Codex

By Swogrider

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Now that that’s out of the way, on with the show.

Chapter 1

“All I’m saying is if it’s good enough for shapes, it’s good enough for numbers!”

Julie strode through The Mall while Emma bounced along beside her, telling her close to the stupidest thing she’s ever heard.

“That’s not how it works though, it would just be confusing as hell.”

The pair of girls wandered past the rows of shops as they had done dozens of times when there was nothing to do on a Sunday. The smallish shopping center wasn’t as much of a mall as it was a collection of shops too poor to afford leasing anything else. But as much as it wasn’t a mall, the two insisted on calling it that due to it being the only mall-like structure in several hundred miles. The Mall. Singular.

The whole place was bright and well lit, which seemed to be inevitable as almost everything was outside. There were a few tarps set up to hang between the hallways of shops to provide a faux ceiling for shade, but they never helped much with the heat.

“How!? How is it confusing. If you have a pentagon, then a hexagon, hepta, octo-nona-deca-eccetera, then why can’t I have a pentillion dollars? It should go million, as in Mono, Billion as in two, trillion, *quad*rillion, pentillion and so on. And don’t even get me STARTED on the word square. It’s a *quadrangle.”* Emma nudged Julie’s shoulder with hers, too lazy to take her hands out of the pockets of her shorts.

Emma was a little thing, about a head smaller than her friend, who stood at around 5’9”. Her legs were so short that she had to take a step and a half for every one that Julie did. Her impish features tied into her shortness, big blue eyes and a cute little turned up nose. She always had to look up at Julie through her straight blond hair, which she pretty much refused to pull out of her face.

“Quadrangle.” Julie repeated, chuckling a little as she returned the shoulder nudge “Why not just go all out and call it a quadrellagram?” Julie laughed, adding “But I can see how someone with no curves is so annoyed by shapes.”

“Bitch.” Emma snickered, finally pulling her hand out of her pocket to give Julie a playful punch in the arm. Julie didn’t exactly have that feminine “hourglass” that all the magazines rave on about, but standing next Emma’s twiggy figure made her look like a particular someone from Willendorf. Julie had wavy brown hair that ended a little below the hood of her grey hoodie hanging behind her neck, which she persisted to wear even in the current weather. She had a straight nose in contrast to Emma’s, and her green eyes sparkled like lake water in the blistering sun.

“Hey, check it!” Emma broke the monotony of their stroll with the outburst, tugging on Julies sleeve and pointing at some store, “‘Nother new shop! We’re going in there! We are *so* going in there!”

At The Mall shops came and went like bugs around a streetlamp, a new one cropping up for every one that closed down. It wasn’t uncommon to see a new shop that you kind of thought might be interesting if it got popular, only to see it gone a week later because nobody went in, which was kind of your fault too since everyone else had that same thought. However, this particular shop that Emma was pointing at with her outstretched arm was different.

It felt like Emma was damn near about to shake my arm off.

“Quit! What is it?” I half-shout at her, shrugging her off my sleeve and turning towards where she was pointing.

As she had so plainly stated, there was a new shop. This one stood out more than the usual new ones, and it wasn’t hard to figure out why. The whole front of the place was painted black, and instead of whatever glass entrance or revolving door all the other shops had, this place’s entryway was just a bare archway, with a thick wall of beads hanging from the top of it like some hippies’ room. You couldn’t see much from between them either, just black wall and dim new-store insides. It stood out comically, crammed between Kitty’s Cupcakes and some Dippin Dots knock-off called Little Ice Cream Balls. Wonder why that place never got popular.

Emma walked past me and stared up at the sign, which was a trip all by itself without the whole “emo kid’s bedroom” vibe they were throwing off. It was this big wooden thing that scrawled across the top of the entryway-beads, carved to make it look like a scroll. On the paper between the two scroll-roller things it read “Ye Olde Magic Shoppe”. You’d think if they were going the whole old English route they’d have at least spelled it like “Magick” or something.

“Freaky.” Emma said to herself without looking away from the strange sign, “Huh. You’d think they’d have spelled Magic the other way.” God I love Emma. This is why we’re friends, she gets me. Without another word she disappears behind the curtain of beads, clattering behind her as they retook their places in the doorframe. I took one last glance at the sign before going in after her, making a neat part in the beads with my hands and pulling them to either side.

The first thing that hit me was the smell, like chocolate chip cookies and some kind of exotic spice mixed together. The next was a blast of cold air in my face as I cleared the wall of beads, and Emma inelegantly flapping her shirt against her chest.

“Glorious air conditioning!” Emma shouted to the ceiling, “I’d be wondering how they keep all the cold in here if I wasn’t so grateful.”

“It’s part of the magic.” We both jumped a little as a girl’s voice sounded from somewhere in the back of the shop. That’s when I took my first look around. From what I could see the place went much further back than it seemed from out front. It was set up like a library, every wall covered from ceiling to floor in shelves, but rather than books, they were filled up with the most random crap you could imagine. It was like a tornado tore through a neighborhood on garage sale day and dumped it all here.

The shop girl popped out from behind one of the shelves and approached us, pulling her straight black hair out of her eyes. Half of her head was shaved, and she had a pierced septum with a little silver nose-ring, “Hey guys! Welcome! Feel free to look around or whatever.” She swung her weight around like someone who knew how to use their curves. And curves she had. With the tube top and skin-tight black jeans she was rocking I felt my self-esteem drop a few points just looking at her.

“Uh, thanks! We will.” I responded, dumbly. At her say so Emma had wandered off without saying a word to go lose herself in one of the shelves low enough for her to reach. For a moment I looked around at the shelves and shelves of stuff before realizing that I still didn’t exactly know what they were even supposed to sell. She must have noticed something from the look on my face.

“I could… show you around a little? If that would start you off?” God her voice was cute. I caught myself thinking that and shook my head a little before responding.

“Um, sure. What exactly do you sell? Like I know, “Magic stuff”, but *really*.”

She didn’t seem put-off by the question at all, “No, that’s about right! Magic stuff. Go ahead,” She waved her arm to one side of the shop, opposite of where Emma had wandered “Pick a shelf and hold something up. I’ll tell you what it does.”

Okay, she clearly buys whatever it is she’s selling. I walked up to one of the shelves and zoomed in on a little tray with a bunch of knick knacks and a sticky note on the side that read “2 for a dollar”.

That made me chuckle. I gestured to the price “Rough economy for a magic shop?”

“We do quite alright. Those though,” She glanced at the little bargain bin “not the most useful.”

I scanned my eyes over it again. A yo-yo, a mood ring, a single die, a Chinese finger trap, a tube of lip-stick, and a whole lot of other miscellaneous objects, all sitting jumbled up together in the silver tray. I picked up the die and looked at her, “Okay, so on a scale of 1 to *really* magical…?”

She looked at the dice “Moderately. Around a 2. It technically works.” She shrugs.

I look back at it, then toss it back onto the tray. It comes up 1, “Where exactly does the magic come in?”

She looks at the result, chuckles a bit, then answers, “It’s supposed to predict how many times you’re going to get off for the rest of the week.”

I stare down at the little cube, “Heh. Cute.“ I pick it back up and drop it again. Another 1. And another. Who would make a loaded dice that only lands on 1? “Well what exactly is wrong with it?”

She strides over next to me and picks it up. Her perfume sneaks into my nose, a summer breeze. The room feels a little warmer.

“It only goes up to 6.” She drops the dice, but instead of landing properly it jolts when it hits the tray, again and again like a jumping bean, never sitting still. It finally stops when she slams her hand down on top of it, “Not very useful for more… active people, “

At this point I’m trying to figure out how she got it to jump around like that. Remote control in her pocket? Heat sensor? A little complicated for such a small gag. The shop-girl nudges her head towards the tray again. I take the hint and pick up another knick knack, the mood ring, the mood of the day apparently whatever dark red is supposed to mean. I slip it on my finger, and it just barely manages to fit, “So what’s wrong with the mood ring? Does it guess wrong or something?”

A mischievous smile lights up on her face and she leans in closer, giving me another breath of her scent, “No, it’s just stuck on one mood.” She takes my hand softly and brings it up to her face. She breathes a word into the ring, “*Horny”*

A wave of warmth suffuses my hand and shoots down my arm, coursing through me. I can feel my face go red as the wave makes its way under my jeans, starting me up, “Oh god.” I let out, not meaning to. It was too much. The *need* was there. The need I only ever felt when I was alone on a Friday night. It was burning through me, and it was getting hard to breathe. I was just about to move my hands down to take care of it when she pulled the ring off my finger. The room jolted back into place around me and I realized what I was about to do. My face went even redder.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t have done that. Super unprofessional.” The tone of her voice implied that she didn’t mean a word of it.

“I don’t- How did you- What was-“ My head was spinning as the heat left me, replaced by the heat of embarrassment.

“Magic~.” She said in a little sing-song, cutting off my hopeless babbling. You could hear the smile in her voice. She dropped the little red ring back on the tray with a clatter.

I paused. That was too weird. I looked back down at the small arrangement of objects, noticing a trend.

“Exactly what *kind* of magic did you say you sell…?”

I swear I saw a small spark of something flash behind her brown eyes, “The fun kind!”

Before speaking again she adjusted her top, her boobs jiggling into a more comfortable position. God *damn* those tits. That shit ain’t fair. Someone must have broken the mold after she was finished, ‘cause people would still be waging war over it. A little bit of the red returned to my face as she noticed me *noticing* her, but she just smiled, apparently liking the attention.

“…Shall we continue?”

I figured I’d explore a little and let the two titty monsters have their chat. I wanted to see what this place was really about. Julie didn’t really have much more than most girls, probably like a B cup or something, but since she liked to tease me so much about how little *I* had; Titty monster. That other girl was something else though, like someone pranked god and his salt-shaker full of hotness had the cap fall off while mixing her ingredients. Rock on sexy shop-girl.

I meandered between the rows of “magical” junk, piled high on the shelves all the way up to the ceiling. The atmosphere of the place was growing on me. Like at first I thought it was trying too hard to be all super-edgy like every teenager you see walking around covered in Hot Topic crap, but it was starting to feel more real. More genuine.

As I approached one of the shelves I immediately realized that this place was constructed for freakish giants. I could only reach the first two levels, maybe stuff on the edge of the third if I stood on my tippy toes. Fucking tall people. Still, there was plenty of magical™ stuff I could reach to mess around with. Now let’s see here… A lamp with no shade, a pair of bifocals, a glow stick, a thong, a bowl of unmarked candy, a box of condoms, a ridiculously large bra… Literally a *bowl* of dildos… In fact it became increasingly obvious that most of the stuff was kinky junk, and It just goes on and on in every direction.

“So *that’s* what kind of store this is! Heh, J’s totally gonna freak out.” I said to the empty hall of not-empty shelves. I poke through the random items, now and then thinking how silly it would be to actually buy something, “Oh hello! What might you do, my little friend?” I said, bringing a small grey remote up to my face to examine it. For a remote, it didn’t seem to have a lot of versatility, having only one white dial right in the middle, with no distinguishing markings at all to make sense of what it was supposed to be adjusting. I turn the dial up about a half turn, looking around to see if something else on one of the shelves reacted.

“Hmmph.” I said, dissatisfied. I really expected to hear some kind of vibrating.

I reach down and scratch at my chest. Damn it’s cold in here. I wrap my arms around my chest in an attempt to warm them, feeling my nipples dig into my forearms. As I looked down I saw two little tents sticking out of my shirt defiantly, “Whoa! Good morning girls! What’s got you two all riled up?”

…What? A lot of people talk to their nipples. Shut up.

I tend not to wear bras, as I’ve never had anything in need of support, but this kind of thing doesn’t usually happen to me. I pull at my shirt, but that in no way helped their stalwart campaign to be noticed. The rough cotton wasn’t doing them any favors either. I’d never seen them this hard! “Okay then… I’m just gonna look around some more. You guys just try to calm down, k?”

Turning the dial back to its original position, again looking to see if anything happened (no results), I put it back in the general area that I’d found it and continued scanning over the shelves. Again I lost myself in the sea of magical™ treasures, and in no time the two distracting bumps sticking through my shirt faded back to my usual washboard. Good. All back to normal.

“Wait.”

It wasn’t until a shelf and a half of browsing later did it click in my head. After a little too much time trying to find the thing in the place I thought I’d remembered putting it, I picked the little remote back off the counter, “Just have to check…”

I glanced down at my chest, then gave the thing another half-turn. Immediately I felt my nipples crinkle up, pushing out into the fabric. I stared at them for a while, just holding the remote in both hands with my head reeling, “No fuckin’ way.” I spun the dial all the way back, and like good little soldiers following orders, my nubs softened again. “No *fuckin’* WAY!” I spun it around half way and back a couple times, mesmerized by the little pistons on my chest popping in and out on a whim. I couldn’t hold back the laughter, “Hah! A remote control for nipples! Why is whoever made this not filthy rich!? I wonder what…”

Holding it in one hand and the dial in the other, I twisted it all the way around to where it had started, meeting resistance there and refusing to go any further. I felt my nubs tighten up, the taut flesh straining against itself to go further. Their sensitivity shot through the roof, and I felt jolts of sensation zip straight from my nipples down between my legs. Just the sensation of my shirt touching them was driving me crazy! “Ack! Too much! Too much.”

I spun the thing all the way back around, resetting my nipples to default, then placing it gingerly back on the shelf. I hopped up and down on the balls of my feet. This was so fuckin’ cool! Suddenly the rest of the stuff on the shelves didn’t feel so much like junk. It felt more like buried treasure.

“Here.” The shop-girl said, plucking something off the shelf beside her and holding it out to me, “Try something *not* out of a bargain bin.” She had led me a little further into the shop, the bright sunlight from outside only barely making it back to us through the rows of shelves.

I took the stick-shaped object out of her hand without really paying attention, still focused on asking questions.

“Seriously, how did you do the ring thing? Pheromones? Hypnosis?” I looked away for a second talking to myself quietly, “Maybe it absorbed through my skin…”

While I was still contemplating her illusion, she deftly grabbed the stick in my hand, lightly tapped me on the head with it, then put it back in my hand.

“Ow, hey!” It hadn’t really hurt, it was a reflex ow. I rubbed my head with my free hand.

“You think too much! Now try that thing out and it might answer some of your questions.”

I looked down at the stick. It was warm to the touch. It didn’t feel like I was holding a stick, more like holding someone else’s hand. The whole thing looked like it had been hastily whittled from some branch, save for one side, which had been sanded completely flat and smooth. On the flat surface there were carvings, all glowing a faint green. There were five circles along it, each containing a Roman numeral all the way up to five. After the furthest number, an intricately carved arrow pointed right off the edge of the stick, now pointing at the shop-girl.

I looked up at her skeptically, and she just nodded her head towards it.

“Go on, pick a number one through five.” She was smiling in anticipation. She clearly liked showing off the merchandise personally.

I continued to inspect the strange stick. The green glow was shifting slowly beneath the characters.

“Any number I want?”

She nodded, “Any number you want.”

I took a breath, “Fuck it.” I pressed my thumb into the Roman numeral two, and suddenly there was a shift. A sound that I could only describe as “GLORB” vibrated through the air around us. My eyes were immediately drawn to her chest. Her tits had practically jumped out at me, stretching her top even tighter than it was, deepening her already spectacular cleavage. I couldn’t focus on her however, for I was far too concerned with my own chest.

Or lack thereof. At the precise moment of her spectacular growth, the front of my shirt deflated, the fabric left loose as the flesh it had once comfortably held vanished. I tugged at my collar and stared down my shirt at a chest that hadn’t been that flat since I was 12, and a lonely pair of nipples without a home. My hands desperately searched the front of my shirt, only confirming its emptiness.

“Ahhn~… That always feels a little better than I remember.” Shop-girl was hefting her new mounds with relish, jiggling them up and down with her fingers.

I was staring at her tits flabbergasted. My brain short-circuited, and didn’t feel it was capable of doing much else. Soon anger started to bubble, causing a few words to rise to the surface.

“Give them back!” I half-shouted. Those were mine! They weren’t the best or the prettiest but they were mine damn it! I’ve had them since I was a kid! I grew them myself!

The instant she heard my voice her tone shifted from pleased to apologetic.

“Hey! It’s okay! Everything’s cool! Look, just turn it around and press it again. It’s fine. Everything’s fine.”

She seemed to really mean it. I fumbled around with the stick for a few seconds before I got it turned around, then hastily jammed my finger into the “two” button again. This time was different. Rather than a very present emptiness like the first time, I felt the warm sensation of being *filled*. My lips parted and let out a soft breath as my chest swelled outwards into the cups of my bra. The fabric slid against my skin as my boobs retook their rightful place. In an instant everything seemed to be back to normal, although my nipples felt a little harder than before. I grabbed at my breasts, hugging them gently, not really caring that there was someone standing right in front of me. These were mine and I had missed them.

Her boobs had also returned to their correct size, but it wasn’t like *those* had been anything to be sad about in the first place.

“See? Totally fine. You’re okay.” The tone of her voice made me believe it. I looked down at the stick in my hand, then up to her face. Her eyes were full of concern. I took a deep breath.

“Yeah… I’m okay. I’m okay.” I let out a little half-scared, half-relieved laugh, “That was…” I looked back down at the object. The *magic* object. There weren’t any tricks here. There was no doubt after what just happened. I looked meaningfully into her eyes. She was waiting, watching my face carefully for the thoughts that were about to come, “It’s real.” I said, so softly I’m not even sure she heard it, “It’s all *real.*” She put a hand on my shoulder, a smile on her face that mirrored mine.

Without changing at all, the towering piles of junk around me transformed into a wonderland of possibility. It took a few minutes for me to take it all in, but she just stood there next to me, waiting patiently for me to come back to her.

“So… it steals boobs?” I asked, nonchalantly.

She let out a sigh, then a laugh, probably glad I hadn’t had a mental breakdown, “Or gives them, if you’re a nice person.”

I look down at the magic boob-stick, “And the numbers are… Cup sizes?”

“Two for two.”

I felt hot. My mind was quivering with the possibilities of just this little corner of this girl’s magical world. A question came to mind, and suddenly my mouth felt very dry. My vision darted from her face to her chest and back, my eyes lingering just long enough to ask her my question without saying a word. I asked it anyway.

“… Are you a nice person?” My heart throbbed in my ears as I waited for her response.

She smiled, nodding her head minutely. She took a step back, bringing her arms above her head and arching her back, thrusting those beautiful breasts out towards me.

“Just be gentle with them~.”

I re-focused the stick towards her, softly pressing my thumb into the circled marked “V”. The feeling of being filled resurged, the heat and sensation of the growth ten times as intense as the first time. All at once my chest exploded outwards, challenging the material of my shirt and parting the halves of my jacket around the blooming flesh. If I gasped or moaned I don’t remember it. My bra never stood a chance, and with a short stab of pain in my shoulders, snapped. The tender mounds heaved and wobbled as the instant of change subsided, leaving behind a pleasant tingling behind my nipples.

They were ridiculous, and they were *heavy*. Their size couldn’t be hidden by any article of clothing, and my shirt was screaming out for mercy. Nipples much bigger than mine poked out through the stressed material with ease, insisting their presence be known. With one in each hand I hefted them, but it took quite a bit of effort. Did I mention they were heavy? My back wouldn’t last a day with these monsters. Without really realizing what I was doing, I felt my hands sink into the soft flesh and went a little weak in the knees.

“Ahem.”

The not-cough jolted me out of my little moment, and I let my… mostly *her* breasts, fall free beneath my shirt, “Right, er. Sorry. They’re just-“

“It’s fine.” She said reassuringly, “How do you like ‘em?”

That was when I looked up. Of course her boobs had swapped owners, but that didn’t mean she was any less stunning. Her tube top had re-fit itself over her flat chest, pulling up a little to reveal a few inches of her toned belly. She didn’t *need* tits. *She* was what made her sexy, not some fatty chest-bags.

Looking back from her chest to mine, and realizing I couldn’t see any part of my body below these mountains, I felt rather silly, like a walking pile of boob. Suddenly remembering she’d asked me a question, I jumped a little, causing giant ripples to roll across the surface of my chest.

“Oh. Uh. They’re a little…” I didn’t know what to say. Stupid? Amazing? Every one of my rational thoughts screamed out how nonsensical they were, how pointless. But something in my lizard brain cried out even louder, cried out *deeper.* It wanted to be groped and squeezed and sucked on, and to grow even bigger. It wanted *more.*

Before I could finish my sentence, she took the stick from my hand and pressed one of the buttons. The shift happened again, and a moment later I was back to my boring old self, and she was just as hot as she had been. My hands absently drew up to my chest to feel the comfort of my familiar size.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get plenty of other chances.” She placed the stick back on the shelf where she’d grabbed it, back before it had changed a girl’s life. She turned away, walked a few steps, then turned back and waved me over, “Come on, we’re not even half way through the tour!”

I quickly followed, not wanting this magical journey to end so soon, or at all. I reached up my shirt and pulled my ruined bra down through it, folding it up and stuffing it in the pocket of my hoodie, then zipping it up. It would have to try its best to hide how hard my nipples were all by itself.

Wait, what did she mean by “other chances”?

After a while making sure I would remember where I left it this time, I put the nipple-dial back on the shelf. If I really was right (and I am often right), and I had just found an actual magic sex-shop (and that seemed apparent at this point), then I’ll be lucky if a little thing that makes your nipples hard is the strangest thing I see today.

After that I really started fiddling with everything that caught my eye. Nothing in here was what it appeared. The next thing I found was a pair of novelty X-ray glasses, like those cheap ones that you had to send in 40 cereal box tops or some shit to get. Except instead of seeing through clothes like I thought it was gonna, it showed this weird transparent view of my fun bits. Like, I clenched up, and then I could *see* myself clench up inside. Freaky. If I ever get a boyfriend I’m getting him these and making him wear them while we do it.

I kept looking around for something that might be really fun, like an actual genie or something, but every lamp I found just had different liquids in them that did some… *Interesting* things to skin. I dripped a little on the back of my hand to see what they did. One made me grow fur! It was super soft, I couldn’t stop petting it. I was worried I’d have to shave it off when I got home but it un-grew in about 10 minutes. It was weird. This other one… Well I poured a few drops on the back of my hand… It was like everywhere it had soaked in was a new sex zone! Er, eroj, erogenous! Erogenous zone, that one. I couldn’t stop petting that either… And it could reach my mouth! A sexy part I could *reach with my mouth.* I had to stop myself. That one… Still hasn’t worn off. I’m just trying really hard to focus on finding more stuff.

Anyway, that made me set up the first of many rules that I created.

1. You can rub the lamps to check for genies, but DON’T open them.

2. If it’s liquid, DON’T touch it. And for god’s sake DON’T DRINK IT. No one wants to end up with an erotically sensitive stomach lining.

3. If it looks like a puzzle box, don’t touch it. I’ve seen Hellraiser.

4. I haven’t come up with rule four yet, but there’s gotta be more stuff I haven’t thought of. I’m just glad I caught the puzzle box thing early, honestly.

My eyes hovered over one strange object after another, while absently thinking about more rules to make. It isn’t long before I find another thing that catches my attention.

By all accounts it probably shouldn’t have. It was unassuming and normal looking, but I guess in a sea of super-special magic stuff it pays to be normal. It was a small metal disc, about the size of my palm, with no markings on it other than a button mechanism along a seam around the outside edge.

“So it’s a compact.” I state plainly, fumbling around with the open button, “Step right up ladies and gentlemen! Taking all bets! Hmm, maybe it does your makeup for you? Or it’s like, a magic mirror? Going once for magic mirror! Going twice!” There’s a small click, and the metal disc opens up like a clam. It takes a second before I can actually believe what I’m seeing, but I think a lot of that is going to start going around pretty soon.

The inside top half is flat and featureless, but the bottom was what threw me off. Puffing out a little from the rim of the circle was the unmistakable seam of a pretty little pink vagina.

“So I’m guessing that’s a no-go on the magic mirror?” I said, leaning in closely to inspect the thing. For a vagina it looked pretty normal. I mean I guess it did. I’ve seen enough of other ones from the internet, and it looked pretty much like mine anyway. The only strange thing about it was where it was currently, trapped inside a little pop-open disc sitting in my hand.

“Aww, poor little thing. You just want to be set free, don’t you?” I reach on finger up and run it gently over the soft skin next to the lips.

And feel something touch me between my legs.

“Whoa! Hold up! Suddenly alarmed.” I stare at the thing for a few seconds, and it just sits there, being a vagina, “Alright.” I said determinedly to no one, “For science!”

I softly blow on the pink lips, and feel the same cool breeze brush against mine. I shiver a little. This was different. I slowly put my finger against it, and feel the pressure of its presence between my legs.

“This shouldn’t be so weird. I mean, I touch myself there all the time, right?” My fingers slide across its surface up and down, and in real time I feel the sensations, “Right…” I stand there for several moments, carefully inspecting “myself” before I decide that this was something best done in private.

I close the portable pussy portal with a click, turning it around in my hands, “I do believe you would wreak too much havoc if you fell into the wrong hands.” I slid the disc back onto the shelf and continue my journey, still feeling a little warm. It wasn’t too far down the next aisle before I spotted something else.

“Oh! Crystal ball! That’s got to be a good one.”

I leaned down to the bottom shelf where the perfectly round orb sat on top of an ornate metal setting. I went to pick it up, my fingers brushing against its glassy surface-

A crashing ocean of images began bombarding my mind, each scene swirling into my vision and swooping away before I can reorient myself. A few hesitate here and there for just an extra moment, enough to get an impression. They all flash by in rapid succession.

I’m walking through The Mall with Julie, we’re laughing.

The cover of a strange book with a gem-like eye in the center that glows bright blue.

I’m alone on my bed, My hands working vigorously on an enormous cock jutting out from between my legs.

A boy… No, a girl, a boy! All I can tell is that he/she has red hair.

Julie and I are standing across from each other in the middle of The Mall. I can’t see her face. A book is floating next to me and I’m crying.

The last image, so close up it didn’t feel like I was looking at it, I felt like I was in it. Julie and I, kissing deeply.

The world rushes back to me and I barely manage to stay on my feet. I catch my breath and try to make sense of everything, or even remember it. It all seemed so slippery in my head, just barely there.

“What a fucking trip.” I only barely manage to make that joke, and I’m still trying to catch my breath.

“Rule number four.” I back away from the crystal ball and continue down the aisle, “Don’t touch crystal balls.”

Then, without realizing it, I’d reached the back edge of the store. It felt like it’d just walked a mile with shelves on either side of me, yet I turned around, and could see the front wall of the shop just a few seconds walk away, sun still shining in from the beads hanging in the entryway.

“Of course the magic shop is magic. Then it wouldn’t be a magic shop.”

My next thoughts jump back to the crystal ball’s visions, which bounce again to thoughts of Julie.

“Wait a second, holy crap, where’s Julie!?”

As the two of us walk down the rows and rows of shelves (and I try really hard not to stare at her ass), I’m slowly realizing that we’ve been walking for *way* longer than this shop could possibly be. I turn around to check if there was an endless hallway stretching out behind us, but see the front of the shop just a few feet away. I turn back to ask.

“How did we-“

She had seen my glance from over her shoulder and cut me off “Try not to think too much about where you are, just where you’re going. The shop tries to lead you towards what you want, but the halls can get a bit funky if you focus on the physics of it too much.”

Her answer only threw more things onto my quickly growing pile of questions.

“So everything in here is really magic? Like, *really?*”

She stopped her leisurely stroll, turned around and raised her eyebrow at me. That shut me up pretty fast, “You’re asking the wrong questions.”

“Right. Okay… Where are we going?” I felt so small next to her, in more ways than one.

“Warmer.” She looked around whimsically and plucked something from the shelf to her left. She held a bright red button on a little stand out to me on her palm, “Press it. You could use it.”

At this the common sense lobe in my brain flared out brightly. I’d been ignoring most of its pleas since I walked in here, but I figured it was about time I listened to it.

“I’m… gonna pass. At least until I know what it does.”

She rolled her eyes and sighed, “Fine. Well if you’re not gonna have one-“ She pulled the button in close to her chest, eyeing it like a kid about to open a present. She jammed her thumb down on it, and right away her whole body curled and shifted. Her knees buckled, her thighs sliding against each other as her back arched. Her head rolled back a little, and with a look of bliss on her face her lips parted for a long, low moan.

“Uuuhhnn~ Ahh…” She didn’t have to explain what the button did. She just came, right there on the spot. After a deep breath she exhaled and let out a little laugh, “Whew! Always good for a quick pick-me-up.”

Now I consider myself straight. At least like, 90% if you can believe that after the way you’ve heard me think about her, but that display was… This girl could sell gloves to someone with no arms if you know what I mean. This wasn’t normal sexy. This girl was *supernatural* sexy. I squeezed my legs together and coughed nervously.

“Uhh.” I coughed again, laughing at the inescapable awkwardness. I couldn’t acknowledge what just happened. Absolutely no way. I quickly turned over to a shelf, determined to find something distracting. I picked up a little tin full of something.

She tossed the red button back on the shelf and walked over to me, leaning over my shoulder, “You find something?”

It had a label across the top, some of it had been ripped off, but most of it had refused to leave.

I squinted to read the worn label, “Nanomek?”

Her face lit up with excitement, “Oh that! Well that one has kind of a long story. So there was-“

“JULES!? ARE YOU ALIVE!?”

Emma’s scream sounded like it had echoed from across a canyon. Oh crap, Emma! What the hell kind of trouble did she get herself into? Knowing her and what little I do about this place, nothing good.

“Emma! Sorry, I gotta go find her. Uh, thanks for the tour!” I dropped the tin back on the shelf and turned to where I thought I heard the shout come from, “I’M COMIN’!” I took off in a half-run down one of the halls, but I stopped after passing just one aisle. I did a double take. Emma was standing in the aisle right behind us.

“Julie! You’re not gonna believe-!”

“I know! It’s amazing!”

“How does that even-?“

“I don’t know! One sec, the girl from the shop was-“

Right as I turn to find her, she was standing right next to us.

“Oh. Hi.”

She made a little joke wave, “Hi. If you’ve both ready, I can show you two to the register? We’re closing soon.”

“What?! It’s like, 5 in the afternoon!” Emma whined, clearly very disappointed.

The shop girl just turned her head and gestured towards the entrance. The little sun that had been shining through the beads at the entryway had gone, and you could see a few stars flickering in a black sky in its place.

We just turned to each other, both of us very confused. Emma shrugged at me.

“Okay then. Lead the way!”

The three girls walked to the far reaches of the shop, ending up at a dark oak counter with a cash register plopped on top of it. On the counter next to the register sat an incredibly old-looking book, bound in thick leather. A blue gem in the shape of an eye was set into the cover and Emma couldn’t shake the feeling that she’d seen it somewhere. Behind the register was a black curtain drawn over a doorframe with a sign on the wall next to it that read “employee only.”

The shop-girl strode behind the counter, dropping her elbows onto it and putting her chin in her hands.

“Alright! So, what’ll it be for the two lovely ladies?”

I answered before Emma had a chance, “I don’t think we’ll be getting anything today, thanks.”

“But we’re definitely coming back!” Emma added excitedly.

She smiled at us, “Glad to hear it.”

Emma suddenly looked a little nervous, “Oh! Uh…” She leaned over the counter, pulling her hand up to her mouth and whispering into the shop-girl’s ear. Julie couldn’t hear anything but muffled whispers, but shop-girl’s face lit up and she let out a chuckle.

“Oh, that’ll wear off in a few days. Don’t worry about it.”

“AHNnn!~”

Shop girl had grabbed Emma’s wrist tightly, rubbing her thumb against the back of her hand. Emma’s face crinkled up, her eyes closing and her brows pulling together. Julie watched the strange interaction as the shop girl whispered loudly to her friend.

“Think of it as a free sample.” Emma was finally able to pull her hand away, blushing deeply and holding it tenderly with her other hand.

“Alright… I guess you two are all set then! One more thing though. Before you guys leave, you gotta touch the book.” She tapped the old leather thing with her finger, “Standard procedure. Something like a tradition. Think of it as good luck.”

Julie and Emma looked at each other a shrugged. Julie reached her hand out and tapped the cover. The leather was unnaturally smooth for something that looked so old. Emma went out to touch it next.

“Ow!” Emma let out a yelp as a bright blue bolt of static jumped out and zapped her finger. A light flashed behind the crystalline eye set in the center of the cover, and a shocked look overtook the shop-girl’s face. It was the first time Julie had seen her do anything but smile.

“Uhh.” She shook her head, then spoke very quickly, “Okay, uhh. You two. Stay here for a minute. I’ll be right back. Don’t move.” She walked back towards the black curtain, pulling it open and slipping through. She poked her head out from behind it, “Seriously. Stay. One minute.” then plunged back into the darkness behind the curtain.

The black curtain whipped shut behind me as I tore down the back hallway of the shop.

“Damn it, *damn it.”* This wasn’t supposed to happen! Well, it had to happen sometime. But I didn’t think this soon! Not for a long time! At least not until after I was dead.

My shoes clicked against the hard marble floors, echoing through the nearly endless arrangements of shelves in the restricted section. Everything in here was too dangerous to be kept where people could mess around with it, and it was all safely locked away behind shielding charms and anti-theft hexes. Everything but that *damned* book.

As I approached the very back edge of the shop, I found him in his usual posture, hunched over at his desk with his nose right up against some book. Occasionally he’d look up, think for a moment, write something down in his notebook with his angry scribble handwriting, then continue reading.

“Master, there are two girls here, in the shop. They-“

“How many times do I have to tell you?” He marked his page and closed the book, turning his chair around to face me. His tone shifted to one of sincerity “You don’t have to call me that, Anna.” His blue eyes sparkled in the little light there was flickering from the candle on the table. I keep telling him he should just use a lamp or something, but he’s kind of old fashioned that way. He smiled at me, deepening the wrinkles on his face. It seems like every time I look at him he’s gotten a new one.

“Right. Sorry. Obeus, the girls-“

“That’s better.” He said, relaxing a bit. He leaned back in his chair, brushing some of the long grey hair out of his face, “Now, tell me, what was it?” His usual relaxed demeanor made him a very difficult person to get angry with, but I guess I was just trying really hard today.

“One of the girls. The book… It responded.”

He said nothing, though his brow furrowed. He turned back to his desk and reopened his book, continuing to peruse its pages.

“Mas- Obeus? What should I do?”

With his nose still in the book he responded, “You already know what to do.” He picked his face up and gave me the same smile as the day I met him, “Give them the book.”

“But… They’re just girls!” My voice was beginning to rise “They have no idea what-“

His face got very still for a moment, “Anna, we have been waiting for this for a very long time now, and I don’t think I have to remind you *why* we don’t keep it locked up with the others. If the book has found its owner then we have one job.” He stood up, approaching me and putting his hand on my face, running his thumb against my cheek. He smiled that damn un-hateable smile of his, “Give them the book.”

Shop-girl had taken off through the curtain, leaving Emma and I to stand there and wait for her to come back. I was getting kind of worried.

“Ooh! Ominous.” Emma said, zooming her attention in on the book that elicited such a strange reaction from shop-girl, “What do you think it does? I’m betting on spellbook.”

“Would it kill you to be serious for five seconds?” I said, examining the book along with her. The eye-shaped gem in the center had picked up a slowly pulsing glow from behind it, changing its color to bright teal as the light shined through.

“Excuse you? We are in an actually magical magic shop. Yes it would kill me.”

“You just got zapped by the spooky, important-looking magic book on the counter! Don’t you think-“

“Ooh! Hello handsome!” Emma had caught sight of something over my shoulder and started walking up to it.

“Emma! Come back, the girl said don’t move!” She was walking up to a huge full-length mirror that had been propped up against the shelf, too big to be fit onto it.

“Relax Jules! It’s like five feet. Come check this out!” I followed her over to the giant mirror where she was making poses at herself. Except… It wasn’t her. The reflection in the mirror was a guy, about her height, with the same color hair, except it was much shorter. In fact, the only big difference between them was his guy-ness. Over her shoulder I could see another guy in the mirror, kind of tall, cut jaw, mid-length wavy-brown hair, green eyes. I tilted my head a bit to try to get a better view, and he followed my movements.

“Woah…” I let out, carefully stepping closer to the mirror. His eyes were staring deeply into mine, “They look just like us…”

“Except they’re dudes!” Emma lifted her shirt to show off her belly, her male counterpart mimicking her actions, “Check it! Dude-me has abs!” She ran her fingers over her stomach, watching with relish as the boy in the mirror did the same, “Turn around a sec! I gotta see if guy-me is packin’!”

She let her shirt fall, bringing her hands to the button of her shorts. Thankfully before she could do any more we heard the sound of cloth whipping around behind us. Shop girl had returned, looking a little bit calmer than she had when she left. She looked around, concerned for a moment before her eyes fell on us.

“Oh, you found the Mirror of Pawsredneg.” She walked over to us, though remaining behind the counter, “It shows you what you would really look like if you’d been born a guy. Or a girl, depending.”

I took another glance at guy-me. I didn’t feel like I was staring at another person. It was still me, just wearing a different body.

“Anyway,” She said, trying to get our attention “if you guys would come back over here, I have a few things I have to ask you.”

I tugged Emma away from the mirror by her shoulder where she had still been trying to see if she could see her mirror self’s nipples without revealing her own and lead her back to the front of the counter.

“So, what’s up with the book?” I ask, genuinely curious. She cringed a little as I mentioned it.

“I’ll explain in a second. First.” She turned to Emma, holding up a finger “Where do you live? I mean, do you live with your parents? Family?”

Emma and I respond at the same time, our voices overlapping, “*We’re roommates.”*

Shop-girl gives a little sigh of relief, “Oh good. Okay, that makes things easier.” With a little bit of hesitation, she picks up the book off the counter, holding it out to Emma, “This is yours now. There are no real rules, but you should probably wait until you get home before you open it.” Emma takes it with both hands, holding it close to her chest like a child would a new puppy. Shop girl turned to me next, “I know you’re her friend, so I’m asking you to look out for her.” She addressed us both “Look out for each other. And you especially,” She said, pointing a finger in Emma’s face “try to be nice.”

“Aren’t I always?” She asked the room, to be greeted with silence, “Soooo…” She said, her voice trailing off “Free book?”

Shop-girl smiled, for some reason it looked like sympathy, “Free book.”

“Woo! Free book!” Emma shouted, holding it above her head and heading for the exit with a spring in her step.

Before turning to follow her, I face the girl behind the counter, “Thank you.” I smiled meaningfully at her. She just waves me goodbye.

I do a little half-run to catch up with Emma by the front of the shop, and before too long we’re stepping through the arch of beads again, walking back to my car to head home.

I step out from behind the counter to watch the two girls leave. They manage to make it back to the entrance without getting distracted or lost, which is more than I can say for most customers. I glance over at the mirror, grimacing at my reflection. The thing had a nasty habit of stripping away my illusion charms.

The figure in the mirror was male, and couldn’t possibly be mistaken as anything but. He stood completely naked, 6’ tall with muscles rippling out from everywhere. His deep red skin was shiny and smooth, and a pair of horns curled out from the top of his forehead like a ram’s. The only thing more inhuman about him than the hooves that held up this giant mass of man was the mammoth cock that hung between his legs almost to his knees.

I hated being reminded what I was. I sigh and glance away, back to the entryway where the two girls had since departed.

“So, Emma and Julie…” I chuckle to myself, “You two have no idea what you’re in for.”

Chapter 2

The entire drive home Emma just sat next to me in the passenger seat with her legs crossed, the book in her lap, her eyes fixed on the gem set into the cover while shitty pop music buzzed quietly through the radio. It was clear that Emma had jumped into the whole magic thing with a great deal more ease than I, as I was still getting some spooky hoodoo bad juju vibes from the whole situation. Whoever ran the undercover magical society did not go around giving out seemingly cursed magical tomes to teenage girls.

When we parked at the house Emma leaned over to me with her hands making grabbing motions, “Keyskeyskeys. Gimme.” I dropped the keys into her hands and she took off to the front door with them and her new treasure. She disappeared inside before I even got out of the car.

Okay, so a quick rundown of The House. It was big. Like, massive mansion huge. It’s got every kind of room that you’d expect some fancy pants mansion to have, a parlor, a library, an indoor pool, a personal theatre, and a fuckton more other rooms than we know what to do with. Emma and I live here, alone, just the two of us, no mortgage, no jobs, no school or college classes. This slice of heaven was brought to us in full by Emma’s awesome uncle. He was a super-rich eccentric, and he pretty much raised Emma single handedly until he died. Very sad. Dark times. But he left her *everything.* How I came to live here is a different story that I might tell later.

By the time I’d gotten inside she was sitting in the middle of the living room floor with the still-closed book in front of her, staring at it. Without looking up she addressed me as I walked in.

“Should I open it?”

“You should most definitely *not* open it.” The question of what kind of magical wonder could exist inside that book tickled the back of my mind, but my cautious side was getting the better of me. Or something else was.

“I’m gonna open it.”

Even after saying it, she didn’t move, her gaze focused on the eye in the cover. I crossed her and threw myself onto the couch, trying to seem disinterested. Why should I care? It’s not like *I* got given a magic book.

It continued on like that for almost a minute, me watching her, she watching the book, not much movement other than the occasional sniffle. After a few minutes of “opening the book”, she fell backwards onto the carpet and groaned.

“UUUGHH! This shouldn’t be this hard!” She threw herself forward, her hands flying to the book, then hesitating again, “I’m just gonna open it!” Her hands didn’t move.

“You should make a series on how to open books. You’d make millions.”

“Shut up.” She said, her hands still frozen on the cover. After a few more seconds she turned to me, “You should open it.”

“And take whatever voodoo curse that thing is loaded with? No thank you. It’s your magic book, anyway.”

“Aw, don’t be like that.” She stood up, leaving the book on the floor and tossing herself onto the couch next to me, causing the whole thing to jerk, “This is *our* magic book. It just kinda… zapped me. We don’t live in a universe where static electricity declares ownership of objects. If we did everyone would have carpets and the price of wool socks would go *way* up.” That got me to smile. She punched me lightly on the shoulder, “Now get down here and help me open the stupid voodoo book.”

“Fine. But if your letter from Hogwarts comes in the mail tomorrow and mine isn’t right next to it we’re not friends anymore.”

She laughed, “Get over here you muggle.” We both moved ourselves down to the floor, sitting side by side, cross legged in front of the book like a campfire. We just stared at it for a few more seconds.

I put my hand on the cover, and she puts hers next to mine, “On three?”

“On three.”

“One…”

“two…”

“*THREE!”* At the same time we threw the cover of the book open. I don’t know what either of us were expecting but any of our possible imagined usherings into the world of magic were let down. Inside of the book was \*Gasp!\* paper. With squiggles on it. The entire first page was covered from top to bottom in these weird swirly lines that I guess were supposed to be some kind of letters, except they didn’t really form words, more like Chinese characters, like each little segment was separated from the others.

I shrugged “Well that was anti-climactic. Emma?” When I looked over at her she was staring wide eyed at the page, “Emma? You okay?” I knew it! Voodoo hex.

“No *way…* This is crazy…” She just stared open-mouthed at the page.

“What’s crazy? The squiggles are crazy?”

“What? Wait, you can’t see them?”

“I see squiggles. Are we looking at the same squiggles?”

“No, like, the feeling! Look” She grabbed my shoulder, pointing at one of the collection of swirly lines that to me kind of looked like a snowflake, “Right there, you don’t see that?”

I squinted hard at the paper. Just a bunch of ink on a page, “I see the snowflake squiggle.”

“No, not the squiggles! The- Damn it this is weird. It’s like I can feel them. What they’re supposed to mean. There aren’t any words or pictures just…” She stared at the page for a few seconds, her gaze completely captivated by something I couldn’t see, “It’s like they’re shooting what they mean into my brain!”

Emma was right. I’m a muggle, “Well what does it say? Translate.”

She crunched up her face in a focusing gesture, bringing her face closer to the page, “Each one of them, they all do a thing. Like… Oh. Heh. But this one… Oh that one too…” She looked up from the page, her face contorted in a mischievous smile.

“What?”

“Okay so they’re all like, spells, right? Except they all do some kinda’ sexy thing.”

I squinted again at the page, trying to derive the meaning of the lines now that I had some context, “What kind of sexy things?”

She jammed her finger into the first squiggle “So this one, spell one on page one. It makes you horny. This one,” She slid her finger across the page to something near the middle “makes all your clothes disappear, or invisible, or something. And this one, right next to it! It changes your clothes to whatever you’re thinking of!”

“That last one doesn’t sound sexy.”

“You just don’t have the right mind for it to be sexy.” She turned back to the book, flipping the page and thrusting her attention into it, “Ooh this one looks- Hah! That’s- Oh… Oh wow…” Her eyes were darting up and down the pages, her brain going a mile a minute trying to soak up all the information. Excitedly she looks up at me, “Who wants to be the guinea pig?”

I throw my hands up “Whoa! Not it!”

“Aww come on! I’ll do something vanilla! I wanna see how it works!” She gave me her best puppy-dog face “Pleeeeease?”

Damn that face, “Fine.” I say, scooching around the rug, adjusting my position to sit across from her “But I keep my clothes on, understood?”

“Woo! Magic time!” She plants her face back into the book, looking for something that (I hope) would be mild enough, “Maybe this… Nah. Hmm… Ooh, *definitely* saving that one for later… Oh! I guess that’ll work…” She brings her hands up above the book in a wizardly gesture, “This one’s perfect. Ready Jules?”

“No.” I say, wincing at whatever kinky fate Emma had imagined for me, “Go whenever.”

“Alright… Here we GO!” She throws her hands out at me, and out of reflex I clench up.

Nothing happens. Emma looks back down at the book, confused, “Aww, what gives?”

I chuckle, “Maybe that spell is too high for your level. Or you don’t have enough mana. Does it have any magic words?”

“Shuuush. Maybe I have to be touching it?” She puts one hand down on the page, the other pointed out at me.

A sudden arc of white/blue light jolts from her fingertips, crashing directly into my chest. A cry of bewilderment bursts from me as I tense up, my arms pulling up to my chest out of pure reflex. After the initial shock, I open my eyes to see Emma staring down at her hand, little tendrils of light still twisting off the tips of her fingers and disappearing into the air.

“Woah” She said to herself, flicking her hand like she was putting out a match and watching the vapor trails dissipate. She looks back up at me “You okay?”

I had no idea. I look down, taking careful inventory of myself. Arms, check. Legs, check. My mind darts down the list and everything seems to be in working order. I was a little surprised that I didn’t have like, a second head, or a third boob. I looked up at Emma to see her excited face staring at my chest, making me re-evaluate my last guess.

Looking back down I saw what she’d been staring at. Two little bumps were popping out from the front of my hoodie. I unzipped it enough to see two incredibly bright high-beams screaming out to the world for attention through my shirt. My ruined bra was still stuffed into one of my hoodie’s pockets, but I don’t think even the combined might of all three of those layers of fabric would have been able to conceal such raging nipple hard-ons.

“Yeah! Take it off!” Emma said, letting out a wolf-whistle.

I zipped myself back up, feeling a little vulnerable, but the twin bumps were still blaringly obvious through the grey cloth, “Is that what you-?”

“Yep! I found this little gizmo at the shop that did pretty much the same thing. Pretty cool huh?”

“You…” I let my brain veer past the imagined images of Emma alone in a kinky magic shop before continuing, “It just makes nipples hard?”

Emma’s face fell hard at my clearly unamused tone, “Well you can suck the fun out of anything if you say it like *that*. The point is it WORKS!”

I leaned back and braced myself against the rug with my arms, then returned to my original position, feeling a little over exposed with my brights on, “When does it, er, stop?” My eyes kept dropping back to glance at them, somehow surprised every time to see that they were as hard as the last time I looked.

“Uh,” Emma said concerned, her face diving back down to the book and scanning over it for a few worrying seconds before coming back up, “An hour. See? Nothing to worry about! Just a little harmless kinky magic fun between friends.”

My face dropped back down to stare at the nubs staring up at me. I guess an hour of hard nipples wasn’t the worst fate to be shackled to. I looked back up, “Can it do anything a little more… useful? Like, I don’t know. Clean the dishes? Or conjure food or something?”

Emma was apparently eager to prove her new toy’s worth, because as soon as I finished she jumped up.

“Right on it!” She picked up on the page she left off on, slowly finishing reading the spells on that page, turning it over, and starting to scan the next ones. She muttered under her breath “Show… Me… Food spells…”

Apparently the book had heard her, because as if a sudden gust of wind had blasted through the room, the pages began to turn at blazing speed, causing Emma’s hands to jump away from it. The blur of paper looked as if it was flipping through thousands and thousands of pages, far more than the little book could possibly contain. A split second before it stopped, I noticed that more pages kept flooding out of the inside of the back cover and falling through the inside-front when they rustled past. After a few seconds it stopped, lying open in front of Emma’s crossed legs as still as if she had simply opened it like that.

Emma looked down at what to me were still squiggles, each page indistinguishable from the next, then let out a “Hmmm”.

“Well?” I said, more than a little frustrated. It was like I was a toddler again and I couldn’t read the subtitles on the muted TV and I didn’t know what the hell was going on.

“Well,” She said, still scanning the page “If by “Conjure food” you mean “Whipped cream on your genitals”, then yes, we can conjure food.”

“Hooray. We’ve solved world hunger.” I said flatly, “What kind of pervy wizard made this thing?!” I said, adjusting my hoodie, still feeling self-conscious with my nubs poking through my shirt. They were kind of hard to ignore.

Emma snickered, “At least we know it has a working search function.”

An idea struck me, “Hey book, uh, sir. Do you have a spell that could let me read you?”

The book sat inert on the floor, further mocking me. Emma followed up after me, yelling at it “You heard the lady! Get my homie some wizard eyes!”

Still nothing.

I slumped, letting out a sigh, “Guess I’ll just chill here while you do magic.”

Emma wasn’t having my sulky attitude for a second, “Hey, quit that. We can take turns. Just tell the book what spell you want and I’ll do it, no questions asked. We can make a game out of it!”

A smile crept into the corner of my mouth “Yeah, like when normal girls have sleepovers, where they braid each other’s hair, talk about boys, have their first lesbian experiences where they play spin the bottle and compare boob sizes.” I laughed “Okay maybe not that last one.”

Emma got a look on her face “I was gonna take it easy on you ‘cause you’re being all whiney, but just for that…” She turned to the book and whispered into it, covering her mouth with her hand. Her unintelligible whispers were replaced by the whirring of pages flying by. The look turned into a mischievous grin as she scanned the page.

I scooted backwards a little, my still-hard nipples dragging against the inside of my shirt as I tried to assuage Emma’s coming wrath, “Woah woah! It was a joke! Emma…”

She looked up, apparently satisfied with what she’d read, then leveled her hand at me, “I guess I’ll take my turn first, titty monster.”

This time I hadn’t had my eyes closed, and saw the full effect of the magic. Emma’s irises glowed the same blue/white that burst from her fingertips as the magic surged up through the hand that was touching the page to the fingers pointed like a gun at my chest, right between my two bull’s eyes. You could actually see the bluish glow through her skin, lighting up her veins like lightning. The brief beam of magic arced through the air between us in an instant.

This time I felt the spell as it hit me, and my mind jolted back to the magic shop as a familiar feeling electrified the flesh on my chest. The satisfying sensation of being filled pulsed through me, my nipples dragging past the fabric of my shirt as it was forced upwards. A moment later it was all over, and I sat there with my hands clutching my forcefully expanded assets, staring bullets at Emma.

“If you’re gonna make jokes about having bigger tits than me all the time,” She held her sizzling fingertips up to her mouth and blew them out like postols, “Then you should at least have some TITS!” The last word was exemplified by a gesture of holding her hands in front of her chest, cupping a pair of invisible breasts.

From what I could feel behind my fingers I had probably gained about two full sizes, enough to put me to at *least* a double d, and while they weren’t even a fraction of the monsters I had briefly sported back at the shop, they still felt unfamiliar and huge in my hands.

“Fine” I said, smiling as I let my hands fall back to my sides, again revealing the effects of Emma’s first spell “You want to play it like that? Gimme the book.”

“There she is!” Emma said, sliding the book across the carpet on its back, still open, “Go on! Hit me!”

I turning the book around towards me and whispered into it, hoping that this time I would hear me. Nothing.

“It’s still not doing anything.”

“Alright,” She said, leaning over and pulling it back towards her, “Just tell me what you *would* *have* hit me with, and I’ll pretend you did a cool magic backflip or something to cast it at me.”

“Alright then. Give yourself a pair of cat ears.”

She let out a gasp as if I’d just commanded her to jump off a bridge, “You wouldn’t dare make me…”

“I dare! I DOUBLE dare! Do it.” Emma liked anime for the most part, but she absolutely *hated* cat girls. I never understood the oddly specific animosity, but I simply couldn’t turn down the opportunity to push her buttons like this. She grimaced down at the book like it was colluding against her.

“You heard her. Cat ear spell.” The pages flipped themselves for a few seconds before she laid her hand on the dreaded spell, “You’re gonna pay for this.” She said, holding her hand in front of her face. The blue glow of the magic swirled up her arm and out the other, engulfing her head in a short lived cloud of wispy blue smoke. When it cleared she reached her hands up to her scalp.

I couldn’t hold in the laughter as Emma felt up the freshly grown cat ears poking through the hair on top of her head. I gasped between laughs, “Aww, Emma! You’re so kawaii! C’mon, give us a “Nya”!”

Emma finished her inspection of the fuzzy ears and started staring daggers at me, “Of course you realize, this means war.”

I stuck out my chest at her, causing quite a bit more jiggle than I’m used to, “Don’t dish it out if you can’t take it sister.” She grabbed the book and started turning through the book, leafing through it with so much energy I was afraid she might tear the pages. I jeered at her, “What, out of ideas already?”

“I have a feeling” She said, still flipping through page after page, “that there’s some stuff in here that neither of us couldn’t come up with.” After about a minute of frantic browsing she started laughing “Hah! This is perfect!” She held her hand out at me again, “If I’m a cat-girl, then you’re a COW!” The last word marked the spell flying at me.

The feeling rushed into me again, but this time… Lower. The swelling sensation was building just under my breasts, and it felt *way* too good. I let out an honest-to-god *moan* as my hands slid over the coming flesh, newly sensitive nerves forming where there used to be normal skin. Two epicenters formed in the masses of pleasure, peaking in sensation as I squeezed them. It all must have lasted about 10 seconds, but it felt so much longer. When it was over I stayed hunched over, arms covering my chest, breathing heavily.

“Damn, I’ll have what she’s having. You okay Jules?” I sat up slowly, releasing the grip on my chest to reveal the full effects of the spell. Below my boobs that Emma had already made grow, was *another* set. They were identical to the first set in size, and I could feel them brushing against the bottom of my originals. It was hard not to let my hands start “inspecting” them, even with Emma sitting right there.

“What the fuck Emma.”

She stared off in an explosion of laughter “No fuckin’ way! Hahaa!”

Trying to ignore Emma’s laughing fit, I carefully reached up through the bottom of my shirt, but my fingers running into the new curves much sooner than I expected. They felt… Pretty much exactly like my regular pair, just lower. Apparently that first spell had carried over, because now all four of my nipples were trying their damndest to tear through the front of my shirt.

“We should take some pictures, the internet would love you!”

I curled my jacket further over my chest and crossed my arms trying to cover them, but only succeeded in planting my arms firmly between the two sets, “This is getting a little weird for me.”

“Ya think?” She said, her eyes jumping to different parts of my chest every few seconds, “We were given a working spell book, with like, *real* magic! I think we’ll be looking at weird in the rearview mirror pretty soon.”

“Yeah! But it only has pervy fetish magic!” I looked down at my chest again, frustrated at how much space they all seemed to take up. My ribcage was completely covered in boob, “Open the book and put these things back where you got ‘em.” Emma snatched it up, slamming it closed and holding it above her head in a game of keep-away.

“Ah ah ah! No! You’re gonna suffer your punishment like a good girl for giving me *these!*” She pointed a firm finger up at her cat ears, her other hand sliding the book behind her back.

I quickly scooted across the carpet, crossing the distance between us. I ninja’d a hand up to her head, catching one fuzzy ear in between my fingers before she had time to wriggle away.

She froze, “Aww, you don’t like them? I really thought you’d think they were cute…” As I teased her, I gently rubbed her feline feature between my fingers. Apparently the spell had given her more than just cat ears. It had given her a *weak point*. The look on her face said it all, but in case it hadn’t, her squirming body, bright red cheeks, and the two nubs poking through her shirt made one thing very clear. Those ears were *sensitive*.

While I had her “by the balls” so to speak, I started talking to her with a calm smile, “Here’s what’s going to happen. I’m going to let go of your ear, and you’re going to open the book , and then you’re going to let me take my turn.

I got the sense that she wanted to nod, but moving her head in any manner would only drag my fingers across her ear again. As soon as I let go she gave a long, controlled exhale, covering the cat ears with her hands.

“Never. Do that. Again.”

“Well then don’t hoard the magic.”

“Fine.” She said, bringing her hands down from her head and tugging at her shirt, “But no undoing the boobs!”

I sat thinking for a moment, before opening the book in front of my crossed legs. I called down to it determinedly, not bothering to whisper, “Alright then, if you don’t want me to lose the boobs, one of us might as well enjoy them.”

She squinted at me, “What are you saying.”

“You’re gonna give yourself one hell of a boob fetish.” I said, smiling at her.

“Woah, hey! Julie come on, y-you know I’m straight!” Emma stuttered, looking a little worried.

“And you’re gonna stay straight, you’ll just like boobs a lot too.”

“Look, isn’t there any other-“

“You made your bed,” I said, hefting my lower set, causing them to bump into the first, “get ready to sleep in it.” I kicked one of my legs out from under me, pushing the book an inch towards her, egging her on, “Cmon.”

She sat there with a grumpy face for a few seconds before calling down to the book, “You heard the lady. A spell to make me obsessed with boobs. Ugh, even saying that feels weird.” The books pages started turning, and stopped much sooner than Emma would have liked.

She looked down at the page, putting her hand on it, then looked up at me pleadingly, “Do I really have to-“

“Yes. Go.”

“Fine.” She leveled her hand up to her face, “Don’t let me do anything stupid.”

“I’ve never been able to stop you before.” A second later and after another familiar flash of blue light, the spell hit her in the face. She reeled back for a moment, both eyes shut tight, her fingers pressed against her temples massaging them.

“You okay? Emma?”

She responded, still rubbing the sides of her head, “Oh man that feels weird. It’s like a reverse headache…” Her sentence trailed off as she opened her eyes, which fell immediately and directly to my chest. She completely froze, eyes feasting on the two sets of breasts in front of her.

I chuckled a little, “There. How’s it feel to actually like tits as much as you joke about?” For shits and giggles, I unzipped my hoodie, grabbed my bottom pair and leaned forward, squeezing them and bringing them up with the first, pushing them up into a big squishy mass of cleavage, “Like what you see baby?”

“Uhhn~” The noise escaped her throat, accompanied by a series of whole-body twitches, then shivers, but her eyes never left their post, still trying to bore through my chest.

I watched her strange display, then my eyes widened in realization, “Oh my god did you just-“

Emma simply nodded, her mouth hanging open, eyes fixed.

I laughed, “Oh my. I wonder what would happen if I…” With a finger I pulled down the neck of my shirt, stretching it all the way past my first two, and pushing up my bottom pair with my other arm, giving her a small view of my four distinct lines of cleavage without ever revealing a nipple.

“HAUuhh~!” Emma’s whole body began to quake, her abdomen twitching in bursts as her hands unconsciously brought themselves to her chest to grope and rub for something that wasn’t there.

When she “finished” I zipped up my jacket and grabbed the book, holding up in front of her face, “Alright, you’ve seen enough of the goods. Change yourself back.” She shook her head violently, then muttered something into the page. After it flipped a few times, she hit herself with another spell. After a few seconds she blinked, finally able to tear her eyes away from my boobs.

“Oh my god.” She said, ripping her hands away from their fruitless search and looking up at me, “That was… Wow. It’s like… I can still remember what it felt like. It’s like they’re the only thing that matters...” She looked down again and made a face, “Uh, I… I’m gonna go change…” She said, standing up and walking strangely. Before turning the corner she looked back, “You are so screwed when I get back by the way.”

I laughed at her as she walked cat-eared and bow-legged out of the room. I looked down at my four boobs, “Good job team.” I laughed at my own joke and looked down at the open book, pondering it.

“This is turning out to be a really interesting day.” I mused idly to myself.

“Tell me about it.”

That wasn’t Emma.

Chapter 3

I sped down the hall towards my room as fast as I could without running, trying to be out of the game for as little time as possible. My room was aaaaall the way at the edge of the east wing of The House. At least it was right now. There’re so many useless guest rooms in The House that I change my mind about what room I want every month or so, you know, keep it fresh.

What was happening right now, however, was decidedly *un*fresh. You could practically hear the squishing in my shorts as I swung open the door to my current room and made a b-line for a pile of clothes I had designated as “clean”. I tried not to look at the damage as I carefully extracted myself from the ruined shorts and underwear, used them to clean up a bit (What? They were already dirty.) and stuffed them in a pile of slightly less unfresh clothes.

“She is so gonna get it.” I said as I scavenged for a clean pair of panties. Just a second ago I had been ready to commit mass murder if it meant I got to stare at boobs for another five seconds, and now they were just back to being… whatever they were before. Now don’t take me for a square, I probably like tits more than the average bear, but what that spell did was- The fur on my weird ears prickled up as a feint memory of what it had been like flashed through my mind.

“God damn.” I said, shaking my head as I pulled on a new pair of panties, “If we keep finding spells like that I might actually have to do laundry this week.”. I started looking around for a pair of pajama pants when Julie’s scream echoed down the hall.

“EMMA!”

“ILEFTJULIEALONEWITHTHEBOOKSHITSHITSHIT” The curses kept coming in one big word as I sprinted back down the hallway in just a t-shirt and panties. I nearly broke my neck skidding to a stop back at the living room. Julie was backed up against the couch and turned to look at me once I turned the corner.

“WHAT?!” I shouted.

“It talked!” She said, swiveling her wide-eyed gaze from me to the book and back.

“What?”

“Yeah! It said words at me!”

I looked at the book laying open on the floor, appearing quite innocent. “Yo book. Say words.”

“Uhh, words.” Julie and I jumped a little. It was a man’s voice, and it reverberated around the room like someone had twisted his voice up in a synthesizer, though still completely clear and understandable. All of the spells on the page glowed slightly in time with the utterance.

“Oh shit! Uh… Hi.” I said, not having expected it to actually talk back.

The book shook slightly on the floor before every spell on the page it was opened to began to glow, soft wisps of light coming off the page in twisting patterns. The vapors seemed to organize themselves into semi-solid tendrils, which curled down around the book and pushed against the ground, lifting it off the floor.

As it turned, the crystal eye on the cover shone more strongly than ever, the teal iris was so bright it appeared white as it whipped around the room, inspecting its surroundings before falling on me, “So who are you?”

“Me?” I said, flabbergasted, “Who are you?”

“Don’t piss it off!” Julie cried at me as she cowered against the couch.

The book swirled around in place, the tendrils of magic supporting it in mid-air about a foot off the ground. The monocular eye fell directly on Julie as the book’s cover spun to face her. With the first word the voice nearly shook the room, “*It?* Rude. If you’re trying not to piss “it” off then you’re not doing a great job.”

“Woah, easy! She didn’t mean it!” I said, trying to quickly backpedal against the unknowable arcane being in our living room, “Bad start, bad start. I’m Emma. That’s Julie. Now, *who* are you?”

It made a satisfied “Hmf” noise before it went on, “Better.” The book’s glowing tendrils had retreated back into its’ pages, but it didn’t seem to interfere with its hovering, “My name is Beranibus Arnelious Crabb, and you somehow got my book.”

“Uhh” Julie was slowly standing up from her crouch on the couch “Okay Berin- Branib- Br-“

“Call me Bran.”

“Right. Bran. You kind of *are* a book. You know that right?”

I shot her a “don’t piss off the book again” glance before hearing his retort.

He made a sound like a sigh and the book fell several inches in the air, “Yeah, that was kind of the plan wasn’t it.”

I was getting more confused with everything he said. His book? The plan? What even? “Okay hold up a second,” I said, waving my hands in front of me, “Start over. We get you from freaky magic shop. We take you home. We try out some spells. You are your own book. Stop me if I missed anything.”

He ignored the last half of my sentence, his eyes darting first to my ears, then over to Julie with her still-changed chest, then scoffed, “Yeah, I can see you tried out some spells. Damn I do good work.” Julie crossed her arms over herself, feeling very strange now that there was technically another person in the room. She quickly got an angry look on her face, “Wait, you were watching us the whole time?!”

“Yeah. I gotta say you two are a lot of fun to watch! Especially that last spell you made the blonde cast. And that thing you did with your tits at the end! Classic!”

“YO!” I shouted “Focus! *Please* tell us what is going on!”

“Fine fine. Here’s the abridged version. A long time ago there was a wizard who painstakingly constructed the most intricately crafted magical tome yet in existence. The wizard had… strange tastes, which eventually got him into trouble with the townspeople. One angry mob later and the wizard is backed into a corner at the top of the town’s clock tower with only one quick way down and people with pitchforks breaking down the door. So he hastily creates a spell to temporarily bind his soul to his life’s work, sucking himself inside the book. His plan worked and the angry mob found an empty room, save for a book on the table. Blah blah blah, some other stuff happens, now we’re here.” He showed no intention that he was going to continue speaking.

I spoke up after a few seconds of silence, “Wait, so you made an entire spell book full of kinky shit, and you used it on the townspeople, so they chased you down and now you’re stuck?”

“Succinctly, yes.”

“Julie” I said, turning to her, “I like this guy.”

“What?” Both Julie and the book spoke at the same time.

“You like my work?” He said, suddenly very excited.

“Hell yeah I like it! Did you see what it did to Julie’s boobs!?”

This caused Julie to try and cover herself up again, only failing due to the sheer amount of things to cover, “Speaking of which” She piped up, a little quieter than she’d meant to, “Can we get rid of these? They’re a little…”

“I can’t cast it myself” He said as he started to float towards Emma, at the same time opening to present a page to her, “but I can open you to the counter spell” He noticed me flinch backwards as he started moving, “And relax, I’m pretty useless in here. I can’t cast a thing except some general mana management. It’s hard enough to move around, let alone hex you.”

“Uhh” I said, looking over the page he’d presented to me. The swirling characters on the page forced meaning into my mind, showing me what they’d do if I chose to cast them. Each one of them flashed different strange situations past my eyes, a ridiculously stretchy vagina, a super long tongue, and there, in the middle of the page, one to remove a pair of breasts.

“Now wait a second,” He said, “I’m going to show you why this isn’t just some regular 12 cent spell book.” The pages began to flip rapidly to the left, but some flipped in the opposite direction at the same time, the pages moving *through* each other. As the pieces of parchment ruffled passed each other, he explained “The Codex isn’t just a collection of spells, it was a means of creating new ones without having to come up with every magical parameter beforehand, like a calculator. It thinks. It *learns*. It takes bits and pieces of other spells and combines them in nearly limitless iterations until it’s molded the exact spell you want.” The book opened to a blank page, and new swirling patterns began to arrange themselves into the center.

“And voila! A spell to remove a pair of breasts, and make the others smaller. GOD I’m a genius.”

“Seems a little overly complicated.” Julie said, crushing Bran’s moment.

“Oh shut up. Do you know what kind of spell crafting it takes to make the kind of spell I just did in 10 seconds? Literal weeks of work. Do you want the counter spell or not?” He pushed himself and the freshly minted page closer to my face, “Emma, was it? I know she’s your friend and all, but if you wanted to instead cast say… *This* spell…” The page turned a few times, and one of the patterns glowed softly.

A smile crept into my face before I quickly pushed it down. I lowered my head to the page so Julie couldn’t see my mouth and whispered “Later” before I turned back to the newly created page, “One anti-boob spell coming right up!” I said, shooting the spell out from my arm as soon as I willed it. It quickly flew across the room and struck Julie’s chest, where its effects quickly became apparent as her two extra breasts receded into her sweater, as well as deflating her original pair back to their normal size.

“Oh!” I said, “While we’re at it, get rid of these monstrosities.” I pointed up at the disgustingly cute cat ears on my head.

Bran chuckled “What? You don’t want to try out the ear/tail combo before they go?”

“Get ‘em gone.” I stated flatly.

“Alright, fiiine.” As he said it his pages flipped to another collection of spells, including one to turn a person’s head back to its usual state.

“Ahah! Yes! DIE CAT EARS, DIE!” I shouted theatrically as I pointed my hand at myself and casted the spell. Another series of swirling blue lights later and my hair lay flat upon my head once more.

Bran started flipping through the pages again, opening up to another one as Julie walked around behind me, trying to inspect the mystic characters on the paper, “If you don’t like cat ears so much, could I interest you in some dog? Perhaps another animal?”

I started flipping through the pages, absorbing the different spell’s effects into my mind like a good book I didn’t want to put down, “Woah! There’s a whole section on horses! Why would someone just want horse ears? That’s just… HAH! What? How would THAT thing even fit anywhere!? It’s as big as my arm!”

Apparently Julie had been simmering in frustration behind me the whole time, because she suddenly shouted, “What the hell?! Why can’t I see the spells?!”

“Oh, sorry” Bran answered, sounding genuinely sad “It’s written in magiscript. It makes the whole spell-making system work the way it does, but it can only be read by those with magical blood. Apparently somewhere down the line someone in your friend’s family banged a wizard. Go figure, that’s just tough luck.”

I cheered “Woo! Go wizard sex!”

Julie let out a drawn-out sigh, but I cut her off before she could begin her downward spiral. We’ve been friends for too long for me not to know when she’s about to start one of her bad weeks, “Hey, it’s fine! I’ll just cast whatever it is you want whenever you want to, okay?” I crossed my finger over my heart “Scouts dishonor.”

“Promise promise?”

I held out my pinky finger, “Promise promise.”

That raised a smile out of her, and she clasped my pinky with hers, “So, what should we do? We have a magic book with a bunch of kinky magic in it.”

Bran inputted boldly, “It seems like there’s one logical step here. Cast kinky magic spells.”

“You mean you just want us to use you? Steal your spells?”

“Honey, the great war isn’t against evil. It’s against boredom. I don’t have an awful lot to do stuck in a book, and you two seem like a barrel of monkeys, “Steal” my spells as for however long you feel like as long as it keeps me entertained.”

I laughed, “Here here! Emma is onboard with this plan! Julie? You with me?”

It looked like there was something she wanted to say, but she cheered along with me anyway, “Here here!

I took the edges of the book in my hand, not sure if Bran could actually feel anything from inside there, and lowered him onto the carpet. We sat with our legs crossed, Julie and I facing each other with the book between us.

Julie went ahead and asked the obvious question “What’s first?”

“Well unless you want to grow a two foot horse dong,” I started turning pages one after another, “not that page!” I shot her a funny face with wiggly eyebrows “But maybe later…” We both started laughing.

Bran interrupted, “If I may make a recommendation?” The pages starting flipping at a much faster rate than I could have myself, making me pull my hands away, “For beginners it’s always good to start with some simple body modifications, though I know you two have already messed with some of those.”

I read a few of the spells on the page and to me they all seemed pretty basic. This one changes your hair color, that one makes your skin darker, blah blah blah, “I thought you were a magic sex book! C’mon man, where’s the beef? We can take it!”

“Well excuse me, I thought you’d want to start simple.” He said, sounding a little offended.

“What? What do they do?” Julie said, confused.

“Oh, sorry. They’re just a bunch of little changes like hair color.”

“Ooh! Do that one! I want to see what I’d look like as a redhead!”

I mentally facepalmed. Julie would be the kind to get excited about little stuff like that when she has an entire universe of sexy hijinks in front of her.

“Okay fine, but I get to pick the next one!” I said, scanning the page for the spell that caused red hair, then placing a hand on it and shooting it out towards her.

The magic surged up one arm and out the other, hitting her square in the chest with a swarm of swirling blue light. The change happened rather fast, and her brown hair was quickly replaced as waves of color washed down her hair from the roots. In a matter of seconds her brown wavy hair was almost as bright red as Jessica Rabbit.

She held a bundle of locks up to her eyes to inspect it, “Wow! That’s… really red!”

“You asked for red, I gave you red!” I suddenly got a thought, “Heh, hey Jules, are you red… everywhere?”

She seemed to get a little embarrassed before shifting around on the carpet to face away from me, pulling open her waistband just enough for her to see, then turning back around, “Uhh, yeah.”

“Woo hoo! Firecrotch!” Bran yelled, which got me to break out laughing and Julie to get a little red on her face as well.

“I’m really starting to like you Bran. I think this is the beginning of a-“

“Don’t ruin the moment.” He said, cutting off my cliché, “Now pick a card, any card!”

“Hah, right.” I said, starting to flip through the pages as fast as my brain could absorb what was on them. Got passed the hair stuff, some spells that changed lips and fingernails, a ridiculously long section on feet… And then I found something interesting, “Hey Julie, should I cast this one on you or me?”

“Uhh, what is it?”

“It’ll definitely be more fun if you decide first.”

I think I was starting to bring out her daredevil streak, because she said, “Fine, me I guess.”

“So brave today! Alright, here we GO!” I held my hand out towards her on the last word, and my body carried the magical current straight from the book right through me and out at her. As the last vestiges of blue light faded I started to see the effects.

“What- Emma what did you do?!” On each side of her hoodie under her arms a bump was forming, pushing straight out from her torso.

“Oh nuthin’. You looked so good with four boobs I thought we should give four arms a shot!”

The only problem was that neither her shirt nor her hoodie were built with four sleeves, and the extra arms didn’t have anywhere to go besides trying to push straight through the fabric.

“Ack! Help me get these off!” She had already started tugging at the hoodie, but the not yet formed arms were moving along with her normal pair, waving around and making the clothing terribly difficult to remove.

“On it!” I helped her peel off her jacket, and her shirt was practically torn right off with it, leaving Julie in just her pants, completely topless as her second set of arms finished forming.

“Woah, this is freaky.” She was moving her new fingers around and looking at them with rapt attention, testing out the new muscles, “It’s like I’ve always had them, it’s so easy…”

Bran spoke up with a grin in his voice “Hey, say “I am Shiva, lord of darkness” for me. Just once.”

“Oh shush it Bran. I say we get those other boobs back and see what she can really do with ‘em!”

“M-maybe later.” Her new arms copied her old ones perfectly, aiding in the job to cover her chest. “Hey, isn’t it my turn to pick?”

“Fair is fair.” Bran said, hovering off the floor about an inch and spinning around to face Julie, “What do you want to try first?”

“Hmm.” She brought a hand to her chin, and accidentally brought a second hand to the first, “Agh! These things aren’t very wieldy at first.” She looked down at the page, then was immediately reminded that she can’t read any of it. Bran cut her off before she could remind us.

“Just tell me what you want, I’ll find the page and Emma will cast it.”

“Uhh, I don’t know!”

“Just pick anything.” I say, trying to relax her, “It’s all in good fun, anyway.”

“Oh! Got it. Uh, one sec.” With all four of her arms she picked up Bran, then spun herself around away from me. She leaned down and started whispering to him, and trying to lean over her shoulder only got me little snippets of information.

“But that won’t-“

“I know! Just-“

“Okay!” She said suddenly, turning back around to face me. The way she shifted her body weight off her butt and onto her arms to turn herself reminded me of a spider, “You’re gonna cast this one on you, but you’re NOT gonna look at what it is, ‘kay?

This did not bode well for me, “Uhh, sure. How do I-“

“Bran will direct you.” She said quickly, turning Bran back around to face me.

I quickly tore my eyes from the page, knowing that if I looked for too long I’d spoil the surprise. I put my finger down on the page and Bran started guiding me. I kept my eyes on Julie the whole time, and she was having a wonderful time watching me struggle towards the right spell.

“A little higher. More to the left. Where do you live where that is left? Okay a little more up. Down! Stop! Perfect. Cast away.”

I held my other hand to my chest and kind of *willed* the spell through me. It was a different kind of focus that I was used to, and it felt like it was getting easier. The blue sparks jumped from my fingers straight through my shirt, and Julie sat there with a big shit eating grin on her face.

After a brief look over of my normal parts, I turned back to her “Alright, you got me. What’d you cast?”

She wordlessly aligned her arms, all pointing to her abdomen.

Even more curious, I leaned over and pulled up my shirt to see what she’d done. And then suddenly, nipples. At the bottom of my abs, on either side of my belly button was a perfect pink nipple. Wait, there was another pair above those. And those. Not even bothering to turn away from Julie, I lifted my shirt completely up, revealing a total of eight nipples down the front of my chest. Each one had the tinest bump of flesh behind it, but not even enough to qualify as an A cup, “Heh, cool.”

“Yeah! Take it off!” Bran shouted.

“Shut up.” I said, letting my shirt fall back down “So what’s with the nipple parade?”

“It was supposed to give you six more boobs, but it didn’t have anything to copy.”

Oh now I get it. It was another jab at my flatness. She’s gonna pay for that one later, “Nice one. My turn again!”

“Actually, I know you’re excited, but it’s been a long day and I really need sleep. Think we can get rid of these arms and we can we pick this up tomorrow?

“Aww, you’re going to bed already?!”

“I’m sleepy! Now, arms please?”

“Fine. Coward. Bran, can we get a counter spell for the baby who needs her nap?” Julie just rolled her eyes at me.

Without saying anything the pages swished past one another, landing open on another new page.

I cast the spell and we both watched as Julie return to her boring two-armed self.

“Thanks. I’ll see you tomorrow!” She yelled back as she took off down the hallway towards her room, “Uhh, you too Bran! Nice to meet you! You can sleep in whatever room you want I guess!”

“I guess it’s just us then” Bran said “Want to see some of the stuff that I didn’t want to freak your friend out with?”

“Would I?! But remind me, I want to show you something a little later.”

A LITTLE LATER

“What kind of house is this?” Bran said as I lead him down one of the side passages in one of a long series of secret tunnels in and about the house. We pushed our way down corridor after corridor of stone block walls. It was nearly pitch black, save for the glow that bran’s near flashlight-like eye provided.

“My Uncle was cool as shit, made all these secret passages. I showed Julie a few of them, but she doesn’t know about this one.”

I stopped as I reached our destination, a small metal plate against the stone wall that I slid to the side with a small scratching sound, revealing a small glass panel, maybe 6 inches wide, showing directly into Julie’s room. Julie’s form was a dark curve on the bed, and if one looked carefully enough, could see her rising and falling with slow sleeping breaths.

“A two-way mirror? I underestimated you, girl!”

“Damn straight. Now can we cast the spell from here?”

A few moments later, the blue light expelled from the mirror swam across the room and fell over Julie’s sleeping form.

Chapter 4

I woke up slowly over several minutes, relishing the feeling of my warm blanket, nothing to do, and two heavier-than-normal pillows.

Ah well, have to get up eventually. I rolled onto my side to start getting out of bed, but something that was not pillows rolled with me. My eyes shot open. I had definitely felt that.

“What-“ I tried to sit up, but even that was difficult as the weight on my chest seemed unliftable. Finally propping myself up on my elbow and throwing my blanket off of me I saw…

“She is so dead.” I said, staring down at the biggest pair of boobs I had ever seen, or even heard about, rolling lazily off of my ribs like great sleeping beasts under my stupidly stretched shirt. They were ridiculous! Each one was bigger than a beach ball, and I don’t think that my back could support that kind of weight. I swung my legs over the side of the bed and it took quite a lot longer than usual for all of me to stop moving. They were unreal, moving completely unnaturally and jiggling way more than they should, as if trying to please some invisible audience.

I put a hand under each one and tried to lift, “Ho. Ly. Fuck.” They were so soft. They were heavy, yeah, but natural boobs this size wouldn’t look nearly this good. And they did look good. Like the boob gods themselves had chiseled them out of pure comfort and warmth... But I didn’t want them on me! Angry! Hold on to angry!

I tried to get up, and after a few tries, managed to stand with the ridiculous breasts in both my arms, like carrying a ridiculously heavy beanbag chair. Changing into new clothes was a jiggly, wobbly ordeal, and I almost got distracted a few times once the shirt was off (God my nipples got that much bigger too!) and I’d given up completely on the idea of a bra. After it was finally over, I had to sit back down on the bed to breath.

After a minute I took a deep breath, “I solemnly swear vengeance upon Emma for this… Okay… One, two, HEAVE!” And with that I stood again, carrying myself out of my room and down the hall towards the kitchen, where I could hear food sizzling in a pan.

“EMMA!” I shouted, hopefully coming across as not even the least bit pleased.

At first all I heard was hushed giggles from her and Bran before she responded, trying and failing to act like she didn’t know, “Yeah?”

I finally turned the corner to the kitchen, titanic boobs in my arms, and saw Emma sitting on the counter with her legs dangling off as Bran lay closed on the island, “PUT.THEM. BACK.” I tried in my most serious voice.

This of course only caused them both to burst out into laughter and my face to turn red. I stood there trying to recover and reestablishing my hold on my chest to keep from falling over forwards, “Haha. Yes. Excellent joke. Now put them back! I can barely walk like this!”

Emma could only manage a few words out at a time between her continuous laughter “Holy shit! Holy shit! Hah! I had no idea they’d get so big! Oh wow! Should I get you a wheelbarrow?” She found this to be particularly funny, because she broke off into another reel of laughter.

Bran cut in, barely containing his laughter, “Of all the girls I’ve seen with a chest that size, you by far are the most composed.” He said, almost managing to say it with a “straight face” so to speak, before joining Emma in laughter.

A few seconds of them both laughing was all I needed, “Fine. I’m going to go delete all your porn.” I said as I started hobbling towards her room.

Her laughter stopped very fast, “Woah! Okay! Relax, come back!”

“Targeting a man’s porn.” Bran said, his voice mockingly grim, “That’s low.”

“Well next time we’ll have YOU grow the prize winning pumpkins and see you wobble around! Now change them back.”

“Fine fine. And I’m totally not a man, by the way Bran. Now counter spell, stat!”

“Yes ma’am!” He said, quickly flipping himself open.

Emma scrambled over to the page and found the right spell before putting her hand on it and pointing at me, shouting some Harry Potter-esque pseudo-latin, “Bustus Reductus! There, happy? We good?”

The spell hit me, and my chest returned to my normal measurements in a matter of seconds, making the shirt I had on feel a lot bigger than it had. I hadn’t gotten Emma to agree to anything I’ve ever said that fast before. Thinking I should threaten her massive porn stash more often, I decided to see how far I could push this.

“Almost.” I said, flashing a grin as a plan formed in my head “I require penance!”

“Huh?” She said, while Bran’s eye just dashed back and forth between the two of us.

“Cast a spell on yourself. Something just as humiliating as that one, then we’re square.”

“Fine,” she said with a smirk “Here. Pick one.” She slid bran across the island towards me, knowing full well that I couldn’t read the markings inside.

“Hey!” Bran shouted, “No pushing!”

“Oh no, you’re not getting out that easy. Bran gets to pick.”

Emma’s face visibly fell, “Uhh”

“Yep.” I patted the book on the table, “Go on man, do your worst.”

“Oh goody~” He said with delight as the pages began to turn, “Eenie Meenie Miney…” The book fell open and one spell on the page glowed a little brighter than the others, “Mo.” With his magic he slid himself over the island to face Emma with the spell open in front of her, “C’mon Emma, turnabout is fair play. This is one of my favorites, you’ll just LOVE it!”

She took a look at the page, and a look of disgust crossed her face, meaning Bran must have picked out a good one, “Oh COME ON! You can’t be serious!”

I just looked at her with an expression that ensured her of my seriousness, even though I had no idea what was about to happen to her.

“Ugh, fine. How long?”

“An hour. At least.”

“Err, one sec.” She turned around to the assorted breakfast foods cooking in the pan and dumped them onto a plate beside the stove before turning it off, “There, now we won’t burn the house down. Enjoy your breakfast.” Her tone did not imply that she meant it, “Bran, set up that spell with an hour duration.”

“You got it.” He said, the pages beginning to turn through each other, crafting a new spell. When it was complete, it shone brightly on a half-full page of other, slightly less new spells, “Ready to go!”

I nodded my head at the open page, and Emma took a deep breath, “See you in an hour I guess.” She said, and with a look like she was about to drink something foul, she pointed a hand at herself and placed the other on the spell.

The bright blue flash of magic engulfed her body, and within seconds I could see her start to change. Her body began to reshape dramatically, the first noticeable thing being her hips, which completely altered her usual stick-like silhouette by billowing outward into huge child-bearing hips. Her waist shrank nearly as much as her hips had grown, giving her an unrealistic hourglass figure. Apparently the spell was causing her clothes to change along with her, because rather than rip the jean shorts she was wearing, they altered themselves into a pair of pink panties tightly wrapped around her figure. Her features had altered slightly, but it couldn’t mask the displeasure on her face as she looked down at her new form, “Oh come on! I look like a… A… Oh~”

Her lips had swollen up, and appear to have covered themselves in some very pink lip gloss. Her hair, which was already a bright blonde, was fading into a whiter, bleached-blond color. It extended down her back until it was swishing against her ass, which had also swollen into the bubble butt of a ghetto goddess, “My head feels… Fuzzy…”

The rest of her outfit changed before her chest did, her comfortable tshirt shifting into a tight tube top, only to become much more so as a spectacular pair of breasts surged into them, nearly causing it to snap open. In the back of my mind I noticed that she must have gotten rid of the other six nipples last night.

Seeming as though the spell had completed, Emma stood as a parody of the female form, looking completely over-sexed and empty-headed. Her voice came out high pitched and breathy “It’s like, really hot in here! And it’s so hard to think…” She squished her thighs together and squirmed on the spot, “And my body’s like, silly looking! Everything’s all jiggly!”

“I’ll say.” Bran commented, his eye darting up and down her changed form.

Honestly I felt a little bad. Just those boobs were almost enough of a punishment without all of that other ridiculousness, but *damn.*

*“*What did you do to her?” I asked, unable to take my eyes off the squirming mass of girl before me.

“Classic bimbo spell. Skimpy clothes, low IQ, high libido. The works.”

“Uh huh.” I said, still staring, “Is she awake in there?”

“Basically, though nothing will really come out like she wants it to.”

Emma looked perplexed, though in her new state that was almost a constant, “Like, whaddaya mean, sweety?” She paused a second, then her face did its best to give off an angry expression, which was difficult with her currently adorable features, “Wait, how come I’m like, talkin’ all funny? Quit it!”

Bran chuckled at her frustration “Pretty great, huh?”

“And it only lasts an hour, right? I feel like she may have gotten the short end of the revenge stick here.”

“I may or may not have made the duration six hours.”

“WHAT!?” I shouted, finally taking my eyes off Emma.

“Huh? My body’s gonna be all sexy for six hours?! That’s like, a whole day!”

“I figured she’s been giving you a hard time, might as well get even. I know she’s the only one that can use my spells, but that doesn’t mean we can’t be the ones messing with her every now and then.”

I wasn’t expecting that, “Huh. Well, thanks for the sentiment.” I said, running my eyes back over Emma’s drastically changed body, “But now what are we gonna do?”

“Ooh! I know! We can ask her questions and laugh at her stupid responses like Siri! Hey Emma, what’s 6 times 6?”

“Umms, sixty six? Right? Right! Yeah! I’m good at math!” She thrust her fists into the air, causing her breasts to perform the minor miracle of staying in that tube top through a massive amount of jiggling.

“Heh. That’s pretty… Funny…” I said, not quite able to take my eyes from those amazing boobs.

“Or we can start her body up to mess with her, check this out! Hey Emma, whatever you do, don’t think about a big juicy cock in your mouth.”

“Bran!” I shouted at him.

“Mhhm” Emma’s eyes glazed over for a moment, and one of her fingers had found its way between her lips before she snapped out of it, “H-hey! That’s no fair!”

“Well I can see you two are gonna have tons of fun together. I’m gonna go explore this labyrinth of a house you guys have while you and the new Emma get acquainted.” And with that the book floated off down the hallway, leaving me alone in a room with bimbo-Emma.

“Well damn, sorry Ems, I didn’t think he was gonna-“

“Umms, I kinda need to go...” Emma said hurriedly, squirming in place and looking up at me as if I had to give her permission “You know, alone stuffs.”

“Uhh, right. Go ahead.”

“Kaythanksbye!” She squeaked as she bounced off to her room with an ass like Jello.

“Stupid book!” I said, shutting my door and stomping angrily into my room. Being angry only added more fuel to my frustration, as every stubborn footfall sent my altered body into fits of haphazard bouncing.

“Stupid Julie!” I slid open my panty/sock drawer and reached my arm deep into its depths, pulling out an object and spinning back around to my bed. The heat had been building since the spell had started, and it was only getting worse. Every few seconds another wave of arousal pulsed out from between my legs through the rest of my ludicrously proportioned form. I collapsed backwards onto my bed and tugged my panties halfway down my thighs, shoving my hand between my legs.

“I am like, SO gonna get her back fooOOHhh~” My speech and thoughts disintegrated as the tip of the vibrator came into contact with my throbbing sex, and every muscle started twisting out of my control trying to get closer to the source of the pleasure. Every second was filled with delicious vibrations, and those seconds became minutes, and those minutes became hours.

And so began my single longest masturbation session ever.

SOME TIME LATER

Bran found me in my natural habitat, on the couch with my laptop watching something stupid on Netflix. The only deviation from my normal routine was that I was wearing headphones, but even with them on it was hard to ignore the moaning and occasional screaming coming from behind Emma’s closed door. I slid them off my head as he floated in.

“Think you may have gone a little overboard on the libido this time?”

“For your information, the spell is working exactly to specification. How was I supposed to know you two weren’t even going to do anything with it?”

“Oh my god Emma and I are NOT having sex.”

“Well then it’s pretty damn inconvenient that you two happen to have found the greatest tool for sex ever crafted by man, huh?” He plopped himself on the rim of the couch, reminding me of a cat.

“A bit egotistical eh?” I said, over another one of Emma’s particularly loud moans.

“What’s that? I can’t hear you over the sound of my GENIUS.”

“Chh.” I slid my headphones back over my head, but shortly after heard something in the background that I hadn’t heard in hours.

Silence.

I removed them again to hear Emma stomping down the hallway.

“This ought to be good.” Bran chuckled.

Emma rounded the corner looking like a lot of things, but mostly angry. Her hair was tousled nest, and her entire body was covered in a shiny sheen of sweat. Her ridiculous bimbo body was gone, but the transformation that had changed her clothes hadn’t changed them back, leaving her in a pair of panties that were just barely small enough not to fall off her thin hips and a completely empty tube top.

“You.” She held one finger ominously towards my face, “Dead.”

Without another word Emma stormed towards the couch, grabbed Bran, then immediately spun around back towards her room as Bran hollered back, “OOOH YOU GON’ GET IT!”

I called to her down the hallway, “Hey! Bran was the one who-“

“DEAD!” she called back, an absolute brick wall.

I heard her door slam, and then there was silence once more. Apparently whatever she was planning for me was going to take a while, because fifteen minutes later she still hadn’t come out, or even another mindless hour of Netflix after that. If her plan was to get me riled up worrying about it, it wasn’t going to work. Much.

I fell asleep that night with my door locked.

I slid open the metal latch and turned back to Bran “Are you sure we have all the prep spells ready?”

“Uhh, yeah. Are you sure you want to do this? It might be going a little far for her. After all it was me who-“

“Oh relax, I’m not actually mad at her. I had more orgasms yesterday than I could even COUNT! Besides, this little back and forth is turning out to be a lot of fun!” After a second I added, “So until you have a physical form I can fuck with, she gets to be the target.”

After some nervous laughter, Bran opened up to the pages we’d prepared beforehand, and we started casting them through the two-way mirror.

As soon as I woke up I scanned my body for changes. Phew, nothing new to report, apparently all it takes to avoid an angry, freshly-minted sorceress is a locked door. I gathered up some clean clothes and a fresh towel and headed towards the bathroom.

Slowly opening my door as not to make any noise, I stuck my head out and checked down both hallways. Coast clear. With my bundle of clothing I quickly darted across the hall to the bathroom, which sat directly across from my room, part of the reason I picked that one out of all the other rooms in The House. I started the water in the shower and took of my night clothes, giving it some time to heat up.

Bran and I were discussing the ins and outs of enchanted text creation when we heard the water start running. We both stopped talking and looked at each other.

His great gleaming eye looked up at me from his place on the desk, “Do you want to start it now?”

I gave a little smile, “Nah, give her a few more minutes.” My smile got a little wider, “Let her get comfortable.”

It’s amazing how you can feel so productive and ready to get your day started, and then the moment hot water hits your back…

I let out a long sigh, stretching my neck this way and that as the refreshing stream fell over me, “God bless whoever invented hot water.” I just stood there for a few minutes taking in the relaxation before I started actually cleaning myself. I lathered up the body wash as I started to think about the first thing I should check off on my to-do list, besides the seemingly obvious “apologize to Emma”. I was going to try and avoid whatever punishment she had obviously been planning for me.

“It was kind of her fault anyway.” I said lazily as I scrubbed the soap onto my skin, “She gave me those huge boobs.” I looked down at my normal pair, going ahead and soaping them up while I was at it, “They were fucking absurd. I’d like to see *her* try to walk with those enormous… soft… Ah…” I took a little intake of breath as my palms brushed passed my nipples… A few times…

I couldn’t get those ridiculous tits out of my head! The way they tugged at my chest, always bouncing at the slightest movement… I squeezed my chest together, trying to remember what they were like hard enough to feel them in my hands again. While my hands were working on my breasts, my wrist brushed passed something.

“Ah~! The hell?” Whatever it was felt way too sensitive. The tit-play ceased and I looked down passed the girls to again find another pair of nipples just on the bottom of my ribcage. I had caught them pretty early, as they only had a small amount of flesh built up behind them so far, but I could clearly see them gaining mass by the second.

“God damn it Emma.” I went through a couple of options in my head, and decided that the best one was just to finish my shower and get back to the sanctuary of my room. Never let them see you sweat, right? I grabbed the shampoo to start washing my hair as the two new boobs gained size. I could actually feel them getting heavier if I concentrated hard enough, straining just a little harder on my chest each time I took a breath as I washed my hair.

And then I felt something else. When I had gone to wash behind my ears, I had found a lot more ear than normal, “What the fuck?” They felt huge, at least as big as my hand, and they sloped downwards away from my head. I took a few steps out of the shower to go glance in the mirror.

“Cow ears?” They were right there on my head, plain as day. They even had the mottled black and white patterning on the back of them, while the insides were a soft, almost transparent pink. I looked back down at the progress of the new pair, which had almost reached the size of my originals by now, “Of course it would be cow ears. Well come on, is that all you got Emma? Boobs and ea-AH!” I let out a little yelp as I felt something slap my leg.

I spun around to see what it was, but all I saw was a grey blur speed out of my sight as I turned. Spinning the other way had the same results, until I saw enough of its shape to infer what it was. Reaching behind me with both hands I felt my fingers come into contact with my tail. It sent shivers up my spine, which was basically what it was an extension of anyway. I brought it around to my front as much as I could to inspect it, and it was covered in the same pattern as my ears, ending in a black tuft.

“Well I guess she gets style points for the whole set, hah.” The loud hiss of running water reminded me I still had a shower running, and I figured the worst was over with. I was going to finish my shower god damn it.

I hopped back over the rim of the tub, my tail freaking me out a little when it ran right into it. I couldn’t really flex it at all, but it would give the occasional twitch and flop over to one side of my body, then return to its relaxed perch of hanging above my ass. I hastily rinsed the shampoo out of my hair and had just finished up rinsing out the conditioner when I felt them. Two little had nubs were sticking out of my forehead. She gave me horns too.

“Okay, whatever, shower over, I’m getting back to my room before I grow and udder.” I turned off the water and wrapped the towel around my chest (Which had a lot more sensitive spots than I was used to) and swung the bathroom door open, letting the warm mist billow into the hall. I half-ran into the hallway towards my door.

But of course Emma was standing there with Bran already.

“Well don’t you look all nice and clean?” She said, a pranksters smile on her face “Say, something looks different. Did you change your hair?”

My tail flicked once against the back of the towel. Stay strong Julie. Defiance! “Cow transformations? Really? Is this another thing about me insulting your *teeny tiny raisin-boobs* again? Because I haven’t even done that in like, two days.”

Bran put on a boxing announcers voice, “Ooh! And Emma takes one to the stomach!”

She had winced at the comment, but her face quickly brought back a smile “I’d probably be mad at that if you weren’t about to pop out of your towel.”

“But she responds with a quick jab and a right hook! Julie’s against the ropes!”

She was right. The damn towel had started tightening as soon as I’d put it on, making me think that once the lower boobs had caught up, both pairs had started growing in overtime. I kept my hands clenched tightly to the top of the towel, “Yeah, well, only boy cows have horns, you dingus.”

“An uppercut! This is anyone’s fight folks!”

Emma shrugged and smirked, nodding over towards Bran floating in the air next to her, “That could be arranged.”

Even Bran was silent as we stared each other down, but this was a war of attrition, and for me it was a losing battle, as it was slowly becoming impossible for the towel to wrap all the way around me and my ballooning chest.

“Well? That all you got?” I said, as my tail flicked again, this time poking through the hole in the back and slapping my leg.

She looked down at her watch, then back up at me, “How about this, you ask me to turn you back, and I will.”

I squinted at her. What was she playing? “For real for real?”

“For real.” I didn’t trust the look on her face one bit.

“Uhh, okay. Please turn MAUUOOOO-.” I slapped one hand over my mouth as the offending sound erupted from it, making it much harder to hold the towel in place with just one.

Emma burst out laughing as I stood there struggling to maintain decency.

I uncovered my mouth to yell at her, but the only thing that escaped my throat was another loud mooing sound, which only redoubled her laughter.

Damn these boobs were getting big. It was getting hard just to stand at this point, the combined mass of all four of the slowly growing tits was probably almost as much as those bean bag chairs she stuck me with yesterday by now. Deciding that further attempts at speech were futile, I staggered around her towards my door, keeping the towel as much in place as I could. She didn’t try to stop me, but she got a very clear view of my tail end as I opened the door and shoved myself through, trying to open the door as little as possible in case she wanted to follow me through. I slammed it behind me.

She called through the door, “You can run Bessy! But you can’t hide!” She then spoke in a normal tone to Bran, which I could still hear through the door “Get it? Hide? It’s a cow pun.”

“Expertly delivered.” He said as the sound of her footsteps made their way down the hall.

After I had made it through the door, the towel had practically exploded off of me as I fell to my hands and knees. I lay there on the floor for several moments, trying to get my bearings. At least I didn’t feel my boobs growing anymore. I tried (quite unsuccessfully) to sit up and figured out why. Each boob was bigger than my head, and if they had gotten any bigger I would have started running out of room on my chest!

In fact, it didn’t seem like I was quite capable of getting into any position other than on my hands and knees. It was like trying to stand on your tippy toes. Maybe you could for a few seconds, but it was just too much strain. The position left the four huge milk jugs swinging below me, nearly dragging against the carpet. Wait… I supported my weight with my left hand and brought my right down to a boob, squeezing the nearest nipple.

“MOOOooohhh~” The lustful moan had burst forth from my throat as soon as I’d squeezed the thick nub, quickly followed by a milky stream spraying the carpet below me with a white mist. As soon as the flow had started my body was suffused with a deep sense of fulfillment, and it wanted more. I needed to be milked. I squeezed again and another throaty moo escaped me, as well as another fresh blast of milk which hit the floor with enough force to cover my chest in little droplets.

My tits had become so sensitive that even brushing up against a teat would bring another unwanted moo to my lips. And that’s what they were now, teats. Teats on my Udders. I no longer had the willpower to fight against it, and I no longer cared. I let my weight fall on my shoulders, sticking my tail in the air as each of my hands found a teat and *squeezed*.

There was no two ways about it. I came. *Hard.* I mooed my lungs out as my hands started working on autopilot, squeezing and kneading my breasts with vigor. They milked and milked me, and I came and came, and when my breasts were empty they found another pair and started it all over.

When I woke up I was lying face down on my milk-soaked carpet, my body back to normal. I dragged myself over to my bed and fell unconscious once more.

When I woke up for the second time I had a thick blanket placed over me. I rolled over to find a tray on my nightstand, with a tall glass of chocolate milk and a note placed neatly on top of it. I reached out from under the warm covers and read the note.

“There. NOW we’re even.

P.S. Bran thinks your mooing is super cute.”

I put the note back on the tray, took a sip of the chocolate milk (I *really* hope she just bought this) and pulled the blanket back over myself, falling asleep for the third time that day feeling undeniably comfortable, and unavoidably satisfied.

Chapter 5

“No fuckin’ way.”

“Well I can’t say I’m really surprised.”

“But it was *right here!*”

A few days after the whole “cow” incident, Emma and I had decided it was a good idea to go back to the magic shop at The Mall to see if shop girl had forgotten to give us any kind of (sorely needed) instruction manual. Or a warning label.

But lo and behold, when we get there we find the Kitty’s Cupcakes and the Little Ice Cream Balls shops crammed right up next to each other, like there had never even been a plot where the magic shop once stood.

“It was *right there!*” Emma repeated as we drove back to The House.

“Well what did you expect?” I was a little concerned that the shop had up and vanished on us, but I figured we still had the book (We’d given Bran charge of the house while we were gone), so it wasn’t like we were completely cut off from our new magical world.

“I expect buildings to stay in the same god damned place!” She sounded like she was starting up a rant, “That’s got to be horrible for business! How would they even- Hey, who’s that?”

As we pulled up the circle to park, Emma had spotted a boy walking away from our door.

“Thomas?” I said quietly to myself before opening the door and yelling to him, “YO SAMMY! OVER HERE!”

The thin ginger boy visibly jumped as he turned to see me, and a small smile pierced his gloomy face. He was looking a little worse for wear. His clothing was dirty and ripped in a few places, and he was lugging around an overly stuffed backpack, of which one of the shoulder straps had snapped off.

I knew Sammy back from before I was living with Emma, back when I was stuffed into the tiny apartment my mom could afford and still had to go to school. My mom wasn’t really the nurturing type. I guess you could call her parenting style laissez faire, in that she really didn’t give a fuck about me.

Anyway, Sam kind of had the opposite problem with his dad, super strict, so we kind of bonded over that. I’d still known Emma at this point, but we hadn’t become besties yet.

“Hey Julie!” Damn his voice had gotten deeper, “I knocked but you guys weren’t there. I was about to leave-“

I ran up to him and gave him an overly violent hug, “Look at this guy! Pretending it hasn’t been like *a year* since the last time he saw us. Get inside.” I started pushing him towards the door, “Now! Scoot!”

“Ah! Uh, hi Emma!” He said over his shoulder as I hurried him inside.

“Yo.” She responded casually. Emma and Sammy never really clicked, but they weren’t enemies or anything.

After I’d gotten him through the threshold I quickly turned back to whisper at Emma, “Find Bran, don’t let Sammy see him.”

“On it.” She whispered back as she slid through the door after me.

Thomas, meanwhile, had been craning his neck to look at the ceiling, “Damn, I always forget how fucking big this place is.”

“Yup. So what brings you to our neck of the woods?” I tried to keep him focused on the conversation as I see Emma sneaking off up the stairs.

“Uhh, funny story. I got kicked out.”

“What?!” Sammy had apparently not been getting along very well in my absence.

“Yeah. My dad “Found out” I was gay,” He made the little air quotes with his fingers, “and that was it. I was out.”

“Hah!” The laugh jumped out of me without my permission, “That’s ridiculous! I’ve heard you talk about boobs before, you love girls!” A memory pops into my head of the two of us judging the asses on the girls playing volleyball during gym.

“Yeah, well, I know *you* know I do. But there was…”

He seemed to be having a difficult time getting the words out, “What was it man? You know we’re cool.”

He lowered his voice, maybe afraid Emma was listening, “He found some girls clothes in my room. Uhh, mine.” His voice was dripping in shame, “And you know him, there’s no talking to him when he gets like that.”

“Oh. So you- Got it. No judgment. I won’t tell Ems if you don’t want me to.”

“Thanks.” He smiled at me, “Which leads me into my next point,” he said, bringing his voice back up to normal volume, “think I could stay here for a few days?”

A grin broke out on my face, “EMMA!” I shouted up the stairs, “SLUMBER PARTY!”

We both heard her rallying call echo from upstairs, “WOO!”

Julie, her friend and I spent the rest of the day and the majority of the night watching bad kung foo movies on the living room couch while the two of them reminisced, laughing at remembered moments I wasn’t really there for. Whatever, I’m glad they’re having a good time.

I had a hard time getting Bran to stay in one of the rooms upstairs during all this, so I kind of had to promise he’d get to pick a spell to use later. I told him I didn’t really care, but that was a straight up lie. After the last spell he picked out for me with I was thrilled at the idea.

Around three in the morning Julie had passed out about half way through one of the movies, and it was pretty obvious little Sammy was right behind her.

“Psst. Jules. You’re drooling.”

“Whmm? Oh. Okay, yeah. Actual sleep time. Sammy, you’re free to sleep in any room in The House.”

He was already splayed out face down across the couch, “I’m good. Seeyatomorrohh…”

I turned off the lights and the TV, and Julie and I went back to our rooms to get some actual sleep. Or at least Julie did.

I waited about fifteen minutes to make sure they were both good and unconscious before creeping up the main stairs to the room I left Bran in.

“Well it’s about damn time.” He said as I slid through the door, “I’ve got a hell of a spell picked out for *you* when-“

“Sure sure. Later. But about *tonight*, are you ready for some mischief?”

A pause, “I’m listening.”

This was by far the comfiest couch I’ve ever slept on. The back of my mind wondered how I wasn’t completely asleep on such a perfect cloud-like couch. I rolled over, but my body shifted oddly in places.

“Hmm?” The noise of my own groan sounded strange in my ears. I rolled onto my back and lifted my head to see the very obvious bumps of rather large breasts on my chest. That answers that; I am still asleep. I lifted my arms up to grope them as I often did in dreams like these. They never lasted very long, so I’ve learned to enjoy the time I had. They filled my hands so well. Weird, they were usually smaller. But god, they were so soft and nice. They felt so good!

As I tossed and turned on the incredibly comfy couch I felt long hair brush past my face. I love it when they’re vivid like this. I let out a soft gasp, and it even sounded like a girls voice! Not wanting to waste the full experience of such a strong dream, I let one of my hands slide down between my legs to try out the new equipment. This was always my favorite part, when I’m searching for my sweet spot, and my finger first slides across my-

“EMMA! WHAT DID YOU DO?!” The half scream half whisper jolted me out of my haze. I sat up a little more, and to my surprise the breasts sat up with me. Not quite awake yet. Be quiet Julie, I don’t want to wake up yet!

“Just having a little fun. He certainly seemed to be enjoying it.” I looked past the couch to see Emma holding a rather large book, squatting in the doorframe on the edge of the living room.

“Are you insane? You can’t just-“ Julie’s voice faded to the back of my mind as I looked down at myself again. They were still there. I could even see my hips were bigger. My hands roamed about, checking this area and that and always finding something soft and inviting. Julie’s voice came back into focus when I heard her say the words “Change him back, *now!”*

*“NO!”*  I had shouted it, but a heavenly voice had trumpeted from my mouth instead, sounding to me like the saddest thing in the world. Emma and Julie both looked up at me in silence, “I don’t want to wake up yet.” The girls feathery voice said again, as I curled forward, trying to hold on to this body before it was ripped away from me again. I could feel the tears forming in my eyes, and the girl sounded like she was crying, “I don’t want to wake up yet.”

There wasn’t any more shouting for a while, just the comforting blackness of sleep.

The next thing I remember is bright sunlight glaring through my closed eyes. I rolled into the couch to escape the rays, but my body still felt…

I shot up like a bullet, and waves of red hair cascaded down my shoulders, tickling the sides of my face. The body was still there. The boobs were *certainly* still there, and Julie was sitting on the one spot on the couch I hadn’t filled while I slept, holding her hands out towards me like she was trying to calm down a scared animal.

“Thomas.” She said cautiously, “Are you okay? You still in there?”

I stared at her blankly, “I’m still…” My hand jumped to my throat as the same angels’ voice tickled my ears, “I’m still…” I looked back down at myself, this time letting my brain get used to the sound of my voice. *My* voice!

I leaped towards Julie and hugged her as tight as I could “Thank you! Thank you thank you *thank you!”* I was crying. I didn’t care.

“Oh sure, give her all the credit.” Emma was standing behind the couch, with the same book under her arm.

“You?”

“Aww yeah, you know it!”

“Her Idea of a practical joke.” Julie said, “She expected you to do something along the lines of “What the fuck, where’s my dick?! Oh my god boobs!” she’d laugh at you, and then she’d turn you back.”

I puzzled for a second, “How did-“

“Magic book.” Emma said curtly.

Julie elbowed Emma, “Which we were *supposed* to be keeping a secret.”

A few more seconds of puzzling followed. Julie must have gotten worried at my silence because she started speaking in a reassuring voice, “If you want, we can totally change you ba-“

“NO!” I sputtered, a lot louder than I meant to, “I mean, no. I don’t want to. I never want to go back. I’m happy! I mean… At least for a few days.” It took a while for me to get what I wanted to say into words, but they waited, “I’ve always dreamed about this. I’ve *always* wanted this! And now-“ I looked back down at myself, gently cupping my chest with my hands, “Oh, uh. Julie, can I still stay here for a while?”

Her face went from concerned to a shining smile in a second, “Of course you can you big-boobed idiot.” She gave me a love tap on the shoulder.

Emma cried out behind us, “Yeah, what gives with that, anyway?! Of the three of us the one with the biggest tits is a *boy*? Where the fuck is justice?”

A voice suddenly piped up from the book under her arm, “You still promised me a spell, maybe you’ll get some later.”

Julie responded to my alarmed expression, “Also the magic book is alive. Say hi Bran.”

The book responded in its’ low tone, “Hi Bran.”

“Uhh, hi.” I was feeling a little crowded, “Can I go find a room or something? I kind a need to-“

“Sure, go ahead.” Julie said. I feel like she understood why I wanted to be alone, “Anything on the top floor is free, and then most of the stuff on the bottom levels except me and Ems rooms, which are there” She pointed down the hallway, “and *waaaaaay* down there.”

I got up from the couch, “I think I’m gonna get one upstairs, thanks. And thanks again.” I gave Julie a swift hug, “Thank you.”

“Sure man, uh, girl. Woman. Samantha?”

She half-laughed, “That sounds so weird. Just keep calling me Sam.”

“Easy enough to remember, I guess.”

As I walked off towards the stairs I heard Emma saying something about a new guinea pig.

Let me tell you, you can fantasize about what it’s like to be a girl every day for twenty years, but nothing prepares you for the way boobs try to bounce into your face every time you use a flight of stairs. Once I got to the long hall of rooms on either side, I picked the first one to the right of the stairs and swiftly closed the door behind me. It was roomy, and only had a few things in it, a bed, a full length mirror, hell, it even had its own bathroom.

Whatever, I’ll have time to settle in later, right now I needed to *settle in*. I pulled off my clothes, trying my best not to look at myself and spoil the surprise as I approached the tall mirror. I guess they’d changed along with my body because they would have been ripped in a lot of strange places had they not. The cool air swam past my body in brand new places and I let the goose bumps crawl over my skin, raising the hairs on my arms and tightening my nipples.

Alright. The big reveal. I opened my eyes to see the mirror, “Woahh…” The soft voice escaped me once more as I stared in awe at the figure before me. She was absolutely gorgeous, even with her lips pulled open in a stupid slack-jawed stare. When I looked into my eyes, I could still see little shades of my old face through the new features, which calmed me down a little. I was still me.

My body was something else, a curvy hourglass topped with a big bouncy helping of tit. They were probably around Ds if my guessing was right, maybe even a little bigger, and they were capped with puffy pink nipples, standing turgid against the air. I squeezed them in my hands again and a warm shiver spread throughout my body from the one place I hadn’t inspected yet. I just couldn’t get over how smooth and soft everything was, like living inside a big heated silk pillow.

My hand reached down to the space between my rounded thighs, barely even brushing against the sensitive skin, “Ahh.” My voice was pulled from my lungs as I let one of my fingers explore, “Wow. And here is supposed to b-! HHhhhaaa~” I swayed on the spot as my finger oh-so-briefly drifted past my clit, “Hah. Damn.”

I nearly jumped out of my skin as three swift knocks came from behind the door to the room. I shoved some of my clothes back on and peeked outside, not finding anyone. Instead, on the ground was a velvet pillow with a folded note on top. I picked the note up to read it, and underneath it was an incredibly pink vibrator. I felt my face start to go red as I read the note.

“Think of it as a house warming present. Don’t worry, it’s new. Julie says I have to give you at least a three day grace period before we start using more spells on you, but that’s only if you want. Things are about to get a lot weirder around here. Enjoy your new best friend~.

-Emma

P.S. The WiFi password is JULIESUXDIX”

I quickly grabbed the pillow from out of the hallway and into my room, carefully taking the strange pink thing from it with a kind of reverence. There was a little knob on the bottom you could turn, and as soon as I did it stared vibrating violently. Even with it only being in my hand I could feel it shaking parts of me all over my body.

Needless to say it was love at first touch.

Chapter 6

There are many telltale signs of desperation in this world. Drinking out of a bowl because you’re out of clean cups*,* scouring the “recommended” section on Netflix, becoming so bored that you’ve decided to *read* an actual *book*, but you know you’ve hit rock bottom when you’ve gone all the way to the 50th page of google search results and still come up with nothing.

“God!” I shouted, pushing my rolling chair away from the desk in frustration, “*Magic sex shop*, *Teleporting magic shop*, *magic sex teleport store*, nothing but a bunch of sex toy sites and some weird-ass trekky porn! What do you WANT from me Google?!”

It was already two in the morning and I’d gotten nowhere on my hunt to find out what the hell was going on. Julie had already spent a few nights in a row in the deeper parts of the internet and had pretty much given up on finding any kind of explanation, a gift horse and all that, but of the many differences between us, persistence was definitely something I had over her.

I leaned back in my chair and sighed, “There’s got to be some kind of meaning behind this, they don’t just give out possessed magical tomes on the street.”

I jumped a little as a thump came from behind my door. A second thump followed before it slowly swung open, the little brown book with the crystal eye slowly floating in.

“Oh, hi again.” I said hesitantly, watching as it- *he* drifted over to my bed and carefully balanced himself on it, “Come right on in why don’t you.”

“Thanks, I will.” He just sat there, his eye glaring at me.

After a short stare-down I spoke up, “Something I can help you with?”

“Maybe you think there’s something *I* could help *you* with.” He said, his eye falling on the screen where my latest search reads *Magic book eye on cover.*

*“*Oh. Yeah.” I said, caught, “I just, isn’t this at all weird? I mean, you of all people should know. You’re a book for crying out loud.”

“True, but you don’t-“

“If you say don’t judge a book by its cover I’ll smack you.”

He gave a hearty laugh that sounded like it was echoing from inside a much larger room, “Funny. I was going to say maybe you’re asking the right questions, but in the wrong place.”

I stared at him for a moment before I understood, “You? You know where the shop went?!” I stood up from my chair excitedly.

“Woah, calm down. How about I answer your question with another question. Would you like to play a game?”

My shoulders dropped, “Is that question ever followed by something good? Alright, hit me.”

His eye was still looking up at me, its blue light glowing faintly from within, “You get to ask me any questions you like, but for each question you cast a spell of my choosing on yourself.”

I grinned at him. Of course that’s where this was going. I kind of wanted Julie here for this kind of interrogation, but I figured whatever spells he had planned were far from innocent, and I didn’t really want her here for *that, “*I see through your game you perv, but I still need information. I’ll play your game, but with one condition. Everything gets undone before anyone else sees me.”

“Deal.” Somehow I felt him smile at me, then he slid backwards to make room for me on the bed, “Alright, shoot. First one’s a freebie.”

I plopped myself down on the foot of the bed, making him bounce on the other side, “Where is the magic shop now?” I said without hesitation.

“Don’t know.” He said flatly, “Could be anywhere by now.”

“Oh come on, it doesn’t count if you don’t know the answer!”

“That was your freebie. Next question.” He was stonewalling me. Whatever, it didn’t matter what he was going do to me, tonight I was gonna LEARN some shit.

“Okay then, before you got sucked into the book, you were still human right?”

“What kind of a stupid question- Yes I was human.” He restrained himself.

“So wizards are still-“

“Ut tut tut! Your turn.” He said, flipping his pages open and presenting me with a page full of spells, one sticking out to me in particular.

“Really? The boob spell again?” He nudged himself towards me silently. I sighed, putting my hand to the page, “Fine. This is barely anything anyway.”

“The night is young.” He said in a low tone that sent a chill up my spine.

With my hand on the spell, I let the magic flow up through my arm and into me, letting it change me. The tingles started in my nipples and I could feel a growing sensation ease in behind them. A few seconds later a modest pair of boobs stood proud on my chest, only confined by my loose T shirt.

They were probably only a C cup or so, but on me they felt huge. I wasn’t going to give Bran the satisfaction, so I resisted the urge to grab the new additions, trying my best to ignore them altogether, “Alright, there. So how did you learn magic?”

“The same way everyone who is born with The Gift does. You find out what specialization you’re suited for, then you train as an apprentice under a master with similar talents.”

Was he going to be this tight-lipped with every answer? I need to be more specific with my questions if I’m going to get anything out of him.

After much flipping he presented me with another spell, “I think this one will do nicely.”

I glanced over it, understanding that it was some sort of clothing modification spell. I didn’t intend on examining every detail of every spell he wanted me to cast, we’d be here all night. I just let it flow through me like the first one without giving it much thought.

I felt fabric sliding over my nipples, sending shivers through me, and my loose T shirt very quickly became much less so. The hem retracted upwards until I could feel the air on my abdomen and lower back, and the collar did the reverse until my cleavage (Hah! I actually had cleavage!) was framed in an incredibly low V neck. The full effect left the tiny garment clinging to my skin like plastic wrap, taking extra care to emphasize my now hard nipples.

“So first I get boobs and now I have to show them off. I take it you’re a breast man?” I laughed.

“You got that right, sister. Your turn again.” His pages started to turn rapidly.

“Hey! That wasn’t my question.”

His pages slowly stopped, then started again in the other direction, “Oh fine, but it was still a question, so I’ll give you a light one.” He pushed another open page towards me with a spell to change my fingernails.

I grumbled, touching the spell and absorbing the magic until the hand on the page had a full set of high-sheen manicured nails with bright pink polish. I grimaced at them, wiggling my fingers in front of my face, “Nails this color should be illegal.” I mused, “I think you’re just trying to turn me into a bimbo again.” I grinned at him, careful that my words were arranged in a statement.

“Well you pulled it off so well the first time.” He said in his snarkiest voice, “Now ask your next question, puny mortal, lest I become bored with you.”

I laughed, all the things I’ve been wondering about for the past few days swirling around in my head, “So what was your magic specialization?” I quickly wondered if I could figure out what mine was, but didn’t want to waste a question on it.

He made a sound like a sigh, “There wasn’t an official title for what I was good at, but for the sake of the council’s precious “registration system” I was filed as a dualist in Human-Based Transmogrification and Eros Level Manipulation.”

I paused. The council? Eros level manipulation? Like a hydra every answered question seemed to grow ten more. My pondering was interrupted by another page shoved into my face. Impatient to ask another question, I let the magic flow into me without even reading it.

I felt a tingling in my lips not unlike the feeling in my chest from a few minutes ago. I brushed a shiny manicured nail across my bottom lip, “Ohh!” I gasped, pulling my finger back at once. Not only did they get bigger, they got a *hell* of a lot more sensitive.

“Fu- uck.” I struggled to say, just the sensation of talking almost becoming too distracting to focus on a question, “Okay.” I said, trying to move my mouth as little as possible “How long were- mmh~ *fuck!-* how long were you in that magic shop as a book?”

He was obviously enjoying whatever he’d done to my lips, but he didn’t show it in his voice, “Just a few decades. I like that color on you by the way.”

What? I turned to face a full length mirror that was propped up on my wall, and couldn’t you have guessed it, the bee-stung clit-lips on my face were the same shade of bright pink as my nails.

“You’re *evil.”* I brought my fingers up to my mouth but resisted the urge to touch them.

“Guilty. And *this* is for you.” He presented me with another spell as per our deal, and I cast it without much thought. The same tingling from before filled my chest once more, but the amount of growth that followed was much greater this time. The tight T shirt grew much tighter as the weight on my ribs increased, blowing through cup sizes like I was in a beach ball inflating contest.

When their growth finally slowed they barely fit in the shirt, but it didn’t stop them from showing themselves off in the low cut V one bit. They had to be as big as my head by now, but it was hard to tell from so up close. To my slight frame they looked truly ridiculous.

“Really? Again?” I crossed my arms over them the best I could but it only helped to present their mass further.

“There was nothing in our terms that said I couldn’t cast the same spell twice.” After a pause he added “If you ask me those could still use another shot.” My mind shot back to a vision of the huge pair I had cast on Julie, except instead of her it was me wobbling down the halls with a boob in each arm.

“Whatever.” My train of thought was briefly interrupted again by my overly sensitive lips, but I somehow managed to keep my mind clear enough to ask him something semi-intelligent, “You said you lived in a village a long time ago, but you said you were only in the shop for decades. Julie and I weren’t the first ones to open you when you were like this, were- ah… were we?” I nearly managed to get the whole thought out before gasping for breath.

“You’re paying attention. And yes, there were others. A boy from my village was the first, who found me shortly after I… *got stuck*. He was delighted to find out he was a wizard as he could read my spells, and he ran the whole gamut of lechery I had to provide. Giving himself a giant schlong, making himself irresistible to the ladies, even giving the other side of the fence a try for a few days and rubbing *her*self silly.”

“But he developed a habit that got him into trouble, sneaking into girls houses and “enhancing” them while they were asleep. He ran into a similar situation with the townspeople that I had, except he didn’t have a magic book to save him.”

He got quiet for a moment. I was surprised he had spoken for so long in the first place, but I wasn’t about to stop him.

“Then there were two girls, not unlike you and Julie, except by some strange luck they could both use my magic. They barely used me, but the last time they did they had an argument over some boy. They nearly ripped me to pieces flinging spells at each other, and by the time they finished they’d each turned the other into a wanton whore. Weren’t enough IQ points between the two of them to recognize much else besides a dick.”

“Sheesh. Not a lot of good things happen to people who find you, huh?”

“I’ve started to recognize that pattern, yes.” He sighed, then his tone lightened up, “But you two are smart cookies, you should be able to keep yourselves out of trouble.”

I cast the next spell he presented to me, and nothing felt particularly strange except for the residual tingles of magic. I thought about asking what he’d done, but knowing him it would mean another spell, and I didn’t want to start down that slippery slope.

“If you still want to, I’ll let you ask a few more questions.”

“What? We were just getting to the good stuff!”

“Maybe, but I’m not sure you can keep up with me.”

“Hah! Bullshit! I can keep up with whatever twisted spells you can think of as long as I keep getting answers!” I pursed my lips together, causing me to squeeze my legs together. I have to let him know who’s boss!

He scoffed, “Fine. Ask your questions, and if you’re still capable of asking more after those I’ll stay and we can play this game all night.”

That couldn’t mean anything good. A brief voice of reason fluttered through the back of my mind, telling me to quit while I was ahead. Strangely enough it sounded like Julie.

“Hmm, what’s stopping you from just finding another wizard to get you unstuck?”

He let out a grunt, “If someone saw my work, they’d steal its design and call it their own! You’re looking at some of the most magically intricate spellcrafting in the world inside these pages!”

“No one else can cast sex spells?”

“*No,* no one else can create new spells as easily! It would take a skilled magician several weeks to craft one of the spells that this tome could do in seconds! You don’t know because you’ve never dealt with base magic, all ley lines and arcane utterances and complex finger movements, it’s madness! In this book I’ve made a sham of it all! But in this state I have no way to defend my work, and it would surely be stolen.”

“Bummer.”

“My sentiments exactly. Now here, enjoy.”

After casting the spell he presented to me, my scalp started to tingle, and I felt something brushing against my back. I pulled my hair from over my shoulder, and right there in my hands I watched it change. My normally straight hair was starting to curl, and would have been getting shorter had not more and more of its length started to tumble down my shoulders from my head. Even the color started to change, my blond locks growing less and less vibrant, starting to look like it had been bleached a hundred times over.

“God, you like ‘em trashy.”

“I just have to complete the look. You’re turn, soon-to-be-bimbo.”

“Yeah, yeah. Alright, here’s one. You were born what, a few hundred years ago? Why don’t you talk in old English or something?”

“You mean why am I so hip to the lingo you kids use nowadays? Maybe I’m just that much of a cool cat.”

I shot a sarcastic glance at him, “That’s not an answer.”

“Alright, cool your jets ya jive turkey, I’m pickin’ up what you’re puttin’ down, daddio.”

“Please stop.”

He laughed, “Fine. I wasn’t just blacked out the whole time I was in storage. I was connected to the collective unconscious of every person within a few miles.”

“You were reading people’s minds?”

“It wasn’t quite like that. More like watching a really big TV with every channel on at once, one big picture of everything going on near where I was being kept.”

“Was that more or less boring than being blacked out would have been?”

He hovered a little before falling back down, simulating a shrug, “It had its benefits. I could tap into the power lines when they first started putting them up. I couldn’t really do anything with them though until phones becoming a nationwide thing. I could listen in on much more that way, and after that it went the same way with television and the internet.”

“No fuckin’ way. You were plugged into the internet the whole time? No wonder you’re so fucked up.” I laughed.

“Like I said, it had its upsides. And *that* was like four questions. So speaking of how I talk, let’s start with this.”

“What? At least half of those were rhetorical.” I placed my hand on the spell as I haggled with Bran and let its influence wash over me, though strangely I didn’t feel the odd tingling feeling that magic usually brings.

“Then we’ll call it two. How you feeling, cupcake?”

Who the fuck you callin’ cupcake? “Hey! Like, please don’t call me that, ‘kay?”

What. The fuck. Of course Bran had already started laughing as I held my hand up to my mouth to prevent any more vapid drivel from coming out. I sounded like a mindless, sexed-up valley girl.

“Hahaha, god that never gets old. Hey, how do you feel about those breasts I gave you now?”

Oh you mean the ridiculous watermelons you shoved in my shirt you bottom shelf romance novel? “Oh! I just *love* my new boobies! They’re so big and bouncy!”

Note to self. Murder Bran. I wrapped my hands tightly around my mouth and gave him a death stare.

“And what are your opinions on penis?”

This time I was determined to say nothing, but I couldn’t stop myself, the bimbo living behind my tongue taking control of my hands for just long enough to get out whatever she had to say.

“Ohmigod! I like, totally love cock! ‘Specially when I can get it in my mouth, or between my jiggly titties! It tastes *soooo* *good!*”

I tried to cut Bran off of his laughing fit, but every word that came out of my mouth just have him more ammunition.

Hey genius, how the hell am I supposed to ask questions like this? “Umms, thinking about words is *soooo* hard now. How am I gonna ask you stuffs?” God, my voice was so sickeningly sweet it could give any unfortunate bystander diabetes.

His laughter pulled to a close, “Oh I don’t think you’ll need to worry about talking too much pretty soon.” He put another spell in front of me, “I think this will do nicely. All of your other changes should be gone by morning, as per our agreement.”

I brought my hand to the page, letting the spell flow into me, “Hey, how come you’re leaving, huh? Come back, sweetie!” After the spell had been cast my body started moving on its own, leaning back on the bed and sliding my thumbs under my underwear, pulling it down to my ankles.

I watched him float towards the door, “If you’re still conscious after this one, come find me and we’ll keep going. Nighty night *sweetie*!” And with that he slid out the door.

I couldn’t focus on that though, because at the same time my head sped towards my crotch, my lips hitting my cunt as easily as touching two fingers together. His last spell must have made me more flexible!

Unfortunately I didn’t have time to enjoy my realization, as my mouth began eating out my crotch with the eagerness of a college lesbian. My lips sucked kissed against my sensitive flesh as my legs brought themselves up automatically to entwine behind my head, locking me into position. At last I saw the true evil of making my lips this sensitive. It felt as if I was having sex with myself, my body becoming a feedback loop of pleasure.

I moaned into myself, squirming and wriggling to escape this forced bliss, though the vibrations of my cries on helped to intensify my sensations. I lost myself in them, not sure which parts of me were which, and then not caring because they all felt like heaven. An orgasm, forceful and strong pulsed through me, but I could tell it wouldn’t be the last. Time became a very far away concept, only knowing it was there through the flowing and ebbing of pleasure.

At one point I realized I had lost consciousness, only waking up to find that the spell had still not lifted, and I was still curled into a writhing ball of pussy-licking goodness. With one last muffled scream coupled with a toe-curling orgasm, I drifted back into blackness.

Chapter 7

The first day as a girl went by pretty much as expected, me furiously masturbating alone in my room with the best gift I’d gotten in ages sliding into my new parts. Maybe it was because everything was exciting and new, but I was so damn horny I didn’t ever feel like doing anything else. Every body-clenching orgasm just built up one after another, over and over again until couldn’t think straight, my hand moving automatically between my legs fueling the next one.

The next day I woke up early as hell, the window in my room sending only the faintest streams of light in from the far away street lights. The second thing I noticed (besides the cold puddle of girl-juice between my legs) was that I was ravenous. I rolled out of bed, again admiring how my own chest rolled around after me, and began fumbling around my new room until I realized I hadn’t brought my backpack up with me during my hasty exit.

I gathered up one of the clean sheets that I’d kicked off the bed the day before and tried wrapping it around my chest like girls are supposed to do with towels. It just felt too weird, and it still drug on the floor anyway, so I draped it over my shoulders and opened the door quietly, trying to make as little noise as possible. I had no idea what time it was but it couldn’t have been later than 6:00, and to wake someone up that early is just unholy.

I slunk down the stairs with the blanket brushing against the floor behind me in search of food, making my way towards where I think I remember the kitchen was. Finding a cabinet full of condiments and snack foods (do these girls live on nothing but take out?) I settled for a pop-tart and quickly scarfed it down, sating my hunger. The house somehow didn’t feel as it should have, with its wide hallways and empty rooms seemingly stretching in the dark, all I could feel here was safe.

Strangely enough it didn’t feel like I was in someone else’s body like I’ve seen it described in a hundred terrible TG stories on the internet. Everything moved just like it used to, though with some weight moving around in places it didn’t used to, I still felt like it was me.

As I made my way back to the living room where I’d left my pack, I heard muffled footsteps, almost sounding like they were walking down the empty hallway. They stopped a bit past the living room where a suit of armor was displayed in a glass case, and not a second later was the slow creaking of hinges echoing through the room. The large rectangle of glass was opening away from the wall, revealing some kind of door!

Out of some sort of weird necessity I ducked down behind the couch, hearing the now much clearer footsteps pattering through the hall towards me as the glass case slid back into place.

As Emma passed the couch and my terrible hiding spot, then froze, doing a double take.

“AH!” She visibly jumped, and the large book (Bran?) she was holding fell to the ground with a loud \*CLAP\*. She spoke with deep breaths as she clutched at her heart, “Jesus Sam you scared the hell outa’ me! What are you…” She slowly looked back to where the suit of armor had returned to its position then back to me. I had clearly just seen something I shouldn’t have.

A faint glow flickered from between the pages of the book on the ground as it slowly floated a few feet from the ground, supporting itself, “RUDE.” Bran said loudly. He had some serious sass.

Emma squinted her eyes at me, then she smiled. It did not seem like a friendly one, “Alright newbie, here’s the deal,” she put her arm around me, pointing her other hand at my face, “I really need Julie not knowing how I’m casting spells on her while she’s asleep, so what say we keep that little trap door over there between us?” I just stared at her silently for a few seconds before she continued, “What do you think would work better on you, a bribe, or a threat?”

“Uhh.”

“In column A we have: Eat all the chocolate cake you want and never get fat! You’re still into girls, right? How about some pheromones for the *ladayyss*. C’mon, any spell you want and it’s yours!”

After my continued silence her face hardened a little, and she pulled her arm off of me to grab Bran by the spine, opening him wide in front of her, “Oh I see how it is. How about I make your feet so sensitive you can’t walk across the hall without cumming your brains out? Or maybe I’ll just give you a huge cock like the one you were so happy to get rid of…”

“Alright! I’ll take the bribe!” I didn’t really want to keep this from Julie, but I could always just tell her later and to hell with the consequences.

“There’s my man! Er, girl.” She wrung her hands together as Bran floated a little higher, “So what’ll it be?”

I thought for a moment. This was too easy, “I want to cast a spell on YOU.”

Her shoulders drooped, and Bran let out a scoff, “HAH! She got ya!”

After a little growl, she sighed, “Alright, what is it.”

I held out my hand, “Shake on it first. No turning back on this or I go straight to Julie.”

“Fine fine!” She shook my hand fast and hard, “Now what’s the spell?”

“I want you to make it so that every time you lie to someone, you have an orgasm.”

Bran cackled with laughter, “BOOYA! HAHAH!”

She did not look pleased, “What’s to stop me from erasing the last five minutes of your memory instead?”

“I don’t have a spell for that.” Bran noted plainly.

“That,” I nodded down at Bran, “and you’d know you were a terrible person.”

“I already know that.” She paused, furrowing her brow, “Alright. But only for a day.”

“Five days.”

“Two.”

“Three.”

“Done.”

She rapped Bran’s cover with her knuckle, causing the pages to start turning as he continued to laugh, “Oh this is gonna be *good*”

She quickly cast the spell that he’d cooked up for her, causing a flash of blue light to beam her in the face, “There. Done. Now Julie hears nothing of the trap door, you hear me?”

“What trap door?” I said vapidly, turning away to head on up the stairs with my pack in hand.

“Oh, and one more thing.” Half way up the stairs I stop and turn around, facing Emma. I dropped my pack on the stairs, and with both hands opened the blanket I’d wrapped around my shoulders, flashing her with my full frontal feminine glory, “Does the body you gave me turn you on?”

I watched her eyes flicker down and back up before I pulled the blanket closed again, and clever smile crossed her mouth. Unknown to Sam, Emma was slowly filling with the need to answer, truthfully or not, “Oh you’re good, but I know your game. Yes it does you sexy bitch, now get back upstairs before Julie wakes up and thinks you were in on it!”

“In on…” I let it go. I’d surely find out about it later. I made my way back to my room with my pack full of clothes, which I’m sure half of which didn’t even fit anymore. I snuck a peak under the blanket. I hadn’t packed the girls clothes that had gotten me kicked out in the first place, but I’m sure that bra wouldn’t have fit these puppies anyway. Note to self, go shopping later.

After throwing my bag against the bed and promising to unpack it later, I flopped back down onto the bed, out again in an instant.

“GOD DAMN IT EMMA!”

I awoke on what I was pretty sure was still the second day of my immunity to Julie screaming at Emma, followed by Emma’s boisterous laughter. For some reason I had the feeling that this would become a common occurrence. I started digging through my pack of wrinkled clothes to see if I could slap something on that would still fit me. Deciding on some shorts and a baggy T shirt, I heard loud stomping coming up the stairs. The knock on my door came right after I pulled the shirt over my head, getting my long hair through the neck hole was kind of a pain.

“Come in!”

The doorknob jiggled for a second, “I would, but you locked the door. Probably a good idea though!” She sounded a little peeved.

“Shit, one second!” I tripped over my bag to get to the door, unlocking it and pulling open. My eyes dropped right to Julie’s belly, which was enormously distended. She looked eight months pregnant! In the back of my mind a small voice wondered what it was like. I could probably get pregnant now. I shifted uncomfortably.

She shot me a look, “Yeah. I know. Anyway, I think Emma’s gotten a little too big for her britches, so WE’RE gonna go decide what to do, you in?”

We shared a knowing smile.

“All rise for the trial of Emma vs. The House.”

Emma sat cross-legged on the recliner beside the couch, hands on her ankles, while Bran “sat” on the center of the couch acting as the judge, with me and Sam sitting on the carpet. Right after the “trial” I was gonna have Emma get rid of the “pregnancy” I’d woken up with. It was nearly impossible to find a comfortable sitting position with a belly this huge, but I managed. I wondered what Emma was going to have to be “managing” soon.

Despite his commanding tone, everybody remained in their positions.

“Or don’t.” his crystal eye took in each of us in turn, “We are all here for the matter of Emma Elizabeth Stone, who, against a three to one vote, has cast far too many spells without being the target of one herself.”

Thomas and I looked at each other and shrugged. He continued, “We will start with a baseline severity level of one full day as a bimbo. The room is now open to suggestions from the council.”

Emma rocked back and forth in her chair as Sam and I brainstormed. Sam raised his hand. I chuckled, “You don’t actually have to…”

“The room recognizes Sam!” Bran called out in his most judge-ly voice.

“How about we give her a huge dick?” His suggestion surprised me, and apparently he could see it on my face, “What? I shouldn’t be the only one that gets to try out some new parts.”

I shrugged, “Sure, it’s not like she doesn’t already act enough like a guy. Or look like it, with everything she’s got up to-”

“Order!” Bran shouted, his magically enhanced voice reverberating off the walls. He turned his cover towards Emma, “Your punishment stands as one phallus in place of your usual parts with size pending. Do you have any objections?”

She looked nonplussed, “I don’t really care what you guys do to me.” It wasn’t even a second later when her eyes shut tight and a high pitched moan burst out of her. She pulled herself into a little ball on the comfy chair as she spasmed a few more times, breathing heavy, “Shit.” She said, breathlessly.

I was very confused, “What the hell-“ Sam nudged me on the shoulder and winked. I don’t know what she did but I liked that she was getting into the swing of things around here. I gave her an impressed grin.

Bran either didn’t notice or pretended not to care about Emma’s little episode, “Right then. It seems as though we have at least part of the spell nailed down. Sentence agreed?”

I snickered to myself, nudging Sam on the shoulder and whispering into her ear, “She usually leaves me walking around all day with some ridiculous body part hanging out most of the time.” I patted my distended belly for emphasis, “Nice pick.”

“ORDER! I will have order in my court! One more outburst like that and I will hold you in competent! Or at least be kind of ticked off at you for a few minutes!” A single bluish tentacle of light seeped out of his pages and reached for something behind him on the couch, pulling out a single twenty-sided die, “We will now roll for the length in inches of the phallus.” He said, almost clinically.

“Wait, on a D20?!” Emma gasped.

“Look at it this way, you could still end up with a little one-incher.” I wiggled my pinky finger out at her, “Then again, you could end up with something that wouldn’t even fit in a horse…”

“THAT is ENOUGH! Bran opened himself and his pages flipped violently as he floated over the arm of the couch towards Emma’s recliner, “Emma, be a dear and cast the top-left spell on Julie’s big mouth please. Thirty minutes should do.”

She sneered in excitement, cracking her knuckles, “Gladly!”

I tried to duck the blue beam of light that gunned towards me a second later, but you know those damn things are practically heat-seeking. At least I didn’t feel any different.

I opened my mouth to ask what they’d cast on me, “OOOHHHhhhhh~” And out came the lustful moan of a wonton slut. I slapped my hand over my mouth so hard that it hurt. Experimentally, I took my hand off and tried to say a single word “FUCK! YES! FUCK ME HARDER!” I shut my jaw tight again, feeling the red creep into my face as Emma started laughing. Even Sam couldn’t repress his girlish giggle.

“There. Now by all means, continue talking in my courtroom.”

I tried to call him out and say he was sitting in MY living room, but what I said instead was much worse, “Yeessss! All the way in! DEEPER! Both holes! YES!”

I stopped talking after that for quite a while.

“Now if we can get on with the task at hand.” He floated back over the couch and picked up the die, shaking it in his tentacled grip, then tossing it onto the floor. It bounced a little, then landed sunken into the carpet, the edge between the numbers 16 and 17 facing upwards.

“Uhh, that constitutes a reroll, right?” Emma said nervously.

“The roll stands! Sixteen and a half inches!”

“Oh come on!” Emma yelled, “Well at least let me cast the spell in private.”

“The trial will be concluded when the sentence is initiated.” Bran said, flipping his pages and approaching her.

I tried to say a simple “yes”, and it worked for the most part, except that it sounded like something thick was being slid into me as I said it.

Thomas agreed with me, “Yeah, what she said! We want to see!”

The book plopped down open on the arm of her recliner, and she looked at it like a kid that didn’t want to eat her vegetables. “You guys are so gonna get it later. Especially *you*.” She gave Sam an angry glare before it faded into a smirk.

“Is that a promise?” Sam made a kissy face at her.

Emma ignored her as she brought her hand to the spell Bran had placed in front of her, “Tell my wife I love her!” She said, letting her finger touch the mystic symbols, the magic flowing up her arm in a show of blue sparks. Rather than cast it in any direction, she seemed to just absorb it as her body tensed up on the armchair.

After a few seconds of nothing seeming to happen Emma relaxed a bit, “So is it an over-time thing or-? AH!” Emma gasped and the sudden sound of ripped cloth split through the room. She quickly pulled her legs together and her knees up to her chin, her hands clinging tight to the arms of the chair, “That felt-“

She stopped mid-sentence, her eyes staring off into the distance with her mouth hanging open. I turned over to Sam who was grinning like an idiot.

“Uhh, hello? Earth to Emma?” I said, poking her in the shin. Or at least I had tried to say that, instead coming out more like “Uuhhhhnnn~”

“Yeah.” Emma said, adjusting her position on the chair and composing herself a bit. Were her cheeks actually red? Friends for nearly ten years and this is the first time I’ve ever seen her blush, “Uhn is right. It’s, uhh. Growing.” Her eyes had regained their focus, stuck on something behind her legs we couldn’t see. Her gaze was slowly moving upwards towards her knees.

The whole room was silent until the head of a huge penis crested over the top of her knees like a morning sunrise, all seven of our eyes locked on its tip.

“Quit looking!” Emma said, throwing her hands towards the part of it that wasn’t hiding behind her thighs. The moment her hands made contact she let out a loud gasp and visibly shivered. Her legs spread slightly, only enough to give us a glimpse of what hid behind her legs. The truly monolithic meat she now sported had completely ripped through the front of her shorts. Jutting out from the space above her crotch (apparently she shaved down there. Huh.), its tip hovered just under her chin, bobbing around as she struggled in vein to shield it. In that brief moment I realized that there had been absolutely no way anything else would have fit inside those shorts. It’s a good thing we didn’t include balls.

Quickly realizing that two meager hands were not nearly enough to cover all of her that needed covering, she jumped up from her spot, intending to make a b-line for her room. Unfortunately what that meant for me, having sat a few feet from the chair to watch the show, was a big face-full of dick. As she leapt up, her rod bounced down a scant inch from my face before she was off again, speeding down the hallway. Apparently the sight of the giant penis flopping to either side of Emma as she ran was too much for Sam, because she broke down laughing to the sound of Emma’s door slamming.

She called through the door, “YOU TWO ARE SO DEAD!”

I kinda felt sorry for her, but then realized that I still looked as if I might go into labor any minute and that my odds of getting her to turn me back when she was like this were little to none. I sighed.

“Well that’s enough fun for one day!” Sam said, getting up and heading towards the stairs to her room.

“What, don’t have time to watch a movie with your dearest, most incredibly pregnant friend?” I asked, chuckling, trying to get the image of Emma’s flailing dick out of my head.

“Heh, well, I’ve got some reading to catch up on, so I’ll just catch you later.”

“She’s going upstairs to masturbate.” Bran said in a deadpan, to which she responded by looking at me embarrassed and blushing.

“Bran.” I said, seriously.

“What? I’m a spell book full of sex magic, you learn to pick up on this kind of stuff.”

“That doesn’t mean you get to spit out people’s secrets whenever you want.” I said, flicking him on the cover, “I’ll see you later Sam.” I gave him a smile to try and avoid the awkwardness.

“Uh, sure. See ya.” She started scurrying up the stairs before I thought of something.

I hurried behind her to get out of Bran’s listening distance, “Hey.” I said, getting her attention. As she turned her boobs turned with her, still barely fitting inside my old shirt I’d lent her. God damn Sam made one hell of a girl, “Uhh,” I tried to say it with as little awkwardness as possible, “I have some toys if you want to borrow one. I know you’ve only been like this for a few days so I figured you might…” I trailed off as Sam’s face nearly turned as red as her hair.

“No no no! It’s fine. Uh, Emma kind of already…” A few seconds went by before the meaning clicked in my head.

“Oh. Oh! Okay yeah. Well, uh. See you later then.” I said, heading back down the stairs and feeling like an idiot. I heard her footsteps to her room, feeling too embarrassed to see her go.

Going down the stairs unable to see your feet is not easily done, “I’ve really got to talk to Emma about this…” I murmured under my breath as I waddled in the direction of Emma’s room.

It was ridiculous. It was absurd. It was completely stupid, and yet the giant waving head of the penis bobbed back and forth a few inches from my face in time with my heartbeat. *My* penis. All of my normal business was gone too, not like there was any room down there for it now.

“UGH! This is stupid!” I said, flopping backwards onto my disheveled bed, only to have the stupid thing in question slap against my chest before wobbling back into position.

“Ow. What’s the point of sticking me with this? I mean sixteen inches? Come on!”

“Sixteen and a half.” I heard Julie clearly say right outside my door.

Great, the peanut gallery, “What do you want? I’m not coming out.” I sat up cross legged on the bed, the giant rod sticking out at a 45 degree angle, still hard. I could feel every little draft of air that ran across it.

“I know. Just thought you could use some company.” Her voice was only a little muffled by the door, we could have as easily been on the phone, “Also you kind of left me as a fatty when you ran off, so maybe I can convince you to fix that later.”

I made sure to chuckle loud enough for her to hear me through the door, “I did, didn’t I.”

After a little gap of silence Julie spoke again, “What do you think about Sam?”

What a loaded question, “I don’t know.” I said, honestly, “He’s cool I guess. She, I mean. We were never really tight.”

“I mean I kind of just gave him, *her,* a free pass to live at The House and I never asked you. Sorry.”

“Oh. No it’s fine. I kind of like having more people around, besides you and Bran anyway. Wouldn’t want to just cast spells on you all day.” I added after a slight pause, “I mean how weird it that he just happened to want to be a girl?”

With my body apparently distracted enough by the conversation, the *thing* started to calm down, slowly lowering until it rested on top of my leg. It was so strange feeling it on my leg, but also feeling my leg through it.

“I didn’t really expect it either, but you can’t argue with people about this kind of stuff.”

“Of course not, but still.”

There was another lull in the conversation, and I found myself staring down at my limp member.

“Tomorrow’s her last day of immunity. You’re not gonna do anything too bad for her first day are you?”

A couple of the ideas I’d had over the last few days flashed through my mind. The thing twitched again, and I could feel it starting to rev up again. Is this was guys had to deal with?

“Nothing too bad. Hey, maybe it’ll turn out she likes my next ideas as much as the first one.” Julie laughed with me.

“So uhh… How is it?”

So that’s why she’s here, “How is what darling? You’re going to have to specify.”

“You know. The meatstick. The sausage. THAT WHICH DANGLES.”

“I don’t follow.”

I could hear her laugh echo down the hallway through the door, “Come off it. What’s it like? How does it *feel*?”

I was getting hard not to think about it when Julie was asking such specific questions. Shit! The truth curse! I could feel the compulsion to answer start to bubble up inside me, whether or not it was the truth. Of course, the penalty for lying had just gotten a lot messier.

“It’s… really different. I mean, I’m sure it can’t be like this for every guy, but it’s so heavy! Or at least it feels like it.” The spell that was pulling the words from my mouth felt like it was being satisfied the more I spoke. Hopefully she didn’t ask how I cast that spell on her through her locked door or all this will have been pointless, “Like, you know how when you start to get turned on and you start to get the warm fuzzies down there? It’s not like that, like… It’s all focused onto one thing that NEEDS to get off.”

“Wow. Are you gonna…? You know… Jerk it?”

Damnit Julie, what’s with the questions today? “Well, yeah. Eventually. Now will you get off my back already?”

It knew it was being talked about. I could feel the blood surging into it as my attention fell back to the gargantuan member. Foreign thoughts started swimming through my head. I’d had fantasies of being the penetrator rather than the penetrated before, but never had they been this vivid or achievable. Maybe it was just that she was the closest thing to me with a hole, but unbeknownst to her she was taking the leading role.

“Jeez, sorry. What’s on your mind? You seem a little more ticked off than normal.”

Oh fuck. How the hell was I supposed to answer that? *“Oh nothing, just trying to keep you from figuring out about my network of secret tunnels around the house while thinking about jamming this monster so far up your twat that your babies will have babies, and if I lie to you about any of it I’m going to paint the room white.”* My giant dick was already at full mast again, as if it could feel my imminent failure. The spell was about to pull words from my throat, lies or no, and I was not going to give up that easy.

“Oh nothin’. HNN~!” It happened almost instantly. Something contracted at the very base of my shaft and waves of endorphins flooded my brain. My hands couldn’t resist the urge to grab it, though my fingers couldn’t even fit all the way around the steel rod. The ever-present pressure that had been inside it since it grew on me suddenly multiplied tenfold, and I could actually feel the fluid traveling up the shaft, the whole time my mind screaming out against what was about to happen. The payload finally reached the head and erupted from the tip, sending a series of unwanted spasms into my hips. I rocked on the spot as surge after surge shot out of me and in the back of my mind I could feel the warm liquid splashing onto my legs, chest, shoulders, anyway in its range, which turned out to be most of me.

After what must have been at least a dozen spurts and several spasms afterwards, the world slowly came back into focus. I inspected the damage, and I was pretty much covered in the stuff. I realize that Julie had said something that I was too far gone to understand.

“What?”

“I asked it you were touching it now. You made a noise.”

Of course my hands were still firmly grasping the exhausted part, but I wasn’t about to test if that spell was capable of a repeat performance. I could live with a little humiliation.

“Yes, okay?! Now can I get a little bit of alone time please?”

“Nuh uh. At least not until I’m much less pregnant. You can jerk it all you want on your own time.”

I grumbled, “Fine. Go get Bran and I’ll change you back.” The dick was taking a lot longer than I felt it should have to calm down. Not like it got much smaller, anyway.

After listening to her footsteps disappear down the hall and return, I placed myself behind the door and opened it just enough to slide Bran through.

Once Julie had passed him in and he saw my mostly glazed form, he immediately broke into a giggle fit.

“Not. A. Word.”

“It’s fine, it happens to everybody.” He chortled, very pleased with himself.

I sighed, “Just get me the spell to un-pregnate Julie.”

He opened and his pages started flutter past each other, “Sure thing, just watch the paper. That stuff doesn’t wash out easy. You should really work on your endurance; nobody likes a two pump chump.”

I shot him a glare that could probably kill a small rodent, but said nothing.

“Okay Jules, don’t look. Turn the other way.”

I refused to open the door until I was satisfied she was facing the other end of the hallway, then after much bickering, finally cast the spell at her as quickly as possible, shoving Bran back out the door as it finished. I couldn’t see if it had worked but I could hear Julie’s sigh of relief.

“Thanks Ems! You go play with your new friend now, I’ll come by to talk to you later.”

I mumbled back, “Sure, whatever.” I started looking around my room for something to clean myself up as I heard her footsteps recede into The House.

I started stripping off my clothing and discarded it into an unused section of floor, creating a separate “extra dirty” pile. As if the day couldn’t get any more inconvenient, blood started rushing back between my legs, my hardening dick apparently ready for round two.

This was going to be a long 24 hours.

Chapter 8

Dawn of the final day: 24 hours remaining. Or I guess around 10, considering I woke up at 2:00 in the afternoon.

I rolled out of bed in a T shirt and a pair of pajama pants Julie had been kind enough to lend me, even though I had problems getting the waistband up over my hips. A few thoughts idly tumbled through my head; was this how the two of them always woke up? No alarms, nowhere I needed to be, if so, I totally want in. I made my way downstairs to get some food, running into Julie in the hallway connected to the kitchen.

“Oh hey, you’re awake! Im’a go tell Emma.” Her baby bump was gone, and she looked excited about something.

“Okay sure. I’m going to go scavenge for some food.”

Julie headed down the hall towards Emma’s room while I scoured the cabinets for something breakfast-like. Down the hall she knocked on Emma’s room and yelled to her through the door, “Yo Ems! She’s awake! You ready to play?”

Emma’s muffled voice responded, “The dick is supposed to wear off in a few minutes, you guys go get breakfast and I’ll be right out! And I think Bran’s still in his room!”

“Oh damn, she still has that monster?” I said as Julie followed me into the kitchen as I poured some decidedly stale cereal into a bowl.

“Apparently. Must have been about this time yesterday she cast it, and it was supposed to be 24 hours.”

I laughed, “Hey, imagine her waking up with that thing as hard as a rock.”

She chuckled along with me, “Hey, I’m sure anyone would look ridiculous with a dick that big.”

“I don’t know, I think I pulled it off pretty well.”

That one earned me a laugh and a punch in the shoulder, “Yeah well maybe after today you’ll get to try out some other grotesquely sized parts. You should have seen the boobs she stuck me with a couple days before you showed up”

“Watermelons?” I said, beginning to eat my cereal.

She held her arms out in front of her chest, “Try beach balls.”

“Woah.”

“Yeah.”

That warranted me a look down at my own chest. How did she even walk like that? These are heavy enough, “Oh shit.” I said, noticing the nipples poking out of my plain white shirt and trying to cover them with my crossed arms.

“Heh, don’t worry about it. We’ll go to The Mall some time and get you some actual clothes, and then you can complain about how expensive bras are.”

“Uhh.” I paused, thinking about my woeful account balance of around a hundred bucks I’d managed to save, “I don’t exactly have-“

“It’s on the house of course.” She lifted herself onto the kitchen counter, “Please, you think we’d let you buy your own clothes? You’d be a fashion catastrophe.”

I smiled down into my cereal, “Thanks.”

“ALRIGHT BITCHES, WHO’S READY TO PLAY?!” Emma slid across the hardwood floors in her socks, standing proudly in the doorframe with fists on her hips. She was wearing an oversized T shirt so long that I couldn’t tell whether or not she was even wearing anything else.

“Play?” I said a little confused.

“Emma and I had an idea.” She turned to Emma, “Go get Bran so we can start!”

She slumped her shoulders and groaned, “FIIINE. I guess I’ll just do EVERYTHING around here.” She turned and sped up the stairs in a flash with a series of banging footsteps.

“Anyway,” Julie said, turning back to me, “It was basically just truth or dare, but with spells too. So like, truth or dare or spell.” She shrugged “Doesn’t exactly roll of the tongue, but it could be fun.”

I rinsed out my bowl in the sink, thinking about how incredibly unprepared I was for this, never even having played truth or dare. (What? I don’t get out much in case you haven’t picked up on that) “Sure, I’m in.”

Emma came careening down the stairs with Bran in tow, then took off down a hallway, screaming all the way, “Come on! We’ll play in the library on that big fuzzy carpet!”

“This house has a library?” I looked at Julie incredulously.

“Yep. Jealous?” She made a motion to follow as she left the kitchen in the direction Emma had sped off in.

“Kind of.” I said, following her as close as possible as not to get lost in this labyrinthic house.

We made our way through a pair of huge oak double doors and into the library. It was probably the entire wing of the house on its own, with row after row of books stacked on giant shelving units. Sneaking a peak at the nearest shelf, I read off a couple of titles. They didn’t seem to have any kind of order to them, with topics as far apart as you could get. *The complete history of Rome*, was sitting right next to *An experts guide to cunnilingus* and it only got stranger from there.

Emma was sitting on a large circular shag rug set apart from all the shelves with bran sitting upright next to her, his glass eye glowing slightly in the dim room.

“Hey, does Bran get to play?” I said, not wanting to leave out the seemingly cosmic entity that might be able to vaporize us if it wanted to.

The book seemed to perk up, “Yeah, does he?” He said, looking up at Emma.

Julie put her finger to her chin, “Well, you don’t technically have a body, which is usually what makes this fun… I guess we can just do truth for you if you want? Or maybe you can use spells on us?”

Emma jumped up, “THAT is a BAD idea! I vote no on Bran picking spells!”

“Just truth should be good. You can ask me all about my wizardly adventures!”

“Sure sure fine fine.” Emma said, waving her arms around, “Now everyone sit! Newbie!” She said, pointing a finger at me, “You first!”

“Uhh.” I said, sinking into the shag rug like my ass belonged to it, “Truth?”

“No, you *pick* someone.”

“Oh. Uhh.” Julie sat down in the spot next to me, “Julie then.”

“Dare” She spat out instantly, catching me off guard.

“Hmm.”

I sat there for a few seconds thinking, and Emma seemed to get increasingly impatient, “Come on! The first few rounds are supposed to be easy!”

“Fine! Uhh. I dare you to flash Emma!”

“Alright!” Emma yelled, “I like your choices!”

“Ugh. Alright, here’ goes.” She said, clutching the bottom of her shirt. It was over in less than a second, but we all now had the vague imprint of Julie’s bare boobs burned into our eyes, “There. Now I pick Emma.”

“Spell me baby!” She shot out. I had the feeling the two of them had been looking forward to this.

“Hmm. Maybe…” Julie turned towards me, “What do you think, physical change first, or mental?”

“Physical.” I said, trying very hard to appear confident.

“Okay then! How about a big ol’ pair of child-birthing hips for Emma!”

“Coming right up!” Bran said, his pages already turning.

Emma stuck her tongue out at Julie, “You just miss me being a bimbo, don’t you?”

“If it comes with you being humiliated, yes.” She responded with a funny face of her own.

Emma quickly cast the spell that Bran had opened for her, and even with her sitting on her knees you could see her ass flare out by several inches on either side.

I let out a low whistle and bit my bottom lip, “*Dat ass.”* Julie and I started laughing.

“Yeah, laugh it up shortcake! I choose you. And you better not choose truth you pansy!”

I hesitated for a moment, “Dare.”

“That’s more like it. I’m proud of you, you big brave girl. Now go stick your hand down Julie’s underwear.”

“What?!”

“That’s the dare.” She said, waving her hand towards Julie, “Now go do.”

I looked over at Julie and she just smiled and shrugged at me “Go ahead.” She said, leaning back on her hands to make room for me. I could tell she was trying to seem nonchalant.

I sighed and scooted over next to her. I looked over at Emma again.

“At least 10 seconds.” Emma said, sitting back. A bag of popcorn would have suited her.

I glanced back at Julie again, a scant few inches away from her face, “Be gentle” She said, only half joking.

I put my hand on her abdomen, then wriggled it under the waistband of her pajama pants and the soft fabric of her panties. Today was the day I learned what Julie’s pubic hair felt like. I tried my best not to touch her, but one of my fingers brushed past something smooth and she gasped.

“It’s okay.” She said, anticipating my apology.

Feeling like it’d been enough time, I quickly pulled my hand out, then scooted back to my spot, feeling the blood rushing in my cheeks, “There.”

“There.” Emma repeated, seeming satisfied, “Your turn to pick, ya dingus.”

“Alright then. You. Truth or dare. Uh, or spell.”

“See?” Said Julie, readjusting her pants, “Not very catchy is it?”

Emma stuck her chest out bravely, “I pick dare. Doubt you could even come up with something good anyway.”

This was where she was wrong, “Dare? Alright. Whenever the next spell is cast on me, I dare you to cast it on yourself too.”

Julie looked impressed, “Clever girl!”

Emma looked puzzled for a moment, looking between Bran and Julie, “Can she do that?”

“I think it’s well within the guidelines.” Bran responded.

“We’re making up the rules anyway.” Julie added, “As long as we all agree it’s fair, it’s fair.”

“Fine. Well, I think it’s about time we got Bran in on this. Truth or Truth or Truth?”

After a small pause he answered, “Truth?”

“Excellent choice! How old are you? I’ve been wondering for a while now.”

“That… is actually a good question.” He paused and sighed, “Well I was locked in the book when I was 23 in 1550, and time kind of moved differently for me for a long time after that. So your answer is 23, give or take… 465 years.”

There was a long silence, then Emma spoke up, “DAMN! I didn’t know you were like, from the *past* past! What was it like? Must have been hella boring.”

“Is that an official truth question?” Bran responded snidely.

She slouched back into her spot, “Nooo.”

“That’s what I thought. Julie, pick your poison.” He turned his cover to her.

“I kind of want to see what you can come up with. Spell.”

“How brave!” He said, his pages folding over each other as he spoke, “Emma, read this one off.”

“Yesir!” She said, picking him up and putting him in her lap. She cast the spell at Julie, and even after the blue light had completely faded I couldn’t tell what’d happened to her.

While Julie continued inspecting her body, I finally asked, “What’d you do?”

“I kinda want to see if she can figure it out.” Emma said, giggling.

“Whatever,” Julie said, looking up, “I’m sure we’ll find out…” She stopped when she saw me, her voice stumbling “eventually.” She shook her head, as if trying to get something out of her thoughts, “Uhh, Emma’s pick.”

Bran and Emma snickered, “Alright… Truth for you, Jules. What do you want to know?”

Julie was looking at Emma, but something was different, like she was really *looking* at her. It was kind of hard to describe.

“Hmmf. Okaaaayyyy… On a scale of one to ten, rate how hot guy Sam was vs. girl Sam.”

I looked over at Emma and grinned, “This ought’a be good.”

“Hmm.” She said, putting a finger to her chin, “Not, a question, but okay. That’s a toughy… Guy Sam was I guess, a six or seven? Wasn’t really my type.”

“Gee, thanks.”

“Girl Sam though, gotta be an eight or nine. Hmm, yeah, I’m stickin’ with nine.”

“Seconded.” Bran added.

I felt something like pride well up in my chest, “Dang.” I said, flattered.

“Oh shush you, it’s not like you earned it.” Emma said, dramatically flipping her hair behind her shoulder.

That got Julie to let out bark of laughter, “Yeah,” I said, leaning back on my hands, “I guess I have you to thank for that, for “designing” me, or whatever.”

Emma waved her hands in front of her face, “No no! That’s not what I did! I mean, I was gonna, once you were all girlified, ya know? Give you something to work with. The spell was to change you into what you’d look like if you’d been born a girl. But you just came out like that.” She gestured to my chest, “Way more than I would have given you, anyway.”

“Oh.” I said, not really sure of what I should be feeling right now. Pride? Embarrassment?

“Isn’t that right Jules? She came out a beaut’, didn’t she?”

Her eyes quickly shot up to meet mine as I looked her way, “Hmm? Yeah, I’ll say.” Had she been staring at my chest?

“Anyway…” Emma snickered, “Your turn princess. Pick your poison.”

I figured it was time to start really playing the game, “Spell.” I said, pretty confidently, “Can’t do too much to me if it happens to you too.”

“You are not wrong my clever friend.” She said, stroking an imaginary beard, “But two can play this battle of wits! Bran, I need a spell that makes boobs two… Ah, fuck it. Three times bigger!”

Oh shit.

Bran slammed himself shut once, as if to clap, “You thought of my idea! I would SO give you a highfive right now if I had hands.” With that, he started flipping through his pages.

“That was… Actually pretty clever Ems. Ten points for Hufflepuff, “ Julie said, folding her arms.

“I’m a Slytherin and you KNOW it!” She said, placing a hand on the page, “And since I’m such a good sport, I’ll go first.” She let the magic soak into her arm the same way she did yesterday, illuminating her veins from behind her skin like neon. In a few seconds Emma’s chest had two little bumps poking from under her shirt, “Well so much for that, three times bigger and I’m what, and A cup now?” She cupped her little rack in her hands, trying to make them look bigger, “Oh well. Let’s see what it does for you!”

Her hand bolted out at me, catching my off guard and hitting me in the collarbone with a streak of blue lightning. I flinched backward, but it didn’t really feel like anything besides warm. The brief thought fluttered through my head that this was the first spell I’d actually felt being casted on me. The warmth from the spell moved to the center of my chest, right next to my heart, but then it moved *into* my breasts. Since I’ve only had them for a few days, I’d felt every little shift in mass so acutely, but *this.* This felt different.

The warmth turned to heat, and the heat turned to pleasure. I quickly recognized the feeling of arousal, but of course my body was way ahead of me and let out a little gasp without my permission. I looked down at my chest, surprised to find my hands already wrapped around my tits, each finger keenly aware of the flesh beneath it. I could even see a faint blue light right through my shirt, from the inside of each breast.

The next thing that happened happened very fast. If I could have attached a sound-effect to it, I think I would have chosen “BWORB”. My boobs swelled under my fingers, spreading them apart and pushing them out from my out and away from my chest. They were suddenly very heavy, and the material of Julie’s shirt felt very tight. There was absolutely no doubt that my nipples were sticking out like rockets.

These of course, were all things I picked up floating through the back of my mind, as at I was gripping each breast for dear life as two orgasms, one from each boob, surged through me mercilessly.

When the ordeal finally subsided I was lying on my back, a breast in each hand, *and what breasts they were*. They were clearly bigger than my head, and I wasn’t even going to try to guess the cup size. I sat up (with much effort) to see Julie staring at me with what looked like lust, and Emma cheering, pounding one fist in the air. God knows what kind of sounds I could have been making. I could feel my face flush with color if it wasn’t already.

“God damn, girl! I’ll have what she’s having! Why didn’t I get that?”

“Cast a boob spell without any boobs. Gee I wonder why it didn’t feel good.” Bran said, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

“Eh, fair enough.” Emma said, folding her arms under her small new additions. She then noticed the look on Julies face, and couldn’t help but grin, “You certainly seem to have enjoyed the show.”

Julie was caught off guard, still spaced out halfway between staring at me and my tits. She coughed awkwardly, shifting her weight on the spot, “Heh, kind of hard not to, right?”

Bran and Emma shared a little laugh, then Emma seemed to burst open, “Oh fuck it, this is too much fun. We totally made you a lesbian!”

“You what?!” Julie said frantically, her eyes darting between me and Emma.

“Come on, you seriously haven’t figured it out yet? Your eyes have been glued to Sam’s tits since your last turn, not that she’s helping with the free show, anyway.”

I looked down and realized my hands were still slowly hefting my nearly watermelon-sized breasts, and quickly made an effort to sit on them. Julie’s severely stretched shirt now only barely covered my underboob, and I would probably flash them if I lifted my arms above my shoulders.

“Oh like yours haven’t been.” She defended.

“Yeah, but I bet I didn’t enjoy it nearly as much. Bet you can’t look me in the face for the next 5 seconds.” She quickly said, her hands tugging at her shirt to show the clear outline of her brand new assets. Small as they may have been, the break in Julie’s gaze as her eyes shot down to glance at them was not at all subtle.

I let out a little chuckle, and Julie gave me a fierce look, “What?” I said, defensively, “Reminder that *one* *of us* has actually grown up as a straight teenage male, sitting in classes trying not to stare at the girls with the nice boobs a few rows up and hiding the occasional boner.” Her stare softened a little, “I guess it’s natural for you to look, since you didn’t have all those years to cultivate your willpower.” Just for fun, I shook my shoulders a little, letting the momentum carry down into my chest and watched Julie struggle hard to maintain eye contact and fail miserably. Emma joined me as I giggled.

“Anyway, my turn, and I pick Julie.”

“Uhh, okay. Dare then.”

Emma let out a raspberry “You’re no fun! You barely let us cast anything on you!”

“It’s fine Emma, she’ll like this one.” I said, grinning mischievously, “I dare you to touch ‘em.” I arched my back to push my chest forward, my nipples *incredibly* visible through the shirt. Julie’s eyes went wide, and Emma started laughing alongside Bran, “Come on, I know how much you want to. A few days ago I would have murdered someone in cold blood to get my hands on these.” I gave my shoulders another shake for emphasis.

She looked nervous, but slowly moved towards me all the same, her eyes becoming more drawn to my chest the closer she got, “Are you sure?” She said, her hands already held out towards me.

“At least 10 seconds.” I said, mimicking Emma’s tone from earlier. It was so strange having everyone pay so much attention to the things on my chest, like they always came into the room before I did, yet on the other hand I totally understand why. I kind of had the same feeling looking at other girls, like, why do I care so much about some lumps of fat? But then I’d stare anyway. My train of thought crashed like the Hindenburg as Julie’s hands wrapped around either side of my boobs.

*Her hands.* It was like all of me was being cradled in her embrace. I had the urge to close my eyes and enjoy it, but I just had to see the look on her face. I wasn’t disappointed, as she was completely enraptured, her eyes dancing over every inch of the flesh in her hands, gently groping and making them bounce. I never had this problem as a guy, but it was becoming *really* hard not to let out little gasps all the time, like I couldn’t control my reactions to being touched.

“Ohh- Okay.” I said, retreating a little bit, and at the same time feeling a little sad that her hands were gone, “I think that’s enough.”

“I’ll say.” Emma barked, “Get a room you two. *Seriously you’d be so cute together.”* She added in a half-whisper. I let out a nervous laugh.

“What?” Julie said, having not quite heard it.

“Nothin’. You’re up Lesbo.”

Julie put her game face on, “Alright shortstack. You.”

“Spell.” She said clearly, holding her arms out to either side, “Hit me with your best shot!”

My head darted back and forth between them, it was like watching two puppies playing.

Julie tapped her fingers on her chin, “Decisions decisions… Any suggestions from the audience?”

“Give her a tail!” Bran shouted.

I followed up with “How about a huge ass to match the hips?”

“Close…” She said, still musing, “How about something to bring her down a notch? Literally.” She held her hands a little apart in front of her face, looking at Emma from in-between them, “How about… Six inches tall?”

“Can Bran even do that?” Emma asked, sounding more curious than worried.

“Ohh! I haven’t done a whole person before, just body parts one at a time.” His cover fell open to smack his crystal eye into the carpet, his pages opening to a blank page where swirling symbols began to entwine through each other, “It needs to make a new spell, but it should be simple enough.”

“Huh. Alright then.” Emma said, apparently nonplussed at the fate in store for her.

I was a little taken aback at her lack of concern, “Aren’t you even a little scared? That’s like, *really* tiny.”

She waved her hand at me, “P’shaw. I’ve seen The Borrowers and Arrietty like, a hundred times. This’ll be cake.”

The shining blue swirling patterns stopped moving, locking themselves into the position of the new spell, and Emma pulled the book towards her to place her hand on it, “Bottoms up! Or down, I guess.”

A second later Emma’s whole body was suffused with blue light, and it only took a few moments before she dissolved downwards into her clothing, until only a shirt remained in a wrinkled pile on the carpet.

Julie and I leaned in for a closer look, even Bran’s spine tilted towards her, seeing the small disturbance under the shirt. I could hear her muffled voice from under the shirt “I thought my shirts were big on me before!” To my surprise and disappointment, her voice hadn’t gotten any higher pitched, just lower in volume. She finally popped out from her collar and took a big gulp of air, only to realize that she was now completely naked. Then, letting out an “EEP”, she darted back into the ocean of cloth, hiding behind it like a shower curtain.

“DAANG!” She said, craning her neck to look up at Julie and I, “You two look HUUUUGE!” Her head made a notable jerk downwards in my direction, “And so do those two! Jesus it’s like an *actual* *canyon.”*

After Julie’s gaze followed Emma’s, I pulled the shirt up a little, shielding about two inches of cleavage, only to let their undersides hang uncovered. The extra mass that Emma stuck me with plus the amount of material I was working with meant that at least 50% of my boobs had to be showing at any given time. For a moment I thought about taking Emma’s shirt, before realizing there was NO way her shirt was going to fit if Julie’s didn’t.

“Hey Bran, you have a spell to shrink clothes or something?”

“I promise to use my next turn to give you some clothes.” He said, clearly trying to goad her into giving him another chance to pick a spell for her. I had the feeling that if he had fingers they’d be crossed.

“Hah! Yeah right I’d let you pick a spell. What about you two?” She called up to us, “Little help?”

Julie and I looked at each other, grinned simultaneously, then replied at the same time.

“Nope.”

“Not a chance.”

Emma let out a reluctant sigh, “FIIIIINNNNE. Bran, your turn. Uhh.” She sunk a little further into her shirt thinking of a question for him, “What’s the worst spell anyone’s ever cast on you? Before you were a book I mean.”

He didn’t have to think very hard, “Easy,” He said, his cover facing her, but his eye wandering into space like he was experiencing a flashback, “It was a hex my former master used on my while I was still an apprentice. Even then I was already showing signs of my…” He paused, “particular breed of spellcraft. And while he was known for the occasional kinky hijinks, He didn’t approve. Said it was “Disruptive and distracting to my serious studies.”.

We all found ourselves listening intently, Emma’s tiny chin resting in her tiny hands as she leaned in, all of us with looks of wonder on our faces.

“After I’d been caught trying to steal some of his arcane powder for a particularly tricky body swapping spell, he turned the whole thing against me. He made the most impressive golem I had ever seen in an afternoon, though you’d think it was just some unconscious girl with some magically enhanced parts. I swear his talents were wasted on geomancy; we could have been quite the team if he would have used any of my ideas. Anyway, he used my own swapping spell on me and stuck me inside of it.”

“I don’t know what kind of spells he put on the thing, but I was insatiable. It was the first time I’d been in a female body, and it almost turned me off of it for good. It couldn’t get tired, never got hungry, was *constantly* horny, no, wrong word. In HEAT, and no matter WHAT I did I couldn’t cum.”

We all gasped. What a horrible thing! I was suddenly grateful of my experience with my new body.

“Didn’t really have a way to escape either, golems can’t do magic y’know. I’m sure he explained to me what his reasoning was for that particular punishment, but he really should have waited to put me in it *after* he’d explained it, since I couldn’t understand a word he was saying with me having already started frantically masturbating. Probably something about trying to tire it out of me. If anything he made me worse; the *things* I learned from that golem afterwards…”

There was a tense silence in the room for a few moments before he continued speaking.

“Anyway, fast forward two weeks and he finds me some tavern on the edge of town still trying to get off, except with a line out the door eager for their turn to lend a hand.”

Another communal gasp, and Julie sputtered sounding dire “They raped you?”

“Oh no,” he seemed to wave off, “I was BEGGING for it. Literally. And that’s why the spell was so bad. The golem body wanted it, so I wanted it. I *needed* it. I don’t think I took my hands off of myself for the whole time I was in there. Looking back I’m just glad he designed it not to feel pain, it all just registered as more pleasure. A lot of those guys liked that kind of stuff.” After another period of silence, he made a kind of shrug, “So there.”

“That’s not cool man.” Emma said, shaking her head.

“If it makes you feel any better I got him back a few years later. Before I ran away to start my practice I siphoned the flesh-memory from the golem, I guess you could call it downloading, and weaved it into a nostalgia spell that lets you relive old memories.”

“You didn’t…” I said, predicting the end of the story myself, but still leaning forward to hear the conclusion.

“He didn’t know what hit him. In real time it was probably about fourteen seconds, but he saw and felt every bit of those two weeks that I did, except not able to control any of it, stuck as a spectator through the eyes of the sex-golem.”

“Damn dude. You hardcore.” Emma said, flatly.

“Damn straight.” He said, brushing it off, “Your pick Emma.”

“Spell. But remember your promise, Emma gets clothes.” She said, still from behind the collar of her normal-sized shirt.

Bran nudged himself as close to the shirt as he could before lying flat, still quite a long ways away from Emma’s perspective.

“Uhh, think you could tilt this way a little?”

Bran laughed “You’ve gotta meet me half way on this one, girl.”

Emma mumbled what must have been an insult under her breath. “It’s okay Emma, I won’t look. I don’t know about Julie though, since you seem to have lezzed her up good.”

“Shut up.” Julie laughed heartily and elbowed me, before putting her palm in front of her eyes. I did the same, “You’re good to go, Ems.”

We heard the sound of rustling clothes, then Emma grunting. Looking through the tiniest slit in my fingers, I saw that she was having some trouble navigating the shag rug at her size, which to her was a fuzzy white jungle of brambles. Now that I saw her standing up, the huge hips that Julie had spelled upon her were much more noticeable, even in her diminutive state. The top of each thigh must have looked as big as her old hips were altogether, and her stride had been altered considerably by the new mass. Once she was onto the book, she walked over to one spell in particular, which glowed strongly as she passed over it, lighting her from beneath.

“Now what?” She called up, still standing naked on the page with the spell finished casting.

Bran seemed to cause his page to rumble slightly as he spoke, as the tiny girl had some trouble staying upright with her hands covering her fun bits, “Say what kind of clothes you want.”

“Comfortable pajama pants and a baggy T shirt!” Emma practically screamed, before it appeared around her, forming from little wisps of blue light, “Cool.”

That was our signal to lower our makeshift blindfolds, though I expect Julie had been watching along with me the whole time as well. Bran rumbled from beneath her again, “And a big purple strap-on!”

The magic made it so, and Emma was soon wielding a rubber dong attached to a harness around her waist nearly the size of the actual one she was stuck with until this morning, adjusted to her miniature size.

Julie, Bran and I laughed. She even laughed along while she struggled to remove the harness, “Damn you got me good!” The straps finally fell, and as soon as the purple dick felt it was no longer attached, it dissolved into the bright blue mist once more, “Easy come easy go.” She shrugged.

“Big purple strap-on.” Bran said again, and the shrunken dick was tied once more to Emma’s shrunken hips.

“Hah… Very funny.” She said, working again to untie the straps. Again the rubber toy vanished into the mist, “How long before the spell stops taking requests?”

“It doesn’t.” Bran said gleefully, “That’s the spell.” Bran slowly lifted himself off the carpet and hovered over between me and Julie, Emma riding him like a parade float. He tilted himself towards us, and Emma slid quite ungracefully back onto the carpet she had worked so hard to escape, “Would either of you like the play dress-up with your new Barbie?”

Julie shouted out before we had a chance to confer, “Nothing but a thong and nipple pasties!”

Again her full form was revealed as Emma’s comfy afternoon clothes vanished in an instant, replaced by only the thinnest strips of cloth covering only the most essential areas, and only barely. Her hands tried to cover herself again, “HEY! A robe! A comfortable robe!”

A fuzzy black robe materialized around her, but I wasn’t going to let that be the last of our fun, “A skimpy French maid’s outfit!” Again her outfit rearranged itself and Emma was glaring up at both of us from inside a poofy black and white maid’s outfit that was trying its best to show off all of her interesting parts.

She pointed a feather duster that she hadn’t realized materialized in her hand at me to shout, “I’LL REMEMBER THIS, I- AH!” She saw the object in her hand and reacted to it with utter revulsion, and it dissolved as soon as it left her grip.

Julie laughed at her little display, “Aww, don’t lose your duster! I’m sure we could think of a few places it could reappear if we returned it to you.”

Emma stared up at Julie for a long time before she finally said, “Your turn, Julie.”

“Ahhah. Okay.” She said, wiping tears from her eyes, “Dare then.”

She looked a Julie hard, over to me, then back to Julie, grinning, “You have to sleep with Sam tonight. Without removing any of the spells you have on you.” She looked back over to me, like she was telling me the rules as well, “You don’t have to do anything, you just have to sleep in the same bed.”

Me and Julie looked at each other, shrugged, and agreed.

“Okay then, that’s settled. I pick Sam this turn. I have an idea, so it would make me suuuper happy if you picked spell…” She gave me her best puppy dog eyes, and it only made me laugh.

“How could I refuse? Spell then.”

“Yes!” She cheered, then leaned down towards Emma, still donning the maids dress, “You can totally change out of that if you want now. Comfortable pajama pants and a T shirt.”

Emma thanked her as her clothes reformed yet again, and Julie leaned her chin all the way down to the carpet and covered Emma completely with her hand, whispering a secret to her. When she lifted her hand Emma looked elated, “This is why we’re friends!” She shouted, making her way through the carpet towards the book, “BRAN! We’ve got a spell to make!”

After several minutes of sitting quietly while Julie Emma and Bran all colluded against me, they apparently had come up with a spell. Once Emma had cast it on me by standing on top of the page again, they all looked towards me as if waiting for something.

“How do you feel?” Julie said, sounding excited.

“Fine?” I shrugged “The same? I don’t know.”

The two girls giggled, then Julie said “You feel like you want to take off your shirt, right?”

I kind of did, it had gotten uncomfortably hot in the room, and I felt a little confined, “Sort of. Yeah. You guys mind?”

They both shook their heads wildly as Bran watched contentedly. Lifting the garment over my head, my breasts slapped heavily against my ribs when the shirt lost its grip on them. Emma had really done a number on them. I could barely even see my legs when I looked down, then again, I would much rather be looking at these anyway.

“So what was the spell supposed to do?” I asked while Emma and Julie gawked openly at my chest, “Uhh, guys? You’re weirding me out a little here.”

As Julie was too busy staring for words, Emma answered instead, “You’ll find out in a minute. Besides, you like it when people look at your boobs.”

I did like it, a warm tingly feeling that felt something like pride was dancing inside of me as their gaze crept up and down my chest, but it still felt like something was strange in here, like I was being left out of the joke, “Come on guys, tell me!”

“You want to masturbate *right now*!” Bran said suddenly.

“Woah! Too far!” Julie shouted as my hand was making its way under my panties. Of course I wanted to, I’ve been doing it every day since I became a girl, doing it in a different place wouldn’t matter that much, they’d probably like starting at my boobs while I did it, “You want to wait until later to do that.” Julie insisted, and suddenly the idea of jilling myself stupid in my room that night felt much more appealing than doing it here in the library.

“Why is everyone looking at me like that?” I said, confused.

“Okay, we should tell her.” Julie said.

“No fun!” Emma pouted, crossing her arms in her little nest of carpet.

Julie put a hand on my shoulder, “We kind of hypnotized you.”

“What? What’d you make me do? I don’t remember blacking out.”

It felt a little absurd. I mean I had been here the whole time!

“You know you took your shirt off, right?”

“Well yeah, it was getting uncomfortable.” I said, still not understanding her point.

“You took it off because we told you to. Whenever we tell you something you will do or feel whatever it is we tell you.”

“What? Wh-what are you going to make me do?”

Emma called up from her spot, “I think it would be more fun if you figured it out! Now you want to pinch your nipples. It will feel really good!”

My hands reached up to my breasts just as my brain thought it. It was like my nipples were begging for attention! My fingers wrapped tightly around them and tugged hard, lifting a great deal of my tits weight off of my chest as a feeling of fulfillment washed over me. *God* that had felt good.

“Sorry, I just felt like… I really needed that.” I said “But you guys like looking anyway, right?” I said, making no effort to cover myself, “I know I like it.” I basked in their stares like a sunbather.

Emma called up to us again in a quick little voice, “You want to pinch Julie’s nipples!”

“Wha-AGH!” Julie said, my hands already having taken what they wanted from the nubs on her chest, her shirt now having two little wrinkles on her chest.

“Oh!” I said, laughing a little, “Sorry about that. Did Emma make me do that?”

“Yeah.” She spat coldly, giving Emma an evil glare, “You can take your turn now.”

“Oh yeah. Well, Emma obviously.”

“Why obviously? Spell, by the way. Why not pick on Julie at all? She barely has any changes still.”

Bran floated closer to her spot on the floor in preparation for the spell, “Maybe because she’s not stupid enough to pick spell every single time.”

“Well excuse me for not being a COWARD!” She said grinning wildly, jumping up and trying to maintain her footing on the uneven jungle of carpet. I shot Julie a conspiratory glance, “This should be fun. Make your boobs the same size as Julie’s are now.”

“That’s it? Even more boob spells? You’ve got to work on your creativity. Get over here Bran.” She said, clambering over the thick braids of carpet to climb onto him once he’d found the right spell.

Everyone but Emma seemed to understand what was going to happen, but we all just smiled quietly to ourselves as Emma absorbed the spell Bran had presented to her into herself, glowing lightly with a blue aura.

“I don’t see what you guys are- WOAH! Fuck!” In Emma’s perspective, her chest ballooned into the loose shirt Julie had spelled onto her, but very quickly outgrew it, causing it to stretch further and further until they could no longer cover them, becoming pulled up over them. She couldn’t even wrap her arms around them anymore they were so far gone. It didn’t make sense, these were way bigger than Julie’s! She struggled to remain on her feet until the weight was too much, causing her to topple forwards onto the carpet, buffeted by her two massive airbags. They spanned out in front of her so far out of her reach, already bigger than her entire body but still feeling the carpet slide against the bottom of them as they continued to grow.

When she finally felt them stop, she was easily ten times more boob than girl, completely anchored to the ground by their weight, and even stuck standing up with her feet barely touching the floor, supported by the giant masses.

“What the DICKS?!”

To me and Julie, it looked like two generously-sized disembodied breasts sitting on the carpet with an Emma attached to one side. Satisfied, I took a peak at Julie’s boobs, then carefully placed my hand on one of Emma’s

“Yep, they’re about the same size now.” I laughed, and Julie and Bran joined in.

“HEY! Hands off!” She yelled as she squirmed, trying with all her might to move even an inch of their gargantuan weight.

“Aww, are they sensitive?” Julie said, bringing a hand down and quickly tweaking a boob, causing Emma to squeal loudly.

“Stop that! Yes they are! Play with your own nipples!”

I laughed at Emma’s predicament, until I let out a little coo as something started toying with my chest. Looking down I saw my own hands pinching and pulling at my little pink nubs, causing them to grow even harder than the already exposed flesh had been.

Julie giggled, “I think she meant me Sam, get your hands off your boobs.”

At her command I was able to remove my hands, and my brain started expanding on what other things they could do to me with this hypnosis thing.

Julie yawned, “I’m getting a little tired. I think I’m gonna head up for the night.”

“What?! We just started, and you’ve barely got a scratch on you!”

Julie shot me a look with half lidded eyes, her intention clear on her face. Oh.

I threw my arms in the air, really pushing a stretch and a yawn, “Yeah, I’m feeling it too. We have to sleep together tonight anyway, right?” I stood up, making Emma look even smaller and more ridiculous attached to the huge boobs on the floor.

I quickly thought up a distraction; a question Emma wouldn’t dare answer truthfully, “Hey Emma, did growing those huge boobs turn you on?”

“Of course not! OOOH!” She collapsed into her own cleavage with one hand between her legs and another clutching at as much of a breast as she could, her knees instantly buckling under her as a lie-induced orgasm that she was not ready for crashed into her with the force of a bomb.

I looked up at Julie, who had an utterly bemused expression on her face, “I think that’s a sufficient enough distraction. Shall we head upstairs?” I said (if I might say so) quite smoothly, standing up and holding my elbow out to her.

When she was about to ask about Emma I waved it off, “Tell you later. Let’s head upstairs.”

Excitement flashed across her face for a moment before she glanced down at my chest again, giving me more warm tingles, and looking quizzical, “Don’t you want to get your normal ones back?”

I looked down at them, as they obscured nearly all of my vision of the floor, then looked back up at Julie “Well, do you like them like this? At least right now?”

“We’ll yeah, but that’s because of Emma’s sp-“

“Then I’ll keep them.” I hopped on my heels a little, making them bounce. More stares. More tingles.

Julie smiled at me. The entire conversation had been happening over Emma’s moans as she came on the carpet, but her cries had finally died down. She got to her feet and shouted at us as we walked out of the room.

“TOM, YOU-“

Julie’s voice quickly cut her off, “A ball gag. And some comfortable handcuffs.” She added hastily, and Emma’s voice was no more, only more grunts and stifled shouts. Julie called over her shoulder again, “She’s all yours for the night, Bran!”

As we turned down the hallway we heard Brans low voice add with elation, “And a vibrator!” followed by more muffled moans.

Chapter 9

Julie and I faced each other, sitting on our knees on top of her bed.

“So…” I said, awkwardly.

“So…” She said in return. You could cut the tension with a dull butter knife.

“Oh, right.” Julie piped up, “This should be interesting. Become aware of your hypnosis.” She said it like it was something I could just do, but right as she said it, it was so.

The past few minute’s events rolled through my head again, this time with the veil of Julie’s spell lifted. I instinctively tried to cover my chest, but pulled my hands down forcefully and laughing to myself, “No point covering them now, I guess. Haha… So I just have to do everything you say?”

“Basically.”

“That’s really kinky. Like mind bondage.”

“That’s one way to look at it, yeah.”

“I guess it works…” I was looking around her room, slowly realizing that this was the first time I had actually been inside of an actual girl’s room. There was a lot less pink than I envisioned.

“You guess?” She said, almost insulted, “How about you spread your legs.”

My legs shot apart immediately, leaving my panties quite open. It was different this time; I knew what was happening, but I couldn’t do anything about it. My body reacted to her command before I even registered what it was. I closed my legs again, but I think I was only able due to her command having not specified leaving them open.

“Heh… Yeah. Definitely works.”

Julie leaned in close to me and whispered, “You want to hear all the ideas I had?” Her eyes were sparkling, even in the dim light of her room.

“You want to tell me! OoooOOOOooooh.” I fake commanded her, waving my fingers at her like some TV hypnotist.

She laughed, scooting to the edge of her bed and dangling her legs over the side, “Well, for starters, give me a lap dance.”

Again my body reacted to her command, gracefully gliding off the bed and placing myself in front of her, between her open thighs, before I started gyrating on the spot to music neither of us could hear. It was strange having my body do things that I wouldn’t have been able to do if I wasn’t commanded to, but Julie seemed to like my performance as I cupped my breasts tantalizingly in front of her face, so I wasn’t going to complain.

As we reached a part of the performance where my body was determined to show Julie every last inch of my ass, she said something, “You feel more pleasure the longer you dance.”

At her words the low heat that had been resting in my belly since she asked me upstairs began to simmer and rise slowly, “Woah, okay.”

“What is it?”

My body went on as I talked, “That just feels… Well it feels good. Like a warm hug good. But deeper. Lower.”

“The pleasure builds twice as fast.”

The change in the growing heat was noticeable as it began to climb faster, practically throbbing along with my heartbeat to every part of me, “That’s… Wow…”

“Is it good?” She was staring at my crotch as my hips did things I’d only seen in YouTube videos in front of her.

“Yeah.” I gasped, trying to control my breathing “I… I think if this keeps going at this rate I’m gonna…”

“Yeah?” She said, seeming to actually hear me this time instead of just stare at my hips.

“Yeah.” I chuckled as I saw her through the space in my breasts while my body twirled away, “You’re gonna stop it before then, right?”

The dance went on, the bubbling pulses growing into palpable waves of arousal.

“Julie…”

“Shh… Just tell me when you’re close.” Her voice was low, soft. She watched me as I turned and turned, my body coming up with more and more intricate movements as the pleasure built and built.

The wave was growing under me, and all I could do was feel the great power beneath it carry me on an ocean of sensation. I could see it in my mind so clearly, the wave cresting and crashing over me, taking me down, down into that ocean of pleasure. I could almost feel it already.

“Julie…”

She was watching my face carefully. The wave was almost upon me, so close to tossing me into that sweet abyss. It was so much bigger than me. It just barely started to curl into a thunderous crashing tsunami.

“Julie I’m gonna… I’M-!”

“Stop dancing.”

And just like that the dancing stopped, and so the building pleasure stopped, and so the wave lost power and sank back down into a muddled sea of promised sensation.

I nearly fell over as I regained control of my body, but managed not to by bracing an arm against the bed beside her “You are EVIL! I was SO CLOSE!” I said, not meaning for my voice to come out with so much need.

“Relax.” She ran a hand through my hair as I recovered. It felt so nice, “The night is young. And you wanted to see all my ideas, right?”

I blew a lock of hair out of my face and lugged myself back onto the bed, then gave her a smile, “Alright, what’s next on the “Lets torture Sam” Menu.”

“Well,” She grinned, “you feel a perfectly thick dildo deep inside of you.”

“EEP!” I let out the girliest sound I’d ever heard myself make as my pussy was very suddenly very full, “I… What. What the hell, Julie?” It was like I was too full to speak. Any sort of movement gave me a very clear of a reminder of how I could be penetrated, and to what level. I dropped my hand down to my panties, but of course I was perfectly fine, all closed up even. It was all inside my head. But why did my head have to be so god damned *convincing?*

“Oh, you know better than that. It’s all up here.” She tapped the side of her head with her finger, “You feel it vibrate for the next five seconds.”

Of course her words were so, and so I was on her bed, crouching over as much as the sensation permitted with my eyes shut tight, enduring the torturously pleasurable vibrations that felt like my soul was being penetrated.

“You feel the dildo gone.” She said, laughing all the way.

I gasped on the bed, trying to un-remember being so incredibly full, “Can we not play the part of the game that’s just trying to make me cum in creative ways?”

She laughed again, “Sorry. What do you want to do?”

I hadn’t even thought about it. And then of course, as soon as the possibilities of this power opened up in front of me, they went to where such things often did.

“Can you make my boobs bigger? Or smaller, or whatever?”

“Technically no, but I can make you think they are. And feel it. And all that good stuff. Basically I’ll just see you hallucinating.”

“So…”

Her sigh came with a smile, “Fiiine. You feel your boobs growing.” She seemed to be watching my reactions intently.

Of course looking down at them, the already ridiculous mounds on my chest had begun growing again, this time slow enough to appreciate. I sunk my fingers into them and felt the skin slowly spread them apart. Julie looked as focused on them as I did.

“So you don’t see this?” I said, hefting the slowly growing orbs. They were starting to become quite heavy.

“What, see you fondling yourself? Yes I see that. But if they’re growing for you, have fun, I can’t see it.”

They were still swelling, and by this point could already reach my lap if I leaned down enough.

“Wow… Okay, you can stop them now.”

A fiendish little smile lit up her features, “Why?”

I shot her a look, “Come on, if you’re going to give me a pair too big to walk, at least make them real.” I said, only half joking.

“Alright, I’ll remember that. Don’t you feel your boobs stop growing. So how big are they now?”

“They’re practically sitting in my lap.” I said, my hands still pinned under them, feeling their warm weight through my palms.

“On this side you’re still just playing with the ones on your chest. Funny how that works, huh? Your boobs are back to normal. Err, three times normal.”

It was an odd sensation, feeling my breasts spring back to their original perky size, only to swell up again a moment later as she made her correction to the size Emma had made them.

“Hey,” She said, bringing my attention back up from my bare chest, “how about a treat? You see my boobs grow when you tell them to.”

The implications of her words took a second for me to process. I looked from her face, down to her chest and back, “You just want me to-?”

“Go for it. It’s all in your head, and I thought it might be fun for you.”

Reassured, I tested out my new power, “Uhh, Julie’s boobs, grow twice as big!”

All at once her chest bounced outward, lifting the hem of her shirt up a little. She just smiled at me, amused by my expression.

“How do they look?” She said, giving her shoulders a little shake, causing her great handfuls to wobble tantalizingly on her chest.

“They were already amazing.” I tried to squeeze how much I really meant it into those few words, “Now they’re just more amazing.”

“Aww, that’s so sweet. Hang on, I want to try something. Make them bigger.”

“Bigger? Like, how much?” I wondered what she had in mind.

“I don’t care, as much as you want. Go crazy.”

I laughed nervously, “Uh, alright then. Julie’s boobs, get three times bigger than you are now.”

Julie’s chest jiggled obscenely as a much more bountiful wave of growth swept over her breasts, sending them past the realm of believable and into the land of fantasy. Each was about as big as a beach ball, though still somehow maintained the perfect curve and swell of her natural size.

She giggled again, “Okay, I can tell by your face that worked. Let me just…“ She inched herself forward on the bed, moving closer to me as I watched her expanded mounds jostle around ridiculously. Once she was right in front of me, she pushed her chest towards me, “Okay, now I want you to touch them.”

I was dumbstruck, “Uhh…”

“Really, go ahead. Play with them all you want.”

Hesitantly, I lifted my hand and brought it up to the lower curve of her left breast. It was so incredibly warm and soft, and even with the smallest amount of force I was using my fingers sunk into it.

Hearing no protest, my other hand joined the first, gently hefting their massive weights. It was like I held the reason for life itself in my hands, pulsing with the essence of all that was good in the world. Several minutes went by like that, me relishing every moment of contact with her chest, and her simply enamored by my reactions.

After what felt like such a short time, she stopped me and started laughing, “Okay, that’s just too funny.” When she saw the confusion on my face she continued, “I’ve been sitting here watching you fondle the air in front of me for the past five minutes and you had this look on your face like you were savoring a last meal.”

“I… That wasn’t even…” My mind struggled with the conflict of sensation. I had clearly touched her, reveled in her bounty, and yet it had all been in my head, “So I didn’t even…”

She plainly stated the command to make her imaginary breasts shrink back to regular size from my perspective, then addressed me in my dazed stupor, “You didn’t even touch me. Well, you kind of grazed me once, but I doubt you even felt it.” I sat there speechless for a good while before she grabbed me by the shoulders and hoisted me off the bed, “Okay, next game. Stand… here.” She positioned me in the center of the room, then sat back down on the edge of the bed.

Okay now…” She held her forefinger and thumb out in front of her with both hands as if to frame a scene, sticking her tongue out like she was pretending to focus, “Now, sexy pose!”

My body moved without me, shifting my hips to the side and pulling my shoulder in front of my chest to cover most of them. My legs were spread just enough to be interesting, and my face was making a pouty expression that I don’t think I’ve ever had to make.

“You’re perfect darling, the camera loves you! Sexy pose!”

Again my body changed stance, spreading my legs a good ways apart and placing my hands on my hips, my fingers tugging on the strings of my panties. I felt myself bite down gently on my lower lip.

“You’re gonna be a star kid! Now let’s see more of those tits! Sexy pose!”

This continued for pose after pose, my body shaping itself into the most erotic positions it could manage, with Julie making comments and wolf whistles all the while. Finally, after preforming a split, which I did not know I was even able to do, she called out, “Alright, that’s a wrap everyone, take five.”

My body was once again back in my control, and it nearly fell over like a limp noodle after all that posing. I started laughing, finally able to express myself again, “Well that was different.”

“You could totally be a model, as long as I’m there to tell you to be sexy, anyway.”

I got back up and plopped myself down next to her on the bed, and she playfully punched me in the shoulder.

“I’m surprised you didn’t try anything, me all vulnerable and unable to move…” I sarcastically fluttered my eyelashes at her.

“Hah. Yeah. Wouldn’t that be something?” She said it completely straight faced, looking me dead in the eye.

I squinted my eyes at her in a suspicious look, “You aren’t going to-“

“Freeze.”

My body stopped again, though this time sitting comfortably on the bed, my mouth half open mid-sentence. She moved around the bed on her knees until she was sitting behind me, her legs open on either side of me. I couldn’t see what she was doing, but the next moment I felt her hands cup my naked boobs and it felt as I had been struck by lightning.

She started slowly kneading them, up and down, pressing them into each other, teasing my nipples with the faintest of touches while she went on in the most innocent voice “Oh no, I would never take advantage of you while you “all vulnerable”.” She tweaked my nipples, and I know if I could have moved I would have squealed.

She reached her hands down towards mine, letting my breasts fall free only for a moment before she mashed my hands against them. When she released my wrists my hands stayed perfectly in place, pressing my tits up and out like some pinup model.

“Hold those for me will ya’?.” She said, her fingers dancing across my back, slowly moving downward and around towards my hips, “I need my hands for a sec.”

She continued her slow teasing, running her fingers up and down my thighs and down between my legs *just* above my clit. I was going crazy trapped inside my own body as she assaulted me with sensations.

Suddenly she stopped and laughed, “Wait, I have an idea. Excuse me.” She said, grabbing one of my hands and letting my left breast fall, my right still being pushed up by the other. She rearranged my arm until I was holding my hand out in front of my face pointing at the ceiling with one finger.

She held my hand in both of hers, like she was holding a prized jewel, and looked right into my eyes.

She let out another giggle, “You’re gonna love this. This finger is now your most sensitive erogenous zone.” I felt a strange tingle flutter up my arm from my finger, but other than that didn’t feel anything. Then, giving me a mischievous look, she very slowly pursed her lips and blew a cool breath of air over it.

My immobilization was the only thing preventing the moan I so much wanted to release. Everything from the knuckle up was swarming with even the most acute sensations, my mind grasping at anything that it could perceive as touch.

She inched her head the slightest bit forward and pressed her lips against the side of my finger. Instantly I was reminded of the sensations I used to receive from my penis, but as if they were multiplied a hundred times. She extended her tongue and gave a long, slow lick up the side of my formerly normal digit, and my mind screamed.

Mercifully or torturously, I couldn’t tell which, she completely engulfed my finger all the way up to the knuckle in her warm, wet mouth. I had never had a blowjob as a guy, but I can’t imagine it being better than this. It was like she had taken my entire consciousness into her mouth and was swirling her tongue around it, playing with it as she pleased.

The sensations she was making me feel may have been fake, but I could feel myself building towards a very real orgasm as her lips slid up and down the length of my finger, looking me straight in the eyes all the time.

Right as I was nearing the point of no return, she released my finger, now completely drenched in a shiny gloss of her saliva, “You can talk now.”

“AAAaauhhhhh~” I sighed deeply, letting out the pent up moans my throat hadn’t been able to express, “Oh my god. That was… I can’t…”

“Pretty good huh.” She gave my finger a quick peck of a kiss, “Anyway, it’s time for the main event! Your finger is back to normal.” I didn’t have time for the relief to wash over me before she said, “Your entire body is twice as sensitive to pleasure.”

She leaned in close to my ear, even her breath against my skin was sending sparks all throughout my body, “And now that you’ve seen what my tongue can do…”

She moved slowly downwards, giving me little kisses on my neck, my collarbone, my breasts… I couldn’t control my moans as they escaped my throat in time with her ministrations.

“Now I want you to promise you’re not going to try and escape if I let you move, okay?”

The promise of being able to ride the sensations in my own body was something I couldn’t refuse, “Yes, yes! Please!”

“That’s the kind of begging I like to hear. Unfreeze.”

As soon as she said it I fell backwards onto the soft sheets of her bed, feeling them with so much more keenly with my sensitive skin. With me sufficiently incapacitated, her lips continued their downward journey, moving from my breasts, down my stomach, lower… lower…

Her tongue made contact with my clit and I nearly came right then.

“Woah now… You’re not getting off that easy. Pun intended. You can’t cum until I tell you to.”

I gasped at her command as her head dove back down between my legs to continue her work, immediately turning me into a quivering moaning mess. She licked and lapped, sending me sensations that I would never have been able to imagine.

Coming up for air, she kept one hand gently massaging my nethers as she spoke, “So, better than a vibrator?”

“Oh my god yes.” I spat out instantly, causing her to laugh.

“Well it’s about to get a lot better.” She flashed a wicked smile, “You feel a tongue licking between your legs.”

The sensation was immediate, and once more the wave grew under me as the impossibly slippery tongue rolled over my most intimate place. I rolled backwards onto the bed.

“OH! Fuck… That feels so real… Oh…” I was out of words. Julie wasn’t.

“Of course this is all happening in your head, but why on earth should that mean that it isn’t real?” She was joking with me, just like we used to. There was something comforting about that, “Anyway, real is good, but *unreal* is better. You feel four more tongues licking along with the first one.”

As the already gratifying tongue quintupled its sensation I squealed with delight. It was almost too much to stand. I began to reach my hands down to add to the sensation, no longer caring about what I looked like or who was there, but Julie caught my arms and held them above my head, straddling my hips with hers as she stared into my eyes.

“I want to watch it happen.” She said, still looking at me, “I want you to look into my eyes as it happens, okay?”

I nodded vigorously. The wave had returned, and felt as if it was a hairs’ breadth away from crashing at any second.

As the five tongues lapped greedily at my pussy, pressing themselves into me, sucking on my clit, I felt like I was slowly slipping into madness. My brain briefly shot back to Bran’s story and I felt a new level of empathy for him.

“Shhh.” She said, her hair dangling just above my face as I thrashed under her, my movements causing even her breasts to jiggle with my fury.

“Please… Please…” I begged, putting as much need into my eyes as I could, not able to express my anguish with words.

She looked deeply into my eyes, deeper than anyone ever cared to, and I saw something. I don’t know what it was, a flicker of… Compassion? Lust? It reminded me of the sparks that flew from the spellbook and I wasn’t sure if it was a good thing. It was there for a split second but I was sure at that moment that I had seen Julie’s soul. The following moment was just as intimate, but a lot more gratifying.

With the voice of an angel she spoke, “Cum.”

At last the wave crashed over me, around me, through me. It took me deeper into the ocean of pleasure than I’d ever cared to dive, and then took me further. My body didn’t feel like it was supposed to be capable of this level of sensation as it squirmed and writhed with the pulses and jolts of sensation, Julie’s hands holding me all the way.

And then I realized it wasn’t, and sunk like a rock into unconsciousness.

Chapter 10

I awoke to a scuffling outside of my door. I sat up slowly, trying not to wake the slumbering form of Sam beside me. Just looking at the curve of her hip under the covers made me feel all warm inside. She was so adorable, the way she conked out last night after she came *once*. I would have woken her up but she looked so serene like that.

The scuffling noise repeated itself, instead sounding more like an intentional knocking.

“Shh!” I carefully extracted myself from the covers and pulled on one of my overly large T shirts. It was probably Emma dicking around with Bran again, and I usually end up naked when that happens anyway.

“What is it? Oh, hi Bran.” Bran floated a few feet off the floor and looked up at me with his crystal eye. The scuffling must have been him attempting to knock.

“Emma requests your presence.”

“Umm okay. Is there a reason she sent up her butler to fetch me instead of walking up here herself?”

“You’ll see in a minute. She’s back to normal size now, anyway.” With that he floated off down the hall towards the library.

“Oh. Good then.” I followed him down the hall. When we arrived at the library my jaw dropped.

“Bran?! What the hell?! I thought you put her back to normal!”

“I said she was normal *size.”* He corrected matter-of-factly.

Yeah, Emma was back to normal size. But the “actual size” boobs that we’d stuck on her miniaturized form last night had scaled back up with her, causing her breasts to now take up most of the space in the room. The gag that I’d stuck her with was still there, as well as the handcuffs, preventing her from doing much else besides shout muffled threats and struggle against the massive weights anchoring her to the floor. One of her breasts nearly reached to the entrance, and her huge nipple was almost the size of my head! The temptation to press myself against them was very real.

“No more ball gag or handcuffs!” I ordered, and Emma quickly wiped the drool from her mouth as the restrains dissolved into bluish mist.

“I’M GONNA FUCKING KILL YOU BRAN. YOU’RE GONNA BE BIRD CAGE LINER WHEN I’M DONE WITH YOU!” She placed her hands on top of the colossal breasts and addressed me, “When he was done sticking all those vibrators in me, he fucking made me real sized again, but then he floated away and left me like this.” She gestured down at the elephants in the room.

I would be lying if I said that wasn’t god damned hilarious.

“Damn, Bran, you really got her!” I laughed, placing my hand on the side of one giant boob. It was so warm…

“Hey! Hands off the merchandise! And if you wouldn’t mind grabbing Bran so I can change myself back, then strangle him.”

I looked at Bran, who floated away from me, ready to book it if I decided to obey, but I had other plans.

“Nah.” I smiled at her.

“Nah? C’mon Jules, help me out!”

“I think I’m due a little payback first. Be right back.”

I turned around and headed towards the stairs as I ignored her shouted threats of future transformations. I could deal with those later, this was gonna be so worth it.

I opened my door quietly, sitting down next to Sam on the bed and shaking her gently on the shoulder.

“Whauh?”

“Shh. I have a bit of a task for you, and I *super-duper* promise that I will make it up to you, but first I need to give you a few commands.

I can’t believe she just left me here. The worst part wasn’t the giant tits anchoring me to the floor. Okay, that was the worst part, but just as bad was the itch on my nipple all the way across my room that I had no possible way of scratching.

I heard footsteps thudding down the stairs, and I was getting ready to verbally tear Julie a new one when Sam rounded the corner instead, still topless and sporting those huge boobs (Like I was one to talk).

“Oh, hey! You think you could go grab Bran for me? I’m in a bit of… What are you doing?”

Thomas hadn’t stopped walking towards me until she’d gotten to my boobs, which she immediately started parting like the great boob sea with her hands to the best of her ability, crawling into my cleavage like it was a fun-house at chuck-e-cheese.

“Ah! Quit it!”

“I’m sorry Emma, it’s not me!” She said sympathetically, about in the center of my breasts by this point, still advancing.

“Well I command you to stop it and get out of my boobs!”

“Can’t do anything until I finish!” She said, very close to me now.

“Finish what?!” I said confused, that is until she dove down into my cleavage and started squirming around under my great weights towards my legs.

Then it clicked. I was *so* going to kill Julie.

Thomas finished her voyage all the way through until she arrived between my legs, where she promptly shoved her mouth into my crotch and started licking like there was no tomorrow.

“Uhhnn~! Fuck… She is… So… Deaddhh~” Maybe it was Julie’s command, or maybe she was just naturally talented, but Sam knew how to eat some serious pussy. She had me squirming and mewling until my legs buckled completely, leaving me supported only by the giant boobs that kept me rooted in the first place.

One minute turned into two, then two into five, and five to ten. I lost track after that, my only focus was on finally getting off to end this torture. But it was like she could sense me, and as soon as I thought I was about to burst she would recede, only to build me up again and again, until one time when my heat was too much, and I crested over the edge of a monumental orgasm through sheer willpower, squeezing her face between my thighs with every last ounce of strength in my body.

Thomas crawled out from between my legs until she stood behind me, gasping for breath and wiping her mouth.

“S-sorry… I’ll go get Bran.”

And with that she sped off, leaving me a haggard, post-orgasm mess, still anchored to the floor by my mountainous mounds.

I heard a clapping sound from somewhere in front of me, and perked my head up to see Julie leaning against the door frame giving me a round of applause.

“Bravo! Encore!”

“Eat me!” I spat, trying to compose myself the best I could in my position.

“Looks like Sam beat me to it.”

“When did you get mischievous all of a sudden?”

“If you can’t stand the heat… Or the pot calling the kettle black, or some other idiomatic phrase meaning *you started it*” She stuck her tongue out at me.

Just then Sam was walking, with great trouble, back into the room, with Bran squirming in her grip.

“I won’t go! You can’t make me! She’s gonna shred me!”

“Yo! Bran! All is forgiven if you let me cast something real quick!”

At that he broke free of Sam’s grasp and flew towards me, perching himself on top of my boobs.

“Why didn’t you say so? What’ll it be?”

I whispered him the spell and hurriedly watched him flip through his pages before finally falling upon my vengeance. I had no idea why Julie was still there watching me, as she probably should’ve known better.

“Why are you just standing there? Have you figured out that you can’t run from me?”

She shrugged and smiled, “Do what you must, I have already won.” She laughed off her cliché phrase, “I got to watch the hottest girl I know eat out the most annoying one till she screamed. I think I can die happy.”

“Well I guess it’s your funeral then.” And with that I flung the spell at her.

As the spell hit me the world shifted beneath me. Suddenly everything was floating far away in a mass of shifting colors and light. Then in an instant my feet were back on the floor, but everything felt off.

My entire body was proportioned strangely, and my center of gravity had changed. I staggered about out of balance, and felt that my hips must have also been wider.

“What did you…” That wasn’t my voice, but I recognized it. It was like an angels…

I looked down to find two huge breasts, completely bared, hanging from my chest like a pair of bowling balls. I quickly covered them and looked around the room frantically until I what I saw confirmed my suspicions.

I saw myself, or someone that looked like me, groping themselves up and down in the doorframe. When they looked at me their expression said everything I needed to know. I had switched bodies with Sam! Suddenly I regretted not changing her boobs back the night before.

I looked around and spotted Emma, who had, while I was disoriented, spelled herself back to normal.

“Now what should I do with you… Sit. Stay.”

My body followed her words immediately, and suddenly I was on the floor. Shit! That stupid hypnotism thing was on me now!

“Good dog.” Emma looked up at ‘me’, “Sorry I had to bring you in on this Sam, I’ll give you your body back when Julie’s learned her lesson, k?”

“Just remember it’s my body you’re messing with!” I heard my voice shout. It was strange hearing it from outside my own body.

“Gotcha.” Emma assured her, “Since it is though, you have anything you want to do to her? She did just force you to… do that other thing.”

My body walked over and squatted next to me, “That she did. God, those boobs are huge! We’ve gotta put those things back to a human’s size.”

“Sure sure, we’ll put them back to normal after we’re done here, but no matter what you’re still the biggest of the three of us.”

Tom looked down at the pair of breasts she was currently borrowing from me and cupped them with her hands, “Yeah, I guess so. Still, Julie’s are nice for their size.” My boobs were barely a handful, but it was so strange seeing how they looked from this angle.

“Hey!” I shouted suddenly, again surprised by my voice not coming out as my own, “Hands off! Those are mine!” It was painfully clear how little power I had in this situation, but I still had to have some self-respect, even if “myself” was standing over me playing with her boobs.

“And *those* are mine!” Sam responded, nodding towards the huge masses on my chest, “Even if they’re still super-sized. Now play with them while I think of something fun for you to do.”

It seems my hands liked listening to her more than they did me, so they reached up to squeeze my boobs like good little soldiers following orders, causing me to let out a high pitched squeak. Hers were much more sensitive than mine, and my hands were being relentless. My thighs idly rubbed together as a low heat started simmering inside me. Was she really this easy to turn on? No wonder she spent most of her time in her room.

Thomas chuckled as Emma watched on in amusement, “Alright, get up and do some jumping jacks! I want to see those things really bouncing!”

And bounce they did. Unable to disobey, soon Sam’s body was hopping up and down, her funbags slapping against my chin on every jump.

“Hehehe, stick out your tongue! Bark like a dog! Tell us a secret!”

Still jumping in place, my mouth executed the humiliating commands without remorse, “Nahh! Ruff, ruff! This is making me really horny!” I gasped at the words coming out of me, feeling my face redden. Traitor!

Emma broke out into laughter at the confession, but Sam was somehow still composed enough to continue mocking me as I jumped in place, “Hah! This is so fun! No wonder you enjoyed yourself so much last night.”

Emma stopped laughing abruptly, “What happened last night?”

“Don’t worry about it. Julie, you can stop jumping.”

I leaned over, putting my hands on my knees as I breathed heavily, recovering from my unexpected workout. I nearly fell over from the extra weight on my chest. Sam strode over to me, somehow already comfortable enough in my body to add a sensual sway to my hips as she walked, “Oh, you like it do you? Following orders?”

I stood up, red faced and not wanting to incur her wrath further. I looked at her speechless.

She leaned forward, whispering into my ear so as Emma couldn’t hear, “Last night was really special. I’m having a lot of fun, but I want to make sure you are too. Nod if you want me to keep going.”

Well, this was my chance, the moment to stand up for myself and pick up all the shattered pieces of my dignity off the floor, the time to show them that I wasn’t just some plaything at their disposal.

My blush deepened as I gave her a shallow nod. Fuck.

Her smile widened. I swallowed. “Good girl. You know, last night was the first time I’d been eaten out. I think I should return the favor.” She giggled gleefully, then leaned further into me, her arms grasping my shoulders lightly as her hot breath entered my ear, “It feels like you’re getting your cock sucked.”

I gasped. I didn’t even have time to run the sentence through my brain and figure out it didn’t make sense before the sensations started attacking me.

Somehow, up to this point I had been the only resident of The House that hadn’t experienced having a dick at one point or another, and while I can’t say how this might compare to the real thing, I can say that it felt *really really good.*

Thomas had said something as she backed away to watch the show, but I hadn’t even noticed. My entire body seemed to be sucked of any intent to move as the entire world zeroed in between my legs. I could feel it, thick and ridged and pulsing with potential pleasure. Every lick and movement of the impossible mouth across its surface sent sparks up my spine, exploding like fireworks in my mind.

I slid gracelessly onto the floor, my hands roaming between my legs and finding nothing out of the ordinary, no dick or someone’s head in order to stop their ministrations or force them down further. Words coming from somewhere in the room floated through the back of my mind, unimportant and impossible to understand.

“Oh my god what did you do to her?”

“Oh nothing. Only some just deserts.”

“How long does it last?”

“I dunno, usually about a minute or so.” She chuckled.

I heard laughing, but for the life of me couldn’t figure out what was funny. It didn’t matter, I didn’t care. My head rolled back and a long exhale escaped my throat as the room around me faded away, replaced warmth and wetness and a hypnotic pumping motion. Up and down, up and down. Slowly I began to feel a pressure building, but rather than the familiar swell of a wave growing inside of me, it was distinct, tight and condensed, like a spring about to be sprung.

All at once it was upon me, and a spike of pleasure burst forth from between my legs, flowing up through the impossible cock and spasming again and again as the wonderful tenseness peaked several times.

Then it was all gone, the confusing sensations disappearing as quick as they’d arrived, leaving me feeling slightly empty in a room with two girls looking down at me in amusement.

Thomas clapped half-heartedly, “Well, I think she’s had enough. Emma?”

“Bullshit! She hasn’t even-“

Thomas halted her with a cutting look. I’ve got to figure out how she did that with my face later.

“Fiiiine. I’ll find Bran and put you two back.”

“And fix my boobs.”

“*And* fix your boobs.”

“And undo the hypnosis.”

“What do I look like a spell dispenser?” She huffed, walking away towards the staircase in search of where the magic book had gotten off to.

Thomas sat down in front of me, both of us enamored by the oddity of sitting across from oneself.

“So” She finally said, “how’d you like it?”

I took a second to respond, taking a deep breath before lining up my thoughts, “Holy shit.”

“Hah. Yeah, pretty great.”

“And you gave that up?”

She scoffed, “If you would kindly remember my old self, with my game I wasn’t exactly getting blowjobs like that every day of the week.”

I laughed, “Good point. You could probably get as much as you wanted now though. Hot *damn.”* I gave my current body another once-over. From the hips to her lips to her tits, even just her skin was built for sex, “Well, maybe not so much blowjobs anymore.”

We shared a laugh, followed by an awkward silence. After a long time a question simmered in my brain until it practically burst out of me.

“Why didn’t you ask me?”

“What?”

“All this time, even all through high school you liked me and you never asked me out. How come?”

For the first time I got to watch myself blush, “Y-yeah. I- I just… When did you-?”

“I’ve known for a while Sam. Why didn’t you ever…?”

“I don’t know, I didn’t want- I mean we were such good friends and I really liked hanging out with you and if, maybe if you knew it’d make things weird for you and I didn’t want that. Why fuck up the one good thing I had, you know?”

I thought for a while, contemplating her words, then looked up at her, “Well, ask me now.”

“What?”

“Ask me.”

“I don’t-“

“*Ask me.”*

Her body language shifted. She seemed so defenseless, like something was about to hit her and she couldn’t stop it. She struggled for what felt like a long time to get the words out.

“O-oh, umm. Julie, do you, uh, like me?”

“Ask me one more time.”

“Come on, quit messing with me!”

“Oooooone more time~.”

“Fine! Do you like me?”

“*Yes,* you big idiot. I like you.”

Her eyes went wide and I watched my face get as red as I’d ever seen it.

“Now it’s your turn.” I leaned forward, egging her on, “You say it.”

“Um, Julie, I like you.” She let out an enormous pent up breath after the words left her mouth.

“There. I like you, you like me. We *like* each other. Doesn’t that feel better?”

“But I thought you were straight!”

“Well I was. And even when you got turned into a girl, I wasn’t going to stop liking you just because you were girl-shaped. You’re still you. And then last night happened, and suddenly liking you made liking your new body so much more fun, and now…” I dropped my voice to a whisper, “Between you and me I’m not going to have Emma change me back.” My voice raised again, relieved that I’d finally said it out loud, “I’m not going back so I can be with you. And if that makes me a big fat lesbian, then so be it!”

She laughed, her eyes watering with what I hoped was happiness, “Then I guess that makes me one too!”

I leaned close to her and kissed her hard, wrapping my arms around her and pulling her close. After several tongue-filled seconds we broke the kiss and hugged in earnest, almost as if trying to push ourselves into one big happy person.

When the moment finally ended we returned to our spots on the floor, just looking at each other with big goofy grins on our faces and laughing for no reason.

Her face relaxed a bit, but the smile never leaving, “You know, I still have that hypnosis spell on my body…”

“What, trying to find an excuse to give me another blowjob?”

“Two on the first date? I think that’s pushing it a little, don’t you?”

We both laughed, “You know, you could always-“

Emma strode back into the room, looking like she’d just run all around The House, “Alright, I have no idea where that little bastard went, so I can’t put you two back yet.”

“What little bastard?” Bran’s voice called from what sounded like just a few feet away. For the first time I notice that Bran had been there the entire time, watching camouflaged among the other books on a nearby shelf.

I nearly choked, “You- You were- You saw-“

His voice was as controlled as ever, like someone critiquing an expensive meal, “I’ve got to say, you guys never fail to entertain.”

Emma looked confused, “Why? What’d I miss?”

Thomas and I shot each other a little smile before she responded, “Nothin’. Just gave her a few more commands.”

“Did one of them involve smiling like an idiot or did you two do it while I was gone?”

I chuckled, “Oh just shut up and put us back in our bodies. These things are damn heavy.”

After several minutes of shining blue light and spell-flinging, everyone ended up back in their original bodies with their original sized boobs and their original degree of being hypnotized, that last one being none whatsoever.

Thomas was gently cupping herself, apparently glad to be rid of the monsters from the previous night, “There, now we’re back to normal Emma can spend the rest of the day scheming of how to fuck with us tomorrow.”

I thought it was funny, but Emma, not so much, “Hey! I resent that! It’s not *always* me.”

“Oh?” I said, “Who else is it that can read the sentient spellbook full of sex magic?”

She shrunk back a little, “Okay maybe it’s always me. But someone has to keep things interesting around here.”

“Well I have had enough interesting for one morning,” Sam said, stretching her arms above her head, “and I have quite the Netflix que waiting for me, so I think-“

“We’re being watched.” Brans voice was low and serious. I’d never even heard his tone like this before.

“What-“

“Shh, just keep talking. Try and look natural. They’re outside the south window by the hedges.”

Curiosity got the better of me. Out of reflex I turned towards the window in time to see a black-cloaked figure dart into the hedge maze.

“Shit!” I cried, heading towards the backdoor.

“Just stop.” Bran said loudly, catching me before I made it to the door, “You won’t catch them from here.”

“What do they want?” I was breathing heavy from that quick dose of adrenaline.

Emma chimed in, “More importantly, what did they see? Did they see Bran?”

“Oh shit.” I ran my hands through my hair subconsciously, “Oh shit oh shit oh shit.”

“Maybe they didn’t see anything?” Sam said hopefully.

“Or maybe they’re on their way to the fucking ministry of magic to turn us in for being unregistered hedge witches or some shit.” Emma half-shouted, “We don’t know what they saw!”

“Calm down.” Brans voice reverberated off the walls, forcing silence upon the room, “There’s no way to know what they did or didn’t see. Until we know who they are or what they want, we should be more careful, stay away from the windows at least.”

I added, “Don’t you think that’s just being a little paranoid? They probably don’t even know what they saw.”

“Paranoid? We don’t know what kind of access they have to magic. If they can do even basic scans of the house and realize we have no defensive wards set they could just bust in and *steal me*.” I recognized fear in his last two words, “We should lay off the spells, at least for a few days.”

“Whaaat?” Emma whined, “But I was gonna turn Julie into a bimbo later!” She was clearly not happy about losing her new favorite toy.

Tom spoke up to drop in her two cents, “Bran’s the expert on this stuff. If he says no magic then no magic.”

“I tend to agree, even if I wasn’t thirty minutes away from being bimbofied.”

Emma grumbled, “Fine. Guess I’ll just go watch TV or something.” She slunk down the hall towards her room.

Bran’s eye shifted between me and Sam awkwardly before he muttered, “I’ve got to go do, some… things.” before darting out of the room, leaving a spectral blue trail of mist behind him.

We looked at each other for a few seconds before Sam shrugged, “Wanna make out?”

Shit, they saw me. I leapt behind one of the massive hedge walls, but the damage had been done. I pulled back my hood, revealing my half-shaved head and curved horns. I pulled out the small rounded stone wrapped with a band of runic symbols from within one of my deep pockets. Tapping it twice with a finger, the symbols glowed, opening the connection.

“Hello? Master?”

“What? Oh, where’d I put that- Ah! There you are.”

I huffed, “Why can’t we just use cell phones? These conveyance stones are on their last leg.”

“Oh you know I don’t trust them. People can listen to you through those things! Did you find them?”

“Yes, and they definitely know about him. The blond girl can definitely use him.”

“I figured as much. And the other?”

“Don’t know. I don’t think so.”

“Ah well. Keep watch on them Anna, I don’t want anything to happen before I’m ready to meet with him again.”

“Yes master.”

“I told you not-“ I tapped the stone, extinguishing the lights behind the glowing symbols.

“Sometimes I just don’t know what you’re thinking, old man.” I looked back at the house, pulling my hood back up and thinking of the girls. I sighed, “At least you’ve been interesting. Try and stay in one piece for a few more days, eh?”

Chapter 11

It had been several days since the last spellful shenanigans had occurred, mostly due to the tense atmosphere that had invaded The House since we’d been seen. I could tell that Emma wasn’t taking it well as she barged into my room. She was having a hard time since being separated from her new favorite toy.

“I’m going crazy here Jules! Can we just have a little fun? One liiiiiittle spell?” She blinked her biggest puppy dog eyes at me as I spun my computer chair away from the clickbait article I’d been reading to face her.

“You know we can’t. Bran said we shouldn’t, and I tend to take ancient book wizards seriously when they say things.”

“Like when he said those mega boobs from earlier really matched your eyes?”

I laughed, “Okay, so he’s a horndog ancient wizard book. He’s still probably right. Who know what kind of trouble we might be in?”

“Trouble shmubble. *One* person saw us. They were probably stumbling around in the woods tripping on acid anyway. Come oooon, I know you better than that, you’re feeling it too!”

I was feeling it. It was starting to get stale around here, and I was so ready for more magic to happen that I was practically humming with excitement that we might get to do more. But my logical side won out.

“Alright, go talk to Bran. If he says it’s okay, we’ll do stuff.”

“YES! Yes! On it!” And like that she was out of my room.

It wasn’t two minutes later when she popped her head into my room again, “Bran says yes, but on the condition that he gets to do something to both of us afterwards.”

The idea of Bran getting to pick what to do with us was not exactly an appealing one, but I was starting to get so eager that consequences seemed far away at this point. Hell, he probably planned this so he could set up that condition in the first place.

“Alright, I’m in. But if we’re doing this, we’re going to do it with some style.”

I was spending the afternoon in style, lounging around on my bed with my laptop shopping for clothes. While I still only had a few pieces of clothing that were actually mine, and I had yet to tackle the rocket science of the American bra size system, I was actually doing pretty well shopping for clothes. Julie had assured me that they had enough money lying around, and that I could just order what I wanted online and send back whatever didn’t fit.

I was currently wearing just a big T-shirt and a pair of panties. I figured if I got to be in the same room as a girl for the rest of my life, I didn’t really mind how much she wasn’t wearing, *especially* a bra. Ech. The shirt was another thing on loan from Julie, but I was particularly proud of the panties I had bought. I just loved the feeling of the softness nestled up against my privates, like it was constantly hugging me.

I leaned back from my computer, running my hands over the tops of my smooth thighs before coming up into a big stretch, pushing my boobs out into the air, letting the light from my window cascade over me.

\*KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK\*

I jumped slightly at the sound of banging coming from my door, “Just a second!” I scrambled out of bed and pulled on a pair of loose pajama pants before heading over to answer.

When I opened it there was no one there, but on the floor in front of my door was a folded letter, covered in colored hearts and read in big swirly letters “FOR SAMANTHA”

“Isn’t this house a little under-occupied to have secret admirers?” I snickered, picking it up. As I unwrapped it a small pink card fluttered out of the folds and onto the floor, which I picked up with my other hand. The letter which was embroidered with vines and roses was written in the same swirling letters, and a poem that filled the entire page.

*“Julie and I have devised a treat,*

*A scavenger hunt that you can beat!*

*If you find the last card without succumbing,*

*(That means when you can’t stop cumming!)*

*We’ll become your slaves for the rest of the day,*

*But ‘til then you’ll be ours, okay?”*

I read it once more before folding it up and slipping it into my pocket, “Can’t stop cumming”? I muttered as I flipped the small pink card over in my hand. In the same swirling text it read,

*“It gets worse over time”*

Before I got to think about what the clue meant I was filled with the unmistakable sensation of magic tingling through my body. I quickly looked down the hall, trying to see if Emma had jumped out from behind a wall to cast something at me, but didn’t see anyone.

“Gets worse over time…” I said out loud, going over each individual word in my head and thinking about what it could mean. Time was probably the main clue. Over time? A clock? My memories flashed back to the big grandfather clock in the library we’d joked about earlier. That had to be it; the clue was on top of the clock!

I started to get excited as I headed down the stairs, they really went all out for this! My nipples dragged pleasantly against the inside of my shirt as I bounced down the stairs, they were really acting up today!

After heading down the hall and entering the high-ceilinged entrance to the library, I made a B-line to the big clock against the far wall. I realized I wasn’t actually tall enough to reach it, so I dragged a chair away from a stray desk to stand on. Carefully climbing onto the chair and leaning against the wall, I reached my arm as high as I could, my wrist curling over the top of the huge wooden structure before finding purchase on paper. Aha!

I climbed down with the pink card in my hand, holding it in the air triumphantly. I quickly scanned the words to find the next clue.

*“You’re such a fat ass”*

“Rude. Woah!” The tingles of magic rushed through me again, this time flowing straight towards my bottom, and with no secret to what they were doing. I felt the waistband of my pajama pants stretch and slide up my waist as fat swelled into my ass until it looked like the booty of a ghetto goddess. Even looking behind me was enough to see how much it had grown, I was huge!

I reached my hands behind me, each one gripping a round cheek and hefting its weight. I relished in the feeling, it even felt more sensitive than normal! “Damn…”

Wait a minute, the card did this. Does that mean each card will do something different? What did the first one do? I reached into my pocket and pulled out the first card, reading it again.

*“It gets worse over time.”*

This definitely did something to me, I felt the tingles earlier! But what… My nipples caught my attention, as they were standing at attention, poking through the front of my shirt. I was feeling a little randy, even my ass had felt better when I’d grabbed it.

“Maybe…” I tenderly slid a hand down my waistband and prodded at my panties. I stifled a groan. That did *not* used to feel that good! Wait, the letter! “When you can’t stop cumming”! I’m just going to get more and more sensitive until I can’t even move?! An image of me orgasming helplessly in the middle of a room for no reason dropped a pit into my stomach. Another image of a ticking clock crystallized in my mind, suddenly making this game a lot more exciting.

With newfound urgency I began to focus on the clue. It had to mean food right? I made an about face and headed towards the kitchen, distracted by the abundance of ass jiggling along behind me as I made my way there.

As I stepped onto the tile floor I began to unceremoniously dig through the contents of the kitchen. I checked the refrigerator, the freezer, the cabinets, the pantry… Aha! Deep in the mountain of junk food was another pink card, slipped into the opening of a Twinkies box. I pulled it out to read it.

*“With each new clue you’ll need a bigger one”*

*“*A bigger clue? What? I don’t- Oh.” I stopped talking as I felt another wave of tingles fill my chest, swirling behind my nipples as my boobs pressed against the shirt I’d borrowed from Julie. They had grown a little, how much I couldn’t quite say, but it wasn’t nearly as bad as I thought it would be. I reached my hands up to cup the new masses, but in hindsight that was a bad idea.

For the next few minutes I was lost, groping myself and pinching my nipples, the only thing stopping me from slipping a hand down my pants was the succulent flesh on my chest that needed attention. The sensitivity was getting worse, always promising more and more pleasure if I would just give up this stupid hunt and touch myself.

A sudden surge of willpower tore me from my near-masturbation session, “NO!” I shook my head, tearing my hands away from myself, “FOCUS!”

The bigger boobs weren’t that bad, not that I’d needed that amount of inspection to grasp that, “You’ll need a bigger one… Well it made my boobs bigger. A bra? Probably! But who’s bra? They wouldn’t have…”

The idea stuck in my head. This had to be it. I jiggled up the stairs, holding my chest fiercely with both arms to stop them slapping against me, though nothing stopped my ass from rolling this way and that with my hips. I swung open the door to my room, making my way to my drawers and trying to remember where I’d put what.

Finally finding my bra drawer, which was very sad and empty, I started digging through the few that I just hadn’t managed to send back to the store yet, all of them made for chests much smaller than mine. At the very bottom of the pile was the tiniest one of all, a little pink thing with a little pink card paper-clipped to a cup.

“When did they get into my room to do this?” I confusedly mused, snapping the paper clip off and reading the note.

*“Look but don’t touch”*

A little wave of tingling flowed into my chest again, my boobs growing another centimeter or so outwards before the tingling dispersed into the rest of my body, finally vanishing altogether.

I puzzled and puzzled, inspecting myself to see what it had done to me for about a minute before I decided I’d just find out later. I need to focus on the next clue, I’m on a time limit here! Normally that phrase is about strippers, but I don’t think we have a pole in The House… Maybe- The gallery!

The gallery was a room set up on a far side of The House, full of all kinds of relics and antiques from around the world. It had suits of armor, African masks, ancient pottery, you name it, all sealed in big glass cases, but when Emma’s uncle had died the keys were lost. Nobody had been able to get to them since.

I jiggled back down the stairs, thinking of all the terrible things I was going to do to Emma and Julie if I won this stupid game. After another half-sprint down a hallway, and realizing that any hope of running cross country I had was dashed, I came into the dusty room full of expensive-looking historical artifacts. I scanned each exhibit up and down before finally finding another note.

It was tapped to the glass in front of some kind of fertility statue, all boobs and belly and hips carved into stone.

“*What gets wetter the more it dries?*”

I knew this one! A towel! Wait, there were dozens of bathrooms in The House. The laundry room maybe? I sat there ruminating as my boobs swelled past yet another cup size. It was becoming much more difficult to think as my increasingly sensitive nipples dragged against the shirt, which was quickly coming down to its last legs, now showing off a great deal of my midriff as it was pulled upwards.

I decided that the laundry room was my best bet, so I turned around to head towards the other side of the house, taking one step before freezing on the spot, “Hhnn!” In my excitement of actually knowing the answer to the clue, I hadn’t thought about what it had done to me. When I took that first step towards the laundry room, it had sent the lips of my suddenly *soaked* pussy sliding past each other, attacking me with an unexpected burst of pleasure between my legs.

My hands went on autopilot, knowing immediately what to do, one reaching up to tease a stiff nipple while the other was geared to slide under my waistband and jill myself silly.

But they stopped. I looked down at my treacherous hands, on hovering an inch away from my expanded chest, the other had its fingers right up against my waistband but refused to enter. I whimpered as I tried every permutation of hand to erogenous zone I could think of, but some kind of force was preventing me from touching myself! Shit, the other card!

“Look but don’t touch. Mother fucker.” I said out loud with ice in my voice and a furnace in my pants. I probably should thank them for that one as I was about to lose on the spot, but right at this moment the only thing I could feel was frustration. It was at this moment that I decided I had to win, if only to torture those two for this unforgivable crime.

With newfound purpose I strode down the hall as carefully as I could, though no method of movement could completely cease the sensations emanating from my dripping snatch.

I had reached the main entrance to The House when I realized that I didn’t even know where the laundry room was. I looked at each of the halls that sprouted out from the enormous room, all of them practically identical. That’s when I noticed something; in the center of the delicately woven carpet was another pink card. This couldn’t be the next clue!

I leaned down to pick it up, though for some reason I bent at the waist, sticking my giant ass out for the world to see.

*“One hint, at a cost”*

Of course there was a cost, why would anything be easy. To my surprise the tingles again fluttered into my breasts, adding another cup size onto my already over-sized rack. They were already past melons, and were easily coming up to head-sized.

“Oh come! That wasn’t even a clue!” I shouted to the empty room, only sighing when I received no response. Grumbling, I tucked the paper away in my growing collection of papers and picked a hallway at random, determined to find the next actual clue.

The ever-growing sensitivity was beginning to grind away at me. I shivered as a drop of my lust rolled down the inside of my leg. Even the feeling of my clothes brushing up against my skin was beginning to tease me into higher and higher arousal. Every step sent my over indulgent proportions into jiggling fits, as well as slide my overly lubricated lower lips against each other. I was almost at the end of the hall. I was so *close*!

Step, squish, jiggle

Step, squish, jiggle

Just a few… More… Steps! “HNN! AHH! AHHN!”

I came with a thunderous finality, stumbling into the wall and sliding down it as I experienced the aftershocks of an earth shattering orgasm, “Hhnn… ahh… hahh…” As I took my time to recover, somehow I decided to write this off as a victory. At least I wasn’t cumming continuously yet, right? I hadn’t lost yet!

I slowly stood up, bracing myself against the wall. I started laughing, “I’M KEEPING COUNT! YOU HEAR THAT! YOU TWO ARE GOING TO GET TWICE AS MANY ORGASMS AS ME *MINIMUM!* BY THE TIME I-“ I stopped my shouting in my tracks. Right in front of me, on the other side of the wall I had collapsed onto, was an open door, and inside that open door was the most beautiful big white box I had ever seen.

A washing machine! Somehow in my orgasmic stumbling I had made it to the laundry room! On wobbly legs I walked in, checking every nook and cranny for something small and pink. I even dug through a few piles of dirty clothes I wish I hadn’t had to. My search paid off however, as inside one of the dryers was a towel folded into a swan, and tucked into its wing was another pink card!

Man those towel swans were cool, I’ve got to remember to ask them how to do those. I pulled the card out from its wing.

*“A bird in the hand is worth…”*

“Two in the bush, right? What could that- Ahh!” I was suddenly struck with an overwhelming pleasure between my legs. I felt familiar spark of magic, but this time it was more than that, the feel of flesh sliding against flesh overlapping the tingling. Another burst of sensation sent me to my knees, my mind reeling with a tidal wave of pleasure signals. I stuffed a hand down my pants to investigate, or at least I tried, before it stopped right at my pants again. The muscles in my belly were jumping hectically, almost like I was about to… to… “UUHHHNN~”

Another orgasm forced itself upon me with the force of a freight train, and through it I could feel my flesh being twisted and manipulated as easily as clay. Before the aftershocks had even ended, I shoved my thumbs under my waistband and tugged my pants and panties down around my thighs, eager to see what was happening.

I stared in awe at the new arrangement between my legs. In the gap between my thighs I stared at two pairs of lips side by side, each one sporting its own engorged clitoris, and each dripping a deluge of juices down my thighs. I shivered as even the doubled sensation of air blowing across them was nearly too much for me.

“I have… two vaginas…” I stared for several more moments, just looking at the two lines where my now complicated labia met, “How does that even work…?” I muttered, sending a hand down to investigate before it was blocked again by the other spell, “Damnit.” I muttered, pulling my panties back on and standing up, “And I had finally gotten used to one.”

Alright, focus, I can freak out about how weird this is later. What the hell does the clue mean? We don’t have a pet bird, do we? No, don’t be stupid. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Bushes. The hedge maze! Oh god, they’re making me go outside? What if someone sees me?

Throwing my worries over my shoulder, I headed towards the back door that lead to the stone path outside that finally lead to the hedge maze. It was just to the left before entering the library.

These boobs were making it increasingly hard to see the ground, and having *two* twats squishing against each other between my legs were making my nipples increasingly hard. I had to keep stopping every dozen or so steps to keep myself from cumming, and I even failed once on the way there, practically sending a waterfall down my legs. I hope they didn’t care too much about the carpet.

I made it to the door a in just a few minutes, and apparently they were taking it easy on me, because the note was taped right to the door, “How the hell are they doing this? I know I wouldn’t have missed that on my first pass through the library.” In a miraculous feat, I made it to the door without having another orgasm and plucked the card off the door.

“*The better to fuck you with my dear”*

That couldn’t be good. Another dose of extra boob alerted me to the new changes, again focusing on my crotch. Bracing against a wall, I was able to remain standing through the torrent of pleasure that pulsed through my twin pussies. When it finally subsided, I didn’t need to pull down my pants to tell what had happened.

The spell that had given me a giant ass had already made my pajama pants tighter, and now the front of them, dark from my unnatural juices, was clinging to the biggest camel toe I had ever seen. The bulge sticking out in front of me would leave onlookers completely clear of my gender (If the giant tits hadn’t already done that), because both pairs of lips were clearly visible through the soaked material.

“Holy… Whatever, no time. Have to win.” I racked my brain for anything that this clue could mean. After thinking it over, the only thing that came to mind was the dildo Emma had given me. Well, the already showed me that they could put clues in my room.

The journey back up the stairs was an arduous one, and I had a feeling they knew that sending me up and down the stairs was going to spur my body onto new highs of bouncing and spontaneous orgasms. I already looked like some fifteen year olds wet dream, and I was only getting more obscene with every new clue. If there were too many more I didn’t have much hope in winning.

After only cumming twice on the way, I made it to my room, lifting my pillow to find my old friend there, placed neatly on top of another pink card.

*“Going up?”*

Damn it. I was really hoping that was the last one. I quickly decided it was a good idea to retire my shirt, as my tits attempted to stretch it into shredded oblivion. I pulled it up over my head, the resulting of sensation of nipple against cloth making short work of my endurance. I climaxed on the spot as my massive breasts wobbled against my now hidden ribs.

I turned to leave my room, but suddenly realized a problem as I nearly brained myself on the top of the doorframe. I was growing! Everywhere! I panicked as my eye line swiftly rose above the doorframe.

A line of pain burned around my hips as my panties dug into my flesh. I pulled them down as fast as I could, revealing the ridiculousness that was my ludicrously swollen and doubled pussy.

Ducking down under the doorframe and heading for somewhere with a higher ceiling, I stumbled down the stairs. My feet were now too big for each step, which sent me sliding on my ass down a couple. By the time I’d reached the bottom, mine had expanded to fill the space between the wall and the bannister. I must have been ten feet tall!

I hurriedly dislodged myself, refusing to succumb to the sensations that pelted me from every direction. I was already too big for any of the doors, and I knew that crawling down a hallway would be foolish and leave me trapped as I expanded into it. I crouched on the floor, trying my best to reduce myself and not to break anything.

How big was I now? Fifteen feet? Twenty? I must have weighed hundreds of pounds. It was like I was in a shrinking dollhouse, and I could tell that I was still growing by the slowly sliding carpet beneath me. How much longer was it supposed to keep going? Was I going to explode through the top of The House? The ceiling was fast approaching, and I recoiled as the chandelier knocked against my head.

I readjusted myself to sit, but even that was enough to send my bulging pussies sliding against each other, and me into an uncontrollable orgasm. My back arched, and I fell backwards onto the floor with a sickeningly loud thud. Without even giving me a chance to recover I climaxed again, writhing and squirming as my body’s sensitivity drove me to unbelievable heights.

This was it. I had lost. I peaked again and again, my screams filling the halls of The House with my ecstatic melody. My arms and legs were starting to brush against the walls, and if I extended a leg I was sure it would fly through the front door. I opened my eyes, seeing how little space was left in the room as every huge part of me twisted in pleasure.

While my addled mind swam in glorious, unending rapture, my eyes opened for long enough to notice something. Balanced precariously on top of the chandelier, was a small pink card. This had to be the last one! I tried to remain still, waiting for the waves of euphoria to ebb, but they refused, crashing through my body again and again. It had to end now! I reached my shaky arm up around a mountainous, quivering breast, and between my thumb and forefinger grasped the miniscule square of paper. Clenching my teeth through unending climaxes, I squinted my eyes to read.

*“Congratulations! You Win!”*

At last the bliss plateaued. I felt the carpet slide against my skin in the opposite direction, and the ceiling grew farther away by the second. I’d done it. I’d won! I didn’t even need their stupid hint! I lay back, breathing heavy and clutching the final card between my fingers. My myriad of changes slowly reversed themselves, my expanded breasts, ass and snatch returning to their normal sizes, as well as cause me a great deal of distraction as my pussies fused back together into one.

I gingerly placed my fingers against my exhausted entrance, glad that my sensitivity was back to normal, my appreciation growing when I realize that I could touch it at all. I lay there for several minutes, gleaming with sweat and completely naked in the middle of the entrance hall, catching my breath.

I looked up as the front door swung open with a bang, Emma marching in and beaming at me with Bran floating at her side, “Have a good day?”

I let my head fall back to stare at the ceiling once more, strangely appreciative that it was so far away. I chuckled to her, smiling, “Fuck you. And yes, I had an *awesome* day.” I looked around again. Julie, who was usually attached to Emma at the hip, was nowhere in sight, “Where’s Julie?”

Emma was looking around the room as if searching for something, “Where’d your clothes go?”

“They’re upstairs. Where’s Julie?” I repeated, confused.

“One sec.” Emma said, marching past me and up the stairs, leaving me to continue my relaxation. When she returned she was holding my dripping panties, which sent a blush into my face.

“Hey! Put that back where you found it, you don’t know where it’s been.”

“*OH* yes I do.” She said, placing it on the floor some feet away from me and gesturing to Bran, who opened himself up in front of her. With a flash of blue light the panties were gone, replaced by a very naked Julie, laying spread eagle on the floor with a grin on her face, her entire body slick with what was definitely *not* sweat.

“You have a good time Jules?” Emma snickered, nudging her with an elbow, then grimacing, wiping her elbow against her pants.

She didn’t respond, only nodding with that same grin plastered across her face. I slowly put the pieces together in my head, feeling the blood rush into my face.

“I-! You were-!?” The whole day replayed in my head, this time imagining Julie being pressed against my crotch as I came again and again.

“It was Bran’s idea.” She said, her voice a little raspy.

Emma cut in, “We both promised him he could do something to us so we could set this whole thing up.”

“And he turned Julie into my panties?!” I said incredulously.

“Admittedly I didn’t like the idea at first.” She rolled her head over to look at me, still smiling, “What can I say? It grew on me.”

My blush deepened as I looked to Bran, who had strangely stayed silent this whole time, “What’d you do to Emma?”

He nodded in her direction, “Go on Emma, show her.”

“Ugh, fine.” Emma begrudgingly pulled down her pants for a moment, long enough for me to see that there was nothing there, just smooth skin like a Barbie doll.

He laughed, “Julie gets fun and Emma gets none.” He hovered onto the floor, placing himself between me and Julie. Emma frowned as she ran her fingers over her once sensitive place before pulling her pants back up.

Suddenly aware of my nakedness, I sat up and covered myself with my hands, eliciting a laugh from Julie.

“What?”

“Nothin’. I’ve just seen *a lot* of you today, and covering yourself isn’t really putting a dent in it.”

Emma laughed with her, and I remembered the first card. To the victor go the spoils, “Hey, you’re my slaves now! No laughing at me.”

Julie got up, covering herself with her arms as she headed for her room, “We’ll start your slave day tomorrow, I need a shower.”

I shrunk back a little, but if I was going to be in charge of someone, I might as well start now. “No you fuckin’ don’t! Get back over here. Bran, give Emma the obedience spell. I beat your game, so your twenty-four hours of being my bitches starts *now.”*

Julie turned and looked at me surprised, then impressed. Emma started clapping, “Look who finally grew a pair! Who knew? Bran?”

“Right here.” He said, holding an open page out for Emma to read, “The one on the bottom left.”

“Yeah yeah, I see it.” Emma answered annoyed before turning to me, “You want me first or Julie, *mistress?”* She added lavishly, laughing.

Her last word sent a certain warmth through me. I had never thought of myself as any kind of dom, but I think I could get used to it, “No need to be a smart ass. Julie first.”

The flowing blue energy overtook Julie’s naked form before flowing into me as well. Emma repeated the process with herself, and just like that, for the first time I had two slaves.

“Okay, we’re good here, right? I can go take a shower now?”

“No! Well, sure. But only because I told you to! Go take a shower, then get back here!”

Julie laughed at me again. This “getting taken seriously” thing was hard. She marched away towards the bathroom by her room shouting back at me mockingly, “Thank you *mistress*~”

Emma stifled a chuckle, but I turned on her, “Oh, you think that’s funny? Go upstairs and pick out a few of your favorite toys, then bring them to me. We’re going to need them, I’m just getting started.”

Emma took off mechanically in the other direction, surprised at her body not following her orders, “Oh! Legs are moving! Alright then! I’ll be back in a second, I guess!”

I called out to Bran, who was starting to follow Emma down the hall, “Bran! You stay here.”

“*I’m* not your slave you dingus.”

“No,” I said, “But you get to give me ideas.”

After a pause he floated over to me, “I’m listening.”

This was going to be a fun afternoon.

Chapter 12

My body marched down the hall towards the room to retrieve my toys, dragging me along for the ride. After opening my door, it started going through the motions to get to my stash, using a seemingly discarded dime to unscrew a hatch on the side of my dresser, which opened to reveal a key, which would unlock the chest in the back of my closet that held my massive collection.

My hands started picking up remote control eggs, vibrators, dildos, and one butt-plug I still hadn’t used, shoving them into my pockets and under my arms and struggling to carry yet more. “Fuck! What’s the point of going through all this shit to hide my stuff if I can just get mind controlled to un-hide it.”

Once my pants were full, and my hands had done their best to fill my arms with everything I had in my formerly secret stash, there was still one toy that wouldn’t fit; a floppy little red number that had been one of the first I’d added to the collection. One of my hands had a plan for it though, as it raised the dildo up to my mouth for extra storage space.

“Oh no! I’m not- Quit!” I fought through clenched teeth as my hand jammed the rubber against my lips, “If you think for one seco- Mffmm!” The taste of stale rubber and something else I’d rather not name filled my mouth as the tip pushed passed my teeth.

I simmered as my body picked up the remainder of my collection in its arms and marched it all back to the living room, where Sam and Bran were laughing about something on the couch. I quickly became the next thing for them to laugh about as they saw the red rubber balls protruding from my lips, as well as the rest of my toys jostling around in my arms and pockets.

“Jesus Emma I thought you were only gonna bring like, three or four of those. Why do you have so many?”

As my body planted its feet in front of the couch, I felt control return to me. I promptly spit out the one my hand had shoved in my mouth, letting the rest fall to the floor as I began the work of emptying my pockets, “Speh! Peh! Ugh. Yeah, well, I didn’t exactly get to choose from a menu.”

“Well how’d you like the first course?” Bran quipped as I unloaded the last of my toys onto the floor.

Surprisingly, Sam said it before I had the chance, “Shut it, or I’ll shove something in you a little bigger than a bookmark.”

“Damn! Remind me not to get you mad!”

She smiled, “I would, but right now you’d probably take it as a command, and you getting us riled up is half of what makes you fun.”

“Aww, you’re making me blush.”

“Sure thing. Now get on your hands and knees. Until Julie gets back you’re my new footrest.” She leaned further back into the couch, lifting her legs until they were level with her seat.

“Oof, hey!” My body dropped to the floor, then crawled underneath her heels until they were resting on my back, at which point she let the full weight of her legs down onto it, “Ow! I thought this was supposed to be fun!”

“It’s supposed to be fun *for* *me*. You two got your fun all morning. But maybe if you’re good I’ll make it fun for you to~.”

I made a sound half-way between a sigh and a grunt, her heel really starting to dig into my back, “Why do I feel like that would still be fun for you?”

“Oh ye of little faith! How about- Okay, on a scale of one to ten, how turned on are you by being ordered around?”

“I would think that was apparent.”

“*Tell me.”*

“One.” My voice spat out automatically, “Tsk.”

“Well I guess we’ll start there then. Emma, for as long as I can still command you, you’re going to be a seven on that scale. Sound good?”

“Whatever.”

“You will answer my questions quickly and honestly. Sound good?”

“Yes! Oh shit! Hahah…” I laughed nervously, half at the utterance that had burst out of my mouth, and half at the sudden pulse of heat between my legs as it happened.

“There, now how does that feel?”

“Really weird. Good, but weird, just being turned on out of nowhere like that. Now can I get up please? My back is really starting to hurt.” I rolled my shoulders, but couldn’t move my hands from their positions on the floor.

“Oh, sure. Here comes Julie anyway. Oh…”

Finally freed, I sat up, Sam’s legs sliding off of me. Then I saw what she’d seen.

Julie was walking towards us, stark naked and dripping wet from head to toe, her arms swinging casually at her sides, not bothering to cover her at all. Her face showed that she was not the least bit pleased.

She continued to walk, dripping water all over the carpet until she stood a few feet from us, at which point she jerked to face away, her hands darting to cover herself, “Tom! What the hell!”

Bran laughed, “You told her to take a shower and come back, so she did. Hahaha.”

Tom snickered and nudged me with an elbow, wiggling her eyebrows at me. She then turned to Julie, “Julie, you think that when you got out of the shower you got dressed and then came here. You won’t notice that you’re naked until someone points it out.”

For a second Julie’s eyes unfocused, then she came back to earth and stood up straight again, turning back to face us in all her nude glory, “So, what’s the plan? Just going to use us as furniture for the rest of the day?”

Hah! This was so great, she has no idea! I grinned at Sam but she just held a finger to her lips at me before answering Julie, “If you’d remember I have you two for the rest of the day *and* quite a bit of tomorrow. Twenty four hours.” She crossed her legs on the couch and leaned forward, hands on her knees, smiling all the while, “And no, I had a few ideas. Plus Bran gave me a few more.”

I hung my head, “We’re doomed.”

That made her laugh, “No, it wasn’t anything like that. I was just going to have fun with you two, but Bran here thought it would be more interesting if I made it a contest.”

Julie sat down on the couch next to me, a few droplets of water hitting me as she moved, “Bran *would* suggest another game.”

“You know it baby.” Bran’s eye flickered with light, simulating a wink.

I knew where this was going. Every time we played a game with Bran someone always ended up with huge tits.

Tom shrugged, “I don’t know, I thought it would be fun.” She turned to me, “Emma, what do you think?”

Suddenly words started pouring out of my mouth, “I’m thinking about how every time we play a game with Bran someone ends up with huge tits. I’m really looking forward to it.” I slapped my hands over my mouth, but the damage had been done.

Tom laughed, “Well that makes three out of four. Julie, you in?”

“I don’t really have a choice, do I?”

“No you do not. Say “I fully consent to any perverted shenanigans Sammy comes up with” for me please.”

Once we all listened to Julie spout out the words, Sam stood up and clapped her hands together, “Excellent! Emma, go grab some bean bag chairs from the library, Julie, go get us something to drink. Let’s get this started!”

Another pulse of arousal hit me as my body marched off to follow her command. God if this kept up at this rate I was going to be a hot mess pretty soon. I heard her call from the living room, “And I’ll order a pizza!”

After we set up the room, a small semi-circle of bean bag chairs around the couch like a coliseum with a tray of drinks on the coffee table to the side, we were ready to start.

“Okay,” Sam said, sitting on the couch while Bran and I and still-naked Julie sat on bean bag chairs, “so I *was* just gonna make you guys make out-“

Julie and I looked at each other worriedly.

“*but,* in the spirit of competition,” She makes a sidelong glance at Bran, “I’m going to make this a contest.”

After finishing a sip from her beverage, Julie turned her head quizzically, “Uh, how does one ‘win’ at snogging?”

I peeled my eyes away from her the best I could, her bean bag posture giving everyone a very clear view of her spread legs, “Probably the same way you do it in real life. You make it *hot*.”

Tom nodded at me, “Couldn’t have said it better myself.”

“Better question though.” I asked, “What’s the winner get?”

“The winner gets to pick what happens to the loser.”

“Alright,” I said, cracking my knuckles, “Let’s get this over with.” I started towards Julie who wasn’t exactly looking thrilled, but Sam stopped me.

“Wait, hold on a second. I’d say we have to make this fair, don’t we Bran?”

“Sure do.”

“Emma, for the next 60 seconds, you’re just as attracted to girls as Julie is.” And with that she leaned back, “Now, whenever you’re ready.” She nodded

Right when she’d said it something inside of me *shifted.* It was like seeing through a different lens. Sam’s boobs had already been there, but they hadn’t stood out in my mind this much. It was truly an effort to tear my gaze away, but what my eyes found next was impossible to. Julie, incredibly sexy and completely naked Julie, was crawling towards me.

I was too stunned to move, my thoughts flying in a cyclone through my mind a hundred miles an hour as she cornered me into my chair, her body scant inches away from mine. She leaned in close, and before her lips touched mine she said, “Let’s get this over with, right?”

And with that I was lost, her lips pressed against mine as tightly as our bodies. The drops of water still clinging to her skin soaked through my clothes, but all I could focus on was her incredible warmth and her tongue swirling across mine. My arms hung limply at my sides as a fire burned deep inside me, searing my insides. God her breasts! They pressed their heat into my chest so softly but I felt them so acutely, her nipples digging into my skin…

As quickly as it had started it was over. All at once the magic was gone from the world, and my best friend was naked and squished on top of me with her tongue down my throat.

I shoved her off of me spitting and sputtering, “UH! Sam! Not cool!”

Tom had been leaning forward on the couch in rapt attention, but now she laughed along with Julie.

Julie giggled, “Aww, you’re just mad because you liked it so much~.”

“Did not!”

Tom snickered, “Emma, how much did you like it?”

My mouth betrayed me once again, “I *really fucking liked it.”*

Damn it. It was true. I had liked it, and I was starting to see why Julie had chosen not to change back with all the eye candy there was around The House.

But I wasn’t just gonna sit here and turn deeper shades of red while Julie laughed at me! “Oh yeah? Well you’re naked!”

It took her a second of laughing before she thought about the ridiculous insult. When she looked down her face was *priceless*.

“AHH!” She rolled off of her bean bag, flipping it around to cover herself and giving us all a nice view of her ass as she did so, “What the fuck?! I thought Sam was running the game?!”

“I am. That was a command from earlier. You can go put on some clothes now if you want.”

And with that Julie was scurrying down the hall, which left Sam, Bran and I alone to sip at our drinks while we listened to the sound of hurried rummaging from her room.

She still looked flustered when she got back, pulling her shirt as far down as it would go, “That was not cool.” She looked at me strangely for a moment before smiling and sitting back down.

I scoffed, “Where have I heard that before?”

“Julie, Bran and I are unanimous, you *clearly* won.”

I sunk further into my chair. This *couldn’t* end well for me.

Julie’s glare confirmed my suspicions as she whispered into Sam’s ear.

Apparently Bran had heard her too because he started chuckling, “Oh damn that’s good! Wait, I don’t think-” he hovered close to Sam’s head and whispered something before floating back down, “Go ahead, try.”

“Okay.” Sam said, “She wanted it to be a surprise, but we don’t know if this works. Emma, have an orgasm!”

I gasped, bracing myself for impact… But none came. Nothing seemed to happen.

“Thought so.” said Bran, disappointed.

I was confused, “What? What happened?”

“You can’t just command someone to do something like that, just like she can’t just tell you to make your boobs grow, because you can’t do that.”

I breathed a sigh of relief before Sam shattered my hope.

“Emma, cast a spell on you and Julie that lets me command your bodies shape too.”

I sputtered, “Oh come on! That wasn’t part of the slave rules!”

“Emma, are you my slave?”

“Yes.”

“And do you have to do everything I say?”

“Yes.” My voice answered exasperatedly.

“Then I’m telling you to cast that spell. That’s so in the rules.”

Bran of course was all for this, as he already had the spell out and ready for me. My hand moved automatically to the page, sending the blue light in shining spirals out towards Julie, and then on myself, connecting us both to Sam with long silvery strands of magic before fading into nothing.

“Okay, that should do it. Now on to Julie’s original idea.” Julie and Sam both grinned as she declared my command, “Emma, whenever you talk, if you don’t speak in rhyming couplets you have an orgasm!”

It hung in the air for several seconds before I responded, “Well that’s pretty fucking stupid. OH! UH~!”

I climaxed suddenly and intensely, my hips bucking into the air as the heat that had been building since Julie’s body touched mine suddenly found release. It was so strange to experience such pleasure when your sex organs had been magically removed, like a full body orgasm. It was almost enough for me not to notice their laughter. Almost.

After taking a moment to catch my breath and collect my thoughts, I tried again, “Julie, you are such a nerd. That command idea is, uh, just absurd.” I braced for a moment, but it seemed to have worked.

“Aww! You sound so cute like that! You should brush up on your Seuss.”

“I thought it was a great idea.” Bran said, “Maybe now you’ll think before you talk.”

“Oh just bite me.” I spat, without thinking, suddenly scrambling for a rhyme, “Uh, you dead tree!”

I pumped my fist, “Hah, Nailed it! … UH! FUCK! OH!”

I rode out another orgasm impatiently, hoping every wave of pleasure was the last and being denied each time.

“So what’s the next challenge?” Julie said as my cries drew to a close.

At that moment our heads turned towards the huge oak double doors at the entrance of The House as the doorbell rang. We all then looked at each other, wondering who was going to get the door, which apparently had given Sam an idea.

“Both of you, I order your tits to grow into big bouncy G cups for the next five minutes.” Of course her words made it so, and I felt my washboard chest vanish behind two hefty orbs of flesh that jutted out in front of me. Of course when I looked over Julie had sprouted an identical pair, but my change was much bigger compared to what we both usually had to work with. Sam shot us both a wry smile, “The next winner is whoever is brave enough to answer the door. I do something fun to the loser. Oh, and they keep the tits.”

Julie and I locked eyes for a moment before we both shot up out of our seats. I took off towards the door, leaving Julie in the dust. God, why did she have to specify “bouncy”? These things were unnatural! I turned into a boobquake as I ran and even after I’d made it to the door they took a good three seconds to stop their momentum. I looked back to find Julie- already sitting back down? Whatever, easy win for me, at least I won’t have to keep these monsters.

I opened the door to find a handsome enough twenty-something guy decked out in his pizza-guy uniform, holding that pizza box insulation thingy. Of course according to Sam’s plan, his eyes shot straight down to my tits. Hey, why not have a little fun with him? I crossed my arms as I leaned up against the doorframe, pushing them together.

“Uh, that’s-“ He stammered and averted his eyes again the best he could, fumbling the pizza box out of the insulator, “You paid online so… I just need you to sign.” He stiffly held out a pen and a receipt.

I took them, pretending to look around for somewhere to write, “Do you mind if I use your back? A proper writing place is something I lack.” Hah! Suck it rhyming curse.

“Wh- Uh. Sure.” Still holding the pizza he turned around. I leaned way closer to him than I needed to, letting my boobs press into his back a little as I signed the receipt. I hope I’m making this guy’s day, these would be gone pretty soon.

Again he fumbled with the box as I handed him the receipt, and as soon as I had the box in my hands he swiftly turned away and began walking back to his car. I know a boner-walk when I see one.

I shut the door behind me, gleefully letting the stupid tits bounce about however they liked as I returned to the circle with pizza in hand. I dropped the box onto the couch and struck a pose at Julie, “I win, you lose! You keep the rack! Soon ridiculous tits will be something I lack!” I stuck my tongue out at her. I was starting to feel the struggle of leprechauns who couldn’t be taken seriously due to their rhyming habits, but I was trying to take it in stride.

Julie just let out a stifled laugh and looked over at Sam, who had already fished out a slice and was starting to chow down, “You want to tell her or should I?”

With a mouth full of cheese Sam answered, “Oh I wouldn’t take that joy from you.”

Julie grabbed a slice from the box and whispered, “Hey genius, you’re naked.”

Very suddenly several things came to my attention at once.

1. It was quite chilly in this room.

2. My clothes were in a small pile on the couch next to the pizza box.

3. These bouncy tits on my chest hadn’t been covered this whole time.

4. I had just flirted, *completely naked,* with the pizza guy.

5. Turnabout is fair play *sucks a huge dick.*

I whipped around, grabbing my top from off the couch and covering myself the best I could with my hands. I began redressing myself to a chorus of laughter. Amazingly I was able to prevent myself from any unwanted outcries that would have sent me off into another orgasm. I could feel the red rushing into my cheeks, “How long was I like that, you evil little musk rat?”

Tom and Julie just continued to stuff their faces while Bran answered for me, “You stripped down while Julie was in the other room changing.”

After pulling on my pants I grabbed a slice of pizza and sat back down, grumbling as I munched away on it.

Julie said it before I had the chance to, “Alright, can we agree to no more ‘unaware that we’re naked’ tricks?” Julie raised her hand.

I raised mine along with her, not feeling like coming up with a rhyme while I ate. I will note that Bran made no gesture that could be interpreted as raising a hand.

“You guys really can’t tell me what to do.” Sam said, taking another bite, “But I’ll let you have this one. No more hypno-naked.”

“Thank you.” Julie said.

We ate quietly for the next few minutes, more involved with our food to continue the game. Happily my boobs shrank back down into their usual non-existence, while much to her chagrin; Julie’s stayed not-so-firmly on her chest, wobbling this way and that with every tiny movement.

Once the pizza was done, I was the first to ask where the rest of Julie’s loser punishment was, “You said something else was going to happen to her, I’d prefer she have more transformations than fewer.”

Julie raised her eyebrows, “Wow, nice rhyme.”

“Thanks, milk tanks.” I nodded.

“That’s right, I had another change for the loser.” Sam said, leaning back into the couch. She turned towards Julie, “But first, for my scavenger hunt, which one of you came up with the transformation ideas.”

Julie shrugged, giving an abundance of action to her bouncy new friends, “We went back and forth, really.”

“Okay, now be honest with me. Whose idea was it to give me a second pussy?”

Julie meekly raised her hand, “Guilty.”

Tom clapped her hands, “Guilty it is! Julie, grow a second pussy!”

We all watched as Julie collapsed forwards, her hands darting between her legs to feel the rush of changes. As she wriggled in her seat, I thought about how glad I was that Sam hadn’t asked whose idea the slowly growing sensitivity was. After a myriad of grunts and small moans, Julie sat back up, only to pull her waistband out to look down at her change.

I couldn’t get any kind of look from this angle, but I could see the look on her face. Her eyes were wide as she gingerly reached a hand down to investigate, “Okay, I guess I had this coming. Woah, this is so weird…”

I snapped my fingers to pull Julie out of her reverie, “Yo! We’ve got a game to play! Don’t just sit there and fondle yourself all day.”

Bran huffed, “Wow, way to ruin the moment.”

“Okay, I’ve got one more challenge for you guys.”

“What, just one?” Julie asked, who was mirrored by Bran.

“Yeah, just one? After all the ideas I gave you?”

“One more *challenge*. I’m still gonna mess with you guys when we’re done. Jiggle those tits around for me.”

Julie’s shoulders started to shimmy and turned her chest into a feast for the eyes. She sighed, holding on to her boobs to make them stop shaking once she’d finished, “Point made. What’s the last challenge?”

“I’m glad you asked~.” She said way too sweetly. She motioned to the pile of toys on the floor, “Both of you pick out a dildo. No vibrators or beads or- Emma is that a butt-plug?”

The words flew from my mouth, “Yes that is a butt-plug.” I panicked, quickly racing for a rhyme, “I haven’t used it, don’t look so smug!”

Julie laughed, beginning to riffle through my collection, “Nice save.”

When we had both picked one out, I was holding one of my old favorites that always fit me rather nicely. It was a small pink rubber one which I’d nicknamed The Destroyer. Julie had gotten her hands on one that was made from twisted blown glass; Always the classy one.

Once Sam seemed satisfied with our selections, she proceeded, “The last challenge is a blowjob contest!”

I interrupted, “Hey look Jules, you’re in luck! The last challenge gives you a cock to suck!”

“But here are the stakes,” Sam continued, annoyed, “the winner gets all the same powers over the losers that I have now, for as long as you’re both still my slaves.”

Julie and I lock eyes again, knowing this time there was a lot more on the line. At practically the same time we drove the rods into our mouths, licking and sucking vigorously, the taste of rubber overtaking my taste buds.

“Woah woah! Hey! Hold on a second, you don’t even know the rules yet.” Feeling slightly foolish we both withdrew the objects from our mouths, listening to Sam, “Emma, the dildo that Julie is holding now feels exactly as if it was your cock. Everything it feels, you feel. Julie, the same is true for you and the one in Emma’s hands. The first person to cum loses, and becomes the bottom slave in the house that everyone else can command and transform. Okay, now you can start!”

I had felt a rush of cool air as soon as she’d made her command due to the fresh coat of saliva already on the glass rod Julie was holding, a sensation Julie was likely feeling as well. She made her move first, sliding it in and engulfing the glass with the warmth of her mouth. I let out a sharp gasp, and nearly forgot I had a contest to win as her tongue slid around the underside of my- FOCUS!

I quickly set to work on The Destroyer, relishing the look on her face as I let my lips slide across its length over and over again. We locked eyes for a time, but somewhere along the line we lost each other, and I found that when I opened my eyes again hers were closed tight as well, attempting to resist the sensation brought by the other. God her mouth was so warm…

The room was quickly filled with muffled grunts and moans as we worked at each other with the dedication of professional courtesans, even Sam adding her cries to the choir as she stroked her swift fingers between her legs in tight little circles. The building wave inside me was about to crest, and I could tell Julie wasn’t too far behind. God the things she could do with that mouth! I was so close, too close! I ran the pink rubber in and out of my mouth as fast as I could with wild abandon trying to push her over the edge before me. I couldn’t lose! I was so *close!*

A symphony of screams echoed across the walls as my mind was scattered by explosive bliss. Both Julie and I bucked and jerked as “our cocks” came and came, with Sam’s legs in the air as her fingers carried her to further bliss.

Coming down was a slow process, with nobody quite sure who had won or lost, and nobody quite caring yet. After our aftershocks had faded completely, our heads jerked towards the couch at a loud clapping sound.

Bran was opening and closing himself rapidly, resembling applause, “Bravo! Bravo! I’d ask for an encore but I’d probably get smacked.”

I wanted to say “You’re damn right”, but that would just give him what he wanted. I was so mentally exhausted at this point that thinking of a rhyme felt like climbing a mountain.

“Did- Did I win?” Julie asked, pulling the glass rod from her mouth and making me squirm.

“Don’t know.” Sam said, still catching her breath, “Try something on Emma.”

“Uh, okay. Emma, flash me!” I braced for forced movement, but nothing seemed to happen.

I won? I won! Now if I could just line up a rhyme… “Julie! Pinch yourself in the nipples, it’ll feel great cause your sensitivity triples!”

She made a wonderful impression of me flinching like I had a second ago, but no nipple pinching occurred.

Julie was as confused as I was, “Wait, what? Who won?”

“Actually.” Bran said, as a matter-of-factly, “Tom came first.”

Tom looked livid, “What?!”

Julie had the same grin on her face that I did, “And you said the loser was- how did she say it, Bran?”

“The first person to cum loses, and becomes the bottom slave in the house that everyone else can command and transform.” He stated, verbatim, “That’s a verbal contract. Magic loves that kind of stuff.”

She looked panicked between me and Julie, “But I didn’t-“

Luckily Julie took this one over for me, “Tom, if you talk without me or Emma telling you to, you have an orgasm.”

Hah. That shut her up.

Julie looked down at her chest and grinned at me. I made waving motions and pointed to my throat, which she somehow understood, “What? Oh, right. Sam, grow a pair of big bouncy G cups, put my boobs back to normal, and reverse that rhyming thing you did to Emma. I want her in on this.”

Tom’s shirt stretched until it struggled to confine the same boobs she’s cursed both of us with. Then her voice spouted off the other commands that Julie asked of her, causing Julie’s chest to shrink back down to normal proportions and freeing me to speak normally, a talent I was quite eager to use.

“Hah! Yes! Make them bigger! H cups!”

Again she whimpered as her shirt was stressed with even more flesh to cover, easily surpassing the size of her head.

I picked up the two dildos Julie and I had used in the contest, feeling my hand wrap around it as I grabbed it. It was enough to get Julie’s attention too.

“Hey! Put that down.”

“Relax, I got this. Sam, say that these no longer feel like ours.”

After he had repeated my command I kept going, “Both of these now feel like they’re yours. Everything they feel.” I licked up the side of one, causing her mouth to open a little further, “You feel.” I licked the underside of the other, making her head roll back. Hah, perfect.

“Hey Jules, get in on this with me.” I tossed her the glass rod she’d sucked off just moments ago, though this time we were united in purpose, “We’re gonna show you a good time, Sam…”

At the same time Julie and I slid the rods into our mouths, and Sam absolutely lost it. I could only imagine what she might have been feeling as she received two simultaneous blowjobs. Evidence states that it must have felt amazing, seeing as it only took her about ten seconds to cum her brains out. Julie and I started laughing, which makes it very difficult to keep a dildo in your mouth.

Now I’ll admit I was having a blast, but I guess I’m just the kind of person that has to seize an opportunity when presented with one, “Tom, command Julie that she can’t talk unless told to.”

Julie looked at me confused, “Now give me all the same powers over her that I have over you now.”

When his command was finished, I turned to Julie, “Alright, now I know what you’re thinking, but this is an amazing opportunity! No one in the world gets to feel this but you. We have to do it for science! Now sit still, drop your pants and spread your legs.”

Her eyes shot wide with alarm as her body followed orders. With her crotch completely revealed, I finally got a good look of the strange dual-pussies between her legs that she had neglected to get rid of while she had the chance, “Good, now I think you know where this is going by now.” I held up the two dildos yet again, “Don’t worry Sam, I got your back, you’ll still feel them too. Julie, you feel everything these two dildos feel as if they were your dick. Dicks.”

I gently placed the tip of each against each pair of lower lips. Her face spoke volumes at that moment. I slowly pressed each of them into her, trying to be as gentle as possible, but feeling that she was already plenty lubricated. Her eyes rolled back, and her head followed suit, her body twitching wildly as both lengths were nearly all the way inside of her. With one excited thrust I drove them both home, as far as they would go. Julie answered me only with a series of ecstatic groans and twitches as she came from the single thrust. Well, technically two, I guess.

“Come on, I’m not gonna let you be a two-pump chump! Let’s see how far this rabbit hole goes! Er, holes.” I slowly pulled one of them out, my hand getting splashed by her juices. I then began to alternate thrusts, one in, one out, then the other in and so on. Of course Julie was far from protesting at the point, I think also far from rational thought as she appeared to be trapped in a continuous orgasm, but that’s neither here nor there.

Tom was in a heaven all her own, not quite feeling the whole extent of Julie’s bliss, but still technically having sex with Julie, two cocks at once. That lucky mother fucker should be thanking me.

I picked up the pace, in and out, out and in, faster and faster, her juices soaking my hands. I’m sure she would have been screaming if I’d have allowed her to, in a way that only someone getting doubly penetrated by two of their own dicks could. Only at the point where here flailing and shouts couldn’t get any more intense did I pull out.

It was then that I realized I might have gone a bit far. Julie and Sam were both clearly unconscious.

Bran started smacking his pages together again, only this time slowly and sarcastically, “Good job there, you fucked them into oblivion.”

“…Yeah I might have gotten a little carried away there.”

“Any more smart ideas?”

I brought a finger to my chin, “I think so. Julie, stand up.”

Her body did so, but it was very clear that she was still completely unconscious, head lolling to the side with her eyes shut.

“Hah, no way. Awesome. Julie, clean up this mess, then go to bed to get some actual rest.”

As her body mechanically went about doing my bidding I turned my attention to Sam, “Tom, wake up. Earth to Sam. Talk to me.”

“Whahu? Huh? Oh god what happened.”

“First of all, suck on this.” I tossed one of the well-used dildos to his feet.

Unable to refuse, she quickly shoved it between her lips and began vigorously sucking, her hips moving in time with her thrusts.

“Woah, relax! Gentle sucking! Can’t have you ending up like Jules over there.”

I sat up and placed myself comfortably on the couch, “Now I’ve got a date with a kung fu movie marathon and I have a very special job for you.” I smiled at her, raising my feet up, “I need a footrest.”

Chapter 13

“No! Please! Emma stop!” I thrashed against the magical shackles binding me to the wall, their dim blue glow the only meager source of light in the room. The girl opposite me only laughed, one hand holding the dilapidated book, the other propped up against her hip.

“We finally get a chance to see what this baby can do! For science!” She extends her free hand out towards me, and a bolt of bright blue light shoots towards me from her outstretched fingers.

Before I even got a chance to try and twist out of the way, the bolt of magic hits me right in the abdomen, absorbed instantly by my body. I twist my face up and shut my eyes as tight as I can, trying to resist whatever magic Emma had shot at me, but after a few seconds I still feel nothing but gentle warmth where I was struck. I slowly open my eyes and inspect my form, then, finding no changes, look angrily up at Emma.

“What the fuck?! Let me-“ The warmth suddenly increased tenfold, suffusing my body with a heat I’ve never experienced. It rolls through me, pulsing through my muscles and causing them to tense. A powerful moan escapes my lips as my back arches and the ball of heat shifts down through me, centering on my sex.

“Now we’re getting somewhere!” Emma puts the book on the floor and brings her hands together excitedly, ready for the show, “Hey Jules, ever wonder what it’s like to get off as a guy?”

I make a mental note to kill her for this, but the only answer Emma receives is another moan, the heat building behind my pussy starting to thrum out a steady rhythm. My already engorged lips begin to swell behind my panties, bulging out in time with the magic’s twisted rhythm. I could feel every strand of the fabric stretching out against my oversensitive flesh. Emma’s excited stares are rewarded with another moan as the waistband of my panties finally loses contact with my waist, stretching away from my abdomen as the bulge grows fuller beneath it.

Then all at once, the material fails, and I stare down in shock at the shiny cock bobbing between my legs, hovering above my abdomen. It wasn’t huge, I’d seen boys with much bigger, but it was mine, which made it ten times more erotic than any dick I’d ever seen. I could feel the cold air caress the new flesh, and barely registered Emma freaking out in the background.

“Hah! There it is!” She says, walking up to my position against the wall. She leans her face in close to it, inspecting its shiny curves. I could feel Emma’s breath against its underside causing it to twitch up at her. “I thought it’d be bigger…” She muses to herself as she brings one finger down to it, running the tip of her finger from where my clit still was all the way up the seam to the bottom of the head.

I of course could do nothing but writhe under her touch, and my new penis decided it would be a good idea to reward Emma with a big drop of pre-cum, dripping down to my abdomen, still connected to its’ tip with a stringy strand. Emma stood back up as I sat there in a daze, breathing heavily.

“Ah well, nothing we can’t fix with more magic, right?” That was enough to snap me out of it.

“What?! Emma no! It’s already enough! Just let me go!”

Emma picked the book back up from where she’d left it and flipped through a few pages, somehow knowing what she was looking for. She spoke without looking up from the book, scanning for a spell that might do her bidding, “Enough is never enough! Now stop squirming around so I don’t accidentally give you a huge vag or something. AHA! Here we go!” She held her hand up again as I wrestled fruitlessly with my magical restraints, still trying to talk her out of it.

“It’s fine, alright!? I’m not mad! Just… Just let me go and get rid of the dick. We can go back to-“

“SHUSH!” Emma cut me off, determinedly flipping through more pages, apparently not satisfied with the previous spell, “If you keep running your mouth…” A wicked smile revealed her teeth, which seemed to be a lot sharper than I remembered. Emma walked up to where I was chained and crouched down on her haunches, book still in hand. Her other hand quickly darted between my legs, cupping my sex. My body, as well as her cock, went stiff, trying not to give myself anymore unwanted sensations.

The soft blue glow of magic flashed between Emma’s hand and my legs, though I felt nothing but the gentle warmth once again. Emma stood back up, apparently satisfied, “There. Now you might not be so mouthy. For every word you say from now on, they’ll get a little bigger.”

I gulped hard, my lips seemed really dry, “They?- Oohh!~” Emma watched with smug satisfaction as all at once everything left of my female nethers warped themselves into a little pair of testicles, hanging neatly below my dick, leaving no trace of my pussy, “What the fuck! Emma you can’t-!” But I caught myself mid-sentence as the magic between my legs was fueled by my words in full force, expanding my sack with quick little pulses of pleasure. The little walnuts had grown bigger than a pair of golf balls, and as I looked up from them and back at Emma she found only a smirk of satisfaction.

“All done? Honestly I think you could go a little bigger to match your new equipment but…” She began leafing backwards through the pages, again finding the spell she’d stopped at earlier, “I guess that’s up to you, seeing as we’re about to go even bigger.” I could only watch as Emma raised her hand with another spell, firing it right between my legs. It swirled around my dick and absorbed into it, the magic feeling like sinking my member into warm water. Then the pulses started.

It felt like the best stretch I’d ever had in her life, combined with the best vibrator I’ve ever had inside me, except engulfing my entire dick. Every wave of growth felt like my cock couldn’t possibly get any harder, doing so, and then doubling down on that, “Oh god! Fuck! This is- I can’t- Ah!” My balls followed suit with my cock as my exclamations of pleasure fed Emma’s hex. A slow squishing sound alerted me to Emma, who’s hand had found its’ way beneath her own panties as she stared at the swelling rod.

When the growth finally stopped, I looked down to find a colossal cock staring back up at me, eager to be inside of anything that it would still fit in, which at this point wasn’t much. From my position slumped against the wall it reached up to the base of my ribcage, and I doubted I could have gotten a hand all the way around it.

Emma finally managed to control herself long enough to get her eager hands out of her snatch and moved down to the ground next to me and my godlike cock, dragging the book along with her. For the longest time Emma just stared at its’ size as it bobbed gently over my abdomen in time with my heartbeat.

By this point I had lost all of my ferocity, and just really, *really* wanted something to touch me. I looked meaningfully between the giant dick and Emma, trying to get her attention. I decided to try a desperate course of action and wiggled my hips, sending the giant rod on a wobbling spree that made Emma’s mouth start to water. It apparently worked; jerking Emma into motion as she slowly raised a hand. Her fingers moved closer and closer to the mammoth tool, but not nearly fast enough for me.

“Oh just touch me damn it! Touch it! *Please!* OHhh~” I had gotten what she’d wanted to say out, but at a cost. The pleasurable swelling between my legs caught up with my words, and soon the pair of tennis balls was pulling against her cock like a counterweight, even lifting it a little higher off my abdomen.

Emma didn’t need to be told twice, and both of her hands flew to the turgid length, stroking up and down with hot mirth. She would drag her hands all the way down its’ length, then all the way up, grab the latest squirt of pre-cum and smear it around the flesh, starting the process anew. I rocked my hips into her motions, thrusting helplessly into the wandering hands. The pressure beneath my rod began to build like nothing I’d ever experienced, a tidal wave of force lingering just under the surface of my skin, ready to crash at any moment.

Emma spoke between thrusts, her hands never pausing in their ministrations, “Fuck! It’s so big! Who knew you’d make such a great guy Jules? *Fuck I’m so wet…*” I couldn’t help it anymore. I was so close. I *needed* it.

“FUCK! Don’t stop! Don’t stop! I’m gonna-! I’M-!” My balls wobbled along with Emma’s endless strokes, swelling further and further out with more and more seed, my cries feeding her inevitable orgasm’s ammunition. And then I exploded.

I woke with a start in my bed, my eyes opening instantly to inspect my surroundings. I was in my bed, but I had no idea how I’d gotten there. Apparently I’d kicked all of my sheets off my bed, leaving nothing to conceal my completely soaked panties.

“Fuck.”

The light from my window told me I must have slept through the night. A spark of anger was slowly fanned into a flame as the events of the previous day flickered through my memory. Sitting up, I saw that I had been sent away to bed completely naked. A quick glance down told me that at least Emma had showed me the courtesy of getting rid of that second snatch.

I cursed, gritting my teeth, “*God,* why does she always have to control EVERYTHING!”

I stomped across the hall floor to the bathroom, I really needed a shower. Even with the hot water running over me I couldn’t stop fuming. I knew I shouldn’t have been as mad as I was. I knew if I brought it up she’d just play it off like a joke, and if anything that just made it worse.

Clearly the shower wasn’t helping. I shut off the water and marched back to my room, drying myself off before heading to my drawers. I slipped a shirt over my head, muttering under my breath.

“There’s got to be a way I can get back at that little imp. Maybe if Sam and I- WOAH! Ow!” As I slipped my other leg through my pajama pants my heel landed hard on a stray sock, sending me sailing across the room. In slow motion my arms flailed for something to catch me, only finding purchase on my mirror, sending it crashing to the floor along with me.

“UGH! Ow ow ow…” I carefully pulled the surprisingly heavy mirror frame off of me, trying to avoid the many shards of glass that were strewn about my floor, “Great. As if today couldn’t- The hell?”

My eye caught on something. In the center of the silhouette of dust the mirror had left on the wall was a small square of something imbedded into the stone. I tiptoed over the field of broken glass to prod it with my finger, finding it was made of metal. With a bit of working I got it loose, and it slid up. Behind it was a hole that lead to some kind of hallway, stretching on far enough for the darkness to make the other side unseeable.

“No fucking way.” My lips mimed. A secret mother-fucking passage! This was how Emma was casting spells on me at night through my locked (and sometimes barricaded) door! *This* was why I kept waking up with huge boobs! Or four boobs. Or pregnant. Or that time where my feet were so sensitive I couldn’t take two steps without cumming. Or that other time I woke up without arms. Or when my nipples were- Whatever! You get it!

Of course you realize, this means war.

At that moment my door slid open, Bran’s unmistakable blue mist trailing in behind him, “You alive in here? I heard a crash.”

“What? Oh, sure, whatever. I’m fine. Look at this!” I pointed an accusatory finger at the hole, “Emma’s been casting spells at me in my sleep with this fucked up hidden passage thing!”

His crystal eye darted around the room frantically, “What, that’s ridiculous! How utterly deplorable! Why I can’t believe-”

“You knew?” What was I saying, of course he knew, how would she cast the spells alone?

He conceded without much of a fight, “Alright, you got me. But in my defensive, she was pretty persuasive!”

“I doubt it.” I scoffed, “Whatever, I’ll forgive you, because you’re gonna help me get back at her.”

“Oh am I now?” He said, drifting over to me, “What’s in it for me?”

“Same thing as always, you get to not be bored.”

“I’m sold.” He deadpanned, “What’s your big plan then?”

“I’m gonna cast a spell on her.”

He half-laughed, “And how do you intend to do that?”

“I don’t know, you’re the wizard! Figure something out.”

“But you can’t read magiscript. How would you- unless…” A flicker of something had worked its way into his voice.

Hook line and sinker.

“Alright spill. What’s the “unless”?”

“Well, with every spell someone has used me to cast I’ve been gathering the stray mana that had been hanging in the air afterwards. Nothing big, just residual stuff, the stuff that’s usually just enough to let me move around.”

“I sense a but.”

“*But,* I think I’ve saved up enough to actually cast something.”

I pumped my fist in the air, “Yes! Jackpot!”

“But I’ve never done it before! It could be dangerous using wild magic like this, excess mana gathered from thousands of different spells over hundreds of years? The effects could be unpredictable at best.”

“But you’re gonna do it anyway! And cast a spell on me that lets me mess with Emma.”

“But I musn’t! I couldn’t! It would be irresponsible of me as an upstanding man of magic.”

I raised an eyebrow, “How did the word upstanding even make it into your vocabulary? Besides! A spell cast with nothing but residual mana or whatever, that’s never been done before! You’re on the cutting edge of magic here! It would be irresponsible of you *not* to try it.”

His eye looked me up and down for a moment, “Anyone ever tell you ought to work in sales?”

I flipped my hair over my shoulder, “It’s a talent. Now make with the revenge plot!” I held my arms out to either side, “Hit me!”

“Alright, but if something doesn’t feel right, you tell me!” Bran opened himself onto the bed, flipping through his pages until he found one indistinguishable pattern of squiggles that was apparently more significant than any of the other indistinguishable patterns of squiggles. It began to glow, and soon the magic streamed out from the page and into the air, forming a swirling blue cyclone of light in the center of my room.

Before I could react the whipping winds engulfed me, the bright light filling my vision until I was all but blinded by the whirling streaks of magic. I could feel it starting to flow into me, into my arms, my legs, my chest, between my legs…

I went strangely blind, strange patterns curling and roiling behind my eyes, but I called out to Bran, “What- what did you do? This feels kind good.”

And it did. It felt really good. As the magic soaked into me it was getting more and more intense. It was as if Emma had cast that horniness spell on me again, only times a thousand. Every inch of me felt electrified, my heart pumping the blood in my veins, throbbing in hot pulses under my skin like battery acid. If Bran had called back to me I never heard him.

It felt so good. So, so good! It was… Too much! With every pore burning I came. I felt my mouth open wide but I didn’t hear a scream, I couldn’t hear anything but the same whipping static of the white-hot cyclone. Lightning struck my mind; I came again. And again. My brain was on fire. My hands gripped the sides of my head. Tears rolled down my face. I couldn’t take it, but it didn’t stop. I came again. No traces of pleasure remained in the madness, only the same impossible ever-growing overabundance of sensation bombarding me, pressing in on me from every angle.

I came again.

God I wanted a Pop-Tart.

I’d been chilling out / hiding out in my room after Emma had let me go from her little power trip. I can’t say I blame her, as I was having just as much fun up until she’d taken over, but it still made me a little hesitant to leave the relative safety of my room.

At some point hunger finally won out over fear and I decided it’d be safe enough to run downstairs for a snack. I scurried down the stairs, reaching the kitchen and riffling through the cabinets until I found the holy grail of toaster-based snack foods. I started heading back to my hidey-hole with prize in hand but stopped at the hallway in front of the stairs, hearing a sound from Julie’s room as her door swung open.

“Hey! I guess everyone needs to eat sometime. That was some night, huh? Uh, Julie?”

For a few seconds there was no response, then Julie floated out into the hallway and turned to face me. *Floated.*

Something was very wrong. Her face was unreadable, mostly due to her eyes, which had been replaced by shining pools of white-blue light. Her feet dangled below her, hovering an inch or so above the carpet. Tiny bolts of blue were leaping around her, licking at her skin in hectic jolts.

“Oh my god, Julie?! What-“

She said something, but her lips didn’t match up with her words. Her voice sounded like it was echoing inside of an enormous faraway cave, “Where’s Emma?”

“She- I think she went shopping. Julie are you okay?”

Her expression twitched a millimeter. Her face shifted into a sad smile, her head tilting to the right a few degrees. I didn’t have a chance to react. An arc of blue light jumped from her to me, striking me with the mad tingles magic brings.

I tried to call out to her again, but I couldn’t control my mouth. I realized I couldn’t control anything as my body contorted itself into an obscene pose, my legs spread wide with one hand clutching a breast, the other working its way under my panties. My head tilted downwards, my mouth opening just enough for my tongue to lick my upper lip, though never completing the motion.

I stood there frozen as she watched. Something was creeping up my legs, something strangely cold and numb. It worked faster up my body. Past my hips and up through my chest I saw it working, my skin turning a sickly shade of grey before its texture rippled into the cracks and roughness of stone. My mind raced in circles as my breast solidified under my fingers before they too were claimed by the transformation. I couldn’t move, I couldn’t breath, and panic was attacking me from all sides. It creeped up my neck and around my ears, into my face, bringing its cold numbness into my mind as well.

My vision slowly goes dark as Julie’s bright eyes stare on with a child’s smile, giggling.

“Yo, I’m back! I got some food!” I walked to the kitchen with my bags and dropped them on the counter, “Hello?” I walked towards Julie’s room, but before I got there I found something strange.

In the middle of the hallway was a very lewd looking statue of Sam licking her lips and playing with herself. I walked in a circle around it, inspecting it, “Damn.” I ran my fingers over one cold breast, “That’s pretty hot.”

“NO! Not hot! Bad! Very bad!” Bran floated out of Julie’s room with some trouble, looking like he was having problems keeping himself off the ground, “That’s not a statue, that’s Sam!”

I looked back at the grey hand that gave the perfect illusion of frantic movement between her legs, “Damn, that’s even hotter.” I chuckled, then sighed, “Alright, I suppose we should turn her back.”

“That’s the problem, I don’t know *how*. Julie did this!”

“Julie did magic? Way to go Jules!”

“No! Shut up for a second, this is serious! Julie used magic while she was angry, which is *very, very bad.* Something happened, and the spell went haywire. She-”

“How did she even cast anything? She can’t read you.”

He quickly snapped back at me, “That’s not important. You’re never supposed to use magic in a state of emotional distress, and the magic she used snowballed out of control.”

“What happens when- Wait, why was Julie distressed?”

“She was kind of- mad at you.”

“What? Well what happens when you cast a spell while “distressed”?”

Bran made a heavy sigh. I’m starting to think those are just for effect, since I’m pretty sure he doesn’t need to breathe, “When that happens the spell tends to go out of control and the emotion that’s causing the problem gets multiplied in the process. Now I don’t exactly know what happened, but something snapped and the magic went sideways.”

“I’d never seen anything like it! Somehow we connected, and everything in the codex got shoved inside her head. Not just the spells either, the entire matrix of magic crafting got mapped into her brain! But she should only be able to cast sex spells, just like the book-” He gasped, “That must be how she used a spell that I couldn’t! It’s using her imagination like a catalyst to extrapolate new spells! She can create a new spell for anything that she can imagine as sexy! This is a breakthrough!”

“BRAN!” I snapped my fingers in front of his cover, “What happened to Julie?”

“Oh, right. I don’t really know, I blacked out. But wherever she is, she has a ridiculous amount of raw magic energy behind her, she can cast whatever magic she wants freely, and she’s very angry at you.”

I stared back at Sam and had the realization of where Julie thought I was, “Oh god, The Mall!”

Chapter 14

A low rumbling thunder rolled through the sky above The Mall as a slowly drifting cast of grey clouds overlooked the shoppers below. The multi-layered canopy of cloth draped over the complex, normally a shield against an unforgiving sun, now only deepened the darkness looming like a blanket over the day.

Julie turned the corner into the long stretch of sidewalk that lined the shops. Her toes dangling scant inches above the concrete as she floated along, only ever touching the ground with an occasional discharge of blue lightning, jumping to the nearest object as if trying its best to get away from her.

She stared into the distance, her gaze focused but unseeing. Her eyes were consumed with a glowing blue light so bright it appeared white, shining like twin lighthouses in the dimness. The magic thrummed throughout her body and inside her mind, begging to be let loose into the world, like the worst itch you can imagine times a thousand.

As she arrived there was a palpable change in the atmosphere, the smell of ozone permeating the air all throughout the covered walkway. A few people stopped and stared at the strange floating girl in the middle of the street, a woman and her daughter holding hands, a slightly balding man in a business suit, a girl with a Pomeranians’ fuzzy head sticking out of her designer purse.

This, of course, was a mistake.

A fraction of a smile cracked open Julie’s expressionless face. She swiftly and unceremoniously looked at each of them in turn, and as she did so wide arcs magic in the shape of blue lightning jumped from her body towards them in a series of loud cracks. She shivered with fulfilment as the bolts struck their targets. She giggled. She needed more.

The woman staggered backwards as the world got a lot bigger very quickly, her clothes becoming a baggy mess around her shoulders. Her features grew smaller and less defined as she struggled to stop the now empty cups of her bra from sliding down around her much more narrow shoulders. Meanwhile her daughter rocketed past the woman in height, stumbling around in place on suddenly long and slender legs leading up to new masses and curves, her clothes putting up a feeble effort before bursting off the blossoming girl. The new mother was shocked at her sudden lack of clothes, covering her expansive chest to the best of her ability, and had no idea why her sobbing daughters’ clothes no longer fit.

The man reeled as his mind and body was flooded with strange urges. Mass all over his body began to shift into new places as his clothes transformed. Heat filled him as he slowly began to gyrate in place. His entire form slimmed down sharply, his skin becoming smooth as hair all over his body fell out, all seeming to go to his head where long curls began to tumble down his shoulders. He let out a girlish gasp. The gut he had been slowly building over the last few months ceased to matter as the fat redistributed itself into his chest and ass, leaving his belly toned and smooth. His businesslike ensemble all but evaporated into a string bikini, which left no question as to what no longer remained between his legs. The steaming hot table dancer was wondering why there was no pole in this place as she shook her money makers for all they were worth.

The girl quickly collapsed onto the floor, her purse falling with her, setting her pet free as it scampered off into one of the nearby shops. She reached out for her dog but was overcome by a sudden wave of arousal. It ate away at her for several seconds before she could take it no longer, and began ripping away at her clothes eagerly. As she tore away her shirt, not one, not two, but three extra pairs of breasts jiggled into existence all down her torso, crowding her chest with a splendor of new flesh to paw at with her hungry hands. She found it so much easier to fall down to all fours rather than to stand, her ass naturally sticking out as her fingers plunged in and out of it. She whimpered as she quickly came, setting her off on a very long chain of heat-induced orgasms.

Julie continued to hover down the main path, just her glances sending spells flying this way and that, altering people as she went, as if to fulfil some sick urge that couldn’t be sated. She had to find Emma, even if she didn’t enjoy it; Even if she *really* *did*.

To her left the enormous flared tip of a horse’s dick protrudes obscenely from under a girl’s skirt, hiking the material up around its base. Two tennis-ball sized testicles plop down underneath it into a huge sack bulging from inside of her panties. It isn’t a moment later that they begin to contract, pumping silos of thick seed up into the shaft and through the air, the confused girl gripping either side of her alien addition with wild abandon as she orgasms uncontrollably.

To her right a young couple suddenly found themselves filled with inescapable arousal and began tearing off their clothes, only for the boy to find his girlfriend’s dripping cunt between his legs, and his thick cock bobbing in the air between hers. They didn’t seem to care as she mounted him clumsily, more used to being the thrust-ee rather than the thruster, but unable to think of anything besides fulfilling her need.

The crowd further down the long stretch of shops began to notice the oncoming chaos, some fleeing while others pulled out phones to record with. Julie cracked her neck. She was going to have some fun with them.

I was half way through the long line of shops before I found her. Honestly, after following the trail of transfigured bystanders she wasn’t that hard to spot, floating down the center of the street a few feet off the ground, magic whirring around her in irregular jolts. She always did have a flare for the dramatic.

“JULIE!”

She whipped around to face me, her face contorting into a terrifying smile, “There you are!” As she spoke her face kept jumping between delighted and infuriated, “I’ve been looking all over for you!”

“Julie look around! What are you doing!?”

Blue sparks jumped between her teeth as she spoke, “I’m catching up! You had all that time with YOUR little magic book, so now it’s my turn!”

My voice started to shake, “If you wanted to- you should have just told me! We were supposed to keep it between us, remember? You promised! We both did!

Her brow furrowed into a scowl as her shining eyes bore holes into my soul, “What? I’m just having a little fun. Isn’t that what you always called it? Just a little *FUN!?”* Her last word rumbled through the complex like thunder.

“These are innocent people! You always said-“

“FORGET WHAT I SAID! I was stupid! I’ve *always* been stupid!” She spat her words out with a venom that I’d never heard from her and I hated it, “I was *stupid* moving into that house, and I was *STUPID* for being friends with *YOU!”*

Her words cut like knives, and I felt hot tears roll down my face, but I didn’t let how hurt I was seep into my voice, “I am-“ I took a moment to steel my wavering words, “I *am* your friend. And you’re the smartest person I know!”

“shut up shut up SHUT UP!” She shrieked, her words scraping her voice hoarse. She clasped her hands to her ears, erratic bolts of magic starting to lash out and attack anything too close to her. I felt the bricks beneath my feet shift as the ground shook, and lightning boomed in the clouds above us.

“Get back! I told you, that’s not her!” Bran had finally caught up with me, his polished eye taking in the scene with horror.

“She’s got to be in there somewhere!”

Julie’s screams cut through the air, “Don’t talk about me like I’m not HERE!” In a flash of brilliant blue light a bolt of magic erupted from Julie’s form and shot towards me. I recoiled, throwing my hands in front of me with my eyes shut tight.

When I realized I wasn’t yet a smoking pile of ash, or a horny sex slave, whichever was worse, I opened my eyes to find a luminous barrier of crimson light had been cast between us, and in front of me stood a girl with half of her head shaved, and two curved horns curled around the sides of her head.

“Do you have ANY idea how much paperwork this is going to put me through!?”

“You!” Bran shouted.

I blinked, “Shop girl? Why do you have horns!?”

Not risking turning her back to Julie she answered, “Long story. Bran, status report! Explain!”

“Used a collection of wild magic while angry.”

“And you wonder why we kept you on a shelf!”

Julie stared daggers at us through the translucent red barrier that was slowly fading out of existence. Her grimace turned into a smile as her eyes wandered up and down the horned girl, “Well hello again sexy!” She licked her lips, “You know I’d love to play with you all day but I’m a little busy. Would you mind stepping out of the way? This doesn’t concern you."

“Tell that to all those people you’ve been fucking with.”

This ignited her rage again, “FINE! You’re going to make a fun toy!” Another blast of shining cerulean exploded towards the shop girl, but she responded, spreading her arms wide and producing an enchantment of her own red magic just powerful enough to deflect the spell, sending it flying into a nearby shop where a woman had been ducking behind the counter. She quickly found herself in a full-body suit of latex that clung to her skin perfectly, and later would learn it was impossible to remove.

The pace of the magical battle began to pick up, Julie slinging bolt after bolt of raw magical energy at her opponent, who was only just able to keep up, dodging and blocking without any chance at returning a blow. I watched on as the horned girl’s arms became a flurry of movement, trails of scarlet magic whipping around her in a spectacular blur.

Another bolt of blue whizzed by my head, missing me by scant inches. I followed it back to find it had connected with a poor woman who had already been changed, and was currently preforming a lap dance for no one. Her mouth and nose shifted until they formed the wet entrance of a perfectly formed pussy right on her face, but she didn’t seem to mind as she continued her routine.

With the speed of the magical assault, everything felt like it was in slow motion, blue crashing against red in a barrage of color and light. But it was not to last, as soon Julie’s sheer power became too much for the girl to continue her defense. She over extended a wave of scarlet that was meant to block a blow from above, but Julie’s spell curved midair, the ball of magic connecting with her stomach.

With a gasp she curled forwards, hands covering the place she was hit, “Oh phooey.” With just that utterance it was obvious what was about to happen to her. Her hips and ass swelled outwards as her already impressive chest followed suit, becoming ridiculous jiggling masses. Even the half of her head that was shaved began sprouting long flowing locks of bleached white hair. As her lips grew to a point where not lisping would be impossible, her clothes shrank until they might as well have not been there, barely covering her caricatured proportions.

“Like, no fair! You’re a big meanie! You…“ Her hands had begun exploring her newly sensitive form, and apparently they liked what they found. Her probing fingers traveled across her ample rack, toying with the soft flesh, “Oh- These are fun!” Her giggle was the nail in my coffin.

Julie pushed the now eagerly masturbating girl to the side as she approached us, cracking her knuckles, “Your turn!” With hands extended, the full brunt of her power bared down on me with a thunderous whir.

I waited for the weight of heavy breasts to pull at my chest, or for my brain to start leaking out of my ears, but to my amazement none such thing happened. The magic was flowing around me like a river would surround a rock, passing me harmlessly as if I was protected with some invisible force.

When Julie realized her assault wasn’t connecting she stopped and let out a furious scream like a child throwing a tantrum. From behind me I heard the voice of an old man, making us all turn.

“My oh my Julie, you’ve been quite busy!” He walked with a slow determination, limping slightly. He wore a set of robes that looked even older than he was, draping around him like a waterfall from his shoulders. His long grey beard nearly reached his waist.

Suddenly Bran happily shouted out, “Obeus, you son of a bitch! I thought you’d kicked it years ago!”

His voice was steady and calm, in stark contrast to the fuming form of Julie, whose electric field of magic was still zapping anything that got too close, “It is good to see you too, old friend! We will speak later, for we have more pressing matters at hand.”

“DAMN RIGHT YOU DO!” Julie shrieked, throwing everything she had at the old man. I leaped out of the way, landing hard on my side as her first volley of spells bounced harmlessly off of a dazzling purple sphere that surrounded him. He deflected her spells as easily as if they were ping pong balls, and soon he started throwing his own, putting Julie on the defensive as blue light crashed against purple.

One of his spells actually managed to hit, grazing off her shoulder as she let out a cry of pain. The part of her shirt that the spell had connected with had all but vaporized, and the she clung to her wound with her other hand, covering the seared flesh.

I shouted over the rancor, “Stop! Don’t hurt her!” But the battle raged on despite my objection, with magic flying this way and that in a cacophony of light and sound. A few more of the man’s spells found their targets, each eliciting fresh cries of pain that stabbed at my heart.

Before I knew what I was doing I had pushed myself off the ground, sprinting towards Julie. I didn’t know how to stop them, but I knew this had to end. I flung myself between them with my arms outstretched, a ball of purple fire hurtling towards my chest, the uncontrolled heat scorching my cheeks.

The next moment happened in an instant. In a flash of movement Julie was in front of me, warding off the flames with the same prostrate spread eagle that I’d meant to protect her with. Her blue energy quashed the flames near-instantly, and the next second the air was filled with a choking silence.

The chaotic zaps of energy had ceased, and Julie’s form drifted gently downwards until her feet found ground again. Slowly, she turned to face me, the light that had filled her eyes dimming until her stunningly green irises clearly glimmered back at me. Her eyes looked into mine, her expression growing darker by the second.

“Emma?” She broke eye contact, collapsing onto her knees and staring at the ground as the memories of all she had done and said returned in full force. I sat with her as she brought one hand to her mouth, sobbing silently as her eyes took on a glossy sheen with the weight of her tears, “Oh god, Emma.” She choked out her words, beginning to shake, “Emma I’m so sorry! I’m so sorry!” She buried her face in her hands, repeating her apology again and again as she wept.

I wrapped my arms around her as she cried, hugging her as tightly as I could, feeling my own tears run down my face. We sat like that for some time, neither of us willing to let go of one another. I stayed holding on to her until the man made a motion towards us.

I quickly shifted around to guard Julie from him, but at my gesture he stopped. His words were calm and kind. It was hard to believe that the same man was seconds ago producing such violent spells, “It’s alright, there’s no need for that. It’s good to have you back Julie.”

He leaned down next to us, Julie looking up from her hands as he addressed her, “I trust you are back in control?” When Julie silently nodded, still wiping tears from her face, he continued, “I’m glad to hear it.” He had an honest face, but I was still skeptical.

“How do you know our names? Who are you?”

“He runs the magic shop.” Bran answered for him, “And he’s also the most talented geezer still practicing magic on this side of the planet.”

“You flatter me Beranibus.” He turned back to me, “I’ve been keeping an eye on you ever since you picked up my friend here, with the help of my- Oh dear.”

He looked over to the girl from the shop, who I now assumed was his assistant of some kind, still completely bimbofied and vigorously jilling herself, her ridiculously proportioned body jiggling in time with her gasps.

“Ehem. If you’ll excuse me for a moment…” He got up, walking over to her and beginning to make increasingly complex hand gestures.

I turned back to Julie, making sure she was okay. Again her head was downcast, sullenly staring at her hands. I put my hand on her shoulder, but at my contact she jumped.

“Jules, hey, it’s alright. It’s over.”

“Emma, what I said- I didn’t mean-“

“I know you didn’t. It’s okay.”

We heard the sound of the frantic girl’s moans slowly die down, and soon she was walking towards us next to the old man, back to her normal self, which was to say still absurdly sexy. She stretched her arms above her head, “God I needed that! I should do that more often…”

The old man spoke again, addressing her, “Now Anna, time is of the essence. I’ll stay here and start cleaning up. Take these three back to their home. There’s still someone there that needs help.”

She nodded to him, offering a hand to me and Julie to get up, “C’mon ladies, we’ve got work to do.”

Most of the walk back to The House was an awkward one. The girl with the horns took the lead, while Emma and I followed, Bran trailing along behind us. I felt awful. What I did to all those people and the unforgivable things I had said to Emma were boring a hole in my stomach. I’d even transformed the girl who, despite all that, was still helping us.

When we were about half way there I forced the apology out of my mouth, “I’m sorr-“

But she cut me off almost immediately, “Don’t worry about it. I know you couldn’t control it. Besides, you think that’s the first time I’ve been bimbo’d? It happens surprisingly often in my line of work.”

Emma jumped in, “What, working at the magic sex toy shop?”

“As a *succubus.*”

Emma gasped, “I knewit! No one is just *that* sexy!”

She laughed, “You know it sister.” She slapped her ass, and I couldn’t pull my eyes away from it for several seconds. Suddenly my seemingly unnatural attraction to her made more sense.

“So you’re an actual demon?” I asked, “Making deals and sucking souls and such?”

“Hey, give me some credit. Yes, I was a soul sucking sex machine for a time, but now I work at the shop with Obeus.”

“The wizard guy, right? How’d that happen?”

She took a breath, “I hadn’t been a demon very long, and I’d been summoned by some idiot teenager desperate for some tail.” Her voice was filled with remorse “I didn’t have any control back then, and I fucked him to death, savoring every second of it. That’s how Obeus found me, still humping the soulless husk of that boy. He offered me training and safety, and in return I’d be his thrall.”

I picked up my pace, walking along next to her, “You’re his slave?”

“Technically yes, but he’s never once acted like I was. He always treated me kindly, as an equal. I’ll always be grateful for that.” She looked at me, “So now I help him run the shop, or whatever else he needs, like watching you two.”

Emma asked, walking along her other side, “But what about Bran?”

“Yeah, what about me?” He added, sounding a little ticked off, “Why’d you keep me on that stupid shelf for so long?”

“We needed to know whoever we gave you to could use you magic, but wouldn’t *misuse* it. Isn’t that what you wanted? Not to be stolen?”

“I guess.” Bran grumbled.

Emma asked, “And how did you know him anyway?”

“He was an acquaintance of the man I was apprenticing under. I’d always hoped he’d let me train under him, but he used to say he didn’t like the taste of my kind of magic. That hypocritical bastard, I’ve seen what he keeps in that shop of his!”

“Not another unkind word about Obeus or you’ll be propping up the short leg of my desk.” Anna promised.

When we arrived at The House we walked straight to where Sam was still frozen in stone, caught mid-movement as one hand wandered down her pants, the other clutching a breast. Even though I knew it was I that had done this to her and I felt horrible about it, her pose was turning me on the more I looked at it.

Anna let out a low whistle, “Damn girl, you do good work.” She looked at me, then nudged her head at Sam’s still form, “Now turn her back so I can get back to Obeus.”

I stared back at her in surprise, “What? Me!? I can’t do magic!”

She let out a genuine laugh, “Can’t do magic my fabulous and recently bimbo’d *ass!* You’ve got more raw magical energy in your pinky finger than most wizards hope to achieve at their peak! Or did all of those people transform themselves during your little stroll through town?”

“But that wasn’t me! I don’t know how to-“

“Hey, stop thinking so much.” She put her hand on my shoulder and turned me towards Sam, “Just un-stonify her. Easy as that.”

I stared at the statue of Sam, trying to focus and reach for whatever magic she was talking about. I don’t know how I did it. I just kind of *reached out* to her. I just wanted my friend back.

In an instant Sam was fully flesh again, collapsing onto the floor and breathing deeply.

I looked down at my hands, then up at Anna, who was looking at me with an eyebrow raised and a smirk on her face in the universal expression of “I told you so”.

Emma leaned down beside her, “Tom! Are you okay?”

“Aww.” She said, picking up the silver wrapper that had been discarded on the floor, “My Pop-Tart broke.”

Chapter 15

The next day Julie bounced into the kitchen from behind me with an unusual spring in her step. I figured it would have taken longer for her to be okay, or at least okay by her standards, after everything that happened.

“Uhh, hey!” I greeted her a little hesitantly, suspicious of her good mood.

“Hey yourself!” She responded cheerily, picking an apple from a bowl on the counter and tossing it between her hands as she walked across the kitchen.

I watched her stroll across the tile floor with an uncharacteristically mellow smile on her face, “Alright, what gives?”

“What gives what?” She started washing the apple off in the sink.

“This.” I gestured up and down her body, “What’s with all the happy? You sure you’re okay?”

“Oh I’m better than okay.” She hummed contentedly, starting to peel off long strips of apple skin into the sink, “I feel great!”

“You feel great.” I repeated flatly.

“It’s hard to explain.” She took a bite out of the peeled apple and started munching on it, collecting her thoughts. She swallowed, then spoke, “It’s like, you can use magic right? And now I can too, that’s one thing. But it’s so much more than that.”

“Alright, I get why you’d be happy about that, and I’m super happy for you, but are you sure you’re feeling okay? You’re acting weird.”

“But it’s not just that. You know that light tingly feeling you get when you use it? You can use magic, but I feel like I *am* magic. I feel it in my veins, like I’m light as a feather. It’s always right there at my fingertips.”

I watch her skeptically as she continues sounding crazy, but she sees my face and stops, “It’s not as stupid as it sounds, I promise.”

I chuckle, “I’m finding that hard to believe.”

“Fine, I’ll show you.” She smiles, putting the freshly peeled apple down on the counter, “So you know how it feels to use magic, right? But you’ve always had to depend on Bran to cast any spells. But for me it’s as easy as… That.”

“… Easy as what?”

She put on a trickster’s smile and shrugged, “I dunno, maybe you should ask your nipples.”

“Huh?” Did she make my nipples hard or something? I looked down to see if they were poking out of my shirt, but they weren’t. I looked up at Julie quizzically which she returned with that same smile, then I looked back down again, pulling open the collar of my shirt and looking at my chest. Then I realized why they weren’t.

My nipples were gone. I reached my hands up through the bottom of my shirt and explored my abnormally flat chest. The smooth skin that took their places was just normal, and it felt strange not having those familiar points of sensitivity.

“But, you-“ I looked up at her confused, “You didn’t even cast a spell! No pointing or zapping or blue light!”

“Nope!” She smiled back, “Don’t need to. It’s just as simple as that.” Her grin widened, “Like how horny you are right now.”

Immediately after she said it my body ignited with lust. The heat between my legs was boiling over in an instant. I needed to cum, NOW. My hands started moving towards the only place I would find release.

“And then how you aren’t again.”

It felt like I was just hit with a fire extinguisher. One moment I was ready to start rubbing myself to climax in front of her, then back to being cool as a cucumber in a second.

“Wow. Holy shit.” I tried to catch my breath. The arousal was gone, but the memory of it wasn’t.

“Yeah, I know right?” She picked up her apple again and took another bite out of it, “Way more convenient than flipping through a million pages of Bran every time you want to conjure a dick.”

Suddenly the button on my shorts burst as a fully erect twelve-inch dick sprung out of me. I could feel the air swirling around its sensitive surface, and it bobbed in the air for a moment as if it was just as confused at its arrival as I was.

“Julie!”

“Just kidding!” She said, as the dick vanished as quick as it had come, leaving the crotch of my shorts destroyed.

“Jesus Jules, warn a girl first.” I sighed, trying to re-button my button-less shorts.

She chuckled again, still munching away at her apple contentedly.

After a moment of futile shorts repair I asked, “But you can still cast stuff on yourself, right?”

“Yep, I can pretty much do-“ The air around her shimmered for a moment, like a mirage, and suddenly it wasn’t Julie leaning against the counter chewing a half-eaten apple, but a perfect likeness of me, all the way down to my T shirt and ripped shorts, “- whatever I want.” She finished in an echo of my voice.

I stood there with my jaw hanging open.

“Well, you know,” The image of me said, “As long as it has to do with sex. I got my powers from the book Bran made, and you know how that thing works.”

“That is so… COOL! Is that what I really look like?” I walked closer to inspect ‘myself’ further before a thought popped into my head, “Wait, how are you going to use my body for sex?”

At first she didn’t answer, just smiling into her nearly finished apple before looking up to meet my eyes with, well, mine, “Oh, you know. Just to show you something. I think I’m going to have a lot of fun with this. Remember when we first met Bran and you two were casting spells on me left and right?”

My heart dropped into my stomach and I laughed nervously, “Hehehe, yeah…”

“Remember the morning after we had come back from the shop? I woke up with…” She didn’t finish. Instead, a huge pair of breasts billowed out from her, well my, well her but it looked like my, chest. The shirt I was wearing that she had copied did not have the capacity for such ample amounts of boob, and all but exploded into strips of cloth that fell to the ground around us as the giant things swung into place on ‘my’ Ill-sized frame. She just looked down at them and smiled. Somehow she didn’t have any problems standing. It was so strange seeing myself at this angle with those giants.

“And then a few days after that…” ‘My’ body changed again, the breasts shrinking, but not by much. Another pair swelled out from below the first and assumed the same not-as-completely-ridiculous-but-still-impossible size. Little steams of white liquid started leaking from each of ‘my’ four swollen nipples as a pair of cow-like horns sprouted from my doppelganger’s head, as well as her ears flaring out into floppy cow ears.

Ever since we had found the book *I* had been the one calling the shots, casting the spells, transforming other people. But now that I saw my own body being changed in such ways a strange feeling started bubbling up from my gut. I realized that Julie hadn’t broken eye contact with me for a while.

“And then, after what you did to Sam…” In another ripple of change the cow-like features were gone, as well as the four giant breasts, but ‘my’ abdomen quickly swelled outwards into that of a soon to be mother full to bursting. Julie splayed her hands across ‘my’ incredibly distended stomach, and giggled. She *giggled.*

*“*There are so many things you haven’t experienced yet…” In a final ripple of confounding light Julie was her fully-clothed self again, leaving me standing in shock with what I was sure was a new kind of arousal for me, “Don’t worry about it too much though!” Her speech jumped back to being overly cheery in an instant, in jarring contrast to the foreboding tones in her voice from moments before, “Of course I wouldn’t do any of *that* to you! We’re friends!”

I let out a sigh, followed by more nervous laughter, “Hah, o-of course not…”

“That’s right, because of course that would be *plagiarism.”*

I froze, “So…”

“So I’m going to come up with a bunch of all-new stuff, just for you! Because that’s what friends *do.”*

I started walking backwards out of the kitchen, “Great. Cool. I, uh, forgot I had a… thing…” At this point I gave up diplomacy and bolted around the corner towards my room. I swung the door open and threw myself inside, locking it behind me as fast as my fumbling fingers could manage.

I sat with my back against the door catching my breath before hearing Julie laughing with mirth all the way from the kitchen. It stopped for a moment, and I heard her shout, “Oh, and you can have these back!”

I felt two little sharp points of tension appear on my chest, and looking down my collar confirmed the return of my nipples. I reached up my shirt to tug on them reassuringly, “Oh I missed you babies, I won’t ever- Oohhh~!”

Yeah, she had returned them, but she must have bumped up the sensitivity at least ten times normal, because one little pinch on each of them nearly had me cumming like a little slut in less than a second. I took a few deep breaths and made a point to pull my hands away from my chest, now feeling the rough cotton brushing up against them much more intensely than before.

I sighed, whispering to myself, “This is going to get much worse before it gets better, isn’t it?”

Without even having heard her footsteps, Julie’s voice resounded clearly through the door as if she was talking directly into my ear, “Yep.”