If you are under 18 you shouldn't be reading this, what follows is a story that has sex, masturbation, breast expansion, transgender, cursing, and more. So do yourselves a favor and if you are not 18 or you do not like this kind of stuff then please stop reading. Everyone else please enjoy and if you have comments or if you like to contact me and see if I would be interested in writing a story for you contact me via [Darthgaret@yahoo.com](mailto:Darthgaret@yahoo.com) This is my first erotic story, and I would like to make it clear that there is a story here, not just fantasy. So if you are not interested in reading a story, and not just a quick smut, then you have found your story, if not please move along. One of my goals in life is to become a published author, so if you enjoyed the story, or have a suggestion that could make my writing better, please feel free to message me at the E-mail listed above.

The Witch’s Tower

By

Maggot1108 a.k.a (Josh Turner)

I can't say that I never was interested in seeing what the world would be like from the view point of someone else besides me.

But I truly never dreamed this even in my most wild fantasies.

My name was Garet Chandley. I say was because that person no longer exists, he is nothing more than just a memory of what I once was.

This all started a few days before Halloween, my friends told me about this old place called Presidio Park here in San Diego CA, now I just moved out here recently from Orlando FL, so I am still not that familiar with the local legends.

So when I hear of a demonic place within the park called the Witch's Tower my interests was peaked, and me being a non-believer in the supernatural said that I would go there and spend Halloween night in this place to prove them to be nothing more than cowards.

And tonight was the night, well not just yet, in about three more hours it will be Halloween. So before I go to this so called haunted house, which isn’t even a house from what I understand. But before that I have decided to swing by my girlfriends place.

"I really wish you wouldn't do this." Says Kira. I am sitting on her couch with her, her laying on me just relaxing. I look away from the TV to her, 'God, I am lucky.' I think to myself realizing again just how beautiful my girlfriend is.

Her shoulder length blood red hair frames her beautiful snake like face. Her deep emerald green eyes are enchanting to say at least. I see fear in them though, "Why? It's just a stupid place; I am just trying to prove a point."

She sits upright, her slipknot shirt clings to her large ampule d cup breasts. I felt a twitch in my pants from looking at those amazing mounds of tit flesh. We have been dating for two months now, and I can truly say that I have never dated a girl quite like her.

"Because you don't understand the heritage of that place, it truly is magical."

"How so?" I say with a smile on my face knowing the story that follows.

She drops her head and smiles. "You just like hearing this story don't you?"

"Well yes, but I need my memory refreshed again." I could feel my dick starting to get hard from just thinking about what she was going to say.

She sighs and begins he story once more.

"On my 21 birthday my friend Jasmine, who is a Wiccan said that if I trusted her and wanted to have one of my wishes come true to come with her to Presidio Park at 3 am. So since it was my 21'st b-day I had been drinking all day so by twelve at night I said fuck it and I called Jasmine and told her to pick me up and we would go to the park.

"We got there and she explained to me how the ground that I standing on was sacred ground."

"How so?" I asked.

"Because a long time ago it was an Indian burial ground, and after that the building on the hill was built during the Spanish inquisition, and was used as a place of torture to get info from prisoners they captured. She said that because of the history of the place that it has deep dark magic imbedded within it.

"So she took me into the tower and had me sit on the ground within a pentagram and lit black candles around me, she started speaking in what I guess to be in Latin and after about ten minutes of this, and her pacing in circles around me she asked me what I wanted more than anything else in this world.

"I being drunk for the real first time in my life wasn't thinking very clearly."

"That's not what you said before." I said with a sadistic smile on my face and a hard on in my pants.

She closed her eyes and continued. "I was secretly bi, and I guess with all the alcohol in me, and Jasmine walking around in her skin tight jeans, I was getting very horny. So I wished for something I thought I was always cheated out of."

"Go on." I toyed her on, knowing that I was in dire need of blowing a nut now.

She opened her eyes, and looked at me sultry and said. "I think you are enjoying this aren't you?" She reached over and placed a hand on my rock hard member that was very visible through my jean by this time.

"You are just a really good story teller, that's all baby." I leaned over and gave her a kiss.

She unzips my jeans and pulls out my 8 inch member and slowly moves her hand up and down my shaft, as she finishes her story. “As I said, Jasmine, asked me to make one wish, something that I have always wanted. So I wished for the one thing I had always… wanted more of.”

“What would that be?” I asked. She stood, and grabbed ahold of her shirt, and pulled it off, in that sexy cross armed way we all love. So there she stood, her huge soft milky white breasts overflowing her cups, her cleavage was deep and at least three inches long.

She grabbed ahold of her breasts and started rubbing them, “For large full breasts, so big that they would make men drool.” And that I was, my mouth though wasn’t the only thing that was drooling at this point.

“After I made my wish, all the candles went out because of a strange wind, the wind though blow through me. It was the greatest feeling I have ever had, my breast felt like they were on fire, my whole body felt like I was being touch by a thousand hands, all in the perfect way. I had the best orgasm in my life without even touching myself.”

I had to ask it just to make her described it even more. “And why would you want that? Your tits are big and beautiful.” Kira sat down in my lap, let down her shoulder length blood red hair that she kept in a ponytail. I had the perfect view of her beautiful breasts at that moment, my rock hard cock pressed against her crotch, through her skinny jeans.

“Because at that time, I was a double A cup, and I had always dreamed,” She said as she ran a hand over her breasts. “Of what it would be like to have large, full, soft, tits, and I am glad to say, as well as you can plainly see my wish came true.

“After that night my breasts were tender to the touch, and then about three day later I noticed that my breasts wouldn’t fit my bra anymore. I thought it might be bloating, so I thought nothing of it. By the end of the week I knew otherwise, my breasts were a full A cup.

“Needless to say I was not only excited, but scared. I still didn’t say anything to anyone though, because they would have thought that I’ve lost my mind. But over the next week my breasts continued to grow. By the end of the week they were full B cups.

“At this point I couldn’t hide my growth anymore from my parents, and I decided best that I should go to a doctor, and make sure that nothing was truly wrong. They ran blood tests and everything came back negative, nothing was wrong, they couldn’t think of any reason for my development other than late onset puberty.

“I knew by then that my wish had been granted, and decided just to ride it out and enjoy it. By the end of the next week I was a C cup, my clothes didn’t fit right anymore so I had to buy new ones, not only just to cover up my amazing growing chest, but also to show them off.

“By the end of the next week, I was a full D cup, and was I happy. I finally had the breasts I had always dreamed about, I can’t begin to explain to you how great it felt to wake up every day, and notice your breasts were bigger, and softer. And that’s how it’s been… up to about a week ago, that is” She said with lust in her voice.

That caught me off guard, she never said that before. “Wait… What do you mean, until now?” I asked, confused by that last line. She let out a sexy giggle, and said. “I mean that over the past week, they have gotten bigger.”

“Bullshit.” I said in disbelief of the fact that my already endowed girlfriend, might be growing again.

She raises an eyebrow at this. “Haven’t you noticed? Look at them, I’m about to blow out of my cups. I just bought this bra last week, it was a perfect fit. And now look at them!” She says as she shoves her amazing tits in my face, “They haft to be double D’s now!”

I look at them, ‘God their beautiful.’ I think to myself as I look over every single micro inch of her bosom, and realize they are bigger! They are straining against her cups, and overflowing them. And as I think more about it I realize, that I have noticed how big her tits have looked as of late. I mean hell, when I met her she was big, but know she is getting huge!

I couldn’t take it anymore, I reached out and grabbed ahold of her breasts, and started rubbing them, and a soft moan escaped Kira’s lips. “Holy shit.” I said aloud, as I realized how soft they were now. The last time I felt her tits, was last week. And by God they just didn’t look bigger, they felt bigger! I couldn’t fit as much tit in one hand as I did before, I thought it might be because of the bra, so I reached behind her and took it off with no resistance from her. Her tits though were so crammed in her bra that it took me longer than it used to, to take it off.

Once the bra was off, I saw them for what they really are. They hung lower on her chest then they had before. They seemed rounder, and stuck out further from her chest then before, on top of that, -Or should I say, on top of her breasts. - Her nipples seemed puffier then before.

I was like a deer trapped in headlights… well her headlights that is. I couldn’t believe how beautiful this goddess was that was sitting on my lap. Her tight, toned body where the only ounce of fat she had was ether in her amazing breasts, or her plump lips, or round supple ass. Her blood red hair, made her emerald green eyes stand out like green fire.

I pulled her down to me and kissed her deeply. I ran my nails down her back slowly, a moan escaped her lips. I did not allow her anytime to catch her breath; I picked her up and laid her down on the couch. Her hand reached up and grabbed my cock, and began running her hand over it, my hard on stood proud at 8 inches, as she began rubbing it. I stood there for a moment, and let her go to town, her other hand came up and began working my balls.

I closed my eyes and fought to not blow my load right then, and there. What snapped me out of my trance was her taking my cock in her mouth. I let out a grunt, as she worked my head, licking and sucking on it. I wanted just to let go of it all right then, but I pulled her off of my dick. “Here,” I made her sit up on the couch, and started undoing her jeans, “Let me return the favor.” I said as I brought her jeans and panties down to her knees in one swift movement. There it was, my holy grail, so to speak. She keeps her pussy nicely trimmed up, leaving only, as you would call it, a “Landing strip” of hair down there. She was already wet, as I teased her for a minute and ran my fingers along her engorged clit, she began moaning softly, and when she closed her eyes and tilted her head back, I stuck my face down there and started licking her. That got her attention; as I felt one of her hands come down to hold my head in place.

I ran my teeth over her pussy slowly, and this made her scream out in pleaser, I knew the time was at hand to, “Do the deed” so I laid her down once more, and I pulled off my jeans, and straddled her in good old fashioned missionary style. I teased her for a second moving my dick around the outer rim of her pussy, with my hand, and then I entered her.

She is nicely tight, and the pressure against my member feels fucking amazing. I leaned forward onto her, as I slid further into her. My tongue darting out like a snake, licking her nipple, her hands on my back, as I could feel her nails clench into my flesh from time to time. I began pumping into her slowly, but with force, I was reward with soft moans. I kissed her deeply, and one of her hands came up, and held my lips, to hers by the nape of my neck.

She was slipping me her tongue, and nibbling on my lip, as I began feeling my orgasm build up within me. I focused my breathing, and slowed myself down, in hopes of out lasting her. I moved my hands up to her fleshy orbs, and worked them, rubbing them in deep circles. Her breathing sped up, and I now knew she was almost as close as I was to coming.

I took a mouthful of her tit, and sucked on it, while my tongue worked her nipple, she started moaning loudly at this, and just as if I was playing Mortal Kombat, now was the time to finish her. I started nibbling on her nipple and driving myself deeper, and soon enough I couldn’t hold myself back any longer, and spent myself in her. Knowing that soon I would not be able to do anymore I gave her three more deep thrusts, as I bit down on her nipple. She screamed aloud, half in pain, and the rest in due to her orgasm, as she dug her nails deep enough into my back to make me scream.

I laid my head against her soft breast and tried to catch my breath, as I felt a few tears leak from my eyes due to the pain in my back. “Shit, are you alright?” She asked while gasping for air, I pulled myself out of her, and stand up slowly, feeling pain shot through my back. I reach around and yelp in pain when my hand comes into contact with warm wet skin. I bring my hand back around, and see my hand has a fair amount of blood on it.

“Holy shit, you marked me.” I mumble out loud. Kira jumps up and starts apologizing, as soon as she saw the blood. She ran off for a second, and I sat down on to couch, when Kira re-entered the room she had a box of baby wipes in one hand, and in the other, she had some paper towel. She sat on the couch next to me, and had me turn away from her as she began to clean then wounds on my back.

“Garet, hear me out for a second.”

“OK.”

“Please, don’t go to the witch’s tower tonight, you don’t have to prove anything to me. You are already more of what a man is spouse to be than any other boyfriend I have ever had.”

“I got to though.”

“Why?”

“Because I gave my word that I was going to spend the night in there, no matter what.” I turned around and faced her. “I keep my word no matter what the cost is; that is how I was raised. And there is no way I am going to get scared off by some stupid place that’s got ghosts in it. Hell it can’t be that bad of a place if it made your breasts become so beautiful.” I said while I flicked her nipple with my thumb.

“Just promise me one thing.” She said while she took my hand.

“What’s that baby?”

“That everything will be alright. Because I can’t stand the thought of seeing you get hurt…” She pauses then finished with. “Garet, I love you.” This really took me aback, seeing that this is the first time ether of us had said this during our relationship.

I took her face into my hand, and looked her squarely in the eye. “I love you too.”

Soon after that I got dressed, and was ready to go. This time I told her that I loved her, so she would know I meant it. I zipped up my leather jacket, grabbed my helmet, and walked outside of her apartment. I kissed her goodbye the walked down the stairs from her second floor apartment, and straddled my Yamaha FJR motorcycle, put my helmet on, and drove off into the night.

Kira lived in Mission Valley which was about a fifth teen minute ride from the Presidio Park, where the Witch’s Tower laid. I had a shiver run down my spine as I rode down the highway, and I could see part of the tower from where I was. I exited the highway, but drove away from the for loaming tower on purpose, because I wanted some supplies for the night.

I pulled into the liquor stores parking lot, and went in not knowing truly what I wanted but settled on some good old Jagermeiltr, put in inside my jackets pocket, zipped it up and rode over to the tower.

I rode up the winding road that led to the parking lot, a statue caught my eye, and so after I parked my bike I walked over to get a better look at it. I felt the shiver once more in my spine, as something in the back of my mind was screaming to me to go home now! The statue looked as if it was spouse to be of an angel, but its face was contorted, and looked very demonic. As I looked at it, it was as if my vision was blurry, so I stepped closer, but the closer I got to the statue, the worst it seemed.

I reached out a hand and laid it on it, but as soon as my hand touched it I felt a shirring pain shot through my arm, making it completely numb. I jumped back now scared of whatever the hell that thing was. I turned and started walking away from it, but it was as if I could feel its eyes on me.

I started walking towards the tower, which was in truth not a tower at all, it was a hut. Roughly around forty-five, by thirty, Semi-rounded structure with a stairwell on the left hand side leading to it roof. I walked up to the door, common-sense could have told me that the front door wasn’t going to be unlocked, but I tried anyway, just to find that common-sense is right as always. I walked over to the staircase and double checked that no one was around, my eyes darted through the trees and shadows, trying their best to pick out any short of a figure in the midst of the ever-imposing darkness of the night. Even though I could not see anyone lurking about, I couldn’t help but get the feeling that someone was nearby, watching my every more. I looked at my watch; it said that it was one-fifty-five in the morning, which means the witching hour is soon.

I did some research on the Occult online before I came here, I found out two major factors about tonight. The first being that as the old lore says that Halloween, is the one day the vial that separates the two worlds, that being spirit, and mortal. Is at its weakest where not only spirits, but also demons, can cross over and interact with their human counterparts, and make their presence be known and in some extreme cases, be felt. The second though is also like the first, it is called the witching hour. This is when most of witch’s, Satanist, pagans, etc. preform most of their most powerful spell, because it is easy for them to reach the other side, and conjure up your great uncle named Sue. –How do you do? Ah hell no one is going to get that reference.-

So as it stands right now, in about one hour, I will be in a prime spot, on a prime date, at a prime time, for an encounter that would make Stephen King write a little better. –Sorry man, love your novels but Cell was too far out there for me. I mean come on! Flying Zombies! What the hell did you smoke, and where can I get it? - I began climbing the marble stairwell and reached the top soon enough, what I saw though made my blood run cold. There was a pentagram built into the roof, thousands of little tiny pieces of tile, formed together to make a star the size of the roof. I took a step forward and my foot kicked something over on the ground, I looked down to see that it was a black candle, at the end of one of the five points, and when I looked around at the rest of the ground my suspicion was proven correct. There was a black candle at the end of each of the points, I could tell that they have been used, but they were not warm, nor did they smell like a candle recently lit.

After walking the length of the roof, I found that there was no possible route of entry, from up here. So with great regret I decided to call off my little mission and head home, before doing so I decided to have a smoke, and a few shots of Jager. I cracked the bottle open and put it to my nose smelling that beautiful, pungent smell of your higher end alcohol, and took a sip. I lit up a Camel crush and enjoyed the surrounding no matter how ominous they were. Directly across from me there was what looked to be a church, its bell tower reaching into the night sky. It looked like a very old fashioned Spanish church the time you find deep in the heart of Mexico, just as Kira told me. To my right it seemed like a park, with a road cut right in the center of it, to my left was a panoramic view of Old Town San Diego, I could see that in the distance that a trolley was about to leave the station bound east.

I pitched out the remaining bit of my cigarette, and took one more swig of my bottle, and began walking down the stairs. As I reached the bottom, I felt a twinge of regret that my experiment was not going to happen after all tonight. I began walking back to my bike, and stole one final look, at the so called Witch’s Tower, it looked just like any other building that time forgot, the window had a crack in it, the door stood ajar, and just a little bit open, welcoming someone to go inside, the stone that the building was carved out of was weathered, and starting to look it’s age… Wait. The door is open?

My heart got stuck in my throat for a second, that door was not open a few minutes ago when I tried to open it. Maybe it was just stuck and my shoves against it had opened it, but something in the back of my mind started screaming at me to jump on my bike, and drive back home where I know it was safe. I ignored the voice though, as I once more started walking towards the tower once more.

I opened the door slowly, and peeked inside. It was dark and I could not make out anything within the structure. I brought out my led flashlight, and turned it on. The light penetrated the darkness reviling the place to be just as small as I thought it to be, I stepped inside and closed the door behind me. The room was very musty, and smelt of dust, and wax. There where spider webs hanging from where the wall met the roof, and there was a single wooden chair sitting in the middle of yet another built in pentagram, this one though was made of plain, large black tiles. I noticed that once more there was five black candles lining the pentagram, upon me examining them I found that they were barely used and that I could light them.

I pulled out my trusty Zippo lighter, and lit all five of them, and lit up another smoke since I already had my lighter out. I sat in the wooden chair and watched as the flames danced, and cast shadows across the wall, I couldn’t kick the feeling that something wasn’t right and that I needed to leave this place now. So I decided to bring out my bottle of liquid courage, and drank slowly but steadily from it.

I began to lose track of time, maybe in due to the alcohol, or maybe because I was bored. So I pitched my smoke, by now I had smoked somewhere close to five within here, and started walking around the place. “This place ain’t nowhere as bad as those dumb-asses said it to be, when will people understand that this is just a fucking building.” I spoke aloud to no-one but myself. I noticed that I had to take a piss, so I decided that here was the best place as any, so I undid my fly and sprayed my urine across the floor, and the walls.

I took one more swig from the bottle, I was becoming drunk, but I didn’t truly care at this point. I sat back down in the chair and felt colder than I was before. I passed it off as the warm contents of my bladder being emptied. I pulled out my cell phone, and drank one good drink of my bottle and sat it down next to my foot. I had no service in here, but then remembered I had other ways to keep myself entertained. I opened up my picture messages and scrolled down to one that Kira set me of her stark nude, I felt my member start to go hard at the sight of this. My hand started snaking its way into my pants, and was rubbing my Harding cock.

“Enough!” A woman screamed, as I found myself shot backwards through the air. I landed outside of the pentagram, with a sickening thud. I laid there for a second trying, to get my vision to steady. “You have defiled a sacred place! Do you not think you would have not upset my sisters, and I who once preformed magic within these walls! You...” I cut her off in the middle of her rant, as I stood.

“Bitch that hurt! Who the hell do you think you are, knocking me on my ass like that?” She stood in the center of the pentagram, where I was sitting just moments ago. She had short dark brown spiked hair, and a cold uncaring face. Her body looked malnourished and extremely frail, she was dressed in a full length black robe, the kind those kids at Hogwarts wear. I started walking towards her, I was pissed and as I got about a foot and a half from her, I swung my fist.

My fist stopped inches from her face unexpectedly, and I realized I could not move my body what so ever. I could look into her eyes being this close to her, but her eyes held no color, the where plain white eyes, no corneas, nor retinas. “You will pay for what you have done her tonight Garet Chandley,” “She spoke in such a cold voice, that I could feel it’s icy touch on my face. “I have looked into your heart and have seen what you lust after most in this world. And now Garet, you shall become what you desire so.”

She laid her hand on my head, it was so cold at first but then it was replaced by heat, and pain shooting through every facet of my body. I screamed aloud for what felt like an eternity, but really just lasted for but a few moments. She released me from her power and I crumpled to the floor in a sobbing heap, about to pass out from the pain that I was in. I could no longer see her anywhere that my eyes could see yet I could hear her voice booming throughout the whole place.

“Seven days’ time, until your life is no longer what it is today, every time you derive pleaser from your changing body, your body will change even more by six hours’ time. You will learn that there are forces in this world that you do not cross. Seven days.”

I awoke the next morning feeling like I had partied harder than I ever had in my life; my head throbbed with ever heartbeat. This is going to be one of those days that I don’t even want to move, yet alone go to an office party tonight.

I finally open my eyes, and I could see the tip of my hair hanging into my eye sight. “I’m going to have to get a haircut sooner than I thought.” I say aloud. I rub my fingers against my eyes, and slowly got up. What the hell happened last night? I can’t seem to remember at all, I know that I went to Kira’s, and that I hit a liquor store, and then I went to the Witch’s Tower. I just can’t seem to remember anything after I walked into that place.

I went to take a morning shower, letting the hot water pour over my body. I washed my hair, and then began to soap up my body, when my hands reached my chest I let out a small yelp. My chest was very tender, and soft. I looked down; it almost looked like my chest was swollen a bit, not that much, but still enough for me to take note.

I finished up my shower and stepped out, and walked over to my sink to shave. I ran a hand over my face, to find I didn’t need to shave today. I looked in the mirror at myself, my hair hung down into my eye sight now thanks to the water weighing it down, my blue eyes seemed somewhat darker, and I had no five o’ clock shadow like I should. So I walked out and turned on my mp3, and speakers, Muderdolls version of White Wedding, starts playing, as I got dressed for the day. My shirt seemed a little bit snug across the chest, so I stretched it out and that made it better.

As I fixed myself breakfast, I had to keep brushing my hair away from my eyes, and it was starting to piss me off. I sat down in my kitchen and thumbed through the San Diego Union Tribune, as homework while I ate. Same old, same old seemed to be happing in the world. Some butt hurt people are protesting the AZ law, someone killed someone over drugs, down in Chula Vista, a horrible car accident happened on the I-8, nearby PB (pacific beach) killing one, injuring three. Yep, just another day at the San Diego Zoo.

I stepped out onto my patio and smoked my morning cigarette, as I looked out over El Cajon. I lived about 15 minutes from Parkway Plaza, -It’s the city’s mall. - And about five from downtown El Cajon. My apartment is on the second floor, so I can overlook most of Downtown from here. I lean forward onto the railing, brushing my hair once more from my face, and tug at my t-shirt yet again; it just feels wired against my chest today.

I finish up my cigarette, and go back inside and turn on my Xbox 360, and put in Ninja Giaden 2 and sit on my couch. I look at my watch, its 3:45pm, -God damn I slept in late. - For some reason I can’t even remember coming home last night, I know I was at the Witch’s Tower but after that everything is black, until this morning. Kira and I are spouse to go to my office party, at seven, so I got some time to kill before I got to put on my costume.

I kept slicing and dicing at demons, and tugging at my shirt for the better part of an hour-and-a-half. What finally broke the regimen was when Ayane, a beautiful large breasted women appeared in a cut scene, her extremely tight top was showing of that amazing digital cleavage, and a good portion of side boob was on display also. I felt an all too familiar twitch my pants and I realized that I haven’t masturbated yet this morning, and since I got time to kill, I said what the hell and pulled my jeans down.

My cock got hard pretty damned fast, yet it didn’t seem quite as big, probably do to me forgetting to trim my bush this week. I lost my self in the moment and closed my eyes and imagined Ayane’s breasts, without warning I felt soft breast in my hand, and let out a moan of pleaser. That snapped me out of my trance, I don’t moan. Then I realized the soft breast I was feeling was my own. I got a very empty feeling in my stomach, and I felt panic over take me. I pulled my shirt off, and sure enough, there on MY CHEST were two small breasts, they looked to be smaller than an A cup, but still, that is huge compared to my normally flat chest.

I touched them again, they were soft yet firm and my nipples were sensitive to my touch. I felt pleaser from this, and found I was on the verge of coming, and at this point I couldn’t take it no more, and continued to not only jerk-off, but also rub my breasts. When I finally came, it was longer and more intense than any other orgasm I had in my whole life, not even Kira made me moan like I did.

I laid there in my chair for a few more minutes, trying to enjoy the great aftermath, of such a powerful orgasm. Then the realization of what just happened hit me like a brick wall, I buttoned jeans and ran across my apartment to the bedroom where I had a full length mirror, I stripped myself of my clothing, and looked at my body. Like I thought, I had very small breasts, they were somewhat hidden from sight from my chest hair, yet my chest hair did not seem as think as it always has. My hair was in my eyes and I tried brushing it out of my vision, just to have it fall back into my sight, it now covered my eyes completely.

I was scared, in just a few hours my hair has grown a few inches, and my flat chest has turned into small breasts. Upon further examination of my body, I found my face had gotten softer looking, not as rugged as it once was. My stomach seemed a little flatter; which isn’t all that bad seeing that I had a bit of a pot belly. Even my dick, which was soft right now, seemed a little bit smaller. And the last thing I noticed wasn’t until I sat down on the bed, my ass seemed softer. I almost felt like I was going to cry, “What the hell is happening to me?” I asked aloud, but no one was there to give a response.

I didn’t know what to do, I was panicking. I couldn’t call a doctor, because what has occurred isn’t really enough to prove, and I might get stuck on crazy drugs if I do. I guess I just got to try and hide what has happened, because I got to start getting ready for the party tonight.

Pushing what has happened to me out of my mind; I walk over to my closet and pull out my hand made costume, and my store bought mask. I am going as Paul Grey from Slipknot, the bass player who passed away recently. I took me the better part of a week, to get the items needed, and to create the custom Slipknot army shirt. The rest was pretty easy from there.

I pulled on my jeans, and put on some black shoes, and started on the shirt when yet again I noticed the new found mass on my chest, I tried to overlook it but when I was buttoning the shirt I had to pull a little bit more to get the top buttons to come together so I could button them. I walked into my bathroom after I put the red tie on, and started working on blackening out my eyes, and lips. I notice though while doing so that my hair still seemed a little bit darker that it’s normal color of dirty blond, it seemed more like light brown. I was starting to get really nervous again, but I forced it all from my mind.

I took a black eyebrow pencil and began blacking out my eyes, then lips with it. I laughed at myself after I was down, because I looked like some short of Emo kid. I put my mask on and gave myself a once over, if it wasn’t for my hair being so damn long now, I would almost look like Paul. But hell I am not about to try and cut my hair myself.

When I was walking back into my bedroom, I heard my cell phone start ringing, and sped up to grab it, and was greeting with my chest bouncing with my run, I was cursing under my breath as I picked up the phone and saw that it was Kira. “Hey baby.”

“Hey, how are you?”

“I’m doing well I guess, just a little bugged out.”

“Why’s that baby?”

I felt my chest again to make sure that they were still real, and yes they were, and maybe it was my mind playing tricks on me but they even felt softer than before. “Uh, nothing just drank too much last night.”

“Oh, do you believe me now about the place?”

“Yeah, I guess I do.” I said while having to pry my hand of my breast, it just felt so damn good to rub them.

“That’s good, well I got something to show you tonight, it’s pretty big.” For some reason the way she said it, she made it sound sex based. And me already being a bit horny from rubbing my new tits, what she said just gave me a ragging hard on.

“Really now, can I get a hint?” I said while undoing my jeans.

“Well that would run the surprise wouldn’t it? But I promise that you will get to play with them tonight.” She said with lust dripping from her voice.

The only time she has ever said, ‘Play with them’ is when she is talking about her tits, so I went ahead and asked. “Hmm. What did you do to your breasts darling?” I was now lying on my bed, and rubbing my cock hard and fast.

“I didn’t do anything to them.” I noticed the way she played on her words. “But, like I said before, you are just going to have to wait until tonight to find out.”

“Oh that’s just being mean to me now baby.” Without noticing my hand had snuck up once more to my breasts. I quickly shut it down though, and refused to even jerk-off, as I put my dick back inside my pants, and zipped up.

“Well it’s about 15 minutes till the party gets start, so I will see you there.”

“Ok Kira, I love you.” It still felt weird saying that, but now more than ever before have I wanted to feel like someone was there for me.

“I love you too, bye.” And with that the call was ended and I started working my way down to my bike, I realized I couldn’t ride with my mask on, so I put it on backwards, and put my helmet on overtop, and hit the road.

Most of the roads where not that busy, and I could see kids dressed in all types of outfit’s trick-or-treating up and down the streets as I passed by, this is truly the greatest time of year, not Christmas. On Halloween, a kid gets to be a kid, and an adult gets to party, there is no real stress. Christmas on the other hand is completely different, you have to buy gifts sometimes months in advance, and pray to God you got it right, people are frantic over Christmas shopping, and over cooking the food. You have to socialize with your extended family, when you in truth hate them and never want to see them again. See my point yet?

I pull into the office parking lot and try to find a spot; there is a hell of a lot of cars here tonight. I spot an opening and pull in, and pull my helmet off; my hair comes down covering my eyes. I did forget to tell you I grabbed one thing on my way out; I grabbed a tube of hair gel so that way I could hide my now longer hair. I took the tube out, and squirt some in my hand, I squatted down so I could look into my mirror, and slicked my hair completely back. I looked ok, still didn’t go with the outfit, but better than letting it just hang.

I was putting my mask on when I heard, “Hey there Paul.” I strap it behind my head and turn to see that it was Kira, but when I saw her my jaw hit the ground. She had her hair in pigtails, and had her face painted up like a real woman. She had a red one piece dress on, with a belt pulled tightly around her waist, and her skirt was right below her panty line, she even had a red cape on her back, and red high heels, so she really did tower over me. But what really caught my attention was the front of her dress, there was a hole cut in the center showing of a generous portion of cleavage, as her breasts literary strained against the top, above the hole the dress was made to come down low, and show off their breasts, but she seemed to almost overflow it completely.

“Holy shit, are you spouse to be Red Riding Hood?”

“Yes I am.” She says doing that real girly bow that they did back in the 18th century, I got a good eye full of cleavage.

She stood, and walked to me, raised my mask up and kissed me deeply. I savored ever second of it, as I tasted her sweet lips against mine, as she began to pull back; I put my arms around her, and pulled her back into me. I kissed her like it was the last time I would ever see her, and before I was done I nibbled on her neck, and then kissed my way down to her neck, and sucked softly on the nape of her neck. I heard a soft moan escape her lips, as I let her go.

She stood back up fully, and I could see her nipples pressed against the already tight dress. Kira is about three inches taller than me without heels on, but tonight she looked like an amazon, standing about five inches taller than me. “At least you’re not wearing your three inch heels.” I said with a laugh.

She looked at me confused, “I am though.” I looked at the heels and sure enough, they looked to be three inchers.

“That’s weird cuz I usually have to pull you down further when you do.” I pulled my mask back down into place.

“Huh, you do look a bit taller.” She stepped out of her heels, and stood in front of me. I usually only come up to around her neck, but tonight I was at the base of her chin. “You are taller!” She said surprised.

I was just as shocked as her, if not more thinking of the rest of the changes that has happened to me today. I quickly changed the course of the conversation though. “What did you do to your tits?” I said while once more looking at how amazingly big they seem.

“I didn’t do anything like I told you before, but something did happen.” She said with that all too familiar devilish grins of hers. “I went to sleep early last night because I felt kind of strange; while I was asleep I had very lucid dreams of my breasts growing larger.” She said while cupping them in her hands, “And when I woke up, they had grown.”

“What!” I said in disbelief, yet the proof was right in front of my eyes.

“Yes, I was as stunned as you are trust me. But I went to the mall, and had myself fitted, I am now a double E cup.” I felt like I was going to faint.

“That can’t be true.”

She laughed. “Well if you let me come over tonight, then you can see for yourself.” She said with a wicked grin. I could feel not only my dick getting hard, but also my nipples.

I took her by her arm and said. “Shall we then? The sooner we get in there, the sooner I get to test out you so called Double E cups.” She smiled as we started walking into the office.

I work for the East County Gazette, which is one of the local newspapers, as a writer. I cover concerts that happen in the region that is in truth how I met Kira. I stepped through the doorway, with my gorges girlfriend on my arm, and to say heads turn would be an understatement. Almost everyone that was present had a wowed look upon their face from the way we were dressed, well mainly the way Kira was dressed.

“Is that you Garet?” I hear a booming voice say from my right side. It was Jake, one of the founders of the paper, he was dressed in what seemed to be a hillbilly’s outfit, and he towered above us all, standing six-five.

I shake his meaty hand. “Yes sir, it’s me.” I noticed his eyes going up and down Kira’s body. I couldn’t blame him, but still it did tick me off a bit. I heard someone clear their throat to see Dianna, walking out of her office and giving Jake a look of ‘Have some restraint.’ Dianna was Jake’s better half, and the other founder of the paper, she is also our editor in chief.

“Wait a second; you guys are spouse to be the Clampton’s right?” I said remembering the old TV show, The Beverly Hillbillies.

“You got it right.” Dianna said, “Well who’s your friend.”

“Oh yeah, where’s my manners, this is Kira. Kira this is Jake, and Dianna, they are my bosses.”

She shook their hands. “It’s very nice to meet you.”

“Same, it’s a pleaser.” Said Jake and Dianna gave him an elbow in the ribs. I could sense that a fight is about to start, so I told them that I see them around, and me and Kira started walking away. I noticed that most outfits were very cheap store bought props just for one night. There was your run-of-the-mill Vampire, Werewolf, and Zombie. The only costumes that I saw worth noting, was Nathans Freddy Kruger, and his dates Avatar outfit, which wasn’t even very much of an outfit in the first place. Then there was Kyle, and Jessica. I would have to say they had the best outfits on in here, they were dressed as Jack, and Sally, from The Nightmare before Christmas, and what even made it even better is they brought along their baby daughter along, and had her dressed up like the ghost dog.

I had only one drink, so I could make sure I could get back to my place ok, without wiping out. Kira had two, and looked to be having the time of her life, I though was too busy being worried by all of my changes to really even enjoy myself, and I also had to excuse myself twice to the restroom. The first because my shirt was feeling very tight across my chest, so I went into the john, and opened my shirt to find that yet again my breasts looked just the little bit larger. The second being because after receiving a noogie from Jake, my hair was completely messed up and hanging down again, I slicked it back again, and walked out the door.

I socialized with everyone a bit more, seeing how everyone was doing since I don’t always see them, was a nice thing. But soon enough I wanted to leave and just go lay down, and have some fun with Kira. So I quickly found her hanging out with Alice, Dianna’s daughter, who has hit on me so many times it’s not even funny. She was dressed as a sexy red devil, and winked at me as Kira and I began to leave.

I stopped by and said my goodbyes to my bosses, and friends and with that Kira and I walked out. When outside I opened my pack of cigarettes, and lit one up, Kira asked for one and I passed her one also. She doesn’t smoke as much as me, but when she drinks, she likes to enjoy a smoke. We walked over to her car as we talked about the party. “Did you see the way Jake was looking at me?” She said laughing.

I pulled my mask off, and wiped the sweat off of my face. “It wasn’t just him, every man in the party was looking at you, and I can see why.” We were at her car now, and she turned to me.

“Really, why is that?” She said while striking a sexy pose. She stood straight, put her hands on her hips, had a pouty expression on her face, thrust out her chest, and crossed her legs a little bit. I could feel my dick getting hard from this, and I walked to her putting my body against hers, my arms around her back.

“It is because you are by far, without a doubt, the sexist woman alive.” I gave her a kiss. This is truly one of my favorite moments in the world, when no one else bothers us, and I can just kiss her. We continued kissing, until she decided to pull away.

She put a hand on my chest, and I really hoped she didn’t notice my new found softness on top. She leaned in and kissed me once more. “We are going to her to continue this at your place, unless you don’t want too.”

I pulled her in close, kissed her cleavage, and pressed my crouch against her. “Does that answer your question?”

She laughed. “Yes it does, I will see you there big boy.” She got into her car and drove off, to my place. I basically ran to my bike, feeling my chest bounce as I jumped onto my bike, I didn’t know how I was going to do this tonight. I wanted to fuck the brains out of Kira, but I was going to have to do so without taking off my shirt.

I drove like a mad man, trying to beat Kira back to my place, which was a task easily accomplished seeing that my FJR is one of the fastest bikes on the planet, the only bike that really goes faster is Jay Leno’s jet bike. My bike though makes the retards on Harleys look like four year olds on a tricycle.

I made it back about a minute before Kira pulled into the complex’s parking lot, I had the door open by the time she got up to me, and we walked into my apartment. It’s a pretty nice apartment in truth. It’s a one bedroom, one bath. I have a pool table next to the couch, and a 37 inch LCD HDTV hanging off of the wall. I walked over to my little mini bar, and fixed us some Screwdrivers with a double shot of Vodka in them, but I gave Kira a third shot in hers.

She was sitting on the couch; I sat next to her and handed the drink to her. “You never told me what happened at the tower last night.” She asked before taking a drink.

“Well there is much to tell. I got there, went inside and spent the night, nothing happened besides me being pretty damned cold.” I was basically telling her the truth seeing that I couldn’t remember much of last night.

“Really, nothing happened?”

“Nothing, no ghouls, or ghosts, came out to great me.” I chugged back the rest of my drink, feeling nervous over the subject. “Want another?” I asked seeing see was almost done.

She laughed while saying. “Are you trying to get me drunk?”

“No, no, no. I just figured we should have a drink, or two, or three.” I said while walking over to the bar. I pulled out the OJ, and Vodka again, turned around to find Kira inches from me.

“Then how about this.” She took the bottle of Vodka out of my hand, and drank about two shots straight. “I say if we are going to drink, let’s get drunk.” She passed the bottle back to me.

“I love you baby.” I said laughed, as I followed her lead and drank straight Vodka.

When I woke up the next morning, I could already feel the hangover. My eyes took effort to open, and once I did, all I could see was darkness. I laid there refusing to move, I was in my bed, but beside that I do not remember how I got there. I rolled over onto my side and felt the weight of my chest, sift with me. My eyes shot open when I felt that, then I remember yesterday, and how now it was proven to be real.

I reached a tentative hand up to my chest, and came into contact with soft flesh sooner than I did yesterday. I felt again, my god they felt so much larger. I jumped up and ran to the bathroom, and turned on the light. Who was looking at me I hardly recognized as myself.

My hair had grown out down to my upper lip, and I looked to have lost like ten pounds overnight. My skin tone was a little bit lighter, while my hair had darkened, as well as my eye color. My facial hair was non-apparent, and my body hair was almost completely gone, and revealed a softer more feminine looking body.

My hips seemed to be a little wider, and my legs seemed more lady like, my waist more trim and starting to look more so like an hourglass. My penis had shrunk about two inches overnight, and my pubic hair was the only hair I had left on my body, my balls also looked to be smaller. I turned to see my ass was rounder, and softer. But what really grabbed my attention, was my breasts. There were no two ways about it; they were no longer just soft tissue, but small B cup breasts. The nipples were puffy, and they stuck straight out with no sag. I reached up yet again, this time I touched my nipple. I let out a soft moan as pleaser soft through my body; I started rubbing my now ample breasts in circles, God it felt so good. I could feel my dick getting hard, but when I put my hand around it to jerk it off, I found that it was indeed a lot smaller then yesterday.

“Garet, are you ok? You jumped up…” Her words trailed off as she entered the room. I turned to see her, she was nude, just like I was, her face was a mix between horror, and anger. She tried to speak; her words would not come out.

“Kira, I’m scared.” I said in a voice that was a little bit softer, than my own. I can’t blame her for being so freaked out; here I am 22 year old male, which looks like a 15 year old female. The boy she fell in love with, but with tits.

“What the fuck happened!” She says with tears in her eyes, as I can feel my own eyes begin to water as well.

“I don’t know what it is, but something’s very wrong with me.” I broke down crying, as Kira came over and held me trying to make me feel better. Our breasts touching one another, as I found her shoulder and wept.

She led by the hand back over to my bed and sat me down, I was still crying, she paced the floor in front of me. “How could this happen?”

“I don’t know.” I said in a defeated voice, trying to wipe the tears from my eyes.

“There has got to be a reason, we have got to figure it out, and get this fixed. What have you taken lately?”

“I don’t know.”

“Come on, you have got to help me here, what…”

“I DON’T FUCKING KNOW!” I screamed. This made her stop dead in her tracks, and shut up. “You think that if I knew what the fuck was going on, I wouldn’t tell you? Christ Kira!” I start crying again. “Look at me! I have tits; my dick is only four inches long now! I’m turning into a chick!” I lay back on the bed and wept once more, I could feel the weight of my chest move along with my sobs.

I felt Kira sit on the bed, and then her hand on my shoulder. “Garet, I’m sorry, I know this is hard for you.” She pulled me into her and hugged me; I rested my head against her breast and continued to cry for about five more minutes.

When I finally worked it all out of my system, I looked at her face through my hair. “I love you Kira, I don’t know what I would do without you.” She brushed the hair from my face, a kissed me. I kissed back at first to feel safe, but after the third kiss, it was because of lust. I my hand slid down her back as I kissed deeper, I began to feel her pull back. “Garet, no I don’t want to have sex right now, I’ve got to get ready for work.”

“It’s ok, I’ll be quick.” I put a hand onto her breast, but before I had a chance to do anything, I felt her fingers on my nipple, and then she squeezed. I yelped, as if I was just kicked in the balls, she laughed as she stood up.

“Sorry sweetie, I guess I squeezed too hard.” She said as she walked into the bathroom, and retrieved her dress.

“You guess? Come on that really hurt.” I said while rubbing my nipple.

She looks at me and had a sadistic smile on her face. “Do you want me to kiss it, and make it feel better?”

“Yes please.” She knelt down in front of the bed, started rubbing my nipples, I closed my eyes not ready for how damn well this felt. I felt her kissing them, then out of now where, she started sucking on them. My eyes shot open as the pleaser was stronger than most that I have felt, and then as soon as it started, it was over. Kira stood up, and walked to the bathroom.

“Garet,” She called out, “Can you do me a favor and run out to my car, and get the change of clothes out of the trunk?” As she started running the water for the shower.

“Wait like this?” I asked scared.

“Yeah, just put on some jeans, and a shirt and you’ll be fine.”

“But I have tits now, and someone will recognize me.”

“Garet, if it wasn’t for you having a dick, and me waking up to find you like you are, I would have thought you were someone else. Now please, I gotta hurry up. I you do this for me I will make it worth it for you tonight, by trying to help you figure out what is going on, and making you… Feel better”

And with that I jumped up, and grabbed a shirt and put it on, I noticed how I had to pull it down over my breasts. Then I grabbed a pair of jeans, and when I put them on, I had to use every hole of my belt to keep them up. I noticed how there was an inch gap in between the two pieces of clothing, but thought it is just because of my breasts. God that is still so weird to even think, my breasts.

I put on my shoes; at least they still fit thank god. And ran out the door, breasts bouncing with every stride, I go down the stairs and notice a Mexican man, that live in this complex outside smoking, and watching me. I walk over to Kira’s car and pop the trunk; I had to bend over to really see inside and try to find her cloths. She kept a lot of crap in her trunk, so I had to keep digging, when I felt my jeans starting to slip; I ignored it until I heard. ‘”Hey white girl!” I turn to see what he wanted. “Nice ass baby, pull those pants on down, and show us the rest mama.” I realized that I was not wearing any underwear, so when my pants began to slide down, all he saw was my crack.

I pulled my jeans up as far as I could, and ignored him. I was half embarrassed, the rest though was anger, I wanted to go over to him and deck him. What right did he have to look at my ass like that? I found the bag that I was looking for and grabbed it, closed the trunk, and started walking back over to the stairs. The man was standing at the base of the stairs, and when I was about to walk up them, he puckered up, and made a kissing noise. “Fuck you!” I said clenching the bag in a fist.

“Oh baby, that’s just what I wanted.” And with that I snapped, I walked over to him, and punched him hard across the face. He fell to the ground, and before he had a chance to do anything, I stepped on his balls. He screamed in pain, and began to cry. Satisfied with the damage I dealt to him, I turned and walked up the stairs, and entered my apartment.

Kira was sitting on my bed, with a towel around her beautiful body. “Took you long enough, did you stop off for a drink?”

I sat her cloths on the bed, and walked out on the patio, and lit up a cigarette, and leaned against the guard rail. I was still pissed off horribly, and desperately trying to calm down, when Kira walked out on the patio. “Hey listen, everything is going to be alright. I promise that we will find a way to fix this.” She said, with a hand on my shoulder.

“I don’t know why this is happing to me; I never did anything to deserve this. I’ve always been the good guy, the guy who helps anyone out if he possibly can.” I stood up and looked to her. “And look where that has gotten me. I’ve got tits and ass now.”

I didn’t even realize it until she said it. “Garet, you’re taller.” I then noticed that I was almost looking levelly at her. She walked over to me, and stood less than an inch from me. Sure enough I was almost eye level with her. I leaned forward, and tilted my head back and kissed her, before turning away to finish my cigarette.

“Listen, I’ve got to get going to work. I will be back over here as soon as I get off work, and we will figure this all out, I promise.” She kissed me on the cheek. “Are you going to be ok?”

“Yeah, I will. I’ll call you if I change anymore.” I said without looking at her, because I didn’t want her to see the tears forming in my eyes.

“Ok, well I’ll see you in a bit. I love you Garet, and nothing can ever change that.” She said as she turned and walked out. I couldn’t hold back anymore, I broke down and started crying. I slumped down into the corner, and cried until I couldn’t cry anymore.

I walked back inside, and grabbed my cell phone; I needed to call Dianna, and try to get out of work until I get my body back. I got ahold of her, and told her that I was really sick, and don’t think I could come into the office for a bit. She asked if I was well enough to work from home for now, and I said yes, and with that I had two weeks sick leave.

I went into the kitchen, and started frying me up some eggs, I noticed how much taller I was while working in the kitchen, it wasn’t quite as hard to get to the dishes, and I had to bend down more to get to the cheese in the bottom of my fridge. While crouching down to get the cheese though, I lost my jeans again, this time they slid down to my ankles. I cursed out loudly, and decided to step out of them and go without until I could find something that would fit.

I sat down and enjoyed my quick breakfast, then decided it was time to take a shower. I pulled of my shirt with a little effort to get it past my tits, and stepped in and began lathering up my body. I felt the new found soft curves against my hands, and stopped for a minute to rub my breasts. They were nice, and soft, yet firm, and perky. They felt amazing in my hands, as I rubbed them; I twisted one of my nipples and moaned loudly. I couldn't do it anymore, I reached down and grabbed my small dick and started rubbing it hard. I felt heat rise up in my body, and felt it center in my tits. It didn’t take long for me to cum, and when I did, my legs gave out and I sank to the showers floor.

I let myself catch my breath before finishing up, and stepping out. My hand went for my razor thanks to daily training, but then I remembered I didn’t need it anymore. I wiped the mirror off with the towel, and saw a somewhat attractive female looking back at me, well mostly female.

My hair seemed a little bit longer, now a little bit lower than my chin, and it was a little bit darker also, now firmly in the brown zone. My eyes looked like a very soft shade of green, and my face is a little softer and not so manly now. My body hair was completely gone now, revealing just how feminine my body was becoming. My breasts seemed larger yet again, since the last time I checked myself, they were defiantly B cups now, small yet beautiful. My stomach was almost flat now, and I just had sexy softness about my stomach. My hips were starting to show, and my legs seemed longer and more shapely. I was taller; I guessed I was around 5’9, seeing that Kira was 5’10.

I walked over to my closet and tried to find anything that would fit me, the top was no problem what so ever, it just was snug against my breasts, and not in a good way. The jeans were a huge problem, and then I remembered something. Kira accidently left some of her cloths here once about a week ago, I washed them for her, but forgot to give them back. I went over to my dresser and pulled them out, they were a white Paramore, Riot! T-shirt and black skinny jeans, I tired the shirt on first the find it was too big for me thanks to Kira’s breasts, stretching it out, so I threw it to the side, and put on my The Darkness/Witchblade shirt I got from comic-con. I tried the jeans to find they were a near perfect fit, they were a little lose in the ass, but seeing how things are going, that would soon change.

After I was dressed I looked myself over in the mirror, and was impressed by what I saw. I looked like a 19 year old girl, not amazingly hot, but by far not ugly. I felt good about myself in a strange way; I felt like I could go out and face the world today if I had too. Oh shit, I did have too. I’ve got to go pay my phone bill today.

I was scared; I didn’t want to go out in society like this, like a woman! I was a man for crying out loud, I even still had my dick as proof! What if I got turned on today and someone saw my boner through my skinny jeans? Ok, I’m just going to say fuck my phone then, I am not putting myself through that. I stepped out onto the patio for another smoke, and realized I only had one more left. Shit I do got to go out.

I finished my smoke, and grabbed my jacket and slipped it on, and realized it didn’t fit for a shit now, so going against common sense I decided to ride without a jacket. I grabbed my helmet and walked out, and down to my bike, and drove off to the mall. I bobbed and weaved, in and out of traffic, and got there about ten minutes later. I pulled my bike up on the sidewalk, and there was a bunch of guys standing outside smoking, and when I pulled up all eyes were on my bike. I stepped off, pulled off my helmet and let my hair fall down, and locked my helmet in one of the saddle bags. I turned to find the guys looking at me with open mouths, I couldn’t blame them; a good looking chick like me, ridding a sports bike would make most men drool. I walked up to the tall one that looked pretty good in truth, and said. “Spare a smoke?” I flashed him a smile, and he was dumbfounded, his friend elbowed him.

“Uh… Sure. That’s a hell of a bike you got there.” He said while passing the cigarette to me, I dug for my lighter, but before I could bring it out, his friend had his lighter out and said. “Allow me.”

I took a drag and thanked him, as I started walking off he asked if I he could have my number. I told him no, he wasn’t my type, even though I did enjoy the way his shirt held onto that ripped… What the hell was I thinking! Did I really just flirt with him? I sat down outside of the mall, trying to get my thoughts together. I realized that I did flirt with him, and I was attracted to him, this scared me. My body was not only changing, but it was changing me as well. I threw out my cigarette, disgusted with how it came it be, and walked into the mall.

I dodged people as I walked to Cricket Communications, and waited my turn in line. The cashier waved me forward. “How can I help you today miss?” damn that is going to take some getting used too.

“Hi, I would like to pay my…” I stopped for a second realizing that it was my name on the account, not a girl’s name. “Brothers phone bill please.” I gave him the info that he needed, and paid the bill, and with that I was onto stop number two. I walked through the mall, but stopped when I saw Hot Topic, they had a really cute Slipknot shirt in the window for girls, so I walked in a browsed the items. I ended up not only getting the shirt, but a really awesome corset, and a pair, of killer clip on skull earrings. I decided that I was in dire need of some new cloths, so I went from store to store buying things that were cute and in my size. I got a pair of jean shorts seeing that it has been getting hotter lately, and a nice low cut white shirt, that would show off my ever growing tits. Oh! Speaking of which I need to go get me a bra, so I made a b line over to Victoria’s Secret and tried on a few different styles and sizes, finding out that I was a 36-b, I got that one which was a plain black print, and another in 36-c that was leopard print. I also picked up a few pairs of nice lace panties in an assortment of colors.

And with that I decided that it was time to change into my new cloths, so I walked to the food court and opened the door to find all the men staring at me, “Oh shit wrong bathroom!” I said while ducking out and going into the women’s room. There was only one other girl in here, and she was at the mirror fixing her makeup, that is another thing I need to get is some makeup.

What the hell… I felt like I was going to faint, when I realized all the things I bought. There is something wrong with me, it is like I am almost blacking out, and someone else is taking control. I pulled out a pair of blue jeans that fit, thank god, and decided to give one of these bra’s a try. I had no clue how to put one of these things on, but I do know how to take them off in record time. After trying for about 5 minutes to get the straps, and cups right, I finally got it hooked, and on me correctly. It felt kinda of weird, yet good to have a bra on. I put my new Slipknot baby doll shirt on over top, and was amazed out how big my boobs were starting to look; I knew it was due to the bra, but still… Damn!

I checked myself out in the mirror, and felt a twitch in my pants due to the fact that I was pretty hot in truth. I walked out, and went over to the Panda Express and ordered up some food, and sat down to enjoy it. I noticed that the guy that gave me the cigarette was in the food court; he spotted me and walked over.

“Hey, mind if I join you?” He said while pulling a chair out, and sitting down before I even had a chance to tell him no. He had some food from McDonalds and started eating. “What’s your name?” He asked.

I never put any thought into this, I look like a woman, and I am dressed like one too, so I guess I have to think of a woman’s name to fit the character that I am playing for now. “Alicia, what is your name?”

“John, it’s nice to meet you, Alicia.” I said the same for him. He had short black hair, and a strong jawline. He was white, but he was tanned nicely, and I could also tell he spent some time at the gym, seeing the shape he was in.

“So what brings you down here?” He asked while taking another bite of his quarter pounder.

“I had to pay my phone bill, and also wanted to do some shopping today.” I could feel the other part of me wanting to ebb its way out, but it shut it out.

“As I can see,” He said with a laugh. “You look nice; did you just buy all of that?”

“Yeah, had to get something new to wear, my old cloths wasn’t fitting so well.”

“So you are into Slipknot huh?” He was a pretty nice guy in truth, very polite, and not just looking to get into my pants. I finished my food, and started heading off. He caught up and asked where I was going next, I told him FYE, so I could buy some movies. He asked if he could tag along, and I told him I didn’t mind. I noticed as we walked to FYE, that he was pretty tall, about 6’1.

I was looking for a good horror film when I got into the store, and John was surprised by this. “I wouldn’t have taken you as the type of girl that would be into horror flicks.” He said when I picked up Exorcist: The Beginning. I told him that I wasn’t your run of a mill girl, which was no lie, seeing that I am packing heat. I picked out a few more movies, and went to check out. The girl at the counter commented on the fact that she was surprised that I would let him rope me into watching these kinds of movies with him, but before I could defend myself John said. “Well I’ll be there if she needs someone to hold on to.” I looked over at him with raised eyebrows; he just flashed a smile back.

I swung by A-Mart before leaving and bought me two packs of cigarettes, “May I see your ID miss?” I froze, shit I didn’t think of the fact that I might be getting carded. I told him that I forgot it, and that I will come back by tomorrow and show him it, if he could please let me slide. He looked at me hard in the face, “How old are you?” he asked

“I’m 22, I’m so sorry. Just please let me slide.” Without thinking I added. “You can ask my boyfriend, he will tell you.” This time I caught John off guard, but he covered well saying that I was indeed 22. The man let me slide, and told me that if I didn’t show him my ID next time I was in there, then he would never sell me another pack of smokes. I thanked him and walked out, John followed.

“So I’m your boyfriend huh?” He said with a smile.

“Nope, you just were my alibi.” I said while lighting up a smoke.

“Well I could always could go back in there and tell him you lied to him, but…” He trailed off.

“But what, spit it out.” I said while crossing my arms.

“If you give me your phone number, I could always just forget about it.” So against my better judgment I gave him my phone number, and told him bye. He offered a hug, but I told him he already used up all of his luck for today, as I put my helmet on, and drove off.

As I drove back I noticed my bra seeming a little bit tighter, so I pulled into the gas station so I could get some fuel and also to fix my bra. I pumped the gas into my bike, and then went inside to use the restroom; I locked the door behind me and removed my shirt. My breasts were filling out the cups nicely, I fiddled with the straps and set them as lose as I could, knowing that if I only moved them down a little bit, I would have to fix them again sometime later. I stood there for a second looking at my breasts thinking about them growing even larger, parts of me was scared, but the rest of me was excited to think that they were going to continue to grow. I reached up and rubbed my breasts through my bra, pushing them together and looking at the beautiful cleavage it created, I began rubbing my breasts inside of my bra. They were so amazingly soft, but firm. I pulled my left breast out, while I started tweaking my right nipple, they were puffy and my nipple was larger then I remembered I leaned my head forward and tried to suck my tit, damn, there aren’t big enough yet… Yet.

I was able though to lick my nipple, oh god how amazing it felt. I started picturing myself with larger breasts, a nice full C-cup, no big D-cups. Yes I want my tits to get huge, oh god the thoughts started bringing me closer to my orgasm. I could feel heat rising in my body as I continued to rub, and lick my breasts; I unzipped my jeans and pulled my dick out and jerk it off. My cock was hard already, but it was nowhere as large as it once was, the four inches I had still felt amazing to rub. I let out a soft moan as the pleaser was becoming too much, and with a few more rubs I blew my load.

I had to bite my lip to keep myself from screaming aloud, my orgasm rocked my body as the heat heightened. My right hand was still on my cock, while my left hand was on my right breast, I noticed two things happen right then and there. The first was when my orgasm came I felt my breast push further out into my hand, the second was I felt my dick get smaller.

I wasn’t sure what just really happened, I figured my mind had just made it all up. I felt my breasts slowly in my hands, they felt heavier and fuller, my nipples were still hard but my areolas seemed bigger, making them a perfect fit for my decent sized tits. Did I really just wish for my breasts to get bigger and it happened? I tried again, first asking for a million dollars, nothing happened. Then I tried wishing for my breasts to be bigger yet again, still nothing.

“Maybe it’s just all in my head.” I said in a soft whisper aloud. But upon putting back on my bra, I knew it wasn’t just in my head. Just a few minutes ago I fixed my bra straps for digging into my shoulders, now the straps are on the verge of doing it yet again! I hear a knock at the door, “Hey could ya hurry up other people have to use the bathroom to ya know.” I said that I would just be a minute and realized that my voice was a bit higher than before

I looked myself over in the mirror; I hadn’t changed much, but still enough in my breasts, and my hips for me to see. I quickly fixed my clothing; fake flushed the toilet, washed my hands and got out of there. I felt humiliated when I exited the bathroom seeing three women lined up looking at me. “I’m so sorry.” I said while passing by them quickly on my way out of the store. I quickly mounted my bike and drove off in the setting sun, trying to find my way home while also trying to figure out what is happening to me.

The whole ride back I pondered on what has happened to me. In the past two days, I have went from being your average run-of-the-mill man, to where I stand now, where I am not quite yet a woman, but my body tells a different story. When I came in that bathroom, my body changed even more, there is no denying that. Has it happened every time I have sexual release? I pulled into my apartment complex, and parked my bike while grabbing all of my new outfits.

I decided to have an experiment. I was going to masturbate once again, this time keeping a very close eye on my body. I made notes of how my body looked in the mirror. I took a black Sharpie and marked on my neck where my hair fell, I also made some marks underneath my breasts, at the base of my already hard penis, and on my ass as well. As I lay down on my bed stark nude, I was a bit nervous of what might just happen when I came, the idea of me acutely progressing further into becoming a woman scared me. But then images flooded my mind of my breasts being larger, my lips being fuller, and oddly enough, of me having a hairless pussy.

I began rubbing my breasts and tweaking my nipples with one hand, while my other hand went to work at my cock. I began moaning out loud as I felt the heat begin rising up once more. I allowed myself to dream of my breasts growing past C-cups, firmly into the D-cup range. “Oh God, grow! Please grow!” I found myself screaming aloud. I felt the heat continue to build as I drew closer to my orgasm, and then before I knew it, I came.

I could feel my breasts push out into my hands more, and my dick shrink inwards a bit. I grabbed my nipple and twisted hard, as I screamed aloud as a second orgasm crashed through my body. Yet again I felt my breasts grow even more, the were now well beyond just a handful, my dick shrank once again, this time even though my hand was already at its base, I could feel it’s head inside of my clenched fist. I could feel my body stretch out as it lengthened just a bit. I laid there for a few minutes, enjoying the aftershock of such powerful orgasms. My hair was all over my face, and stuck to it thanks to the sweat that I just worked up.

I sat up and instantly felt the weight of my larger breasts, without even looking at them I could tell they were indeed bigger. I looked down to see that once where the modest B-cups I dreaded earlier today once sat, where now replaced with small C-cups that I felt happy to see. My nipples had kept up with my breast growth and where still the perfect size for my breasts. Not too big, and not too small, topped off with about quarter inch thick tips.

I stood and walked to my mirror feeling them bounce with my every step. I looked at myself and was stunned by how much of a physical change had taken place in just under ten minutes. My face was softer, yet was becoming sharp. My hair had grown beyond where I marked it at about a half of an inch from the top of my shoulders, to about a quarter of an inch below the top of my shoulders. My hair had darkened as well and I noticed how it was starting to take on the shade of black. My eyes had also become a bit brighter in the green shade, as well as my lips seemed to belong more so now to a woman, thanks to them being just the slightest bit fuller.

I noticed that I did seem a little bit taller, no more than an half of an inch, but still enough to tell. My breasts were larger just from looking at them, I lifted my right breast up to find the mark I made right under my breast where it met my ribcage, was now on the bottom side of my breasts. My Hips had widened just a bit, and my waist had gone inward, giving me a more of an hourglass look. My legs seemed to have lengthened and looked more like a swimsuit models legs now. I turned around and looked over my shoulder to find my ass was becoming that perfect heart shape that all of the guys go crazy for, the mark that I made was also now on the tissue of my but, instead of where I marked it at the base.

I felt myself getting aroused yet again and looked down past my breasts, to find my dick was now no bigger than two inches, and my balls I had to acutely feel around for. I found them and was amazed to find that they were no bigger than nickels now, and had almost went up inside of me.

I knew that I should have been scared, hell I should be screaming right now in truth; but instead, I was finding myself interested in what would happen next to me if I came again right now. I was about to reach down and start stroking my meaningless cock once more when I heard a knock at the door. “Garet, it’s me. Are you in there?” It was Kira, I had lost track of the time and now she had gotten off of work, and was now back to try and help me set things right.

“Give me a second!” I hollered back in a voice that was now officially a woman’s, as I ran to find some clothing to hide what has happened to me. Then it hit me… Why hide it? Flaunt it, make her want you. I felt a sadistic smile creep onto my face as I walked over to my newly bought cloths, and brought out my corset top, and jean shorts. The corset top was a little tricky to get on; even though it had a zipper in the back, I had to readjust my tits three times, and then found I could not get it all of the way zipped up. Not because I was fat, hell no, it was because not only was I taller, but also had more breast than this thing was made for. My breasts was overflowing the top literary. I slipped in a pair of red panties, and my jean shorts on over top of them. I spent a second trying to fix my hair, and decided to let it fall naturally.

I heard her rap once more on the door, but before she could finish I opened the door wide. Her eyes grew large as she dropped the two-litter of Pepsi, and nearly the pizza too. Her mouth began to move, but no noise came out. I leaned into her, I was no eye level with her it turns out, and I kissed her deeply. At first she didn’t kiss back, but then that changed and our lips moved together for a few seconds, until I pulled away. “Garet… Is that you?” She asked in disbelief.

“Yes it is lover.” I purred back to her, as I ran a hand over my breasts, and bit my lip. I could see her nipples growing hard through her clothing, as she watched me. “Come on in baby, it looks like you’re cold.” I moved out of the way as she walked slowly in. “Wait you’re forgetting the drink.” She turned as bent over, showing off my new legs, and ass. I walked past her and sat the litter on the countertop.

She came in and sat the pizza down. “What the hell happened to you? You weren’t like this when I left you.” She said as she looked my body over once more, yet again stopping to look at my tits.

I laughed. “I can show you if you want me too.” I walked close to her, pressing my body against hers, our mouths were just inches from one another, and our breasts were pressed into one another. She looked down at them, with lust in her eyes. “Don’t worry… I don’t bite, unless you want me too.” I said in her ear.

I watched her as one hand came up slowly, and was laid on my right breast, as if to see if it was really. She slid her hand down it slowly, to the bit of tit flesh that was pouching out a bit above the cup, and poked it with a finger. “Oh my God, they are getting so big.” She said in amazement as she took as much as she could in one hand and squeezed. I let out a soft moan, as I felt my dick get hard once more. She continued to touch, and rub my tits, until I couldn’t take it anymore and I grabbed her by the waist and pulled her in to me, and began kissing her passionately.

We began making our way over to my bed, and I felt her hand go for my strained zipper, and I smacked it down. “Ouch, what was that for?” She asked as she kissed me again.

“I have a surprise for you. Even though I know you want to feel these amazing tits,” I said while cupping myself. “You will be able to touch, but you cannot take them out of my top, ok?” I said while sitting down on my bed. She began unzipping my jeans, and pulled them off with my panties, I could basically read her mind in the moment as I saw her expression when she looked at my two inch hard dick, she didn’t say anything though, an she began sucking me off. I closed my eyes and began rubbing my breasts, as she worked my child sized cock like a pro. I felt the heat begin building up again, and I began squeezing my nipples through my corset. “Oh yes baby, here it comes, oh God.” I began moaning loudly as I reached the peak of my orgasm, and the heat reached its height as well. I blew my load into her mouth, as I could feel my tits press out further into my already strained top, I could her the zipper begin to pop, and I could feel my ass grow softer underneath me.

“Garet, your breasts!” I heard her scream out. I opened my eyes and looked down, my god they had grown. My breasts looked like large C-Cups barely held back by a top that was now too small for its contents. Where just a few minutes ago my breasts were bulging just a bit from my top, now you could see most of my nipples hanging out. I tired looking down, but I could not see past their mass, but I knew my dick had shrunk yet again.

I looked to Kira’s face; she had a mix of horror and lust within her eyes. “I told you I had a surprise for you.” I said in a sultry voice, “Want to see it again?” I said while trying to force my breasts back into my top, I was able to get my nipples back in but not much more.

“No Garet, we need to talk.” She said as she stood and walked back over to the kitchen, she pulled down to cups, and took the lid off of the Pepsi bottle. “We need to get to the bottom of this, and get you back to normal.”

I laid back in bed for a moment, not replying to anything she said. “You still want to be normal right?” She asked from the next room. I answered yes quickly, but anymore honestly I don’t know. When I was me I was kind of bored with my day to day life, it was always the same, so predictable. But now since this has happened, I feel alive! Every day brings something knew for me, and I am excited to know what will happen to me next. Kira walked back into the room and sat down at the foot of my bed, I sat up and took the pizza and drink from her. She got my favorite pizza, Hawaiian pizza from Dominos. We sat for a few minutes eating, and then Kira broke the silence. “I’ve been thinking all day about this, and I think I may have figured out how this all started with you.”

I made a noise for her to continue through a mouthful of pizza. “Well this all started just two days ago right?” I nodded. “Ok, well two days ago you went to the Witch’s Tower.” I was taking a drink of soda when she said this, and shot it out of my mouth.

Holy shit, it never hit me till now. This all started the morning after I spent the night there. “What happened that night?” She asked. I sat there trying to summon up any memory of that night.

“All I can remember is me going into the shack, and then waking up the next morning here.” I was starting to get scared. Could it possibly be that some power in that place is turning me into a big breasted woman?

I sat there petrified, zoned out thinking of how there is magic in this world. There was no other possible explanation for what is going on to me, -hell even this explanation isn’t truly rational- besides that whatever power is inside that place is not only real, but I must have triggered it off in some way, and now I am reaping the punishment. I felt like crying honestly, I looked down at myself, seeing my shoulder length dark brown hair, and my c-cup breasts. Hell it could be worse, I could have ended up ugly, and at least I’m hot.

Kira touched my chin, bringing it up where I could look at her. “Hey, it’s going to be all right. Tomorrow I am going to call Jasmine, and we are going to fix this ok?” I nodded, not wanting to speak. “I love you Garet, no matter what.” She smiled and laughed before adding, “No matter how big your tits get.”

I leaned in and kissed her. “Really, you mean it?”

She kissed me; I felt her tongue dart into my mouth for a second. “It’s kind of hot. So every time you cum you change more?” She said as she put a hand on my breast, squeezing it.

“I think so, earlier today I bought a B-cup bra, and then I came three times and now my tits…” I paused as she pinched my nipple, letting out a soft moan. “My tits are now C-cups.”

She reached behind me and unzipped my corset, and threw it to the side while pushing me down onto the bed. “Well then, let’s just see how big I can make them get tonight.” She said as she began sucking my nipple.

I woke up the next morning still feeling tired, Kira and I went at it for a while. How many times did I cum last night? I think three. I remember the last one felt the best, as I could feel my dick going inside of me. I rolled over on my back feeling my breasts move with me, damn they felt big. I reached a hand up to my chest, and found out from the feel of them, they had to be large D-cups now. I then moved my hand down to my crotch, and found that I no longer was a man. My fingers ran over a mound of flesh witch is known as a pussy, my pussy. I slipped a finger inside myself and was amazed by how good it felt,

“Wow.” Is what the woman said looking back at me, but it was me speaking the words. My voice now sounded completely like a woman’s, deep yet feminine. My hair raven black hair was now down to the bottom of my shoulder, framing a face that was sharp like a model, yet soft and beautiful. My eyes were a dark green, and my lips were full and pouty. My body was slender, I probably weighed no more than 110 pounds now, and my breasts were large and full D-cup, with pink areolas and quarter inch think nipples. My legs were long and curvy in the thighs, my ass was the perfect heart shape, so soft yet also firm.

I was the perfect woman.

I could feel my pussy getting wet as heat rose in my body; I passed it off as just being turned on. I looked at my pussy, it was almost hairless, just a strip of hair above it, it was a landing strip as some would say. I slipped my fingers inside a let out such a soft sexy moan; I made myself even hornier. I was so tight, and when I began to finger fuck myself it felt amazing. I went into the bathroom and sat on the toilet and began to masturbate.

I slid two fingers in and out of my pussy, while my other hands rubbed and played with my breasts. I could feel the heat becoming even greater as I pounded into my cunt even harder, I started tweaking my nipples. I thought of something I couldn’t do last time, so I decided to try and suck my tit again. I lifted my heavy breast in one hand and lifted it to my mouth, I licked around the nipple and shuddered from the pleaser, and then I locked my lips around it and sucked softly. It was amazing, if this is what I have been doing to women, I can see why they loved it so much! I continued sucking and finger fucking myself until I felt a powerful orgasm starting to show up. I couldn’t suck on my nipple anymore; I was gasping, and moaning too much to hold it in my lips. I went back to tweaking my nipple, and could feel myself on the verge of my orgasm, I screamed aloud as my orgasm reeked through my body. It was the most powerful orgasm I have ever had, and when I came, I felt a familiar heat inside my breasts as they pressed out further into my hand.

I sat there, gasping for air like someone who just swam an Olympic sized pool while holding his breath the whole time. “Garet, are you ok?” I heard as Kira walked into the bathroom, at the sight of me with my fingers in my pussy she screamed. I jumped up from the toilet trying to hide my nakedness, but fell to the ground since I was not used to my big boobs. I hit my head on the wall and laid there and cried for a second.

“God, you have got to give me a heads up when you are doing that. I am so not used to seeing you like this. Are you ok?” She called from the bedroom.

“Yeah, just hit my head. Sorry for scaring you.” I rubbed my head trying to make it feel better, but it was in vain. Kira walked slowly back around the corner, and looked at me.

“Damn, all of the sex really did do you in huh?”

“Yeah, I’m all women now.” I said with a laugh. Kira walked over and helped me stand up. “Damn babe, I’m taller than you now!” I was at least two inches taller than she was, meaning I was around six-foot now, She had to look up a bit to me to meet my eyes. I gave her a hug, and felt our soft breasts meet.

“Wow,” She said as she looked over my body. “Garet… You’re hot! I mean, you are like model hot!” I started laughing and thanked her as we walked into my bedroom. I sat down on my bed and poked at my tits which had to be double D’s now, while she grabbed her cell phone, and started dialing a number, after a few rings they picked up. This is what I got from it.

“Hey girl, how are you? Me too… Really… Yeah that’s most guys for you… Oh he is ok I guess… Yeah… That’s why I am calling you… No we didn’t… See he went to the Witch’s Tower Halloween night… Well he is alive, but he… He isn’t quite himself… Yeah, I think he got cursed… Can you help us please? Ok! Thank you, we will see you then!” She closed the phone and sat on the bed next to me.

“Good news! She said she will she if she can help you… Can you stop that please?” I was rubbing my nipples.

“Sorry, I just can’t get over how big they are.” I said while I pushed them together creating a huge amount of cleavage.

“Well we got to meet Jasmine at two o’ clock at her place, and hopefully after that you won’t be playing with your tits anymore.” I felt a twinge of regret shoot through me when she said this; I did my best to hide it, but still… I kind of liked this now.

I looked over to Kira; she was just staring at me. “Ok, let’s ready then.” I said to her, but she didn’t move, nor did she blink. “Kira?” I waved my hand in front of her face.

“That won’t do any good Garet… Or should I say Alicia now?” I turned quickly to see a strange woman standing in my room. She was dressed in a black robe, and had short brown hair kind of spiked like a pixies hairstyle.

“Who the fuck are you, and what are you doing in my house!” I screamed at her.

She laughed, “Even though you no longer have a dick, you still have a lot of balls huh? How easy do you forget what happened only three nights ago.” And as she said that my memory came back to me. I remembered perfectly what happened at the Tower, and how it was because of her that I was this way now.

“You!” I screamed, “You did this to me!” I started walked towards her, but she raised her hand and I felt my body lock up, I couldn’t move.

“Now I would choose your words wisely seeing that I can do whatever I want with you.” She snapped her fingers and my breasts began to grow slowly. They pushed further out, but still stood proudly off of my chest with little sag, it felt fucking amazing, they just kept growing; they were bigger than Kira’s now! Then she snapped her fingers again, and they stopped. “Now, would you like to pay me a little respect when addressing me, because I could do a lot worse than this. Want to try being three-hundred pounds.”

“No ma’am, I’m sorry, this has been so much already.” I groveled to her.

“Well that is why I am here, I feel bad for making this so difficult on you, and I can see that you have learned your lesson now, so I am here to offer you a deal.” She said while allowing my body to move once more. “Now sit and listen, and do not interrupt.” I did as she asked.

“Now you came into my sacred ground looking to prove everyone wrong, to prove that the supernatural was not real. You now know different, but I did not make you this way just to prove I was real, oh no I did it because you lacked any kind of respect for the holy ground in which you stood. Now as I said I can see you have learned your lesson, you have had your eyes opened that there is more out there then what you are allowed to see. So I have decided to offer you a chance to change back into who you once were… But I can feel in your heart that you are now in love with the way you are now

“So I have one question to ask you, and think it over carefully because you will never see me again, and that Wiccan friend of Kira’s is not strong enough to break my spell. I will ether allow you to change back to the way you were, and it will be as if nothing had happened in the first place. Or you can stay like this, and I will change reality for you and Garet Chandley will never have existed, and Alicia Chandley will be born instead. Your Driver’s license, you apartment lease, you co-workers will have only known you as this. You will have started a new life, even you girlfriend will know you as Alicia, and will remember everything that you have done with one another up until three days ago, as if you were always a woman.

“So now I ask you, what is your decision?” I sat there for god only knows how long, dumbfounded b what is happening. I have a chance to wipe myself from the world and start over as an amazingly hot woman, or I could go back to the way I was, and continue living the same old same old.

“I… I… I want to stay like this, but, can you make my breasts only double D cups? These are too big.” And without another word from her, and only a nod, I felt my breast basically catch on fire and began shrinking back down from what I guessed was a F-cup, down to the Double D’s that I asked for. Though; at the same time I felt the heat inside of my body, changing around my insides making me a real woman.

I looked back up to her and she was gone, “So?” I heard Kira ask me from next to me.

“I’m sorry, what did you say? I kind of… zoned out.”

“I asked if you wanted to hang out with me and Jasmine today and have a girl’s day out.” She said plainly.

“Sure… Sounds fun, let me just get me stuff together.” I said while standing, Kira stood too and leaned in and kissed me deeply.

“Well I’m going to take a shower, so… I’ll leave the door unlocked.” She twisted my nipple, and turned and walked off into the bathroom.

I ran over to my dresser where I kept my wallet to find it there, but when I opened it and looked at my license, it wasn’t a picture of Garet, it was the new me. My name was now Alicia Isabella Chandley, I found photos of me and Kira in my wallet, yet they were of me now, not me then.

I ran over to my closet and found it stuffed full of women’s clothing, not mans. I grabbed at one of the bras and saw that it said it was a 38-DD, so I guessed that’s what I was. I sat back down on my bed, and let it sink in. I was really one-hundred-percent a women now, Garet might as well been dead.

Then I felt a smile crawl over my face when I thought about my body, and how hot I was now, and how my beautiful girlfriend still wanted me. And with that I ran into the bathroom, and jumped into the shower with Kira and made sweet love to her the first time as a woman.

*The End*