

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, pregameing 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.

Chapter 2

When Bree woke up the next morning it was to a setting altogether unfamiliar to her. She jerked awake underneath a new set of blankets, on a bed that felt nothing like hers, noting that she couldn't feel any of her pajamas on her, and her body...Oh, her body simply felt foreign to her!

Her eyes moved across the room as the sleep left them. The party. It was coming back to her now. She went upstairs to this bedroom with...Scott. *That motherfucker!* Bree thought to herself, rubbing her eyes. *Where is that asshole?* She continued scanning the room. It reeked of your typical frat boy lifestyle. She saw some clothes strewn about the ground, some of which hers and some perhaps Scott's. She moved up to get a better vantage point on the bed when she remembered the alien feelings she was having on her body.

Bree peeped under her blanket to see what her body looked like, since it didn't feel like hers anymore. She remembered her boobs growing last night but not like *this*. They stood pert on her chest and were now undeniably classified as tits more than anything else. They took up her entire chest region and when she moved her body slightly they even started to sag into her stomach a bit. These were monsters. Magnificent monsters, she had to admit, but she was mortified of the impact of these more than enjoying large assets.

She heard a noise coming from across the room and quickly moved her head up to see it. She had missed this when she looked around, but the door to Scott's room was open slightly. The noise came from two other frat boys laughing in the hallway. Again skimming the room she still did not see Scott at all.

I'd better leave now before he comes back. She thought to herself. *But what about my new body? These tits aren't gonna fit in my old clothes, probably not in any of my clothes!* But then she remembered seeing Scott's clothes on the floor as well. She'd just wear some of his out and grab all of hers. Bree was sure he wouldn't mind that anyway. *He stole my v-card, I steal his clothes. The fucker deserves it.* She thought.

She moved her body to the side to get up, throwing the blankets off her. When she went to leave the bed she felt the ache from her lower womanhood from the pounding she took last night. She sat up and looked down. Her boobs obscured her vision significantly now. She clutched her lower abdomen and resigned herself to a day in bed once she got back to her own.

She hopped off the bed and almost fell back onto it due to her new center of balance. Her tits moved like foreign objects to her and practically had a mind of their own at this size. She also remembered as she steadied herself that she was a little shorter due to Scott's words. Scott was gonna get his just desserts for last night.

Quickly, she threw on some of the clothes she had found once she got used to her new body distribution. She grabbed some sweatpants and a hoodie and called it even, then scooped up

her clothes as much as she could. She threw the hood over her head to hide as much of her hair as she could. With her now being the pink haired vixen of campus she couldn't risk anyone noticing her. She couldn't find all of her clothes, including her shoes, but she scurried out quickly still.

Once in the hallway she did her best to navigate out. She remembered the way she came from during the party but really everything was a blur to her outside Scott's bedroom. After probably too much time fumbling about she made her way to the open foyer. Luckily, she had only seen one guy in passing but he was far too hungover to notice who Bree was at all.

She stomped down the staircase quickly. She couldn't get out of the house fast enough. When she reached the bottom she stopped dead in her tracks once she felt something. A tingling sensation. Her heart jumped almost in unison as she realized what was happening.

The tingle came from her womanhood, which almost negated the dulled pain she was feeling from it. It came on quickly and then ended but she couldn't tell what had changed and was not about to dive into her pants to find out. She quickly stormed back up the stairs and navigated right back to Scott's room, barging past the door.

She froze in the doorway. Scott was sitting on his bed with an object in his hand. Bree immediately identified that as the ID card. Scott turned his head to see Bree and smiled.

"Hey there sleepybear! I was wondering where you went off to!" He started.

"Give me that card. I need it back." She replied simply.

"What's so important about this card? All it has on it is some info about you. What, do you write down everything about yourself on here?"

"Does it even matter to you? Just give me back my fucking stuff, jerk!" Bree moved closer and outstretched an arm.

"Couldn't I say that same thing to you? Are those my pants? My sweatshirt, too?" He replied, making himself more comfortable on his bed. "Give me my stuff back and you'll get yours."

"What the...No! I need to get home in something! I'm not wearing what I had on last night!"

"Why not? You wore them out, why not wear them back home?" Bree was stumped. The shit-eating grin on Scott's face was disgusting right now, but it's not like she could just tell him that the card changed her. Like he'd believe that, anyway. She furrowed her brow at him and threw the clothes in her hands onto the ground.

“Just give me the card, you ass.” She said as she fumbled the clothes off. She pushed closed Scott’s door so she could undress in the privacy of just the two of them. Scott smiled in victory and looked back at the card.

“Is this stuff even true though? This card? I would’ve pegged you at like 5 feet tall, at best.” Scott continued, reading Bree’s card as he talked.

Bree was getting the hoodie off when she felt a tingle permeate her entire being and then incredibly quickly she just shot down in height. The transformation threw her off and she swung her arms around to get a good grip of things. She could easily guess that change which now put her at 5 feet even. She had to get out of this situation fast. She tossed the hoodie off and the pants slid down her now tiny and slim legs quickly.

“There, your precious clothes. Now give me that card back.” She again implored while completely nude now. Part of it was her new slightly slutty nature and part of it was she just really needed that card before Scott twisted her any more than he already had.

“Shit, those look even better when you’re not banging!” Scott said, mouth animatedly dropping and eyes fixated on Bree’s newly enhanced chest. They were perky and yet still sagged enough to make them undeniably real. That, to Scott, was perfection.

“Oh, get a fucking picture of it, it’ll last longer, you perv!” Bree practically spat at Scott.

“Oh babe, I only wish I could get pictures of that body every day...”

“Hold up, we fucked once, that does not mean you can call me babe, okay? And like hell you’ll get pictures of me!” She spat at Scott. A tingle permeated through her body but it was so small she couldn’t quite pin it on anything.

“Well that’s an interesting thing to say, considering you send me nudes every day.” There it was. This was the tingle she felt.

Bree felt her blood instantly boil. This was a losing battle with a dimwitted pervert and she just needed to get out of there. She couldn’t even respond and just pouted and started putting on her clothes while Scott seemed pleased with himself. Like all other things in this new world she lived in, Bree’s clothes had altered with reality and now fit her just right. She strode up to Scott and swiped her hand to grab the ID card, but Scott pulled his arm out of her reach at the last second and laughed.

“What, no kiss before you leave?” He teased. Bree slapped a hand across his face in a huff and again grabbed for the card, successfully taking it this time. She turned and walked away quickly.

“Don’t bother calling me. I hate you enough already.” She said flatly.

“Call you? I don’t need to! After that lay we just had you’ll want to come back here every time you get horny!” Scott teased at Bree as she walked closer still to the door. She didn’t even bother giving it a response other than the slam of his bedroom door on her way out. Still, a familiar tingle coursed through her body and she could tell what he just said was going to become true. She was more angry at what an unsavory ass that Scott was than anything else at the moment, so she huffed through the frat house while blocking out basically all else.

Bree stormed out the front doors of the fraternity and finally took a sigh of relief as she reached the edge of their lawn. She wanted to stop for another breath but figured she should get more out of sight of all that testosterone before she composed herself more. She knew of a small worn path around the neighborhood that took a little longer than the usual one but it meant nobody used it, which was perfect given she didn’t want anyone to witness her if possible.

While on the path Bree took the time now to breathe some more and clear her mind. It was still a bit bogged down with slutty ideals but hey, Bree was a good looking girl. Her hair and especially lips made her exotic. She looked down and sighed at the sight of her breasts flopping and striking her chest with every step. Even these set her apart from the average good looking girl on campus. Not 24 hours ago Bree would have almost no care about all this. She wanted to look presentable, sure, but was never interested in anything beyond a cute boy wanting to say hi to her. Now, she found her mind wandering more directly to that cute boy’s pants...

She shook her head of the thoughts before they became too much. She was a little slutty, yeah, but she was in control. She was still Bree otherwise. Mostly, at least. That damned ID card was doing its best to make her someone she wasn’t, at least as far as she remembered. It was bad enough being the type of person the card told her she was, but then also being the only one to remember it? She hated that. She remembered she hadn’t actually looked at her ID card and what it said now and took a look while she walked:

Name: Bree Baker

Age: 19

Height: 5’

Weight: 95lbs

Hair Color: Hot Pink

Face: Electric Blue lips

Breast Size: H

Personality: Sweet, slightly slutty

Alcohol tolerance: 1 sip

Sexual preferences: Always lets the other take charge

Other: Cannot get pregnant. Takes a nude of herself every day for Scott Stevens. Compelled to go to DNA frat house whenever horny.

“Jesus...” She murmured under her breath. “Well, that explains what that extra change I got was...But this is ridiculous, I’m almost freakish with some of these changes...” She was in near disbelief. How would these changes impact her future life? She’d already gone down a path closer to sex and sluttiness than her one of academia just yesterday. It was scary how so much could change based on what people said in less than a day.

Bree looked up from her card again while she strolled through the campus. She had noticed a number of suspecting eyes trained on her as she entered the main campus from her quiet path home. She couldn’t be sure if it was due to her wild hair, her ludicrous proportions, or that she was having a real walk of shame, but she hoped this wasn’t the norm now with her new body. The walk home took her a little longer with just over half a foot of height lost to her. She did her best to avoid bringing any more attention to herself and continued to her dorm.

When she got up to her room Carly wasn’t there. Looking at the clock and seeing that it was mid afternoon, she suspected Carly was also doing a walk of shame (Or as Carly called it, her personal walk of pride after getting laid), or that she already had and was at the dining hall. Either way, no roommate meant she could take some time to herself.

Bree took her clothes all off and threw them in the hamper, placing her ID card on her pillow. She needed a shower after last night. She grabbed a towel and headed into the warm water, letting it cascade down her body.

The water felt great on her after the stress and shame of last night. She wished she could stay here like this forever. At least her own wishes and thoughts of herself were safe from the card. Her mind wandered as she continued to bathe herself, letting the water rinse her hot pink hair to her very normal toes and everywhere in between. She had a fleeting thought to spend this private time enjoying her body--obviously slutty Bree talking as normally she never got these urges. Running her hands up and down the warm water and her supple curves felt great, With her new height she could fit basically her entire body underneath the stream.

She ran her hands to her breasts and halted there for more than a moment. They were truly something else. Scott was enamored by them, clearly passersby were taking them in on her way home hell, even she was taken by them. They dominated her chest and drew the eye right to them. For Bree now even her hands were drawn to them as their strokes turned more into caresses and then into gropes. She threw her head back and enjoyed all the shower’s water plopping on her body. A small hum escaped her as her hands dove right from the chest of her tits down straight to her pussy, squeezing her boobs as she did so. She squealed and felt an electric energy shoot through her body. This was different from the card’s tingle. This was arousal.

Her mind wandered as her hands did as well. She went back and forth from tit to slit and back, sometimes introducing some actual cleaning of her body into the mix. The shower’s steam continued to fill up the room and she felt only one thing: Horny.

Bree turned the faucet off and stood alone in the shower now. Her mind raced as she started to huff a bit more. She was horny *already*? She had just come home, it was only the afternoon. Granted, the slut in her had done this to her, but still. The fog of the bathroom settled as that in her mind did as well. As her thoughts cleared she found they centered on one thing. She wanted to go back to that frat house.

Carly still wasn't back in Bree's room so she flung off the towel from her body and let herself prance around her room nude while she gathered an outfit. She had to admit, her added sluttiness was somewhat...Liberating? Her breasts bobbed unfamiliarly on her new frame and the room's perspective was askew with her new lower vantage point. Before she did anything more she felt a compulsion to grab her phone overtake her. She set it to the camera and posed precariously for it, contorting her face and hefting one of her breasts in her hand. The instant before the flash went off the door to her room opened up. Carly was just in time to see the moment of glory.

"Haha, today's pic to Scott?" She said simply, closing the door and bounding past Bree as though nothing was new. Bree's fingers almost as though possessed sent the photo to the guy she had hated ever since last night. "You are such a hot slut~!" Carly said playfully while she giggled past Bree. On her way by she took a hand and mischievously grabbed Bree's bare ass, causing her to jump up startled for a second.

The quick grope came at the same time as a familiar tingle in Bree's body that flushed over her quickly. She knew what it was, and what it was in reference to. She wanted to internally scream at being resigned to a slut now by her actually slutty roommate, but she didn't. Thoughts of sex dominated her mind. She thought of Scott, who she just sent a nude to, and then to the DNA frat house, and all the hot guys in it, and her cheeks grew flushed. She thought of all the rooms they had, all the places perfect for fucking, and all the pants she had yet to drop in that building. She fantasized about some of the guys she knew lived there and let out a flustered sigh of want. She hadn't even recognized if the tingle changing her mind had subsided just now or ages ago, her mind swam with such deep thoughts of boys and how she wanted them.

For an instant she realized what was happening. This wasn't her. She wasn't like this! She thought to her studies, to biology, her love! She still loved it, she came to understand. While before that was perhaps the most important goal for her now, she had come to terms with how sex was important too. More important? Maybe...It depended on when she was asked the question, she supposed. She was...Okay with this? Somehow she wasn't particularly mad at Carly's brash comment. She was still herself, right? She just liked sex and getting it easier and better now. And that complimented her new looks, too. If anything this was an improvement, right?

It seemed as though she was pondering her new sluttiness for an eternity when she finally came back to reality. For once a change happened that didn't entirely upset or change her in a

negative way. She didn't even try to conceal her bare body as she went to her dresser for an outfit. She still felt compelled to go back to that frat house, and now with her increased sluttiness she could hardly say no. Carly could meanwhile be heard in the bathroom running the water for a shower.

Bree had noticed in rummaging through her drawers that their contents changed. Most of the outfits were still recognizable to her, only a little more revealing or provocative. Most shirts now had deeper necklines, bras became lace, shorts got just a touch smaller, etc. She eventually settled on a tight white crop top that really only covered from her shoulders to just under her breasts with yoga pants hugging her bottom. She contemplated for far too long whether or not she needed a bra and ultimately decided to embrace her slut and not wear one at all. It was kinda hot the more she thought of it, which only got her more horny and excited.

"I'm heading back out, Carly. I dunno when I'll be back!" She yelled as she tussled her hair with her hands.

"Are you going back to that frat house again? Jesus woman, show some tact and slow down!" Carly laughed from the bathroom. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do~" She said back to Bree in a sing-song way. Bree laughed and smiled, scooping up her ID card as she headed out the door and back to DNA house.

By the time she had reached the house for now the second time today it was later into the day, so people were already settled into their routine if not getting ready and pregameing for the night's events. Bree walked up to the front door somewhat unsure of herself. She knew she wanted to be here right now thanks to that offhand comment of Scott's, but she wasn't familiar with how to go about these things in the new reality or otherwise. Did they just know her as someone who came around often? She figured that must be the case if she was also probably labeled as something of a campus slut. Nonetheless she banged on the large knocker held to the door and waited.

Within seconds the door had opened and Bree looked up. She saw a smiling face look back down at her lowly stature. A familiar face. Scott.

"Well hey there chickadee." He said in a way that came across as condescending if nothing else. The smile never left his face as he opened the door wider. "Back to see me again? I've got some bad news though, I don't sleep with the same slut two nights in a row. Just a little rule of mine."

Bree sighed in disgust at him. *Good*. She thought. Despite this, however, a sliver of interest formed deep within her. She had to admit that as much as she hated this slimeball he was a good--no, a GREAT lay...

A second person walked by behind Scott. He turned his head towards the doorway and then perked up when he saw who was at the door. "I'd recognize that hot pink hair anywhere! Is that Bree?" He said inquisitively. Bree had recognized him from around campus. His name was Kyle and he was on one of the sports teams, but she couldn't tell--or care enough about--which one. He was built large and was toned so Bree imagined probably football or something. He stopped behind Scott and rested against the door frame in a way that seemed like he was overselling how "cool" he was.

"H-hi, Kyle." Bree said and waved somewhat meekly. She wasn't really sure how much of this whole interaction was the norm in this new reality of theirs so she hesitated.

"You here for something or just horny as usual?" He said. Well that answered that.

Bree's mouth seemed to almost move on its own. With hardly any control she blurted out "Yeah I'm horny. Who's here?"

"C'mon in. This way." Kyle chuckled and motioned for her to come in. Scott had lost interest enough to walk away on his own at this point while Bree walked in, butterflies in her stomach the whole time. Kyle closed the door and led her down a hallway to what she presumed was his room. They made idle chitchat but nothing substantial and Bree's mind was addled on other things. Would she really fuck him right now? How would she do? How big was he? Was she his kind of girl? She wondered all these things while they walked and talked.

Kyle opened the door to his room. It was well kept but smelled distinctly of man. It was larger than Scott's room but with the same amenities and cleaner. She stood in the doorway while Kyle walked deeper into the room.

"Make yourself at home. You know where things are." He said, moving around and doing things of no real importance here and there around the room, making him look busy.

Bree had to admit, this seemed...Pretty strange. He just brought her into his room and...What? They would just get down to business and fuck all night? She wasn't sure she quite got how these things worked. She was horny, that's for sure, but should she just come right out and say that to him?

"So uh...How do we usually do this thing?" She said plainly. She figured if she was going to continue this charade she should probably know how things worked and play it straight.

Kyle perked up towards Bree. "What do you mean? You don't remember any of the other times we fucked?" He laughed a little at this. Bree was impressed with how cheeky he was.

"N-no, I just...Maybe I wanted to...Do things a little differently this time? Spice it up a bit?" *Good save, Bree.* she thought, rolling her eyes at herself.

“Oh yeah? Tell me you’ve got a good idea in mind, then.” He responded, clearly with piqued interest.

“I-I do...” She said, still trying to find the words to get her out of this situation. “I was thinking that we...Well how about you...Tell me something we haven’t done before?” Internally, she was smacking herself at how dumb her responses were being. Especially when she really truly *wanted* to just get laid right now. Stop making this so complicated!

“Tell you what.” Kyle started, approaching the small girl. “I’ll take these off...” He slid his jeans down to his ankles and kicked them off. “You take these off...” He tugged at the bottom of her shirt and the top of her yoga pants, leaving the pants down enough to see Bree’s panties. “And we’ll just...See what happens...” He finished, leading in for a kiss and wrapping his arms around her lower torso.

Bree couldn’t resist. *Fuck, that was smooth*, she thought. Her lips were feeling as electric as they were electric blue. She gave him the same attention to his mouth as he gave hers, reciprocating by pressing her body into his. She wiggled her bum so that the pants would slide off her and started kicking when they got down to her ankles, struggling to take the last few inches off. Kyle noticed this and with all his masculinity whisked her up off her feet, causing the pants to fling right off. She wrapped her legs around his torso and arms around the back of his neck, it felt like the right thing to do right now.

Bree squealed at this movement, being startled yet impressed at how suave Kyle was being. They continued kissing, becoming more passionate now that they were pressed up against each other. Bree gyrated her hips and torso in such a way that she rubbed her larger breasts on Kyle’s torso while her lower body moved down his. Her motions were causing her shirt, already askew from Kyle tugging on it, to expose more of her breasts until eventually they hung out of it, plopping delicately out the bottom. Eventually she slid herself down Kyle’s body enough that she felt his cock against the bottom of her nethers, teasing through her panties. She alternated between wiggling her bum side to side and continuing to gyrate up and down, teasing his manhood while he teased her womanhood.

“Hold on...” Kyle said softly to Bree, releasing her from his grasp. She held onto him with her legs a little tighter and broke her kissing while he grabbed his shirt and tugged it off, leaving himself now completely nude. Almost too fast for Bree to notice, he flung off her top which was already mostly off, causing her to squeal again and shiver with anticipation. Her beautiful and bountiful bosom was now totally exposed and the fresh air quickly rushing to her body caused her nipples to crinkle in hardness. “I just wish these were on the floor...” Kyle continued, tugging at Bree’s panties. It only took 3 tugs before this was true though and she was completely exposed, her panties magically flopping onto the ground with her other discarded clothing. Her pussy glistened with wetness that showed how turned on she was, also causing her to shiver due to the sudden air that hit it.

She crinkled her shoulders together and let go of Kyle to let out all the goosebumps and shivers she had pent up, raising her body from Kyle. As she did she felt gravity's cruel presence cause her to fall. Luckily, this meant she fell backwards right onto Kyle's bed. She bounced and so did her breasts, continuing even after her body found equilibrium. She looked up at Kyle who stood so tall that his penis hovered inches over her pussy while she lay on his bed. Just seeing it there so close to her filled her with want. After the teasing they got from sitting atop his member moments before her nethers practically dripped and Bree's breathing was labored and cheeks flushed. She wanted desperately to get closer to it but she felt an immense bout of hesitation come over her. She willed herself to push her body down closer to his but try as she might nothing happened. It was almost supernatural the way she avoided it, which is when she realized it was probably part of a previous change made to her. She cursed her luck, as she wanted so badly to just be filled.

Kyle peered down at Bree, her silent ministrations telling him everything he needed to know: Bree was horny as an animal in heat. She writhed on the bed, seemingly fighting with herself to get her body closer to his. The struggle turned him on just watching her squirm around and fight against unseen forces to keep herself calm. She was breathing heavily already but just seemed to be waiting for Kyle's approach. Sneakily he leaned down over her, arms supporting him on either side of her torso. She stared deeply into his eyes as he neared her but couldn't bear to make a move.

"Looks like you're all ready to go..." Kyle said soothingly to her. His voice was so calming and sexy, she just wanted him to start *fucking* her already! She felt herself wanting to just reach over and pull him down over her but she again resisted and instead outstretched her arms to feel the cool length of the empty bed around her. She fumbled with words to say what she wanted to, instead only really saying things that amounted to sexy mumbles. "What's that? Speak up!" Kyle said, playfully bringing an ear to her mouth so he could hear her better. As he did this he moved his arms slowly towards her chest. He jiggled her breasts with his forearms lightly to give them some action.

"F-f-fu..." Bree started, not able to finish as Kyle started to give her breasts more attention. As soon as she opened her mouth he brought a hand over her exposed tits and started moving it over them only just enough to brush her nipples. The light touch drove her wild. She felt her nethers getting wetter as he continued and she lost focus on what she was saying, devolving into breathy moans.

"One more time?" He again teased. He knew he was driving her wild by barely touching her, especially if she was literally squirming mere seconds before. He took a second hand and traced a line down her thin stomach all the way to her pussy, which was practically sopping wet now. He stopped right around the area of her clit and continued merely tracing a line around it. Bree squealed instantly.

“Sto-uhh...Stop-p-p...!” She shivered out a single word in reaction to her clit now being teased. She had hoped that this would be enough to let her break the restriction on her to not initiate sex but all it made her do was squirm when she tried to move towards him more and the squirming caused her body to brush up against his fingers just enough to stimulate her more. Kyle could see the goosebumps on her as her skin crawled.

“Stop? You want me to...Stop?” He said, trying to sound sincere but only ending up patronizing. He took both his hands away from her and stood up straight. As he did Bree moved her body and arms up right behind him, reaching out for him to come back but failing to actually touch him, as though a barrier was around him preventing her touch. She fell back down on the bed and bit her bright blue lip. Her tits jiggled lightly. She felt her nipples crinkle as their lack of stimulation currently. If her vagina could shiver right now it would have.

“Fuh...Fuck me! Fuck me already!” She finally mouthed out, practically ordering him. Apparently verbally initiating things wasn’t out of her realm of control. She moved her body to and fro to sway her tits for him, making a pouty face that could have charmed anybody instantly.

Kyle lowered himself over her again, smiling as he did so. He brought his mouth over to hers for a kiss, slowly and agonizingly teasing Bree by making it take what seemed like an eternity. When he finally reached her lips he brought a hand to her right breast with delicate force enough to barely have it be considered a grope. She moaned more than she did kiss. Her mouth opened and her back arched. This touch he was giving her was *astounding*. As she brought her body to a fuller arch Kyle kissed her neck which only caused her more stimulation. He moved his hand from one breast to the other and again gave her a touch that sent her absolutely wild.

As she was being teased and groped up top she felt a light tap on her vagina which was the head of his cock. She couldn’t look down to see it she was in such pleasure but she knew it was close. It had given her the equivalent of a peck on the cheek but she wanted it to give her all the love it had to offer. Kyle noticed his cock tapping on her lightly as he continued to kiss Bree all over her head and neck, and then finally plunged it into her.

Bree let out the most carnal moan she had in that instant. It felt like it came from her toes all the way up her body and out her mouth. She was sure someone outside heard it but what did she care?

Kyle pumped into her slowly after this. He made quite the entrance but every pump afterwards was slow and methodical, teasing her just right. After a few thrusts he made another larger one. Bree knew what was happening now this time compared to last and came. He was barely in her one minute. She shivered and moaned again, this one not quite so loud. She gripped his back as he continued to kiss her but he moved his head up when he noticed she was cumming already. She let the feeling ride through her body and clamped on his dick as she came. When the feeling subsided Kyle started to pull out for a second but she tightened her grip on him.

"My my, you always need something in you don't you?" Kyle said mischievously. He leaned down for another kiss and began to thrust slowly into her again while Bree was still panting from her orgasm. Bree felt that tingle again in her vagina but unlike the other times this one was short and light, as though someone had sprinkled some dust over her. She figured that was probably because she was already filled, which she certainly wasn't complaining about.

"Y-yes...Fill me..." She said, throwing her head back to enjoy the pleasurable force going in and out of her nethers. She wasn't even that focused on things other than pleasure at the moment. For an instant she remembered how she never used to be this way before that card changed her, but in this moment she would have considered how she was before a prude. She really did enjoy having a little sexier life if it meant stuff like this all the time!

Kyle continued to pump into her, his movements quickening. Bree's breaths became shorter and shorter over time. She loved how Kyle built her up so delicately. She wrapped her legs around his back and her arms around his neck. Kyle smirked and then threw his arms under her torso and hefted her up. Bree yelped silently at how effortlessly he seemed to just pick her up and yet still continue to move inside of her. Bree felt only Kyle's heavenly body. She couldn't even enjoy it because of how much Kyle was driving her crazy, though. His thrusts inside her were now rapid and consistent and as he kept going Bree firmed her grip on him, pressing her body into his. She felt her hard nipples brushing against Kyle's firm chest, teasing her involuntarily. She bit her bottom lip from this tease and Kyle caught a glance at this face before moving to another position.

Kyle put his arms under her shoulders and pushed her upper body away from his. Bree's grip loosened and her arms splayed to either side of her, making her look like she was wading in water. Kyle moved her entire torso away from him so that now she was at a slight angle to him instead of being pressed up against him. Bree kept her legs locked around him and was impressed that Kyle could still continue thrusting into her while he moved her this way and that. Now from where she was held up all she felt was her body being propped up by Kyle's strength and that cock that kept pumped her. She shivered and her breasts jiggled to and fro, now not pressed up against everything. Kyle admired the view all too much.

"I love your tits, Bree...So round and bouncy...I wish they were...Bigger...And...Jiggled more..." Kyle said carefully between thrusts. Bree knew what was coming next.

Since she was lifted up and not pressed into Kyle she had an opportunity to watch herself change as the tingles spread through her, but she was too invested in the pleasure she was already receiving. The tingles centered only on her chest, which complimented the enormous amount of stimulation she was getting in her nethers. She tried to peek down and inspect her changes between Kyle's thrusts but the tingles in her body made her flinch back and ride out Kyle's actions.

While her whole body was rocked with each of Kyle's thrusts, Bree's top was what was really stirring at the moment. Her tits jiggled and as they bobbed up and down with her body the bounce in them grew ever so slightly. Each time they plopped down they would bounce back up just the slightest bit higher and to either side. After only a short few bounces they were now flopping wildly it seemed. Nothing could contain their movement. Kyle picked up his speed while these changes rode through Bree, despite not being cognizant of them himself. Bree yelped slightly and continued feeling the tingles. With her breasts now bouncing with reignited vigor they began the other change Kyle had mentioned and started to grow. Again it seemed each bounce had perked them up just so subtly. The bounces grew heavier, Bree could feel that even without seeing them herself. She felt how each time her body bobbed her breasts slapped down against her skin as though they were dropped from significant height. She felt how when they hit her they reached further down her body. Soon the breasts that sat low on her chest now sat high on her torso or stomach, if they even sat at all with all that jiggle. Kyle's movements again quickened. Bree couldn't even open her eyes now let alone peek at her endowments. She felt thrust after thrust in her womanhood, and slap after slap of her titflesh on her torso. She squealed and contorted her body as she came close to her second orgasm, listening to Kyle's grunts of pleasure himself.

Bree burst with a moan, not quite like her first one this session but definitely one that showed release. Kyle released his seed into Bree. Thrusts of his entire cock became spurts of his cum. Bree cared for an instant when her moan came down, then realized Scott had made her unable to get pregnant. She contemplated thanking him for that but then she reconsidered and thought *No, fuck him*, in all senses of the word.

Kyle held her back, glistening with sweat. He slowly lowered her to his bed. She was panting, as was he, and there she lay now quite serene albeit energyless. Kyle stepped back and took his member out of her, not really caring where any of the loose cum made its way to. He took a deep breath and moved away, to another area of the room. Bree didn't follow where he went, she was staring blankly at the ceiling content.

Bree noticed two things while she sat there. First and so subtly, although Kyle had now walked away and long since put her down onto the bed, her tits still swayed a little bit. She recognized their feeling as like a jello cake. The jiggling was slight but definitely there. She didn't dare look at how endowed she now was. She wasn't sure if she dreaded it or delighted in it just yet.

A more pressing matter brought itself to her attention. As Kyle pulled away from Bree's pussy she felt an indescribable urgency towards how empty she felt. It was difficult to explain at first, but she felt that the emptiness was too much. As soon as Kyle had taken his entire stiff rod out of her however, the feeling turned from worry to actual physical distress. Her pussy lips felt almost on fire and Bree knew to fix it immediately. One arm moved from the side of her body quickly towards her opening, not hesitating at all to poke two fingers inside. She felt the familiarity of how involuntary this was. As soon as she entered herself the urgency and all that came with it subsided. She didn't feel compelled to stimulate herself and she was certainly not

trying to with how stimulated she already was. She went back to her idle gaze up at the ceiling while energy came back to her.

"You forget your dildo or something?" She heard Kyle say but couldn't see where he said it from. Bree figured she was probably being rude and looked downright slutty just leaving herself on his bed after he just gave her a fucking to write home about.

"Dildo? What?" She answered, also not being familiar with whatever he was talking about. She furrowed a brow and motioned to get up. As she wiggled her body to prepare she found that the weight on her chest really threw her off balance. She grunted and tilted her body to one side, letting her breasts spill onto the bed. She used her one free arm as a crank and lifted her entire body up sideways. Her tits moved so much it almost seemed like they were fighting back against her trying to keep her down. When she finally reached a sitting position she looked down at herself. Her tits were enormous. She didn't even want to call them breasts anymore. While before they were just huge now they bordered on excessive. They swayed back and forth a little and she found that she absolutely could not see even the hand that left two fingers in her pussy, which she found herself adverse to using to prop herself up. She marveled for a moment at them then identified Kyle sitting on a ratty couch across from her.

"Your hand's in your vagina. You only really do that when you forget to bring a dildo with you here. And how'd you get here without it, anyway?" Kyle asked. Now Bree was completely frazzled by what he was saying. To Bree's knowledge she didn't own even a single dildo, now he was claiming that she brought one with her places?

"Wait a sec, hold on. Back up. I don't understand what you're talking about. I got here just by...Walking. How else would I get here?" She responded.

"You know what I mean, Bree. How'd you walk here if you didn't have your dildo with you? You have to have something in your snatch all the time, so how did you walk across campus without your dildo? Did you seriously walk this whole way with your hand down your pants?" Kyle laughed at the situation. Bree internally couldn't tell if her face should go white as a shade or red as a rose. She...Had to have something in her?

"Hold on Kyle, explain this whole thing to me. I need...Something inside of me--my vagina that is--all the time? Do you understand how dumb that sounds?" Bree was hoping he was playing a joke at her right now. She knew it sounded dumb to her, but tell that to someone with literal blue lips.

"Yeah, I know how dumb it sounds, and I also know how true it is. Ever since you've been coming here and we've been doing the nasty you've been that way. You said it started when you hit puberty or some shit. I dunno, you understand this better than I do." With Kyle saying that, it suddenly was true. A tingle echoed in Bree's mind which she recognized as her gaining the knowledge of this situation.

Around when Bree hit puberty she remembered needing her vagina filled. She remembered all about the day it first happened, about how her parents didn't understand it, doctors couldn't explain it, just that she needed something inside her. Her parents bought her a few dildos and always required her to take one out with her. She recalled several embarrassing events where she had misplaced her spare or it was taken from her and she had to hide her arm slinking into it to keep it filled or else finding something to shove up there. What she didn't remember, she realized, was how it felt to be empty. Being filled was by now the norm, her default. She moved the hand that was now occupying her pussy but didn't dare take it further out than was required to sate her. How could she *live* like this, she wondered. How had she been living already for so long like this, was the bigger question!

"I think we got a spare for you somewhere around DNA, I can find it. I'll get dressed and go look for it shortly." Kyle said, lounging back in his chair. He chuckled again. "Don't use any of my stuff if you need to take your hand out! It's not my fault you forgot your hole filler!"

Bree stared blankly now down at the floor. Without saying anything she got up and moved towards the closest mirror in Kyle's room. Kyle had closed his eyes with a smile and was enjoying those moments after sex before he should get up and help Bree something less...Attached to her that would fulfill her filling needs.

When Bree got up to the mirror she took a look at her entire body from top to bottom. Pink hair messily splayed here and there from their most recent session, blue lips intriguing to the eye. She had to take the most time to look at her tits now in full. They really did sit past the edge of her ribcage--If they ever sat. The sides of them spilled over her arms enough so that they were pushed by them just by her walking and letting her arms dangle. Their jiggle was not perpetual but it certainly was excessive. Her arm snaked its way underneath them and into her pussy, which looked no different to the unassuming eye but this one certainly wasn't like others anymore with how needy for filling it was. She was starting to change out of control. What would she possibly be cursed with next?