

## My Best Friend Became a Witch – Part 2

### \*Disclaimer\*

This story contains elements that may shock and offend some readers, including, but not limited to, graphic depictions of sex and body modifications. If you are under 18 or will be offended by this, please stop reading now. Go outside and grow up (if you are the offended type).

Otherwise, this story is intended to be released freely and not sold anywhere. If you would post this on another website, all I ask is for my author's name to get credit. Enjoy this story-driven sex and transformation fest!

Please do also take the time to leave your comments and feedback, it really helps keep the stories cumming 😊.

I woke up to a throbbing erection. Relieved (slightly) that it was a dream, I got up to take care of myself. I came quickly, recalling how good it felt to be a woman in my dream as I stroked my engorged penis. I cleaned up after myself and finally showered.

Drying myself off, I checked my phone. It was roughly 1pm, and my phone had at least 20 unread notifications. Other than five messages from a meme group, the rest were Instagram messages from friends, and one notification from Annie. I read some of the messages on Insta. They were primarily from my male friends, but one or two from female friends. They were all saying somewhat the same thing:

"Yooo Danny, who's that bombshell with you last night?"

"Did you pull?"

"I miss you Danny..." (old ex, long story.)

I then opened up Annie's notification. It was a story mention. In her story, it was Jess and I on the dance floor. I was pulling some awkward move, and she had her hands on my shoulders. To be honest, I looked good. My long hair and slight drops of sweat brought character to the photo in the dim lights of the dancefloor. After some deliberation, I posted it to my story with the caption, "Best night out with the greatest!" and a little red heart.

I headed out of my room and found Annie at the kitchen counter eating lunch. She had some fresh rice and cooked beef strips on a plate. I noticed that the changes she had made to herself the other day had been reversed, other than her pink hair. "Hey Danny, you want some?" Realising that I was starved, I nodded in reply. She got up and scooped some rice from the cooker onto a plate and served me some meat. I gratefully wolfed down the food. It was perfect, as always. The both of us had really honed the art of making good food on a budget.

"So," Annie started, "I was thinking that we could go out again tonight. Saturday is absolutely right for a good party."

I thought for a second. I honestly didn't feel hungover, and despite leaning a little more to being introverted, my extroverted side was hungering for more. I swallowed my mouthful of rice. "I could be convinced," I replied. "What were you thinking?"

"I was thinking that you could decide. Fowler's was my decision last night, so it's entirely up to you," she teased.

"Ok, so, maybe we could hit up a house party? Surely one of your friends is hosting tonight?"

"The Goodison twins are definitely hosting. I could get an invite from them for sure. Let me text them real quick." The Goodison twins (Becca and Stella) were two preppy identical blonde girls born into privilege. They were essentially trust fund kids living out their dreams on their parents' massive property. They scraped through their courses, as they both knew it didn't really matter. They would probably find themselves in an executive position in their mom's company sooner or later regardless of their results. However, I did suspect that Becca was sleeping with the young economics professor as her marks were significantly higher than any of her other courses.

"Ok," Annie brought me out of my exposition thoughts, "I've got an invite for myself. There is just one problem."

"And what is that problem?" I asked.

"It's a girl's only pre's," Annie grinned.

"That's a thing?!" I exclaimed with a laugh.

"Yeah, that's a thing. I've just never told you about them because you didn't need to know."

"I mean, fair. Just, what do I do now?" I pondered out loud.

Anny laughed. "It's simple, you dummy. Just ask me to make you a woman."

Of course, it was simple. Initially, I had thought two and two together was three, when in actuality Annie's powers could do more than just alter appearances but alter your entire body 100% in the opposite direction. It was an exciting and terrifying prospect, especially after last night's dream. I still decided to play the hesitant part here instead of seeming too excited.

"Are you sure you can do that? It seems quite intense."

"Of course, I can. I just need your consent, as usual."

I decided to seem spontaneous. "You know what? Fuck it, let's do it. I think it could be fun to see the other side of life."

Annie clapped her hands together like she had yesterday. "Awesome! I already told them I was bringing an out-of-town friend, because I knew you would," she teased. "Plus, I think you'd make a super cute girl. Ooooh, speaking of! I can totally make you into a dream version of your female self."

I looked at her inquisitively. "Like how I asked for specific things yesterday?"

"Yeah, exactly that. I think you should maybe write a list for me; it'll be easier for me to do it without having to remember everything."

“Ok, maybe give me a short while. I’d need to think.”

“Sure, use the shopping list sticky note on the fridge.”

I took a piece and sat down on the couch while Annie began to clear up our kitchen. I thought about what I wanted. Did I want to be a girl next door type? Maybe some shapely woman, or the opposite who didn’t have any breasts to write home about? A tall girl? A short one? Tanned or pale? There were so many potential things I could do. All at once, I remembered my dream. That was my dream woman. I started to write down her features on the note.

Ten minutes later I was done. “Annie, I’ve got it all down here.” She had just finished up with the dishes in the sink and came to join me on the couch. I handed her the note. She glanced over it. As she was reading, there were little “ah” and “hmm” sounds as she reached certain parts. She was done after a few minutes.

“Dan, you ready?” she asked. I nodded in response. “Ok, stand up with me.”

We stood up and moved to the centre of our living area. Annie put her hands on my shoulders. “Dan, do you consent to being made into your dream girl?”

I took a deep breath. “I consent”, I breathed out.

Almost immediately, I felt a rush throughout my whole body. The changes began with me losing height. I found myself shrinking lower from my only gained height. My whole body was shifting and contorting into its new shape. The feeling was not entirely unpleasant, as it felt like a really deep tissue massage. I soon found myself at eye level with Annie and kept going for a few more inches. I stopped shrinking at a flat 5 feet tall. I must have looked hilarious, a proportionally buff man with long hair standing shorter than most women.

I next felt my face begin to contort, my cheekbones and jaw rearranging themselves in a more feminine manner. At the same time, I felt my muscles begin to fade away. They lost their definition, but still kept some tone.

My hips started shifting. My pelvis became wider, preparing my body for the possibility of childbirth. My waist tightened, and some small amount of fat padded my hips and butt to give me a fit, but still shapely figure. I could feel my thighs thinning as the muscles shrank but kept some definition. Soon, I had the perfect hips, wide enough to define myself as a woman with a slight thigh gap.

My abdomen and chest area also slimmed down. My arms became almost stick-like in comparison to my buff male figure. My shoulders shrank in size, becoming less wide and almost smaller than my hips. I gained a slight hourglass figure as I felt my waist shrink even further.

I felt the skin on my chest begin to tighten. A pressure began to build up, and my chest started to swell. I grabbed my chest and felt my new breasts begin to take form. Fat deposited and grew outwards. It became softer, more malleable. Soon the flesh was spilling out through my fingers as I soared through the cup sizes. My fingers wandered over my swelling nipples, feeling them tighten as I played with them. I let out a moan. I realised my voice had changed, becoming softer, more feminine.

As I was massaging my tits, I could feel the pressure begin in my crotch. Without looking down, I knew my once impressive package was becoming less so. Maybe more impressive in other ways. I squirmed

a bit as my balls tightened up, and my shaft shrank back towards my body. Eventually, the head became my new clit, and a new opening pushed up within me. A moistness within my new vagina began as I continued to massage my fleshy tits. They hadn't yet stopped, passing through the D cup range and going well into porn-star territory. Eventually the growth halted at a size that would give me lots of looks if I went to a beach (even just walking around normally).

Annie took her hands off my shoulders and stepped back to look at her handiwork. She clapped her hands together and giggled. "OMG, you. Look. Stunning!" she exclaimed. "Hang on, one second." She rushed off to her room and came back out with her full-length mirror. She set it down. "Come, take a look."

I hesitated for a second. I took a deep breath, feeling the weight of my new chest heave, and walked to the mirror. As I came into sight, I was greeted by the woman in my dream. Her blue eyes met mine, framed perfectly by wavy hair over a cute face. I had slight freckles with an upturned nose, and a jaw line that formed a perfect V. I looked almost elfish, with a mystical face, long hair and slim body, except for the two largest tits you've ever seen on a short frame. Despite being in the same shirt from my male form, it was still being strained by the size of flesh poking out from underneath. My nipples were hard as diamonds and were highlighted perfectly through the shirt.

"Sooooo, what do you think?" Annie asked?

"She's... I'm gorgeous," I corrected myself. "I'm literally perfect."

"I hope you don't mind, but there were some changes there that should make your life a little easier. You don't have any body hair, literally anywhere other than on your head and face. You inherently know how to behave like a woman. Make-up, high heels, tampons (if needed), bras, bathroom etiquette, anything like that, you know how to do it perfectly."

"Thanks Annie, that was my next question," I laughed.

"There's one other thing that may be useful for you, but it's entirely up to you. I don't know about you, but my aim tonight is to get laid by the hottest guy when we go out. If you are so inclined to bring home a guy (which you might, you're bi now), any penis size is going to fit and feel good for both you and him."

I had almost forgotten that we were going out afterwards. The possibility that a man might find me attractive had slipped my mind, but given the way I looked now, they definitely were going to be noticing me. "Oh, uh, thanks I guess?" I stuttered out.

Annie's expression softened. "Hey, I'm only teasing a little bit. You do what you want and who you want tonight. If that 'who' ends up being some hung dude, hell yeah. I'm all here for it, sister. But if not, I totally get it." She hugged me, and I felt the new sensation of our breasts squeezing up on each other. It certainly wasn't unpleasant, and I could feel some arousal from the experience. I squeezed her a little tighter before I let go.

We quickly finished our late lunch, and made plans to get ready and leave for the twins' place by 7pm (shopping for new clothes now wasn't exactly a fun idea, so magic would have to do). Annie gave me a little wink as we made our way back to our respective rooms.

I let out a deep breath after I closed my door and felt the new weights on my chest heave. While Annie had made my body used to it, my conscious mind still wasn't. Not even 20 minutes ago I had been a

fully fledged male. Now I was a walking bombshell that would turn the head of any person attracted to women.

I looked at myself in the mirror. I twisted back and forth. My hair swayed and my tits jiggled with the movement. I also found myself slightly confused by being so much shorter than before. I had almost gotten used to being a male Greek god for 24 hours, and now I had shifted to being a petite (in some ways) fertility goddess.

I felt myself becoming slightly turned on. My nipples began to poke through my shirt. "Fuck it," I said, and ripped my shirt off. I shook the hair out of my eyes. My tits were now exposed to the world for the first time. They were perfect; 30G, almost teardrop shaped but still perky as if I was a teenage girl. I instinctively reached for one. My fingers dug themselves into soft, warm tit-flesh and I let out a deep contented sigh. I massaged my tits and watched my soft but toned stomach contract and pulse. My heart rate was rising even faster and I could feel a flush as I became more turned on.

I had to do it. My hand found its way down my stomach, past where my shaft would be and met my new clit. I gasped. *It's so sensitive!* A jolt passed through me, like if I hit a sweet spot when masturbating with a cock. I gave it a little rub again. *I could get addicted to this,* I thought to myself.

I started jilling off, massaging my tits with my other hand. Waves of pleasure spread throughout my body, starting from my tiny little sensory organ. I could feel a need within me; I was desperate for something to fill me. I was hyper-aware of the new space within me that yearned to be stretched to breaking point. Keeping with the same rhythm, I reached down with my second hand. I felt my new lips, how soft and warm they were. Running my finger along the entrance brought a line of wetness trailing behind.

I couldn't resist anymore, and plunged the first finger in. My world changed in an instant. This small little finger was teasing me so much. Combined with my clit, it was the whole package. I felt the warm folds within me, my abdominal muscles contracting to try and drag my finger further in. It fit perfectly, but I wanted more. I worked my middle finger alongside, and my insides shifted accordingly, just how Annie said they would.

I was slowly satisfying myself, happy with the emptiness inside being filled. I pumped my fingers in and out while jilling off. I was so wet I had no issue increasing the speed of my fingers. I felt a small tension building up slowly, and maintained the same rhythm.

A minute later, that tension was filling up my whole body. I was bucking my hips and panting, my feminine gasps filling the otherwise still air. I couldn't take it anymore and forced a third finger in. Almost immediately, the tension broke and my first female orgasm washed over me. Waves of pleasure coursed through my body, with every part of me uncontrollably spasming. It was so different yet so alike to a male orgasm. At that moment, I knew I had become addicted to this feeling. I wanted more, and I knew I could get it.

As the orgasm subsided, I collapsed back into my bed and fell into a deep sleep. I awoke a few hours later, still naked as the day I was born (well, not really, but you know what I mean). I checked my phone. It was 6:30 pm already! I leapt out of bed, and almost immediately fell on my face thanks to my new body proportions. I jogged into my bathroom while holding my tits so they did not knock me out.

I hopped into the shower. Washing myself, I was well aware of my new body shape, especially my boobs and butt. Five minutes later I was drying myself off and threw on a dressing gown. The large

garment was comically large on me, but the outline of my huge boobs still made a dent. I hurried out of my room, and saw that Annie was not out yet. "Annie!" I called, "We've got to get going soon!"

A few seconds later she came out with just a towel on. Her tanned skin was dewey from her moisturiser, and her neon pink hair from yesterday lay wet and flat against her head. "Sorry," she apologised, "I got hooked on Insta for a bit."

"Yeah, no problem, but we really have to start getting ready."

"Of course, but it's just a ten minute Uber ride there, we'll be fine. Have you thought about what you want to wear? Something cute, something sexy, something scandalous?"

"Not really. I was kind of hoping you would just help me out. I don't even know what would fit my body type."

"Ok, no problem. Just say the magic words and I'll get started."

I nodded, and spoke the words that gave her power over me. Almost immediately my dressing gown disappeared and I appeared stark naked before her. I instinctively covered my tits and shaved downstairs area with my arms and contorted myself away from Annie.

"Oh come on now," chastised Annie. "I need to see your body so I can make changes. Don't be shy, we're all women here. Plus, I know exactly what you look like, I did make that body for you."

Reluctantly, I removed my hands and turned back to her. I stood bare and let it start again. First came the underwear. A pair of lacy red panties formed around my crotch. It fit snugly, with it being cut-off midway over my bottom. A matching bra appeared over my breasts, dragging them up and offering tons of support (which until then I did not know I needed). Next, I saw fabric begin to appear over my forearms, beginning at my wrists and slowly moving upwards. It spread over my chest and back, and flowed down and out to form a wonderful light pink mini ruffle dress. The dress fit snugly over my body, with the small vertical pattern of indents nicely highlighting my curves. While covering all skin of my upper body, it certainly left little to the imagination as to what was underneath. The bra filled out my chest area by squeezing my breasts upwards and closer together. The bottom of the dress frilled out and cut off a few inches under my butt.

The changes continued with a pair of strappy stilettos forming over my feet. I felt my calves being forced upwards and my centre of gravity change even further. I didn't feel uncomfortable though. My new body was used to this kind of thing. My hair shifted a bit as I felt the weight of water from my shower lift.

Eventually the changes stopped, but in reality it was only thirty seconds. The mirror from before stood before me. I looked at myself and was shocked. I looked even better than before. Annie had done my makeup for me, with light pink tones to complement the dress. My hair was perfectly done, with beautiful waves flowing down over my shoulders. I turned from side to side, admiring how the slim dress accentuated my curves and showed off my assets. I knew then I would be one of the most desired women in a club that night, even without Annie's pheromone magic.

"You look fucking gorgeous!" Annie exclaimed. I blushed in response and shyly brushed my hair out of my face. "Ok, my turn," said Annie. She suddenly undid her towel and it dropped to the floor. I instinctively averted my gaze.

“Really now?” Annie chastised. “I think it's only fair that you get to see. I want you to.”

Again, I reluctantly turned back and opened my eyes. Before me, Annie stood stark naked. She still had light bikini tan lines from the spring break. Her modest breasts stood perky on her chest, her dark nipples erect. Her body curved in all the right places and her bit of stomach fat looked amazing. It accentuated the curve down towards her groin which was evidently freshly shaved.

It was something out of a fever dream. As I have mentioned before, Annie is an extremely beautiful woman, and I would be lying if I hadn't imagined what was going on underneath her bikini on beach days. I refrained from imagining anything further though out of respect for our friendship. But now here she was in full naked glory, and she said she wanted me to see. I suspected that maybe it wasn't just because we shared the same gender, but I could not know for sure.

Without a further moment's hesitation, her clothing change began. A similar style of a bra and panty combo to mine appeared, just pinker to match her hair. A black leather mini skirt appeared around her waist. To match, a tight leather black tank top appeared over the top, fully covering her chest up to her neck and leaving her arms bare. A pair of straps tied themselves around the back of her neck which left her back exposed with a small portion of the top covering her mid back. She toned up her stomach as part of the transformation, with the top showing off her slight abs. She toned down the pinkness of her hair, with black roots now blending in. Her hairstyle shifted to a medium length with bangs.

“Ta-da,” she exclaimed, “all done!” She gave a little twirl, her skirt not budging an inch. I was still a little shocked at having seen my best friend completely naked in front of me. I snapped out of my daze when she suggested that we take a picture or two. We lined up in front of the mirror in the room. She used her phone to start taking mirror selfies, and my body just knew how to pose. A little bend over, a twist to the side to show off my butt and boobs, and many different feminine poses. After we were satisfied, I ordered an Uber. Before it arrived, Annie had the idea to conjure up a matching purse for my outfit to keep my phone and keys in. Within five minutes we were on our way.

Ten minutes later we arrived at the Goodison's mansion. The gate was open and the Uber dropped us off at the front door. We were greeted by the twins as we walked up the steps. They were each wearing identical outfits of strap tops and hot pants. The only identifying factor between them was the direction of their hair partings. After a brief introduction as an out-of-country friend named Dani, we were ushered to the backyard area where a DJ was playing music to a crowd of college girls on their way to being suitably drunk for a night out. The crowd was dressed in a range of styles, from some hardcore leather set up, to mini dresses, to hot pants and bikini top combos. A group had gathered around the DJ and dancing without a care, while some satellite groups mingled about, drinking, talking, laughing and just having a good time. Not a man was in sight and the vibe among the girls was unlike anything I had experienced as a man amongst women. There was a totally carefree atmosphere.

Annie and I ended up drifting towards a group of her friends from our course who were playing beer pong near the pool. I had to pretend to not know anyone as they introduced themselves. After a round of compliments from the girls on my outfit and hair, Annie explained her hair colour with a simple hair dye story.

We started mingling and chatting, and the vibe was entirely different with the girls than when I was a male. We talked about how Jenna did her hair, how pink Rebecca's nails were, or listened to Annie's wild tale about the guy she hooked up with last night (and in way more detail than I would have with

my male friends). I learned who the hot guys were in class (and surprisingly how Alice, the cute Italian girl in our year, had a crush on me), who was hooking up with who, and where the best places on campus were for a voyeur experience.

These girls were way wilder than what I had ever imagined. It wasn't all ponies and rainbows. The alcohol certainly helped, and I was halfway through my second cider when Annie and I paired up for a round of beer pong. Our opponents were Rebecca and Alice, who had just come off an unbeaten run of three games. We filled up our cups and away we went. I quickly learned that my old throwing technique was not going to work. My boobs just kept getting in the way and jiggling with every toss.

We were suddenly three cups down without sinking a shot. I changed up my technique to have a little more side action, and suddenly the ball went in! A quick high five with Annie and we were back in it. Another ball was sunk by our opponents and a reshuffle was called. However, Annie and I each sunk two in a row to quickly be one cup away from victory. As Rebecca downed the last of the beer in the fifth cup, Alice took a fast toss to bring it even closer with a perfect throw. We went back and forth for a few rounds, each of us narrowly missing the cups. Rebecca suddenly got our second last cup. Annie and I focused up. I gathered all of my remaining sporting prowess in my body and took a deep breath. I wound up my shot and let the ball fly. It flew through a perfect arc over the table. I felt like the world stood still. Everyone's eyes followed the ball, wondering where its final destination would be.

*SPLASH!*

In it went! A cheer went around the table as Alice and Rebecca groaned in defeat. Annie and I grabbed each other in celebration. We jumped up and down with joy, my boob bounces mitigated by squishing up against her chest. We gave the last cup to the opposing pair and said our congratulations.

We left the table to get another drink. I was certainly feeling tipsy, and to be honest, a little eager to head out. I was definitely becoming more confident in my body and I wanted to show it off to the world. I wanted to go out there, shake my hair with absolutely no care in the world. I needed to feel the heat, the sweat, the passion, the crushing bodies of the club as I danced to classic hits. Maybe some handsome guy would catch a glimpse of me, and move across through the crowd. We would dance together, slowly getting closer and closer...

The twins suddenly appeared next to us, breaking me out of my day dream. We chatted about how good the pre-drinks were, and the topic shifted to life in general. I made up some bullshit about being an aspiring artist and how I was slowly gaining recognition for my 'unique' take on modern art. We got talking about our love lives and it turned out that we were all single (no surprises there honestly). I learned that Becca actually was sleeping with Steve Jameson (the economics professor). Honestly, I could not blame her, he was really cute, and apparently knew it too.

After chatting for a bit, we got to the topic of where we were going to go after the pre-drinks. Everyone was somewhat up in arms, but we ended up sticking with the same as yesterday, Maritime (obviously the twins did not know we were there last night). Annie and I gave each other a little smile, both thinking that it would be fun to go back to the same place and not have anyone recognise us.

As the summer sunset faded to night, Annie and I drank a bit more. I was reaching a suitable level of drunkenness for my inhibitions to disappear. We ended up in the dancing crowd. The DJ was playing classic 2000s pop hits with everyone shout-singing the lyrics. We were jumping all over each other having the time of our lives. Dancing in my outfit was certainly an experience with my boobs going wild but I did not mind. This was what life was meant to be like; without a care in the world.

After a while, groups of girls started peeling off, each going to their respective next party or club. Annie and I ended up in a large Uber with the twins, Alice, and Rebecca on the way to Maritime. A short time later we arrived. Contrary to last night, there was a huge queue for the club. I let out a little groan, not wanting to waste my perfect level of intoxication on standing outside for an hour.

Hearing me, the twins gave a little chuckle. "Don't worry Dani," Stella said in a sing-song voice, "I know the bouncers. Plus we're a group of hot girls, they're totally going to let us in." We approached the front of the queue, where the two large bouncers were standing. A red rope was hooked between metal poles as a demarcation for the entrance line. As we got closer, Stella started swaying her hips and bouncing, exaggerating her hips and forcing her boobs to bounce. She opened her arms out wide and exclaimed, "Jimmy!" The bouncer with the bald head and a tattoo sleeve on his left arm turned towards us.

"Hey Stel," he replied in a gruff voice and gave her a side hug. "What's going on?"

"Well," Stella continued and put a finger to her cheek, "me and my friends are totally keen to get in there and drink. You know how guys are when girls ask for drinks." She gave a little wink.

"I get you, Stel, but there's a long line out here."

"Awwww, Jimmy, don't be like that. You *know* how good Becs and I have been for you. Plus I can guarantee my group of hotties here can do the same."

Jimmy gave a little sigh and looked the group of us over. The second bouncer, wearing a beanie and wife beater (ugh), got a little interested and I could notice his gaze lingering a little longer on me than the other girls.

"Fine, but that new girl over there has gotta pay up like you did at first," Jimmy said, nodding his head at me.

I was confused, and leant over to Annie. "Pay up?" I whispered.

"Yeah, you've got to do one thing they ask. I've done it before when I came out with Stella once. Jimmy just asked for a twerk dance from me, but I've heard Richard (the guy at the back) is a little more hectic."

I groaned, but steeled myself. I didn't want to be the one to be left outside. Stella waved me closer, and I shuffled forward shyly. Richard was now fully at attention towards me, his gaze looking me up and down over and over. To be honest, it was kind of exhilarating having someone notice my body and be intoxicated by it. Richard leant over to Jimmy and whispered something in his ear. After a few seconds, Jimmy turned back to Stella and me. "Ok, um, your name?"

"Dani," I replied.

"Ok Dani, tonight is Richard's turn. He's requested that you quickly join him inside for a chat."

"Um, okay..." I said hesitantly. I walked through the opening in the robe barrier Jimmy made and followed Richard into the entrance. We were almost immediately out of sight of everyone. I looked at

Richard expectantly. I suddenly realised the huge size difference between us, with my head barely reaching the level of his chest.

“Up,” he said quickly, his voice a little softer than Jimmy’s.

“I’m sorry?” I asked, not hearing what he said.

“Your dress. Pull it up.”

A little taken back, I processed what he said. He wanted me to flash him, surely, based on his words and what Annie told me just now. I steeled myself. Surely it wasn’t that bad right? All the other girls had done something similar before. Plus I was wearing a bra and panties. It would be fine.

I grabbed the bottom of the mini dress and pulled it upwards. “Slower,” Richard immediately said.

Fine, I thought, if he was going to play these games, I’d go along with it. Plus, like I said before, I was really, really enjoying the attention my body was getting. I continued with the upward motion. I slowed it down and turned around, giving him a view of my ass. I gripped the dress tight, forcing it to catch under my butt before it pulled up to reveal my lacey pair of panties. I heard him inhale sharply as my butt jiggled free. Shaking my hips, I continued the upward motion. I turned back as my toned stomach revealed itself. I watched his eyes intently, seeing how he drank in my curves. As my dress got up to my boobs, I pulled it back tightly. I shook the fabric up and down to make them bounce violently. I was giving him a show and a half. Within a sudden yank, I released my breasts. They bounced free, the deep cut of the bra showing off the beautiful clear flesh of my large rack. Richard’s eyes widened even further, his breathing quickened.

Something came over me. Keeping the tight dress up over my tits, I closed the distance between us. I pressed my almost bare chest up against his stomach. He inhaled again, surprised by my advance. I rubbed myself up against him, and I could feel him twitch. I took hold of his hand and guided it to grope my butt, which he gladly did. It was my turn to inhale. I had never felt such strength in my life. His groping was turning me on, intensely.

After a few seconds, I stepped back. With a last shake of my boobs and a wink, I pulled the tight dress down, squeezing my chest and butt back into shape. I looked the giant of a man up and down, and noticed a very prominent tent in his pants. I smiled knowingly.

“Tell Jim you can go in, no charge,” Richard said.

I walked back to the entrance to give Jimmy the news. With a wave, the group of girls were allowed through the barrier, much to the annoyance of the group of men at the front of the queue. Joined by Annie and the others, I gave a little wink and a wave to Richard as we passed him into the club.

The place was packed. There was almost no space on the dance floor, and the bar was crowded. The twins and Rebecca peeled off to grab us some drinks, while Annie, Alice and I pushed our way to the middle of the dance floor. It was a surreal experience. Being so much shorter than last night meant that I found myself looking more at people’s chests and chins than the top of their heads.

After some time, the others found us with a few drinks and we began dancing away, letting the music and the vibe flow through us. I was subconsciously showing off my body as I danced. I knew how to

move and shake how a woman would. My hair flew around my face as I shook my head to the beat, and I jiggled in all the right places as I jumped.

Through the crowd, I caught a tall man staring at me. He looked to be around the same age as me. He was wearing a collared shirt, all but three buttons at the bottom undone to show off his abs. A cross on a thin gold chain hung around his neck. His short hair was spiked up, emphasising the fade on the side of his head. My eyes met his gaze, and he noticed. I turned back to dancing with the girls, but kept thinking about him.

Every now and then I would steal a glance at him and almost every time, he stole a glance back. After a few repeats of this, I noticed him edging his way to the side of his group closest to us. For a few songs, I didn't look back, just lost in the moment, high on the feeling of being a sexy woman and drunk on alcohol.

The next moment, I felt someone push into me hard and stayed there. I looked back and saw the man from before. He was turned sideways to me, and looked down at me as I realised what was going on. Alice also figured it out pretty quickly, and tried to make her way between the two of us. Annie, however, stopped her. Looking at Annie, she gave me an approving nod, and ushered Alice away from interfering with the inevitable.

I turned to him. *Oh my god*, I thought, *he is so tall!* He towered over me. He must have been well over six foot, maybe on his way to seven. As I drank in his body, his jawline was so well defined. Up close, his muscles were even more defined and were supplemented perfectly with a light layer of sweat from dancing. His straight legged pants were perfect for his outfit, the belt holding them up absolutely teasing me by locking away what was under his pants.

As the rhythm of the next song picked up, he and I were dancing together in unison. I don't know if it was just something Annie had done in the transformation, or if there was a genuine chemistry between us. We got even closer together, our legs and hips grinding together. I took his hands as we jumped and swerved and spun together. He handled me gracefully, perfectly, respectfully. Maybe too respectfully. I felt that I wanted him to want me. I knew he wanted me, but I wanted him to show it more. I forced his hand into the small of my back and pulled myself in closer. I grinded up against his waist, both of my legs almost straddling his larger thigh. I put both arms around his neck and pulled him down to kiss him.

Our lips met, his larger mouth crushing into mine. My neck arched backwards. Kissing from this angle was so different. I was straining up to reach him, and it felt so good to have him come down to meet me. He held me in his arms as we kissed. We had stopped dancing, lost in the heat of passion. The way his lips and tongue moved, I could tell that I was all he desired in the world at that moment. He squeezed me closer, and I could feel something grow in his pants. I myself was getting turned on, a dampness and feeling of openness growing downstairs. My body was telling me what it needed, and my brain was agreeing.

As our first kiss broke off, I started moving to the rhythm again. This time I was teasing him, grinding up against his erection. I twisted around and thrust my butt up against him. I swerved and swayed, up and down. In front of me, I saw the girls dancing still. I caught Annie's eyes. She saw me looking at her and gave me a smile and a wink. Honestly, I'm pretty sure I saw a hint of jealousy before it gave way to her smile.

After a few more minutes of dancing, he leant down and shouted into my ear over the music, "Hey, do you want to go somewhere quieter?" I immediately nodded, happy that he finally said the words I

needed to hear. Taking hold of my hand, he led me through the crowd. I passed Annie and she gave me a little pat on the shoulder as I passed.

He ordered an Uber when we got outside. I learned his name was Ryan, and I told him mine. The driver arrived within a few minutes, and began to fight his way through the traffic to get out of the area after we got in. The clock on the radio showed the time was roughly 12:30am. Ryan and I chatted for the few minutes it took to get to his place. His hand was on my exposed thigh, lightly stroking it and sending shivers down my spine.

His apartment building was surprisingly close to Annie and I, maybe only a 10 minute walk at a brisk pace. We exited the Uber, and I noted that the exterior was super fancy. It was definitely an upper class apartment building, not something a university student could afford. He let me through security and we entered the elevator. We rode the elevator in almost awkward silence, up to the fifteenth floor. When we arrived, he led me to his front door and let me in. "Have a seat," he said, indicating the couch. I sat down and took my heels off. He disappeared into the kitchen.

"What do you want to drink?" he called out.

"A gin and tonic if you have," I replied. A few moments later he appeared with two identical drinks and handed me one of them. He sank into the couch next to me. I leaned over closer to him and offered my glass for a clink. We sat almost shoulder to shoulder, sipping our drinks and chatting. We became even more relaxed together, slowly getting closer and closer. Eventually, I set down my half finished drink and put my face super close to his. Ryan got the hint. He leaned in and kissed me. I closed my eyes and drank in the feelings of the moment. He smelled so good. His sweat, the heat of his body. I put my hand on his chest.

I got in closer. He grabbed my waist and pulled me in. I slowly moved my hand down his chest, to his chiselled stomach. We were groping each other, appreciating the warmth of each other's body as the passion heated up. He grabbed my chest. A shiver ran through my body. His strong hands felt so good. He teased my nipples underneath my dress.

I pulled away. He looked up at me expectantly. I grabbed the base of my dress, and slowly pulled upwards. His eyes moved downwards as I exposed my panties. I felt the fabric move off and free my toned stomach. I pulled it tighter as I reached my chest. I shook my dress up and down, teasing him for the release. With a tug, my bra was freed. I pulled the rest of the dress up and over my head and off my arms. Tossing it aside, I straddled his lap. I could feel his erection through his pants, pressing up against my crotch.

I kissed him again, my hair falling over his face as I leant down to do it. His hands were holding my waist. I began to rock my hips back and forth, teasing his cock through his pants. I felt little jolts of pleasure as my folds parted slightly through my panties. He reached around my back, and deftly unhooked my bra. I was surprised at how easy it was for him. I don't think I could have done that with my new knowledge. I pulled back to drag the bra straps off my shoulders. I freed my tits, and he gasped. "Holy fuck, you're gorgeous," he breathed. Getting high off the attention, I smothered his face with my tits. He immediately latched onto a nipple. I took a deep breath. His tongue danced over my flesh, teasing me, pleasuring me.

I pushed him back, and kissed him again. I kissed his mouth, his jaw, his neck. I swirled my tongue over his neck, teasing him. I began to move down his chest, kissing and licking his smooth, perfectly sculpted torso as I went. I teased his belly button, before pressing my face up against his cock through his pants.

I was insatiable. I breathed in the scent of his pheromones, and I knew that they were as intoxicating to me as mine were to him. I wanted him. I wanted his cock.

After a quick peck of his erection, I undid his pants and pulled them off. He helped me throw them away. He lay back again, his erection clearly visible through his tight briefs. I took in the site. He was so fucking hot. I never knew that I could look at a man and want everything that he could give me. I leant back in and grasped the edges of his underwear. I looked at him, flicked my hair, and bit my lip. I gently pulled back and freed his cock.

It sprung to life. Oh my god, did it ever spring to life. I was astonished. In front of me was the largest penis I had ever seen (outside of porn). It must have been ten inches, easily. Maybe even pushing its way up to eleven. It was perfectly formed, almost a caricature of a penis. It had so much girth, I don't even know what to compare it to. Veins were bulging, adding depth and character to it. The pungent smell of his erection hit my nose, and I wanted more. I knew what I wanted. With one last smile at Ryan, I leant down and took the tip in my mouth.

It was so hot and hard, and at the same time, strangely soft. There was a faint saltiness from his precum. I swirled my tongue over his slit, and he gasped. Encouraged, I continued. I pressed down, taking more of his shaft into my mouth. My lips parted around his girth. I knew that a cock of his size should have been almost impossible to give a proper blowjob to, but Annie's magic was saving the day. I bobbed up and down, sucking and licking his cock. I knew exactly what to do to maximise his pleasure. I was taking control from here on.

I tried to take as much of his cock as I could, but the angle was wrong. I could only fit half of it before the back of my throat was in the way. I was disappointed. I wanted all of it. With one final push, I gave up and came up for air. He looked almost disappointed I had stopped. "Don't worry," I said, "I've got an idea." I got up and swung my legs over his chest, turning to present my ass to him. He got the hint immediately, and pulled me back until I faced his cock, and him to my panties.

His cock was presented to me in a much better position. As I went to take it again, Ryan pulled my panties to the side and began to eat me out. It was my turn to gasp. His tongue explored my folds, probing and feeling what made me tick. I shuddered in pleasure. The strength and dexterity was so much better than my fingers earlier. Returning the favour, I leant forward and started sucking again.

I pressed myself forward, trying to take more and more of his gorgeous cock. His heat was amazing. I swirled and sucked and bobbed on his cock. I was lost in the rhythm, just enjoying being able to pleasure someone so thoroughly. This time, the angle was perfect. With one swift movement, I leant forward and took his full length. I could feel it push down my throat, my gag reflex non-existent. I stayed there for a few seconds, almost unable to breath. My tongue danced over his flesh. I came up for air, so proud of what I had done.

"You are so fucking hot," he breathed. In response, I got off him and straddled his lap. Without a single word, I grabbed his penis and pressed it up against my stomach. I watched his expression change to excitement. He and I both knew what had to happen next. I pushed myself up and slid my hand to the base. Rubbing it over the folds of my vagina, I lined it up. In a single smooth motion, I pushed myself down and felt his cock enter me.

I moaned in pleasure. My world just changed in a single moment. The emptiness inside was filled perfectly by this stranger's hard cock. It was warm, vibrant, pulsating. I shivered as the shock rushed through my body. As it subsided, I sat up, feeling his flared head drag against the inside of my vagina

(Annie really had thought of everything to add). Just as it was about to fall out, I sat back down again. We both moaned in unison, mine almost a scream of elation. This was the best feeling in the world.

I started to move up and down in a regular motion, bouncing for him in all my naked glory. My tits swayed and bounced as I rode him. With each stroke his moans filled the room. "Oh my god, you're so hot," he moaned. "Your pussy is so fucking tight!"

I leant forward and kissed him, his cock still buried inside of me. My tits dragged against his chest. Instinctually, I started moving my hips. I could feel the change in angle of his cock inside me, and he responded positively. I was able to increase the speed in this position.

"Oh... oh... I'm gonna cum!" he moaned. I quickly let his cock fall out of me. However, it was too late as his body convulsed. I looked down at him as he came down from his high. "How about a round two, handsome?" I asked.

"I...uhh... sleeeeeeeeepy..." he said, and immediately collapsed back into his pillows, dreaming goodness knows what.

"Well that's just fucking great!" I grumbled to myself. "I was just getting started." I climbed off his limb body, and grabbed my phone. One thirty in the morning. Too early to fall asleep here, and I really did not want to have to deal with him when he woke up. I quickly cleaned myself off in the bathroom, upset that I didn't get to cum. I called an uber and let myself out of the apartment.

Twenty minutes later, I was in front of my place. I thanked the driver and headed up. I took the elevator because I didn't want to deal with the two flights of stairs in my heels. Plus all that cowgirl action really did a number on my thighs. I had a newfound respect for some of my hookups who managed that longer than a minute.

I stumbled up to my door and was about to put my keys in the lock when I heard noises coming from the apartment. Noises that sounded a lot like someone was enjoying themselves very much. Annie must have found someone to bring home from the club as well.

Even so, I needed to get in. I figured she would be in her room, just a little louder than usual. I twisted the key in the lock and quietly pulled down on the handle to push the door inwards. As I did, Annie's moans became clearer; "... need you, you're so fucking perfect." Wow, she really was going for it. To be honest, I was a little jealous of whoever she was with, with her calling them perfect.

I pushed the door open more and stepped into the apartment. With shock, I took a step back. Rather than in her room, there Annie was on the couch. No one was with her. Rather, she was supporting herself with one arm as the other stroked the largest cock I had ever seen in my life. It towered over her, its dark head close enough for her to suck if she was so inclined. She continued jerking herself off, blissfully unaware that I was in the room. "Oooo my god, this feels so fucking good," she moaned.

I began to sneak towards my room after closing the apartment door. Suddenly, she called out my name. "Dani, ohhh, Dani. You're so fucking hot." I froze. *What the hell?* Was I the one she was dreaming about? I turned to watch. She was clearly getting close to cumming. "I want you... I need you... fuck, why can't she see it?"

I decided to speak up. "Umm, Annie?" Bad timing. Surprised, she let go over her cock and spun her head to look at me. "Oh no," she said, "I'm gonna cum." And just like that her, cock exploded with the

largest cum shot ever seen. It sprayed all across the room towards me, splattering my dress and hair in ropes upon ropes of semen.

As her cock twitched with the last of her orgasm, we both stared at each other. The silence was deafening.

“So, umm...” Annie began, “do you want to talk about this?”

**To be concluded...**