

**Disclaimer: This is adult fiction. It contains pornographic and fetish topics not suitable for kids. There's also explicit language. Just wait till you're older, OK? The last thing I want to do is corrupt the youth. Y'all got enough of your own problems...

**This is a spin-off of *the flesh alteration kit* by 1999 BEAmer Award winner RandomKing.

The Wet T Shirt Contest by Chris Yohn; curious_caller@yahoo.com

"It's just that college is so expensive! PADIDDLE!!" Brad exclaimed pounding his fist against the roof in the back seat of his friends Toyota. *THUD*

"Indeed," said the driver in a nonchalant tone as he removed his boots.

"Dan, I know you have to buy most of the same textbooks for class as I do. Aren't you concerned at all?"

"Padiddle *hehe*," said the cute brunette in the passenger seat next to Dan. *THUD*

"Of course I'm concerned, dude. I've always found ways to pay for it though. No worries! Just take it one step at a time. You don't have to pay for books till the end of the week," Dan consoled Brad while pulling off his socks with one hand and steering with the other. "Vanessa, I don't know why you're smiling. You are going to lose. This is Brad and I's most competitive car game of all time."

"Nuh uh!" Vanessa snickered. She was in a giddy little mood tonight. She had that look in her eye like she knew something Brad didn't. Dan had a pretty good poker face. If he was involved (which, in all likelihood, he was) the only suspicion was coming from Vanessa.

"Gosh, this city is full of them. I can't play padiddle like this back home," Brad noted with a sigh. He drew into a pensive trance trying to plan out the exciting week ahead. The fall semester was in full swing, but Brad couldn't look forward to the college joys if he had to focus on finding employment the whole time.

"Get dressed, Brad, we're almost to your place," Dan commanded.

"Thanks for the ride. I would offer gas money but you know," Brad said making his way around the car to the front door of his hall.

"Yeah well I'm not hurting for cash," Dan chuckled.

"See ya, Brad," Vanessa farewelled as she pushed by Dan. Then I saw it. Dan put his arm around her and smiled at Brad with that same knowing expression as she did.

"See you in class tomorrow, bud," Dan said as he started to drive off.

For a guy, there is something very satisfying about letting someone know you are about to have sex. There is a disgraceful manner by which men do it, and then there's the way Dan did it. He won't say a word till it's the last word- or knowing expression in this case. 'I guess that's a wise way of doing it. You don't look like a douche for boasting, the girl doesn't get upset and call it off, and your friends don't have enough time to reply with something crude,' Brad said to himself. 'I bet he got a kick out of seeing the realization on my face as he drove off. That just figures. I'm left here with my troubles-- no money, and he, Mister *O-so-well-off*, drives home to bang. Meh!'

Brad went up to his dorm. He browsed for employment online till exhaustion started to set in.

Around one o'clock his phone buzzed.

--New Txt Message from DanMan: Hey I kno a way you can get the money 4 the last of your books. Ttyl--

Brad, only half awake, checked the message and rolled over on to the bed before falling asleep.

§§§

"Yo, Bro. Did you get my message last night?" Dan said passing a flyer to Brad, "here look at this".

"What's this about?" Brad looked at the brightly colored advert with a hot blonde wearing cut-off jeans and a wet tank top. "Wow, wet T-shirt contest. I can't go though"

"Just look at the prize." Dan said as he sat down in the lecture classroom next to Brad.

Brad looked back down at the flyer, "\$500. I don't understand. Is your new girlfriend offering to help me out by trying to win?"

"Nnnot exactly. Will that cover your costs?"

Brad hesitated. Once again Dan was proving what a player he was. He always seemed to be in the company of cute women who did him favors. "Yeah 500 would cover it," he replied.

"Good! Come to lunch with me."

"I can't. I gotta go to the student employment office"

"No, do that later. This prize money will take care of ya. We got to meet someone," said Dan manner-of-fact like.

Just then the professor walked in and promptly started class. Brad sat back not satisfied with what Dan had made known. Neither was he happy that it was going to keep him from getting the jump on employment ahead of the rest of the student body. Vanessa was pretty, but she wasn't his first pick in a wet T-shirt contest. *'You'd need large hypnotizing breasts,'* Brad thought, *'if I don't like the girl Dan is introducing me to, then I can still make it to employment before the next class.'*

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The night before, Dan used his flesh alteration kit to sneak into the all-girls hall with Vanessa after dropping off Brad. Using the flesh alteration kit he had grown his hair down to his shoulders, filled out his hips and lips, and made himself shorter. Dan's favorite part was the breasts. He made them big enough to stretch the front of the hoodie he wore. It was a thrill to have them bounce at each step. Tit was also fun to watch the night watch shuffle behind their desk trying not to get caught gawking. He wore the hoodie with a pair of skinny jeans. Both were in men's sizes but could pass for woman's garb. It was just a quick modification he used to fool the front desk student security. Once they get to the dorm room Dan would drink the reversal drink from the kit to restore himself to his original proportions.

They entered the lobby. Two night watch students sat at a desk in the center of the lobby idly biding their time with homework and mobile apps. The elevators were in the short corridor behind the desk. On a table next to the elevators laid flyers and adverts. Among them were wet T-shirt flyers.

Dan picked one up. "Easy money," he murmured in a rather feminine voice, another modification he had made.

"Oh really miss Danni!?" Vanessa inquired. She put her hands on her hips and arched an eyebrow. Dan was such a wild card. She couldn't predict what she would find out about him next! The flesh kit was a shock, but then what Dan had been doing with it blew Vanessa's mind 10 times more! Changing a couple of features just to get past the student night staff was the tip of what his mind was capable of concocting. It thoroughly amused her in an awe inspiring way. Was he about to alter himself into a buxom babe and start winning prize money?

"This is it! This is how Brad is going to get the money he needs," Dan schemed. It took Vanessa a second to catch on to what Dan was saying.

"You're going to turn *Brad* into a buxom babe to win the prize money?" she deduced out loud. One of the night staff at the front desk overheard the peculiar comment and looked up from playing angry birds. Both students turned away to conceal their embarrassment.

'Oh my gosh! I can't believe I'm starting to think like Dan too!

Being conscious of eavesdroppers, Dan whispered, "This is perfect. And it's the best way to tell him about the kit."

Vanessa expressed her overwhelming enthusiasm with an embracing kiss. This brought Dan back to the present situation. He was getting lucky tonight!

Ding! The elevator doors opened and the couple quickly made it onto the platform out of sight.

"Damn!" The security guard playing angry birds waited till the lobby got quiet again to make opinions on what he just witnessed. "Never know what you're going to see or hear around here!"

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As class ended, Brad gathered his bag and looked to Dan to take the lead. "OK, where are we going and who are we meeting?"

"We are going scouting. First, let's get food to go," Dan responded. He picked up his bag and headed out of class. He wore his poker face which frustrated Brad.

"We aren't meeting anyone then?" Brad stated with obvious confusion.

"OK here's the thing. We need to find a girl with the perfect bod for this."

"Then what? Are we going to ask her real nicely to make money for a complete stranger by flaunting her body?"

"When you put it that way... just follow my lead OK? You don't know it yet but this is going to be the best semester we've had so far. There's no reason to stress out."

It was a beautiful late summer's day when the two made it to the food court. They got to-go meals and sat outside next to the turf football field. It was an opportune place to scout anytime. This was the social center of campus and located right next to fraternity row. Students came here to play football and basketball in the warm weather, to eat, or to see a movie in the university theater. Today, most people were wearing outfits to show off their summertime tans and fit physique.

"OK," Dan pulled out a black note pad and pen. Then, he pulled out some curved black metal pieces which he quickly assembled into a hoop. "Just go with me on this. We need to find a busty girl. Then, we're going to have here step through this hoop."

Brad looked at Dan baffled. "I don't follow. Hop scotch is the lamest tit jiggling test I've ever heard."

"No," Dan stated flatly, "look, we are here to find a girl that has winner potential. This hoop will- er- save the attributes we want and discard the ones we don't. Then, we can go about creati-ah er- I mean getting the right girl later this week. Alright, man?"

Brad took a bite of his cheese burger as he chewed on the situation in his mind. He looked down at his feet, and when he was ready he confronted Dan. "Dan. This is really starting to bug me. You coerce women to do what you want. It's so easy for you, and I wonder if you ever consider their feelings." Brad took a drink of his Dr. Pepper then said, "Maybe they are doing it to get you to like them and you are taking advantage of that. Someone is going to get hurt! This is so not like you! You are the most sensitive guy I know. The 'ladies man.' Has it just made your ego too big to notice?"

Dan mentally accepted his friend's criticism. It was something he consciously had to consider anytime he talked to a woman. A guy can promise so much to a woman without even knowing it, and then, if it doesn't turn out the way a woman thought it would, she feels betrayed. Dan knew Brad was most likely hinting that Vanessa was going to get hurt. He liked her. He had shared his secrets with her, and they were openly talking about a relationship. Dan made a mental note to talk with Vanessa about communicating what their boundaries were going to be. Things usually get out of hand with the flesh alteration kit involved.

Dan was sensitive. It served him well- like a sixth sense. That's why this plan was going to work and no one was going to get hurt!

"It's not what you think," Dan replied empathetically. Then he grew more serious and said slowly, "There is something I've been meaning to show you. I'm very nervous and I want to trust that you will keep it a secret. It's called a- a flesh alteration kit." Dan watched for Brad's reaction. So far Brad was still completely confused. "I'm not taking advantage of women. No one is making any deals or being coerced. It's just you me and Vance in this."

Brad's face which was twisted with perplexity started to relax. "So... Why are we scouting for women exactly?"

That's when Dan said it. All his internal excitement had been building up and he blurted, "We are going to copy their attributes into the kit and model you into a wet T shirt contest winner." Right when he said it he wished he hadn't.

Brad wished he mistook what he just heard his best friend say. Completely bewildered, Brad stood up, walked with his trash to the waste bin, and then kept on walking away.

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Late that afternoon, Brad was sitting by the bus stop thinking over the absurd conversation. *'It's not possible. Dan is crazy and Vanessa must be too.'* He didn't know what he was going to do without Dan. College was stressful for Brad. He struggled with his academics and finances. He always had to put in more hours of study to do well on his engineering exams which effected how often he had the chance to be social. Dan didn't seem to have those problems. Dan could explain any subject and make it crystal clear. He studied with Brad and came up with ideas to earn money while having a good time. Brad had to talk to Dan and knock some sense into him. If he failed, Brad concluded that Dan's insanity would drive them apart.

"Hey, stranger, why the long face?" Vanessa greeted Brad with a cheery attitude. This broke Brad out of his contemplation and he focused on her. There was something different about her breasts. They were so obvious.

"Hey, Vanessa," he tried not to stare. "Did you two have fun last night? I bet you kept the neighbors up. Dan's apartment walls aren't very noise resistant."

"Actually," Vanessa tilted her head to one side and her hips to the other. The sudden weight shift made her chest bounce. "We did have fun, but we didn't have to worry about the noise because we were in my dorm. The walls are pretty thick. We put the mattresses on the floor. That way when Dan gets ready to--"

"OK! OK! OK! I don't want to know. But how did you sneak him into the women only dorms?"

"He used his flesh kit. He told me he already told you about it. What do you think?"

Brad groaned, "You too? I don't believe it. What you're saying is impossible. Are you two being funny? Is Dan a special makeup FX master?"

"Gah! You don't get it. You're being difficult," she said and crossed her arms under her breasts showing her frustration. Then, she put her hands under her tits and presented them up. "How do you explain these then?"

Dan couldn't object they were drastically larger than ever. Brad didn't know what to do. This was Dan's girl who was flaunting in front of him. His widening eyes kept darting back and forth from Vanessa's face to her prominent rack.

Vanessa was enjoying being able to dominate Brad in such a way; however, she reluctantly retracted. "Give Dan a chance. He was so excited to tell you about it. This is going to make this the most memorable semester ever! Why don't you come over for dinner at Dan's tonight?"

Brad hesitated. He wasn't sure he was ready to buy into such make believe. "Ok. Besides I'd rather have Dan's cooking than food at the caf. Haha."

"Great!" Vanessa rocked on her heels which intentionally setting her embellishments bouncing once more. They threatened to jump right out at Brad. Feeling Brad's unease, she became embarrassed. "Welp, I'll see you at the apartment then," and she walked off across campus in the direction of her dorm.

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The smell of bacon and waffles informed Brad that he didn't have to wait on dinner. He walked in through the front door of the apartment where he was greeted by Dan flipping bacon on the skillet. The tiled kitchen was open to the carpeted living room where Vanessa was reclined sorting through some DVD's on the couches. The dull white room was lit by three light sources, a wall lamp and two lamp vases. There were two comfortable grey couches and a love seat huddled around a coffee table against the left wall. A flat screen TV was posted on top of a black metal shelf against the opposite wall. Beyond that stood a white four legged wood table and matching stools against the window frame. The window allowed the last of the summer's sun's illuminating warmth in to the apartment as it set over the river valley scene outside. A door to the right of the white table led to the bedroom and bathroom.

"Dinner's ready," Dan grinned happy to see his best friend had come back.

"Listen, Dan, I--"

"Don't apologize for anything, Bradley. I understand." Dan gestured to a wet bar with some accessories on a table on the far side of the living room, "I should have shown you the kit first before the scouting today." He pulled out a knife and started to chop up a potato to make hash browns. "How hungry are you? That burger today did nothing to fill be up, man, how 'bout you?"

"Fur sur. Better slice up the whole potato there."

"K. So Vance I AAAHHH!!" Dan had looked up from the cutting board and accidently cut off his whole hand! "AAAHHH!! OH SHIT!"

"OH SHIT!!" Brad repeated. He jumped and flinched at the sight! "Your fucking hand, dude!" Brad struggled to pull his phone out of his pocket to call 911.

"Why did I do that!? AAHH!!" Dan wailed clutching his shortened limb. His severed hand twitched and fell onto the floor. Then, it crawled its way towards Brad!

"It's still alive!" Brad dropped the cell phone and leaped towards the living room out of the path of the moving hand. Brad was completely freaked out. Tears were running down his face. He was jumping around in terror...

There was laughter then. Vanessa and Dan were in stitches. They held their stomachs as they tried to stop laughing at Brad.

"Brad you should see your face!" Dan said as he went over and picked up his right hand.

Vanessa busted out laughing even more at Brad's confusion. She fell off the sofa in breathless glee!

"Wha?" Brad missed the joke, but realized that Dan's stump wasn't bleeding nor was he in pain. Dan's hand still seemed to function properly though it was detached. "That's fucked up, Dan. What the fuck. Ha ha not funny."

"I couldn't help it. Hehehe. Here let me show you the kit." Dan walked over and handed Brad a plate of food and then lead him across the living room to the table. Brad started to nibble on the bacon and hash browns.

Dan struggled to put on a latex glove on his left hand with his teeth. Then, he poured some cream into his hand from a fountain on the wet bar and applied to the end of his stub. Then he reattached his right hand and wiggled his fingers. "There. Good as new," he said assuring Brad that it was completely harmless. "The knives in the kit are harmless. There's no blood or gore. It splits you like the saw-in-half trick magicians always do."

The wet bar had four nozzles labeled Flesh Putty, Solidifier Fluid, Stick Cream, Reversal Drink. Buttons and toggles lined the top. All of them had something to do with textures and colors of the flesh putty. Sitting beside the bar were more daunting knives and an oversized syringe. Beside the table were three hoops, a white, a grey, and the familiar black hoop Dan assembled earlier at lunch. The black hoop had a switch labeled COPY and DELETE. The bulkier grey hoop had a card slot box attached to it and several dials for Sensitivity, Percentage, and Hair. The cards that went with it were in a grey plastic container on the floor underneath the white table.

"What are those for?" Brad indicated with a nod before taking a bite of bacon.

"Each card can change your race or species. Some are blank so we can store our own custom alterations." Dan took off the glove and went back to the kitchen to get beers and a plate of food for himself and Vanessa. He sat the plates and the six pack on the coffee table. Then he sat back and rested on the couch next to the bustier woman. Brad sat down on the far couch.

"Here's the plan, B-man," Dan explained. "We have four days to create the winner. Vanessa will help you with feminine mannerisms but we need to focus on making you an amateur performer. We spent all afternoon searching for wet T-shirt footage so that we know what to expect on Friday. Are you ready?"

"My first porn watch party," Brad sarcastically stated. He was not happy but fresh home cooked food and beer put him more at ease.

A few beers later, the guys were experiencing a nice mellow buzz. Brad and Dan discussed their observations of the four episodes of amateur contests they just watched. Vanessa was asleep lying up against Dan's right side. Brad started up the next clip from Ms. Wet and Nasty Competition. It was completely staged but it could be used for inspiration.

Dan was starting to get uneasy. Never having been to a wet T shirt contest, he assumed all you had to do was flash your tits and the hottest babe with the largest breasts wins. However, the girls in all these clips were really getting into it. They were grinding, ass shaking, kissing, and making themselves look like sexual freaks. He wrote these notes into the black notepad on his lap. He made quick sketches and outfits too trying to envision the woman he was going to turn Brad into.

Brad ignored the fact that *he* was the one that was going to be competing on Friday. It still didn't seem real to him. He was horny from watching the last hour of parading naked women. He was happy from having the delicious food and beer. He didn't want to think about all the stress his day had caused. College and this idea of Dan's had exhausted Brad's reasons to care. He was just grateful for hanging out with his friends.

"Here's to the best semester ever," Brad raised his bottle and saluted with Dan.

"I'm glad you are OK with it," Dan polished off his latest beer bottle. "We can ask Vanessa to do it if you don't want to. I just thought a guy knows what guys want to see and we wouldn't feel guilty about whoring someone we know."

Vanessa stirred. "Guys don't know what they want," she said in a croaked I-just-woke-up kind of voice. Brad didn't hear but Dan squeezed her in acknowledgement with his right arm that he had draped around her shoulders. Vanessa felt the smooth skin of her enlarged breasts compress and brush together. It was a thrilling feeling. She loved them.

"Yeah," Brad agreed with Dan while keeping his focus on the dancing Wet and Nasty model. *That seemed to justify gender bending*' Brad thought to himself. Then he turned to look over his shoulder at the kit. He was eyeing the hoops and the cards when he said, "I guess this creates a win-win."

"Feel free to experiment," invited Dan. He then watched in anticipation as Brad slowly got off the couch and went over to the table.

Brad crouched down and sorted through the container of cards. Each manila colored card had a large bold printed label specifying a gender specific ethnicity. They were alphabetized starting with ARIAN FEMALE all the way to ZULU MALE. In a separate partition were the blank cards Dan had commented earlier. They had blanks where the labels went so they could be written in. A few already had blue pen scribbled in. One label he read aloud in recognition, "Bianca Beauchamp, Danny?"

"Ah, that one isn't right yet. Forget it," Dan ignored Brad's chuckles as he watched the last of the porn video. Dan didn't discuss his fetishes. Brad had found out about his latex muse when snooping in Dan's phone back in high school.

Brad got an idea. He picked out the Zulu male card and put it in the slot of the grey hoop. The subscript on the card read *warrior class*. "Now I just step inside?"

"You got to go through it," Dan explained. "Check the dials on the side there."

Brad turned the racial change dial to 99%. He dialed down the pain/pleasure sensitivity from max to 60%. 'Someone was using this for naughty things,' he thoughtfully observed. He turned the hair settings to zero. Then he stood up. He lifted the hoop over his head, took a deep breath, and let the hoop fall. As it fell he could feel the air hit his scalp. Brad could tell his facial structure was different from the way his cheek muscles pulled and how his lips were a bit thicker. He felt more tightly bound by muscle as the hoop passed by his torso and legs. He felt the weight of his new toned physique and the ease of control his agile muscles provided. He also felt thinner. As the hoop passed his crotch Brad felt a wave of energy as his shaft became thicker. He could feel his balls slapping farther down his inner thighs than normal. As the hoop hit the floor, Brad felt like his legs were spring loaded and ready for a 100 meter dash.

Brad let his arms drop to his sides and turned to face Dan. Then he took an assessment of himself. He could tell he was black from the color of the bridge of his nose. It was less noticeable than his original nose in the dimly lit living room. He curled his arms up to flex and looked at the ripped biceps under his coal black skin. His clothes didn't fit the same. His shirt felt tighter around his upper chest and shoulders. His shorts fell further down around his hips showing off the top half of his boxers. He pulled them back up and readjusted his belt.

Brad made his way around the couch and coffee table to stand in front of the slumbering Vanessa. He grabbed her shoulder firmly and growled!

Vanessa sat bolt upright, took a look at the threatening black stranger with wide frightened eyes, and screamed. She flailed her arms and legs and then retreated behind Dan until she realized he was laughing. She understood the joke was on her this time. She slowly sat up and pulled a tress of hair out from in front of her eyes. She looked the smiling black man/prankster up and down. "You're look'n good Brad," she said nonchalantly to play off her embarrassment.

"Hehehe yoo should ha seen your face," said Brad with a heavy African accent as he doubled over in laughter.

Dan sat back and laughed along with him.

§§§

On the third day that fall semester, the two best friends set out to scout for potential helpers. It was hotter than normal that afternoon on the patio of the food court. People (mainly women) were sun bathing on the low warm stone retaining walls along the outer perimeter of the football court. All along fraternity row women were bathing in the front yards and on the roof tops of their sorority houses. Those closer to the food court were more awake and socializing. The more serious sun bathers were farther from the street. These women were more reclined and oriented toward the sun with untied bikinis spread out under them to avoid getting tan lines.

"Alright," Dan affirmed while pulling out the black hoop pieces. "We'll start on the far end of the field and head up frat row." Then he turned to Brad, handed him the hoop, and asked, "see something you like?"

"Oh yeah," Brad assessed. "We couldn't have picked a better day I think."

Dan texted Vanessa who was at the house to receive the copied bodies through the white hoop.

--New Txt Message from Vanessa ;) : All good here. Ready to receive the booty! Lol ;) --

Dan laughed to himself. After Brad left two nights before, Vanessa had inflated her ass with flesh putty and was parading around the bed room until Dan walked in. He caught her bent over in front of the mirror lip sinking to ghetto hip hop and dancing. Dan had taken advantage of the situation to show Vanessa what an ass like that was really good for...

"Ok how about her?" Brad was looking at a honey blonde obviously getting a lot of attention. Brad's interjection broke Dan out of his daze of Vanessa and he focused on what Brad indicated. She was above average in height and had a nice slender build. Her breasts looked about B range. She had a warm smile, high cheek bones, and long straight hair that brushed the tops of her breasts. Her face was concealed in part by a large pair of sunglasses. She was flirting with the athletes on the field while pretending to read a kindle.

Next to her was her wing mate, a brunette with much curvier features. Her bathing suit was more conservative to compliment her more portioned body type. She had a cute rounder face with light freckles and almond eyes. Her curly brown hair was spectacularly highlighted by the amount of sun she must have received over the summer and fell down just below her shoulders. She lay on her stomach atop of a large beach towel. Her bubble butt stuck out as her most noticeable feature.

The ever confident Dan and hopeful Brad donned there aviators and walked around the football field to the girls. When Dan was sure the girls noticed their approach he flashed them a friendly smile. When they were within earshot, Dan engaged them, "Hey there."

"Hi," said the enthusiastic blonde.

"Hello," the brunette said more formally. She tossed her head to the side to whip her hair over her right shoulder allowing her to see the guys approach from her left.

They stopped a few feet away from the women and Dan asked, "would you two mind helping us for a second. My friend and I are working on biometrics research." Brad stood there resting the hoop around his neck appearing to be engaged in the conversation.

"Sure," the women agreed.

"Great. I need you two to step through this hoop." Dan gestured to the hoop. On cue, Brad presented it in front of them.

The blonde stood up and took the hoop from Brad. "Yeah ok. What kind of geek research is this?"

"It measures features of your physical profile," Brad responded, "it allows us to calculate center of mass and agility." He was pretty of proud of that story. He was telling the truth to some respect, and the fancy science words made it sound like a believable project.

"Oh," the blonde was overwhelmed by the statement. It sounded pretty cool though she didn't understand how it would measure her or why the research mattered. She simply stepped into the hoop up and over her head. Then she passed the hoop to her girl friend.

"What are your names?" Dan inquired.

"I'm Kim and this is Christine," the blonde.

"Pleased to meet you. I'm Dan"

"Brad," intercepting into the discussion, Brad waved to Kim and Christine.

Christine stepped through the hoop in the same way as Kim. Then she handed it back to Brad with a smile.

"Well thanks for the help Kim and Christine. Enjoy the view," Dan flashed another friendly smile as he indicated the guys playing on the field.

"No problem," Kim responded with a wink. She and Christine laughed at Dan's light hearted comment. The guys walked up towards the street permitting the girls to resume bathing and sightseeing.

Dan got a text.

--New Txt Message from Vanessa ;) : Got it. Wow! She's pierced.--

Followed by another more insistent text.

--New Txt Message from Vanessa ;) : Can you WARN ME when you send multiples!! I wasn't ready!! Just attacked by a lifeless babe!!! This one is really cute though...--

Dan replied that he would send a warning beforehand. He and Brad left the food court patio and crossed the street to Frat Row. The next girl they came to was lying down in a pool chair on her back with one leg bent at the knee. She was a dark brown haired, athletic girl. Her legs and abs were very toned. Her mocha skin radiated from being recently shaved and lotioned. Her black Nike bikini didn't have any ties or draw strings. Most notable about her body, were her breasts which protested gravity and normal body proportion standards. Dan started to think that making a copy of her would not copy her implants too. He would have to fill the cavities with flesh putty and see how they looked! He texted Vanessa, --one--.

As Dan's shadow cast over her, she looked up to see two handsome guys looking back at her. The conversation went the same way as the last one. She agreed to help out with their 'biomechanics research.' She accepted the hoop from Brad and put herself through while lying on her pool chair. Like pulling on a pair of pants, she brought the hoop up from her feet and thrust her hips in the air to get it around her waist. Every time she flexed Dan's eyes got big. After bringing the hoop over her head she handed it back to Brad. The guys thanked Kiara for her help and set off up the street again. Dan had a big accomplished grin on his face.

Dan looked at his phone

--New Txt Message from Vanessa ;) : Uh this one didn't come through right. Something is wrong with her tits.-- This confirmed Dan's suspicions. He replied back to her

--Implants!! We'll have some fun with the flesh putty later :D What do you think of the rest of her? She may be the one I've been looking for to finish the Dominatrix I've been working on--

--New Txt Message from Vanessa ;) : LOL --

That's all the response he got from that. He and Brad didn't have many other sun bathers to choose from.

"Hey Brad. We have the majority of what we need. If you see anything better, let me know. Last thing before we get out of here though- The last girl's were fakes," Dan addressed as he gestured to his chest, "we need a large pair of natural breasts" Again he gestured with his hands as if he were cupping two expanding tits.

Brad laughed at Dan's body communication, "Alright. I know a girl."

To be more accurate the *girl* Brad knew was a woman. Nothing about her H sized breasts or modest outfit described her as a girl. Her name was Samantha, and she agreed to help with the research project. Dan had to extend the hoop's circumference to make sure Samantha could fit through it. Samantha was short which made her chest look enormous. Her ultra-bra held them up so they didn't hang past her navel. She had soft black hair which

she had pulled back in a bun. Her eyes were bright green. *'Vanessa is going to love this!'* Dan thought to himself. He took out his phone and texted Vanessa 'last one ;).'

A few moments later he got a response.

--New Txt Message from Vanessa ;) : Oh my! I want to be this big--

Dan replied.

--Are you going to wait for me????--

No reply was issued back. Dan was left in suspense to whether Vanessa swapped breasts with Sam's or not.

Brad and Dan returned to the food court for lunch and discuss the next part of the plan.

"OK, you still up for this?" inquired Dan.

"Yeah. So which one should I go with?" said Brad.

"Well not only would it be dangerous and morally questionable to impersonate someone, it would be less fun. We are going to take the key features from each of the girls and make a new identity for you," explained Dan. "Which I want to talk to you about next..."

Brad stared back at Dan anticipating that he was going to talk. After a brief pause he raised his eye brows and insisted, "What? Talk about what?"

"Well, I know you're uncomfortable with the switch. It would be better if you practiced being a girl before you got on a stage."

"OK. Aaand," Brad knew what was coming next. He hoped that Dan would hear the apprehension in his voice and reconsider that they practice in a setting three states away where no one would know him.

"We are going shopping tomorrow and you'll get to try on the new you before we go," Dan said factually. He completely ignored the timidity in Brad's voice and the moaning from the reply. This was going to guarantee a flawless victory on Friday and it had to be done sooner rather than later. "By the way, Friday, you have fewer classes. You are going to go the whole day as a woman too."

'This just gets better and better.' Brad thought hopelessly. With a pout he focused on the meal with his head down.

"Aw cheer up Brad. We are going to win your financial freedom! Besides, Vanessa has been hopeful for some one on one time. "

Brad suddenly looked up at Dan and indicated, "You are doing it too." Then he smirked and said, "Yeah, OK. If I'm going to be a babe for a day you're doing it with me."

Dan was stunned for a moment. He had controlled the show thus far, but it only seemed fair since he was forcefully gender swapping his friend. In public. To have 'girl time'. Dan composed himself and committed. "Fine," he put. So they finished lunch and headed to the next class. Nothing more was said about it that day.

§§§

--New Txt Message from Vanessa ;) : Do I have plans for you tonight big boy!--

--New Txt Message from DanMan: Hey how were classes after you left the apartment?--

--New Txt Message from Vanessa ;) : They were fine. I have been so wet all day after seeing all that hotness you copied.--

--New Txt Message from DanMan: Oh yeah?--

--New Txt Message from Vanessa ;) : So I used four of the blank cards to save them. I need the black hoop to delete them.--

--New Txt Message from Vanessa ;) : Sooo I may have used one of the cards.. I put the girls in the bed--

--New Txt Message from DanMan: Those are for Brad!! >:[how are you not going unnoticed anyway--

--New Txt Message from Vanessa ;) : I know. There's no harm in sharing. Besides, they're saved in the cards.--

--New Txt Message from DanMan: Grr. So what did you do? And when will you be by?--

Dan entered the apartment, closed the door, and set down his books. With a heavy sigh he pulled off his shirt as he mentally adjusted from college management to home enjoyment. The privacy and accomplished sense of pride from having such a place sank in and he embraced it, for he knew he was blessed.

He rummaged through his college bag and pulled out the curved black metal. Then, he went into the bedroom, flipped on the light, and tossed the shirt into the closet. Standing bare chested in the middle of his room, he took note of the four body sized lumps in his queen sized bed covered by his quilt. He kicked off his shoes, socks, and shorts. Then, he put on a clean black V neck T-shirt and a pair of oversized sweat pants. Next, he assembled the hoop and set the toggle to delete. He pulled back the covers on his bed revealing the four inert copies. One at a time, he worked the hoop down over each copied woman. As they passed through, they vanished. Dan headed back into the kitchen to toss two bowls of mac and cheese in the microwave for dinner.

His phone buzzed.

--New Txt Message from Vanessa ;) : I'm here :) --

Dan went to the door. Vanessa came around the corner at the far end of the building. When she saw Dan she gave him a wide smile. She had on open toed heels, shorts, a tank, and her college bag. The tank normally covered her mid-section but her enlarged breasts lifted the garment revealing her narrow waist. She had obviously used the copies Dan and Brad had gained in order to alter herself further. Her midsection was a copy of Kiara, the athletic sunbather.

"What do you think?" asked Vanessa, walking into the apartment and tossing her bag to the floor. She stopped and twisted to the side as to pose. She focused her gaze on Dan in expectancy.

"You look hot. All that time in the gym this summer paid off," he commented sarcastically; then he added, "if your name is Kiara."

"Tch, that's so creepy when you tell me their names," Vanessa protested. She suddenly felt embittered and discouraged. "When you call them copies it doesn't bother me, but when you start naming them then I feel guilty."

"Serves you right. Those bodies are not yours to take advantage of."

"And using them to win a contest is OK?" refuted Vanessa. It seemed to her that Dan was being very hypocritical to pass judgment on her when he was setting Brad up for a similar make over.

"That's different. Look, it's a one day thing for Brad. He gets a unique experience and then it's over. He goes back to being himself. How long have you had those breasts?" Dan pointed at Vanessa. "You are modifying who

you really are. This isn't a plastic surgery miracle machine," Dan indicated to the alteration kit. "You need to be yourself."

He let her consider his statement for a moment. Vanessa had kept her larger breasts since Monday morning and tweaked her features over the last day and a half. Dan took a closer look at what she had altered. She whitened her teeth, her eyes were larger, her tan lines were removed, she pierced her nipples, her lips were thicker, she was taller, her hair was longer, and lastly she added muscle tone from the athletic chic. What Dan didn't see was she made her pussy deeper but tighter and also pierced her clit. (She had removed her enlarged ass after having sex on Monday.)

"You are beautiful. Those toned legs look good on you. Maybe we should start running the trail so you can get that way on your own? Here," Dan said as he handed her a cup of macaroni and cheese. "This appearance is fake. After tonight I want you to use the reversal drink. OK?"

Vanessa looked hurt. She was embarrassed and didn't like being called fake. Then she looked down at her feet... er tried to, for her vision was intercepted by two ballooning tata's. Her hair fell down around her face with greater weight than usual. Everything was off. She didn't recognize herself. She was lost in her fantasy of being someone else. She had been enjoying the high from the attention people gave her and the new sensations made by her altered state.

"OK," Vanessa said weakly.

"Hey," Dan said. He pulled her in and kissed her passionately. When they broke the kiss Vanessa looked up and met Dan's gaze. His eyes roamed over her taking in all the wonder and beauty of her appearance. When he looked back into her eyes it was as if he was looking at Vanessa inner self. She knew that his words were sincere.

His actions were too! His straight forwardness and passion was turning her on! They broke their embrace and turned their attention to their dinner. Vanessa's mind started to race. The confidence and horniness she had before he made those negative comments came flooding back! She finished her dinner quickly, grabbed her bag, and made a dash for the flesh kit in the bedroom.

"Close your eyes. Hands behind your back," Vanessa commanded from the bedroom.

Dan shoveled the last mouthful of mac and cheese in his mouth and obeyed. She put on a latex glove and poured out a small amount of the stick cream. With her other hand she picked up a large separation knife. She returned to the kitchen counter where Dan sat next to upon a stool. She applied the cream to where his hands touched.

"Hey!" Dan protested though he did little to defend himself.

She took off the glove and put it on the counter. Then she gently led him from the kitchen to the couch. "Stand here. Don't move," she commanded in a sweet voice. Dan stood facing the couch. Next, she stood on her tip toes, pressed her body against his back and reached around. She caressed his chest, scratched his stomach, squeezed his arms, and untied the draw string of his sweat pants.

Dan struggled to keep his eyes closed.

"You've shown me such a great time this week; I am going to enjoy returning the favor!" Vanessa conveyed in a sultry voice. She let his pants drop to the floor. Next, she lifted his shirt up over his head and down his arms. The shirt lay trapped at his wrists where Vanessa had glued his hands together. She slowly reached into his boxers taking her time detecting where his shaft was.

Dan felt so good to Vanessa. His body was toned and his skin was warm to the touch. He was the perfect height at 6' 3'. Just big enough where she felt safe but not so large that she felt engulfed by a giant. She couldn't wait to undress and get closer to him. He was lean and strong enough to resist when Vanessa was rough with him. Dan keeps his body hair shaved. Shaved privates seemed larger and smoother to Vanessa. Plus there's no hair in her mouth when giving oral!

Slowly, slowly, she lightly dragged her finger tips down. Then, down along his dick. Vanessa traced around the head of Dan's cock. Dan, with his eyes still closed, jumped and groaned at the blissful stimulation Vanessa provoked. His muscles contracted and relaxed as her fingers traveled over all the different sensitive places on his body. Vanessa motioned for Dan to turn around. She pressed him backward guiding him down on to the couch. She followed him downward as he sat with his hands behind his back. Vanessa tossed Dan's pants across the room and got on her knees. Dan felt himself get even harder in anticipation. He tried to conceal the fact that his body was shivering with excitement. Vanessa fought back her shivers too. She could barely control herself looking at Dan's male member. She was going to enjoy pleasuring Dan; she was going to enjoy plunging his meaty cock into herself even more.

Vanessa put her left hand on Dan's inner thigh and grabbed his cock with the other. She stroked Dan gently letting his penis throb down and back up. She was level with it. So close to his manhood that Dan could feel her warm moist breath on the underside of his schlong. Vanessa kissed its tip. Then, she left a trail of kisses down his shaft and over his balls. Each kiss was a little more passionate than the last. Then, using just the tip of her tongue, she licked from his scrotum back up to the tip. Dan groaned in pleasure. Then Vanessa did it again a little more passionately than before. On the third time around, Vanessa's kisses were becoming small sucks and she was using more of her tongue's surface to lick Dan's cock. Dan started to sweat and his abs started to contract. Vanessa could smell Dan's arousal much stronger now. On the fourth time, she stuck the head of his prick in her mouth.

As she teased the head of his cock, Vanessa pulled out the knife. With her hand still on Dan's thigh, she pushed his leg out wide and slid the knife into the base of Dan's manhood. She took in as much of Dan's manhood as she could while still being able to breathe severing it off completely with the knife.

Dan knew something was amiss. He could feel his penis but his coordination with it was off- as if his penis was nearer to his chest instead of where it should be. He lifted his head off the couch and opened his eyes. He looked at Vanessa. Then his eyes bulged as he realized his severed state. He looked down in disbelief. Sure enough there was a smooth, rounded area where cock and balls are supposed to be. Vanessa sat there grinning with Dan's cock in her mouth with his balls brushing against her chin.

"Uhgrh," Dan exclaimed looking at Vanessa. He flexed his kegels and watched as the cock in her mouth throbbed. Precum collected in the back of Vanessa's mouth. "Uhgrh?" he repeated.

Vanessa almost lost her grip on the shaft because she was smiling so awkwardly. What she was doing was so bizarre and so satisfying she couldn't help but grin. She carefully took the cock in her hand, sucked off the precum, and stood up, dominating over Dan. "Wait here. I'm taking **this**," she emphasized, "so you can't cheat."

Dan knew she meant that she didn't want him to be able to touch himself. Even with his hands behind his back he could rub his legs up against his cock. Vanessa coyly backed away from Dan and headed into the bedroom. She took off all her clothes and stood in front of the mirror. She put her hands on her hips with the knife in one hand and the penis in the other. "hmm what to alter first," she said quietly to herself.

Dan did the only thing he could: sit. He wetted his mouth, for it had become dry during the teasing. To keep his cock hard in the other room he started to fantasize about scenarios he and Vanessa could try. He let out a satisfied groan and thought to himself, *'How lucky am I. I get to experience all my fantasies. I am so happy that I have someone like Vanessa!'*

Vanessa heard him groan and replied, "You better be right where I left you."

She injected herself with the flesh putty and enjoyed the sensations it brought on. Vanessa plunged the flesh putty into her left breast with the syringe. The putty felt like gushing water filling her. The solidifier fluid made it transform from a balloon type feeling to a natural doughy springy feeling. Most importantly it felt heavier and BIG! Once she was done filling the first breast, she had the pleasure of filling the other one.

She looked over at his still-hard dick which she had laid on the bed. *'Men must always be hard,'* she thought to herself. She walked over to the bed and sat down on top of it. Dan felt the sudden weight on his absent dick, so he flexed in response. The throbbing object beneath Vanessa gave her a strange sensation and she smiled in her deviousness again. She slid back and forth letting her sex lube the side of Dan's penis. It tingled to have a dick rub against her womanly lips. *'I wonder what it's like having balls,'* Vanessa thought to herself. She stood up and picked up the human dildo. She turned to the full length mirror and modeled the penis in front of her. The woman in front of her had a *DICK*, male hardware! How odd. She turned the penis around and pushed it inside slowly trying not to let Dan to go off.

Dan growled with pleasure and flinched to the effects of having his schlong suddenly buried in a wet, tight space. "Be good to me, babe," he said with caution.

"Don't worry, sexy," comforted Vanessa. She stood with her legs together looking in the mirror. The curvaceous woman staring back had a scrotum dangling from inside her pussy. Vanessa didn't recognize herself anymore. The stranger in the mirror had a look of wonder and surprise on her face. She lifted a heavy breast and observed. Then she dared to spread her legs just wide enough to have the ball sac suspended without the dick falling out. Vanessa moved her hips side to side and watched the effects on her new body. Breasts swayed, booty shaken, and balls slapped against her thighs. Dan was going to love watching this!

Dan waited patiently. His arms were starting to get sore from their unnatural resting position. From the sensations from his remote penis, he could tell he wouldn't be waiting much longer. Vanessa must have put on panties or something to keep his penis from falling out. Her grip wasn't tightly binding him inside anymore. He could feel her walking about the room instead of standing in one place like before. He assumed she was probably standing in front of the mirror altering herself again, but now she was on the move, and he could feel the steady rhythm of her stride as her legs alternatively pressed against his cock.

"Ready?" Vanessa asked flirtatiously.

"The question is are you ready?" Dan teased. Even when he wasn't the dominating partner he wasn't passive. He never took the punishment or pleasure without attempting to turn the tables.

Vanessa turned on some music from her phone and stepped out of the bedroom. Dan watched as her bust appeared first, then a sexy face, and then the rest of the most bodacious body he had ever seen. He hardly recognized the porn star that had her attention on him. She was dressed in a tight fitting sporty outfit. Her sports top was strained over two incredibly large erect breasts. Her watermelon sized cans were peeking out the bottom. Dan could see the hint of cleavage there. Her shorts were strained in the same way by her ass- which had returned from Monday's sex-ventures. Sandwiched between the two areas was a trim midsection. Dimples appeared along her abs and above her ass when she walked. Her hips swayed entrancingly from side to side. The shorts were stretched so tight they resembled boy shorts. Her cheeks peeked out underneath. Thick thighs led to striped knee high tube socks over her long shapely legs.

Dan almost felt guilty, for after he had taken in her lovely body he returned his focus back to her face which was equally sexy. A true expression of *'fuck me'* was the best way to describe the way she looked at him. With those big juicy lips that express temptation every time they quiver. With those large heavy lidded, dazzling green eye's that melted away all other needs when you looked into them. With such strongly pronounced cheekbones that gave her a quality of exoticness and strong will power. Her hair cascaded down around her shoulders and back in a bold swath of red.

Dan's dick, which was still lodged deep inside, twitched signaling to Vanessa she had accomplished a successful alteration. She had fashioned her lips in such a way that they could never completely close so that she always looked like she was about to kiss (or suck). When she felt the affirmative stir in her pussy and saw the stupefied expression on Dan's face, she smiled. Her glowing proud smiling face made Dan melt inside. His carnal instincts were getting the best of him. He attempted to get up.

"No you don't," Vanessa stated and she strutted to his seat and forced him back. Dan winced at the sharp pain of his arms getting crushed behind him. It was enough to bring his mind back into focus.

So he sat there as Vanessa retreated out of arms reach and began dancing to the music. Her hips swayed to and fro; Dan's eyes bounced along. She would arch her back and squeeze her pussy acknowledging the presence of Dan's remote member. This was turning out to be the best strip tease in history- where 'look but can't touch' meets the exact satisfaction a man craves as he watches. Vanessa stuck her ass out and dropped it into Dan's lap. She brushed it from side to side across Dan's groin area. The soft elastic shorts glided smoothly across Dan's empty crotch, but he could feel his buried boner pressing on further as Vanessa pressed her hips against him. It was so odd! However, the absurdness was eclipsed by the creatively inspired pleasure both partners were feeling. Vanessa backed away from him again. With her back turned she dipped it low a few times to the beat of the music while trying out different motions with her body. Then she squatted down facing Dan. Dan felt his balls lightly brushing against the carpet concealed by her shorts as she tea bagged the floor.

The beat transitioned and Vanessa began to touch herself. She ran her hands over her body and paid special attention to her despairingly restrained top deck. She spun for Dan and teased him by pulling down the straps of her top slowly. Dan could start to see the sizeable weight her chest hefted as the top was lowered. Her breasts budded up out of the top of the shirt as Vanessa relaxed its hold on them. Dan thought her teasing would never end, but just as the song was about to end she half-turned away from him, dug her thumbs under the top and yanked it up over her head with a sigh of relief. Dan watched in awe as both fleshy melons dropped from their confines. He sat dumbfounded with his jaw loosely hanging open. Drool had pooled at the edge of Dan's mouth and now spilled over into his lap unnoticed by the entranced victim onto the couch.

"Psst, you should pick up your jaw," suggested the half-naked dancer. Vanessa concealed her breasts by crossing her arms.

Dan shook his head to clear his mind. He swallowed hard. Then he looked at Vanessa and asked, "can you release me now?"

"Your dick or your hands?" Vanessa teased giving him another big beautiful glowing smile. She went back into the bed room and returned with a knife. "Sit up, whiner," she commanded. Dan purposefully leaned forward planting his face into Vanessa's breasts. Vanessa rolled her eyes and chuckled. Then she severed the mated skin connecting Dan's hands.

"Ahhhh," Dan sighed with relief holding his arms out wide. He flexed his shoulders encouraging the blood to flow again. Then he stood. As he rose they looked into each other's eyes and Vanessa felt the balance of power being relinquished from her. Dan once again stood over her.

"Wait!" she said. She looked up at Dan. Dan looked back at her with an expression of gratitude and wonder. How he loved staring into the mystic expanse in Vanessa's eyes. Her irises were the gateway to the fantastic unknown... and so was the deep crevasse of cleavage on his peripheral.

"I want to do you next," she said urgently. Vanessa didn't want to give Dan control yet. This was her moment to have.

"That's what she said," implied Dan.

Vanessa rolled her eyes and grinned. She continued, "you always have the best ideas. I want you to choose what we alter next, but I want to do the changes." She hugged Dan tightly and looked up at him with big pleading eyes. Her breasts pushed upwards like dough rising in a bread pan. Her large pouty lips invited Dan to lean in for a kiss. He took the opportunity to do just that; he kissed her and hugged her back. He savored the moment of having so much naked woman pressed against his own nakedness.

"Alright," he agreed. "Get the kit out here on the table. The first thing we need to do is make copies of ourselves..."

§§§

Thursday afternoon, Brad arrived at Dan's apartment feeling dread and excitement. The front door, already ajar, creaked open as Brad knocked and stepped inside. "Hello? Any crazy Dr. Frankenstein voodoo going on in here?"

The apartment was fully lit by the house and day light. Everything was cleared away. Even the kitchen was wiped down.

A very normal looking Vanessa greeted him with a hug and a smile. "That makes me Egor," she joshed, "walk this way. We have prepared your operation table mwahahaha!"

Brad followed Vanessa to the middle of the living room. Upon the coffee table lay a covered body. It was obviously female judging by the proportions. A corner of the draped sheet was folded back exposing a soft, tanned hand.

Dan stood at the back window with the kit looking at one of the knives thoughtfully. "Are you ready B-Rad? I thought we'd do a little peep show first before heading out. You can see if the whole thing is totally appalling or not before we leave"

"I can't tell if you're being thoughtful or a pervert," said Brad.

"Stand here," Dan indicated ignoring the remark. Brad stood next to the kit. "Here," Dan said while giving him the black hoop, "hold this above your head." Then, Dan sliced a thin piece of Brad's skin with the severing knife in his hand. "Next, I'm going to have you close your eyes. When I say go, drop the hoop."

"Dan, it's set to delete," Brad observed.

"Yes, that's because what comes next is a headache if you're not prepared. Controlling two bodies at once is a shock on the mind so we're going to make it brief."

Vanessa had used Dan's instruction time to put on the latex glove and applied stick cream to the inside of the horizontal being's exposed hand. Dan turned and handed her the piece of Brad's skin. She positioned it just above the cream ready for Dan to give the word.

Dan checked to see that Brad's eyes were closed and had the hoop over his head. He gave Vanessa the thumbs up. She immediately pressed Brad's skin into the hand. Then he gave the command, "Go."

Brad felt a rush of energy and awareness right before dropping the hoop down around himself, but then he felt nausea. One moment he was standing up; the next he was laying on his back. The vertigo quickly subsided and a whole new set of sensations followed.

It was obvious to Brad that he was naked but covered. He felt goose bumps creep up his skin as a cool breeze penetrated through the thin white sheet he hid under. He opened his eyes wide and drew in breath with a feminine gasp, "whoa."

Brad slowly sat up using the coffee table for support. The noticeable weight of his fleshy melons moved from on top of his chest to midway down and gently pulled him the rest of the way forward. Next he felt his hair brush around his face. A blonde tress fell into view; then another and another. Brad looked at it thoughtfully for a minute and then looked down and stared at his breasts. His eyes widened.

After a moment's pause Dan intervened, "Err, Brad?"

Brad jumped in surprise. Suddenly, he realized he was flashing his friends with his new endowments. He covered up with the sheet and turned his hips to put his feet on the ground.

"How do you feel?" asked Vanessa.

"Cold!" came an urgent reply from a non-familiar female voice of Brad, "get me another blanket please. Nnnn!"

Brad jumped again and drew in a sharp breath as the sheet brushed against his new body. The sensation of the soft light fabric was tickling his legs, arms, and hardening nipples.

"Everything feels so... intense. My skin is more sensitive," Brad described.

"Women are more sensitive," Vanessa confirmed.

Dan turned into the bedroom and returned with a heavier blanket.

"Ah, thanks," commented Brad.

"Well, Brad. Consider yourself a woman," Dan stated, "Wet-T contest here we come!"

Brad thought it over. He loosened his grip on the blankets and looked down at the expansive breasts again. Blonde hair fell down in his face again. Another sensation that was off was the absence between his legs. A vacancy that felt free yet vulnerable. He brought his legs together, and, in doing so, a new sensation was discovered with having smooth hairless skin to skin contact. It was a soothing sensation. Brad threw his head back whipping his hair out of the way. Then he looked back up at his friends.

Dan pushed the matter further, "You are smokin'. Not too frail, curves in all the right places, and you should see the look on your face."

"Yeah she's really pretty, Dan," Vanessa said in agreement.

"She?" Brad considered the unfamiliar description of himself. "I want to see what I look like."

Brad stood up and lost his balance. He was quick to recover, but he realized that *she* had a new set of hardware to walk with. Her center of gravity was lower, her stride was skewed, and everything jiggled. No wonder women think they're fat! So much deforms and/or wobbles. Most noticeably (and most enjoyably) were her breasts. Her hair also bobbed and swished when she moved.

Getting a grip, Brad went into the bedroom. In the full length mirror, staring back was a beautiful woman bundled up in blankets. She had an expression of curiosity which turned into astonishment as she acquainted herself with her reflection. Her face was angelic and framed with a golden mane. Most notable was her jasper blue eyes. Her bangs kept falling in her face. The rest cascaded to her shoulder blades in the back and down past her collarbone in the front. Her hair was grouped in tresses which gently twisted and curled along their decent. Her mouth animated her face. The astonished lady in the mirror grinned and her whole face lit up and her upturned nose flared a little. Then she puckered her lips and blew a kiss. Her expressions all seemed to have an element of sex appeal.

"Oh my gosh, I am a girl!" Brad said excitedly. She unwrapped the blankets and exposed her body. Brad's jaw dropped open and her eyes widened again. Words escaped her; the only sound that came out was a staccato yip. It was a similar reaction to what a guy has when he accidentally walks in to the girls locker room-- a shocked, I shouldn't have seen that, holly cow I want to see that again sort of feeling. Brad quickly wrapped herself up again. She was stunned by the sight of such an amazing feminine figure. She was a bombshell hottie- a naked bombshell hottie!

The momentary flash of her figure was burned into his mind. Her radiant skin had a creamy mocha color and was completely hairless. She had long limber arms and legs and no cellulite. Even her knees were well defined. There was no pudginess above the knee caps. Her hips flared admirably around the center setting of her feminine gem, her pussy. A small pink bump peeked out from between the folds at the top of her snatch like a rose in bloom. Such a sight boasted fertility. It was something that was designed to be made whole with the assistance of the male anatomy. Any warm-blooded man would have the desire to plunge deep into it. The masculine part inside Brad desperately wanted to achieve that.

Further up her body, Brad's waist narrowed; her stomach was taught. Her curvature was partially hidden from view by what came next. Brad was jealous of her own tits. They swelled out proudly and drooped just the right amount. They were larger than the normally accepted 'handful' or even two 'handfuls,' but somehow they didn't sag all the way down her rib cage. Her breasts were capped by puffy, lighter pink areolas and stiffened nipples. They were hypnotizing to look at, and they were exactly what were needed to win the contest.

Brad's mind raced. There was so much she had to consider. Before the transformation, he had prolonged any thoughts of what it would mean to be a woman. Now she was barraged by several thoughts at once. Thoughts like: What to wear? What makeup should I chose? What do I do with all this hair? Will people accept me? Will I be hit on? What will I do then? Are they going to make me carry a purse? What do I do with a purse?

Brad returned to the living room and was met by eager friends.

"Well, what do you think?" asked Dan.

"Give me a sec. I'm trying to collect my thoughts," Brad deflected.

"Spaghetti brain. Another quirk of being female," Vanessa informed, "don't bother. Let's just start with a name." Then she said smartly, "What porn star name should we give you?"

Brad couldn't answer. Her mind was too indecisive.

"How about Heather?" considered Dan.

"Chelsea?" Vanessa offered.

"Sarah, Kia, Bobbi, Beth..." Dan listed, "Bimbo Beth has a good ring to it."

"Nope, it's got to be Brittney. It's a generic name, but it fits you," said Vanessa

"Daren," Brad piped up, "if we're sticking with porn star names, that's what I want it to be."

Vanessa and Dan considered it for a moment and nodded in agreement.

"I like it. Daren the Diva," suggested Vanessa.

"Yeah or Dirty Daren haha!" Dan volleyed.

Daren groaned, "more like disbelief Daren. Can I change back now and put on some clothes?"

"Not yet." barred Dan, "If you're happy with the way you look then we need to save a profile for later." He reached over to the container of cards and picked out a blank. He inserted the card into the grey hoop and brought it down over Daren's head all the way to the floor. She then stepped out.

Daren reached down and picked up the male attire under the black hoop lying on the floor while keeping the blankets hugged around her.

Vanessa poured reversal drink from the wet bar into a cup. When she turned, she stepped in closer to Daren and caught her eye.

Daren stuck out a hand from inside the blankets to take the cup. In doing so, she forfeited grip on her wrappings and the corner of the blanket fell away exposing a glimpse of her body to Vanessa. Vanessa gave her a coy smile. Daren turned away quickly once she was aware of the notice Vanessa was giving her.

Daren entered the bedroom. A moment later, Brad emerged fully clothed. "Alright, let's do it," he said.

Dan dismantled the grey hoop and stuck it and the card into a small red backpack as they all headed for the exit.

§§§

They pulled in to the parking lot of the discount clothing store. "OK here's the plan," Vanessa coached, "the budget is the twenty dollar bill I have in my wallet, girlfriend. I need to pick up some basics for myself and we'll take advantage of the two-for-one deals between the two of us. All we need to get you is a top, shorts, panties, and some sandals. Since it's a wet T-shirt contest we don't have to worry about a bra. Besides they're expensive! Then there are the accessories..."

Being a guy made it easy to tune the details out again. He didn't have to deal with the constant mind shift that Daren had. She would be back shortly anyway.

Dan handed Brad his red bag. "When you go into the changing room, use the hoop to change into Daren," he instructed. "Vanessa and I will help you pick out some things to try on and bring them to you."

They entered the department store. It was setup warehouse style with an open floor and the different 'departments' were divided by aisles. The walls, posts, and signs all had the same color scheme of the local university. Oversized signs hung from the roof over the departments. The changing rooms sign hung in the back between the men's and women's sections. Beaten and weathered coin operated carousels lined the entrance. Two young siblings climbed all over them and bounced in the saddles as if the ride were in motion. Shopping carts littered the lobby where shoppers had abandoned them. The teenage cashier greeted the three with the generic 'welcome. Thanks for shopping at Gabe's.' University souvenirs and athletic clothing lay out on display conveniently close to the checkout with small clearance signs posted.

Vanessa browsed these items first looking to optimize her twenty dollar spending spree. "Brad come look at this!" she said. Brad approached and then she indicated, "University panties on clearance. See if there's some you like. Hmmm I think you should go with the bikini style." She held up a pair, "your ass would look great in bikini bottoms. You'll be irresistible."

Brad felt self-conscious. The panty tray was always something he would avoid direct eye contact with when he shopped as all men do. Vanessa was directing his attention straight at all the pairs she held up. "Uhh..., that's nice, Vance," Brad assured her, "I'm going to get set up." So he journeyed on to the dressing rooms.

Dan was looking at tops. He too felt uneasy about looking through the women's section. But he was doing it for a purpose and so it felt justifiable. He chose items with bright colors and plunging necklines. Some fit loose and others were tighter.

Brad made a side trip to the shoe department. It was less weird to look at shoes than to look at underwear. A sign hung over a bin of women's sandals and flip flops, '1 FOR 3 END OF SUMMER SALE.' Brad figured he'd be doing right by Vanessa if he tried on sandals and she got two free. He grabbed a few pairs of gold colored sandals of different sizes and styles. Then he hastily made it into a changing room attempting not to be caught.

Brad off loaded his burdens onto the bench inside the small cubical of one of the changing rooms. He opened the backpack and pulled out the hoop and card. Next he pulled out a university hoodie and track pants Dan must have put in there for later. "How thoughtful," he commented. Brad assembled the hoop and inserted the card. He kicked off his own thong sandals and sat down next to the bag. On the opposing wall of the cubical was a full length mirror. He lifted his feet off the ground and put stuck them through the grey hoop while watching his reflection. He brought the hoop up to his knees and stopped. He watched as his feet and calves shrank and thinned. The hair on his legs vanished, and the tone of his skin got darker. He put his feet back on the ground and cringed. His feet were more sensitive to the cold tile floor.

Next, he sorted through the sandals looking for a size that fit. He tried on a pair of thin sandals he thought might fit and stood up. He instantly hated them and took them off. Bargain bin sandals were not very comfortable it seemed. Next he tried some with a softer foam sole, but he didn't care how they looked. They were too small anyway. The third pair had wedge style heels and plastic jewels sown in to the thong toe straps and ankle straps. Brad figured they were casual enough for a college girl his age. They fit too snugly, but he stood in them anyway. He would try to find the next size later.

Then, there was a knock on the "Psst, Brad, can I come in?" requested Vanessa.

Brad turned to the door and unlocked it for her. Vanessa entered holding up her arm which was draped with a dozen articles of clothes. She tried hard not to laugh when she saw him standing there. He was awkwardly top heavy. His upper body out proportioned his dainty legs adorned in cute elevated sandals.

"Hey, cute shoes. Good choice!" Vanessa commented. She looked through the inventory on her arm and chose some garments. "Here, I think these go with those wedges. Where did you find them?"

"There's a clearance bin over there," Brad indicated with a nod.

Vanessa gasped, "really! Be right back!" She discarded the rest of the clothes she was holding in a vacant cart and headed for the clearance bin.

"Hey, see if you can find the next size up in these," He called out after her.

Meanwhile, Brad searched through what she gave him. He picked up a pair of bikini style panties and sighed, "I guess it's time to go full Daren." He stripped off his clothes and kicked them all into a corner. He picked up the hoop and turned towards the mirror. He held it low and stepped in. Then he raised it up over his head.

He was caught off guard by the rapid shift. In hind sight, he probably should have taken the shoes off or sat down first. It was not the instant change like it had been earlier that day. Instead, the alterations followed the direction the hoop traveled just like the time before when he tried the Zulu card. He watched in the mirror as his thighs and ass rapidly bulged and his hip bones popped. His penis and scrotum were violently sucked back into his body. A tight knot formed in his gut as a new canal was carved inside. His abdomen received similar treatment as insides were reorganized and reshaped. His chest suddenly filled with warmth and pressure as his breasts billowed outward. His nipples hardened to the new sensation of exposure as his breasts wobbled to and fro. Blond hair exploded from his scalp and his face contorted in every direction at once. Hair caressed his shoulders and neck as it snaked along her shoulders, back, and swelling bust. An aftershock wave of goose bumps raced up his darkening skin causing him to arch his back. Brad's eyes rolled back and with one last shudder the alteration was complete.

Daren slammed against the side of the changing room weakly bracing herself. She had no reaction time to the shift in her weight. Her knees knocked together as she clumsily stood up again in her wedge sandals. Daren couldn't breathe. Between the surprise of the transformation, the pain of hitting against the wall, and then being confronted by the reflection of a breath-taking angel, Daren was nearly blue in the face before her throat was thrown wide and air rushed into her lungs. She closed her eyes and took a slow deep breath trying not to scream. All the drama left her with a terrific endorphin high that ebbed and flowed over her senses. She let the feeling wash over her and carry away the bruised feeling in her shoulder and hip where she connected with the wall.

Another knock sounded on the door, "Brad, are you alright?" Dan voice asked.

"Yeah," replied Daren in her lovely alto pitch. "I'll be fine."

"I brought you some clothes to consider."

Dan held a handful of shorts and skirts over the door. Daren accepted them with thanks and then turned back to the mirror.

Daren smiled at herself and brush her hair behind her ear. She was starting to really enjoy herself and she absolutely loved the way she looked. She felt butterflies in her stomach when she looked her body up and down. Her eyes were especially captivating. Jasper blue was an uncommon shade for eyes and it held her interest. She stuck out her hands in front of her contrasting all the different features there were against what she was used to seeing.

She leaned over and picked up the pair of panties and slipped them on. She turned and looked at the mirror over her shoulder. Daren gasped, "Vance was right! That ass!!" Daren had a perky apple bottom that looked good in a bikini. The thin arching strings above her hips complimented her figure and drew the eye directly to the back side where there was barely enough material curved over her ass. The university logo was nestled insinuatingly over the left cheek. Bingo.

Next, Daren sorted through the tops. Her breasts were distracting as hell and she meant to tame her new puppies. She tried on a small sized university T shirt first with no success thanks to her chestiness. She wondered- *maybe if I tailored it, it could make a makeshift bra.* Daren tossed the shirt back on the pile and picked up a white tank top with some built-in reinforcement. It fit good and looked great. The fabric laid flat against her figure and hugged her breasts together producing a generous amount of cleavage while the tank's low cut framed it. Her oversized melons tugged the neckline even lower and her nipple showed through the sheer material. Over top of that, she threw on a brightly colored V neck blouse. The blouse was blue with large ruffles along the neckline and center that concealed how low-cut the top actually was. The back of the blouse tied up the middle revealing her tanned skin and the fact that she was braless. The sleeves were an open cut which exposed the side of her figure. It didn't give her torso much shape, but it was cute and racy enough to pass the test.

Last, she browsed the selection of bottoms she received from Dan. Nothing seemed to compliment what she had on already. One bright orange skirt looked nice, but Daren couldn't get use to the short garment exposing her. The slight breezy feeling of being bare down there was not OK with her. She tried on a pair of stretchy black shorts instead. Her torso was concealed by the blouse, but her legs were praised by the adorned short shorts. She had all the elements she needed for the next day. "That was easy," she remarked.

Vanessa knocked on the door again to gain access. Daren cracked open the door just wide enough for her to slip in. Vanessa put the shoes she was carrying down on the bench and then looked Daren up and down. She looked up to talk with Daren. "Well, look at you. You're getting along great in here. You almost don't need my help... almost."

Vanessa flashed a cute little smirk. Her eyes connected with Daren's in the same way they did back at the apartment. Daren didn't have any place to retreat to this time. Vanessa leaned down close beside Daren and put a hand on her shoulder for support as she reached around for a pair of panties. "Excuse me," she said playfully.

Daren just watched and played along. She wasn't sure what to do, but she was a little excited and a whole lot more intimidated. Vanessa turned away from Daren and situated herself between her victim and the mirror. She put her thumbs in the waist band of her shorts and underwear and yanked them down. She bent at the waist and took her panties to the floor exposing her rump to Daren. Her nether lips came budding through between her legs.

Daren instinctively thrust her hips. A male in this situation would have connected right then, but she was not a man anymore. A small desperate whimper escaped her lungs. She was helpless, and it was driving her wild.

While bent in half, Vanessa stepped out of her clothes and into the new panties. Then she slowly stood up pulling them into place. She made sure to catch Daren's gaze again in the mirror. The awed and bewildered look on Daren's face staring back was priceless! Next she crossed her arms and lifted her shirt over her head and tossed it into the corner. She reconnected her gaze with Daren's as she stuck her hands behind her back and unhooked her bra. She allowed the shoulder straps fall to the sides as she put an arm across her bosom. The bra dropped to the floor as Vanessa turned and looked up into Daren's big blue eyes.

Daren drank in Vanessa's every cosmetic quality. She had a simultaneous front and back view of her entertainer's sinuous physique with the mirror on the wall beyond her. However, it was too much to take in all at once. As her attention was averted from the one perspective to the other, the former was missed, and it made Daren yearn for more.

"Dan can have Brad, the best friend who keeps away from his girl, but I want Daren." Vanessa put both hands up to Daren's face and pulled her in for a passionate kiss.

Daren kicked off her wedges and embraced Vanessa as they shared another kiss. She felt the butterflies in her stomach again and her crotch became a warm and wet. Again she thrust her hips, but nothing was there to push with. A tingling affected her nipples; they were so hard they almost hurt. Her heart pounded in her ears. Being in the presence of two beautiful women ecstatically smashed together was driving Daren's inner man to the mental brink. They broke away momentarily as Vanessa reached around and lifted Daren's shirt up. Daren leaned down and backed her head out through the hole in the blouse and the tank. Her breasts jostled heavily as they fell free from the confining tank top.

Vanessa was mesmerized by Daren's soft heavy globes. She cupped them to feel their weight; their warmth radiated her palms. Daren's tits enveloped her hands and spilled over the sides. Daren's pointed areola's lifted up at Vanessa as if to entrance her with their unblinking gaze.

Daren put her palms over Vanessa's smaller breasts with the nipples positioned between the gap of her index and middle fingers. Then, as she squeezed Vanessa's breasts, she brought her fingers together pinching Vanessa's sensitive nubs. Vanessa's face twisted in bliss. Her eyes narrowed to slits, she bit her lip, and her throat let out an exhilarated sigh.

Vanessa gave Daren a quick final kiss, and then gestured for a time out. "I'm not a quiet lover," she warned. "Someone is going to notice. Let's get going." She gave Daren a smile and turned away to gather her clothes. "Why don't you come over tonight?" Vanessa invited.

"What about Dan?" Daren asked with concern.

"I'll handle it," Vanessa replied with a grin.

Daren stripped off the shorts and gathered her items together before putting on the hoodie and track pants from Dan.

"Yep, bikini," Vanessa affirmed. "You have a bikini class ass! But since you are going to get those shorts I think you should try these instead." she held up a thinner pair of nude colored panties. "So they don't show through the black shorts," she explained.

For the rest of the experience shopping was quick and painless. Vanessa boasted all the way to the car how satisfied she was with her purchases which included five-for-one on tops, half priced clearance shoes, six bucks for shorts. She even had enough left over for a soda to share. Dan bought Daren a handbag for her phone and

wallet. On the way home Vanessa asked Dan to drop both passengers off at her apartment so that they could 'work on makeup'.

§§§

"Have fun," said Dan with a knowing look on his face as he drove out of sight. Dan knew, but he didn't care. Vanessa was going to get what she wanted.

Daren wasn't sure what she was getting into. Since leaving the dressing room at the store the world became a stranger place. Her stride was different than normal. The only thing she had to wear on her feet were the wedges which added to the contrast. The material of the hoodie and track pants against her legs, stomach, and across her tits tickled but felt good. Goose bumps crawled across her skin whenever she moved. Then, they'd dissipate, and then reappear a few minutes later when she readjusted. Her depth perspective was bad. When she reached for things, she missed or banged into something just beyond what she was going for. The good news was she didn't have to duck as much because she was shorter than before. Her hair waved and bounced. And speaking of 'bounce', her chest constantly reminded her just how feminine she really was!

Then, as the two girls made their way into Vanessa's hall, Daren felt a new sensation. "Vance, do you have to share a restroom?"

Vance giggled, "yup, the ladies room right there." She indicated to a door a few paces down the hall outside her room. "That soda must have gone straight through you. How are you going to be able to drink anything at the club tomorrow if your bladder is the size of a pea?"

Daren started in that direction. She turned and gave Vanessa a curious look when she noticed she was being followed.

"Well, obviously I'm coming with you!" Vanessa pointed out. "That's what women do!"

Daren ignored Vanessa's smart alecks and pushed open a stall. She sat down, delicately at first, for the seat was cold against her over sensitized cheeks. Then she released; it wasn't much different from peeing as a guy. She didn't have to go as bad as she thought. The last droplet trickled down her pussy. She quickly used some paper to wipe it away before pulling up her pants and heading to the sink. While she was washing, the hall door opened. In stepped a topless freshman. Her small conical breasts dribbled laterally as she exerted to open the door. Daren's eyes went wide in surprise. The freshman didn't take notice.

Vanessa stepped out of her stall to wash up and noted Daren's expression. She grinned and with a shrug said, "That's what women do."

Back in the dorm room, Vanessa assisted Daren pick out the color palette of makeup for the morning. It was a typical campus room with two desks, two chairs, two beds, a mess of pin holes and posters on the walls, and not enough light sources. Bright pink and green was the color scheme of just about everything including the bed linens, drapes, and organizational items. The closet door lay open with the department store bags sprawled out at its base. Some posters depicted Disney 'happily ever after' type settings with bare chested male model cut outs taped over the cartoon heroes; others displayed album art and other pop culture imagery.

Vanessa took her inventory of swatches, brushes, and beauty products and spread them out across the carpet. Then, she introduced Daren to the cleansing facial products and masks. By the time she was done, Daren had five different blots of cream on her face and skin. Vanessa also had Daren sample some of her perfumes. Next, they did each other's hair. Vanessa put Daren's blonde hair back in a braid. Aside from brushing, Daren had no hair skill, but managed to get Vanessa's dark brunette hair in a secure pony tail. Then, they did each other's nails

which Daren was much better at doing. All the while Vanessa talked. Daren took notes thinking that what Vanessa had to say would come in handy as small talk later with people she didn't know.

Their girl time was an excellent aid for Daren. She really felt like she fit the role of a woman her age. It was easy to connect with Vanessa. She expressed her concerns with Vanessa about interacting with people (mostly men). Eventually, they stripped down to panties and a T-shirt to sleep in. Conversation lasted late into the night. Daren finally fell asleep in Vanessa's arms listening to her soft voice drone on.

§§§

Daren awoke amid a warm pool of blankets and hair amid Vanessa's small twin sized bed. Vanessa was already stirring. They were situated in a spooning position. Daren lay in Vanessa's arms with one of her legs wrapped in between her own. She lay with one arm under her head and the other hugged around her midsection between her breasts and Vanessa's arm. The room was cluttered with baubles and brushes from the night before.

"Good morning, sleeping beauty," Vanessa greeted. "Poor girlie got all tuckered out trying to be a lady," she said sarcastically. She lifted her hand atop Daren's body and traced the profile of her partner's body.

"Hnnnnnh," Daren objected, fending against Vanessa's assault. "Such a good dream," she said half awake. She became more wakeful as Vanessa continued to trace over her side, hip, arm, and breast. She squirmed a little from the sensation. "I just won the contest. I was standing on stage showing off my big titties." She wasn't sure why she said 'titties.' It was her opinion that such an immature word was only used in porn films.

'Titties,' however, stimulated Vanessa's lustfulness and brought back the desires experienced in the changing room the night before. As the passion welled up inside her, her caressing became more urgent. She raised her leg that was sandwiched between Daren's legs and pushed her thigh into Daren's crotch. She adjusted both her arms so she could reach around to pinch and massage Daren's nipples.

Daren's eyes popped open and she squirmed more noticeably this time. She let Vanessa continue to explore her assets. Her own escalating passion caused her breathing to become labored. Energy built in her crotch. She kept adjusting her legs restlessly. Eventually she turned over on her back and turned her head to confront her assailant with a passionate kiss. Her breasts reluctantly lifted off the bed and flopped over and bumped into Vanessa with considerable force. Daren spread her legs to vent her dampening pleasure center.

Vanessa kissed Daren back and hugged her tightly. Her trailing fingers took the opportunity to journey down Daren's stomach into her panties. Daren cooed as she expertly rubbed against her womanhood with slow strokes. Vanessa gradually built up tempo with her strokes. Once she had established a steady up-tempo of stroking she unexpectedly slid her middle finger into Daren's pussy.

Daren had become acclimated to the sensation and enjoyed the arousal Vanessa had summoned from within her. She nearly jumped out of the bed when Vanessa thrust her finger inside! It was a completely alien feeling having something moving inside her body, but it brought about so much ecstatic pleasure - even more so because of the incredible amount of sensitivity there was by being penetrated between her legs. Daren gripped the covers and flexed her taught stomach. She let out a moan in delight

Vanessa sat up and positioned herself between Daren's legs. She stripped off her remaining clothes and then guided Daren's legs up into the air and pulled off her panties. Vanessa went back to work on Daren's pussy with one hand and put the other under Daren's shirt.

Daren pulled her shirt off, wrapped her legs around Vanessa's nude body, and hooked her ankles together. Vanessa lay down on top of her and started to play with her tits with her free hand. Daren felt higher than cloud

nine. It would have frustrated her to contemplate the unfairness of pleasure women had and men didn't, but she was occupied.

Vanessa licked and flicked both nipples. Her hands diligently kept pace on Daren's vagina and mammoies. Daren's continued moaning became euphoric. To keep Daren from going over the edge too quickly, she changed the pace. First she gently slowed her pace of fingering. Then she adjusted herself so her head lay closer to Daren's. Vanessa began kissing Daren's neck and collar line and deeply breathed on her nape. She stopped toying with Daren's pussy altogether and focused on her neck and breasts.

Daren's euphoria subsided as Vanessa switched her focus from her pussy to her neck and chest. Daren was in a wonderful state of being. She was full of energy and her skin tingled with the sensations of contact of her surroundings. Vanessa's kisses felt good on her neck. As a man, he never understood why a woman enjoyed it so much. Now she knew. She welcomed Vanessa's rough gropes, tugs and squeezing on her breasts. Besides the pleasure of attention she was receiving, she also enjoyed the uncommon presence of so much chest area being molded. The wobble of her heavy melons was sensational. However, Daren's attention waned after while, because kissing wasn't really her thing. She was ready to get back to the part where someone went over the edge.

Darren turned over and pinned Vanessa with to the bed with her tottering tits. Her abounding beauties planted down firmly on top of Vanessa's breasts. The vertical boob on boob combination provided both women with similar gelatinous pleasure. For good measure Darren shook her shoulders throwing the mass of boobage into a jiggling fit.

"Fuck, Darren! I want your tits," Vanessa desperately confessed. She felt deprived of such embellishments since restoring herself back to normal.

Just then, Daren was struck by an idea. "Maybe you can." she pointed to the Dan's red bag lying in the closet. "The hoop is still inside!"

Vanessa didn't hesitate. She wriggled free from Daren and bounded across the dorm room kicking some of the clutter on the floor in the process. She pulled out the pieces and assembled the hoop. She considered her change and then adjusted the dials on the side. Sensitivity she increased, percentage of change she turned down to 70%, and hair she turned to 0. Finally she inserted the card into the slot before holding it low enough to step in to. She raised it to her diaphragm and then set the percentage to 100% before lifting it over her lady lumps and putting her arms in. The changes rapidly overtook her figure. Her legs extended and her skin darkened. Vanessa's hips and ass flared wider and further. She squealed with glee at the sight of her burgeoning breasts. A pang of envy jotted Daren who watched Vanessa's normal boobs expand pushing outward yet only drooping the right amount. Vanessa's areolas spread wider and her nipples became more distinct. She switched the percentage knob down to 40% and adjusted the hair settings before bringing the hoop over her head. Her hair became voluminous and well-formed. Her face retained her most unique features like her brow line, jaw line, and eye color, but her mouth and nose reformed to match the shape of Daren's.

The two could pass as sisters if not twins. Vanessa was slightly shorter with a lighter color tan, but overall they had many similar features. The one that mattered most to them in that moment was there identical boobies.

Vanessa dropped the hoop and brought her hands up under her tits. She bounced up and down triumphantly cupping her gorgeous melons. Her mouth animated her face in much the same way Daren's did. Her grinning visage lit up and her upturned nose flared. She retreated back to the bed and embraced her partner.

Daren directed Vanessa on to her back and pressed her boobs down on top again before giving another shake.

Vanessa gasped and cooed, "Oh! This is more like it." Goose bumps beaded up on her skin. The increased sensitivity caused by the hoop's adjustments had Vanessa reeling and moaning. Daren took charge and served Vanessa's pussy with a measure of fingering and clitoral stimulation with her middle and index fingers. Vanessa really wasn't a quiet lover. She made sure everyone in the dormitory was aware of her pleasure. She squirmed and bucked. Daren followed through and brought her to eventual climax.

With panting and a deep sigh Vanessa propped herself on her elbows and said, "I have something special for you." Daren allowed herself to be directed onto her back by Vanessa who began to kiss and trace her way down Daren's body. A threshold seemed to be crossed in this moment. A new experience that surpassed anything else up to this moment came upon Daren. Vanessa seemed to be aware, for she cautiously approached Daren's womanhood. She left a trail of kisses, small bites, and caresses. Daren's arousal built up quickly. Vanessa hovered above Daren's sex and stared up into her eyes. The musk enticed her senses. Though Daren wasn't giving obvious consent, Vanessa excitedly dove into her muff. She gently lapped and flicked Daren's clit with her tongue. Vanessa noted that her clit (which was now 70% identical to her own) was unusually large and fantastically pleasurable.

Though Daren couldn't make the superficial comparison of her sex anatomy, she felt it. The scenario was highly erotic to Daren: Her new and unusual anatomy, oral sex of her virgin pussy, boobs, her partner having boobs, etc. All of her excitement was culminating on top of her wild arousal. It made her moan and complain much like Vanessa had. Orgasm was nearly upon Daren. She started seeing stars and strange lights. Her eyes rolled back and her legs trembled. The pleasure was intensifying higher than she had ever known, and then... nothing.

Nothing: the tremendous sensation of euphoric release. Like the feeling of jumping into the ocean on a hot day. That first instant when plunged underwater and becoming wholly enveloped by the much needed refreshment of cool water. This feeling is disorienting; up and down are undistinguishable. Breathing is not required to enjoy it nor is sight. Time stands still. It was that sort of nothing Daren felt the moment she first plunged into a most powerful orgasm. Her vision was completely blacked out by the tidal force she was rocked with again and again.

Vanessa followed through Daren's episode with her tongue darting about her sex and both hands holding her hips for stability.

Another orgasmic wave crashed against Daren. She couldn't tell if she kept feeling the same orgasm or multiple. It seemed to ebb and then come crashing in again. The intensity of each orgasmic peak decreased, but her sensitivity to touch kept increasing.

"Enahh! Enn Enough!" Daren stammered.

Vanessa lifted her head and crawled up the bed to lie next to Daren. Each move she made caused Daren to flinch. Anything that touched Daren seemed intense and euphoric. When Vanessa came to rest against Daren, Daren had another orgasm. They laid there in bed as still as they could for a while. Daren bathed in her own afterglow until it faded away.

Vanessa turned her face towards Daren and said, "I could use a shower." She looked at Daren with intent and then rose from the bed to collect some towels, shower bag, and her panties.

Daren flinched some more as Vanessa moved past her. Her senses were still hyper profound. She cautiously stood and followed Vanessa to the door. Daren was feeling a bold sense of confidence in her new body. Clothes were optional today. Plus, she didn't want to deal with the intensive feeling of fabric against her skin. She swaggered down the hall and through the bathroom to the showers. Vanessa followed with towels and bag clutched to her chest for modesty.

They shared a shower. Vanessa demonstrated how to shampoo and condition for Daren. Then, they scrubbed down and rinsed with a little fondling in the process.

Once clean, they dried off and wrapped up in the towels Vanessa brought before heading back to Vanessa's dorm. Daren dressed in the only outfit she owned; Vanessa chose to wear a yellow sun dress and tights. The sundress fit surprisingly well considering the enlargement of some areas of Vanessa's figure. They brushed and blow dried their hair. Then they did their makeup and went to breakfast.

§§§

A red head sat at the window of the campus bistro. She was pretty. Her figure was tall and slender. Her face was sharp and dotted with freckles. Her straight hair was cut medium length, just above her shoulders. She watched for her friends while sipping coffee. This woman had a knowing look in her eyes. She beamed as she caught sight of Vanessa and Daren. Her eyes lit up with excitement. She tapped on the glass partition to get their attention.

Vanessa turned to look first. "Danni!" she squealed.

Daren turned to look at the stranger in the window too. She raised her eye brows in surprise as Vanessa exclaimed. Only then did she realize Dan, now Danni, had kept his promise and became a babe for a day along with her.

The girls quickly paid their meal ticket and came round to sit with their new girl friend at the window.

"Who is she Danni?" Vanessa asked referring to the body Danni possessed.

"This is my own design. It's mostly from the Swedish Female card in the card box," Danni replied. She turned away from the table to present herself to the two other women. She wore casual clothes, a shirt and rolled up jeans which exposed her shins. "I see you couldn't keep away from enlarging yourself again. Can I have my hoop and card back now, Vance?"

Daren handed over Danni's red bag. Danni turned and smiled at Daren as if meeting her for the first time.

"Well hello there Dirty D. How did your first time go?" Danni grinned wickedly at Daren.

Daren blushed. She could feel the warmth of the blood in her face. She silently cursed. Danni always figured out that sort of stuff.

Danni just laughed and finished her coffee.

The rest of the morning was spent flirting and window shopping downtown. It was Friday. The weather was warm and sunny. All the shops along the street had racks of merchandise out on display along the brick sidewalk. The shop door bells chimed as people came and went. Traffic whirred by lazily. The street was an indirect extension of Frat Row up the hill. It sloped down to a bridge that crossed over a stream to the residential area beyond. Some of the clubs there were still dark and closed up, but that would change later in the day. College kids would flock here ready to start the weekend like pop stars.

Near lunch time, Danni pulled Vanessa and Daren into a bikini shop. "Try something on!" She commanded. She pulled down a deep blue bikini for herself and went to the back to try it on.

Vanessa and Daren helped themselves. Vanessa found a yellow bikini that complimented her darker hair and the dress she had on. Daren chose a daring white strapless bikini. Danni returned to purchase the three bikini's for herself and her friends.

They walked uphill to the campus food court for lunch. The three women enjoyed the attention and conversation the college boys gave them. They laid out on the retaining wall in their new bikinis from lunch until midafternoon. Danni and Vanessa pressured Daren into getting some phone numbers and other general flirty conversation with the fellows playing soccer. Daren received good practice for the upcoming contest. She grew more confident dealing with all the attention.

Near to dinner time, the three went back to Danni's and pre-gamed. Danni invited the neighbors over for a house warming party. A table was set up in the kitchen for beer pong. Music played from a portable Apple audio system on the stone counter top. The flesh alteration kit was secretively stored in the bedroom. Vanessa ordered delivery pizza and opened a bottle of pink moscato.

"Time to see who's a light weight," Vanessa announced. She poured Daren a generous glass.

"Remember you absorb alcohol faster than you would normally," Danni warned Daren. "Drink this. We'll soon find out if you should be accepting the heavier liquor from guys at the bar."

By the time the pizza arrived Daren had a heavy buzz. "No more drinking for me tonight guyz," she slurred.

Danni nodded in acknowledgement and then headed to the bedroom. She returned with a white T shirt. "Excuse me, ladies and gentleman. My friend Daren here is going to win a wet T shirt contest tonight. Let see if she's got what it takes!"

The guests all clamored for Daren. Daren smiled timidly and started to strip off her blouse. The men in attendance all started to chant and call out at the topless blonde.

Vanessa filled up a pitcher with water. "Give us your best 'O' face Daren," she said. She lifted and tipped the pitcher. Water splashed down over Daren's chest. Though surprised from suddenly being doused, Daren made the best 'O' face she could muster. Her breasts swung out as the downpour cascaded over them and down her cleavage. The soaked T shirt clung to her assets. Pink flesh peaked through the fabric and her nipples started to pitch tent. Daren threw her hands in the air and jumped around a little as the water tricked down her body. Jumping caused more chest joggling which pleased her audience. The onlookers clapped and jeered for her.

Daren looked to Danni and smiled. Danni smiled back, for both of them were feeling pretty confident at this point that she would win the wet T shirt contest.

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EPILOGUE:

Daren did indeed win the contest. The prize money covered Brad's text book expenses. However, those textbooks sat in his dorm and were never opened. Required reading my ass! It appeared Brad should never have been so concerned after all.

Following Daren's victory, a scout from the next city over invited her to participate in a larger wet T shirt contest. Daren's popularity kept growing. Many night life promoters and photographers contended endorse her for magazine covers and ads. The royalties covered Brad's college expenses for many more semesters. The three

friends continued to experiment with the flesh alteration kit throughout that semester. It certainly was the greatest semester ever.

Remember to comment!!!

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