

After a long and stressful work week, finally Bree had something to look forward to: Relaxation. She strode out of her final class of the week that Friday afternoon and was ready for the weekend to usher in some time away from schoolwork--a rarity for one in the top of her class as she was.

Bree, a second-year bio major at one of the top science universities in the country, was something of an overachiever. She always strove for top marks and had a deep passion for the sciences from an early age. She had a social life but preferred to keep to herself, never having a boyfriend at all despite being a decidedly cute and slim 5'7" girl. She lived on campus with a girl named Carly who got along with her but not in the typical "BFF" way that some girls do. Despite not really indulging in most of college's guilty pleasures such as frat parties or raves, Bree was incredibly content with her time at school so far.

She leisurely ambled to her dorm building where she lived smack dab in the middle of the building. There were about a dozen other pairs of roommates in her building and while she didn't know all of them they were nice and never got in her way, plus her building was very close to most of the labs so she liked it there. She was going to enjoy the relative quiet tonight as many of the girls would be at this party or that.

Outside her door on the ground was a slim manilla envelope with her name on it. Bree curiously scooped it up and unlocked her dorm room door. Carly wasn't back yet, but she should be momentarily. As dorm rooms go theirs was pretty fantastic. The room was wide open and had windows opening out to the quad. Their beds were on either end of the room with a large open space between them and dressers and desks cozily differentiating their spaces. Aside from their amenities the two had a rather large and unused open space that was their makeshift living room which opened the room up even more.

Bree dropped her bag on her desk and threw herself onto her bed with the envelope in hand to open and inspect. She thumbed it open and poured the contents onto herself. The only things in the envelope were a slip of paper and an ID card. While the card looked different from her school's student IDs it functionally seemed the same. It had her name, age, and basic vitals on it but there was no picture and no branding on it, implying it was more like an identifying checklist about Bree than an actual ID card. She was awaiting a replacement as her previous one had slipped from her hands and fallen into a sewer drain. This would have to do for now, at least. She turned over the paper and read what it said:

"This ID card belongs to BREE BAKER, for whom the card has sole influence over. This ID card shall change BREE BAKER to fit whatever description of her is made while in direct proximity of the card. Changes may only be made by people not including the owner and are subject to reality-altering force. Please enjoy this ID card responsibly."

Bree wasn't sure what to make of this accompanying note. It sounded...Cheesy, to say the least. Apparently her ID card has the ability to change Bree when other people talk to her?

Okay, sure. And I guess her entire life studying the sciences was all fake, too. She folded up the slip and shoved it back into the manilla folder since all she actually had need for was the ID card itself and not this silly note.

Just then her door opened and in walked Bree's roommate. Carly immediately threw her backpack onto her respective bed and bounced into the room with a spring in her step like no other. Like Bree, she was more along the lines of "cute" rather than "hot" which was further accentuated by her short 5'4" stature and apparent lack of notable curves. Still, Carly was incredibly bubbly and vivacious, leading her to be more the one to go out and party most weekends or take home a boy every once in awhile. Their personalities never really clashed and the two got along quite well, but they certainly had different priorities and interests.

"Hey Bree~" Carly chirped, bounding over to her dresser. "Excited for the week to finally be over?"

"You have no idea..." Bree flung her head back to rest her entire body on her bed and stretch. The envelope and ID card on her stomach both fell to the ground at this.

"What's this?" Carly asked, instantly perking up to the unknown card that fell nearer her feet than Bree's. "Oh! You finally get your new ID card replacement? Why's it look so different though?" Carly couldn't help but start inspecting the little card back and front while Bree got herself back up to her feet.

"I dunno, must be a defective print or something. Some luck I've got. Give it here, Carls." Bree Carly's incredibly quick change from typical college girl to college night romper. As the two both outstretched a hand while she picked up the envelope and tossed it properly in the trash bin near her. The card now in her possession again she inspected it herself and continued. "There was a note in that envelope that came with the card and get this, it said this ID card would 'change me' or some shit like that. Said that people's descriptions of me would do it or whatever. How absurd!"

Carly beamed a little at the prospect of the note's claim. "Wow! Can you imagine if it was real though!? I mean, I agree, who's gonna believe that an ID card can just change reality, but think about how cool that would be if it actually COULD!" Carly swept her feet over to her dresser and began taking out clothes from it and undressing. Living together the girls had quickly overcome any shyness they had about changing in front of each other, not that they particularly *liked* doing it regardless.

"Going somewhere tonight, Carls?" Bree's attention shifted from the dumb claims of the card to finished their last class around 7 pm it was starting to be that time when parties were forming, pregaming was happening, and Carly was clearly going out to get some of that tonight.

“Yeah, Brad’s got some big party going on over at Delta Nu Alpha. You should come! You had a hard week, right? C’mon out and live a little with me, Bree!” Carly smiled and took some bobby pins in her mouth as she finished talking, styling her hair in a more elaborate yet tight way.

“No thanks, Carls. You go have fun out there, I think I’m gonna take it easy tonight and just relax indoors. Order in some food and just enjoy the quiet, that sounds like a good way to wind down after this hellish week for me.”

“Suit yourself there, chica! Gonna try and experiment with that new reality-changing ID card?” Carly had finished primping her hair and was wiggling her fingers out at Bree now, trying to put on some faux-spooky effect for her at the prospect of the ID card again.

“Haha, good one Carls. The note inside it said that only other people could make changes, not me.” Bree again held out the ID card to inspect all that was written on it.

“Oh, so like, I could make changes to you if I wanted to?” Carly laughed and picked up her small handbag, now ready to leave. She looked like your typical college party girl, slightly revealing attire and bright and flashy colors all tied together with her makeup that only accentuated her beauty and didn’t conceal or mask it. Bree could tell she was out for blood tonight--boy blood.

“Carls, let’s be real here, it’s not gonna *actually* change me, it’s just what it says on this little note here. How could anything in this world change reality on the fly, let alone this simple ID card?” Carly rolled her eyes in response. Bree was going into full-on science-y mode now with comments like that. She strode for the door and opened it as she submitted her final comment.

“Oh sure Bree, I really believe that card over YOU! Come on now, I’m just joking. Like I really believe that just saying ‘omg I love your hot pink hair and electric blue lipstick, I can’t believe those are your natural colors!’ is gonna change you at all. Relax, girl. I’ll see you tonight. Or, if I’m lucky, tomorrow morning~” Carly winked, waved goodbye and strutted out the door, leaving Bree alone and in peace now.

The moment of peace was broken by a bright light from Bree’s ID card almost as soon as her dorm room door had closed, however. Bree reacted naturally, thrusting her hand and the card away from her and saying “What the hell?” to either herself or nobody in particular. The card dropped onto the floor and continued shining. Bree felt a faint tingle in her hair that caused her to clutch the top of her head, which ultimately did nothing. The feeling spread steadily through her head and down her hair and Bree shivered when it ended. A smaller tingle was felt in her lips at this point which flared up and then ended as she scrunched her face. She tussled her hair, put up in a ponytail so she couldn’t see what went on on her head, and noticed that after the feelings subsided her card had also apparently ceased its glow. She bent down and picked it up, now noticing that the card read the following:

Name: Bree Baker

Age: 19
Height: 5'7"
Weight: 120lbs
Hair Color: Hot Pink
Face: Electric Blue lips
Breast Size: B

Bree was confused now, and concerned. She had noticed the connection between what Carly said about her hair and lips, the tingling in them, and now apparently that this card registered what was said. She dreaded the truth she might discover even though she already had a pretty good hunch at what that might be. A mirror would tell her what was what though.

On her way to the bathroom Bree undid the hair tie in her ponytail, letting her hair fall down her shoulders. She noticed as it fell that what she saw in the corner of her eyes was definitely not her usual color and definitely seemed pink. She turned the corner and flipped the light switch to be given the truth at the mirror in front of her. The top of her head was covered in a bright and vibrant pink not unlike what would be seen on an anime character cosplayer's head. It was consistent all around and was deep, there was no sign of any dyed roots or anything. Her gaze moving south slightly, she also noticed the shocking blue that surged from her lips now.

Bree stifled a scream for a moment, but started breathing heavily. She couldn't believe it. What the fuck just happened? She wasn't sure if she should be scared or amazed. On one hand this was beyond cool, this was groundbreaking in the field of science. On the other hand however...Carly just changed part of her, and who knew what sort of power that held or what it even did to Bree's past.

Bree puckered her lips and leaned in closer to the mirror as she was thinking of her emotional response. She rubbed her lips with her hand which then turned into rubbing it with her sleeve. She didn't seem to realize that when Carly had changed her it had actually made it so this was Bree's natural lip color.

"Son of a..." Bree murmured to herself. She moved away from the mirror, still entranced by all this. She laughed at how mindblowing this all was and put her hands on her hips. "I guess the card was really fucking legit!" she exclaimed. Based on what Bree understood of things, her ID card could *actually* change reality for her, but only at the behest of others. Even with that caveat this was insane. She found herself more overjoyed at the scientific breakthrough that just landed in her lap than she was scared.

Bree heard the door to her dorm open and someone walk in. Carly? "Carly!?" She shouted.

"Hey Bree, just forgot one quick thing. Don't need to get off the porcelain throne for me or anything..." Carly's voice responded from the doorway. Bree grabbed her ID card and bounded

out of the bathroom to greet her roommate. She planted herself in the center of the room as Carly was about to slip back out.

“Carly! Guess what! Look what happened!!” She beamed. Carly looked back at Bree with a very confused expression.

“Uh...What? What happened while I was gone for like, 4 minutes?” Bree’s confident pose folded at the comment.

“My hair? My lips? What the fuck else would it be!” Bree waved her hands up as though to say ‘duh!’ to Carly with her body language alone.

“Yup. They’re pink and blue, just like they always are. You gonna tell me something that *actually* happened, or just tell me more things that have always been true?” Bree was confused as Carly said this. Carly couldn’t remember what she had just said those 4 minutes ago?

“Wait, what? They’ve always been like--” Bree gasped to punctuate her thought. She understood now. The ID card said reality changing but that meant outside of her herself *all* of reality had changed to accept the outcome.

“Yeah, you’ve always had that hair and those lips. I mean the hair is kinda cool, being born with hot pink hair and all? I guess the carpet matches the drapes and that must look pretty dang cool. But those lips are wild! Not that you haven’t heard either of these things like, a *million* times already.” When Carly finished Bree noticed another flash of light coming from her hand. The ID card was reacting to something Carly said. She felt a tingle in her crotch she could only assume was her new upholstery recoloring and then it as well as the flash of light subsided.

Bree looked at her ID card and then back up to Carly, whose expression remained unchanged. “Wait, you didn’t just see that!?” She exclaimed.

“See what? Bree, what are you talking about now?” Carly was starting to get annoyed. Bree understood everything now, but still couldn’t hold back her frustrated facade.

“N-Nothing...Nevermind. Go party and have fun.” Bree waved her hand to motion Carly away as she thought more on what she had just learned from this.

“Alright, well thanks for...Whatever just happened, Bree. Have fun, see ya’!” Carly swung out the door again, this time for good. Bree was left standing alone in their room, her hair and lips brightening the room with their very presence. This was certainly not where she expected her Friday night to go.

Now that Bree knew how this ID card worked and knew Carly was out, she wasn’t sure what to do with her knowledge. She realized to herself that she should probably not go out and flaunt

her newest discovery and quite honestly should probably be worried about how she was going to get around the changes this card could inflict upon her. At the same time, however, the scientist in her was incredibly curious and also realized she wanted to try and get her old colors back, if possible. That was the last piece of evidence Bree felt she was missing; would the changes made to her from the ID card be reversible?

Bree decided that she was gonna try out this new ID card within the confines of her dorm building. As long as she could avoid any horny boys or lesbian secret admirers she felt safe within the space of the building, on a floor with only so many other females. She just wanted to see what sorts of fun things would come of their presence, and what sorts of phrases would change her and what was exempt from the changes.

Feeling like she didn't need to grab anything else to take with her, Bree opened her dorm door and walked out to the hallway. To her left and right were more doors to other student rooms, but only to her left was there a population of girls already. She closed her door and shuffled towards them as they stood outside their own dorm door, just chatting. There were two girls and she recognized them both as Laceys. Lacey Smith and Lacey Hendricks both lived together several rooms down from Bree and Carly, and were really friendly girls. While Lacey S. was pencil thin, average height, and blonde, Lacey H. was athletic and tall and had short black hair. Bree knew the two preferred to just go simply by S & H when together, which was practically always. As Bree got closer to them the two waved hi with smiles.

"Hey! There's the pink panther of our floor! What's up?" S said. Bree panicked briefly but looked down to see that her ID card was not glowing, which would mean luckily for her she was staying a human and not a wild cat.

"You going to the party over at Delta Nu Alpha?" H said, following up S's opener.

"Hey girls. No, I think I'm gonna spend a nice night in for myself. No partying for me. What are you two doing out here though?" Bree said.

"Aww, boo!" S said, lightly stomping her foot in a pout. She was the more bubbly of the two and often felt dejected at the thought of people not going out and living it up like her.

"We're going right now, actually. We're just waiting for May to come out of her room so we can leave." H took the much more calm approach to Bree's rejection.

"Oh, well that should be fun. Carly left a little bit ago, she's probably already there by now. She was eager to get with some guy tonight so..." Bree made some scandalous gestures to finish the thought about Carly she had started. Both Lacey's chuckled at this.

"So sounds like you'll have the room to yourself tonight, if she's lucky." H said.

“Hey Bree, why do you let Carly go out and have all the fun though!? I bet you wish you could find some boy toy who would...Satisfy you~” S responded to Bree with.

While Bree wanted to smile and dismiss this, she noticed her ID card out of the corner of her eye glow. *Oh no...* she thought. *I think I know where this is going and I don't like it so far...* She realized as her head tingled that she was being imparted with the thought and outlook Lacey had given her. While this didn't fundamentally change her, Bree realized by the time the feeling had subsided that she just had more of an appreciation and fondness for boys. She still felt her studies and dedication to science strong, but now after this short change Bree noticed that she also wanted some man power in her life...And good looking ones too.

“S, do you have to be that lewd? Bree's a good girl.” H chided her other half at her comment.

“Oh I know, Bree's a sweetheart! But she's also got a thirst for boys. Deep down Bree's got a little slut in her too, right Bree?” S slyly commented to Bree.

Again Bree noticed the flashing ID card. This time she hoped the changes would stop at ‘Bree's a sweetheart’ but she knew that wasn't even remotely all that would change. Her head trembled with the tingling of change again and she put her hand to her head to steady it as though a headache struck her. After it was over Bree didn't feel too different, she just noticed that she was more attuned to sexual encounters and being horny. She feared if this meant there was more that would come out when she was put into those situations and realized that maybe hanging with the Lacey's would change her too poorly.

“Oh, haha, you know me. Sometimes a girl needs what a girl wants.” Bree chuckled sheepishly and cleared her throat. “Well, anyway, I should probably--”

Bree was cut off as the door beside her and the two Laceys opened. A young girl, the same age as the three present, stepped out. She was quite small at probably only inches above 5 feet and with mousy brown hair that flowed onto her shoulders. Like the Laceys she was dressed a bit more liberally, though not quite like Carly was.

“May!” The two Laceys shouted simultaneously. May smiled and closed her door behind her. S added “You've kept us waiting long enough, geez!”

“Hi! Sorry guys! I just thought I had lost my hairbrush in there.” May took the time to notice now that there was a fourth body present she didn't expect. “Oh! Hey Bree! I didn't realize you were out here, too. Are you ready for the Delta Nu Alpha party, too?”

“That hair and those lips are always screaming for a party!” S said to May, butting in.

“Uh, no actually I...I was just headed back to my room to--” Again Bree was cut off.

“To change! Bree, you were just going to your room to change into something a bit more...Well...Something that will get you some attention at the party, right? I know you really want to go and shack up with someone there.” S finished Bree’s thought in a way she wasn’t expecting. She winked at Bree and smiled which told Bree her intentions were mischievous and not malicious, at least.

After noticing the wink Bree noticed a dull light shine from the card. Like the past few it was brief and came with a tingle of the skull. When it ended Bree had a very deep compulsion to do things that were different from what she had planned. She suddenly felt herself compelled to go change into something more party-esque and then return and go to the frat party with the small group of girls. Worse yet, she really suddenly wanted to get with some guy tonight, which was not her usual outlook. This was not at all what she had planned. She wanted to say no and dodge but a bigger part of her wanted to do the exact opposite.

“Yeah, let me just...Change really quick. I’ll be right back!” Bree said reluctantly, fighting off her true intentions internally. The real true Bree was practically screaming at this new behavior that seemed to be almost on autopilot. She had to figure out a way out of this, but knew that S wasn’t going to be helpful at all. “Hey uh, why don’t you three go on to the party without me? I’ll be really quick and I know where it is so uh, why wait for another person to get ready?”

Bree quickly tittered back to her room after the Laceys and May agreed and moved on towards the party. She closed her dorm room door behind her and stood against it for a moment.

“Fuck.” She said under her breath. She was in control of herself enough to still express her true emotions, at least. She mentally did a breakdown of all the clothes she had to try and figure out which would fulfill the criteria of S’s alteration. Her new mental attitude helped herself sift through all her choices. With what she had it looked like she’d be going with a little more of a conservative partygoer look.

She undressed entirely knowing that nobody would be coming to her door right now. Waltzing over to her dresser she remembered she had exactly one halter top shirt with her, which would have to do for her top. She debated slutting it up without a bra but her rational side prevented that. The top was close to a tank top size and covered her entire torso, but it would have to do. She took out a pair of jeans and quickly decided that shorts were the way to go. To her surprise, she grabbed some nearby scissors and chopped them into jean shorts. Apparently this was the length her new attitude would go to make sure she was slutty enough. She slipped them on contently and lastly put some flip flops on.

Looking in the mirror Bree was honestly surprised at what she was looking at. She never thought she’d see the day when she’d go so close to party romper but apparently sophomore year of college was it. After quickly glancing at it she groaned at her new changes and slipped her ID card into her pocket and left the dorm for the party.

Name: Bree Baker
Age: 19
Height: 5'7"
Weight: 120lbs
Hair Color: Hot Pink
Face: Electric Blue lips
Breast Size: B
Personality: Sweet, slightly slutty
Current interests: Finding a guy to sleep with

Within a few minutes Bree was outside the huge DNA frat house. The building was only around the block from Bree's dorm so there wasn't much room for her to get lost. She approached the mansion-like building with trepidation despite the fact that the alterations taking hold of her really wanted to go and get some guy to tease. There were only a handful of people outside and the doors were wide open. Bree was surprised how similar this whole scenario was to a college movie.

When she walked through the door it was like a whole new ecosystem she had entered. The lighting was different, the sounds got so much louder, the smell changed to a distinctly alcoholic twinge, among other things. Now that Bree was inside she felt her attention changing from getting into the frat house to looking for guys. The real Bree inside tried to fight off the huntress that was now present but she found herself something of a passenger now to her new thoughts.

Bree scanned the house. Few people, if any, noticed her presence entering the building and she only recognized a small number of people actually in the building. That was fine for her, she didn't really care if she saw anyone here she knew. Heck, if she found a guy to get with that she'd never see again that might even be ideal.

"Bree?" She heard someone inquisitively saying her name, over all the loud noise in the building. Bree's eyes and ears perked up and she did another quick scan of the house. She didn't see anyone but she felt a tap at her shoulders and turned around. It was Carly.. "That is you! Took you long enough to show up! I know you said you were tired but I didn't think you'd miss *this* party!" She winked cutely at Bree. Bree guessed that due to her inner slut being revealed by the Laceys that reality made her a little more open to partying.

Bree chuckled and said simply "You know me...Wouldn't miss this sort of party." Except that she would. Without her new slutty behavior overriding her she very easily would.

"Well let's get you a drink, c'mon!" Carly grabbed Bree's hand and led her to the kitchen area which was less crowded and had all the alcohol. Bree turned around to again scan the place for

some cute guy and by the time she turned back Carly had some concoction ready for her. She took a sip.

“Ough!” She contorted her face as she drank. The alcohol was far too strong for her in this drink.

“Aww, poor baby Bree. I’m sorry hun, I always forget you have the alcohol tolerance of a flea.” Bree’s stretched face snapped back to reality when she felt a familiar tingle in her head. She quickly tried to find her ID card and noticed a flash of light coming from her pocket.

Shit! she thought, realizing how dangerous an idea bringing the card here was. She rubbed her head, which was spinning her in and out of focus. The tingle subsided and she lifted her hand from her head, but the spinning persisted. She couldn’t focus very well on anything and found her grabbing the table nearby for stability. *Shit shit shit!! I’m drunk! I only had a sip...*

Carly laughed and took a swig of her own drink. “Aww, poor Bree. All it takes is one sip to get you toasted.” Bree didn’t notice a flash of the ID card. She figured it was either because it was already true or because she was too drunk to even care about noticing.

When Bree had herself steadied on the table she found herself again scanning the frat house. This time she noticed the guys seemed a whole lot cuter, and a whole lot more approachable too. Being drunk had its advantages, now she found a whole new level of confidence in her.

“I need to...A guy to *fuck* me.” Bree banged her hand down on the table, smiling drunkenly. Carly again laughed at her friend.

“Okay hun, okay okay. We’ll get you a nice lay.” Carly sipped again from her drink and grumbled under her breath “...Not like *I* was looking for one too or anything...”

Drunkenly Bree set forth without Carly, though. She barreled forward into the crowd of people with no care who or what she banged into, which was apparently everything in between. Eventually she scuffed her foot on a corner and fell sharply down. Expecting this to hurt Bree braced herself, but was surprised when she instead felt the grip of two arms. She slowly steadied herself, not even trying to look at who caught her yet, and with the help of the stranger got up.

“You okay there? Glad I caught you when I did.” said a male voice. She steadied herself and squinted for focus. It was Scott, Brad’s best friend and probably the person who organized this party. She didn’t know much about Scott other than the fact he and Brad were DNA superstars with a lot of bravado and testosterone. Scott stood at about 6’2” or maybe higher (Bree found it hard to tell) and with black hair and a great footballer’s body. She found herself discussing mentally how likely he’d be to sleep with her, of course the natural deduction here.

"Yeah uh...Thanks." She said simply, not showing an ounce of emotion. Scott caught on and quickly identified that drunken gaze.

"Are you alright? Drink too much already? We should get you cleaned up, the party floor is no place for a girl like you in your condition." Scott put his arm around Bree to steady her and started walking. She mumbled and shook her head 'yes' at this.

Bree found Scott leading her up some stairs where the noise of the party reduced. She had to wonder why they were going upstairs now but before she could ask Scott started talking again.

"So what's your name? I don't think we've ever met before. I'm Scott, I live here."

"I'm...I'm Bree. I don't live here." Scott chuckled at this as they reached the top of the stairs.

"No...No I didn't think you did. Bree, I think you should probably stay here for a bit though, yeah?" Bree nodded too quickly only for her rational side to realize this was probably not the greatest idea. She heard a door click open and some lights flick on. Scott led her inside.

The room they walked into was clearly a bedroom, so probably Scott's. In her drunken haze Bree really only identified the bed, desk, bureau, big things like these. It was a room. But right now the sight of that bed was great to her. She struggled free of Scott's grip and tossed herself onto the bed belly flopping onto the covers. They smelled like man.

"There you go Bree, make yourself at home." Scott closed the bedroom door behind the two of them. "You should take some time up here away from that party. I'll stay with you if you want."

Bree struggled and turned back around to face Scott. "What I...*Want* is for some guy to...*Fuck me*." She said in an odd slur. She internally rolled her eyes at how upfront she was becoming. She didn't know much about this Scott, so she couldn't quite evaluate how much of a skeeze he would be to her. So far though he seemed helpful, right?

"Woah there! Hold your horses, Bree! I only just got you to my room!" He teased as he walked over to her on the bed. As far as Bree could tell in her drunken state he was just being playful in response to her ridiculous request, so he was probably a decent guy. But she still did need that fuck though...

"What, you saying you want some foreplay or...Sumthin'!?" She teased a smile at him. *Go drunk Bree. Represent.* Her mind was equal parts trying to bed this guy and trying to boo her own attempts into submission. It was a stressful back-and-forth she was stuck in.

"...I'm saying we only just got here, at least give me time to take my clothes off!" Scott practically tore his shirt off and over his head for Bree, and was now already fumbling his pants off.

SHIT. He's one of those special types of asshats. Bree was taken by this, even drunkenly, and flinched inwardly as Scott was down to his underwear. With one last plunge of his underwear to the floor he was now totally naked. His cock was already at half mast, and from Bree's distorted perspective was at least 7 or 8 inches already. Part of her wished he was a grower while the other was hoping he might just be a shower. *He's an asshat with a fine-ass cock, though...*

"I wish you were sober though, fucking drunkies is no fun when they're all wobbly." He kicked his clothes behind him and Bree felt her mind coming back to her. The room focused more and she could make out objects clearly as well as steady her body. She felt buzzed at worst, but now she was at least fully cognizant, mind and body. "Now get your clothes off! Ugh, I wish they were just all on the floor already!" Another tingle ran through Bree, this time through her entire body though. She felt it lightly on the tip of her skin all throughout her body...And then it quickly and simultaneously vanished. When it was gone she noticed she was now 100% nude and she could see her clothes all over the place.

"Talk about fucking fast!" Bree yelped, sheepishly covering her exposed torso. Scott grabbed her shoulders and pushed her so she was lying flat on the bed. He descended over her slowly, the sight of a man so close to her arousing her. She felt a light brush of Scott's cock right between her thighs and moistened instantly.

"Talk? I'm more focused on you now..." His voice seemed to almost seethe the word as he was now nearly upon Bree. He brushed his dick against her thighs more to tease her and breathed heavily as he kissed her neck. Bree was on fire. She'd never felt such arousal.

"Tell me...What you like..." Bree was practically gasping the words at Scott her breathing was so labored. While she had prior to this evening had a...Low libido, to put it generously, she had still been horny before. This feeling was unlike anything she'd experienced before then though. She grasped Scott's shoulders and thrust her torso so that his cock was about to enter her.

"Ah, ah, ah." Scott said as he teased her more by slipping his cock juuuuust outside her torso's thrusting reach. "I'll tell you what I like...A girl who waits for the man to enter her, and begs to be entered..."

Bree felt a tingle in her head, but this one was less of a physical feeling and more of a compelling thought. She lowered her torso back down to the bed. She would wait for Scott to enter, as much as it pained her to not have something inside her this very instant.

"Puh-Please...Please just fuck me already."

"...I like a girl a bit smaller than you, too...." Scott said, ignoring Bree's pleas.

Bree couldn't really quantify this change with her head so clouded by sex, but she did feel a tingle all throughout her body and noticed how ever so slightly Scott gripped her body more securely and completely.

“...I like a girl with some tits, too...”

Bree felt this change for sure. Her chest heaved with her bated breath and through each one a tingle grew more pervasive. She moved her face down, unlocking her gaze with Scott's eyes and looking to her chest. It rose slightly with each breath she took. In those few seconds looking at them she swore they grew a few inches out but her focus on reality was as fucked as she wanted to be right then.

“...Tits that will take a few hands to hold...” Scott continued.

Bree never felt the tingle in her chest stop, it only increased. While still marveling from the last change done to her, Bree was in a perfect position to watch as the growth grew quickly. The slight growth with each breath became a steady growth as she gasped and held her breath through it. She flung her head up when she noticed this and closed her eyes.

“Please, please, PLEASE!” Bree started begging again. Had she been paying attention to her breasts she'd see now that they were growing so much that their increasing weight caused them to push to either side. They toppled towards her arms. Out to either side they stood now in a way that anyone would be able to see them from even behind her. They were so far out that they nearly touched Scott's chest as he hovered mere inches from her.

Scott moved his arms from Bree's shoulders and in a swift movement clutched a breast in each of his hands. The flesh absolutely overflowed his fingers and unbeknownst to him they grew even more still. Bree yelped at his sudden and sensitive touch to her melons.

“I like you just where I am now...” Scott said, not changing her any more with this comment. A sly smile covered his face. He towered over her diminutive form. His hands gripped into the breasts he had unwillingly created for her and his cock's head was practically locked in a kiss with her lower lips it was so close to entry.

“I'm...I'm begging you please now I need it...Just...Just fuck meeeeeee!!” Bree said between huffs. The tingle in her chest now finally gone her breast flesh enveloped each hand as it sat on her tit. Her breathing picked up again. She found her nethers wet beyond belief at the sensations she was feeling due to changes and the raw sexual energy Scott imposed on her.

Scott snickered. “You won't stop moaning until I come, eh?”

Bree again felt a tingle in her head that felt more like a voice trying to urge her to doing something. She felt her voice mumble at first through closed lips and then she had realized what was going on. She opened her mouth and the tingle subsided as she moaned lightly. She was going to keep this up until Scott was finished, no matter what. She knew she needed to do it.

“Uhhnnf...Pleeeeeeeaaase! Ohhh...Ohhhhh! Fuh-oh! OH! Fuck meeeee!” Her begs turned into moans as she was cursed to do both until Scott made his move. Her mouth stayed open and she made more and more sounds imploring Scott to enter her.

“Foreplay’s over. You’re MINE now!” Scott suddenly said. Bree was surprised at how quickly he had changed his mind to now begin actually fucking her and even more surprised at the immediacy of his thrusts into her. In one fell swoop he pushed his cock into Bree, causing the loudest moan of her night all at once.

Bree stopped begging and immediately switched over to a constant barrage of sexual coos and groaning. She came at the first thrust and while she wailed which took a lot of energy from her immediately. Still she soldiered on, taking Scott’s thrusts like her life depended on it.

Scott had refrained from pushing the entire length of his 10 inch cock into her, for risk of breaking her right off the bat (Something he was familiar with doing in his less experienced years). He thrust consistently quickly into Bree, who was so primed she was ready to just take more and more of his cock. His first thrusts were about 6 inches. When he heard Bree’s moaning subside slightly he introduced another inch into her, which got her going and renewed her strength. These moans continued for a few minutes and then again grew more bored, so he entered again an inch into her.

Bree was in a daze. Her mind swam with nothing but the most guttural, carnal noises she could muster. The entire room droned on and turned practically into one consistent moan. When she grew accustomed to how much Scott had inside her she noticed that she would slow down a little but then Scott would give her more of his cock. She thought this time was it, that he was all inside her.

Scott slowed down as Bree’s moans did this time. He thrust less quickly and strongly, easing on her. He loosened his grip on her tits and started to knead his hand through her hair now instead. He wanted to see those tits bounce this one final time. He was almost ready for release.

Bree let out a faint moan and breathed hard, catching her breath. His grip on her top was no more, she now needed to catch up on breathing. She huffed and moaned, moaned and huffed. Then, when she was at her most vulnerable, Scott pushed all 10 inches into her. This one moan turned into a squeal as she took on more cock than she thought she could. Her lips were tight around the base of his enormous cock. She felt their two torsos touching for a lingering second as Scott held his entirety inside her.

As quickly as it started, Scott then began to pump in and out of her. Bree’s moans turned now into howls of pleasure. She came again. She was sure she came once more since the first time but nonetheless did so again. Her body was his to use, which he did. Scott watched as the tits atop her bounced all over the place, struggling to find equilibrium. They hit her arms, slapped

against her torso, even her jaw had been felt once or twice. Her screams of pleasure came up and up and up until finally...Scott came inside her.

A final time Bree had orgasmed. She let out her last guttural moan and it came down with each pump of Scott's sperm into her. She spasmed at each pump. Her body was now electric. Scott took his cock carefully out of Bree and stood up. Bree watched him do so and immediately passed out from the best sex she was sure had ever been had on this campus.