

Zapped (Bullies to Bimbo, Goth Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Oliver is a nerdy university student conducting an experiment on a mysterious purple lightning effect. Suddenly he's ambushed by two former high school bullies who smash his equipment. Little do they know that the resulting blast affects all three of them: Oliver will soon be an alpha stud, while his two bullies will be transformed into his dream bimbo girlfriends.

Zapped

Oliver checked the readings again. He was certain this experiment could work, though it wasn't without its risks. He'd already fixed the device in place at the base of the lightning rod, and now all he had to do was get to a safe place and monitor its progress. This experiment wasn't exactly revolutionary, but it was part of his wider sustainability thesis as part of his university major. He was proposing a number of theoretical ways to improve sustainable energy systems, and the use of lightning was one of them. It wasn't the most likely scenario, but he had worked hard to construct a storage battery that could potentially hold a far larger amount of energy safely than a regular lightning rod device. Theoretically, it could hold the entire energy output of even a powerful lightning strike: 1.21 gigawatts!

"C'mon," he said, observing the lightning in the distance as he observed from the nearby shelter. "Just one strike."

It was a fierce storm, and he could barely hear his own words. The wind whipped at him in an incredible rush, even through the bunker that had been built into the side of the hill for such experiments. More flashes continued, and Oliver simply had to wait, hoping that the storm would indeed come to the rod and allow him to test his experiment.

Slowly, it did so. The black clouds roiled in anger, moving towards his hillside, which was a few miles from town on a patch of land owned by the university. Oliver smiled, even though his teeth chattered due to the cold. The storm was close, it was very close. Close and . . . odd.

He only noticed it now, but the lightning strikes were beginning to change, as were the rumblings in the storm above. The colour was shifting, taking it from the golden, almost celestially coloured nature of the strikes to a more blue sheen. This was not unexpected: differing levels of oxygen molecules and nitrogen in the air could shift a storm's colour gradient, though usually not so rapidly. But then, right before Oliver's eyes, the storm above began to glow *purple*. This, too was not unprecedented, but it was a powerful, striking purple, and the clouds seemed to be *infused* with it, not just the lightning that crackling down

upon the landscape. It was a totally unnatural colouring, and the fact that the clouds were glowing as if irradiated made Oliver concerned. Why was this happening?

He had little time to meditate on that, because suddenly there was a great *KRA-KOOOOOOM* as a vividly purple, almost magical looking fork of lightning erupted from the sky and connected instantly to the lightning rod. It was almost impossible to look at, it was so bright, but its power immediately surged down the rod and into the small, microwave-looking device at its base that Oliver had carefully strapped to the rod. There, an impressive purple glow manifested, thrumming as if alive.

“It worked!” Oliver cheers. “IT WORKED!”

The lightning was contained. The unusual, glowing violet lightning.

Oliver was excited. He couldn't stop looking at the glow of power within his storage device. Yes, he could obscure it with the metal plating, but there was no actual risk in observing it. It moved like no kind of energy he'd ever seen before, and didn't seem to behave like proper lightning. It wasn't purely bound by the device; occasionally it flared within its containment as if it were a living creature of electricity, or some kind of cosmic anomaly. He was convinced it needed to be studied, which was why he was carrying it personally straight to the university labs the next day, whistling to himself.

Unfortunately, that's when everything went terribly wrong. As Oliver whistled, he heard a response whistle. Curious, he turned his head, but couldn't see anyone. He hadn't even made it to the campus yet, and was instead going through the nearby park which was pretty much entirely empty at this time of morning. He set to whistling again, only for that response whistle to arrive, this time closer. Oliver turned again, but again there was no one present. Then he turned his head forward again, and there they were.

Brodie Bogard and Max Tanner.

The two men who had made his life hell all throughout high school. The ones who had dunked his head in the toilet. Who had sealed him inside his own locker. Who had beaten the shit out of him and stolen his new bicycle, and then made him miss his own graduation because they'd dumped rancid egg yolks all over him for a laugh. He trembled just at the sight of them, all those traumatic memories rising up like a boiling ocean within him.

“Been a long time, Olivia,” Brodie said, mocking Oliver with a female name, as he often did. “I'd almost forgotten the feel of your face on my fists.”

He was the brute of the pair; large and fat, but strong, like a bouncer. He'd only gotten bigger since, and his hair shaggier. It was a black mop on his head, without any sort

of style, but it gave him a feral vibe, particularly when paired with his torn jeans and cheap hoodie.

“Yeah,” Max agreed, sneering. “I can’t believe we didn’t smell you from a mile away. Did you finally manage to get the smell of that fox piss we poured on you off of your skin?”

Jesus, that had been the worst one. No one had talked to him for weeks afterwards. Numerous showers and scrubbing had done *nothing*. Max grinned maliciously at the memory, driving the knife further in. He had lighter brown hair and a more scrawny appearance, though Oliver knew from experience not to misjudge him. While Oliver himself was also scrawny, Max has a sinewy strength to him, and he always carried a butterfly knife with him that he wasn’t afraid to intimidate with. His face was sharp and angular, shark-like. He’d gotten some tattoos on his arm and neck, shown off by the sleeveless top he had on, despite the fresh air.

“H-hey guys,” Oliver said weakly. “It’s been a long time, huh?”

“It has,” Max said. “It really has.”

“Been a long time,” Brodie added, taking the lead from Max.

“Far too long. We miss the old times, don’t we, Brodie?”

“Sure do, Max.”

“Um, well, I’ll be going now. It was good to see you, but I’ve got to take this to the university and-”

At a nod from Max, Brodie launched forward and seized it with ease, holding it up high so that Oliver couldn’t reach it if he tried.

“Hey! That’s dangerous! It has lightning in it.”

“All microwaves have lightning in them, dummy,” Brodie said. “That’s what makes them run. You’re a terrible nerd.”

Max groaned. “He said lightning, not electricity, moron. Anyway, that’s stupid. How can it have lightning in it? It’s just a weird purple glow. Some stupid experiment of his, I bet. Still a total nerd, Oliver?”

Oliver swallowed, running his hands through his short chestnut brown hair. “Look, whatever you want, I’m happy to talk about it, but I really need you to pass back that experiment. It’s important! It’s a unique form of electricity.”

Max chuckled. “Oh, it’s unique, is it?”

“Yes!”

“One of a kind?”

“Exactly!”

“Can’t be replace, no matter fucking what?”

Oliver nodded eagerly, his eyes never leaving the storage device aloft in Brodie’s hands, the purple glow of the captured lightning emanating from within.

“Yes, yes! I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to recapture this particular atmospheric anomaly! Please, this isn’t funny! I swear, this is important!”

Max grinned, then winked to Brodie. Oliver realised his mistake immediately, because what happened next occurred in slow motion. The young scientist moved forward, hand outstretched, crying ‘*Noooooooooo!*’ all while Brodie swung down with his arm, the device gaining centrifugal speed in his hand. There was no way to reach it in time: in aching detail, the device was smashed to pieces right before Oliver’s eyes. It could handle electricity, but it could not handle blunt force trauma of this degree. The casing split. The regulator coils burst. The screen cracked. Pieces of his work dashed all over the cobblestone path of the park, Max and Brodie giggling together.

“Whoopsie,” Brodie said, shrugging his heavy shoulders.

Hot tears burned in Oliver’s eyes. “You - you destroyed it.”

“Aww, I guess Olivia never did grow up,” Max teased. “Still crying over your egghead shit, huh?”

But . . . perhaps there was a chance. Perhaps the purple lighting was still contained. There was no burst of energy. There was no-

KRA-KOOOOOOM!

The remnants of the rectangular device *exploded* outwards in a rush of purple energy, electrocuting not just Oliver but Max and Brodie too. The three of them screamed, the bullies even more than Oliver, having not expected a reaction like this at all. Enormous forks of violet electricity arced around the, and, then *through them*. Oliver cried out again as the energy entered the core of his being. He expected death at any moment.

Except it didn’t come.

The purple lightning made a screeching sound, then crackled into nothingness, leaving all three men lying on ground in a sort of triangle formation, their heads forming the points.

“What the actual fuck was that?” Max said, rubbing his head.

“I - I don’t know, Max,” Brodie said.

“I’m not asking you, idiot! You - you’re crazy, man!” he yelled to Oliver, who was likewise rubbing his head. “We’ll get you back for this! We better not have fucking cancer!”

Brodie’s eyes widened, clearly afraid of that possibility. Max grabbed his arm and pulled him away, the big lug still alarmed as he looked at the remnants of the storage device, which was now tiny pieces of melted scrap and slag.

Oliver was left alone, staring at his prize work destroyed, and unable to believe what had just happened. An enormous blast of superheated energy had just escaped. He should be dead. They all should be. But instead, he felt fine. More than fine, in fact.

He felt *energised*.

Oliver still presented well for his course, and got a respectable mark he could be proud of. He had diversified his focus on sustainable technologies and their implications, but it would forever be a burning humiliation and point of rage that he had not been able to analyse the nature of the strange purple lightning, and what kind of energy it was. Given that it had melted metal and yet had had zero effect on organic tissue, he had even theorised that it might be *exotic matter*: material from outside this universe, perhaps from another dimension, with the power to disobey the physical laws of this one. It might have even had reality-altering potential . . . but now it was gone, and he had nothing to show for it.

His frustration mounted in the following days. He hadn't yet seen Max or Brodie, but imagined they would pop up again, likely to cause him extreme misery. He had avoided the park during his walk to and from his apartment for that reason, even if it made his circuit fifteen minutes longer. Normally, he would have had to get his asthma puffer out for that, but he found he didn't need to, oddly. In fact, it was actually *good* to stretch his legs. Oliver's annoyance at missing out on the potential for a life-altering discovery was like pent up energy burning within him, sometimes white hot. The only way to expel such energy and deal with his frustrations was to do something he had never, ever really done before: physically working out.

It was small things at first: an extra mile on his walk, even short bursts of running until he had to grab his puffer. But then he grew more determined. Oliver found himself purchasing some weight lifting equipment and taking it home. It sat there for a few days, and he was embarrassed he'd even bought it, but then he saw Max and Brodie in his mind, taunting him for his weakness. He picked up the weights, grunting from their heft, however light they were, and began to lift.

Soon he was looking up proper workout routines, and even looking online to find the best local gym to improve his figure. His muscles ached, but the young man finally, finally understood why some people actually enjoyed bodybuilding: the pain was *good*. Each ache was a mark of progress, each struggle a challenge that would be lesser next time.

"I can't b-believe I'm d-doing this!" he cried, pushing up thirty kilograms worth of weights as he lay back on a bench press at the *MegaGym* he'd eventually signed up to. It wasn't the most massive amount of weight, not by far, but it was far, far more than he thought himself capable of, even if his sets were small.

They were paying off, too. The young man was preparing for his upcoming physics exam at college when he experienced something very unusual: a group of girls giggling as they spied him further away. They were at the end of a row of library books, and he was at

one of the nearby tables reading a textbook, but it was obvious they were talking about him and giggling. Now, this was not too unusual. Oliver had never really managed to have an actual girlfriend; he'd only been kissed once. He was used to the occasional popular girl snorting at the sight of him with his scrawny features, his thick, nerdy glasses, his slightly off-centre teeth. He sighed, expecting this to be another one of those times.

And then he heard what they were saying.

"He is not."

"Yes he is! He's kinda cute. I mean, he has definition, like a cute nerd."

"You are not going to ask Oliver Prath out, are you?"

"I might! I mean, he's got brains, but I never noticed that he's starting to get some brawn."

"You are so silly! But . . . oh my God, Michelle, you're right. He's got a kinda sexy nerd thing going. Meow."

"Shhhh Gabbie! He'll hear us!"

Oliver was so stunned he could barely believe it. They weren't making fun of him; they actually thought he was starting to look good! It was astonishing, and even more so because Michelle Hartley and Gabbie Perez were quite pretty themselves. Not the hottest or most popular girls, not by far, but they had lovely girl-next-door vibes to them, and were pretty smart to boot.

Oliver made no moves - he had no idea even how to go about such a thing - and neither did they, at least for now, but the entire experience buoyed him up. He *could* improve himself. Hell, he could get tough enough that Max and Brodie wouldn't ever push him around ever again. He imagined a scenario where he could, impossibly, become some sort of gigantic bodybuilder, the kind of guy you would *never* mess around with. He'd have sexy ladies on his arms, perhaps a sexy blonde bimbo type with a top-heavy figure, and a short and hot goth girl with purple lipstick and purple hair, a black corset and short skirt, and a desire to submit to his every desire.

"Woah," he said aloud, his voice sounding a little deeper than usual. "Where the heck did *that* thought come from?"

It wasn't that this fantasy came from nowhere. Oliver *did* have sexual kinks and desires like any man, and one of them - a favourite, in fact - was the idea of being the kind of popular stud that would attract two women to be his loving girlfriends at the same time. And, of course, the idea of having the sexual prowess and charisma to land a hot blonde, busty cheerleader type was a pretty big thrill, just like his attraction to short, big-titted goth girls. But the desire had always been in the back of his head, lurking there until he felt the next to have a 'date with Rosie Palms,' as it were. It had never come up so . . . *vividly* in his head

before, especially when he was out in public. Was it his confidence growing? Or was it that his brains were scrambled by the lightning?

He hoped it wasn't the latter, but *something* was definitely scrambled up, because while he thought about this, he realised he had accidentally taken his usual route home and wandered through the park instead of going carefully around it.

Max and Brodie were waiting for him, and they looked angry.

"Well, if it isn't the egg-headed douchebag who tried to electrify us to death, eh Brodie?"

Brodie smirked. "Yeah, that's him alright. Trying to lay a trap!"

Oliver was about to explain that there was no way it could be a trap; they had surprised *him*. How can you lay a trap for someone you never even expected to run into? It would be far more accurate to say that they had run into *him* with an ambush, creepy whistling and all. But he didn't voice any of these thoughts, because he was almost immediately distracted by something strange about Max and Brodie.

The two bullies looked different.

It was subtle, but it was there. Brodie was smaller, his hoodie seeming just that extra bit baggy around his large form. His permanent five o'clock shadow, the one he'd had since high school, was completely gone, leaving his face surprisingly smooth. His hair was also a little longer, forming a fringe near his eyebrows. His fists were clenched, but they looked comically small compared to the rest of his body, undermining the inherent threat.

Max, too, had changed. Like his best friend, his face had lost its facial hair, in his case a wiry moustache and set of chin hairs that had made for a scraggly goatee, the kind you might expect on a meth head. His eyes seemed more vibrantly blue than usual, and his light brown hair appeared almost . . . blonde. Something in his wiriness had changed as well, and it took Oliver a moment to realise that while he still looked scrawny, his hips didn't look as thin as before, nor his thighs. And the lack of body hair - had he shaved his armpits?

"Oi!" Max shouted. "You gonna say anything, twerp?"

"Yeah," Oliver said, his confidence unexpectedly rising even through the baseline nervousness. "Why do you look different?"

"I - what? What did you say?"

"You heard me!" Oliver said, holding his ground. "Why do you look weird, like you've been shaving yourself! You've both got longer hair - are you seriously into wigs?"

The bully pair looked at one another. Clearly, his comments disturbed them - they had both obviously noticed some strange differences - and they certainly hadn't expected push back from the *pushover*.

"It's your fucking purple electricity shit," Max sneered.

"Yeah, it burned off my facial hair three days ago!" Brodie cried. "I can't grow it back, damn it! That's your fault!"

Oliver frowned. That made no sense. It also wouldn't explain why Brodie, who was about six-foot-three, now looked squarely six feet tall, having lost at least three inches in height. He pointed this out to them, but this only made Brodie angrier.

"You did this to us! We've been waiting to pound on you for it!"

"Yeah," Max said. "You've really fucked up now, Oliver."

"You're the one who broke my storage device! I had no idea what the purple lightning was capable of. Are the effects ongoing? I've noticed I feel stronger lately."

He flexed his muscles, and both men paused, as if alarmed . . . or something else. There was another brief expression from both men that he couldn't place, but reminded him of the girls at the library for some reason. But then they rallied, both looking furious, especially Brodie, likely due to his loss of bulk.

"Fix it," he demanded.

"I can't. You broke the machine."

"Yeah, well if you can't fix it," Max said, smirking. "Then you're going to pay for it."

They leapt towards him, moving faster than Oliver expected. His body acted quickly, almost *instinctively*, and he was shocked to find himself blocking Max's blow and then counter-punching him in the stomach, before stepping aside from Brodie's charge. The two men rallied, but were clearly surprised. Unfortunately, Oliver was still outmanned and outgunned - in the sense that muscles were a form of gun. Despite his seemingly impossible muscle growth lately, both men managed to get him to the ground, though not without great effort or injuries of their own. The nerd kicked and punched at both of them, doing what he'd never dared do previously, and in the end they simply got him in the ribs a few times before leaving him be.

"This better go back to normal!" Max yelled as they walked away. "Otherwise we're coming back. And next time we don't hold back, you little bitch!"

Unfortunately for Max, his voice cracked at the last word, going up in a childish - no, a *feminine* whine that was clearly humiliating for him. He went red, but decided to retreat anyway: Oliver had managed to give him a black eye.

"Holy shit," the young man said to himself as he got up. He grabbed his side, still aching from the beating. He was in pain, but less than usual. More than that, he'd stood up to himself. "I actually fought them. I fought back - agh! Goddamn, I need some ice packs."

And yet, the desire to workout was still there. He needed to be stronger, for next time.

It was only two days later that Oliver determined that the changes to his body were not natural at all, and must have been a result of the purple lightning. For one, his muscles were bulking up even when he *wasn't* training: they literally swelled up despite him not working out for a day, just as a test of his concerned theory. His abs were starting to give him a six-pack, and despite his scientific worries about what was happening, he still nevertheless found himself posing in front of the mirror, flexing his muscles and smiling to himself. Even his pectorals looked impressively fit, and he was *finally* growing chest hair. The whole experience was surreal.

Of course, there was also reason number two for realising this change was unnatural. Oliver wasn't just growing stronger, his body was also expanding in its skeletal structure. He had gained two inches of height since the incident, and now stood at five-foot-seven. Not tall for a man, but he'd been far below height before. More than that, his eyes had also altered themselves as a result of the cosmic anomaly: Oliver no longer needed his glasses. Overnight, his eyesight had become perfect twenty-twenty vision, meaning that he not only had no need of his glasses, but that they actively made his vision worse. Even his teeth were no longer off-centre.

He was a new man. Part of him knew to worry, and was continually keeping logs of his changes, but when he'd tried to report them to his professor and discuss why his body had changed, the older man simply cocked his eyebrow.

"Oh, Olly, don't tell me you're trying to expand that musculature of yours even more! You're already a sight for the girls in rows eighteen and nineteen. If you try to bulk up anymore, I'm afraid the female half of my audience will swoon themselves unconscious and not pay a dot of attention to what I'm saying."

Oliver was flabbergasted. It was as if reality and *time* had both changed. People acted like he'd *always* been this way. When Michelle and Gabbie made their comments about him, they were no longer embarrassed whispers, but open statements meant to get his attention at the cafeteria.

"Oh, I just *love* a nerd who works out. So sexy."

"Michelle, you're so obvious! Besides, I hear he's with that Monique Kelsie."

"As if. Oliver wouldn't go for a brainless slut like that. He'd want a girl who loves physics, like him - oh, hi Oliver! I didn't see you there. We were, you know, just happening to talk to you."

Oliver startled. He had more testosterone flowing through his system now, and consequently a more aggressive confidence in him, but he still didn't know what to say.

"Oh, hi Michelle," he replied weakly.

"Is this seat taken?" she asked, gesturing to the one beside him.

"N-no! Not at all. Feel free to take it to your table."

She smirked, then, to his surprise, sat down beside him.

"*This* is the only table I want to sit down at. If you don't mind my company."

He didn't. Good God, Oliver didn't. He had no idea why these reality changes were happening, and he desperately desired to understand the science behind it, but an increasingly large part of him was simply joyous that it was finally making him attractive to the opposite sex. Over the next twenty minutes, Oliver talked with Michelle and then her best friend Gabbie too, awkwardly at first and then with greater confidence the more they talked about their courses, favourite and least favourite professors, and the interesting parties and events going down soon. The message was clear: we hope you're going, Oliver, and we'd like to invite you. Well, they said 'we', but even Oliver, bad with girls as he was, could tell that the pair were competing subtly against one another.. It was almost unbelievable to the former scrawny, below average nerd.

"So, what do you say?" Gabbie asked, daring to touch his arm. He almost pulled it away until he realised it was a rather flirtatious touch. In response, Michelle grabbed his other arm, her spare hand touching his shoulder, a motion that Gabbie soon matched. Oliver felt himself getting hard, and had to concentrate to make sure he didn't actually get an erection tenting his pants, though perhaps neither girl would mind too much.

"Um, say to what?" he asked.

"To being my date to the party on Friday?"

"Or my date instead!" Gabbie insisted, clinging to him harder. "You know, if you want a good dancer partner."

Oliver swallowed, not even sure how to respond. It was like his ultimate fantasy coming true . . . except it wasn't. A brief pain shot through his skull, almost like a miniature bolt of lightning. For just a flash, he saw his *true* fantasy, the one that had been manifesting more and more lately. Two women were on his arms in that image, but they weren't Michelle and Gabbie, pretty as they were. No, it was a hot blonde cheerleader with an impressively bouncy chest, and a short, buxom goth girl with curves for days. Both were clinging to him, desperate for his approval, submissive and worshipping him as if he were a *God*.

The image disappeared in his mind, but something had changed. He was still attracted to these women, but it wasn't . . . right, to be with them. He stood, coughing awkwardly.

"Um, sorry ladies. I'm really flattered, but I'm afraid I've got other plans with, uh, other people that night."

He quickly left, his cheeks red, his pants just a *little* tented, which he had to hide with his cafeteria tray. Behind him, Michelle and Gabbie looked on, confused.

"*Damn, the one that got away,*" Michelle said.

"*What about the Rexler twins?*"

“Yes! That’s a good idea. Not as hot, but we can actually share that pair!”

Again, Oliver found himself walking through the park. Last time it had been an accident, but this time he felt . . . drawn here. It had been only a day since Michelle and Gabbie had tried to ask him out, and he’d already grown another inch. An inch in height, and an inch in *length*. He’d truly noticed it this morning. He had never been particularly well-endowed between his legs, but now his penis was actually looking somewhat impressively, and his balls had grown as well. His libido had risen, and that fantasy of two girlfriends - the blonde and the goth - continued to swirl within his mind. He’d masturbated more than once and found his member far more responsive than ever. The fantasy kept rising up in his mind, making him grunt and groan, his muscles flexing until the climax arrived.

Now, that same fantasy magnetised to the park where the purple lightning had exploded outwards. He had been unable to find anything else about it in his research, save a single old post on an online forum, the member account long since deactivated, which claimed that a purple lightning storm was turning him into a ‘beach babe,’ and that he couldn’t stop it. Other than that, there was nothing but speculation in his mind, but reality was evidently changing: he was five-foot-nine now, strong in intelligence *and* muscles. He appeared almost like he could join a football team. Almost.

“What am I even doing here?” he asked himself as he stood in the park. “It’s not like there’s any remnants of the lightning left. Or my device.”

He was at least grateful that reality had changed to give him new clothes, though his shirts showed off his shoulders and pecs more than he’d like; he wasn’t used to having a body to show off at all.

“There he is!” someone shouted, a woman by the sounds of it.

“No way, that can’t be him! It doesn’t make any sense!”

Oliver frowned. The two voices were husky and feminine, but there was something familiar in their tones and manner of speaking. He turned to see two figures approaching, one dressed in a pastel blue shirt and skirt, the other in what looked like a leather jacket and black shirt beneath, and a pair of ripped black jeans.

“Oliver! It is you,” the blonde one said, her expression angry, her hair a mess.

“Um, do I know you?” Oliver replied.

“Do you know me!? Of course you fucking know me! You did this to me! And Brodie, here! Look what’s fucking happening to us! You’re stealing our manhood, you goddamn freak of nature!”

The realisation should have come earlier, but it arrived now, making Oliver's jaw drop. "Y-you're Max and Brodie?"

"Obviously, some egghead you are!" the blonde woman said. Well, she kinda looked like a woman. Up close, she looked a bit ugly, with a mannish jaw and features that were still too angular. Brodie, meanwhile, was still large, but not as much as he had been: Oliver was taller now. In fact, both had more womanly figures, and to Oliver's surprise, he realised they were both developing small breasts through their shirts, their nipples prominent against the material. Max's hair was now totally blonde, hanging to his chin, while Brodie's had remained at its fringe length, but now looked like a cute pixie cut. Both men, especially Brodie, had obviously widened hips. And both now had more feminine lips - Brodie even appeared to be wearing dark lipstick, though Max appeared to have noticeable eyelashes framed by pale eyeshadow.

"What the heck happened?" Oliver asked, stepping forward to inspect them. To his surprise, they stepped back, as if their dynamic of fear and retreat had now been reversed. "I mean, you both look like you're becoming, well, female!"

"That's because we are!" Max snapped. "I'm growing tits here, you goddamn mad scientist! Brodie's dick is barely there at all!"

Brodie's lower lip trembled. "It's true."

"And our faces are changing. And our hair! We can't stop it! Brodie's got those wide hips now, too, don't you, Brodie? A real set of, like, babymakers!"

Brodie wiggled them without meaning too, then blushed. His skin, normally tanned, looked a lot more pale suddenly.

"And my ass is bigger too."

"And mine is, like, peachier!" Max declared angrily. "You did this! We can't stop doing shit that doesn't make sense!"

Oliver thought of his own changes, and something clicked into place. "Stuff like . . . working out when you've never done it before?"

"Not unless you count playing with fucking *pom poms*!" Max said.

"Or listening to sad metal music," Brodie whined. "Or writing *poetry*. I didn't even know what poetry was until a week ago! I never paid attention to stupid English classes."

"Yeah, and I'm trying on fucking makeup!" Max continued. "Shopping online for bras, like I need that shit! This is all your fault, you freak. If you don't find a way to fix it, I'm going to cut your balls off. I don't care if you've gotten bigger, I want my masculinity back, and you're the one stealing it away."

That was an interesting point. Oliver could feel a strange pulse of energy within his core, one that seemed to somehow connect to these other two men, binding them together like the triangle they had formed when the purple lightning had exploded around and into

them. Could it be that he was somehow leeching their masculinity, leaving them feminine? Perhaps, but there was a clear wish fulfilment aspect as well. Somehow, reality was altering to empower him and not them. It didn't take a genius to realise that Max, now blonde and turning female and playing with *pom poms*, was turning into a busty cheerleader type. He was even peppering 'like' into his sentences as if he were a vacant-minded bimbo. And Brodie, with his pale skin, decreasing height, and sudden love of emo rock and dark poetry, was clearly becoming a sexy short goth girl. Hopefully with big tits, Oliver mused, until he snapped himself out of that particular thought.

"Look," he said, stepping forward again. "I don't think I'm stealing your masculinity. If I am, I've got no idea how to stop it. But this was your fault, you stupid chucklefucks! You're the ones who bullied me. You're the ones who tormented me and then deliberately destroyed something I *told* you was dangerous. Got it?"

Max sneered. "You knew what it could do! You were totes planning-"

"I SAID GOT IT!?"

Both men - for certain values of 'men' - suddenly flinched at his loud, brassy voice. Brodie nodded along stupidly, and Max swallowed, unsure of how to proceed.

"Y-yeah, we get it," Max said. "Fine. Whatever. Water under the fucking bridge, egghead. But now you have to figure out how to-"

"I have no idea how to, unless I can harness more lightning again."

"Then, like, do that!"

"Not until there's a storm, and who knows if that exotic matter is in it! But then again, why would I? As far as I can tell, I'm getting everything out of this strange phenomenon I could ever want. I'm strong, tall, and handsome now. I don't have my asthma anymore, or my poor eyesight, and cute girls are finally interested in me! I feel like working out, and I *like* it, too. And in the meantime, the two dipshits who treated me like crap all through highschool are getting their just desserts. Not only are you two being turned into women, you're turning into my *fantasy* women."

That made them pause, the two going wide-eyed and slack jawed. Brodie was the first to speak, clearly disturbed by this.

"You mean me looking like this is because you-"

"Like shortstack big tiddy goth girls, to steal an internet phrase. Yeah, I'm into that, and it appears you're becoming that, Brodie."

Max looked like he was about to vomit. "And, like, me? What am I turning into?"

Oliver couldn't help but grin. "I imagine you'd be into the same, Max. Who doesn't like a dumb, blonde bimbo with big tits and a career in cheerleading?"

The scrawnier of the pair trembled on the spot. Hate flashed in her eyes.

"You fucking pathetic piece of shit, I'd rather kill you!"

He launched forward, his butterfly knife unfolding in his hand. Oliver's fear spiked, but his body responded bravely, moving forward to intercept the changing man instead, ready to disarm him with violence if necessary. He never got the chance.

KRA-KOOOOOOM!

The purple lightning exploded outwards, this time from Oliver directly. It impaled through the two would-be bullies, stopping both in their tracks, and causing Max to scream out loud as his attack lost all momentum. They fell back, with only Oliver remaining standing. The lightning had gone as quickly as it had come, and while there were others in the park, it appeared as if, impossibly, no one had seen or heard it. Oliver checked over himself, still concerned about injury, but only felt a series of pressures.

"Nghh," he grunted, and to his surprise his spine extended, followed by his limbs. His biceps swelled further, and between his legs his penis slid out further, growing in length and girth both. It was an incredibly empowering sensation, one that he closed his eyes to experience. It was like the electricity was converting into pure muscle mass, but it was also making his jawline more square, his hair less wiry, his nose less bent.

"No! Oh God, no! What the actual fuck! Stop it now!"

Oliver opened his eyes again, and immediately saw that his two tormentors were also changing, but certainly not back into men again. Max was whining and complaining as his shirt shrunk upwards, exposing his midriff, which was taking on a fit, trim shape. His skirt likewise became smaller, revealing legs that were getting shapelier by the second. The man writhed, trying to stand, only to suddenly grip his chest in horror.

"No! I don't want, like, big fucking tits! I don't want big beautiful boobies!"

His voice became almost valley-girl like, sans some of the husk and grit still within his tone. But his chest certainly expanded, growing outwards until they were easily C-cups to Oliver's admittedly poor estimate. They looked sizable. Not *large*, but not small either. Certainly, enough to produce cleavage, which they did as the now crop-top pushed them up to produce such a look.

"Fuck thissss! Ohhhhhh, stop it! MHMM!"

It sounded like she was in pleasure as much as full of rage, and the same was true of Brodie, who had managed to stand but was quaking on the spot as he shrank down. His leather jacket remained, though it shrank with him, but his black shirt changed to an equally dark corset, one that exposed his shoulders, midriff, and much of his bust, which rose like a pair of souffles to become equal in size to Max's, though much paler due to his goth chic.

"M-Maxie! Something really f-fucking weird is happening, man!" he said, voice a lower contralto rasp compared to Max's tone. "My h-hips! And my dick is feelin' real numb! Aw, sh-shit! It's shrinking again!"

Oliver found his own grown member swelling further as it hardened. Try as he might, he couldn't help but be turned on by this sight. Ordinary park goers were walking past, seemingly unable to even notice what was going on. But the sight of those breasts swelling, of their forms taking on more hourglass shapes . . . it was hard for Oliver's more libidinous male form not to be turned on.

He wasn't the only one, though. Max was clutching his new breasts, which had certainly swollen. The nipples were pushing against the fabric more obvious, distended as if aroused. The near-woman let loose a frustrated moan.

"Ohhhhhh, this f-feels soooooo fucking wrong! Like, what the frick did you do to us!?"

"Y-yeah!" Brodie cried, realising how short he was, and looking down at the pale orbs that were now a pert set of tits. "What did you do, man!? We're s-sorry! We're really sorry!"

Oliver blinked. He was admiring the changes in the two men, and had to resist stroking his recently-upgraded dick. Something about them . . . they were connected to him. He couldn't help but see the women they were destined to be: Brodie the sexy short goth girl, and Max his busty blonde cheerleader slut, always hungry for his cock. He'd never thought so . . . dominantly before, but he had so much testosterone in him now, so much . . . power. His intelligence was there, perhaps even greater than it was before, magnified by what he could well have taken from Max.

"You're beautiful," he said, without meaning to say it so loudly.

They both looked at him. Max became feral almost immediately, growling like a feisty feline - a rather feminine one - and scrambled for the knife to try and attack Oliver again.

"Dude, don't!" Brodie said. "That's seriously stupid!"

"I don't frickin' care!" Max whined. But he didn't grab hold of a knife, for there wasn't a knife anymore, and in this reality there had *never* been a knife. Instead, he clutched hold of the handle of a pom pom and waved it around as if it were threatening, until he realised what he was doing.

"You've got to be totes kidding me! UGH! Brodie, get him!"

But Brodie was already retreating back, nearly stumbling on the cobblestone path, his pale hands raised. He looked so much daintier than he had been, his hair in a very cute pixie cut with purple dyed streaks in it.

"Real s-sorry man! I'll go now! I swear I'll frickin' go! Just change us back if you can! I'm beggin' you! I don't want to have a pussy!"

"Come back you total bitch!" Max screeched, running after his friend. His longer blonde hair bounced nearly to his shoulders, and his rear had certainly become more peachy, his tight skirt revealing it as such. "You can't just run! We can, like, take him before he gets mega hot! I mean - fuck!"

They disappeared out of the park, yelling at one another but too scared to take on Oliver again. He tried not to smile too deeply as they fled away, but in the end he gave in. This strange, cosmic accident, this twist of fate, was not only making him into a total alpha male, but it was also making his worst rivals into the kind of women he lusted after. He had no illusion of them ever actually wanting them, of course, but just knowing they would become sexy women was enough for him to appreciate the just desserts.

“Now, I can focus on actually getting a girlfriend myself.”

Still, as he walked away, he found himself turning his head and looking back to where Max and Brodie had fled from. The connection was still there, and so was a silent longing.

Oliver continued to change. He was now over six feet in height, and built like a professional athlete. If he kept on changing, he might even be built like a footballer. It was an immense change in perspective for the formerly scrawny young man, and while he had retained all of his intelligence, it was hard not to sometimes fall to the whims of his new body, which included more openly looking at attractive women on campus and responding to their flirtation. He was still a little awkward at it, but getting better all the time. The most important thing was that he wasn't as afraid to try anymore, nor to fail. He moved with a more powerful swagger, and wore shirts and jeans that showed off his muscular form rather than trying to obscure a skeletal frame.

He had just aced his physics test, and was very much keen to celebrate by going to Michelle and Gabbie's party. Well, it wasn't *their* party, but they had invited him. A number of other girls had asked him to go with them on his arm, but each time, despite having a clear desire to do so, he balked at the last second. Even Stacey Ackermann, the hottest redhead around, couldn't persuade him. It was like some strange, invisible block existed in his mind, throwing up a wall each time he was on the cusp of making progress with a woman. It was damn infuriating; was this also a side effect of the purple lightning, and if so, why?

All he could do was vent his frustrations in his room, gripping his now very girthy eight-inch cock and jacking himself off, imagining what he currently couldn't have. And always, his thoughts went to Max and Brodie, now matter how much he tried to avoid them as a subject. He imagined them changing more and more, becoming ever more female, until finally the moment arrived where they were begging him to complete their transformation.

It was enough to make him cum each time, and afterwards he would dispose of the evidence, overcome with revulsion at himself for his lusts. What was wrong with him? Why was everything going right, but this one great, golden chalice so very poisoned? It wasn't like Max and Brodie were likely to cross paths with him again anyway. They were probably still

changing, and he doubted they'd want to see him after what had happened last time, not unless it was to beg. Even then, how could they find him?

Oliver got his answer the very next day, when they walked right past him, but not at the college.

At the *campus*.

It came as a complete shock. Oliver was simply chatting to some new friends who were members of the football team - Ryan and Tyrone - both of whom were egging him to join the team as well. They had an open spot and everything.

"Trust me, man, you'd be perfect. We need a new quarterback, and you'd absolutely crush it. You know, if you're willing to risk that egghead of yours in a helmet."

Oliver chuckled. He'd never, ever found football interesting, but now that he was becoming a total alpha male, the prospect seemed almost . . . exciting.

"Okay, fine, I'll give some thought to it, alright? Right after I've . . . holy shit."

Tyrone looked up, and whistled. Ryan joined in with a comment.

"Hell yeah," he said. "Check out the sexy laaaaadies!"

But they weren't sexy ladies. Well, they *were*, very much so, but they weren't *supposed to be*. It was Max and Brodie, looking very much like he had last left them, only now their outfits were even girlier, and their faces had more finely applied makeup, their hair styled properly.

Max looked far more like the bubbly blonde cheerleader type he'd imagined her as. She was even wearing pink to match the aesthetic of a bimbo type: a really tight tube top that hugged her C-cup breasts, and an equally tight pair of booty shorts. Her hips swayed as she walked, and her pigtails - pigtails! - bounced with each step. Even from a distance, it was easy to see that she was pretty, pepper, and wide-eyed with those great big blues.

Brodie, on the other hand, was in full cute girl goth mode. She had black lipstick, black eyeliner, and several piercings on her left brow as well as in her ears. She had that same hot pixie cut, but it had lengthened just a little, so that it could cover over one eye if necessary. She wore a black pleated skirt and a sexy black corset that left a thin strip of her midriff showing. Her hips were hypnotic, as was the display of pale cleavage that was pushed up dramatically by the corset. She had long black boots and, pleasingly, fishnet stockings that went up to mid-thigh. It was a damn hot look that caught Oliver's interest immediately despite his questions, and once more that connection stirred within him. That burning desire.

"Who are those two girls?" he asked.

Tyrone chuckled. "You mean you don't know? Seriously, man? That's Maxie Tanner and Brianna Bogard. The hot blonde and the sexy goth who are always together. You must have been living under a rock."

"I was just, er, studying my physics too much, I guess."

Both girls were talking, but they went wide-eyed like a pair of deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming car as they saw Oliver heading in their direction. They tried to turn back, but there was that connection again, driving them forward, just as Oliver found himself connected back.

"H-hey Oliver," Brodie said, though he supposed it was 'Brianna' now in this changed reality.

"Don't say 'hi!'" 'Maxie' snapped. "Keep on walking! Just don't look at how hunky he, like, totally is!"

But it was too late, Oliver pulled to a stop, and so did his new buddies, and the women were now standing right before them.

"Looking good, Maxie," Ryan said. "Looking real good."

"Th-thank you," she said, then giggled, playing with one pigtail and cocking her hip to one side. "I thought I'd, like, dress up for Oliver here today."

Ryan's smile fell, and Tyrone laughed. The darker-skinned man looked appreciatively at Brianna. "So girl, you free for anything tonight?"

"Get bent," she said. "I'm only here to talk to Oliver."

Both men exchanged a look to each other, then to Oliver.

"Well, looks like you've got decisions to make," Ryan said, a bit of envy creeping into his voice. "Best of luck, dude."

They walked on, leaving Oliver standing before the two women.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "You were running away last time I saw you. I told you to leave me alone!"

Maxie looked incensed. She gestured to her pretty form in her show two-piece pink outfit. "Does it look like I *want* to be, like, here! My body keeps changing. My boobs have grown already; I'm a D-cup now, probably! But I have this stupid fucking need to, like, be here on campus. I'm a goddamn student here! You think I, like, want to do higher education!"

"Same," Brianna said, voice now a husky female tone entirely, a contrast to Maxie's embarrassingly sweet soprano. "I flunked right out of high school, but now I'm learning computing and I've got all this knowledge in my head. I can't stop wearing sexy goth shit. My room has all this makeup in it!"

"Mine too!" Maxie whined. "And I'm enrolled in frickin' beauty courses! And it feels good; you've got to reverse this, man! I'm begging you! We won't ever, like, bully you again. I'm getting sooooo dumb it's not believable. I was watching a stupid reality dating show last night and giggling like a total buxom bimbo, you wouldn't believe it! Just use your lightning to change us back! I've got a fucking *cunt* now!"

Her voice squeaked at that last word. Brianna's cheeks went red.

"I've got one too," she said. "I had to masturbate last night or else . . ."

"Or else something bad would happen," Maxie said.

They shared an awkward glance, but neither would say what they meant by that, and Oliver wasn't certain either.

"Look, you need to get it through your heads that *you* girls did this, not me. I don't think I can control it at all."

"You had the lightning in you!" Maxie cried. "It, like, came out of you. Ohhhh, that's a really sexy way to word it - it *came* out of you." She bit her lip before regaining herself. "You need to concentrate and turn us back, like in a movie!"

Brianna nodded at this. "Before we fuck someone. Someone like y-"

"DON'T SAY IT!" Maxie yelled, getting the attention of others around her. She blushed again, then put her hands on her hips and leaned forward. It was a shockingly alluring pose that she was emulating, apparently without realising it. Oliver was trying very hard not to appreciate her cleavage or her gorgeous trim belly.

"Figure it out, you hunky sexy nerd, or else!"

She walked off, her hips swaying, and Brianna went with her, shorter and cuter and stirring Oliver's imagination. He took a heavy breath, trying not to have thoughts that were *too* sinful, but the women were his ultimate fantasies. Perhaps they were right; perhaps he did control this in some way.

It was a thought he had over the next several days as he considered the changes caused by the purple lightning. His height was still increasing, his body also. His dick had somehow grown again, a veritable monster between his thighs. He was aching to try it out, but every time he approached a woman or was approached by one in turn, he just . . . faltered. It wasn't *right*. To make matters worse, he kept seeing Maxie and Brianna around the college, still wearing their sexy outfits. Maxie was even doing cheerleading tryouts, and he couldn't avoid staring at her as she twirled the pom poms, obviously humiliated but unable to fight against her compulsions to act in her role. She couldn't tell anybody the truth, just like he couldn't, and so she slipped further into stereotype. The same was true of Brianna: she was doing poetry slams and trying to start a punk metal band, one in which she wore skimpier clothes as some kind of protest against 'the Man.'

They looked at him with a mix of anger, resentment, awkwardness, and . . . attraction. He knew because he had the same expression on his face when seeing them. He couldn't look away, and at night he dreamed of them, the connection between all three of them finally coinciding. It was maddening: he couldn't escape his tormentors, and they were becoming all the more enticing with each passing day.

Finally, he could take it no more. When the pair were walking past at college again, both complaining about their new status, he strode up to them.

"This sucks. I'm seriously having my tits bounce all over the place while I dance for, like, all the horny football boys!"

"At least you aren't wearing a friggin' corset. This stupid body is so horny."

"Tell me about it! We're meant to be fucking girls, not wanting to get fucked by . . . you know who."

"I can't stop thinking about it. I wanna be his submissive goth girl, and I know what submissive means now."

"I barely do! My brain is so stupid and impulsive. I giggle at everything."

Oliver coughed from behind, and they both turned, gasping.

"Ugh, you!" Maxie said. "And you're bigger. No fair! You need to, like, change us! Have you finally thought about it?"

Oliver nodded. "We need to go back to the park where it happened. I'm gonna try. Tomorrow morning. Before college starts."

It was a warm morning, and Oliver was thankful, because it meant he could show off his bulging body to the girls, while they were forced to wear skimpier clothing as well. Maxie definitely had Double-D's now, and Brianna wasn't far behind, though her ass was *awesome*, as were those baby making hips. They rocked up, with the cheerleader wearing her usual crop-top and booty shorts combo, and Brianna in a tight black mini-corset and pleated black skirt, along with the boots and fishnets. It was a good look, and both were clearly humiliated to already look even more beautiful.

"Like, this better work!" Maxie said. "I'm sooooo sick of being dumb and horny!"

"Yeah, we don't deserve this!"

But Oliver just smirked. "Sure you do. I'm gonna try and unleash the last of the lightning left in me, if there is any at all. Maybe, since there is a connection between us, I can undo it. Maybe."

The two girls nodded, though Maxie clearly didn't understand.

"So long as I don't look like a pale-skinned slut anymore," Brianna said. "I'm sick of guys checking out my ass and tits!"

"Same, girl!" Maxie whined. "Hurry up and do it!"

Oliver waited until the park was empty, which took a few minutes with the early joggers. The girls were impatient, and he noticed that the poses they made were not only quite feminine, but very . . . sensual. As if they were posing for pin ups. Perhaps another subconscious compulsion they didn't even realise was there?

"Okay," he said. "I'm gonna try it now."

“Finally!” Maxie whined. “I’m sick of, you know, all these horny thoughts and stuff! Just hurry up and make me a man again.”

“Yeah, we’ll leave you alone. I don’t want to suck cock!”

Oliver blinked. “Um, clearly you’ve got your own thoughts to deal with. Just let me concentrate.”

He focused inward, aware of their gaze upon his Adonis-like form. He could feel a spark of the purple lightning within him, and he consciously summoned it, expelling one last burst of the energy.

KRA-KOOOOOM!

The last of the purple lightning leapt out of Oliver, striking directly into the two former men, and causing all three to become linked. In fact, the link grew even stronger: Oliver could feel the connection become *binding* in nature, unbreakable and *permanent*. The change in reality revolved entirely around their triangle, and soon the changes came. Oliver had intended to reverse the transformations of Max and Brodie, even if they didn’t entirely deserve it, but in this moment of connection he truly saw it.

He *did* have the power to change reality back, but it would also change *him* back.

Back into the scrawny loser.

Back to having no muscles, and no sizable junk either.

Back to being the victim, to having no women interested in him.

Back to being a nobody.

He couldn’t stomach that. After all these two had done to him, he *deserved* to have this new life. And more than that, he finally understood what Max and Brodie had been turning into all along. They were not simply becoming the image of his fantasy girlfriends, they *were* becoming his fantasy girlfriends. He could sense their lust for him, the way the compulsions pushed them to please him, how Maxie and Brianna were doing all they could to fight said compulsions, and slowly but surely losing the battle.

And all it would take to cement them as his lovers was to let the change proceed. No, to *force* it to proceed.

“I can do it!” Oliver yelled to himself. The two women mistook the meaning of his words, however.

“Yes, do it!” Maxie cried.

“Hurry up, please!” Brianna added.

With a grin, Oliver allowed it to happen, no longer fighting the effects of the purple lightning but riding the wave of change and *enhancing* it instead, bringing them to an even more changed reality . . . one entirely in *his* favour.

The transformation came as the purple electricity arced around them. Oliver welcomed it, grinning as his shoulders widened and his jaw became manlier still. He rose

another inch, then two, now easily standing at six-foot-three. He wasn't just an athlete or even a quarterback now, he was a *God*, his body lithe where it needed to be, and bulky where muscle was required. A specimen of perfection, one that women would look at with awe, and men with envy.

Meanwhile, the two bullies cried out. Maxie screamed as her breasts surged forth, growing and growing, her top expanding to deal with her huge tits. They were easily F-cups, if not largely, practically the size of her head each. She moaned, biting her lip as the unwanted bliss hit her. Her legs extended, and her waist narrowed. Even her face became sculpted to perfection. He could feel her intelligence draining and her libido rising, her aching need to be fucked becoming impossible to resist.

Brianna, on the other hand, lost further height. She couldn't have been over five-foot-two at best, but her figure had curves in all the right places. She too dealt with a surging of the breasts, and while they weren't as big as Maxie's, they were easily E-cups in size, and looking all the bigger for the corset's squeezing effect on them. Her hips expanded with one final creak, and her ass filled out. It wasn't fat, but it was *bouncy*, the kind ass that Oliver already couldn't wait to fuck. Even her skin turned paler, giving her more of a goth aesthetic.

"This, like, can't happen! You're doing it wrong! Ohhhhhh God, I'm s-so fucking horny right now!"

"I'm sh-shorter! My ass is huge! Oliver, you need to - to fuck it!"

The lightning effect finally ended, and the changes stopped. They were complete now; Oliver could simply sense it. The two most desirable women he had ever seen, literally from his fantasies, stood before him, both breathing heavily, their forms practically bursting out of their sexy clothing, their eyes trained on his even more masculine body.

"You - you did this to us!" Maxie cried.

"This time I did, yeah."

"I'm gonna be a big tiddy goth girl for life?" Brianna asked.

"Looks like."

They trembled, trying not to moan. Oliver flexed a little, just to show off, and then they actually *did* moan.

"S-stop that!" Maxie said. "It's, like, soooooo sexy that it's making my big boobies really want you to touch them!"

"I'm getting fucking wet," Brianna whined. "My pussy is dripping right now!"

Oliver sighed. That connection between them was binding now. He knew what needed to be done, for all their sakes . . . not that he was complaining about it. He advanced upon both women, spread his arms around them both easily, and pulled them together

against him, his hands clasping their juicy asses. Both of them cooed, shocked at what he had done yet not pulling away.

“Mhmmm! Stop that, it’s - nng!”

“Ahhhh! What are you - ohhh!”

“I know how to *actually* help you both,” Oliver said. “I mean, *really* help you.”

They both looked up at him, their breasts squeezing not only against his chest but against each other, positioned as they were. There was hope in their eyes.

“Y-you do?” Maxie asked.

“Oh yeah. I’ve got exactly what you need.”

And at that, he could tell they both noticed the long, hard dick he now possessed, pressing up against them.

Oliver loved the way Brianna sucked his cock. She knew how to put those big, black-lipsticked lips to good use. He had football practice in ten minutes, but the sexy goth girl was utterly ravenous. She was wearing a tight black dress today, with a transparent sheen that left her midriff and arms largely visible, not to mention her monster cleavage. All the better, she was on her knees as he stood behind the bleachers, their privacy thankfully preserved as she sucked him off. He caressed her luscious dark hair with its purple streaks as she stroked him. It was the best blowjob he’d ever had, though *every* blowjob Brianna gave was his best one yet, as far as he was concerned. She stared up at him submissively, her eyes locked on his, as if waiting for permission to cum herself. Somehow, she always did when he came.

“I’m c-close, Brie!” he uttered. “Keep going. You’re being such a good girl. Such a good girl.”

She moaned, even as she stuck his enormous length deeper down her throat, massaging his length with her tongue, drinking in as much of him as she could. He knew that calling her ‘good girl’ was a massive fucking turn on for her as it was for him.

“I’m close! I’m - nng! That’s it! It’s happening! Drink it up, babe! I’m cumming!”

She quickly massaged his balls, willing all the more produce to spill forth from them, and they did. He ejaculated *hard*, an incredibly spurt of pleasure accompanying the very real spurt of jizz right into her mouth and down her throat. Oliver grunted, smiling happily as stream after stream erupted from him, and like the greedy, lustful goth that she now was, Brianna drank it all down. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head. She was masturbating, but she would have cum anyway.

“Damn, Brie. You’re so fucking good at that.”

"Don't say that kind of stuff," she said miserably. "I hate how much sucking your big, hard cock turns me on."

"You love it. You always love it. Just like I love this sexy dress."

She bit her lip to stop herself from smiling, but he could tell the compliments pleased her. Then she put on a scowl as she rose, folding her arms and looking like a grumpy goth.

"I can't believe I'm stuck like this."

"At least you're smarter than before."

"I'm tiny!"

"All the better for getting down to give me blowjobs. And for me taking you up the ass."

He groped her rear just then, causing her to whimper in pleasure.

"Ohhhh, I can't believe this. I hate how much I fucking need you. You're just . . . the worst and the *best*, sexy."

He smirked, putting an arm around her tiny shoulders. "The same to you, babe. Now let's go watch Maxie cheerlead while I practice."

"Not going to have sex with her too, are you? She deserves it! She encouraged me to smash your device! You should make her suck your cock, too!"

They turned around the back of the bleachers and came onto the field, where Ryan and Tyrone and the rest were about to gear up for training. But Oliver's attention was caught on the lovely cheerleaders, headed by the loveliest of them all. Maxie looked slightly uncomfortable, blushing as she did her warm ups and played with her pom poms. Every movement made her large, near-head-sized breasts wobble and bounce on her chest, her cleavage easily poking up from her top. Her body was straight fire, and the football boys were stopping to stare at her hourglass figure, the way she wiggled her hips and did little jumps for her warm ups. Several of them whistled, and she blushed red, annoyed by her new role but unable to stop herself from looking sexy with every pose.

"Looking hot there, babe!" Oliver called out.

She shivered, beaming despite her slight reluctance. Maxie put a pose on for him, squeezing her breasts together before running over to him and jumping into his arms. Her legs locked around him, her breasts pressed right up against his face until she grabbed his head and kissed him passionately, tongue and all.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, and the footballers griped amongst themselves.

"Dude somehow landed the two hottest girls on campus."

"How are they both okay with this? Hell, how does he keep up with them."

"Lucky dude."

He gripped her ass, causing her to giggle, ignoring what the men were saying.

"I love watching you warm up," he said. "Your boobs bounce so much."

"Ohhh, they're, like, way too big! You made me way too much of a bimbo, it's totally not fair!"

"You like it a lot more when I'm playing with them."

"Ahhh, don't s-say stuff like that! I'll just get super horny and need to fuck."

Oliver grinned. "We can always delay practice a few minutes, right? I seem to recall your change rooms are pretty empty around this time, right?"

She trembled. "I can't believe you. You got everything, and I got turned into your sexy blonde slut."

"That's karma babe. Don't pretend you didn't enjoy it."

She looked over at Brianna who shrugged. "I sucked him off," she said. "But I think he's still got juice in the tank."

"I - I could suck you off too?" she suggested, clearly giving in to her perpetual arousal. But Oliver shook his head.

"I'm thinking we bang you up against the lockers. Remember when you two sealed me inside one? Well, I want to fuck you tight busy and bang your brains out against one. How's that for revenge?"

The blonde beauty writhed against him, trying not to moan too loudly.

"That sounds too good! Bring Brianna, I like it when she's there, too!"

Oliver looked to Brianna, who was itching to join. They always would be. As much as they tried to fight their new roles, they would be his sexy girlfriends permanently, and they might as well get used to it.

"Come on, then," he said, letting Maxie down. "Let's go enjoy ourselves for some good luck before practice. All three of us."

"I can't believe how lucky he is," Brianna said, tagging along.

"I know, right?" Maxie added. "I want to beat him up again, but if I can't do that, at least I can let him fuck my wet pussy!"

Oliver let out a chuckle. Life really had gone right for him, so much so that he never wanted the purple lightning to ever be properly discovered. Why would he, when it had privately given him everything he wanted? And when he was banging Maxie up against the lockers just three minutes later, it was clear his girlfriends wanted this new life too, whether they knew it or not.

The End