could project myself to see you, but for some reason you never thought I'd

catch you with Ethan here. By the moon, I can't believe I've been so blind. No wonder Ethan's been so distant. You've been poisoning him."

Ethan grabbed me, holding me close. "Don't, Morgan! Don't you dare! I love her! I'm sorry, I tried to break up with you a thousand times, but I just couldn't. It was impossible."

I remembered my earlier conclusion from months ago. "You did this!" I said to her. "You cast a spell so he couldn't break up with you, because you were afraid I'd pull him away. Back when I was . . . different, *instead of being a hot, fertile, cock-loving slut!*"

Goddamn that curse, it undercut my vital point, but I could see something chip away at Morgan. Rage was on her face, but her pale cheeks were blushing furiously.

"That's it! I'm not dealing with you like this. We're all meeting face-to-face. And then you can explain all of it. And when I'm done, you'll both be lucky if I don't turn you to *worms* for the rest of your miserable lives!"

She began chanting something ominously, and I shifted off of Ethan at last, clutching my pregnant belly protectively, terrified she might do something to hurt our baby. The witch's eyes glowed, and then she shouted something, causing ripples and crackles of energy to tear through reality itself in front of us. Ethan and I screamed . . .

And suddenly we were elsewhere.

Part Ten: Do You Tell Him?

Ethan

I blinked, and the world around me changed. Moments ago, I had been making love to my beautiful pregnant girlfriend, my *secret* girlfriend. Then Morgan entered, and it had all gone to hell. She had magic. *Real* magic that had transported all of us to a grassy hilltop beneath a magnificent sky full of radiant stars. All around the base of this meadowy hill were forests, but the three of us stood in this clearing, some strange runes carved into the ground beneath our feet. I was no longer naked; somehow, Morgan had fitted me with a button shirt and pants, as well as socks and shoes. Lucy was right beside me, holding my hand, wearing a tight pink maternity dress that showed off her voluminous bump, and with a hem that terminated above her knees. As usual, she was a vision to behold, and she held her bump protectively.

But Morgan was also here. She wore her full witchy outfit; a red dress overlaid by a dark cloak which fell to the ground and seemed to coil like shadows around her feet. I'd seen her like this before, only without knowing it was magic. I'd just assumed it was all freaky light

shows, scented candles, and dancing naked with her friends or something. Now . . . I don't think I'd ever been so terrified in my life.

"Welcome to my Voidspace," she said, gesturing to the vastness around us, which was devoid of civilisation. "It's a new thing. I told you, I've had an awakening in my powers, Ethan. You should have believed me."

Poor Lucy made a whimpering noise. I stepped in front of her, shielding her body from Morgan's rage.

"Morgan, this is between you and me. Please, let Lucy go free. She doesn't deserve this."

The witch actually *cackled*. "Is that what you think? Oh, my treasonous Ethan, if she's innocent then I have a bridge to sell you. She deserves all of this, and so, apparently, do you."

She stepped forward, but I remained in front of Lucy, who was clutching me from behind, her belly rubbing against my lower back.

"Don't, Ethan," she told me. "You can't fight her. Believe me, I tried. And now I'm a *mega slutty bimbo*."

"You - wait, she changed you? You weren't always like this?"

Again, those missing puzzle pieces. Those small truths. Something was wrong in my memory, and I gasped, clutching my head as I felt memories stir.

"Ohhhh, God. Morgan. You - you did something to her. We used to know each other. We . . . she used to be my girlfriend *first*, didn't she? You wanted me, so you sealed her away like this and set her loose on the campus, all so you could change me. And then, what, you took away my memories of her. *That's* why I feel a connection to Lucy. That's why she's having my baby. Because I'm *meant* to be with her."

The silence seemed to ring out. Lucy held me tighter, her fingers digging into my shoulders.

"Ethan, that's not-"

Morgan burst out laughing. It was a long laugh, and the longer it went on the less I was certain of what I had said.

"By the stars above," she said, wiping her eyes. "Ethan, that's amazing. Truly amazing. What do you think about that theory, Lucy? Tell me, what would you like to tell him?"

Lucy came out from behind me. I gazed at her as she held her bump. She took my hand in hers and squeezed it.

"It's . . . it's true. We were meant to be together."

Morgan narrowed her eyes. "And how did you re-meet, in this fable of yours?"

"I ran into her," I explained. "It was an accident. We talked, but then we separated. We agreed to have a coffee date and-"

"And I was, like, sleeping with a ton of guys!" Lucy interjected. "Like you made me! I was doing it all the time, playing my role as a busty bimbo slut! It was all an accident, Morgan, but he's on the football team, what did you expect when I was blowing the rest of them!? That we'd never cross paths! Of course I saw him, and because your curse made me super horny . . ."

A spark of realisation crossed Morgan's features. "Eventually you fell into his lap. But you, Ethan, betrayed me."

"There was a connection," I said, regaining my ground. I stepped forward, jabbing a finger at my witchy girlfriend. "I could sense it. So could she."

Morgan pinched the bridge of her nose. "A connection even I couldn't sever. You were like magnets slowly pulling together. And I never knew, and you couldn't break up with me."

"I can't believe you put that spell on me," I said. "After everything-"

"You have no idea how close you were to leaving me!" she spat. "All because of *this* one and her words. Oh, but you don't remember what she was like, thirdwheeling everything. And now she's made it all a disaster again. Which begs the question, Lucy, what do I do with you?"

Lucy

I didn't know what to say to Morgan. Everything was collapsing like a house of cards, but Ethan was doing his best to stand up for me. He had no idea what this bitch was capable of, though. I was a woman, an *impregnated woman*, all thanks to her. I refused to let Ethan receive a fate like that.

"You can do what you want, but don't hurt my Ethan, or our baby!"

Morgan nearly spluttered. "Wait, it's *his* baby? You've been together that long!?"

I nodded, still rubbing my swollen mound. The baby was doing somersaults inside of me. I was pretty sure Morgan could see the little bumps appearing as Ethan's child kicked and pushed. I grimaced, but kept firm.

"He's mine, Morgan," I said. "I - I love him. Please, don't take him away from me."

"You're kidding me. This is the curse."

"It's not. I'm telling you the truth. I - I love him. I'm still getting used to it, I still don't know what the heck I'm doing, but I'm pregnant and he's gonna be the father and I'm gonna be a freakin' mommy and it's all fucking insane but I *love him*."

Morgan stared at me. Her glare seemed to shift, though.

"I'm sorry," I continued. "I really, really am. You don't have to change me back. I'm not asking for that. I don't deserve what you did to me, but you had a right to be angry for trying to split you both apart. But we fell in love with one another, and I'm not going back. Please don't take this away."

Tears spilled down my cheeks, and I found it almost hard to stand, I was so scared. Morgan regarded me, her gaze shifting to Ethan, and then back to me.

"It's true," Ethan said. "Whoever she used to be, I know it's true. We love one another, Morgan. If I could have ended things properly between us months ago, I would have. I never wanted to hurt you."

Morgan turned and faced away from us.

"Damn the Gods!" she spat, kicking the ground. "Damn it all! I can't believe it! This is *just* my luck."

She sobbed, then let loose a wretched laugh, one that extended a little maniacally as she turned around. She had to wipe her eyes she was laughing so hard.

"Oh, this is just absurd. I change you into a horny slut just to get away from my Ethan, only to end up forcing you both together more intimately than ever. And because of *my own* spells, neither of you could properly tell me, and I was none the wiser. I'd find the irony enjoyable, were it not so fucking embarrassing."

She strode forth, and I shielded my belly. Ethan ran forward to hold me protectively, but Morgan just rolled her eyes.

"For fuck's sake, Ethan, I'm not going to turn you into worms, at least not anymore. Somehow, knowing how this went down, you'd just embarrass me more and end up king and queen of the universe and with twins on the way." She sighed, then raised her hand, which glowed slightly. "Ethan, I free you from your binding to me. Anything you'd like to say?"

He swallowed nervously. "Um, Morgan, I'm sorry to say this, but—"

"Fuck that, you're dumped, asshole."

Ethan bit his lip. "Yes, ma'am."

"That's better," she said with a smirk. "And you, Lucy Galford . . . you, I'm *never* removing your curse. I told you this was permanent, and it is. You'll remain a hot, blonde, top-heavy slut, and plenty fertile too. You'll have Ethan's baby, and probably more after that with how fertile I've made you. But you can *have* him. Clearly, in trying to fight fate, I only brought it to fruition."

I nearly fainted. "You - you're letting us stay together?"

"Why not? I *brought* you together, accidental though it may have been. But don't think your punishment is over for your past transgressions. You'll still be his fantasy girlfriend. You'll still be horny as hell, and always be compelled to look sexy, weary slutty makeup, and show off those big tits and pert ass of yours. And since you're knocked up, you're going to

give birth naturally. That's right; each time you get pregnant - and it may be more times than one, perhaps a lot more - you'll commit to a natural birth each time. That means no painkillers, honey. The curse will ensure healthy births, but you'll have to struggle and *push* my dear, and appreciate the pain women go through."

I swallowed. God, that sounded awful. I'd been really, really counting on that epidural. And yet . . .

"Deal," I said, wincing a little. I'd read about the 'Ring of Fire' while doomscrolling birth stories on Reddit in preparation, and I did *not* like what I heard.

"*And*," Morgan continued, wagging her finger mockingly. "The pair of you will have to get married. Since you're likely going to have more babies after this, it's a moral imperative that you two should get hitched. Besides, I find it amusing, Lucy, the thought of you walking down the aisle in a white dress."

I looked to Ethan, my heart skipping a beat. He seemed to be waiting for an answer. And yet . . . it didn't sound that bad. Sure, a little embarrassing, but I'd have a killer wedding dress at least, right? And besides, a party in my honour would get me on the dance floor like the old days, only, you know, as the girl part.

"Deal," I said again. "Anything else?"

"One last thing," Morgan said, gesturing me forward and whispering so only I could hear her. "I give you back the power to tell him the truth. Ethan won't remember these events. I don't want too many people knowing about my powers now that I'm gaining them so quickly, but you will always know, Lucy. So I'm giving you one little freedom that can define your life going forwards. Ethan will always love you, no doubt, and be complete with you. The missing puzzle piece is gone for him. *But* . . . should you choose, I'll let you finally tell him. Yes, you can tell him who you used to be. Who knows? Maybe the puzzle piece will fall in place. The connection between you is strong, so strong that I should have seen it. There's a chance that, if you tell him, it'll all come back, and he'll know who you really are. I leave that to you."

For some reason, this was the most daunting thing of all. The other parts were things I was used to; more free will taken away, more compulsions to follow. But to have the power to finally tell my friend the truth, to get him to possibly remember, when I was in the third trimester with his freakin' baby!?

"I . . . I don't have to decide now?"

"No," she whispered. "Consider it a fun final little gift among all my curses." She raised her voice again. "Now, it's time for you to go. Both of you. It seems I've got to move on with my life and find better pastures. I wish you all the luck with your baby and all the babies yet to come. And don't ever look for me; I never want to see the pair of you again."

She spoke a strange series of words, and once more the world broke away around us.

We were both sitting on the couch. An episode of some lame reality show was playing, and I was still wearing a tight pink maternity dress, while Ethan was in his button shirt and pants. I blinked, making sure this was reality. Morgan had let me live, and stay with Ethan. I squeezed his hand and he startled.

“Woah!” he exclaimed. “Sorry, I swear my mind was elsewhere. Weren’t we just having sex?”

“Um, that was *like an hour ago, silly. You must be super tired from how much I totally drained your balls.*”

He chuckled, put an arm around me. “That’s certainly one way to put it. Oh, is everything alright? You look like you’ve been crying.”

I realised I was. I wiped my cheeks and beamed. “Only from happiness,” I said.

“Something to tell me?”

He rubbed my stomach as he waited for a response. It reminded me of how much I had changed, how much better of a person I had become, even if it took becoming a big-boobed bimbo to do it. And now I had the power to tell him, and to shatter that all apart and remind him of who I used to be.

“Naw, nothing new” I said, gripping his arm and resting my head on his welcoming shoulder. “I’m just so happy we have each other.”

“Me too, Lucy,” he said. And he held me there on the couch like I was the only woman in the world.

Birth was excruciating, as expected. I cursed Morgan for turning me into a woman, at least in my mind, as I was forced to endure horrible contractions and then an even worse labor experience. I didn’t care that it was a textbook birth; I was forced to spread my legs and push a fucking baby out of my cooch, and without any pain relief! I thought I knew what it was like to be a woman by this point, but nothing could prepare me for the humiliation and weirdness of laying back, legs spread, and pushing, pushing, *pushing* through agony, until I felt my baby literally *move through my vagina* out into the world. Women aren’t kidding about the immediate post-birth release that happens; my goddamn brain was flooded with euphoria as

soon as I felt my baby pass through the other side. It had been twenty three hours of all-natural labour, no epidural or nothing. Unbelievably powerful and *painful*.

But then my son was born, and I held little Anthony - my Andy - in my arms, and no one would ever think I *wasn't* a woman from the way I cried and cried. It's a good thing I've got such big tits, because the little guy was hungry straight away, and the most lovely hit of dopamine entered my brain once I started nursing him.

My body recovered quickly, of course. Morgan had ensured I'd always stay sexy for my boyfriend and babydaddy. Plus, we had an event to plan. Ethan proposed once I was recovered enough to wear a bikini to the beach. Andy was with his grandma at the time, letting us have this time to ourselves. To my shock, Ethan went down on one knee before the sunset when it was just the two of us at a hidden area. To be honest, I still felt pretty awkward being proposed to, but there's nothing like wearing a skimpy bikini to remind yourself you're a woman now, and I leapt into his arms and knocked him right over, my bimbo words streaming from my mouth.

"Yes, yes, a thousand times fucking yes! I love you!"

My actual enthusiasm was still there, but my compulsions amped them way up. It also got me horny as hell, and soon I was pressing my big milk-filled tits right in his face and mounting him right there on the beach.

"I'm gonna b-be your wife!" I moaned. "Ohhhhh!"

And just twelve months later, I walked down that aisle. My wedding dress was more revealing than I would have liked, but there was no helping that. I had cleavage for days and was used to showing it off. Sabrina was my maid of honour, and after Ethan and I kissed and sealed the deal and took the photographs, I hit the dance floor like a maniac, uncaring about all the jiggling my body did. I only had to stop to feed Andy, but I drank heavily afterwards, knowing I had enough stored breastmilk for him.

That night, in our cozy little wedding cabin, I moaned in bliss as Ethan fucked me.

"I love you so much! I'm so lucky to be your husband!"

"Ohhh, damn r-right you are! Now show me how lucky I am and *beat my record of orgasms! I want you to knock my sexy fertile body all up again! I want you to b-breed meee!*"

He did, of course. I'm currently pregnant again; six months along already, my belly sticking out in all sorts of showy outfits and cute crop tops. I literally couldn't stop showing off my preggo body if I tried, but I'm fairly over trying to avoid being my bimbo self. These days I just do my best to embrace it, especially since my growing belly drives my husband wild. And it also means we can get real creative with our positions; pregnancy hormones are no joke, and I'm already a massive horny slutwife when I'm *not* knocked up. It's a pretty crazy experience, but once the morning sickness and tiredness is over, I won't deny that it's pretty goddamn fucking *cool* to know you're growing a child, and feeling them kick and move

around inside of you. Ethan loves to spoon me and hold my belly in the morning, and it makes me feel all kinds of giddy to hear him laugh when our baby taps against his hand.

Of course, given that I'm only in my early twenties still, I'm a little concerned that I might be getting knocked up more than expected. Certainly more than my male self ever did. The weird thing is, sometimes I imagine that future, me with lots of kids, and I don't exactly mind it. Sure, I always get a little rosy-cheeked about this stuff, but it's not the worst, not by far. Ethan's a great dad, and having his babies . . . God, it just feels right sometimes. Maybe I'm just a fucking freak or something, wanting to have more lives growing inside of me, even if it means I'll probably have to wait longer than expected to actually use my childcare degree for something. Still, he's on the road to being a respected architect, so money won't be an issue soon.

But that question still lingers in the air, doesn't it?

Did I ever tell him?

The answer is no, not yet. Maybe one day. Maybe never. Maybe I don't have to. He's still my best friend, but the important part is that I'm not just his wife and mother of his children, I'm a better friend *to him*. I wasn't that before, but I'll always be that now.

Plus, it's weird enough at times knowing how much I love fucking my friend and letting him knock me up. I've had that journey, and I've made that peace with it. It would be doubly weird if that knowledge went both ways. Ethan would bust my balls if he knew. You know, the figurative ones. Better to leave things as a happy ending.

And trust me, with a body like mine, with ample assets like mine, and a horny, endlessly aroused set of needs like mine, every night in the Galford-Trent household is *full* of happy endings. Some so loud we've just installed soundproofing.

Doesn't that tell him enough?

The End