

# My Best Friend Became a Witch

## **\*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).

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“Hey Dan, do you think you could come into the living room real quick?” called my roommate Annie. “I think you’re going to be amazed!”

My best friend for the last 10 years has been my ex-neighbour, Annie Wong. You can imagine the number of questionable looks and inappropriate comments she and I have received, with everyone assuming we have been hooking up for at least the past 5 years. No matter how often we rebut the annoying inquisitions, not many seem to realise that we are just best friends. I’d be lying if I said I hadn’t imagined the possibility of me and her dating, but at the end of the day we truly enjoyed each other’s company.

Annie and I met at the age of 12 when I moved into her neighbourhood as my mom got promoted to a managing director in a new city for work. I was a shy kid, and obviously extremely nervous moving to another place on the other side of the country. A few days after moving into our new home, the Wongs rang on our doorbell, welcoming us to the neighbourhood with an invitation to a traditional Taiwanese feast at their house. The next night my mom and I found ourselves in a beautifully decorated home across the street. (My dad passed away unexpectedly when I was 7, thanks to an undiscovered cancer.) As Mr and Mrs Wong sat on one side of the table with my mom, I sat opposite an equally shy Annie. That first half hour of friendly chatter between our parents was painful. However, as soon as I got to taste the amazing food they had prepared, my compliments opened up Annie’s barriers. She began describing how she helped her parents with the wrapping of the rice dumplings, and how excited she was about learning braised pork. From then on out, our mutual enthusiasm about food formed a basis for our everlasting friendship.

We ended up going to the same high school and sat together during lunch every day. This drew a lot of hate from bullies thanks to her being a smaller Asian girl, and myself being a slightly chubby shy kid. If anything, our shared suffering forged a closer bond between us than ever. Each of us were the other’s support pillar, and we shared no secrets. We were there for each other’s first true heartbreak, she confided in me that she was bi and couldn’t come out to her traditional parents, I confided in her when I was depressed and had anxiety attacks, and we each knew that what happened between us, stayed between us.

The years went on in high school, and Annie grew up into a stunning woman. She never really grew much taller than 5 ft. 2 and didn't develop much in the way of boobs or butt. However, she had the most stunning facial features, a perfect cross between cute and hot. She definitely drew the attention of some of the cooler crowd as a result, whereas I remained the same shy and chubby kid for my high school career.

As fate would have it, we studied the same core subjects in school, and went to the same university about two hours away from our home city. She moved to have more freedom, largely due to the overbearing nature of her parents. I moved for similar reasons, but also wanted to remain close to Annie as she would still be one of my only friends after graduating high school. I started getting my life together after the first year of uni; I got a small job at a café for extra cash, started working out and fell in love with soccer, and finally got rid of all my 'puppy' fat that I had been carrying for all my life. As a result, I had more success in the dating department, finding that women were actually attracted to someone that kept in shape (the added confidence didn't hurt either). Annie was ever supportive, and often helped me when it turned out the girl I was dating was cheating on me, or any other nasty thing.

In third year, we moved out of the on-campus residences and into a shared two-bedroom apartment. It only drew out more weird comments, and Annie's parents were not impressed that she was living with a boy before marriage, even with the number of times we Facetimed them pleading our case that we were not dating.

Halfway through third year, Annie started hanging out with some interesting people. It was an all-woman group which called themselves "Witches Against the Patriarchy" (WAP). They were what you would call semi-extreme feminists, but they never had any ill-intent towards me. They often demonstrated on campus for equal opportunity and representation for women, transgender people, etc. Sometimes Annie would be out super late for midnight gatherings on campus with the other girls, and this was the first time that she never fully disclosed what she was up to. I would pry further but she would always close up and change the topic. Honestly, I started to get a little worried, as we never kept secrets. Hell, we even knew exactly who the other person had hooked up with, how far they went, and I'm pretty sure I know too many sizes of guys' penises, or Annie knew how the girl's tits in the front row of the tax lecture were uneven in the most bizarre way. But this was different. Annie would not tell me what this girl group got up to in their private gatherings. Eventually, I gave up on this endeavour, and realised that maybe Annie should definitely be able to branch out and do her own thing.

Towards the end of third year and the start of the fourth, I was going out and dating more than I had before. I actually ended up in a semi-serious long-term relationship with a wonderful girl named Stacy. Stacy was cute as a button, reaching just to my chin on my 5 ft 11 frame. Her green eyes always stared with such intelligent intensity into mine, and her blonde hair fell perfectly to the side in a shoulder length cut. She was studying an engineering degree, a far cry from Annie and my finance endeavours. She loved to hang out by our apartment, happily chatting with me and Annie (when she was there) until the early hours of the morning. There were times where I could see Annie avoid eye contact with me when Stacy was around, and I started to get the feeling that she resented seeing me so happy without needing her. We talked a few times about this, and I assured her that she would always be my friend, and that I really did not feel as comfortable around anyone else than I did with her. Sometimes I lay awake at night, haunted by the

fact that my reassurances to Annie may have done more harm than good.

It was about halfway through fourth year when Stacy unexpectedly ended things between us. She cited the fact that I did not seem fully committed to our relationship, that something was always bothering me. *It seems that you kiss me with no passion*, she said to me on the day of our breakup. *You kiss as if I'm not the one that's on your mind. I love you Daniel, but I think we both deserve someone who can truly make us happy.*

The breakup happened way too quickly for me to even register. I started skipping lectures, and I spent the next two weeks holed up in my room, only coming out for meals, and sometimes not even then. Annie did her best to console me as she always did, but I got the feeling that she was happy with the breakup. She never put Stacy down, never mouthed her off or said she wasn't good enough for me, but I could tell that she felt relieved I was no longer with her.

During this time, Annie had started going to more and more WAP nightly meetings, sometimes even sleeping over, and coming back dressed in strange robes and other paraphernalia. I never questioned her on why she was going, and what they were doing. I probably would not have gotten much of an answer anyways. She seemed determined in her mission, often locking herself up in her room and blasting the strange music that WAP always seemed to play. I took no mind and was just happy that she was with a group of like-minded, supportive women.

Finally, we fast forward to today. It's been two months since Stacy ended things, and while still hurting from it, I was slowly moving on. Annie and I had just finished our midterms and were feeling pretty confident about life. Annie had apparently moved up in the hierarchy of WAP, whatever that meant. As she called to me to come to our shared living room, I groaned as I got up off the bed and trudged my way out of my room, my lazy Friday ruined.

Annie was sitting down on the couch, wearing a cute green crop top and white flowering skirt. She looked up from her phone as I came in and sat myself down on the adjacent armchair. She put her phone down to her side and turned her upper body to face me. "I think it's time that I let you know what we truly do at WAP," she said, sweeping her dark hair out of her left eye.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, we definitely do all the things you've seen us do, and we truly believe in equality for all genders, sexes, races, etc. However, they've always had a secret way of achieving these goals, and I've finally reached enough seniority and gained clearance to let you in on it."

"Woah woah woah, what do you mean by secret way? Are you kidnapping or blackmailing people? Or do you have some sort of secret government controlling our current one?" I joked.

"No man you oaf, nothing as cool as that. I think it may actually be easier to show you. Take a look at my top. What colour is it?"

“Green, duh. I’m not colour blind.”

“Look again,” she said with a smirk on her face.

I took a look at her top and was dumbstruck. It was a bright pink! I blinked and slapped my face twice to make sure that I wasn’t dreaming, and still it remained pink.

“There’s no way it changed colour. Is this some kind of magic trick? Did you set up a special light behind me?” I questioned, as my head swivelled around the apartment like some overworked CCTV camera.

“No Dan, that was magic. Real genuine magic,” she said with a flourish of her hands.

“That can’t be, magic isn’t real!”

“Ok, how about this. See our succulents over there? Watch carefully.” She waved her hand gently in the direction of our cactus corner. I watched as a small, delicate bonsai appeared in one of the empty pots, seemingly out of nowhere. Again, I was shocked but suspicious.

“Annie, that’s just another trick of the light. You could have set anything up in the time that I was in my room.”

She sighed in exasperation. “They warned me that you might now believe me. Well, at least there’s one sure fire way I can get you to believe me.” She got up, crossed the gap between us, grabbed my wrist, and planted my hand on her small chest. My eyes nearly bugged out of my head in surprise. Thanks to some poor genetics, Annie had basically no boobs. She didn’t even need a bra, and on a lot of occasions her small nipples could be seen poking through her thin tops as she walked around our flat.

“Don’t you go get any ideas, Casanova,” she jokingly said. “Watch and feel closely.” She closed her eyes and her brows furrowed in concentration. Suddenly, I felt movement other than her breathing behind her shirt. She looked up and saw that I was avoiding eye contact with her tiny bust. “Hey, let this be the one time that you hear a girl say, ‘Look at my tits’ and you obey, got it?” She pressed my hand harder into her chest.

I nodded and looked down. My eyes widened again as I saw the source of the movement. Annie’s chest was growing slowly but surely before my own eyes. This could not be a trick of the light, nor some magic clothing or bra that she was wearing. Annie’s boobs were growing in real time, moving away from flat to something more pronounced. My palm started to become curved, letting her boob fill my hand slowly but surely. It expanded beyond her A-cup, through to B, finally settling on a C-cup.

As the growth ended, I resisted the urge to squeeze as I always did to any of my ex’s boobs. She pulled my hand away gently and released it. My arm remained suspended in the air still in shock. Annie leaned back up; her new cleavage gap highlighted in the pink crop top. The new growth looked absolutely massive on her petite frame; her top pulled upwards to reveal more of her toned midriff. She swivelled left and right like a model and planted her hands on her hips.

“Well, do you believe me now Danny?”

“Um... uh guh-... buh... buh... what?” I stammered, completely at a loss for words. “What the fuck just happened? You were flat.... And then you were not. You have boobs now Annie! How?”

“Magic you dummy, I told you earlier,” she chastised me. “It’s quite literally in the name ‘Witches Against the Patriarchy’. Hiding it in plain sight is just too easy.”

“This isn’t real, this can’t be happening. Things just can’t change like that, Annie!”

“Look Dan, I’m not going to be able to go into too much detail, but essentially magic *IS* real. This is a fact you have to accept about our reality. We are part of a small coven that is able to tap into the power of reality and make changes. These changes can be small, such as to ourselves, a few people around us, or even objects in our vicinity; or they can be on a larger scale if performed by a larger group, such as WAP. Thankfully, our coven truly believes in the ethical use of the power we harness. We never use it to change things about others without their consent, despite how much some arseholes absolutely deserve it. We rather empower ourselves and other people who have been downtrodden and left behind in society. We give them a second chance. Whether they succeed or not is entirely up to them.”

As she was speaking, her shirt changed back to green, and her boobs slowly shrunk back to their usual size as if nothing had happened. I sat back in the armchair in shock. My brain was slowly processing what I had just seen. Despite my usual life’s experiences, I had just watched a woman’s chest grow in real life. Logic told me that it was unnatural, that it was impossible, and yet here I was. I had to conclude that something impossible had occurred. Something that could only be possible through magic.

When Annie finished her explanation, she sat back on the couch and looked at me. A few long moments passed as I processed the information. She was silent and adjusted her hair and top as she waited for me to say something.

I exhaled as I finally got a hold of myself. “So magic is really real, huh?”

“Yeah, pretty neat, isn’t it?” Annie almost smirked. “I’m really lucky that I got chosen to be a part of WAP, it’s not like they take just anyone. The vetting process was really long; I applied even before I joined Worcestershire University, as my aunt used to be part of the coven. It was no secret she was a witch, much to the disapproval of my mom. So, I decided I wanted to try, and got looked at largely due to my aunt’s influence in her time there.”

“And from there?” I pressed her.

“It was long and difficult with many emails and interviews. They ended up accepting me a year ago and tested my aptitude for magic. Not everyone can do it thankfully, and you must be awakened to your ability to be able to use it. Nothing happens by accident in the magic world. And no, thankfully there’s no cost to using it, no sacrifices to be made like some pop culture shows and books use as a storytelling device. We haven’t made a deal with the devil or some other dark entity. Those literally don’t exist, so we do not need to

worry about it.”

“Well, that’s a breath of fresh air,” I exclaimed almost sarcastically. There was so much new information that I was still struggling to comprehend. “What exactly do you use it for? Like personally, I mean. I’ve never seen anything, nor thought anything funny was going on with you, other than you not fully sharing what WAP was.”

“Well, you know what I can do about my top, hair, and well, boobs. Basically, I use it to help out with some mundane stuff. Sometimes when you are out, I don’t really feel like doing the washing up, or clothes washing etc., so I use it to help me out there. If I’m shopping, I’ll check to see how different sizes fit without needing to bring in multiple items, or even see if the other colours look good.”

“But couldn’t you just buy one item and change the colour and size at home?” I asked.

“Yeah, but as I said, we’re ethical. I won’t shop at a big store that I know uses unethical labour practices, so I love thrifting. But I won’t use magic there because that causes the fun of thrifting to disappear.”

“Aren’t you a *mensch*!” I tease. “But seriously, is that it? That just seems like a waste of the world at your fingertips.”

“There is a limit to my power though. I can’t make massive changes, like changing or moving much larger objects. For changes to people and personalities, with their consent, we need to have the coven work together. We’ve helped women become more confident, more outspoken, more studious; men more understanding and accommodating.”

“So, you really are changing our world.”

“We try our best, but it’s just us in this area, and progress is slow. The coven has always done its best throughout the years to help shape society to be more equal. But otherwise, we do use our gifts to have a little more fun with our personal lives.”

I raised an eyebrow. I kinda knew where she was going with this. “How so?”

“Well... You know me and my habits, sleeping around etc... It can get a little same-old, same-old. Sometimes I change things up to make it more interesting for me. As you saw, I can use magic how I wish on my body. I’ve made myself more sensitive, I’ve had tits bigger than the best summer watermelons, and I’ve.... I’ve experimented with having a penis.”

“Really?” I say, not too surprised. We had spent many a late night talking about our desires, and about things we would like to experience but would likely never happen due to the impossibility of the situation. I recall one weekend when we were 17 and I had just lost my virginity on that Friday night (Annie had lost hers just a few months earlier). It was then we both said we wondered what it had felt like for the other person, how it would feel to experience the opposite sex’s genitalia. I felt a little jealous that she could do this, and I couldn’t. “How was it?”

“It was pretty great, as I’m sure you know. Men’s orgasms are more intense I guess, just

not as long. Having a refractory period sucked, so I got rid of that as well for the next time. Honestly, you'd be surprised at how many dudes are actually into chicks with dicks!"

"Well, sexuality is a spectrum, I guess. But how has this not come out? Like, surely someone must have blabbed by now. It's not like magic is common in the world."

"So, I always had the caveat that whatever I did, they had to consent to having their memories of the night removed. We always get a verbal agreement, or we just leave. Then the coven does its thing the next day."

"Have you ever wiped my mind?" I asked, a little scared.

"No, I'd never, ever do that to you. You're special to me, which is why I've shared this with you now. I'm never going to let that happen to you."

"But now what? What do I do with this information? Like, I can't use magic, you can. Cool, big deal. At the end of the day, I'm just gonna continue on with my life as per usual."

"Well, I was thinking that I could help you out, you know? These last few months have been really tough on you. I've seen you struggling with attendance, your test marks are down, and you're just not really you. I have an idea though (and I ran by the sisters and they're fine with us). Like, a first change could be that I help with your memory retention. My magic can give you a photographic memory *and* give you the ability to apply it to all scenarios. Would you like that? It would help you pass this year, as well as help set you up to succeed in life. It's not like an IQ boost; it would just make things smoother in life."

I thought for a moment or two. I sat forward and looked her in the eyes. "Yeah," I replied, "I think I'd like that very much."

"Ok, all I need to hear you say now is 'I consent', and you're all set."

I took a deep breath. Here I was, about to be changed by magic from my best friend. What if something went wrong? Would I be mentally challenged, or just the same? I was having second thoughts. "Ok, hang on a moment. How about I test something that doesn't involve messing up the most important organ in my body?" I offered. "Let's say, 'I consent to you making my hair a foot longer'." My hair wasn't particularly short, nor particularly long. It almost looked like the same length that a guy had in a K-pop group.

Annie shrugged. "Sure, that's easy enough." She wiggled her fingers a little bit, and suddenly my scalp exploded into life. I could feel my hair growing in real time, watching it fall past my eyes and tickle the back of my neck. It didn't hurt and was actually quite pleasurable. It felt like I was getting an intense head massage at one of those fancy barber shops. It continued for a few more seconds, before it finally settled down. I pulled my hair to one side, trying to brush it behind my ear. I took my phone out of my pocket and opened the front facing camera. I studied myself on the screen in amazement. My hair had grown out quite a bit. It was of comparable length to a young Kurt Cobain, with a similar colour.

“You look kinda cute,” Annie smiled. “It suits you.”

I looked back to her in wonder. “This is incredible! I can’t believe it worked. Like, I saw it on you, but I never in a million years would expect a year’s worth of hair growth in ten seconds!”

“Do you see? It will work, I promise.”

“Ok, I believe you. Annie, ‘I consent’.”

She nodded gently and walked over to me. She placed both hands on my temple. “Close your eyes,” she said.

I closed them, seeing nothing but after images of the sunny room. I began to feel lightheaded. The same massaging feeling began to envelop my whole head, as if someone had taken their fingers and reached through my skull to caress my brain. Despite my eyes being closed, I felt my eyes roll back in pleasure. It wasn’t a sexual pleasure, more of a comforting feeling that made me warm and content. The pressure began focusing on individual areas of my brain one by one. I could feel my mind open, almost feeling like more information was being processed. Annie softly removed her fingers from my head, and I could feel the pressure dissipate.

“Ok, open your eyes. Let’s test this out. Can you tell me what paragraph page 94 of our Tax Act starts off with?” she quizzed me.

Suddenly the answer came to me, and I rattled off the convoluted and complicated wording as if I was remembering the chorus to my favourite songs. I shocked myself with the answer. My memory recall was insane! I could see every page of every textbook I had ever read, all my past texts, IMs, Facebook posts and reddit arguments. With a little concentration, I could recall anything. I saw what clothes my mother wore when she took me to the doctor when I was four, what the colour and shape of the birthmark of my primary school friend had, the mole on the back of my third girlfriend, whatever you named, I could recall it.

“This is incredible!” I exclaimed. “This is probably what a NZT pill feels like.”

“Pretty cool, huh?” Annie smiled. “I just hope this helps you go and get the success that you deserve in life. But...”

“But what?” I asked.

“That’s not the only thing we can do today. You know me, I have to take things one step further.”

I raised my eyebrows again, knowing the dirty mind of my best friend. “How so?” I teased her.

“Well, you haven’t had a night out for a long time, plus I think it’s time you started getting back out there and trying to find someone. Or just literally going out there for a



hook-up.”

“Yeah, I know. A night out would probably be good for me,” I concurred. “But what do you want to do?”

“Nothing out of the ordinary, however... I think you and I could have more fun with some help from my magic. Think about it. I make a few little tweaks, a change here and there, and we go out and hit the clubs. Maybe we find someone, and take them home, or they take us home.”

“Ok, you’ve piqued my curiosity. What changes do you have in mind?”

“Hmmm... Well, for me it’s pretty easy. Dudes and chicks absolutely love a short Asian girl with big tits. All I do is grow a few cup sizes, maybe change my hair to neon pink and I’m unrecognisable. No one would know it’s petite little Annie grinding up against them. For you though, that’s a bit trickier.”

I thought for a bit. The last few months I hadn’t been going to gym or playing sports as often as I usually did, so I had lost quite a bit of definition that I usually had. Plus, there was the other issue in my pants. As if reading my mind Annie spoke up. “How about we make a size adjustment down there? I know how you’re self-conscious about being only four inches, but I’ve told you before, size doesn’t matter. But I’m willing to maybe help you out a bit. What do you think?”

I gulped shyly. Of course, Annie knew everything about me and my body. That’s what best friends are for, right? We had no secrets, no set boundaries. Her offer was tantalising. “Yeah, sure. That’s a start. Would it be too much to ask to double it in size? Say eight inches total? And twice the girth? And could you help me with my muscle definition. I miss it.”

“Ok buddy,” she laughed musically. “That’s easy enough. How about I throw in a few small surprise changes, and we go out? All you have to do is say the magic words.”

“I consent,” I intoned clearly. Annie nodded in agreement and gave a little wave of her hands. I felt the pressure grow over my body, albeit slightly lighter. I felt my muscles tighten in response, flexing and easing rhythmically. I felt a pressure in my groin, feeling my penis growing outwards. The feeling was not dissimilar from getting an erection. It continued for a short while before everything dissipated at once. I relaxed, and felt muscles move that I had forgotten I had. I felt a little more than I usually had downstairs, although it still was not quite large when flaccid.

“Damn Daniel!” Annie exclaimed, “Back at it again with the hot bod.” I felt my face turn bright red at the compliment, and I scoffed at the old meme. Annie always had my back, assuring me I was an attractive man, despite me not feeling the same way. I had self-confidence issues stemming from being the chubby kid, and despite how many hook-ups or girlfriends I had it never went away. Despite me blushing, she continued talking. “How about you go rest up, and later we can go pre-drink somewhere with some friends before hitting the main street?”

I nodded in agreement, and we both went back to our separate bedrooms. I shut the door

behind me and sank back against it. *What the fuck just happened!?* I thought. I had long hair, muscles that were far more defined than I had ever had, and a penis literally doubled in size. My mind was still wondering if this wasn't just some messed up fever dream and that I would wake up any moment now in a cold sweat. But deep down I knew that this wasn't going to be that kind of dream. This was real.

There was a full-length mirror on my door, and I turned around to look at my reflection. I barely recognised the guy in the mirror. Sure, I was fit before and could be described as athletic, but right now I had the stature of an Olympic medallist. Everything was so well defined that any ancient Greek sculptor would be happy with the end product. I flexed my arms slightly, marvelling at the way I could see all the muscle groups engage so easily. I turned to the side and was pleasantly surprised at the toned bum I had that was complimented nicely by my (now tighter) shorts.

I tucked my hair behind my ears as I turned back. Now I had to take a look. I grabbed the waistband of my shorts and slowly pulled them down. I stepped out of my pants and looked at my reflection. My underpants weren't exactly full, but there was a slightly larger bulge. I was always more of a grower than a shower and it seems to have stayed that way. Pulling the waistband forward, I looked at my upgraded package. It was nestled in my underwear, folded backwards on itself. I briefly considered masturbating but thought that maybe I might just save some energy for later this evening. Worst comes to worst, I'll just jerk off later. I pulled my pants back on and flopped onto my queen-sized bed. With nothing better to do and exhausted from the mental strain of the morning, I fell into a deep sleep.

I woke up from a dreamless sleep to someone knocking on my door. "Oy are you jerking off or can I come in?" came Annie's lilting teasing voice.

I groaned as I wiped the sleep from my eyes. "Yeah, the door's unlocked."

The door opened with a small squeak as Annie moved into the room and immediately began laughing. "You sure you weren't jerking it Danny-boy? It certainly looks like you want to!"

Looking down the bed, I saw that I had woken up ready to go. Tenting out of my bed was the largest erection that I had ever had in my life. With a four-inch penis, I rarely had to worry about public boners or inappropriately tenting my shorts. However, this larger version of my penis seemed to be on a whole other level. It was literally double the size! I quickly sat up and pulled the light summer duvet over into a pile around my crotch. I felt my face turn a deep red in embarrassment.

"Lol, don't worry about it," Annie said with a wink, "it's nothing that I haven't seen or experienced before."

Grumbling in embarrassment (although my erection was subsiding), I asked her what she needed.

"Have you looked at the time?" she asked. "It's like five thirty on a Friday, and about high time we start getting ready for pre's!"

“Yeah, so? You know me. I’ll have a quick shower and throw on a collared shirt with cologne and call it a day. Why aren’t you ready yet?”

Annie grinned even wider. “I thought that maybe I could put on a show for you? Most of what I’m going to change is with magic anyways so it’s going to be quick.”

“Now you’re just showing off,” I joked. To be honest, I was curious.

“I know,” she said with a wink. “So, are you ready for some magic?” She performed some jazz hands to bring across the point.

“Yeah, yeah, let’s see it. Surprise me.”

Annie gave a little nod and closed her eyes. The changes started happening without warning. As promised, her hair began to turn neon pink. Starting from the tips of her scalp, the bright colour exploded outwards, almost making her hair look like a gust of wind was flowing through it. At the same time, her makeup appeared out of nowhere, putting a pink blush on her cheeks, a light glossy lipstick and eyeliner that accentuated the sideways teardrop shape of her eyes.

The changes continued from her head downwards, as her chest began to expand from its previous flatness again. Annie gave a soft moan as her nipples hardened against her cloth crop top. I watched in wonder, bemusement, and a slight attraction as her top stretched outwards. As her larger chest took shape, I could feel my penis twitch under the duvet covers. Her boobs continued growing unabated, swelling through the cup sizes. They eventually settled at a D-cup, with her tiny crop top pushed upwards. I could see a slight bit of underboob peeking out from the bottom.

The changes did not stop there, as her stomach toned up a slight bit, losing that little bit of looseness after a month of cheating on a diet. As the changes to her body ended, her clothes began to shift. Her crop top shifted over the chest, transforming into a tight white leather tube top, with two rows of buttons laced together down the front. Her summer shorts became longer and baggier, stretching down to just above her ankles in the form of a trendy streetwear pants and top combo. Her shoes became white vans with the stretchy bottoms of her pants tucked over the tongue of the sneakers.

As soon as the changes started, they stopped. In totality, the full event lasted roughly 20-30 seconds. She stepped back and twisted her body side to side. She looked like something out of a sexy fairy tale. Her tits were exaggerated by her short and slim frame, making them seem larger than what they were. She glowed like a K-pop star with her hair and makeup combo, and the streetwear outfit finished off the look perfectly. She looked at me and smiled. “Well dummy, get your jaw off your floor. What do you think?”

I realise that I am kinda just staring dumbly at her. I mean, who wouldn’t stare at a drop-dead knockout? I shook myself awake. “That was incredible!” I exclaimed. “That’s so fucking cool, why do you normally take so long to get ready if you can do that?”

“It gets boring after a while. Plus, I enjoy putting on my makeup and styling my hair. It feels like I’m an artist. It’s not often I get to be an artist in our degree,” she said with a

chuckle. She clapped her hands together suddenly. "So! Get up out of bed and get ready, you dummy! Oh, here's a hair tie and shower cap for you." She tossed them onto the bed next to my lap as she walked out the room.

As she closed the door behind her I got up to get ready, my erection still tenting my shorts. God, it looked ridiculously huge, and there really was no way to hide it. Regardless, I got ready. I fought my shorts off over my dick and got ready for a quick shower. The shower cap fit snugly over my long hair, and I gave myself a quick rinse and soap on all the important areas, leaving my dick for last so that it was at least manageable to wash in a semi-flaccid state. Dousing myself in cologne, I got dressed in chinos with rolled up cuffs, a loose and flowy beige collared summer shirt, and finished it off with a small silver chain and white sneakers with cream socks sticking up over my ankles. I looked at myself in the mirror as I did up my hair into a man bun. I somehow knew how to do it, recalling the many times I saw Annie doing up her hair in the past thanks to my new memory capabilities. Staring back at me in the mirror was a man I didn't recognise. He looked confident, happy, relaxed and sexy all at once. The man bun and outfit combo gave me the look of a chilled-out surfer guy who worked 3 times a week at an artisan coffee shop. Honestly, it wasn't a bad look, and I knew that I was going to one hundred percent pull this evening.

Annie was chilling on the couch and flicking through her phone as I walked. She looked up and wolf-whistled me. "Not bad, Danny boy. Looking mighty sexy this evening if I may say so."

I rolled my eyes sarcastically. "Thank you, milady," I replied. "So, what's the plan?"

Annie quickly rattled off a list of options, and I barely listened as I fixated on her. She was literally looking like my dream girl. Yeah, of course I was attracted to her. Any idiot could tell that she was an absolute smoke show. She was my best friend, the only person that knew everything about me. We shared many interests, the same life desires, and ambitions. It's definitely why so many people shipped us together. I wanted to do nothing more than just go up and kiss her, let her know how I truly felt at that moment. But I held myself back.

"So, you keen for Fowler's, and see where the night takes us?" Annie finished.

"Uh, yeah," I said as I snapped back to reality, "keen for that."

She clapped her hands together and hopped up. "Cool! Let's go!"

We took an Uber to Fowler's, a local bar/pub about ten minutes away. It was famous among uni students in the town for having the absolute best happy hour specials with cheap bar snacks. Many a night out started there, with students downing vodka and Red Bulls like they were nothing while playing pool and vibing with the strangers that mutual friends brought along. For Annie and I, we would not have any friends that we would be joining as we definitely did not look anything like our usual selves. No one we knew would recognise us and there were enough people at the university that we were likely to meet people we would never see again.

We got out of the car and saw that the vibe was already starting to pick up. Fowler's was

divided into four sections: the bar area with stools, a section of booths and tables, the games area with four pool tables and a dart board, and a small outside area with small tables if you wanted to smoke and chat. The décor was very typical for new age bars, with wooden surfaces and many open yellow light bulbs providing the dark-ish atmosphere. Some black and white A5 photo frames dotted the walls, depicting random scenery and people.

Many of the large booths and tables had been taken up by groups of friends. They had large beer towers and margarita jars in the centre with everyone helping themselves when they needed to. The bar area wasn't particularly busy, so we headed there and ordered our first round of drinks. We sat and just chatted. The conversation flowed easily, with banter, teasing, laughter, and just outright fun. Sometimes I would sit back against the bar and look around the room. I would look at all the people, seeing if I could spot some that I recognised. I started to notice something strange. As a straight guy does, sometimes I checked out the girls in the room. However, this time I noticed that quite a few of the girls were checking me out. Look, I wasn't the most handsome guy in the world, but I wasn't unattractive. I just never really had girls making eye contact with me and smiling back.

After our second drink, Annie and I were joined by a pair of girls, one of them I had made eye contact with across the room not five minutes earlier. They were all dressed up, each with the same straightened hair style, just one blonde and the other a light brunette. The blonde introduced herself as Mary and the other as Jess. It was quite clear that Jess was the one taking the lead here, as she immediately sat herself next to me. Her black leather miniskirt was barely covering her thighs, and the matching tube top left little to the imagination.

I like to think that we started hitting it off quite well. It was either that or she just found everything funny. However, when she started putting her hands high up on my thighs when laughing at one of my quips, Annie and I shared a nod and she suggested that the four of us get a booth together. We asked the barman to transfer our tab and luckily found an empty space. I sat opposite Jess, and Annie to Mary in the U-shaped area. Another round of drinks came, and I saw Jess start moving awkwardly in front of me. Out of nowhere, her bare foot brushed up against mine. We locked eyes across the table, and she gave me a little wink. I smiled back, listening to the conversation that Annie and Mary were having next to us. As they carried on, Jess started moving her feet up the inside of my leg. She kept going and going, and eventually found the crotch of my pants. She wiggled her leg back and forth, teasing my flaccid cock. It twitched to life, and she smirked in triumph. As my cock grew to its eight-inch length, she looked at me in surprise and satisfaction. Clearly she was quite happy with what I was working with down there.

We were snapped out of our little dance when Mary suggested that it was time to go to a different place. We all agreed, and Jess's foot retreated, allowing my erection to subside to a level at which I would be able to hide it. We debated for a short while, eventually settling on a student classic, Maritime. We paid up and went outside. As Jess and Mary called an Uber for us, Annie pulled me to the side. "What do you think, Danny boy?" she asked.

A little confused, I answered the first part of her question. "Jess is super-hot and friendly.

Plus, I don't know if you noticed, but she was getting very touchy-feely under the table with me there."

"Oh, I noticed," she said with a grin. "But you were too busy with her to notice that Mary and I were doing the same!"

I chuckled. "Why am I not surprised?"

She laughed with me. "What can I say," she said and grabbed her augmented boobs, "no one can resist me."

The Uber eventually arrived, and I sat up front on the short drive through to Maritime. It was still relatively early so there was no queue to get in. We walked up the stairs after the bouncer checked my ID (and not the girls' obviously) and into the sea themed dance floor. Blue lighting was a given, with netting and life rings dotting the walls. There were tons of other decorations, but I wasn't paying much attention. We all went up to the bar and got our next round of drinks, each of us double parking the Friday special combo cocktail. We idly stood around on the balcony overlooking the street as we waited for the club to fill up a bit more. Annie and I continued to flirt with our respective partners, each progressively getting closer and closer together.

When it hit roughly 11, the dance floor was getting packed up and the DJ started playing a bunch of classic club jams. We joined everyone on the floor, pushing our way to a decent spot in the centre. I started to get lost in the music, my head clouding over from all the alcohol and the ecstasy of being the attention of a hot woman. I recall dancing with my hands all over Jess, grabbing her waist and pulling her closer to me. Despite my attention being on one woman, I could feel other girls deliberately dancing up on me, grinding on me and getting super close. I'd never had that before and found myself fighting to keep myself close to Jess.

Eventually she pulled me to the side of the dancefloor and pinned me up against the wall. She pulled herself in and kissed me passionately. She pressed her body up on mine and I could feel her boobs squish up on my chest. She rubbed her body up and down on me, focusing to tease my cock to life. It worked, and soon it was almost full mast again. I kissed her back, running my hands through her hair and down her back. As she tried to lead me to the bathroom, I held her back. "Not here," I shouted over the loud music. I looked back to the dance floor and was unsurprised to see Annie hooking up with Mary. I suggested to Jess that we grab those two and head back to my place. Surprisingly, she agreed.

Twenty minutes later, Jess and I burst through the door to my bedroom, while Annie and Mary went into the other. Using my newfound strength, I lifted her up and tossed her gently on the bed. She landed on her back, her miniskirt now fully exposing the black lace panties she was wearing underneath. She smiled seductively as I slowly unbuttoned my shirt, revealing my perfectly sculpted chest and abs. Throwing it to the side, I undid my belt and partially unzipped my pants. I climbed onto the bed over her, not taking off my pants just yet. I ran my hands over her body and kissed her deeply. Our tongues danced over each other, breathing each other in.

I pulled her top over her head, freeing her bountiful tits. I squeezed her chest as she

pulled me closer. She began to grind her leg against my cock, teasing me to get harder. It twitched in response to her movements, sending her further into a sex-crazed frenzy. I pulled away from lips and started moving my mouth down her body. I licked her necks, suckled her shoulders and teased her nipples. Each inch that I passed with my mouth drew heavier and heavier breathing. I pulled her miniskirt upwards as I went down leaving it around her waist to expose her panties even further. I kissed the inside of her thighs, teasing with my teeth and tongue. She squeezed her legs together, begging for my tongue to caress her dripping pussy.

My mouth met her panties. As I kissed above her clit, I pulled them off. They held back a bit as her moist pussy tried to keep it back in place. As soon as they were around her ankles, I attacked her pussy with vigour. She moaned loudly as I suckled her clit, my tongue dancing in intricate patterns over her pussy lips. She grabbed my hair and pressed down, forcing me to not breathe. Within a few minutes she squeezed my head between her perfectly soft thighs, shuddered and screamed as her first orgasm of the night ran through her body. She shook from pleasure for a while, long enough for me to worry about not getting a breath with my mouth after her pussy. As the orgasm faded, she brought me up and kissed me. "No guy has ever made me cum that fast," she breathed in my ear. "Let me return the favour."

She flipped us over and pushed me back on the bed. She teasingly pulled on my jeans as my cock strained against it. Eventually it popped out to full attention. She opened her mouth in shock at its size. It stood out eight inches from my crotch, and perfectly thick. I thrust my hips forward to pop the tip into her mouth. She took the hint and closed her lips around the head and teased me with her tongue. She started to bob up and down, each movement taking a bit more of my cock at a time. She swirled her tongue expertly and I groaned in pleasure. I felt like I was in heaven, and soon my orgasm was building up. I tapped her head to warn her. She made eye contact, nodded, and deepthroated my whole cock. It was too much for me, and I cummed straight down her throat. She didn't react, and calmly sucked down every drop of cum.

She finally came up for air when my cock had finally stopped convulsing. She licked her lips and crawled up to snuggle me. "Damn, it's a pity you came so fast, I was looking forward to what you could do to me with that perfect cock."

I pulled her in over my body and kissed her deeply. "Tell me, does it feel like my cock is done?" I asked. I rubbed my still hard cock up her thigh. She giggled in excitement.

"I want you to fuck me like no one else has," she whispered into my ear.

I immediately sat us both up. I lined her up and plunged her down over my cock all at once. She gasped as her stomach distended outwards. I felt her vagina shift around my shaft, welcoming me in. I started to move her up and down, the nerve endings in my cock shooting pleasure signals to my brain. She got the message and began bouncing. Her tits moved in opposite circles, and I reached up to grab them. I massaged them as she moaned in pleasure, my cock filling her wet snatch. I barely had to work as she gyrated on my cock, expertly teasing herself and pleasuring me. I was in heaven, this big breasted woman fucking me like no one else had.

I started moving my hips to match her rhythm. My cock pulled further out of her pussy,

leaving just the tip with each apex and slamming back up into her when she came down. She screamed out loud. Jess was in heaven feeling her vagina filling up and emptying so quickly. She started to shake uncontrollably with pleasure. "I'm gonna cum," Jess moaned. I grabbed her hips in response and thrust with more vigour, more depth, more strength.

A few seconds later she screamed out and stopped bouncing as waves of orgasms rolled over her. Her thighs were shuddering and her tits shaking as she convulsed in pleasure. I watched her slight abs contract over and over. As I looked at her hourglass figure, I saw Annie's face watching us through the crack in my door. She noticed me and gently closed it as Jess continued to have the best orgasm of her life.

The next morning, I woke up to a pair of lips wrapped around my hard cock. I could feel myself already close to orgasm as the tongue swirled around my shaft and a pair of delicate fingers deftly teased my balls. Within a few seconds I was cumming again. The mouth greedily gobbled up my cum, making sure not a drop was wasted.

As I started to go soft, I opened my eyes to see Jess crawling up to me. She collapsed on my chest. "That was a thank you for last night," she said. "That was honestly the greatest fucking I have ever had in my life. I don't think I'll be able to walk properly for a little bit!" I just smiled in response and lay back.

After a while, we smelled bacon and eggs coming from the kitchen. We dressed and came out of my room to see Annie making enough for not just her, but Mary, myself and Jess. We all grinned at each other sheepishly, each of us aware of what we all had been up to last night. Annie plated up for us. We ate in somewhat silence, Annie and I swapping a few looks at each other. Eventually, it was time for Jess and Mary to leave us, but not without bagging Annie's number first. As I closed the door behind me, I heard Mary start saying something to Jess that piqued my curiosity. "You would not believe the size of her..." Unfortunately, they were moving away from the door so I couldn't hear the rest.

I turned back to Annie, and we smiled at each other. "Soooo, how was your night?" Annie asked with a cheeky tone.

"Oh my god," I said, "so fucking amazing. I had no idea sex could be that good. How about you?"

"Let's just say Mary will not remember that night," Annie said with a grin. "At least not exactly."

"What do you mean?"

"I used a little bit of my magic to erase the part where I had a penis. All she'll remember is that there was extremely hot sex, and maybe a strap-on involved."

It all fell into place really quickly. Mary was talking about the size of Annie's 'sex toy', not her cock. For the first time, I imagined Annie growing out a penis. She would surely grow a larger than average one, making it seem absolutely massive on her tiny frame. Her shaft would hang between her thigh gaps, her dark coloured head flared just perf...



“Earth to Danny-boy, come in Danny!” I snapped out of my imagination. “You good?”

“Uh, yeah, sorry.” I replied quickly. “I was just a little lost in my head a bit.”

“That’s cool, last night must have been crazy, especially for you. Look, I do have a little bit of a confession. I did make another secret change when you consented to it yesterday. Essentially, I made the both of us exude pheromones that would attract people to us sexually. I know we’re both hot enough to not really need it, but it does make it easier. And before you say anything about consent on the part of other people, it’s just the same as some lucky sons of bitches out there who have those pheromones naturally.”

Well, that certainly explained all the looks from people, and the excessive bumping and grinding on the dance floor. To be honest, I could really get used to the attention. It felt good.

“Yeah, no problem, Annie. We both definitely needed that last night, I’m sure.”

Annie’s demeanour changed to be a little sheepish, losing her normal assertive attitude. “Listen Dan, if you ever want to explore what my magic can do for you, no matter what it is, let me know. There’s no judgement.” She quickly switched back to her usual self with her usual confidence and charisma returning.

“Yeah, thanks Annie. Look, I need to rest up a bit to nurse a slight hangover and nap, but we can chat later? It’ll also give me some time to process and think.”

“No problem, Dan. Hey, do you want to stay as you are now?”

“Sure, I see no harm in it.”

“Cool. Well, you know where to find me.”

I smiled at her and headed back to my room, closing the door softly behind me. I sighed out and looked down, only to find a massive erection in my pants. How the fuck had I not noticed? It had definitely happened as I was thinking about her having a massive cock fucking Mary. And Annie surely would have seen it too. I mean, it wasn’t exactly the smallest cock I’d had in my life. Shit.

Oh well. I lay down on my bed, thoughts whirring through my head about the last 24 hours. What a ride it has been. I was certain that it was likely to get crazier. I mean, my roommate was a witch. She had magic powers and shit. She was a force for good in this world, but also a force that could do as she pleased. My mind kept running about her, and yet I drifted to sleep.

*I found myself in a white void. I couldn’t see any buildings, objects or people around me. I was dressed in all white, with loose pants and a button up shirt. My hair hung loose around my shoulders and neck. “HELLO?” I shouted out. Not even an echo returned.*

*I turned around in circles, seeing if I could find anything. In one direction, I saw a faint*

*black dot against the white backdrop. I started towards it, hoping it was something significant. I walked for what seemed like ages, until eventually the dot began to grow in size. Slowly but surely, it began to take shape. It was about just under 2 metres in height, with a black rectangular border. I came up to it, and saw that it was about my height, and the backside of what seemed to be a stand-alone mirror. Wandering what something like that was doing here, I walked around to the other side.*

*As I passed around to the front of the mirror, I looked into the reflection. I began to be confused. Instead of myself (in my current transformed state), I saw a woman. An unbelievably attractive woman came into the frame, wearing the same style of clothing as me. She had pale skin with stunning blue eyes, the same shade as mine. Her cleavage was well defined between the buttons of her shirt, hanging perfectly on her thin frame. She was about a foot shorter than I was.*

*It must have been a window to a separate reality. However, the weirdest thing I noticed was that the woman's movements matched mine exactly. She leaned forward at the same time, moved her head in the same direction as me, and stepped side to side. "What the fuck..." I mouthed, watching her say the same thing on her side.*

*Suddenly, I felt a weight on my chest. I looked back in the mirror and saw the woman was the same height as me. Shocked, I looked down at myself and saw two massive breasts hanging off my chest. My hair brushed against the exposed flesh gently. Instead of being shocked, I felt comfortable. The woman's body felt good to me. I smiled at my reflection. All felt right in the world.*

## **End Part 1**

Thank you so much for reading this story. I am working on part 2, which will likely be the final part as well. I'm quite a ways into writing it, but it is expanding (lol) more than I had expected and may not be ready for quite some time.

Also, if any of you were fans of my previous story, The Swap, I had been working on Part 5, but lost it a long time ago. I lost a lot of motivation to continue the story, but I might still finish it. I have the ending envisioned, it's just a matter of putting words onto the page.

Anyways, until next time,  
jmsnowy10