

# Plus One

## Chapter One

It was late in the evening when Jon, Sam's friend and the person who owned the house, approached Sam with an ultimatum. "You've got to be kidding me," Sam exclaimed. He stared at Jon, his roommate.

Jon arched an eyebrow. "You've been living here, rent-free while looking for work for six months. During that time, the only things I've asked you to do are look for work and clean up after yourself."

"Which I've been doing," Sam countered.

"Right, and now I'm telling you that we're done. You've got a month to get your shit and get out." Jon crossed his arms across his broad chest.

"But Jon, I have nowhere to go. You can't do this, man! I'm going to be homeless." Sam looked at Jon with desperation.

Jon smiled. He had Sam right where he needed him. "I'll make you a deal, then, Sam. I need a plus one for my sister's wedding."

Sam frowned. "I didn't realize you were into guys."

"I'm not, goober."

Sam narrowed his eyes at Jon. "Then how am I going to be your plus one? I'm not going to dress in drag."

"You're right. You're not," Jon said with a wicked smile. "Do you remember that hot blond that Mike showed up with at the pub last month? Yeah, that was Lenny from the art gallery you visited."

"Lenny?" Sam scoffed. "Jon, are you off your rocker? Lenny's what? Six two, two forty? There's no way they're the same person."

"I'm serious, Sam. Mike turned Lenny into Linda with a spell and that's what I'm going to do to you. You'll be a woman for two weeks. Long enough for us to take a train out to Arizona, go to the wedding, and come back. At the end, I'll turn you back."

"And then I get to stay here for how long?" Sam asked, narrowing his eyes at Jon.

"Six more months, free of charge," Jon replied with a smile.

Sam frowned. This had to be a prank. But what if it wasn't. Six months should be plenty of time to get a job and get a place of his own. It also wasn't as if he had much choice.

"Fine," Sam said, deciding, "how do we do this?"

Jon motioned for Sam to hold that thought. He moved to the hallway closet and pulled out a pink bag. "You just need to put the bra and panties on. Don't worry. I've been told they'll change the size to fit you. Also, there's a skirt and shirt, but they're not

needed for the spell. If you want to come out in just a bra and panties, I won't complain." The wicked grin on Jon's face worried Sam.

"There is no way I'm putting these on in front of him," Sam thought. Taking the bag, he headed to his room and locked the door. Taking off his clothing, he sifted through the bag. To his disgust, there was also a large dildo that Jon hadn't mentioned. The panties were easy enough. His legs shivered as he pulled the panties up. Sam swore that the hairs on his legs vanished as the panties fit around his waist. The bra was a little trickier. Eventually, he hooked the bra and then slid the bra on like a muscle shirt. Similarly to his legs, all the hairs on his chest vanished.

"I can't believe I'm doing this. This is crazy," Sam thought, moving in front of the standing mirror in his room to stare at himself. He'd shaved that morning and his shabby brown hair seemed lighter, maybe longer. His stomach twisted as his abs became less toned.

"It'll be easier if you just accept it, Sammy," Jon yelled through the door. "Oh, did I mention you're going to be a complete slut? You'll be craving cock in no time."

Sam's eyes went wide with rage as he heard Jon laugh and walk off. *A slut?* Jon didn't mention anything about *that*. *Of course, he hadn't*. Sam was straight but, given Jon's attitude and comment, that may not matter soon.

Shaking his head, Sam looked back at the mirror, his hands going to his breasts and upping them through the bra. They'd already begun to swell. How big would they get? He hadn't thought to look at the tag on the bra, but, then again, when had he ever needed to?

"I'm going to be all right. It's just for two weeks. I can do this. I..." Sam paused talking to himself as he realized the pitch of his voice was rising. Then, he felt the wind sucked out of him as if someone had kicked him in the balls. Doubling over, he felt his boobs jiggle while he sucked in a deep breath of air. Finally, the pain diminished and Sam was able to stand upright. Looking in the mirror, his eyes went to his breasts which were already easily as big as tennis balls and still swelling. Letting his eyes wander down, his waist had narrowed while his hips had widened. He had to lean forward and tilt his neck as he pulled the front of his panties forward to look. As he suspected, there was a perfectly hairless pussy where his dick had been.

Thinking about dick filled his mind with thoughts of having a dick in his new pussy. Not his. Hers. He had a nice ass, nice tits, and a vagina. Looking at her reflection, she also had bee-stung lips. "Perfect for sucking a cock," she thought before berating herself. The thought of sex made her groin throb with need. Before she could resist, Sam was on her bed, one hand groping her still-growing breasts while her other hand instinctively began to dart against her clit.

Sam kept trying to think about lesbians making out, licking each other's pussies, and sucking on each other nipples until her brain inserted a thought of being fucked, first by a woman with a strap-on, then by a man, and then by two men. She moaned out. Before she knew it, her panties were off and the dildo she'd thought she'd left in the bag was in her hand and then in her pussy.

Part of her wanted to be disgusted by this. Part of her hated this. A more primal part *wanted* this. *Needed* this. As her orgasm overtook her, she had one thought. She was not going to let Jon fuck her.

As she came down, her body enjoying the post-orgasmic glow, Sam knew she smelled like sex. Gingerly, she slipped off the bed. Her balance was a bit off. Were her boobs *still* growing? Cupping her breasts and taking several slow breaths, her breasts didn't feel like they were getting any bigger, but they were at least as big as baseballs. That was a relief. Taking off the bra and panties, she made her way to the bathroom to take a shower.

As she soaped up her breasts, Sam realized she'd made an error when her palms brushed her gumbdrop nipples. It wasn't long before she was moaning in pleasure and fingerfucking herself while one hand held the pulsing shower head against her pussy. She leaned against the wall as another orgasm crashed over her, the pleasure focusing on her pussy and tits.

When she was able to focus again, Sam was more careful. Her hair was almost to her shoulders as she washed it. Stepping out of the shower, she realized her breasts had grown again. They were each nearing the size of softballs. She cursed, having hoped that taking the bra and panties off would have stopped the changes. Drying herself off, she caught a glance of her now shoulder-length blond hair. It took her longer than normal to dry her hair. Before she realized it, she already had a comb in hand, trying to make certain her hair looked right. Cursing, Sam made her way to the bedroom and put her bra and panties back on. To her surprise, the bra still fit.

Deciding she didn't want to deal with Jon's bullshit tonight, she took the bra and panties back off, slid into bed. If there was one thing Sam's new body did that her old body also did was fall asleep easily. Her dreams were of orgies.

Sam woke with her fingers in her pussy. She resisted playing with herself long enough to get into the shower where she came not long after. Looking at herself in the mirror, her boobs had grown again, nearing the size of cantaloupes. To her dismay, her face already looked like she was wearing makeup and her nails were the same color as her bra. "This is ridiculous," she exclaimed.

Putting on her bra and panties followed by the pink crop top and matching skirt, Sam left her room to find Jon setting suitcases in the living room. Jon gave her an appraising look and then smiled. "I knew it," Jon said with a smug grin. "So, fair warning. If you try to escape, you'll never be turned back. Add to that, every time you cum, your body will become more feminine. Nice tits, by the way. Not to mention a nice, spankable ass."

Sam crossed her arms under her breasts and watched as Jon handed her a pair of pink wedges. "Of course," Jon continued, "if you prefer heels..."

Disgusted, Sam took the wedges and sat down, almost instinctively crossing her legs. She then managed to put the wedges on. "How many days is this train ride again?"

"Five days there, two days for the wedding, then five days back. Once we're back, if you've been good, I'll turn you back," Jon explained.

"If I've sucked your cock and let you fuck me," Sam thought as she stood up. "Why did I let him convince me to do this?"

Jon smacked Sam's ass before grabbing one of the suitcases. "Let's go, sweetie. We've got a train to catch."

## Chapter Two

Once on the train, Sam followed Jon to their cabin. To Sam's relief, there were separate bunks. She hoped that Jon wouldn't try anything, but the smack on the ass as they'd left the house didn't bode well. As it was, she was now stuck on the train for the next five days. If that wasn't enough, if she couldn't keep herself from orgasming, her body would continue changing, though she wondered if anyone else noticed.

Shortly before lunch, she made her way to the bathroom to relieve herself. Seeing herself in the mirror before she exited, she decided to check to see how much she'd grown overnight. Sam quickly made her way to her cabin. Locking the door, she took off her crop top and checked her bra. She cursed quietly. Jon had told her the bra would change. It had been a 36D bra. Now? 36F. Two cup sizes since this last night. Sam could only imagine how large her breasts were going to get, especially given Jon's fantasies. Scowling, she managed to get her bra back on before tugging the crop top back on but not without struggling. She hated Jon for doing this to her.

Exiting the cabin, she bumped into a tall, muscular man with short-cropped hair. Before she could stop herself, she found herself pressing against him, wanting him. Sam moved back, feeling her cheeks flush even as her eyes went to the bulge in the man's pants. "Excuse me," she said meekly.

"It was my fault," the man said, smiling at Sam. "I'm Lenny."

"I..." Sam stuttered. "I... um... I need to go," Sam said, sneaking past the man, trying not to focus on how her core ached for the hot piece of cheese she was quickly putting distance between him and herself.

Making her way through the train, Sam's stomach rumbled. She quickly made her way to the dining car. Looking at those present, she spotted a woman with long, curly red hair sitting at the counter. The woman seemed a safer person to sit next to than some of the other patrons. Sam moved to sit on the stool next to her. The woman turned her head to look at Sam and smiled, her green eyes sparkling. "Thank the gods," she said. "I was worried another troll was trying to sit next to me."

Sam giggled a bit. "No troll. I promise. Just someone who is trying to avoid one myself."

"Riding with someone? A boyfriend perhaps?" the woman asked.

Sam scrunched up her face in repulsion. "With someone, yes. Boyfriend? Not a chance. And no, he's not my brother. We're just friends."

The woman laughed. "You still must be pretty close if you're going via train with the guy. I'm Annie, by the way." She offered her hand. Sam took it and shook it gently. "Where are you headed?"

"I'm Sam. We're heading to Arizona," Sam answered, finding herself relaxing. "Going to a friend's wedding." Sam inwardly admitted to herself that it was a lie, but it was close enough. "Jon wanted to take a train, so here we are instead of driving or flying."

"I'm on my way to California," Annie noted, "so I guess we'll see a lot of each other in the next few days." Annie gave Sam a judging look. It reminded Sam of how she had looked at the man earlier. Sam returned the gaze. To her delight, as her eyes drifted over Annie's large,

pendulous breasts, narrow waist, and large rear, Sam felt that same desire she'd had for the man earlier.

"Thank god," Sam thought. Then it occurred to her. Looking away, she scowled. "Damn you, Jon," she thought. Of course, she was bi. The pervert probably had some fantasy about a threesome. Well, at least Sam could still become attracted to a woman.

A touch on her shoulder brought her focus back to Annie. She turned to see a look of concern on Annie's face. "Are you okay, hon? Did I offend you?"

Sam shook her head and smiled. "No, not at all, Annie. I was reminded of something I'm trying not to think about."

"Let me guess," Annie said, her smile returning, "something about your friend on the train?"

Sam laughed. "Yeah. He put me into a no-win proposition and now I'm dealing with it."

Annie took Sam's hand in hers and smiled again, her eyes twinkling. "Such is life, I'm afraid. At least there are good moments."

The thought of Annie's hands on Sam's body caused her to flush. "I could use some good moments," Sam admitted. Annie's hands slipped away as the waitress sat a sandwich in front of her.

"Well, meeting you has been a good moment, if a curious one," Annie said. "I recommend the BLT if you're hungry."

"I am," Sam admitted. She realized Annie was trying to turn the conversation toward something less intimate. It also occurred to Sam that this was the easiest time she'd ever had talking to a woman. There was always this tension that came. One of Sam's few female friends had explained to her that a lot of women were leery of speaking to men, thinking most of them would end up hitting on them. Now, Sam was a woman, too.

Sam ordered the BLT and continued her conversation with Annie. Mostly, Annie discussed her work in marketing and public relations, though Sam wondered how true that was. Sam would add what she could, but her life before last night had been as a guy, so she ended up trying to talk about things she felt weren't too gender-specific.

When both had finished their sandwiches, they stood. "Why don't you join me for dinner later, Sam?" Annie offered.

"I'd like that," Sam admitted. Annie would be far better company than Jon would be.

Annie nodded. "Dinner it is." She watched as Sam turned to walk away. Her eyes went to Sam's butt. Annie bit her lip and then sucked in a breath. "Down girl," she thought. Annie could tell Sam was under some sort of spell. Her druid blood instinctively let her know that. Telling what type of magic, though, was a bit trickier.

One thing she had noticed was that Sam's aura had changed subtly from the time she first looked at her and when she stood up. It was as if they weren't themselves, that the outward person didn't match Sam's inner aura. It bore investigation, though Annie was more interested in the desire she felt seeing Sam the first time. If this had been a bar, Annie likely would've flirted more with the intent of bedding Sam that night. She could tell by Sam's gaze the feeling was likely mutual.

This train trip was turning out to be far more interesting than she expected.

Sam made her way to the observation deck with the intent of watching the scenery and relaxing. She was halfway across the car when she spotted Jon talking to the guy she'd stumbled into earlier. Lenny, if she remembered correctly. The guy gestured with a nod in Sam's direction. "Hey, that's the hottie I was telling you about from earlier," Lenny said to Jon, not realizing Sam could hear him. "Check out her tits, dude."

Jon turned to look and smiled smugly. "Her? That's Sam. She's my girlfriend."

"Your what?" Sam thought. She thought she was shocked until Jon continued, his face turned toward Lenny.

"Though she'll fuck anything that walks," Jon said confidently. "I could probably arrange some alone time if you want."

Sam's eyes widened. Did he really say that? She turned and hurried back out of the observation deck, hearing Lenny comment on her ass as she left. How could Jon say something like that? Was he always this much of an asshole?

Making her way back to the cabin, she was done with this. She didn't want to look like a woman if everyone was going to look at her as a piece of fuckable meat. She knew she'd packed jeans and tees. Locking the door behind her, she took off the crop top she'd been wearing and opened up her suitcase, only to pause in confusion. At the top of the suitcase was a paper bag with the words "You may need this. - Jon". Opening the bag, there was a large dildo and a bottle of lube.

Just thinking about the dildo inside her pussy made Sam wet. She wiggled out of her skirt and panties. For a brief moment, she was about to slide the dildo in her pussy, but a larger urge hit her, as Lenny's bulge flashed in her mind. Sitting down on a bunk and spreading her legs, Sam realized she couldn't see her pussy past her breasts. She pictured the large dildo between her tits. "No, not between my tits, between my lips," Sam thought as she wrapped her bee-stung lips around the dildo while her free hand rubbed her clit.

As she thought of the dildo, of how she would have had her own dick sucked, her mind focused on the fact that it was a dildo. If it was a dildo, it could be a strap-on, right? She pictured an almost naked Annie, wearing nothing but a strap-on, as Sam deep-throated the dildo. She wanted to do this to Annie. She wanted...

As her orgasm overtook her, Sam realized that Jon was right. She was turning into a slut.

The lock on the door twisted as Sam lay there, naked. She quickly pulled a sheet over her body, the dildos hid to one side. Jon entered the door without hesitation. He paused at the door, his nostrils flaring before a smug smile crept on his lips. "Thought so," he said. "Couldn't resist could you?"

As Sam glared at Jon, she could feel her breasts swelling underneath the sheet. She gritted her teeth. "You're going to pay for this, Jon," Sam thought. "Like I have a choice," Sam retorted.

"Well, the next time you need to cum, if you want a real dick instead of that dildo I left you, I'm available any time," Jon replied with a smile, moving to sit on his bunk. "I'm certain you'd enjoy it more."

Part of Sam was certain that Jon was right and wanted a real dick to fill all her holes. The rest of her was disgusted. She was certain most women weren't like this. Jon's spell had turned her into a nymphomaniac. She couldn't help that fact. What she could help was who fucked her. It wasn't going to be Jon. Smiling to herself, she knew just what to do.

"You know, Johnny boy," Sam said as seductively as possible, "I overheard what you said to Lenny. You claimed I was your girlfriend. You even told him that I'd fuck anything that walks." She sat up, exposing her melonous, still-growing breasts. "Maybe you're right."

Jon eyed her tits. "Oh, I am. By the end of this trip, you'll be begging me to fuck you."

Sam stood up and let the sheet fall to the floor, giving Jon a mocking glare. "This is as close to my body as you'll ever get. I won't let you touch me."

Jon laughed at that while Sam started to put her clothes back on. "You say that now. Given the size of your tits, though, it won't be long before you're the center of an orgy, just waiting for the next person to fuck your holes. I can't wait until the reception. Not that anyone but me will know what you used to look like but me." Jon fingered the small dragon on the necklace he wore.

That caught Sam's attention. She realized then that Jon had a full memory of Sam's past, but part of the magic was keeping anyone else from realizing that she was changing. Which also meant...

Sam started to laugh as she slipped on her skirt. "You know, I could almost forgive you for salivating over my body and getting hard staring at my tits, but you just reminded me that you not only know for a fact that I used to be a guy, but you still want to fuck me knowing I didn't want to be a woman in the first place. I can't help but be attracted to everyone, but you still want to fuck me like I'm some kind of sex toy, Jon. What kind of person does that make you?"

Jon stammered as Sam reached for the door. Sam grabbed a small purse and left the cabin, heading to find someplace to be alone. Not that it would be easy on a train, but still. If she could avoid people, she could avoid being turned on by people. That was the plan, anyway.

Nothing ever goes to plan, though. Almost every adult who walked past Sam caused her to have some kind of fantasy about them. The thin woman in a business suit? Sam imagined the woman wearing latex and dominating her. The older gentleman? Sam saw herself dressed up as a schoolgirl and begging for a good grade before he lifted her skirt and fucked her. Then there was the couple who looked lovestruck. At first, Sam thought the woman's boobs were bigger than hers. When she looked down at her chest, Sam was shocked. Her breasts were each as large as her head. Maybe larger. And this from orgasming maybe four times? She'd lost count. At this rate, she'd be lucky to fit out the doors of the train sideways by the time they got to Arizona.

Of course, having boobs that big had its advantages. She could give any man in the world a titjob, especially the man she was staring at. Mid-twenties, Sam guessed. They were both wearing wedding rings. Sam bit on her lip, wanting to be the meat in their sandwich, licking her pussy while he fucked her from behind.



Sam blinked and cursed. This wasn't her. She wasn't the slut that Jon's magic was turning her into. "Aren't you, though?" a small part of her asked in her mind. "When you were a guy, would you have felt bad about this sort of fantasizing? When you were a guy, you would have absolutely had sex with that woman, married or not, given the chance. Hell, your standards were arguably lower as a man. Get real with yourself. You're not becoming more of a slut because of the spell. You're just noticing it more."

Sam smirked. Part of that was true. The key difference was that Sam was now fantasizing about guys as part of her fantasies. Her thoughts were also far kinkier than they had been before. They were arguably depraved. "The difference," Sam told herself, "is that the thoughts weren't as common as a guy. They also aren't where my mind seems to always go." Turning to look out the window, Sam tried to focus on the scenery. She had hours to kill before she had a date with Annie.

To Sam's fortune, Jon was not in their cabin when Sam returned. A note was on her bunk, saying that Lenny was asking for her. It also had a cabin number. Sam was about to throw it away but slipped it into her purse instead. This way Jon would think she'd taken it to go look for Lenny instead of what she had planned.

In the suitcase that Jon had packed for her was a red, knee-length silk dress. She slipped into it, shivering at how good it felt against her skin. She expected Jon wanted her to wear this to the wedding. If not for the fact that she wanted to be able to change back to a man when they got back, she'd trash it. Also, the idea of letting Annie see her in it? The look Annie gave her had made Sam's heart race. Her breasts and hips swaying with each step, Sam locked the door behind her and headed back to the dinner cab.

Annie's mouth went dry when she saw Sam walk up, partly because of how beautiful and sexy Sam looked in that dress, partly because of how huge Sam's tits were now. Clasp the pendant around her neck and closing her eyes, Annie focused on Sam. There was definitely a spell affecting Sam, but what type of spell Annie still couldn't place.

The pair moved over to a small booth. Sam's breasts practically rested on the table. It was obvious that Sam was unaware of this. Then again, Sam's full attention was on Annie. The look was one of barely contained desire. She'd seen that look on men before and it rarely boded well for her. On Sam, though, that heated gaze made Annie a bit melty. It had been too long since she'd been with another woman. Reaching forward, Annie took Sam's hands in hers and stared at her. "I love the way you look at me," Annie said, smiling.

"You don't mind?" Sam asked, a tad shocked.

"From you? No, I like it," Annie replied. "I'm not normally this forward, but there's something different about you. I almost feel drawn to you. You didn't cast some kind of spell, did you?"

Sam blinked. What could she tell her? No one would believe the truth, right? I was a guy twenty-four hours ago, but now I'm a woman with massive tits that wants to get fucked, even if it makes my tits grow. It was ridiculous. As she was about to speak, Sam realized that she couldn't. She sat there motionless as Annie looked at her curiously.

Annie's eyes went wide when she had an idea. She grabbed a napkin and then a pen from her purse, writing something down. She slid the napkin over. Sam read the note. "You're not like this by choice?" Sam looked at Annie in shock. Annie gestured at her own large breasts, then mimed them growing larger. Sam shook her head.

Annie frowned. This wasn't good. "Was it your male friend?" Annie asked. Sam nodded. "You look different from when we met at lunch," Annie added.

"You can tell?" Sam asked in disbelief.

"I'm a witch with druid blood. I can tell when reality's been altered around me," Annie noted. "As much as I am turned on by how you look, I'm guessing you weren't made this way to attract me."

"No, but is it working?" Sam asked, her tone hopeful.

"A little bit," Annie answered before laughing quietly. She smiled at Sam and sobered up. "Can you tell me how you're being changed, aside from..." Annie's eyes went straight to Sam's chest.

Sam opened her mouth but nothing came out. She tried again and felt a wave of nausea hit her. Focusing on Annie's hands, the nausea faded. "No, I don't think I can."

"Wow, your friend is a real dick. He obviously doesn't want you talking about this," Annie noted with a frown. "At the least, I can go over what I've figured out. First thing first," Annie paused, glancing down at Sam's chest, "you keep getting bigger; however, I saw you walk in. It's not just up top, is it?"

Sam thought about it. "I'm not sure. Maybe?" Sam wiggled in her seat. She'd been so obsessed with the size of her breasts that she hadn't thought about her ass. The pair paused as the waiter brought them their meals.

"Have you always been interested in other women?" Annie asked curiously after the waiter left.

Sam thought about that. "I've always been interested in women," she replied.

Annie tilted her head. "Always been interested in women, not 'other women'?" Annie asked thoughtfully. "You were a guy?" Sam looked down at her food. "Wow, that is some serious mojo. That makes so much more sense."

"Does it bother you?" Sam asked.

"Not at all, deary. The question is whether it bothers you?"

Sam paused and thought about that. "Where do I even start? First things first, I'm an emotional wreck. I feel everything so strongly. Second, my body is one large erogenous zone." Sam's voice was bitter. "My boobs get in the way of everything, the stares from both men and women as if it's okay to ogle me, and this is just day one."

"I understand the first and third part, Sam," Annie said, her tone soothing. "You also didn't mind me ogling you." Annie smiled at Sam who blushed.

"That's because I liked you looking at me," Sam admitted.

"As to your body being one large erogenous zone, that's not typical," Annie continued, "but it's something to keep in mind."

"So you can exploit it?" Sam asked bitterly.

"Oh, honey, no," Annie said, her tone sincere. "It just lets me know I need to be careful."

Sam carefully took a bite of her food, making certain not to spill it between her ample breasts. "Part of me wants you to. Part of me wants you to touch me like that. It's only going to get worse for the next few days until we get to Phoenix."

"Being a woman isn't all bad, Sam," Annie said, smiling at Sam. "You never know. Give it a few days, and you'll feel like a whole new person."

"Yeah, a slut," Sam scowled. "It's what Jon said I'll be by the end."

"So, then, Sam, what we need to do is prove him wrong," Annie said before taking another bite of her food. She chewed on it thoughtfully. Swallowing, she offered Sam another smile. "I doubt you want to spend the whole trip in isolation."

"Not if I can help it," Sam agreed. "Given the choice, I'd rather spend it with you than Jon."

"Damning with faint praise, I see," Annie said teasingly.

"I didn't mean it that way, Annie. Before this trip, I'd probably have been too shy to even approach you."

"And I'd have turned you down, hard," Annie admitted. "Now, though? I like the new Sam."

"You do?" Sam was surprised. "Even given what's happening to me?"

"Especially given what's happening to you. Your friend Jon isn't the only one with fantasies. You are becoming the kind of woman I fantasized about in college."

"And because I'm going to... you know..." Sam glanced down at her tits.

"Oh, that makes it even better," Annie said, giving Sam another sultry look. "Speaking of, care to walk me back to my cabin?"

Sam looked down at her food and realized that she was hungry for something else entirely. A smile played on her lips as she looked back at Annie. "I'd love to."

"Dinner's on me," Annie said as the pair stood up. Sam couldn't help but stare at Annie's ass as the pair made their way over to pay. Annie's cabin was a couple of cars down. Unlike Sam, she wasn't sharing hers.

Locking the door behind them, the pair moved to the small couch and kissed, their hands roaming over each other's bodies. Sam moaned as Annie groped her breasts. She quickly pulled off her crop top, exposing her bra-covered breasts, both larger than her head. Annie smiled and stood, wiggling out of her clothes, leaving only her panties on. She smiled at Sam who did the same.

"I still can't believe your tits are real," Annie said as Sam moved over to the bunk. She slid over Sam, grinding her panty-clad pussy against Sam's. Sam moaned louder. "Like that, do you?" Annie teased, lowering her lips to Sam's thimble-sized nipple. She licked around it before blowing cool air around, eliciting a gasp of pleasure from Sam. "I wonder if you can cum just from me playing with your tits."

"Stop teasing me, Annie, and do it," Sam pleaded. "You can't believe how turned on I am right now."

Annie continued to grind her pussy against Sam's, one hand caressing Sam's huge breast while she licked, nipped, and sucked on Sam's nipple. Sam's moans grew louder. She knew she couldn't hold back much longer when her body quaked and her orgasm washed over her.

Sam could feel her body throb. She was so focused on the feeling in her breasts that she didn't realize Annie had pulled her panties down until she felt Annie's tongue between her legs. Her hand went to Annie's red hair, holding her there. Sam had received a blowjob as a man, but having her pussy licked felt even better. Her core was hot and wet and the feeling of Annie's tongue on her pussy lips and clit felt amazing. It was different from having a dildo fill her but no less delicious. Sam's hands went to her breasts, groping them and squeezing them even as they grew in her hands.

A very small part of Sam warned her to stop. The rest of her didn't care. She loved this feeling, of being pleased while her titties swelled up, making more and more flesh that could bring her pleasure. As her second orgasm overtook her, she was grateful for one difference between men and women: the ability to have multiple orgasms.

The pair never left Annie's cabin that night. The pair barely fit on the same bunk, but slept soundly in each other's arms. A finally sated Sam didn't care one bit that Jon would wonder where she'd gone.

## Chapter Three

Sam woke to the unusual sensation of Annie's head resting on her shoulder and her hand on Sam's large breast. She couldn't remember the last time she woke up in bed next to someone else and, for the briefest moment, was confused as to where she was. The sound of a train horn blasting reminded her, though it hadn't been what had woke her up. The light sheet that covered them both from their waists down draped around their hips.

Sam bit her lip, thinking about last night. She had enjoyed sex with women as a man. Sex as a woman with another woman had been a revelation of sorts. If she was being honest with herself, she'd enjoyed it more. Annie had shown her how much sweeter the soft, sapphic lovemaking that lesbian sex could be. Thinking about it made Sam wet, which turned her thoughts to her breasts.

Before the pair had entered Annie's cabin the night before, Sam's breasts were already as large as her head. Now? Sam struggled to place how big they were. Nearing the size of soccer balls? Maybe slightly larger? They were larger than any woman's breasts she'd ever seen outside of big tit porn, that was for certain. Part of Sam wanted to be alarmed, but that was quickly shouted down by the thought of Annie sucking on her gumdrop nipples or having a thick cock nestled between her pillowy mounds.

As she contemplated that, she felt Annie's hand slide down her body and between her legs, her fingers trailing along Sam's slick, bare pussy lips. Annie's eyes opened slowly as a smile played on her lips. She kissed Sam's chin as her fingers dipped between Sam's slick folds, eliciting a moan from Sam. "I hoped you weren't a dream," Annie whispered.

"Better a dream than a nightmare," Sam replied before capturing Annie's lips with her own. Her hips rocked as her need for pleasure began to overwhelm her. "I'm not sure if it's what you know who did or what, but I love that I never tire of this."

Annie laughed quietly. "A bit of both, I imagine. While I'd never consider myself insatiable, I have had lovers in the past where we didn't leave the bed for days except for necessities." Annie slid her finger from Sam's pussy and sucked it clean. "Speaking of, we really should get cleaned up and have breakfast."

"Tease," Sam said with a smile, enjoying the sight of Annie's ass as she stood up. She watched as Annie made her way into the personal bathroom of Annie's cabin. Annie closed the door, leaving Sam to fish through the suitcase she'd brought along. The bras had all grown. More of Jon's magic, no doubt. Setting a silk pink bra aside along with a pair of matching panties, Sam decided on a crop top and a pair of stretch pants. She waited patiently for Annie to finish showering. She tried to. Just thinking of Annie, naked in the shower, her hands running over her body, was enough to make Sam horny again. In moments, Sam had the lubed-up dildo she'd brought plunging in and out of her eager pussy.

Sam was so engrossed by this that she didn't notice Annie until Annie's hands groped one of Sam's huge breasts and her tongue began to flick against Sam's nipple. Sam moaned louder and continued to fuck herself with the dildo, her free hand darting against her clit. As she climaxed, she felt her chest pulsing as her heart raced. As she panted, her thoughts went to wondering what a real cock would feel like inside her.

"Feel better?" Annie teased before kissing Sam's soft lips. Annie stood, naked from the waist up. "The shower's free. I even left you hot water." A breathless Sam smiled up at Annie before sliding the thick dildo out of her pussy. She set it aside before sitting up. The weight on her chest almost overbalanced her. Carefully, Sam made her way to her feet. Annie's groped her ass teasingly, causing Sam to smile.

"Don't get me started, Annie," Sam said, making her way to the shower.

"There's also some body wash, shampoo, and conditioner, hon," Annie noted just before Sam closed the bathroom door.

Sam realized that she'd left hers back in her and Jon's room. The scent she'd been using wasn't very girly, but the scent of Annie's body wash was. It smelled of roses and honey. "No, it smells like Annie," Sam thought. The idea pleased her as she began to wash herself off. She had to focus when washing her breasts and crotch, almost giving in to the desire to pleasure herself. Toweling herself dry presented a similar problem. Still, Sam managed to get herself clean and dry before stepping back out of the bathroom.

Annie was sitting there with her hair up in a bun, wearing an earth-toned dress. She was spritzing perfume on her neck and between her breasts. Annie looked up and smiled at Sam. Her eyes lingered on Sam's face for a moment before drifting to Sam's huge tits. "They do keep getting bigger, don't they?" Annie asked.

Sam nodded and reached for the panties and tugged them up her smooth legs. "I'll say this much," Annie noted, "your friend did you one small favor, intentionally or not."

Sam arched an eyebrow as she reached for the bra. "And what would that be?" Sam asked, hooking the bra before tugging it down around her waist. She slid the straps up her arms before hefting each of her breasts into the mammoth cups of the bra.

"You don't have to shave," Annie noted. "You're completely smooth from the neck down. I do mean completely. You don't even have stubble on your legs, between them, or under your arms. You're completely smooth, honey."

Sam paused as she pulled one leg of the stretch pants up. She hadn't thought about it. "Small favors, though I doubt it had anything to do with consideration of my well-being," Sam said sourly. "I imagine all women are smooth in his fantasy."

Annie cocked her head at Sam, a smile playing on her lips. "Sam, sweetie? Do you realize what you just did?"

Sam tugged the crop top down her head and then over her tits. "No, what?"

"You just talked about the spell."

Sam blinked. She *had* just talked about it. "Quick, ask me about it."

"What did he tell you the spell would do?" Annie asked.

"That I'd be a woman for two weeks in exchange for six months of free rent. Oh, and that I was going to be a complete slut," Sam noted bitterly. "Also, my tits would get bigger each time I came, which you've likely figured out by now."

Annie bit her lip. "Full disclosure, sweetie: I want to see your tits grow even bigger. I won't lie. Huge tits are, pardon the pun, a massive turn-on for me."

Sam laughed. "If it's any consolation, I'd feel the same if your tits were growing, too."

Annie pondered that as Sam sat down next to her. "Let me ask you something. What really bothers you about being like this?"

"Being a woman?"

"Not just that, but the spell in general?"

Sam thought about that. "Part of me is bothered by the fact that I'm suddenly interested in guys."

"Well, you're a woman now. That's not unusual," Annie noted.

"Yeah, but two days ago, I was a guy. I didn't care if other guys were into guys. Given the current situation, it would be hypocritical, wouldn't it? After all, I'm very into you," Sam said, leaning against Annie.

"Fair enough. Is that the only issue?"

Sam sucked on her lip. "Well, I'm a woman now, right? What if some guy fucks me and I get knocked up? I don't trust Jon enough to say it couldn't happen. He'd be just as likely to use it as an excuse to keep me as a woman."

Annie nodded. "A fair concern." Annie moved to stand and reached into one of her suitcases. "I mentioned I'm a witch with druid blood, right?" Sam nodded. "I can't stop this spell, but I think I can cast a second spell that shouldn't mess with it too much." She pulled out a pink crystal pendant. "You might even enjoy it."

Sam frowned. "I bet that's what Jon thought, Annie." She crossed her arms beneath her huge rack and stared at Annie. "I want to know what you're doing before you do anything."

Annie smiled. "Fair enough. First things first, I can guarantee you won't get pregnant; however, there will be a catch."

"There's always a catch. Spit it out."

Annie blushed. "I know this because I made this for myself. While yes, it will keep you from getting pregnant, it will also make you want to have sex more often. What I can't promise is whether it will make you want to have sex with women, men, or both."

"So, I become more of a slut but I won't get pregnant. That just sounds like an excuse to make my tits even more massive, Annie," Sam said bitterly.

Annie moved to hug Sam. "Oh, honey, I had thought of that, but not in the way you think." She moved to look Sam in the eyes. "This is made to work for me and only me. If I want it to work for someone else, I have to tether the magic back to me." Annie smiled and took Sam's hands, placing them on Annie's breasts. Annie then cupped Sam's breasts. "I didn't think you'd mind that, when you came, some of that growth headed my way."

Sam's eyes widened. "So you'd grow when I came?"

Annie nodded. "And, if you decide to go enjoy someone, it gives me a reason to either keep you from going too far or to join you." A smile crept on her lips.

Sam's eyes narrowed before she laughed. "Or to spend the rest of the train ride making me cum over and over again so you can have bigger tits."

"That is a possibility," Annie said with a wicked smile, "but I'm not that selfish." She bit her lip. "Truth be told, I kind of want to watch you get fucked."

"I want to let you, as much as that bothers me," Sam admitted. She looked at the pendant and then nodded. "Do it."

As Annie began to weave the spell, a thought occurred to her. As she finished the spell, she got into one of her bags, pulled out a latex collar, and attached the crystal to it. She then moved to place the collar around Sam's neck. "There you go, pet," Annie said, her eyes on Sam's.

"I like it when you call me that," Sam said quietly.

"Just like you liked me telling you I want to see someone fuck you, pet?"

Sam nodded. It was like when Jon had told her what she'd be like. She liked being told what would happen, even if she was resisting it. Most of that was wanting to resist Jon. She didn't want to resist Annie. She wanted to give in to Annie. "Yes, Mistress, I want to please you."

Annie smiled. "And so you will." Annie kissed Sam's cheek. "Come on, sweetie. Let's go get some breakfast."

The pair made their way to the diner cart and ordered a light breakfast. They chatted amiably until Sam paused, clenching her jaw as her eyes narrowed.

"Where the hell have you been?"

Annie turned to look at the angry voice. She was not impressed by what she saw. "Excuse me?" Annie asked.

The man scowled. "I'm not talking to you. I'm talking to Sam."

Sam got up to move but paused when Annie touched Sam's hands. "Let me guess. You're her 'friend' that she's traveling with. Jon is it?"

Jon scowled and crossed his arms. "I said I'm not talking to you." he looked past her at Sam, his eyes going to her breasts. "Been having fun, Sammie?"

Sam blushed. Annie smiled wickedly. "Yes, Jon. She has. With me. The gods know she'd never be satisfied by a man like you." Sam almost choked with laughter when she heard that.

Jon sputtered and scowled. He touched the pendant around his neck and stalked up to Annie. "We'll see about that." He grinned maliciously and turned before stalking off.

Annie frowned. She was certain Jon had done something, but not what. She turned to look at Sam only to see her staring at a tall, toned man who'd just walked into the diner cart. "Are you okay, pet?" Sam bit her lip, clasping her hands. "What is it, sweetie?"

"Fuck, he's hot," Sam said quietly



"You want to fuck him?" Annie whispered in Sam's ear as the man neared.

Sam nodded. Her eyes went up and down the man's tanned body, tracing along his toned arms. She wondered what it would feel like to have his finger running up and down her body.

"It's okay to want him, Sam," Annie said kindly. "What are you afraid of?"

"That it's not really me that wants him. That it's because of this spell. That I'm going to regret it if I let him have his way with me."

"Maybe you'll regret not taking that chance, pet," Annie suggested. She saw the man staring at them both and, to her amusement, he kept his eyes moving back to Sam and Annie's faces, though they kept glancing at their chest. "You stay right here, love." Annie stood and left Sam at the booth, taking her glass with her. The man was sitting on a stool presumably waiting for his food.

"Ma'am, can I get a refill on my juice," she asked the woman working the counter. The woman took her cup and turned, giving Annie the opportunity she was looking for. She turned to the man and smiled. "You know, you don't have to sit over here alone. My friend and I have room at our booth for a third."

The man looked a bit stunned. Annie winked at him. "Don't worry. My girlfriend was staring at you just like you were staring at her: like a deer in the headlights. I don't mind." She took the glass from the waitress and headed back over to the booth, this time sitting next to Sam on the outside of the booth.

The man joined them a few minutes later, a plate of biscuits and gravy in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other. "Ladies," he said, setting the food down before scooting into the booth across from the pair. "I'm Leon. I didn't catch either of your names."

"I'm Sammie," Sam said. The name was growing on her. "Nice to meet you, Leon."

"And I'm Annie," Annie added. "Where are you headed?"

"Albuquerque. I'm on the tail end of a vacation and thought I'd take the long way home," Leon explained.

"Got anyone waiting for you back in Albuquerque, Leon?" Annie asked.

Leon's eyebrows shot up before a smile played on his lips. "Not a one," he replied. Sam found that hard to believe.

"And what do you do back in Albuquerque, Leon?" Sam asked.

"I'm a fitness instructor and rock climber," Leon offered. His eyes went to Sam's neck. "Nice collar." His eyes went to Sam's hands and then to Annie's. He smiled and took a bite of his food.

Annie smiled back. "I imagine being a rock climber that you have strong hands and plenty of stamina." Sam turned to look at her, her eyes wide. Leon almost choked but swallowed his food. He took a sip of his coffee before smiling and leaning forward.

“You know, I’m used to ‘type-A’ personalities. Before the two of you go any further, I just want to make sure you’re not playing some game at my expense.”

Annie feigned indignation. “A game? Us?” Annie smiled. “No game, Leon. I assure you. It’s just like I told you. My girlfriend saw you and wanted you. We’re a package deal.”

Sam bit her lip, thinking about how she’d have wanted a woman to show interest in her back when she was a man. She slid her foot up along Leon’s leg. Leon’s eyes went wide and he looked at her. Sam trailed her fingers down her ample cleavage. “I wonder what kind of package he has, Mistress,” she said, just barely audible over the ambient noise of the train.

Leon sucked in a breath. “Let me go pay for this and we can go talk about it.” As he stood, the bulge in his pants was quite evident and it was a large bulge at that.

“Last chance to back out, pet,” Annie whispered in Sam’s ear.

“Oh, I want him all the way in,” Sam heard herself saying.

The pair stood and walked over to Leon, each moving to a side. After he paid, they each took one of his hands. “Let’s go back to my private cabin,” Annie said with a smile.

“Yes, ma’am,” Leon said. To his surprise, he was slightly shorter than Sam but taller than Annie. “Lead the way.”

## Chapter Four

When the trio entered Annie's cabin, they wasted little time. Sam was nervous, though. She'd never experienced a man touching her. That voice in her mind, that relentless desire to be fucked, helped her get past that. If she was honest with herself, she had to admit that Leon was attractive. The fact that he didn't rush her helped.

Taking off her crop top, Sam blushed a bit as Leon ogled her bra-covered tits. "Those are real," Leon whispered in awe, sitting down on the edge of the bunk.

Sam smiled and bit her lip. Her eyes went to the bulge between Leon's legs. "I'm hoping that's real, too, Leon," Sam said as she unhooked her bra.

Annie had also slid out of her clothes and watched as Sam moved to her knees and between Leon's legs. Unbuttoning and then unzipping Leon's pants, she finished Leon's cock out from his boxers. It stood proud and tall between Leon's legs. Sam was hard-pressed to guess exactly how large it was. Larger than the dildo Jon had left her. Sam smiled as she wrapped her massive boobs around it, looking up at Leon. "I bet you've never been with a woman that could do this," Sam said.

Leon's cock stood out a couple of inches from the valley of her tit-flesh and just far enough for Sam to tilt her head down and take the head of Leon's cock between her lips. The salty taste of his pre-cum set off an unforeseen desire in her as she began to lift her breasts up and down along Leon's shaft, her tongue flicking against the fleshy underside of the head of Leon's cock.

Annie moved behind Sam and slid her arms around her, her fingers going between Sam's legs. Sam moaned around Leon's cock as Annie fingered her pussy. She let go of her inhibitions, enjoying being the center of the threesome.

"I want to see him cum over your tits, pet," Annie whispered in Sam's ear. "I want you to rub his cum all over them." Sam had been too lost in the pleasure to realize that Leon was about to cum in her mouth. Tilting her head back, she continued to bounce her tits around Leon's cock.

"That's it, big boy," Sam said, her voice sultry with desire, "cum over my titties. Mark me with your cum like the slut that I am."

Leon's head tilted back as his cock jerked, spurting load after load of warm, sticky cum over Sam's tits. Sam's hands moved to rub Leon's cubs over her massive mounds, all while Annie continued to tease her pussy. "What did you think?" Annie asked.

"I think I want more," Sam said in a whisper.

"I think I can oblige," Leon said. Sam was astonished that Leon was still hard. When she was a man, she'd need minutes at least to "recharge", but Leon was still fully erect.

"I think I'm impressed," Annie added with a smile. Leon scooted back and fished into the back of his pants for his wallet, then pulled out a condom. "Do this often?" Annie asked teasingly.

"Not as often as you'd think and not for the reasons you'd believe," Leon said. "And never with two women as naturally attractive as you both."

Sam leaned back against Annie and watched as Leon unrolled the condom around his shaft. Her hands continued to caress her huge tits as Annie teased her clit, keeping her on edge.

"I imagine it's time for your pet to pleasure you, too," Leon noted as he shucked off his boxers and pants. He looked at Sam. "Be a good girl and get on all fours."

Sam looked at Annie for permission. Annie nodded. Sam stood and took off her pants and panties before making her way up onto the bunk and onto her hands and knees. Part of her was happy she wouldn't have to be on top while Leon fucked her. She'd never enjoyed it as a man, either. Annie moved in front of Sam, spreading her pussy lips. Sam hardly hesitated and began to lick up and down along Annie's pussy. She paused to gasp as Leon filled her from behind.

The sensation wasn't better or worse than the dildo aside from Leon's shaft being warm and filling her more. It was the lack of control that made it better, overall. She rocked her hips, trying to get more and more of Leon's cock inside her. She loved being filled and, for a brief moment, pondered what it would be like to have a man fucking her throat while fucking her pussy. The idea made her mind melty with anticipation even while part of her still rebelled at the idea that she was attracted to men now.

"That's it, pet," Annie said, her tone encouraging. "You love being the meat in this sandwich, don't you? You're enjoying having your tight pussy filled by this stud while you lick my pussy, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," Sam admitted. "I want to cum so bad. No, I need to cum. Fuck me harder! Make me cum!"

Annie looked past Sam at Leon. "You heard her, stud."

Leon quickened the pace and Sam cried out in pleasure. She was so close. "Oh, yes, fuck your big-titted slut!" her hips rocking, savoring each time her ass slapped against Leon's hips and his cock buried deep inside her. Sam could feel it building then pressed back hard as her pussy clenched around Leon's cock. She could feel Leon's cock throbbing inside her as her pussy milked it. Part of her wished there was no condom. She wanted cum to fill her pussy.

Annie stroked Sam's hair while she glanced quickly down at her own chest. She could see and feel her breasts swelling. The sensation wasn't wholly unpleasant. She looked up at Leon who was moving to one of the chairs in the cabin, his cock softening. "So, what reasons did you have to need a condom?" Annie asked as Sam shifted to lay on her side.

"Would you believe I do porn when I'm not a fitness instructor? I figured that was why you two were interested," Leon said with a smirk.

"I've never seen you in my life," Annie said with a smile. "I doubt you do the kind of porn I'm into. As for Sammie?"

"Niche stuff, but mostly lesbian," Sam admitted. Annie grinned. "You're the first guy I've ever been attracted to enough to want to get in bed with."

"I'm flattered," Leon said. He sounded honest. "Do you mind if I use your shower?"

"Not at all," Annie said. Leon made his way to the shower, taking off his shirt and disposing of the condom on the way there.

"So, what did you think?" Annie asked once the shower was running.

"I'm not sure if a real dick feels better than the dildo, but, again, I'm not sure if that's me saying it or the spell." Sam kissed the side of Annie's breast and smiled. "I like your bigger boobs, though."

Annie cupped her breasts. "I can tell they're bigger, but not quite how much." Annie shifted off the bunk, leaving Sam lying there, and reached for her bra. She smirked a bit as she hefted her breasts into her bra. They barely fit and were practically overspilling. "If you keep this up, I may have to go braless."

"I'd suggest trying on one of mine, but I don't want you being cursed by Jon," Sam said sourly.

"Oh, honey, it's not a curse," Annie said as she slid on her panties. She moved over to caress Sam's cheek. "Few men ever get the opportunity to see the world from the other side. Also, you did end up meeting me and that counts for something." She kissed Sam's plump lips softly. Sam parted her lips and sucked on Annie's tongue and deepened the kiss. They only parted when they heard the shower stop.

Leon walked out of the shower, his cock hanging flaccid between his legs. "Did my phone go off?" Leon asked as he reached for his boxers. Both women shook their heads. "The stop just before lunch is mine. Where are you both heading?"

"Phoenix," Sam said.

"Los Angeles," Annie followed.

Leon gave them a curious look as he pulled his pants on. "I thought you two were together."

Annie smiled. "We are, but it's complicated." Sam thought about it. She genuinely liked Annie. She was certain it was more than a sexual attraction. Annie continued, reaching for a pad of paper. She wrote down a number. "If you're ever in LA, give me a ring, though. I might have both fun and profit I can send your way."

Leon took it. "Is this a 'Don't call me. We'll call you.' kind of thing?"

"Not at all," Annie said. "You're her type, not mine, but I know people. Who knows? The three of us may cross paths again."

Leon pocketed Annie's number and smiled at Sam before tugging his shirt back on. Putting his shoes back on, he paused to stretch before moving to the door. "May your roads find you safely traveled." With that, he left.

Sam stood, pausing at the door to the shower to look at Annie. "Why did you want me to rub his cum into my tits? Not that I didn't enjoy it, but I have to ask."

Annie shrugged and smiled coyly. "If I was a guy getting my load all over a pair of tits as big as my head, I'd want to see her do it. Given the chance, wouldn't you?"

"Touche." With that, Sam slid into the shower. Washing herself off, she could tell her tits were nearing the size of basketballs and were still unbelievably perky. "If they get much larger, I'll start having issues getting between doors." The thought perversely made her happy. She had to stop herself from playing with her tits or tugging on her nipples which were the size of the first knuckle of her thumb. They were almost always hard.

Once she dried off, Sam came out to find Annie dressed. Sam moved to hug Annie then grinned mischievously. "I think I found the biggest downside to having boobs this big."

Annie's hands went to Sam's naked ass. "And that would be?"

"It's quite hard to kiss you," Sam said, pressing up against Annie. "Though the fact that your face is at the right height to press against my tits is appealing."

Annie tilted her head and flicked her tongue against Sam's nipple, eliciting a gasp of pleasure from Sam. "Hmm, I think you're right," Annie teased. "There's just something sinful about you. You're hard to resist, Sammie."

"Pet is here for her Mistress's pleasure," Sam retorted, causing Annie to laugh.

"You are insatiable, aren't you?"

"Yes, but unless we both want tits so big we're stuck in this cabin, we should probably stop, as much as I don't want to."

"A fair point," Annie noted. She gave Sam's ass a squeeze. "Why don't you get dressed? I'm certain the pair of us can spend time together doing things not focused on sex."

"Yes, but it's so much more fun when we do," Sam said with a pout.

"Cheeky girl," Annie said, moving out of reach. "Do I need to make it an order?"

"No, Mistress."

Once dressed, the pair made their way back to the observation lounge, finding a seat where the two of them could lean against each other as they watched the scenery zip past. Sam's left hand was clasped in Annie's, mostly because Sam's hand wanted to wander and she was trying to focus on anything other than sex.

The pair chatted amiably through the next stop. The conversation briefly turned back to Leon before heading to what Annie did for a living. It was not, as Sam expected, being a professional witch. Annie had said "public relations" when they first met, but she was more of a professional staffer. "I can get people into the right jobs, though I do occasionally make certain companies have the right face to present to the public. Quick PR campaigns to distract from what the issue is. Help people see things in a new way. That sort of thing."

"Like getting guys to consider what their girlfriends may be going through?" Sam asked pointedly.

"Not that I'm aware of, but you'd have insight that few I know would have. Even if you turned back to a guy," Annie admitted.

"Would you want to be with me if I were a guy?" Sam asked.

Annie tilted her head and kissed Sam's shoulder before looking at her. "I don't know. Probably not. I won't lie to you, Sammie. You're the kind of woman that makes me melty. I

want you to stay a woman. Should you decide to after all this, I want you to call me. I want us to continue as a couple. I know we just met but I feel like I've known you forever."

Sam smiled. "I feel the same way. Let's just enjoy what we have for now." Annie nodded in agreement before relaxing against Sam.

About twenty minutes later, Annie excused herself to use the restroom. This left Sam to ponder what she was going to do when this was all over. She did miss being a guy, but that sense of who she'd been was growing fainter by the day. Did she want to go back to being a guy? How much of this apathy toward being a guy again was the spell? Sam didn't know.

A wave of desire crashed over her as soon his nose picked up the scent of a familiar cologne. Sam grasped the arm of the seat she was sitting in to keep herself from standing up. Jon walked around into her field of view. Sam could see the bulge in his pants and wanted to drop to her knees and suck his cock, despite it being in public. Her hand gripped tighter to the arm of the chair.

"So, it looks like you spent yesterday fucking around without me," Jon said. His tone was smug. Sam glanced around and realized there wasn't anyone close by to hear them and Jon continued. "Not that I mind. It's what you are now, Sam: a slut."

"Maybe, Jon," Sam admitted, "but what's worse? The fact that I'm a slut and am enjoying it or the fact that you're hard just staring at the man you turned into a slut." Jon's face went pale. "I know you, Jon. I know how homophobic you've been. Why is that? Maybe the only way you could get the fantasies of fucking Samuel out of your head was to make me into Sammie the Slut."

"You fucking bitch," Jon growled through grating teeth. "I'm going to feed you my cock and shut that mouth of yours."

"Oh, I sucked Leon's cock, earlier. It was nice," Sam admitted. Jon's face grew angrier. "Did I hit a nerve? Did you want to be the first dick I sucked?"

"I'm going to do more than make you suck my dick, Sam," Jon said. "I'm going to..."

"Do absolutely nothing."

Sam turned to see a very pissed-off Annie standing there, her arms crossed beneath her breasts. "I think you need to leave."

Jon snorted. "Fine, but none of this matters. In the end, she's going to be my plus one and get the fucking she deserves. By me. If she's good, maybe I'll let her change back." With that, Jon stalked off.

Sam had gone pale when Annie moved between her and where Jon had left. Annie took Sam's hands in hers. "It's going to be okay, honey. I promise."

Sam shook her head, tears falling down her cheeks. "No, it's not. He's going to do it and then leave me like this. I just know it."

The rest of the day went quietly enough, with the pair enjoying each other's company and commenting on the passing scenery. Sam knew, though, that it wouldn't last. Tomorrow afternoon they'd be at their stop and she'd be forced to deal with Jon again. Shortly after dinner, Sam's desire for sex got to the point where it was all she could think about. She'd been absently playing with her breast when Annie took her hand and led her to Annie's cabin.

As Sam's orgasm overtook her, she felt her breasts and ass pulsing and swelling once more, her bra magically growing to fit them. She tried to guess how big her tits were. They

were nearly as big as medicine balls and larger than any letter that mattered. "And I've got to spend two days in Phoenix, around Jon, then the train ride back," Sam thought. She'd only twice seen a woman with breasts as large as hers were now and one of those two had implants. As her breathing slowed, she looked up at Annie, whose breasts had also swollen thanks to the spell. Her bra, like Sam's, had magically grown to fit her larger breasts. Annie winked at Sam.

"I felt it was prudent. Sadly, I only had enough 'juice' to enchant my panties and the one bra," Annie explained, trailing her fingers through Sam's hair.

"I'm still amazed that you were willing to do this for me," Sam said, turning her head to kiss Annie's cheek.

Annie smiled back at her as the pair cuddled on the bunk. "My offer still stands, sweetie," Annie said, slipping off the bunk. She took off her bra and wiggled out of her panties before moving toward the shower. "It's too bad we both won't fit in the shower together."

Sam smiled and blushed, thinking about that. It was enough to make her want to cum again. Biting her lip, she focused on anything but the thought of a naked Annie in the shower.

Once Sam had her turn in the shower and had slipped into a nightgown that surprisingly still fit over her massive boobs, she moved to lay next to Annie with Annie laying with her back to Sam. The pair had agreed earlier this was a wiser choice as it made it harder for Sam to play with herself as they went to bed.

The pair spent the morning together, with Sam's eyes returning to her phone time and time again, checking the time. They didn't have much time together, though the thought of Sam spending the rest of her life with Annie was also there. "The rest of my life, but as a woman," Sam reminded herself. Her mind went back to less than a week ago when she had been a man, before Jon had made that Faustian bargain. Was her life better then? Sure, she'd been used to being treated with a certain amount of difference as a guy, but was it better?

"If it wasn't for the whole 'my breasts get bigger when I orgasm', would this be so bad?" Sam asked herself. "Is Jon even going to turn me back?"

Sam didn't know. What she did know was that being with Annie made her happier than she could ever remember.

Sam met Jon at their room fifteen minutes before they arrived in Phoenix. She felt the desire to fuck Jon as soon as she saw him, but, knowing it was the spell causing it kept her from dropping to her knees and sucking him off in the hallway. Jon had rented a flashy sports car which Sam barely fit in given the size of her massive tits. What Sam hoped that Jon didn't realize as they drove to the hotel was that Sam had a vibrator in her pussy the whole time, just to keep the edge off.

The pair made their way to their room and, to Sam's disgust, it was a queen sized bed instead of two fulls. Sam eyed the couch in the room as an alternative when Jon called his friend to find out where the rehearsal dinner was. Ending the call, Jon smiled at Sam as Sam couldn't help but look at the bulge in his pants.

"You want it?" Jon asked smugly.

"Yes," Sam admitted.

"Beg for it."

"No," Sam retorted, squeezing her legs together around the vibrator in her pussy.



"You well, Sammie. By the end of tonight, you'll be begging for cock like the slut that I made you."

Sam bit her lip. The longer she was around Jon, the more her desires to have a man fuck her strengthened. She wanted to cum with a man's cock inside her. "We'll see," Sam said meekly.

Jon laughed. "Make sure you wear that red dress in your suitcase, Sammie slut. I plan to share you with friends tonight. You'll be the one thing everyone remembers from this wedding/ All of my friends will talk about the hot piece of meat they fucked." With that, Jon began to strip in front of her. Sam couldn't help but lick her lips when Jon's cock stood at attention when he took off his boxers. Had Jon not laughed, Sam might have given in. Instead, she sat perfectly still. Part of her wanted to run her tongue along Jon's toned chest and wrap her bee-stung lips around Jon's cock.

When her eyes latched onto the pendant around Jon's neck, she was able to focus on the spell, remembering that the spell was doing this to her. She didn't want this and, sure enough, if she did let Jon do it to her, it was little better than letting him rape her. That froze her blood immediately. This whole thing had been a violation and letting Jon fuck her would be the last and most intimate violation of them all.

Jon got dressed in a nice pair of slacks and a burgundy button down. "So, aren't you going to change?"

"I need to shower first," Sam said, trying not to clench her teeth. She slowly stood and minced to the bathroom, pausing to grab the red dress and a new pair of bra and panties. She didn't bother to check the size. She knew, instinctively, they'd fit her massive tits and bubble butt.

Once in the shower, which she barely fit in, Sam removed the vibrator from her pussy. She wanted this to be over. She was beginning to like being a woman, admittedly, but not a rampant nymphomaniac. As she soaped up her breasts and pussy, her thoughts went to Annie. Not being certain how far the link between her and Annie reached, Sam wasn't going to cum. She had the willpower. Thinking about Annie led Sam to thinking about Annie's offer. Was that a different prison? Was being a woman for the rest of her life a better alternative?

Sam was certain that Jon had no intention to turn Sam back.

If she was going to be stuck as a woman for the rest of her life, better it be with Annie than as Jon's fuck toy.

Sam dried her hair and put her makeup on, still astonished that she instinctively knew how. Slipping on her underthings and the dress, she stared at herself in the mirror. The V-neck of dress dipped to just above the top of the bra, at least as long as Sam didn't lean forward. Her breasts forced her to lean back just to walk, more so once she had slipped on the heels she'd been wearing. Jon leered at her.

"Just remember. If you try to tell anyone who you really are, if you try to run away, I will make it so that you never turn back," Jon said, his tone threatening.

"Then why did you let me leave your side on the train?" Sam asked.

"Because you didn't leave the train and I knew you didn't have the strength to keep from cumming. Frankly, you ended up bigger than I'd hoped, not that I'm complaining," Jon said with a smug grin. "I can't wait to shove my cock between those fuck pillows of yours."

"Yes, sir," Sam said meekly, not meaning a word of it.

"See, I knew you'd come around, Sammie. Around my cock, or my friends' cocks, or from being licked out."

Sam tried to hide the disgust she felt as she took Jon's hand, knowing full well they'd be heading to the rehearsal dinner being held at the hotel.

Jon made every attempt to show off Sammie, literally referring to her as "arm candy" instead of his "plus one" to every guy there. "You know, if you buy me a drink, I might consider letting you have your chance with her," Jon said repeatedly to different friends of his. Hearing that, Sam started to form a plan.

The next time Jon made the comment, Sam intentionally moved to press up against the guy Jon was talking to. "Oh, that sounds like fun, Jon. What do you say, stranger? Buy us a drink?" In almost every case, the man would buy them both drinks but, past the first, Sam didn't touch a sip.

Jon was on his fourth or fifth drink before a woman approached him and Sam, looking angry. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Jon, honey, why don't you finish your drink," Sam said, standing up and grabbing her purse. "I need to talk to take a powder and freshen up."

Jon groped Sam's ass and then reached for his drink. "Just don't go too far," Jon said, his eyes narrowing. Sam tried not to shudder as she stepped away, looking at the woman. "Can you show me the way to the ladies' room?"

The woman narrowed her eyes at Sam and nodded. Sam followed her and breathed a sigh of relief as the door closed. Leaning against the wall, she looked at the woman. She was petite with large breasts for her frame and the exact kind of woman Sam would have been attracted to as a man and before he met Annie. "Please tell me I didn't flirt with your husband," Sam said wincing.

"You did. The redhead with the beard," the woman replied through gritted teeth.

"First things first, please don't slap me for saying this, but I'm going to admit your hubby is prime and it is all I can do to not want to be the third in a threesome with the pair of you," Sam admitted.

"I don't swing that way, but I take it there's more," the woman said, her eyes flashing with anger.

"I wasn't flirting because I wanted to. Believe it or not, I'm trying to get Jon so drunk, he won't want to have sex with me later, much less have sex with all his friends, including your husband," Sam explained.

The woman snorted. "Seamus said Jon had offered. I never liked the guy, even in high school. I'm Saraphina, though you can call me Phina."

"Nice to meet you, Phina, and I'm not exactly here by choice. Let's call it heavy coercion," Sam noted ruefully.

"Are you being trafficked, hon?"

"Not exactly. It's hard to explain," Sam said. She paused as her phone chimed. She unlocked it and looked at the text.

"Everything okay?" Phina asked.

Sam smiled. "Kind of. My girlfriend is checking up on me." Sam texted Annie back, letting her know she was okay and had a plan. Sam looked up at Phina. "Can I ask you a huge favor?"

Phina's eyes narrowed. "What kind of favor?"

"You don't like Jon, right? I've got an idea, but I need him super drunk first. Can you help a girl out?"

Phina smiled wickedly. "Only if you promise to tell me what's really going on later."

"Deal."

With Phina's help, Sam conspired to have Jon's glass refilled before he'd realize it was close to being empty. Sam was also brought shots of cherry lemonade in order to fake her getting drunk. Sam moved her chair next to Jon and kept insisting they take a drink to what was coming next and going so far to make sure Jon's free hand was some place he could grope Sam in a way that everyone saw it. Phina ran interference, explaining that this was all a setup and that Sam was okay.

By the end of rehearsals, Jon was drifting off and utterly plastered. Sam nodded to Phina and the pair, followed by Phina's husband Seamus, helped Jon back to their hotel room.

"I've got this," Sam said as she let Jon to the bed, the door to the room closing behind them. "Let's get you out of those clothes, sexy," Sam purred, taking off Jon's shoes.

"I knew you'd want this," Jon said, his speech slurred.

"You have no idea," Sam thought, removing his button down shirt.

"You belong to me, now and forever," Jon added as Sam reached to slide her hands up his chest. Sam simply smiled, fighting the urge to suck Jon off. She used the chance to take off Jon's T-shirt and, with it, the necklace with the pendant on it.

The moment the pendant was in her hands, her mind cleared. She wasn't attracted to Jon or Seamus or any of the other guys she'd desired. Annie, though? That was still there. Sam quickly slit the necklace over her head and let it rest between her breasts before shifting Jon so that he was laying down. "Would you like me to suck your cock, sir?" Sam asked.

"Fuck yes."

Sam tugged down Jon's pants and boxers. Part of her remembered how much she'd enjoyed sucking cock, but, now, it held nothing for her. Her moment of reverie was broken by the sound of Jon snoring. This was perfect.

Sam made her way to her purse and texted Annie. She couldn't take the risk and Annie was her only life line. For that matter, Sam was okay with the idea of Annie being her life and her future. "I've got the necklace. What's my next step?"

Annie texted back a few minutes later asking for the hotel name. Ten minutes later, a nervous Sam looked at the reply. Sam was to catch a cab to the airport and fly back home then call Annie once she was back at her place. She was also to be wearing the bra and panties that had triggered the spell. In addition, there had to be a book involved which was likely to be at Sam's place, though Annie recommended checking Jon's luggage, which Sam did, finding nothing.

Changing into stretch pants and a t-shirt and wearing the bra and panties she'd worn when her transformation began, Sam quietly exited the room, making sure to take Jon's key

card and house keys with her. The key went into Sam's purse while his key card for the hotel was dropped into the trash.

Sam made her way to the concierge and asked them to call her a cab. Twenty minutes later, Sam walked up to the reservation desk and gave them the confirmation number for her tickets. Annie had thoughtfully ordered three given the size Sam's tits had been when they'd last seen each other. Ten minutes later, she was on a plane heading back to Jon's place. It wouldn't be home. Never again. Home was with Annie, waiting for her on the west coast.

Slipping the key into the deadbolt, Sam pondered the memories she had of this place. Had Jon always been a narcissistic prick? Maybe. Sam had a plan, though. She didn't know how much of a lead she had on Jon, but, given he'd passed out drunk, it would likely be hours at least plus whatever time it took the plane to get her. She decided to be quick, though, given the size of her almost medicine ball-sized boobs, that was going to be tricky. She knew where Jon kept his extra luggage and Sam still had some duffle bags and a book bag from her college days. She packed up what she could from her room including the contents of a small safe that held her personal papers and birth certificate. Where her wallet had been was a small purse. She grabbed that as well and dropped it in a duffle bag before entering Jon's room.

She started by checking under the bed. This was hampered by the size of her boobs, of course. She had to lay on her side just to look underneath as her breasts were larger than the frame of the bed. Sadly, nothing was underneath other than some dirty clothes and a vintage porn mag. Sam checked it just in case Jon hid a page in it. The woman in it had something they called a "silly string" implant. The model's breasts were unsurprisingly much smaller than Sam's.

Making her way to her feet, Sam carefully checked through Jon's dresser drawers and then looked through the closet. When she looked in the third box, it was filled with latex bondage gear, but, at the bottom, there was a hardback copy of "American Psycho". When Sam reached for it, she felt a shock go from her hand through her arm, down her side and to her picket where the pendant Jon had been wearing rested. Grabbing the book, she lifted it only to find the dust cover of the book was masking what it truly was: Jon's grimoire.

Slipping the pendant around her neck, Sam carefully put the box back where it had been and tried to return the room to the state it had been when she'd entered. She quickly grabbed her keys, locked the house's door and headed for the cab waiting outside which she barely fit in. She asked the driver to take her to the local library and, upon arriving, paid him an extra twenty to wait while she checked her bags in the parking lot.

When she checked her birth certificate in the parking lot, it showed Samantha and her gender as female. Likewise, her driver's license showed Samantha as well. She took a picture of the grimoire before sending the picture to Annie. She felt warmth between her breasts as she looked at the grimoire. Opening it, the book fell to a page with a woodcut of the pendant she was wearing describing the spell as a whole. The intent of the spell was not to make someone else into a lustful, beautiful woman, but to turn one's self into one. It could, though, be applied to others. A smile began to play on Sam's lips.

"Warning: if this spell targets someone other than yourself, do not lose control of the Rakshasa's Heart used to cast this spell. Should the target of the spell obtain the heart and cast the counterspell, the threefold rules will apply and return threefold what occurred to the target."

Sam pondered that for a moment. This was her way to turn back. She could be fully male again. She could...

Annie.

She'd never see Annie again. Sure, being a woman wasn't what Sam had ever naked for, but was it so bad? She had a chance at a better life than she ever could have hoped for as Samual. Shaking her head, Sam decided she was okay with staying a woman, just not the woman Jon wanted her to be.

Reading over the counterspell, Sam thought out exactly what of her new form she wanted to give Jon back threefold. She then entered the cab before texting Annie her plans. Annie texted back how to find the ingredients she'd need locally. After a couple of hours and spending almost a hundred dollars on the cab, she'd picked up what she needed and returned to the house, asking the cap to stick around for about twenty minutes again under the same deal. It would be enough time to cast the spell and seal Jon's fate. Sam then took the cab back to the airport.

Eight hours later, Jon slammed the front door open and rushed inside. Sam's car was still here, so Jon might have beaten her back. The bitch had taken the pendant. If Sam knew the truth, she might be able to undo the spell. Part of him argued that there was no way Sam was smart enough.

He began a room by room search, glancing in to see if anything had changed. Sam's room initially looked untouched, as did the other rooms in the house. Still, Sam had the pendant, so Jon had to be certain.

As he opened the closet, he felt warmth spread over his body. Wiping the sweat from his brow, he attributed the warmth to him rushing to get back to his house as soon as possible. He failed to notice his arms beginning to thin as he lifted box after box out of his closet. The walls felt as if they were closing in on Jon as he reached for the box that had been hidden in the very back of his closet.

Brushing his bangs back from his face, it didn't occur to Jon that he shouldn't even have bangs. All that was important was getting to the box. Taking a deep breath, Jon's shirt tightened around his chest, though it had little to do with the size of his shirt. No, it was due to the two mounds expanding on his upper chest.

Lifting the box from the closet, Jon turned and almost lost his balance. The weight of his body had begun to redistribute. Where once he had muscles and an above average height, more and more of his weight went to his rear end and his chest. As he set the box down on his bed, he was too intent on getting the tome to release his large, melonous breasts bounced. He opened the box, again failing to notice his now long, pink fingernails as he tossed the once black bondage gear out of the box, the latex beginning hot pink as he tossed it aside.

In the bottom was the dust cover but no tome. Jon went pale and screamed in anger then stopped in shock, grasping his throat. Two things occurred to him in that moment: he no longer had an Adam's Apple and his voice had been much higher pitched.

His pants chose that moment to fall loosely into a puddle around his now hairless and svelte legs. "No, no, no!" Jon screamed. He almost stumbled as his feet no longer fit his shoes. Taking all his clothing off, Jon's hips swayed as he minced into the master bathroom. Staring at himself in the mirror, his once short black hair was California blonde and down past his

shoulders. His breasts were easily the size of cantaloupes and still growing. His nipples were two rose gumdrops.

His face was the kicker. His face was slender and cute, like a woman just out of high school, with big, bee-stung lips. "Like, perfect for sucking cock," Jon heard himself say. He wanted to deny it, but the thought of sucking on a thick cock was the perfect idea, especially for a hottie with a body made for sin. Her pussy, and seeing it made it hard for Jon to think of herself as anything but a woman, was completely hairless and glistening with moisture. Just thinking about something in her pussy reminded Jon of the toys she left in the suitcase by the door. The thought both intrigued her and disgusted her. She had to fight this. She had to...

A vibrator in each hand, Jon sat down on the couch and began to fill her new pussy with one. "Oh, fuck, that's what I need," Jon moaned. "I'm a fuck slut. I'm a horny bimbo fuck slut," she moaned, pounding her wet and needy pussy with the dildo, all the while both craving and being disgusted by her desire for cock. She wanted in her pussy, in her ass, and...

"Jenny wants to suck cock," Jon heard herself say. "No, my name is Jon, not Jenny!" Jon screamed mentally, even as she took the dildo from her pussy and wrapped her lips around, savoring the taste of her own juices and imagining a thick, black cock between her lips. She slid the other dildo into her pussy and began to suck on the one while fucking herself silly with the other. All the while, her tits continued to expand, exceeding the size of the soccer ball-sized tits Sam had the last time he'd seen her.

The thought of Sam licking her out pushed Jon over the edge. As her orgasm overtook her, the spell finished.

Annie set the grimoir next to her copy of Trianon's Therimoire. "You're sure this is the best place for it?" Sam asked.

Annie turned to look at Sam, now wearing stretch pants and a crop top. Sam's breasts were reduced in size from the last time she'd seen her. Now, they were only as large as basketballs. Still remarkably large, but knowing how the spell worked, left Annie wondering how massive Jon's boobs had to be. Kissing Sam's cheek, Annie hugged her. "It'll be fine. No more wanting to fuck anything that walks?" Annie asked.

Sam smiled. "Only you, sweetie," Sam replied, hugging Annie back. "You think Jon will be okay?"

Annie clicked her tongue. "Damn, girl, even after all he did to you, you're still concerned about him? Or should I say her?"

Sam shrugged. "I wouldn't be with you if it wasn't for her, so, yeah, I guess I owe her a little empathy. Just a little."

Annie laughed. "Don't you worry about it. I made certain a good friend of mine will go check up on her in a few days. By then, I imagine she'll be desperate enough to take him up on his offer."

Jon was almost out of food. She also was tired of being mostly naked most of the time. She'd spent money to get expedited shipping on clothing she hoped would fit and, even then, she wasn't sure how she knew her clothing size. Despite her mental screams of protest, Jon had ordered the sluttiest and sexiest clothing she could find. This morning, her credit card had

been declined and her bank account only had a few dollars left. Her work had called asking if he was going to be in on Friday as expected. She hadn't called them back.

A knock at the door startled her. She wasn't expecting anyone. Maybe it was Sam back to gloat and apologize. Jon didn't deserve this. She was constantly horny and her nipples were almost always hard. Wearing just a pink bathrobe, Jon wasn't tall enough to look through the peephole. "Like, who is it?"

"I've got a message from Sam and Annie," a deep male voice said. Part of Jon was frightened, both to the message and the sound of a man outside the door; however, her fingers were unlocking it before she could stop herself.

Opening the door, Jon saw a six foot four bald black man wearing a cream polo that set off his athletic body, slacks that did little to hide the massive bulge between his legs, and well polished shoes. His body was also hairless from the neck down. He had a bag from a local boutique in one hand. Jon's eyes locked on the bulge between the man's legs and her mouth watered. The man didn't wait for Jon to invite him in. He stepped inside and closed the door, locking it behind him. He smiled as his eyes took in Jon's form.

Annie had been right. This woman was exactly his type. Hell, he'd only dreamed of a woman with tits this massive. She'd have to walk through doors sideways, and, even then, that might be difficult. He smiled at her, noticing her clenching her robe with her fists.

"Are you Jenny?" the man asked. The woman nodded but her eyes stayed locked on his crotch. He smiled. "Something wrong?" the man asked, taunting Jon.

"I'm hungry," Jon said, her voice yearning even as he mentally railed against what was happening.

"For what, Jenny?"

"For your cock," Jenny admitted.

"Don't you want your message first?"

"I don't care," Jon said, licking her bee stung lips. "I need your cock."

"Well, then, Jenny, put this on. I'll be taking care of you from now on."

Jon mentally recoiled at the bra and panties, not to mention what was certainly a fetishized school girl outfit. Still, she found herself stripping without a shred of shame or modesty in front of this man. He still hadn't introduced himself as Jon hooked the eight hooks of the bra. She expected to struggle with the hooks but it felt natural. She had to have help to get the pantihose on due to the size of her boobs and again once the pantihose was on to get on the black pumps that were more high heel than reasonable footwear. After this came the uniform top and skirt. "Can I suck your cock now?" Jon heard herself say.

"Master Michael, Jenny. You may address me as Master Michael while I take care of you," Michael said. "Do you understand?"

"Like, I totes understand," Jon said, feeling ashamed. He had little choice. What else could she do? Jon watched as Michael began to look through the house.

Michael spotted the latex bondage gear that was thrown about and smiled before packing it up. "I don't want to forget this." Walking back to the living room, he looked at Jon. "Don't forget your purse. I saw it on your dresser."

"What purse?" Jon thought. Turning, her massive boobs swaying and bouncing, Jon made her way back into her bedroom, having to turn sideways to get through the door. Where

her wallet had been was now a pastel pink purse. Looking inside she found makeup, her license, tampons, and birth control pills. Biting her lip, Jon wanted to scream, but there was nothing he could do. "I could always suck Master's cock," Jon thought before shuddering. She knew that, when the time came, she'd be begging for it.

Making her way back to the living room, Jon followed Michael outside and locked the door behind her. She knew it would be the last time she ever saw the place. For the briefest of moments, Jon felt guilt. She'd done this to Sam and now, it was her turn. Turning, she saw the convertible coupe that Michael was now standing by, the door opened and the front seat leaning forward. She was surprised that she barely fit into the back seat, but at least she fit.

Twenty minutes later, Michael pulled up in front of a mansion and helped Jon out the car. While she was still herself, it was harder and harder to think of herself as Jon. Sure, she could still think clearly. She still had the same thoughts. She was a woman now and should have a woman's name. Master insisted it was Jenny and, the more she said it, the more it was true. Even if she didn't want to suck his cock, the thought of it made her body needy.

Once inside the mansion, Michael led her downstairs. The stairwell was just big enough to fit Jenny's massive tits, but only barely so. Inside was what would have made Jenny's old life a dream: a fully kitted out bondage dungeon. Jenny found herself drawn to a well padded bondage horse.

"Give me your panties, slut," Michael ordered.

Jenny wiggled out of her panties, mincing out of them. She knelt down to pick them up, her back straining a bit. Handing them to Michael, her heart pounded when he pointed to the bondage horse. "Since you seem enraptured by it," Michael said, unbuckling his pants, "why don't you see how well you fit on it?"

Jenny turned and crawled onto the well padded horse, her knees and arms resting comfortably, though her massive boobs hung over the edge. Somewhat surprisingly, Michael slid a stack of several pillows under her breasts moments before placing the cuffs she'd discarded earlier around her wrists and chaining them to the horse.

Michael ran his fingers between Jenny's damp folds, causing her to moan. "Like that, do you, slut?"

"Yes, Master, I do. Please fuck my pussy, Master," Jenny moaned breathily. She heard more than saw Michael dragging something over. When she felt the cool head of a dildo pressing into her pussy from behind, Jenny moaned. Then began the slow, teasing, thrusting. Michael walked around to face her, his foot long cock rigid. He also had a remote in his hand. Pressing a button, the dildo behind Jenny began to thrust faster.

Jenny was inwardly repulsed by what Michael was doing to her only to remember he'd planned as worse for Sam. She tilted her head back, her tongue sticking out, trying to lick the head of Michael's cock. Michael lifted his cock with his palm. "Is this what you want, slut? I want to hear you beg for it."

"Please, Master. Please let me suck your cock. I'm so horny. I totes need to have my holes filled and my titties fucked, Master," Jenny moaned, both craving the sensations and remembering the man she'd been. "Just like Sam," a tiny part of her reminded herself. Perhaps she deserved this. Perhaps...



Her thoughts were scattered when the head of Michael's thick cock parted her lips. This was what she needed. It was what she lived for. With knowledge gained through sorcery, Jenny showed Michael that she was an expert cocksucker.

When Michael felt he might be about to cum, he'd slow down the dildo pistoning her from behind, only to speed it back up. Back and forth they went, each nearing their orgasm, until Michael came in Jenny's mouth. Jenny swallowed Michael's cum, a craving igniting in her and setting off her orgasm. It was hardly her first as a woman but the first she had no control over. As she came down from orgasmic bliss, she wondered if she would have enjoyed being submissive when she'd been a man. What happened next was both shocking and disconcerting to Jenny.

Michael unlocked the cuffs and helped Jenny out of her clothes before leading her to a bed at the end of the room. He pulled her into his arms and began to caress her body tenderly. Jenny had never been so gentle with a lover, much less cared about how they felt after. Michael crooned at her as he kissed her neck and teased her thighs and tits. Jenny felt herself crying, but she wasn't sure if it was from Michael's now gentle demeanor or the disgust with herself for never having done this for her other conquests.

"I think I'm going to enjoy having you as my personal pet, Jenny," Michael said. Jenny found herself snuggling against Michael's strong body. She was only faintly aware of him reaching for something. "Which reminds me. I had a message for you." He handed the piece of paper to Jenny. "I haven't read it, if you're concerned, but Annie wanted me to make certain you got it... and that I got you."

Confused, Jenny took the piece of paper and read it. "Jon, I know you're in there and the person you used to be. I want you to know it was me that made certain that you will never forget who you were, what you lost and what you gained because of what you did to Sam. You'll never be free, but, because of Sam's kind heart, you'll live a better life than you intended for her. Now, be a good girl and thank your new Master for taking you in instead of having to live as a prostitute, which is what you deserve."

As Jenny finished reading it, the words changed to "You'll need this..." followed by a name and an address. Jenny blinked and offered it to Michael. "Oh, I know who this is. They're a tailor." He kissed Jenny's cheek. "So how do you know Annie?"

"She's engaged to my ex," Jenny said. It was a half-truth but true enough.

"Well, you're mine now," Michael said, flicking his thumb against Jenny's nipple, causing her to gasp.

"Yes, Master. Will you fuck me with your cock this time, Master?" Jenny asked, hopefully. While whatever was left of the man she'd been was repulsed, her body knew what it wanted. She needed to be fucked and Michael's cock was just what she craved.

## Epilogue

Six months later, Sam and Annie stood, surrounded by a grove of trees, both wearing wedding gowns. A druid of Annie's order had agreed to officiate and the pair had to lean forward, their huge tits mashing against each other as they kissed. They were officially bride and bride. Not that the lack of legal standing had stopped any of the many steamy nights the two had shared. Annie had managed to get work for Sam as a model.

While there had been many offers to Sam to do porn, she turned them down. Samantha only modeled as she enjoyed doing it and, almost as importantly, because she loved how it turned Annie on. The only one who got to see Sam's sexy side was Annie. Well that and one of the clubs.

During one of the photoshoots and after the pair were married, Sam was modelling goth outfits and one of them involved black leather and red lace. Annie admitted afterward that she'd paid for the contract and had custom ordered the outfit months prior. The photos were just an excuse to see if Sam liked how the outfit looked and felt. She had.

The next night, Sam and Annie, both decked out neck to toe in matching outfits, went to a club in LA which catered to those with a fondness for a similar look. The pair enjoyed the club with abandon, dancing together, spending time in isolated booths necking, and getting pleasantly buzzed.

"I apologize if I'm interrupting," an asian woman said after a waitress left Sam and Annie their drinks. "You asked to be notified if he's here, Mrs. Devereaux."

Sam looked at Annie curiously as Annie stood. Annie smiled at her. "You'll see, sweetie," Annie said, helping Sam to her feet. The asian woman led them to the balcony and pointed. Annie smiled again as Sam looked curiously.

"Holy hell, her tits are huge," Sam said, staring at the woman in black leather being led by a leash by a large, bald, black man.

"And who's fault is that?" Annie teased.

Sam gasped, her eyes going wide. "No!"

"The man holding her leash is Michael, an old friend," Annie explained. "I told you I'd make certain she was taken care of. Don't worry, love. Michael doesn't know we're here and is visiting a business associate. He wouldn't leave his pet behind, though, I imagine Jenny will be part of the bargain. I've heard she is as good at licking pussy as she is at sucking cock."

Samantha laughed. "You're evil, you know that?"

"And yet you love me," Annie said, kissing Sam's cheek.

"That I do," Samantha replied, taking Annie's hand and leading her back to the booth. "Why don't I show you how grateful I am for this life you helped me live?"

"Oh, this should be fun."