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I sat in Sheila's basement.

"Are you sure this is going to work?" I asked.

Sheila walked back into the room with her supplies of herbs, powders, and teas.

"Of course, it will. I got the recipe from my Aunt Maria, and it worked for her."

"Yeah, but I am a guy."

"She used it on her husband dumbass. That's him in the family reunion photo."

"Which one is he?" I looked at the photo, and one face stood out. A tall Hispanic man that was popping the buttons off of his shirt with muscles stood to one side. "Nevermind, I think I found him."

Sheila was putting all of the ingredients together, each time going back to the recipe.

"Do you think I will be that hot afterward?" I asked.

"I promised you would be irresistible to women after this, and I intend to keep my promise. How long have we been friends?" She said, wiggling her butt as she worked, dancing to music only she could hear.

I never could stop myself from looking at her ass. We never got past an awkward first kiss in high school, and the rumors going around campus were that she was spending alone time with her sorority sisters. We never talked about our relationships, as both of us prefer to keep our disastrous relationships to ourselves. It wasn't fun watching your best friend be in the trainwrecks of partners.

"For way too long to trust anything you want me to drink. I still can't drink gin anymore."

"That was one time." She said.

"One time that scarred me for life."

"Fair enough. My masterpiece is complete. You must decide if you want to trust me and become irresistible to women, or if I am just fucking with you." Sheila held out the glass.

I took the cup and smelt the liquid. It was a combination of berry and spice and felt warm in my hand. I weighed the probabilities of Sheila's desire to mess with me.

I drank the concoction, downing it in one swallow."

"Ooo, maybe you should have sipped that."

"What?"

"Yeah, you just sip it until you get the results you are going for and stop when you are satisfied." There was a wicked grin on her face now. Sheila had fucked me.

Sheila took her small folding desk chair and sat it in the middle of the room. She walked over to the basement couch and sat down on it.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"The chair is for when you lose your balance, and I am making sure I get a good view."

"For what?" I asked, becoming flush. The way Sheila looked at me made me uncomfortable. The heat in my cheeks spread to my chest before I noticed how hard my dick was in my pants.

My arms shot down to cover the tent I was pitching in front of my best friend. But when I touched myself, I almost fell over. My dick was one thousand times more sensitive. My body pulsed with heat.

I could feel my shirt starting to get taught. My body was becoming more sensitive with each beat. I looked down, and the buttons on my polo were beginning to strain against the pressure of two small breasts. My nipples, perky and small, tented the fabric. My breasts jiggled and added more stress to the material as they swelled larger.

I started trying to take deeper breaths to calm down.

"What did you do?" I gasped.

"I made you irresistible to women," Sheila said with a grin.

"But, I am turning into a woman!" I said as another surge pulsed through my body. I tried to stand up straight, but the motion put pressure on my sensitive crotch, and I had to hunch back over again. I could feel my breasts' pendulous weight swing on my chest with the movement, and the feel of fabric brushing on my nipples almost made me orgasm.

"I may have changed the recipe to make you Irresistible to one woman in particular." Sheila stood up and cupped my new breast. "Me?"

I looked up into her eyes, and there was a hunger that I had never seen directed my way before. She twirled my nipples through my shirt, driving me to come. I lost my balance and fell into the chair.

There was more to sit on than I remembered having a few seconds before. After Sheila made me orgasm, the heat in my body grew even more substantial.

"The formula increases in effectiveness if you orgasm while transforming. Did you just come?"

I was not coherent enough to speak, so I just nodded.

"Good," she said.

Each surge swelled my tits larger and larger. I hear threads start to rip and snap. My pants dug further into my crotch. My ass must be expanding, as well. I tried to reach down and shift myself to a more comfortable position in my slacks, but my hands searched to find my penis had disappeared. A new feeling appeared as I felt my new mound. I had already soaked my boxers, and the further explorations were causing me to lose control. My body wanted to experience the new sensations, but I tried to control myself as I remember what Sheila had said. Orgasms make the effects stronger.

Sheila must have other ideas because her hand joined mine at my crotch.

"I think this could be a new step for both of us. If only you could be a girl, so we could be together. I always imagined what we would be like together."

I never thought of us together after our awkward first time, but now I wanted her kiss desperately. I lept forward and pressed my lips to hers. Her lips were soft, and she wanted my kiss just as severely.

I wanted to be perfect for her.

I grabbed her arm with mine and pressed her fingers into my mound. I bucked my hips into her hand. I was sensitive there already, and she brought me to my third orgasm.

Each surge now added inches to my hips and chest. My body expanded so fast; I was still growing when the next wave hit. My pants gave up the fight first. But my shirt was splitting as well, and my tits were pushing out of the gaps. Sheila took the opportunity of my open fly to press on of her fingers into my slit.

I remember a wave rushing over me, cascading to my brain, and spreading blackness.

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I woke up on the floor of the basement, laying in wetness. Sheila felt my movements and pulled me closer. She had been cuddling me from behind. I gasped when she squeezed my massive tits together. I tried to roll over and face her, but my body's new shape threw me off. I only managed to make it to my back. I took in all of the new sensations.

The cold air tickled my breasts, now the size of basketballs, and made my nipples erect peaks to my mountains. I couldn't see past them, but I could feel my new ass as well. It was impossible to miss. It was so big; I had to arch my back when laying flat. Sheila started to play with my nipple.

I breathed deeply and looked into her eyes.

"The transformation must be over now." She said.

"Oh, good," I said. "Did I get big enough for you?"

Sheila laughed.

"I may have gotten carried away, but I think I should add a new note to the recipe." She took off her shirt. She wore a dark, loose-fitting t-shirt,

and it had hidden her new mounds. Sheila had two hanging softballs from her chest instead of her usual B-cups. "I think the formula might also be in your fluids when you transform."

"You grew that much from tasting my juices on your finger?" I asked.

"Oh, no. After you passed out, I played with your body for a while. It turns out you are a squirter."

I noticed that there was still a moist sheen on her chin.

"So, you ate me out when I was unconscious, and that is what made you grow."

"Yeah, but only the first time. I think you finished growing by the second time."

I tried to look scandalized.

"You were done growing the third and fourth time I dove into your pussy. Definitely."

"Well, I am sorry I missed it. You owe me four orgasms. You better make it up to me."

Sheila lay on top of me, our breasts pressing into each others'.

"Every day."

"Every day, what?"

"Every day, for the rest of our lives, I will make it up to you."

"I think I can live with that," I said and kissed her.

