

Chapter 3

Bree almost couldn't get over her own reflection before her. Being now more slutty than she was used to, she had to say she looked quite hot with bigger boobs and her wilder features. Still, an inkling of her old self still existed within her and she hated what she was becoming. No, what she had *already* become.

She adjusted her legs slightly while inspecting herself. This simple motion alone set off a chain reaction in the new her. She yelped as the movement pushed her fingers inside herself deeper and gave her more pleasure. At doing this she didn't even bother adjusting her hand's position, it was stuck there now at least until something replaced it which didn't seem likely just yet. The shift in her position sent her breasts swaying, slapping into her arm and jostling each other. The two jiggled in a mesmerizing way. One simple and seemingly normal movement of her body sent her through all the motions of some of the more severe changes to herself. It was as though any movement was going to be a reminder of what she now had to go through endlessly.

Turning from the mirror did basically the same as that one simple leg movement before had. Her tits flew back and forth as she moved around a little bit, trying to see where her clothes ended up. She gathered them in a heap, which had taken significantly longer with only one free hand and certainly at more than one point dug her fingers in deeper than she would've liked, and tossed them on Kyle's bed. Kyle himself had taken enough time to bask in the afterglow on his seat and perked up at the movement going on around him. He scanned Bree up and down, loving what he saw.

Kyle sat up and stretched silently before he got up. He walked towards Bree, whose back was turned to him, and put his arms around her waist. The feeling caught her off guard and she jumped slightly and turned her head.

"You going somewhere?" Kyle said mischievously, knowing fully well that Bree was probably not intending to go out with her fingers still dug into her pussy the way it had to be right now. He moved his hands up from her waist to her breasts, jiggling them himself. He snuck his hands underneath them to where they dangled. His entire hand fit in the fold between her breast flesh and her ribcage underneath it. Bree's wobbling was ceaseless as he moved his hands around, playfully inciting action in them.

"K-Kyle, stop it...Find me s-something to replace...My..." Bree murmured. While Kyle was fondling her chest she could feel his warm body behind hers. Being so much shorter than him she felt his toned stomach pressed into her back a little more. Bree's breathing got a little lighter and she closed her eyes. His fondling became delicate, moving to the tips of her nipples now and brushing her skin lightly. She was getting turned on. She pushed another finger inside her snatch and began moving them together. She gyrated her hips forward slightly. Being cursed

with a filled vagina meant that she had an easier time getting aroused, she found out. Not that she didn't like it...

"How about this...?" He said quietly into her ear.

He moved his hands down from her nipples across her torso, tracing the bottom curve of her breasts. He continued down and met with the hand she had plugging up her hole, which was stroking in and out gently. He lightly rubbed her clit which caused her to gasp lightly at the sudden pleasure. While she was enjoying this feeling she closed her eyes, unaware to Kyle's next move. Keeping his one hand over her sensitive nub he snuck the other one over to her vagina and poked a finger through where hers were already rubbing. He began kissing her neck lightly, tickling her while he slowly entered a finger into her slit, kicking her own hand out. Finally freed, she took her hand and reached back to grab onto something--anything.

"Oh...Kyle..." She breathed through labored breaths. She gyrated ever more as Kyle was sending electricity through her body with his actions. He was amazing at this and Bree couldn't help but want a fucking from *him* over anyone else if this was the norm from him.

She flailed her arms around behind herself softly, looking for something to clutch. Both of them being naked still made this a near impossible ordeal as she found nothing to grip onto but his muscular form, which wasn't what she needed to get a hold on right now as much as she wanted to. Her mouth stayed open and gasping as Kyle continued kissing and stroking inside her, stimulating her clit while filling and moving inside of her gently but with enough force to keep her aroused. After a few moments of this Kyle broke his kissing for a moment to purr something in her ear.

"Let's get you...Something...Else..." He said cryptically. Bree felt the unbelievably good sensations of his actions and dwelled on his words for a moment. She thought of what else he was going to fill her with next, which made the next part so unexpected to her.

After stroking the inside of her vagina so pleasurably he all of a sudden moved his hand out of her in a single quick movement. This caught Bree off guard as she briefly felt the sensation of not being filled and moaned in need of being filled again. In that instant after her moan something in her mind switched right to urgency as she realized that this feeling of need as only something to be remedied. With her hands behind her looking for something to hold onto she was not prepared for this transition and with some brief worry moved her already slick hand back to where it was only minutes before. This all happened so quickly to Bree that she had moaned from being empty and swiftly brought some fingers back to her hole with such force that she doubled over and moaned again. Kyle had let go of her and as they were messing around in front of his bed she fell with a slump back down onto it.

Kyle stepped back and grinned. That was one of his favorite moves to pull on her: Finger her until she felt relaxed then let her fill herself with such force and urgency. He watched her squirm

a little on top of her clothes and his bed. Her fingers moved in and out of her faster and faster now. It seemed to him that that move had brought her so close to an orgasm that she wanted to finish herself off.

Bree kept going and going, nethers getting slick with her juices. The only thing keeping her massive tits from jiggling excessively under her was the fact she was splayed out over them on Kyle's bed. She kept pushing herself further and further towards climax until eventually she reached it and let out a soft moan of completion. Her legs stretched and toes tingled with the feeling that overcame her. Her breathing was heavy still as she lay there and came down from it. With a sigh she felt a chill overcome her as she settled and turned her body around to lay on her back instead. Moving her entire body sent her breasts into a frenzy of movement, especially with her more labored breathing.

Looking around she noticed Kyle was pulling pants up his legs. She felt like such a slut. Here he was getting dressed meanwhile she was still huffing from her last sexual release, naked and exposed on his bed with her cunt stuffed with her own hand. Slut was the only word to describe it, and the thing was she felt that that was so accurate to her behavior now. She *knew* she was a slut. She had been fucked by two guys in 24 hours and left her bra and her now necessary dildo at home, and now she had to keep herself stuffed all the time, how could anyone even argue with her being called that?

Kyle buckled his belt and looked over to Bree. He smirked her way. "You done? You should go shower. I'll go get you a dildo so you can walk out at least semi-normal." He said, finishing putting on his clothing.

Bree was still processing a lot of her thoughts right now. She *should* shower, after all that. As she thought about it though, the logic didn't add up. "You don't want me to go outside with my hand up my...Lady parts...But you want me to go out and shower? In a frat house?" She exclaimed.

"Yeah, what makes now any different from the other times you've gone out there? Other than that this time you've got your hand up your cooch because you somehow forgot your dildo?" Kyle said. Clearly in this new reality Bree was well known for staying at DNA and prancing around, or at least showering around. "I mean, if you want a bath robe just take mine." He pointed to a white robe that looked his size.

Bree looked over towards the large robe and attempted to get up. She steadied herself with one hand as she was still a bit exhausted from the fucking and fingering back-to-back. Tits swaying side to side, she ignored their excited movement and walked towards Kyle's robe. She stroked the soft material and then put her free arm through a sleeve, letting the rest of it drape over her. It absolutely engulfed her considering the size difference between Kyle and her, but she shrugged her shoulders to try and keep it on her. Kyle stifled a small laugh and Bree glared weakly at him.

“Will you just help me out here!” She said, tossing her hand in the air at him which caused her to flap a sleeve through the air.

“No no, you look like you’ve got it fine.” He replied, fixing his collar and opening the door to his room while Bree flopped the robe all around her. “C’mon, I’ll walk with you to the bathroom.”

Bree was happy that he had offered this to her as she didn’t think she would be able to navigate the frat house halls to the bathroom without him. She pulled the robe tight to her chest in an attempt to hide her nude body, feeling the sway and jiggle of her tits as she gripped it. With quick movements of her feet she scuttered to Kyle and out the door in front of him. The movement plunged her fingers slightly deeper into her slit but she rode through the sensations enough to leave her only with goosebumps. Could she actually be getting used to these feelings? She had to find some replacement soon...

Kyle led Bree down a few hallways and around some corners until eventually he showed her the bathroom and went his separate way. “I’ll see you back in my room.” He said with a wink and a smile, walking deeper into the frat house while Bree simply entered the room.

Inside she noticed it was quite lavish. While she wasn’t a sorority girl she was still familiar with the greek life and how their buildings were often large and posh, and this bathroom certainly was close to that. The room was large enough to walk into comfortably and had all amenities that one would want in a bathroom; sink, tub, shower, toilet, and nice marble flooring. Looking through the illumination from outside the window Bree noticed it was night time now and was tempted to draw a bath, but that would be something far better for her private life. At this point she just wanted to relax a touch and then get back somewhere she could restore use of her two hands.

Bree ran the water from the shower to get it nice and warm while she disrobed and exposed her naked self. She looked over towards the mirror to again take a glance at her form. She was sexy, true. With a sigh, however, she thought about what else she was. Not herself, for one. A slut also, that was for sure. She had to stop dwelling on these thoughts but it was so hard when she wanted to be back to her old self just as much as she wanted to live this life. She ran her eyes across the room to try and distract herself and then thought what would be the chances of her finding something to plunge up her vagina in here? Probably quite high. She rummaged through things here and there before eventually she felt the room was getting quite steamy and she had found nothing. Resigned to getting whatever Kyle would have for her, she hopped into the warm shower and closed the shower door behind her.

Bathing felt quite different with only one hand. One hand available to clean, that is. She noticed that the way her hand was propped into her nethers left her with more crevices that she needed to get between. After wetting her entire body she pulled her head back to let the warm water cascade down her hair. Her bright pink hair. One of those things she quite easily forgot about

but was now a part of her. At least until she got used to it. Bree closed her eyes and just let the water wander down her body as she thought about her predicament more and what she could do about it. Her fingers idly teased her nethers slightly, the penetration plus the warmth throughout her body felt nice.

She wondered if there was anyone she could trust with the knowledge of her ID card. Was there anyone who would even believe that? She went through this argument earlier in her head about Carly, but what about some of her other friends? What about someone like Kyle, even? Was there *anyone* to trust with this knowledge? Would they even see or understand the change if she did tell them about the card? She wondered how these things worked. Maybe she should test it on someone first with a simple offhand remark about the card invoking changes. At this point she then wondered if there was perhaps any way to influence the card to help her. She wanted to restore some of her features and there were certainly some more tame changes about her she could test this on. How lucky would that be if she could even suggest changes to her with clever wordplay.

Bree's mind swam through thoughts about her restored form, which now seemed so foreign and far away to her. She opened her eyes and looked down her current form. It seemed that in her deep thoughts she had moved a hand across her breasts to massage them, while her other one taken up with her snatch continued stimulating it softly. Bree's breathing had increased. She was aroused. *Fuck*. A third time now in such a short period of time, she cursed. This did nothing to alleviate her sensation, however, as she only continued to move her hands around her sensitive body.

She moved her fingers in a slight and rhythmic way within her nethers which teased her sensation and then waned off it. It was slight, and honestly she just preferred the feeling of being filled at this point, so she moved her fingers deeper into it while entering a third finger in there as well. This extra space that occupied her now felt worlds better and she bit her bottom lip with a small purr.

While this was happening her other hand danced about her tits. They brushed the tips of her flesh and traced circles near her areola, alternating either breast. With eyes fluttering between open and closed she gave them small gropes periodically to keep the sensation fresh. Her teeth clamped harder on her lip while her free hand pushed the bottoms of both breasts to and fro to set them in motion. With their pendulous movements now perpetuated by her body rocking back and forth she held her fingertips out so they would tease her nipples gently on their way back and forth.

Bree suddenly realized the heat that the shower was emanating within the closed glass walls. Her breathing already quite labored she noticed too that the steamier air made it harder for her to breathe. Freeing a hand from the stimulation of her breasts she reached out and turned the faucet to a cooler setting a few degrees colder than it was currently. Feeling the transition to a colder temperature she moved her free hand towards her nethers where she planned on

swapping the two out. In one hand went before the other went out, filling her more than she was usually used to. She gasped a breath of air at how unexpected it was to have *two* sets of fingers up there. Goosebumps flittered down her body and she raised her body to her toes. Taking advantage of the new fullness she felt she moved both her hands in synchronization with each other to deliver a deeper and fuller stimulation. She bucked her body forward, sending tits crashing in a new forward direction as well. Labored gasps became slight whimpers and stifled moans. Being filled this much was incredible! She quickened her pace slightly with both hands. As she did so Bree noticed that her breasts now teased her mind slightly. She knew how unattended they were and wanted to fix them. Giving her pussy a final few moments of stimulation, she then took out the hand that was previously resigned to filling and left the other. This didn't stop the movements inside of her, however, and she realized that she still had three fingers inside her and still felt like she could be filled more.

Her newly freed hand went immediately to groping her breasts. There was no slight build up to this one, it was all grabby from here. She kneaded each breast a few times to give them the attention they wanted, finally upgrading to full-on moans as she did so. She slowed and stopped the groping after a short period and reached out again towards the faucet. She missed at first, misjudging the height of the nozzle somehow. It was lower now, for some reason, she realized. The thought was quick as she flung the temperature straight to an icy chill. Quickly the water enveloping her turned frigid and hit her now like tiny spines all across her body. Were there another sensation wracking her body she would not be in a position to feel it now with the cold stimulation as well as her own pleasurable gyrations down below.

She yelped suddenly. Why did she do that? Now she had to endure the torrent of this freezing water plummet across her skin. Despite how she hated the feel, she didn't cringe very much and she in fact welcomed it to assault her torso, especially her breasts. She went back to tracing around her nipples, feeling them instantly get hard with the water now pelting them. She shivered and shook her body, rocking her tits out of control. Her nipples were hard as the ice she imagined this water was as cold as. She felt pleased at this turnabout, making her nipples hard so quickly felt nice. She teased them with her fingers and felt sensations more pleasurable than before on them. Suddenly, at this sensation, Bree realized what compelled her to turn the water to freezing.

With her nipples now poking like icicles themselves Bree was compelled to relieve herself of some of the torture of taking an icy shower, but she was too engrossed in her ministrations to stop the water flow. It didn't help that one hand was relegated to pussy patrol. Said hand was working its way slowly in and out of her slit, more concerned with keeping her aroused than actually taking her over the edge now. As she adjusted to the temperature the movements sped up in her nethers. Her moaning continued as she groped a breast, then the other. In alternating each breast they swung and bounced as she changed her target. She was so close to release already. How hot and bothered she was seemed to take her past the point of orgasm despite the cold waters she was in. With a few yelps and a great deal of sighing and breathing she started to come down from the experience.

Bree's back slapped against the cool shower wall and she rested her entire weight against it. Still huffing, she took the time to finally open her eyes from this experience and look around her. Her hand was still confined to her nethers but other than from her heavy breaths it wasn't moving around inside her, which didn't heighten her lust further.

She peered down to look at herself with open eyes, moving her head forward past her breasts. Immediately she noticed, while pushing them aside, not the tops of her mounds, but instead right underneath them where her stomach now looked not only trimmer but positively fit. She ran her free hand across her slight abs, which were prominent enough to both feel and see but not to make her look overly muscular, only like someone who regularly went to the gym. Leaning a bit more forward to get a look at them she drenched her hair in the frigid water, which she practically forgot about being on. She whipped her hair out of the way of the spout with a chill and could've sworn the color was different. Taking a lock in her hand to examine, she did in fact notice that the color was different. No longer a vibrant pink, it was now a more realistic strawberry blonde color which made her feel a little less like a freak. While relieved at this return to somewhat normalcy, she was far more concerned with the fact this meant she was changing now, apparently.

As the fear of knowing someone had her ID card washed over her she thrust the nozzle for the water off immediately and bounded out of the shower's confines. Because she was drenched in frigid water she clutched her side with one arm while the one in her nethers struggled to provide warmth to her. She chattered her teeth and shivered once at the cool air mixing with her already cold body, feeling her breasts try to wobble to and fro from underneath her grip.

Bree clutched a towel, trying to use it to cover herself and realizing how much of a struggle this act was going to be. She grunted in anger, struggling to use only one hand while the other kept itself warm in her pussy. Getting herself dried off enough she went over to Kyle's bathrobe, which she for the first time now had noticed was...Smaller on her? She recalled in the shower feeling the nozzle at a different height and then assumed this meant she was taller, which she was fine with.

Flopping the robe over her body Bree stopped when she suddenly felt a tingle over her body. This was distinct from the chill she was feeling from the cool air, and so she tried to evaluate what it was that was changing. Turning to the mirror the tingles centered on her chest and Bree didn't want what she assumed was happening next. To her relief, however, she actually found her breasts shrinking in size, going down to a more manageable and average one. She didn't want to linger on this very long while who knows who was changing her from her ID card--Probably Kyle if her card was in his room--so she fled from the bathroom with slight happiness in seeing herself reset somewhat to her old form.

She quickly darted through the halls, clutching the bathrobe around her body now far easier than before now that she occupied more of the space and now that she had some smaller

assets to conceal within it. For all the fear she was feeling about who could possibly be changing her and what they might do next, Bree felt somewhat secure due to how she seemed to be more like her old self now than she was only a few minutes earlier. Maybe this person would revert her all the way back to herself? Then she could lock away her ID card for good from the outside world and never have to worry about being changed again. Hopeful that she could perhaps trust this person, she opened the door to Kyle's room that was opened a crack already and went inside.

Opening the door she found Kyle there and another of DNA's frat boys who Bree recognized as Greg. He was of a slightly above average height and build, being slightly less built than Kyle who was himself quite tall and very fit. She didn't see either of them holding the ID card and walked into the room further, poking around with her eyes to try and find it.

"Hey, there she is. We were just talking about you." Kyle said, stating a fact Bree had known already, although she couldn't simply say that.

"Only good things, I hope?" Bree responded knowingly and with a tease in her voice.

"What bad things could we say about you, anyway?" Kyle teased back. Bree smiled and took this opportunity to test out a thought she had on her power of suggestion over the changes that impacted her.

"I dunno, maybe you'd say something like 'Oh that Bree, you know her chest is so flat because she's so fit.'"

"Well I guess that is true, I mean you are fit. But why would we just announce that you're flat chested?" Greg responded this time.

Bree waited for any sort of tingle and to her somewhat surprise she felt it, centered in her chest as she anticipated. The titflesh pressing against the arm she had down to her crotch eased up, giving her more room to move it. As she looked down she saw what before were respectable C-cups shrink more and more into barely there breasts, probably only an A-cup at best on her. She noted how they did blend with her more toned body now, and she was a little remiss about them being smaller than she'd wanted, but she now knew her suggestion could set off a change in herself as well, which would help her control herself more.

"Would you say that I'm *not*?" Bree responded, hoping she could maybe get them a *little* bigger with this comment.

"Bree, what are you getting at here? I thought you didn't care how big your breasts were." Kyle said. Bree wasn't expecting this comment, and felt a tingle in her mind as she thought about what that meant.

As Bree continued to think about getting her breasts back to a more respectable size she realized that...She just didn't really care. Tits were tits and little lumps like she had were fine, too. She felt content with her current size and felt no desire to grow them any larger. Why should she, anyway? She had a killer body still and owned this frat house practically--with or without tits to back her up.

Bree internally shrugged, and then continued to the two frat boys, "I guess you're right, who cares about bigger boobs. Now where is that...Dildo you promised me?"

"It's over here on my bed." Kyle said, motioning to a pile of her old clothes in a lump with what she assumed was a dildo somewhere inside there. Bree took a few more steps in towards the two guys.

"Kyle, we actually have to go." Greg said, tapping his wrist to Kyle. Bree looked confused at the two of them. Go? Where did they need to get to at this time of night?

As if to answer the exact question Bree was thinking at that moment, Kyle spoke up. "Uh, yeaah...Bree, Greg just came here to pick me up. While you were in the shower he said he got tickets to the Romping Rager downtown. If we leave now we can still catch some good acts."

Kyle wasn't sure how Bree would respond to this, being that the two of them were just a fling and in Bree's mind it was *her* who had randomly popped in to do the dirty with *him*. She understood though, she had no attachment to Kyle in particular, as rude as it was for her to think that, but she respected Kyle for at least seeming to be conflicted about leaving her there.

"Oh, go then. You don't need to answer to me, I came here myself I can get home myself. It's probably better that I change in peace anyway." Bree responded to the two of them. Greg smiled and gave a subtle thumbs-up which Bree saw and rolled her eyes at quickly.

"Alright, I'll go pull my truck up." Greg said, bounding through the door. Kyle waved him off and followed more slowly behind him. Bree watched him until she turned to her clothes and realized she could try one last test on just Kyle.

"Hey Kyle, one more thing!" She said, causing him to turn around. "This sounds super silly but uh...Can you just say 'You have a clean, new set of clothes on the bed.'?"

He stood confused for a second, and then repeated what Bree had just said, with some hesitation and confusion. Bree looked back towards the bed and saw the flash of light surrounding her now neatly folded clothes and smiled, waving in thanks to Kyle.

"Just close the door when you're done, it locks itself." Kyle said, closing his door and waving her goodbye. Another successful test about how she could convince others to change things she wanted changed.

After peeking out the window to see Greg's truck speed away with the two boys in it, Bree felt safe to disrobe and so she did. Letting the cloth hit the floor in a heap, she was already mostly dried off where it counted and couldn't wait to get a fresh set of clothes on. The cool air hitting her now nude body sent tingles through her body and stood her nipples at attention, which felt very good for Bree as she teased the now smaller pokies to get them to stay that way. First thing was first though, and she had to get her aching hand out of her downstairs.

She rummaged through the pile of clothes on Kyle's bed, seeing a nice translucent blue color stand out among them. She took the tip and pulled it out from the clothes in sheer astonishment at how large this thing was. It looked realistic for a man's penis size but still erred on the larger side of the scale, probably being about 9 inches deep and a few around. Wasting no time other than the few seconds of awe and wonder about how reasonable this would be to fit in her, she moved it to her lower lips and began the plunge. Being that she was already well lubricated down there she had no trouble sliding the toy inside her those first few inches, which were enough to let her take her hand out as well. She sighed in relief at finally having 2 hands back but wasted no time continuing to move the dildo more and more inside of her. She took some time to move the dildo out a bit but then when she moved it in again she would push it the slightest bit further. Slowly but surely, these series of thrusts edged the dildo further into her tight opening.

With about 2 inches left of the dildo to go Bree wondered how she would get this thing to stay inside her. She searched her thoughts and memories for some info about how in this new reality she even kept herself filled. Eventually she settled on the idea that if she put on her panties it would give the dildo enough of a cushion to stay firmly inside her, and her lips would do the rest of the work. At least, she assumed this would work.

With one hand still keeping the dildo inside her she reached for her panties from the pile and slipped both legs through them, moving the clothing up to her thigh area. She breathed in a few times, sliding the dildo in and out of her just slightly enough to keep it lubricated before she tried to push those last few inches in. Eventually she mustered courage enough and all at once pushed the 8th and 9th inches of the dildo into her now quite stuffed hole. She gasped. The dildo was completely inside her, no need to keep it affixed with her panties, all 9 inches of it were completely shoved into her with no sign of it to the outside world. That felt *great*, for one. She felt aroused at the little teasing she had just given herself simply by getting dressed, also noting that with this arousal she felt filled and being filled also felt great. With two arms free and a happily filled snatch she was in a place of bliss.

Bree fell to the bed, spreading her arms for a moment and taking in the ability to use both of them for things other than pleasure again. The air felt nice on her body and she looked down to see how she looked now, which in her mind would be described as *fine*. Her toned tummy looked beautiful but not overly muscular, her legs as well as the definition on her arms screamed model status. She noticed the slightest distension around her pussy which was

obviously due to the entire 9 inches of rubbery goodness inside her and which didn't look anything but sexy, screaming that she looked *good* when she was filled--which now was all the time. Even her tiny titties looked good for her body, though they could be nonexistent and she'd still love how they looked. She glided both her hands over her nipples, teasing them to attention and driving her arousal a bit further. They perked up nice and pointy while she wriggled her lower torso more to give her downstairs some pleasure in the form of a nearly permanently fixed dildo. She could get used to feeling all this pleasure.

After a few minutes of spreading eagle and enjoying the sensations currently felt, Bree snapped herself back to reality enough to at least recognize that she should get fully clothed. She ran her hands down her svelte body and rose to her feet to continue dressing. She inspected the pile of clothes while she pulled her panties up to fit her nice and snug and noticed that they were slightly different from when she entered the frat house. Prying apart the pile she noticed some form fitting leggings which she pulled her legs through to at least get her legs covered. She spied a bra different than her one earlier, though that made sense with her itty bitties now, though also notable was that this one was a sports bra. Beside it was a tiny and plain T-shirt that looked like it would fit snug on her. She opted out of the sports bra at the sight of it, figuring there wasn't much to hide in the first place, and then tossed on the shirt.

Looking at the spot where the clothes were seconds ago, she caught a glimpse of her ID card down beside the sports bra. She reached for it with a hand while her other one idly brushed over either nipple to give them some stimulation. It was the first time she had looked at it in at least a few hours, and she knew some changes had occurred so she skimmed the list:

Name: Bree Baker

Age: 19

Height: 5'6"

Weight: 125lbs

Body type: Fit

Hair Color: Strawberry Blonde

Face: Electric Blue lips

Breasts: A-cup

Personality: Sweet, slutty

Alcohol tolerance: 1 sip

Sexual preferences: Always lets the other take charge

Other:

- Cannot get pregnant.

- Takes a nude of herself every day for Scott Stevens.

- Compelled to go to DNA frat house whenever horny.

- Must have something in her vagina at all times.

- Loves to keep her nipples erect

- Doesn't care about breast size

More about her body had changed than she realized. She looked up from the card, trying to remember some of these things that she was subject to, and when they were said to her. Her hand was still idly stroking across her nipples until she realized what she was doing and why. Brushing them aside, she shook her head and starting pacing in a huff to calm herself. As she took her first steps the dildo inside her moved around and caused some stirring in her nethers. She hadn't really considered that walking with the toy in her would be *this* stimulating all the time. This caused her to stop and stand in place now, contemplating the person she was becoming.

As she thought about her new bodily impulses and changes more she wondered what she would do. What was her game plan? What was she still even *doing* here? She realized how much of the day she had wasted here at this frat house having sex. With nobody keeping her here and a stable set of changes on her that allowed her to inconspicuously return to her room, she should probably head out there sooner than later.

Realizing she had everything she needed and that she came with, Bree walked to the door. The dildo was still noticeable in her snatch but she would have to find some way to either ignore it or walk so that it didn't turn her on and rub around her so much. She breathed in and then out again, regaining some composure. As soon as she finished though she felt the need to rub her nipples again to stimulate them. She rolled her eyes and accepted this weird quirk while they perked up and then finally opened the door.

Walking through the hallways of the frat house she *appeared* normal enough to the unsuspecting onlooker. She hadn't seen anyone yet since it was pretty late and a weekend night, but she imagined nothing about her sent off any red flags or made her stand out, especially at a glance. Her nipples poked through her bra-less fabric but that was just college. Her dildo didn't make itself known to anyone outside of herself, though she imagined some pervy guys might be able to identify the slight bulge in her lower abdomen. All that really stood out was her bright blue lips but that was a known quantity of her in this new world, apparently. And who knew what of the other qualities she now had were public knowledge, too.

As she reached the foyer still not a soul was in sight. She wasn't trying to act suspicious or draw any more attention to herself, especially when it seemed the guys at this frat house were already horndogs apt to at any point influence her in some way. She snuck to the door and flung it open to make her escape. Quickly darting out, Bree rushed headlong into another person making their way into the frat house. This exchange sent Bree tumbling outside and down the front stairs with the man she bumped into luckily bracing himself and holding himself upright. While Bree tumbled down the front stairs, the man spoke.

"Hey, ow! Watch it, ya' klutz!" He said. Bree bumped her way down the small decline, crashing on her rear end at the bottom. Luckily it was a quick and harmless fall, with the worst of it perhaps being a bruise on one of her asscheeks. Rubbing her bruise, Bree looked to the man and apologized for her rashness.

“S-sorry, I’m just in a bit of a rush, and--” She started.

“Hey wait a sec there, blue lips. I know you, you’re the chick that gives that Stevens kid nudes, huh? Boy, those are some quality shots you show him. Any chance I can get some of those?”

Bree, unsure how to respond to such a straightforwardly perverted question, took a second to stumble through her answer. She rose to her feet as she responded.

“N-no! How...Why do you know about those? I thought they were only for him.”

“Oh hell no! He always shows them off to a bunch of us when he gets ‘em. What is it, once every day? Man, I wish you’d send them to the whole frat house, make it a lot easier. Hey, any way I can convince you?” Bree was shocked at how forthright this guy was being with his pervy requests, and dumbfounded with how rude and demeaning he could be. Was this all because she was known to be a little slutty now?

“No way! Why would I ever give the whole place a nude? You really think I want myself going around more than it already is?” She responded, angrily. As she said this, however, she noticed a tingle in her mind subside. The deed was already done.

“What are you talking about, you already do, blue lips. And thanks, by the way. You may be flat as a board but it doesn’t make it any less sexy!” At that, the fraternity brother winked at Bree and entered the building, clearly content with how the conversation altered to his advantage.

Bree felt her chest tingle ever so slightly and knew it was whatever semblance of breasts she had fading away. Though she was now no bustier than a pre-teen she didn’t spend time lamenting her body. She shook her head and began back towards her own dorm at last for the night. She was concerned about reining in her reputation for handing out her own nudes, sure, but she also knew that nothing good came of her time in that frat house. She quickly brushed her chest, tempting her nipples to poke up ever so slightly. At ease with her body she hurried back to the safety of her dorm room.

She had made it. Entering her dorm building had never felt so relieving to the young college girl as it had tonight. Luckily for Bree the way home was relatively free of any onlookers, although to be honest she wasn’t terribly worried about any as nothing about her really stood out or attracted attention. The dildo stuck inside her proved to be of little distraction and only really made her fidget and shiver with pleasure once or twice on her trip.

As she approached the door to her room she wasn’t quite sure if she should expect Carly to be there or not. She actually had no clue if she would see Carly at all tonight or if maybe she’d

wander her way back to the room in the morning. The hallway had some activity in it, though none who Bree recognized nor cared to get to know just now. She unlocked her door and opened it, finding that Carly's bed was empty and the lights were all off.

Entering the room she flipped the lights on and closed the door with a sigh. Here she was safe. Spending several minutes to relax in the room and take care of herself she decided now would be a good time to clean herself up and change into some clothing that belonged rightfully to her as opposed to whatever these conjured up clothes were. Feeling in fact more comfortable with her shirt off Bree stripped it and her leggings clean off her body and threw them with her dirty clothes, leaving her only in her panties. She sashayed herself over to her collection of clothing to see what sort of comfortable attire she could don, flicking at her delicate nipples while doing so.

Upon opening the drawer to her clothing Bree was somewhat surprised to find that there wasn't a whole lot that looked especially familiar. Sifting through several drawers she found this to be more and more the truth. Her very next discovery was that she found she didn't own any bras, although she was fine with that for several reasons, not least of which being that she really only had nipples and no breasts whatsoever. Some of the clothing looked at best familiar to her, but still like nothing she could remember buying or wearing.

She pondered how interesting a side effect this was, that some relatively small changes to her body could cause a change as significant as warping her entire wardrobe. It brought thoughts back into the forefront of her mind about how she should try and combat this ID card that was currently sitting on her bed. She again went through in her head the possibility of telling someone she trusted that it existed, someone like Carly, but she wasn't sure the ramifications of that. Still, she had to at least try something to gain some leeway on this thing that currently owned her life, and if she was looking for trustworthy people Carly would definitely take something like this seriously enough to give her a chance and not abuse it, that just wasn't who Carly was.

No sooner had she made up her mind to actually tell Carly about this accursed item had Bree heard a clicking at the door, signifying at least *someone* out there, though probably Carly. The doorknob clicked open and in, as expected, strode a partied-out Carly. She closed the door quickly and sauntered her way into the room looking simultaneously content at the night she had and mischievous. She spied Bree after a few feet in, who rose to her feet to greet Carly.

"Wow, I see where the *real* party is now!" She said simply. Bree paused for a moment to think about what Carly had meant by this when she suddenly realized that she was only in her panties! Bree yelped in surprise and mild embarrassment.

"Oh! Carly, I'm sorry! I was just--" Bree brought her hands up to her chest to cover it, teasing her nipples lightly and as inconspicuously as possible.

“Heyyyy, don’t worry about it, you do what makes you comfortable...And I’ll do me...!” Carly fell backwards on her back, landing directly on her bed. She outstretched her arms and legs, moving them to and fro like a snow angel. “How was your night, ya’ little sexpot?” She asked Bree, still looking straight up at the ceiling.

“Me, um...It was...Fine.” She lied. She wanted to share what had happened but she needed to ease into things. It couldn’t be the first thing out of her mouth as soon as Carly came back home.

“That’s good, good. Probably had sex with like a guy or two, right? How’d it go? Anything fun happen?” Carly said rather bluntly.

“I, uh, um...What? I mean, some things might’ve...I dunno, why do you want to know?” Bree was confused. She knew that for her she had grown a little sluttier tonight, and she knew Carly herself had been known to peruse the male persuasion proudly, but since when did they share this? And so openly while she was still naked?

“Oh come on now Bree, I might’ve had a few to drink tonight but I know you went and got some action tonight. That body, and that reputation at the DNA frat house? You don’t even need the tits to win ‘em over there!”

“Carly, stop. I don’t really wanna talk about *that* right now. And you know, I don’t care how big my chest is...” Bree said, trying to persuade her roommate into a more constructive conversation.

“‘How big your chest is’? It should be ‘How tiny your chest is’ girl, there’s not a tit in sight! I’m staring right at it!” Carly said. Bree tightened her grip around her chest to try and hide it more and keep conversation away from them. “I mean hey look, you’re still hot, right? I guess the ass makes up for up top? I guess I never really noticed the bubble butt going on back there, huh?”

Bree’s body responded to Carly’s comment with a tingle from below. She craned her neck around back to check out her rear and what was happening to it. It plumped and grew ever so slightly, giving her exactly what Carly had explained: A bubble butt. It wasn’t overly plump and didn’t throw off her weight distribution and so, for all intents and purposes, was one of the few changes she underwent that saw no real negative influence.

While craning her neck around to see it, Bree had pushed her butt out to a bit of a profile view which meant Carly got a great look at it as well. Carly sat up a bit from her bed, now able to see Bree’s body better. “Yeah, see that?” She said to her roommate. “Who needs a heavy top with a booty like that and hips to match!”

Again a tingle in Bree’s rear started up. Apparently something in Carly’s suggestion was enough to change her again. Bree looked back at her butt again to see if it got any bigger but noticed

the tingling instead centered a little bit to either side, in her hips. She watched as they flared out a bit more and gave her a wider pelvic region. While she assumed it would be painful, Bree felt more discomfort than anything as her body rearranged itself. Now matching her butt her hips gave her body a distinct pear shape, with a butt that enhanced itself slightly to still retain a “bubble butt” status.

“Okay Carly, that’s enough, we all know I’ve got the goods downstairs.” Bree said, not wanting these changes to become infectious and change her entire body.

“Well hey, your downstairs may be lookin’ fiiiiine but that’s not all you’ve got. You’re more than a nice ass with a face as good looking as yours. I mean, with big lips like yours even I want a smooch sometimes!” Bree anticipated a change at the first comment, but it wasn’t until the second that it hit her. Her face overall tingled a bit, probably responding to Carly’s comment of cutening her up, but it was her lips that really popped, even if slightly so. They didn’t overwhelm her face but Bree could tell they had changed slightly. She wondered if anyone would even really notice the change, to be honest. Not really having any time to contemplate this change, Carly just went on. “Let’s be real though, you’ll kiss anyone who asks, right?” Carly finished with a giggle. Bree felt a tingling now coming to her head. This had to stop.

Bree shook her head at these comments. “Stop it, Carly! We’re done!” She said, slightly angrily. She moved towards her roommate who was still on her bed. As she got closer Bree lost her balance and bounded on top of Carly, yelping slightly and landing straight on top of her. Bree’s still nude body was laid out on top of Carly now, whose expression of shock at the sudden fall turned to a smile and a stifled laugh.

“Oh, Breeeeee! So clumsy, but I didn’t realize you’d fallen for me~! And here I am, with all my clothes still on!” She once again giggled, making a sly remark at Bree’s expense.

A tingle returned but this time it seemed more significant. As Bree looked into her roommate’s eyes her own face turned slowly more and more red as she realized the situation. She...*was* attracted to Carly! And now, sitting here on top of her, *naked* no less!? Bree quickly leapt up off her roommate and paced back to her side of the room, arms covering her chest to hide how swollen her nipples now were while also stimulating them. She and Carly were friends, sure, but now she was downright smitten with the girl. She wondered if with the changes to reality and even after Carly’s comment it was known to Carly or if she hid the fact. That uncertainty of the new present alone made Bree more embarrassed about what had just happened. This was a lot to take in!

“C-Carly....” Bree stammered, her back to her roommate. She wanted to just get through the conversation she had been contemplating quickly and put it out there. Something about her newly changed mind compelled Bree to entrust the knowledge of the ID card to her roommate. Perhaps it was now that she had feelings for the girl which encouraged her to try and be more

open about the intimate parts of her life? Either way, Bree as already embarrassed and just wanted to get it out!

“C-Carly! I...I have something I want to tell you about! My ID card, the one I just got in the mail the other day, it's...It's been changing me! I don't know how else to describe it, but it's been changing me, mind and body, and I need to tell someone about it or I'm gonna go crazy! It's made me into something I...Something I'm not, and never was! I never used to be like *this*, Carly!” Bree turned around and spread her arms out to her roommate. To her immense amount of dismay, Carly was out. Cold. By Bree's guesses she had been drinking too much and after a bout of quick energy was out like a light. That much she had remembered from the old reality, and was glad it stuck in this one.

She slumped her shoulders seeing her roommate now well on her way to REM sleep, and walked over to her to better cover her with some blankets. With growing excitement Bree pushed a lock of hair from her friend's face and rolled her over to push some blankets on her. Carly slovenly rolled to the side and breathed in a snore only one who was desperately in need of sleep could muster. Yup, she was out.

Bree meandered back to her bed with a sigh. Once again in awe of how...Strange things had gone, especially so quickly, she reflected on her next move. She had mustered a surprising amount of gusto to tell Carly about her ID card, something she expected *nobody* to believe, which was something she now was not quite looking forward to in their now probably changed dynamic. Teasing her nipples she paced a bit contemplating what she should do tomorrow when she saw Carly next. Should she try and confront her about the card again? She truly did need to tell someone about this. As seen recently things could get incredibly out of hand for her.

As she thought about the morning she spied her very ID card over on her bed, nestled in some of her blankets. She was frightful at the newest batch of changes but looked at it nonetheless.

Name: Bree Baker

Age: 19

Height: 5'6"

Weight: 125lbs

Body type: Fit

Hair Color: Strawberry Blonde

Lips: Pouty, Electric Blue

Breasts: Smaller than A-cup

Hips: Wide, Bubble butt

Personality: Sweet, slutty

Alcohol tolerance: 1 sip

Sexual preferences: Always lets the other take charge

Sexuality: Bisexual

Crush: Carly Connors

Other: Cannot get pregnant.

Takes a nude of herself every day for the DNA frat house

Compelled to go to DNA frat house whenever horny.

Will kiss anyone who asks for one

Must have something in her vagina at all times.

Loves to keep her nipples erect

Doesn't care about breast size

Klutzy

While none of these changes surprised her, she was still mortified with how big the list was becoming. She threw the card onto her dresser to get it out of her sight. With Carly asleep Bree should be right behind her, wanting desperately to put the day's events behind her. She pondered and looked at her bed, teasing her nipples again. In this new reality, did she usually sleep nude?