

## My Best Friend Became a Witch – Part 3

### \*Disclaimer\*

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

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

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

I woke up from a dreamless sleep. I groaned as the morning light streamed in through the curtains I had forgotten to close before I left. My eyes were heavy, and I could feel my hair all over the place. I sat up way too quickly. My breasts swung heavily with the movement. *Breasts?* Oh, right, I was still a woman.

The events of the previous night slowly came back to me. Getting transformed into my dream woman, getting dressed up, going out. The pre-drinks, the bar, going home with what's-his-name, getting fucked (holy shit, getting fucked...), not cumming. Then, to top it all off, coming home to see Annie jerking off a massive cock and getting a cumshot straight to the face from at least five feet away.

I remember not saying a word and heading straight to the bathroom. Annie chased after me, but I slammed my door. She kept asking me to talk about this, that she was sorry about it. I didn't hear her. I took a breath. *What the fuck just happened?* I turned my brain on autopilot. I threw the cum-stained dress off me and into the corner of the bathroom. My hair and face were a mess, and so very sticky. I turned on the shower. Once it was hot, I soaked myself for a solid ten minutes. No distractions, nothing. I just needed to get myself clean.

*She hadn't just done that, right?* I thought to myself. *Jerking herself off to me? I would never, despite how much I wanted to. We're best friends?* I kept trying to get the thoughts out of my head, but it was impossible. The sight of petite Annie with a monstrous cock. A cock way larger than should have been possible. Any porn director would cast the person with that cock immediately, regardless of how ugly or fat they were. And to be honest, it was kind of hot. The way it curved up to the ceiling, the way her hands looked so small holding it. It even looked kind of feminine, with less hard lines and veins.

*No, fuck that,* I shook myself out of my daydreaming. Regardless of how hot it was, or how delicious it looked, it was attached to Annie. I know that I've said before that I was attracted to her, but no way was she attracted to me. We were childhood friends.

I finished my shower and towelled myself off, cursing that I had to rinse my hair. I put on my now oversized shirt that I slept in and collapsed into bed.

Flashforward to the morning and all the memories were now back with me. *Fuck, seeing her is going to be awkward.* I wondered how I would react. Would I give her the silent treatment? Would I scream

at her, calling her a pervert? Or would I just act like nothing happened last night. Regardless, I exited my room with the laundry bag in hand.

As I feared, there was Annie, eating her breakfast. She put her cutlery down and opened her mouth to speak. Before she said anything, I surprised myself. "Listen, I know we need to talk about what happened last night. Just, can I do some chores so I can first clear my head?" I said.

"Umm..." Annie stuttered, "yeah, that's fine. Are you ok going out as a girl?"

"Why wouldn't I be?" I replied, maybe a little to curtly. "It's a public laundromat, no one will recognise me."

"Yeah, no, you have a fair point," she conceded. "We'll chat later?"

"Sure."

A few minutes later I arrived at the laundromat. It was a fairly simple one. Operated by Mrs Tupaki, it was a student favourite thanks to its cheap prices and multitude of machines. I picked out an empty machine, threw in my stuff (including the stained dress) and turned it on. The rinse cycle was going to be at least half an hour. I sat down in a chair by the door and pulled out my phone.

I ended doom scrolling through Instagram, looking at what everyone was up to last night. Most were out having a good time, others were lamenting cramming for a test on Monday, and a few even posted pics of them watching Netflix by themselves. All the best for them as well.

As I exhausted the extent of everyone's stories and opened Reels, the bell rang as someone else entered the laundromat. I kept my head down, my long hair covering up my face. Regardless, someone ended up saying something.

"Dani is that you?" a high-pitched voice called out. I looked up and brushed my hair out of my eyes. Standing before me was Jenna from last night. She was dressed casually in sweatpants and a tank top with no bra. The morning chill had her nipples denting the top, clearly showing that they were oversized for her bust size (although there is clearly nothing wrong with that, I thought to myself). "I knew that was you. Damn girl, you look almost exactly the same even without makeup on. I'm jealous!"

I laughed along with her and brushed off her complement in the usual song and dance when one receives those. "Sooooo," she began again, "tell me all about last night. And don't pretend I don't know; I clearly saw that hunk leading you out of Maritime last night. I want to hear every detail. I know we only just met last night but I really feel a connection with you, like I've known you since primary school."

"I really shouldn't..." I began.

"Nonsense! This is just girl talk. Plus, we've both got a lot of time left on our washing so don't leave me hanging."

I looked around the laundromat. We were the only people here. I sighed. She sat herself down and looked at me expectantly. With another deep breath, I started the story. I summarised the Uber back to his place and how we hooked up almost immediately after entering his apartment (obviously including the drinks). How we went back to his room, and I took control of the situation. "Girl, that is so hot. I wish I could do that. I just don't have the confidence. Nor does my boyfriend really have the equipment for that..."

I gave her a small encouragement pat on the shoulder and continued with the story. I told her about the various positions we entered, and eventually how he had orgasmed and fell asleep so quickly after that. She gasped. "Noooo waaaay! That fucking pig. That's so inconsiderate. Jesus, at least give some cunnilingus or something. I'm sorry babe, that sucks."

"Yeah, no, it's alright. You know how men are."

"Tell me 'bout it. I've got my boyfriend so well trained now. When we first started sleeping together, I swear he didn't even know what the clit was. Now I'm cumming so many times in a row I think I'm going crazy! Communication is so key."

The last sentence caught my ear, and my brain hovered over it. Communication. That was the one thing Annie, and I desperately needed to figure out. She was my best friend. I could not lose her; I would honestly go insane.

"Hey," I said, "when you and your boyfriend fight, how do you resolve it?"

She sat there for a minute, and a frown crossed her face. She soon started speaking. "You know, the most important thing to remember is that you love the other person. Once you realise that, you can realise that it is you and them against the problem, not you against them. Yes, we sometimes shout at each other, but it always comes back to that main point. Once you frame it that way, there's literally nothing you can't solve."

"Oh, ok," I replied sheepishly.

"Why, is everything ok?" she asked, putting her hand on my shoulder.

I looked away slightly. "My friend and I just had an incident, and I really don't know what it could mean for us. It's so tough. I told her we would speak later but I can't think of where to begin. It's one of those fights that really could make our break our friendships. I don't think I've done anything wrong, but I really just want her to be herself around me. Do you know what I mean?"

She looked at me with her big sympathetic eyes. "Look, not all fights are easy fixes. I think the most important thing here is to try and understand what she was thinking when she said what she said or did what she did. It might be easier that way. The other thing is to understand just how much she means to you. You just said to me that you cannot lose her. Put that into context when you eventually talk to her. I think it will really help to frame it as a temporary issue and that you will always be there for each other, no matter what."

I was about to hug her, tears almost in my eyes when my washing machine started singing at us. I gave her a quick squeeze. "Thank you," I said, and got up to get my things together. She said it was no problem and wished me all the best.

I exited the laundromat with a little wave back to Jenna. As soon as I left, I took the path in the opposite direction to my apartment. I didn't necessarily want her to know where I was going, but I don't recall her ever being there. Regardless, a small part of me did not want to go back just yet. I was still bewildered and confused. While the "girl talk" with Jenna had helped, I still needed to process everything. With my laundry in tow, I headed to a café. It was almost lunch time but thankfully the lazy Sunday lunch-goers wouldn't be out until later.

I grabbed a free seat by the window. It was the type of café with minimalistic stylings, simple wooden chairs, and stools by the window so you could sit by a bar-like wooden block and watch the people pass. A minute passed before a waiter came up to me and passed me a menu. He was kind of cute, a

little on the short side but with wavy blonde hair. He had prominent dimples when he smiled through his greeting.

I shook myself out of staring at him and ordered an iced coffee and a chicken sandwich. *Silly*, I thought to myself. *Am I really that attracted to men now?* I didn't really want to think about it. Soon, the food and drink arrived. I ate slowly, not really wanting to head back anytime soon. The sandwich was dry, and the coffee even tasted burnt. Maybe I was just cranky, and food didn't taste good, but I did not enjoy it. *Great*, I thought, *am I really just going to have a crap day today?*

Maybe I just had to find a way to talk to Annie. I needed to get feelings off my chest. But what were those feelings? Was I disgusted? Disappointed? Delighted that she was jerking off to me? Disturbed that I had to be a woman before she thought of me that way? Or had she always thought of me that way? Fuck, this was tough.

Taking the last sip of my coffee, I decided that instead of worrying about her feelings, I needed to tell her mine. Only then could we have a proper talk about what had happened and how we could move our friendship forward. I paid for my food and left a generous tip for the cute waiter. With one last dimpled smile, I headed home.

A short while later, I opened the door and dropped my laundry to the side. The apartment was actually super clean. I guess Annie must have done some chores as well for the same reason. Speaking of her, she was sat on the couch on the other side of the room. She was hugging her knees, slowly rocking and staring blankly at the floor. As she heard my bag drop, she looked up at me. Bloodshot eyes were surrounded by a mess of hair, her cheeks red and nose puffed up after what looked to be an intense crying session.

Wordlessly, I crossed the room and wrapped her in my arms. She tried to speak, but I shushed her. I just wanted to hold her and console her. We were friends after all. I never want to see her hurt, regardless of the situation. After nearly a minute, we pulled apart.

"Dani," she started, "I just wanted to say..."

"No," I interrupted, "I think I need to speak first." She nodded in reply. I sat down on the couch next to her and she swivelled to face me, sitting cross legged. I took a deep breath.

"Annie, the past two days have been crazy. I'm sure you know that. From being my male self to this bombshell of a woman, this is insane. It shouldn't be happening. To think about it, I should not be this calm. So last night, I think me slamming the door in your face was *slightly* justified." We both giggled at the thought of that. I continued, "Also, with everything you can do, I should have expected that you would have a massive penis. I mean, we talked about it briefly yesterday. But I think we both know that as best friends who were previously of the opposite gender, we had an unspoken agreement that we were off limits to each other. So last night I felt a little violated. Not to mention having unwanted semen on my face. I hope you can understand why I was upset."

She sat for a bit in silence. She looked at me. "Dani, I know. That's what I wanted to say too. That I did cross the line. That because I was objectifying you, I definitely have jeopardised our friendship. And I do promise it won't happen again. I am so sorry Dani. I don't know if I can make it up to you."

I took her hand in mine and squeezed. Her apology was clearly genuine. It nearly brought tears to my eyes seeing her so remorseful. "There's nothing to be made up," I replied. "We're besties, we can get through anything."

She smiled her beautiful smile at me, and her eyes started to tear up again. I hugged her and we both

burst into tears. Oh my, what a scene it must be, seeing two girls sobbing into each other's arms. *Drama queens*, a third party might think. We held each other for a long time, not wanting to let the other go. Eventually, a natural stopping point arrived, and we pulled apart.

"I don't know if you've heard of people saying that guys and girls can't be best friends," she started again, "mainly because they think that at least one of the two will develop feelings while the other doesn't..."

I looked at her, knowing where she was going. My heart began to flutter a little in my chest. Yeah, as I mentioned before, I of course had thought of her that way, but I repressed it and moved on. More specifically, I had definitely tried to distract myself by sleeping with other women.

I didn't particularly want to hear what she was going to say at that moment. I stopped her. "Annie don't do this to yourself now. I think after everything the last few days, we need a break from incredible revelations."

She nodded sullenly in agreement. I felt a little heartbroken. It was what I had dreamt of for some time, but I couldn't handle it today.

"Listen, could I change back today? It's been fun being a woman with you, but I think if I'm going to go to uni this week I kinda need to be Daniel, not Dani."

"Uh, yeah, sure," she replied. Within a minute, I was back to my old self. The change felt good, but watching my boobs shrink back in and the feeling of my penis pushing back out was weird. Oh shit, my penis! I was still wearing panties, and they were definitely not made for this taller, bulkier frame of mine. I could feel it constricting my testes. With a quick parting hug, I leapt off the coach, my clothes also not adjusted to my male body.

I closed the door to my room behind me and quickly ripped off my clothes. The relief was immediate. It was strange to have a penis and balls again. I think I had almost become used to not having them 'in the way'. Having them go away and come back again really makes you realise how much of a hindrance they can be. I was acutely aware of my appendage bouncing up and down as I moved over to the cupboard to get changed. After I was comfortable in my old clothes again, the rest of my Sunday passed without anything eventful happening. I just lay about, watched some series, and passed out before midnight.

I woke up to the sound of my alarm going off super early. I squinted as the brightness of the screen broke the early darkness. 5:30am. My normal time that I get up to go to gym in the mornings. I preferred the campus gym early in the morning as most other students didn't have the dedication to be there at that time. As for me, I definitely did not have the dedication to get up this morning. I hit snooze and went back to sleep.

I eventually got up after snoozing the alarm at least another 5 times. I showered, cleaning up the male version of myself. After towelling myself off, I threw on some comfortable clothes and headed out. The living area and kitchen were empty. Annie wasn't awake just yet. Either that or she had left earlier than I had (I doubted that, as she was historically a late riser). Not wanting to hang around much longer, I grabbed a banana and left the apartment.

I ate on the bus to campus. As I did, I was acutely aware of how acutely sexual eating a banana was. Especially after I had just given my first blowjob this weekend. Obviously as a guy I didn't think that anyone would be looking at me strangely about how I ate a banana, but as Dani I certainly would have.

I switched from taking large bites from the top to slowly breaking off pieces and eating them one by one.

A few minutes later I arrived at campus. After meeting up with some friends in the quad, we all went off to our various lectures and other campus activities. The day passed relatively uneventfully. Other than a surprise pop quiz in my reporting tutorial, I got through the day without a hitch.

As I was leaving campus, however, someone bumped into me at the bus stop, almost pushing me to the ground. I looked back to see who it was and to my surprise, Ryan was looking right back at me. I almost did a spit take. This man literally had his penis inside me not even forty-eight hours ago. Actually, he also looked back at me in surprise. His eyes were scrunched together in thought.

"Shit, sorry bro," he said. As I started to say it was no problem, he started speaking again. "Actually, you look, like, super familiar. Like someone I know. Say! Are you related to someone named Dani?"

"Yeah," I somehow mumbled in response. "She's a cousin of mine. Why?"

"Oh, you just look a lot like her, as if you two are basically the same person." He laughed. "But that would be ridiculous. Anyways, sorry man, see you around."

With that, he turned heel and walked off in the opposite direction. I watched him go. Honestly? I thought he looked hot. That realisation caught me a little off guard. I think it meant that although I had reverted to my male self, Annie had kept the changes to my psyche. I mean, I was not complaining. Being able to appreciate both genders is amazing.

I arrived back at the flat. Annie was studying on the couch with her notes spread everywhere. She looked up when I walked in. We greeted each other. We exchanged some small talk about the day, before I accidentally let slip that I saw Ryan.

"Wait, who's Ryan?" she asked. Of course! I hadn't even told her about him after all that we had been through the last two days.

"Well, he's the guy I went home with on Saturday," I replied sheepishly. I was almost embarrassed to tell her about it. But why? We were never really that ashamed about each other's sex lives. So why now? Was it because of her almost confession? Did that really change the way I thought about things? I saw her shift a little uncomfortably as well, but she put on a smile.

"Girl, tell me everything!"

So started me doing the same retelling I had done for Jenna on Sunday. Annie listened attentively and gave the appropriate reactions at the right times. We talked and laughed about the whole experience, and she was super interested in my tale of losing my female virginity. I swear a look of desire crossed her face when I was talking about him and his cock. (And I don't think it was directed towards him.) Obviously, she was disappointed and angry and Ryan for being selfish and not paying enough attention to my needs to cum. She said that the number of times that it had happened to her made her more interested in being the one fucking than the one being fucked.

I guess she had a point. Being the one doing the fucking was great. The sensations were (almost) always great, and I never really had trouble with orgasms. But after this weekend, my opinion was shifting towards having a vagina being better. Yes, I didn't orgasm with Ryan, but I had never felt so in tune with my body and its wants and needs before. The only problem was that I probably could not find someone in this world that would be able to meet those needs, not without searching for a long time. But maybe Annie could? She is the only person on this planet who knew me entirely. Who could

understand my wants and desires, even if they were my desires as a woman. No, I couldn't think about that right now.

Regardless, my story came to an end and Annie apologised once again that my first time was such a let-down. I mean, it probably was for most women anyways, but they were often losing their virginities to virgin boys too. Ryan was most certainly not a virgin; he honestly then was just a jerk in bed.

It got a bit awkward between us after her apology, so I got up from the couch and headed to my room. Honestly, I had some course work I had to get through. I managed to get through half of it before I got distracted with today's encounter with Ryan. Yeah, I was super attracted to him, physically at least. I mean, his body was gorgeous, and the way his abs melded down to the curve of his massive cock was just ... Fuck! If only a cock like that was not attached to some emotionally stunted douchebag who had stamina issues. If I could find someone who was emotionally well-rounded and great in bed, that would be a dream. But that was it, literally just a dream. The rest of the evening passed without anything to report, and I headed to bed.

The next few weeks passed without incident. Annie and I were awkward but still amicable. I do think we tried to keep out of each other's way a lot more than usual. I got up early for gym in the morning, and she got back to the apartment late after her session. By that time, I had prepped a small meal to have by myself in my room, so I hardly saw her.

That weekend as a girl still didn't stop me from being horny. In fact, it was just the opposite. I was burning with desire for sex. I masturbated when I woke up and often when I got back home. While it felt good, stroking my dick to climax was not incredible. I tried all sorts of things to make it better. Different lubes were interesting but not satisfying. Hell, I even started watching and reading body swap and gender bender porn. To be honest, it was really interesting to watch as I was comparing my experiences to them. But as I climaxed each time, I couldn't help but lament that these people being "swapped" were being paired off with actual professional porn stars who could satisfy them. Each time I jerked off I kept going back to wishing I was the one with the vagina, that I was the one being stuffed and rocked back and forth with a hard cock. Sometimes I imagined that the person with that cock was Annie. Her cute face wrinkled in concentration trying not to cum too soon.

At university, my days were not that interesting. I sat through my lectures and did my assignments like normal. And by normal, I meant hardly paying attention and doodling and daydreaming. As the weeks went on, the doodles and daydreams turned more sexual in nature. I guess I was just frustrated from the lack of sex over the last few weeks. Not that I was used to getting it regularly, just that I really, really needed more. I almost got caught drawing ahegao faces and semi-nude men during a small personal class. My face turned red when the teaching assistant tried to get a look before she just told me to stop and focus on the assignment.

Eventually, I couldn't take it anymore. I waited one Thursday evening for Annie to come home. She eventually got back around six o'clock and gave me a little smile when she saw me. It quickly disappeared when I told her that I wanted to ask her something.

She bounded over. "What is it?" she asked with a concerned look on her face.

"Look, its nothing serious. It's just that... I've been thinking a lot over the last couple weeks about my time as Dani and..." I trailed off and looked away sheepishly. I could feel my heart beating faster and faster, and my cock stiffen a little bit in my horny excitement.

"Yes?" she encouraged me to continue, sitting opposite me on the couch with her legs crossed.

"I want to be her again," I eventually let out.

Annie sat up and clapped her hands. She leapt forward and gave me a massive hug. "Omg, yes! I'm so happy you want to be a girl again! I mean, there is nothing wrong with being a man, but I had so much fun with you."

I pulled away from her and gave sheepish smile. "I know, me too. I just want to experience it one more time."

She gave me a sly look and asked, "By experience, do you mean..."

"No!" I cut her off. "No, not just sex."

She raised her eyebrow at me, not entirely convinced.

"Ok, maybe a little bit," I conceded, "but I just want to experience life as a woman outside of a party, or a club."

She nodded silently in agreement. I continued speaking.

"So, I was thinking that maybe I can transform tonight, and we skip lectures tomorrow and just go out for a bit?"

"Absolutely!" she replied happily. "Do you want to do it now?"

I nodded sheepishly. "Ok, you remember what to say?" she asked. I nodded again. She extended her hand to me. My heart skipped a beat when I took it in my own. I was ready. I knew I wanted this. It was just nice to hold her hand.

I spoke the magic words. Immediately, the rush and tingly feeling came back to me. My whole body was lit up with energy again. This time, it concentrated in my pelvic area first. My skeleton and organs were shifting around, accommodating the wider hips and womb necessary for birthing as a woman. My penis shrivelled up into the tiny nub that was now my clit.

I was distracted by a tickling at the back of my neck. I reached back and felt my hair become even longer, smoother, and silkier than before. It came across my eyes as I felt my face shift once again, and my voice changed to a higher tone. I let out a small moan to confirm my feminine expressions.

The rest of my body changed uneventfully, albeit pleasurable. As I felt the tingling stop, my vision cleared, and I became aware of my surroundings again. I also became aware of how turned on I was. If I wasn't careful, I would ruin the panties Annie had given me in the transformation already. My nipples were rock hard and poking through my vest to say hello to the outside world.

I raised a hand to my chest to confirm my breasts were back and was shocked to be met with just air. There was nothing! My chest was so flat, even flatter than I was when I was a guy. I must have looked like a little pixie girl. Give me some pointy ears and a pair of wings and I'd be a fairy! I pouted and looked at Annie.

"Hey!" I exclaimed. "Where the hell are my tits?"

Annie giggled. "Chill girl, we're getting to that part. I want to really savour this moment." Before I could register that she was the one who wanted to enjoy it, my chest was set aflame in pleasure. A pressure began behind my nipples which became immediately erect. The pressure kept pushing



outwards and a few seconds later I could feel it changing shape. My previously magically sculpted pecs began to melt away, losing all previous signs of definition. My skin began to stretch as the muscle turned to fat and mammary glands. They sagged down a little bit while my nipples stayed in place.

The pressure kept going and going, and my now boobs kept growing and growing. They became fuller and rounder as the seconds passed. I was so lost in my ecstasy of regaining my boobs that I was unaware of Annie intently staring at my chest, her own nipples threatening to tear a hole through her shirt.

The quickly swelled up to a C-cup but clearly Annie was not done. A resurgent wave of pressure built up in my boobs. They exploded up another cup size in just one second and I let out a feminine moan. It was so good to hear my voice in a higher register, it was almost enough to turn me on by itself. My shirt was almost straining against the size of my boobs, but they didn't stop. They just kept going, swelling past my previous size in no time. Another cup sized passed before I had to do something.

"Annie, it's enough!" I exclaimed. She snapped out of her horny daze and the magic growth stopped. We both stared at each other, my elongated hair in the way of my left eye. Without saying another word, we both turned around and rushed to our respective rooms.

I closed the door behind me and sagged against it. What the fuck? My tits were so huge. I cupped one and felt the heft in my hand. God, I would have been lying if I said that it did not feel good. I could feel my body heating up in response to what had happened. A need was spreading through me. My nipples were hardening even further and were rubbing against the inside of my shirt as I breathed heavily. Not being able to take it anymore, I ripped off the too-tight shirt. My breasts bounced around after being freed from their prison. My new centre of gravity was still something to get used to.

Turning to my mirror, I examined myself. I was the same woman as before. No changes to my height, face, or general proportions, other than my larger tits. Granted, I had been big my previous time as a woman. But now it was almost cartoonish. Not even the most massive, oversized hoodie could have hidden them. I looked insane. I was the definition of a sex icon. If Baywatch was made today, I would have been the first pick over Pamela Anderson. Any movement I made caused them sway about with their momentum too large to stop them. Yet, again, because of Annie's magic my back was not straining. I was not crying out for a bra to support me. My phone clock said it was roughly 6:30pm. I grinned to myself, knowing that I was in for long night...

I awoke to the sunlight streaming in through the gaps in my curtains and rolled over in bed. I groaned in surprise as my breasts kept rolling forward. I kept forgetting about that part. I checked the time and saw that I was definitely going to be late for my first lecture. I then remembered that Annie and I had agreed not to go today. I sighed a breath of relief and climbed out of bed to relieve myself in the bathroom. Soon after I found out that my clothes hadn't shifted with me, and that even my largest of male shirts looked like a crop top when I tried to yank it down over my breasts. Shrugging, I headed out to the living room.

Annie was already up, and it seemed like she also happy to not attend lectures today. She was still in her "pyjamas" consisting of a strap top and hot pants. She was standing by the counter brewing some coffee. She heard me come out the room and turned her head to me. She had a little giggle when she saw the shirt on me.

"Good morning gorgeous," she said. "Care for some coffee?" I nodded in response. She turned back to the counter as I crashed down onto the couch. Half a minute later, she walked over. However, I

could see a very clear and obvious bulge in her hot pants. Not an erection mind you, but it was obvious enough that she was not all woman down there today. I felt a little spark run through my body as I watched it bob a little bit in her pants.

Next thing I knew, she was putting the cup into my hands and sat down next to me. "So..." she started, "how was last night?"

She saw my face redden and giggled. I was acutely aware of how much my body was showing off. How exposed I was to the world. But with Annie there, I realised I actually didn't care if my body was giving signs that I was turned on. My curves were mine, and mine alone. I could decide who was privy to them. That moment right there was the moment that I figured out what I wanted.

I straightened up on the couch, my embarrassment quickly melting away. I swivelled and sat cross legged to face her. "I had an amazing time last night," I said. I gestured to myself. "This body you have created for me is incredible. It is so responsive, so sensitive, so soft, so... perfect. Thank you."

She gave me a little smile. I could see in her eyes that she was grateful that I felt that way. I continued.

"What I am trying to say, Annie, is that I am happy being a woman. It feels... right. Righter than I could have expected. And I just realised something here now while sitting with you. I don't think I can go back to being a man."

She gasped. I don't think she was expecting me to say that. She looked at me incredulously. "You're not saying that just because you like to have sex in this body?"

"No," I laughed. "It's not that. I think the first time I transformed back to being male, something didn't feel right. Something was missing, and I felt that a piece of my being was locked away. I know at first we were experimenting and sating our curiosities, but..."

"But?"

"When I look in the mirror, this gender feels right. I know with you my body is fluid and changeable, but the state of being a woman is comfortable. I don't think that I would have realised that something was wrong if I had never had a taste of being the real me. Maybe one day in my fifties I would have realised my true self, but this happened at the right time. It just feels a bit scary to feel this way after living my entire life being something I now realise I am not. Do you think it's ok to feel like this?"

"I think it's more than ok. You are you. And whoever you are or whoever you choose to be, I am going to be your number one supporter. I always have been, and I always will."

A small smile tugged at my lips. It felt so good to actually say these words out loud, and for them to be affirmed by my best friend.

"I want to be her. I want to be Dani. And it feels right to say it out loud."

Suddenly, I was enveloped in a massive bear hug. I hugged Annie back, welcoming her warm embrace. Nearly half a minute later we pulled apart.

"So, I guess this is a big shift?" I asked.

"Yeah, but you've got me," Annie stated again. "And besides, I kinda like you better this way."

I giggled, which quickly stopped when I saw Annie's face darken. "What's wrong?"

She frowned. "Look, Dani, making this change permanent is not something that I can do by myself. And assuming you don't want to go over the hassle of restarting your entire life from scratch, re-writing history and reality such that you have always been a woman takes a massive amount of magic. It's not something the rest of WAP will take lightly. You have to be one hundred percent committed to this change, as it's not something that they will want to reverse, if it is even possible. Basically, what I am trying to say is that you should maybe think about it a little bit more."

"But why? I know who I am."

"I know you know who you are. But I need you to be able to convince me so that I can vouch for you. Let's stick with our original plan for this weekend. By Sunday evening, I'll know my answer. You know who you are, so convince me."

I understood where she was coming from. Her saying that it required powerful magic that was irreversible was a big ask. I knew in my heart that I could not keep asking her to switch me back and forth between genders. It was not fair on her, and I was sure that I would develop some pretty nasty dysphoria. I nodded my head in agreement. She clapped her hands together happily and we went back to our now lukewarm drinks. After sitting in silence for a short while, we agreed to be ready in thirty minutes to go out.

Half an hour later, I was ready. I was wearing an oversized (on me) hoodie and some loose pants. Annie had refused to change my clothes when I requested, and I took that to mean that she wanted us to go shopping as part of our activities. Annie came out of her room in a casual outfit, one that you would expect a girl in a café on her Macbook to wear.

After the quick bus ride to the mall, my guess was confirmed. Annie almost automatically dragged me to the nearest department store. Immediately, I was overwhelmed by the choices in the women's section. It was nothing like the men's. We (am I part of that group still?) only got the back corner of the store, with some printed tees, collared shirts, jeans and classic shorts. For women, it was entirely different. Entire sections for skirts, different cuts of shirts, underwear, whatever. Each section was massive.

Annie was picking outfits for me like it was Black Friday and she had somehow got into the store before anyone else had the opportunity to rush in. Our pile of things to try on became so large that when we eventually got to the changing rooms, she had to wait outside with a pile of clothes due to the limit.

Over the next half an hour I was in and out of the stall trying on every style of clothing imaginable. From dresses to mini-skirts, jumpers to crop tops, and sandals to heels, I was walking down the runway for Annie each time. And let me tell you something: I loved every second of it. Each time I came out of the stall to see Annie, I felt incredible. I felt confident in my body and how the clothes felt on me.

We ended up with three bags of clothes, including a long olive-green patterned sundress and sandals combo that I wore out of the store. The only issue remained of finding some suitable underwear. I still had my male underwear hidden beneath, and my breasts were certainly a sight to behold in this dress.

We giggled to ourselves realising the situation and hurried over to Intimissimi. We were greeted almost immediately as we stepped in. Annie explained what we were looking for. "My friend here has gone through some unexpected... growth, and we need to fit her for new bras."

The sales assistant nodded and brought us to a private area. She brought out a measuring tape. I had assumed that I needed to be topless for this, but she stopped me as I was pulling down the straps.

“We measure you over your clothes here,” she assured me. I sighed a small sigh of relief and lifted my arms for her to begin. She measured me over, across, and under my breasts. She then asked what I was looking for in a bra. I told her it would be for everyday use, preferably a neutral colour. I quickly added on at the end that I would also like something a bit more intimate. She nodded in understanding and quietly slipped out.

A few minutes later she had returned with numerous options for me. I found out I was a proper 32F, almost bordering on G. However, the assistant noted that I should rather keep to the smaller cup size to not cause any discomfort or lack of support from the larger size.

Among the bras she had brought were some classic neutral-coloured bras that would provide the type of support I would need from everyday movement. After she had left the pile for me to try on, I sifted through them and found two interesting items. Both were way more risqué than I would be comfortable with in my day-to-day happenings, but my goodness they were stunning. The black one was pure lace, thin straps that split into upside down triangles, creating a “window” of sorts before the cup itself. Lastly, I held up a bright red bra, which could almost not be called a bra. Also lacey, its cups were almost half the size (vertically, so much so that I knew my nipples would almost be peaking out if I were to wear it.

I tried on the first classic bra, getting the clasp right thanks to Annie’s magic and called her in. She stepped into the fitting room and her eyes immediately widened. As soon as she had entered, she left. I stood there in my bra feeling a bit silly and self-conscious. Was I wearing it that wrong? I looked at myself in the mirror and concluded that can’t be right. It clearly fit my bust right, and I felt comfortable.

She arrived back at the room with a whole load of panties. “Sorry about that, I saw you in your bra and male underwear combination and knew I had to do something. I hope you don’t mind but I bought these already and they should fit perfectly.” I blushed at the thoughtful gesture. I took a simple white pair and tried them on as Annie had her back turned. When I was done, she took a proper look at me. Now I certainly felt self-conscious. Her eyes weren’t particularly greedy, but I knew the way she felt about me, and I was well exposed.

She didn’t take too long though before she gave a nod of approval. She did give me advice on how to reach into the cup to readjust myself. After I had, I was ready to go with the casual bras. What was next was certainly going to be interesting. I asked Annie to step outside for a moment. I removed the bra I was wearing and admired my topless self in the mirror for a moment. I looked damn good. Moving on though, I needed to try on the lingerie. After figuring out the puzzle of which strap went where for the black one, I eventually slipped my arms through the straps and adjusted my breasts into the cups. There wasn’t much support, though I suppose that is the point. The bottoms of the cups were stretched, with the top half being frilly and lacey. If I looked hard enough, I could see a rough hint of my areola peeking through. It was certainly sexy, even with the mismatched bottoms I was wearing.

After looking at myself enough, I gave the red one a try. Let’s just say, it was way more exposing than the previous one and was not right for my bust size. Whoever would have been lucky enough to see me in that bra would have enjoyed it for a little while until they noticed that it was ill-fitting, and my breasts were barely fitting in. I’m sure if I had bent over my breasts would have slipped out the middle pretty easily.

Deciding against the red one, I got dressed up again, this time with my new panties on and my male underwear hidden in one of the many bags from our previous shop. I joined Annie outside and handed over my selected options to the sales assistant to pay.

After all that shopping, we realised we were famished. We headed to a cute café and ordered some

salads and drinks. We must have looked quite the sight: a pair of highly attractive women sitting outside the café due to the number of clothing bags that would not fit next to an inside table. However, we were loving it. In and amongst our conversations, I loved glancing out and people watching. I relished the ability to turn the heads of men and women alike. Of course I was not that vain, being a woman was so much more than just the attention I could receive.

Our conversation together was amazing. I felt so relaxed in her presence, and I was sure she was in mine. We talked as easily as we had in the past, reminding me why we had become such good friends in the first place. But this conversation was a little different. There were hints of her assessing my responses, but it did not really bother me. I saw it more of her just looking at me in a different way. And to be honest, I was also looking at her differently. I was slowly looking at her as just more than a friend. This was the beautiful woman who I had watched flourish from a nervous girl over our friendship. She knew more about me than any other person, and I knew cared about me maybe even more than almost anyone else.

At some point in the conversation, I found my hand creeping up the table surface and eventually resting on hers. It sat there for a few seconds before she realised what had happened. She quickly yanked her hand back and blushed. I also turned a deep shade of red in embarrassment.

“Ummm...”, I started, but Annie cut me off.

“It’s okay,” she whispered in a soft way. She didn’t sound angry but was clearly self-conscious. We quickly asked to pay and left the café. The bus ride with all my bags of clothes was quick but slightly awkward. It honestly felt like the first time I had had a crush on a girl in junior school. The way we would awkwardly be in each other’s presence because we didn’t know how to handle conversations properly, but we knew we just wanted to be there with that person.

We arrived back at the apartment and went our own ways; Annie to her bathroom and me to sort out my pile of goodies. After getting changed into some comfort wear and nearly half an hour of sorting and still not getting everything the way I wanted it to in my closet (largely due to my male clothes taking up the majority of the space). I headed out to the kitchen to quench the thirst I had built up, and noticed Annie still had not come out of her room.

I wanted to hang out a bit more, so I called out to her. About half a minute later she came shuffling out, wearing slightly baggier clothes than when we had gone out. She still looked great though. I poured a glass of water for her and indicated that we should sit on the couch. I turned the TV on and put a random comfort movie on. We both sat there, enjoying each other’s company. After some time, I found myself feeling quite tired and leant over. My head eventually hit Annie’s shoulder. Feeling a little shock at the touch, I tried to pull away before Annie stopped me. “No, don’t,” she whispered.

It wasn’t entirely unexpected, but it was a welcome surprise. I let my head rest and curled my body up onto the couch. After a short bit her arm came around to rest over my shoulders. Her fingers were so close to my bust, it was agonisingly teasing. But this moment felt right. We didn’t need to speak at that point. We were so comfortable in each other’s company.

After about ten minutes, Annie tried to speak. “Dani, I...”

“Shhh,” I whispered. I looked up at her beautiful face. I marvelled at her near flawless skin, the imperfections highlighted just how human and stunning she was. “I know.” That was all the excuse she needed; she immediately leant over my face and kissed me.

Sparks flew throughout my body. After a microsecond to understand what was happening, my natural response was to kiss her back. I allowed myself to melt into her hold. Her lips were so soft and full

against mine. It felt like they locked together perfectly. Time seemed to freeze but also fly by impossibly fast. That moment, that wonderful moment; I never wanted it to end.

I opened my mouth a little further, inviting her tongue to dance across mine. She understood and kissed me even more passionately. I swirled my tongue across hers and relished her taste. My neck was growing tired at the angle I was in though.

I gently pulled away from her, biting her lip as I did so to let her know I wanted more. I readjusted myself on the couch to face her. I smiled at her, and she returned it warmly with a little giggle. She was so goddamn beautiful. I am the luckiest person in the world to have someone like her in my life. But to have her interested in me? That was the cherry on top.

I leant in again and kissed her passionately. My hands ran over her back and waist, greedily pulling her into me. Our bodies pressed up against each other, only further driving my passion for her. She returned the touching and feeling. Her hands crept down towards my rear, a welcome change. In the back of my mind though, I was aware of where this was heading and wasn't entirely too sure of the ramifications.

As I suspected, her hands moved around to my stomach and slowly crept up towards my breasts. My mind began to race. Should I? Should we? Is this too much? All these thoughts culminated when her fingers brushed the underside of my boobs. A tingle shot through my body, a sign that I was extremely interested in the outcome. However, I pulled back. She looked at me almost disappointedly.

"I'm sorry Annie," I started. "I like you. I *really* like you. I think I have for a very long time. So, I don't want this to just be something that starts with a bang (heh) and fizzles out before we can get anywhere."

"I like you, too," she said. She looked quite sorry, and a wave of guilt came over me. I took a rest my hand on her cheek and made her look at me. "Don't you dare feel bad about this now," reprimanded her. "That was one of the best kisses of my life. And it was all because of you." Her face brightened up into the wonderful smile Annie was famous for. I hugged her tightly and gave her a little kiss on the cheek. "So, what's for dinner?" I asked, realising I was completely famished from the day's activities. "Let's make some curry together?" Annie suggested.

Curry sounded so good, and I nodded my head in agreement. I got up to go to the kitchen. Only after retrieving some of the ingredients in the cupboard did I realise that Annie had not yet joined me. I looked back to find her still on the couch, a pillow in her lap. After our little talk, I definitely did not feel weirded out by her being turned on by me. Hell, I knew I was still a little turned on, just that my current body did not outwardly show it.

"Having a hard time over there?" I called out. She looked up at me all embarrassed. "It's okay, Annie. I am curious though; how often do you actually have your full female form? Or do you prefer having a penis?"

She thought for a bit, clearly a bit caught off guard by my question. "I'm not sure," she eventually concluded. "I do sometimes just keep it as a means of ease, like, I just don't want to have my period you know?" *Periods? Oh yeah, I would certainly have periods in the future.* "But other times it's just fun to have. So... I guess maybe I do like having a dick a bit more."

I nodded in agreement. Having a penis *was* fun. You could pee standing up, it was fun to play with it, and scratching your balls was just so relieving. At this point, Annie clearly was not having boner issues and walked up to join me in the kitchen.

We cooked up a storm, working perfectly in sync with each other. Our recent favourite was using Japanese curry sauces from the nearby Asia mart and making our own breaded chicken breast on a bed of rice to go along with it. We each knew what our tasks were in the process, and when we had to clean certain utensils and bowls. By the end of nearly 30 minutes, our piping hot curry was ready, and the kitchen was near spotless.

We ate at the kitchen countertop, just chatting away casually. Towards the end of the meal our hands were resting next to each other. I sensed my opportunity to show that I was not turned off by her earlier advances and rested mine on top of hers. She flinched a little, clearly not expecting my signs of affection. I curled my fingers into hers and looked at her. Annie met my eyes and smiled. It was so blissful looking into the eyes of an angel like Annie, knowing that she was mine. And I was hers. Life could be worse.

We sat there for a few more minutes until eventually we needed to just go to bed. "Thank you for the evening," I said to her. "I am so happy to have shared it with you."

She leant over and gave me a quick peck on the cheek. Despite how small the kiss was, I could immediately feel my body heating up, my heart beating in my chest. "Goodnight... Dani," she replied. "I'll see you in the morning."

After putting away our food things and making sure the leftovers were taken care of, we headed in opposite directions to our respective bedrooms. After closing the door, I sank down against it. My whole body was shaking. I could not believe that happened! But I was so happy it did. I was flushed all over and so turned on. I stripped off my clothes and collapsed on my bed. Reaching down to my nether regions, I knew I was in for another long night. Somehow, I knew Annie was in a similar situation.

I woke up on Saturday morning with sun streaks coming out through my curtains. I groaned as I sat up and felt the weight of my breasts heave. I had slept naked as I was thoroughly exhausted after my masturbation session. I checked the time on my phone and saw 11am. *Not too late*, I thought to myself. It was Saturday though, so I didn't really need to worry about anything. A quick shower and throwing on simple tank top and hot pant combo (that was both comfy and good looking for home wear), I fixed myself a quick breakfast.

As I was finishing up, Annie came out of her room. We smiled at each other as she approached. "Come here," I said when I saw she was just heading towards the fridge. I got up and moved towards her. I put my arms over her shoulders and smiled. "Good morning, beautiful," I said just before giving her a kiss. It was soft at first, but as she melted in my arms, I deepened it. My tongue danced passed her lips and over her own. She moaned and bit and held me closer.

After a short while, I pulled away. Annie almost whimpered in disappointment. "Good morning to you too, gorgeous," she replied. Satisfied with her morning greeting, she made a fruit bowl for herself while I sat there watching. Her body was so intoxicating. I had always known she was a beautiful woman, but as a friend (even one that was slightly attracted to her), I did not dare look at her in a sexual way. But now? I drank in her curves like it was the elixir of life. Her soft skin shone in the mid-morning light; her hair somehow perfect despite just waking up. The way her toned calves melded up towards her slender yet firm thighs. Her ass was accentuated by her pyjama bottoms. A slight gap between her shorts and top showed off her sculpted midriff. As my eyes drifted upwards, I could not help but stare at her breasts. She obviously did not wear a bra to bed, and the perfect shape of them

was aided further by a pair of erect nipples. It certainly wasn't cold out, so I knew it was because of me.

Time passed in a haze. After all that we had been through, this was bliss. My fear of ruining our friendship by being attracted to her made me subconsciously push her away. And yet, that distance I created caused me to not see her own feelings for me. I vowed to myself in that moment to never let that happen again. That I would always be open and honest to her no matter what. Our friendship would be strong enough for anything.

I eventually came out of my haze when Annie gave me a light squeeze on my arm. "Dani, I was saying we should go out tonight. Maritime is having a huge party. Apparently, the theme is 'White party', which I really hope is just the dress code and not some covert supremacist event!" she joked.

"Oh, uh, yeah! We should totally go out tonight. But I don't have any white clothes for clubbing..." I trailed off.

Annie smiled back at me. "You're so silly. Magic, remember?" she said with a wave of her fingers. I nodded in agreement, slightly disappointed that we weren't going shopping again. I reckoned however that it would be easier to just relax here today than waste energy being outside and then not fully enjoying the club later.

"Oh, of course!" I concurred. "But only if you give me something super sexy to wear. I want the world to know that you bagged the hottest girl in town."

With Annie enthusiastically nodding in agreement, our day continued uneventfully. We lazed about in the apartment, sometimes in our own rooms, sometimes cuddling together on the couch. It was a peaceful time, and we were enjoying each other's company. What this time did give me though, was time to think. And think I did.

Annie and I had known each other for years. 10 years now to be exact. Being best friends meant that we knew each other extremely well, almost more than what a (former) man and woman should know about each other. It almost was if we had dated-but-not-dated for that time. We had done almost everything but sleep together. So, logically speaking, why would I want to take it slow? There wasn't anything new to find out about each other. We knew who each other was, we had successfully lived together during college without our friendship crashing and burning, and I'm sure that it would come as no surprise to her parents and my mom that we ended up together. I know they would have their concerns that we were being promiscuous before letting them know. But tonight... Tonight, I wanted Annie. Nay, I needed her.

Eventually it came time for us to get ready. "Ready?" Annie asked. We were sitting on the couch once more. I nodded in agreement and said the magic words: "I consent." Wordlessly, Annie's magic began to take effect. My clothes disappeared (and as I would find out later, appeared folded neatly in my closet), leaving me exposed to the world. Almost immediately after, a white cross wrap appeared over my chest and wrapped tightly around my midriff. The straps were quite thick, so they gave good support to my breasts, but they did a great job at not leaving anything to the imagination. The midriff section would help my breasts popping out untimely on the dance floor.

Next came a short frilled mini skirt. And I mean short. Once fully appeared on my body the edge barely came down past my ass. I would one hundred percent be giving people flashes of my skimpy G-string that Annie gave me. Finally, strappy heels formed over my feet. I thought that something like these would hurt, but knowing Annie and her magic I would be super comfortable the whole evening. I glanced over to the nearby mirror and saw my hair and makeup completed. I had some simple



makeup: red blush on my cheeks, soft cherry lipstick, and some white eye liner. I looked stunning, sexy, and ready to tear up the dancefloor.

Looking back to Annie, I saw that her clothing had transformed at the same time. She was wearing an all-white jumpsuit. A miniature collar at the top formed a small V-neck, and she had a white waist band tied in a small bow. Her straight-legged pants ended in a pair of heels like mine. Her makeup was equally as stunning, however with some added touches to show off her Asian features. She was so beautiful. Thinking about the evening I had in front of me, I felt myself getting slightly turned on. I fought the feelings back down. If I didn't, I would be perpetually horny the full evening, and I wanted to at least enjoy the rest of my time.

Annie revealed that there was a house party pre-drinks, at least this time there wouldn't just be woman. Within the next ten minutes, we left our apartment and arrived at our destination. When I saw where we were, my heart sank. What were the odds. Annie immediately noticed my apprehension. "Dani, what is it?"

"This is Ryan's apartment building," I said quietly. "Are we going to his pre-drinks?"

Annie's face frowned up. "I think so," she replied. "Look, we don't have to go up. We can just go to a bar first by ourselves. No need to get involved with any drama."

I appreciated her caring. I didn't hate the guy or fear him. I was just concerned that it would be awkward the entire pre-drinks. *Fuck it*, I thought. "Nah, let's do this. Even if I was nervous, I don't mind showing you off either."

Annie smiled admiringly at me. I placed my arm in hers and we headed in. We were greeted at the door by another man, Jack. Jack was the organiser of the party and Ryan's roommate. He must have been away the last time I was here. Jack was a man of average height, but he had super cute Korean features to make up for it. His dimples shone when he welcomed us inside, and it was clear that he worked out semi-regularly. Annie knew Jack through some random charity event she had done last year, and they had remained friends ever since. Much to Jack's disappointment, they never once hooked up.

Inside, the pre-drinks were going strong already. There were quite a few people packed into the small space, almost thirty of us. After pouring ourselves some punch, Annie and I made our way through the crowd, turning heads as we did so. We ended up finding Becca, Stella and Alice in one of the corners of the apartment. The twins lit up as we came up to them, and Alice seemed slightly disappointed about something. We greeted them and started some small chit-chat. Alice eventually ended up asking where 'Daniel' was. I realised then that she still had a crush on the male me, and his absence here this evening was what made her feel disappointed. I felt bad for her. Soon, hopefully, he would not exist. We made up a small story that he was back home sick, explaining why we both weren't at lectures yesterday as well.

As we were talking, I scanned the room. There were people from all different majors at the university. Outside of our little corner, there wasn't anyone who I recognised. Until, that is, my eyes met Ryan's. He looked blankly at me before scanning me up and down, drinking in my outfit and curves. I felt almost violated by how hungrily he did so.

"Shit," I said as he started making his way over to us.

"What is it?" Annie replied.

"He's coming over," is all I had to say.

Wordlessly, Annie positioned herself between me and the crowd. She really was so protective and thoughtful. She looked effortlessly dominant. But she also had experience with leering men, and this was just my second night out as a woman.

"Hey ladies," Ryan said as he got to the edge of the circle. "I just came over here because I haven't seen you all for such a long time." His gaze turned towards me. "Especially you, um, what was it again... Darcy? No, something with a T... Tammy, right?!"

I did not think that when I had left here last time that I could be more disappointed. I was wrong. For him, sleeping with me was just another weekend. Nothing special, as next week he could have a new hookup no problem.

"It's Dani," Annie spoke up, "And she isn't interested."

"Oh, come now," he replied, "that's a little unfair. Let the woman speak for herself. Female independence and all that."

"No means no," emphasised Annie. She was calm but her voice was undeniably sharp and stern.

"And who exactly are you to be saying that?" he leered.

Annie squared up, her diminutive stature against his seeming paradoxically was more intimidating. "Her girlfriend."

There was a slight gasp from the trio of girls behind us. It certainly was a revelation for them. Even I felt a small flutter of butterflies in my chest. I saw Ryan's eyes widen in surprise. He composed himself quickly though. "Oh, well, I shan't interfere with a relationship. However, should either of you feel like you need the real deal, you know where to find me." He winked as he backed off.

A shiver ran through my body. What a fucking creep. "You okay?" Annie said to me. I nodded in agreement. I stepped closer and wrapped my arms tightly around her.

"Girlfriend?" I whispered into her ear.

"It was the one thing I thought that would get him away quicker," she whispered back. "And honestly? It felt like entirely the right thing to say." I couldn't argue with that logic. I agreed. It wasn't hard to consider her my girlfriend. I pulled back and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek as a thank you. We turned back to the other girls and were immediately bombarded with questions. *Why did Ryan single Dani out? You're dating?! When? How long? Does Daniel mind?* (That one was Alice, obviously!) We took our time answering the questions, and I let Annie deal with the questions about us.

Before we knew it, we were through 3 cups of punch and our voices were close to being exhausted after talking over the music and other people. It was time for us to head out to Maritime. The others were going out to another club on the same street, so we all called a large Uber once again. We were the most typical group of drunk girls, I almost felt bad for the driver. Almost. I was having too much fun. We were cheering, singing, swaying in the car. Annie and I were next to each other, arm in arm. At one point I ended up resting my hand on her inner thigh and laid my head on her shoulder. I looked up to her angelic face and smiled knowingly. I think she understood what my smile meant, and immediately looked straight ahead, her cheeks reddening. I suppose that she was fighting down a massive potential boner. I smiled to myself at the thought.

Eventually we arrived at the drop-off point. We parted ways to head to our respective clubs. I walked arm in arm with Annie, our heels click-clacking over the pavement in sync. We saw a long line of people

before we even saw the entrance to Maritime. I frowned as I worried about the prospect of standing in line for ages on end, but Annie had a surprise for me. "I happen to know the girls in the headline due, Hanilu, and they got us in on the VIP section!"

I squealed in delight and followed her lead up past the throngs of people. Everyone was dressed in some form of white clothing. It was almost as if they were all getting ready to be married tonight. I smirked at the thought.

We arrived at the front of the queue. The bouncers from the few weeks before were there, Jimmy and Richard. They seemed to have their hands full with the throngs of people wanting to get in. As we headed towards them, suddenly we were cut off by a large guy in black clothing. We looked up in shock, and I recoiled a bit when I saw it was Ryan, again. Had he followed us?

"What are you doing here?" I asked, trying to put as much disdain in my voice as possible.

"Don't be that way, sweetie," he said, "I'm just here looking for a good time. And I just know that the last time you were with me it was a good time for you too. So, what do you say? Ditch this lesbo freak and party with a real partner tonight?"

"Fuck off, no," I said as we pushed past him.

Suddenly, I felt his hand grab around my arm. God, his hand was so huge and strong. I struggled to pull away. "I said, let's have a good time."

I started to panic. I truly felt helpless. If he really wanted to, he could seriously just have his way with me, and I would be physically powerless to fight back. I turned to ask Annie for help, but she wasn't there. Where was she?!

Out of nowhere, Ryan's grip on my arm loosened. I fell back into someone else, who wrapped me up in their arms. I looked up and saw it was Richard. I felt a sense of relief. I looked back to where Ryan was and saw him restrained on the ground by Jimmy. The crowd outside the club were all looking on shocked but intrigued.

"Dani!" I heard Annie scream. She appeared from behind Richard and gave me a massive bear hug. I almost started sobbing in her arms. "I saw that creep and immediately got the bouncers. Are you ok?"

I nodded against her shoulder. I felt so relieved and safe in her arms. But I was still in disbelief at the audacity and callousness of Ryan. He acted as if I owed him something. No, rather like he owned me, and I was just an object to use. I was not that. I was me. A human being. A living breathing soul with thoughts and emotions. As a woman, was I just an object to men? It really just shook me.

"Do you want to go home?" Annie asked. I shook my head in response.

"No, if I go home, he wins," I said defiantly. "Let's go have fun together and forget about him. As a couple of true girlfriends."

Annie smiled as she wiped away the small drop of water welling in the corner of my eye. "Atta girl!" With Jimmy still restraining Ryan, Richard had called the cops. "No need for you ladies to wait around for them. We have you covered for eyewitnesses. Go on ahead inside, I know you're on the list." I gave Richard a quick hug and a whispered *Thank you* and went on in.

The first thing we did was head to the bar. We ordered a pair of cocktails each. I downed my first one in five seconds flat, barely even tasting the alcohol. At Annie's insistence, I drank my second one much

slower. We took in the atmosphere of the party. Compared to last time, this place was decorated even more insanely. There were white balloons, banners, and streamers all over the room. A bright neon light was lit up behind the DJ stand with the main act's name. What I didn't mention was that the bar was running specials on "white" drinks. It was literally just normal cocktails but with added white food dye. However, people were lapping it up (including us, I won't lie).

As for the music, it was infectious. So much so, as soon as we had finished our next drink, I took Annie's hand and led her to the dancefloor. We made our way through the crowd towards where the DJ stand was. As soon as I started moving to the music, I felt loose. Warm. *Alive*. The memory of the last half hour was being pushed down as I swayed. My miniskirt bounced around with me, but I had not a care in the world. Because I had Annie with me.

Her presence was undeniable. She was solid, unwavering in her dancing. She wasn't just dancing with me; she was making sure that the space belonged to us. I was hers and she was mine. As the songs blended masterfully into each other, my body blended with hers. I danced with my back to her chest, moving my hips sultrily. I felt her hands be placed on my hips. "You're enjoying this, aren't you?" she shouted over the music. I could only nod in response. Her hands tightened on my waist in response.

The bass thumped, the heat in the room rising as the energy did. I could feel Annie's breath on me as we moved together. Her body was so close to mine. For a moment, the world blurred out of vision. I turned to her. Nothing else mattered. Not the crowd, the lights, the stress, the lingering stares. Just the heat between us. The way we held each other was precious.

"Annie," I whispered, breathless from the moment. I turned my head up, our lips centimetres apart. She looked at me expectantly.

*"Kiss me."*

She didn't need a second invitation. She pulled me in, our bodies flush against each other and captured my lips in a long, deep kiss. A tingle spread throughout my whole body. I didn't know if it was just the alcohol, or if my feelings for her were deepening by the second. What I did know was that this was a perfect moment. I would never forget it for the rest of my life. And I knew that I would never want to dance this way ever again.

We parted and smiled at each other. I gave her a quick 'thank you' peck on the lips before we resumed dancing again. Almost all the people around us were staring. Who wouldn't? Two of the most gorgeous women in the club were dancing together and hooking up. It would be enough to arouse everyone in the room even if they were straight.

For certain though, two people were definitely getting turned on; myself and Annie. I could feel a warmth spread throughout my body originating from my nether region. My nipples became so erect I was sure you could see them poking through my excuse of a top. As for Annie... Let's just say that my ass was doing wonders in making her life 'harder'. For sure her cock was straining to break free of her jumpsuit. I made a point of grinding up against it, making sure she knew that I knew.

I reached around and grabbed the thick shaft through her pants. *It was SO thick*. She froze, clearly not expecting it. I nodded towards the bathroom and started heading there, dragging her along by her cock. I needed a little release now. I was feeling way too hot, happy, and horny.

We entered the neon lit bathroom and found a few other girls in there, doing the usual girly things. I spotted an empty stall and made a beeline for it. I saw one of the girls looking at us going there together and I made a puking motion with my hands to throw her off the scent.

I locked the door behind us. Thankfully the stall had no gaps, so we were completely sealed off. "Dani," Annie gasped, "what are you doing?" I put my finger up to her lips to shush her.

"You need this," I whispered, "I need this. It's a simple equation. So just come here and shut up." She immediately complied. I reached down and grabbed the edges of her halter neck and pulled them over her shoulders as quickly as I could without damaging it. She helped me get it past her torso by shimmying a bit. As she did, her boobs were free to the world. I gasped. Her breasts were perfect. Obviously, I had seen them the first time I had become the new me, but I was seeing them in a new light. We were dating now. I drank in the sight; compared to last time, her breasts were slightly bigger than before. She still had the perfect little bikini tan line against her darker skin, and nipples were erect in the air. I paused to give them a little squeeze. My hand was so small against them, but there were so soft. She gasped as my hands made contact. In response I kissed her, hard. She responded in kind as my hands kneaded her breasts. Our tongues danced over the other again, each of us showing our hunger for the other.

Eventually, I couldn't wait any longer. I continued pulling on her jumpsuit, falling to my knees as it passed her waist. I held my breath in anticipation. Slowly but surely, it came down, exposing her crotch. Inch by agonising inch, her meaty shaft was being revealed to me in all its glory. It was so massive. Just when I thought it could not go further, I had to keep pulling down. Her jumpsuit was almost by her knees when it finally sprang free. Her rigid shaft swung round and slapped me on my cheek as it came up to attention. Annie gasped. "Omg, Dani, are you ok?"

I just grinned up at her and wrapped my left hand around the shaft in response. I was shocked though. I could not get my fingers around the whole thing. Ryan's cock had been big. This thing was massive. *This is going to be fun*, I thought to myself.

I pulled it towards me and wrapped my lips around the head. Annie immediately took a deep breath in. I swirled my tongue, feeling the intricacies and bumps. It was hard, yet oddly soft. I savoured the taste of her salty precum, relishing that it was because of me. I took the initiative and slowly pushed down on her length. Inch by inch I took her into my mouth. Her girth was straining my mouth, and it was a struggle to not use any teeth against it.

It hit the back of my throat. Instead of gagging, I kept going. I knelt down to angle it better, needing to take its full length. I looked up at her above me. Her face was somewhat obscured by her tits, but I could see she was loving this. We made eye contact. I stared into her beautiful brown eyes, and she smiled at me. It was all the motivation I needed. I continued my journey down her cock, bobbing ever so slightly up and down to train my throat for the girth.

Annie began to run her hands through my hair, caressing my scalp with her manicured nails. It was bliss. I knew she was enjoying it, but I was loving it. I was servicing my favourite person in the world. What better pleasure could come from that? I was a good girl. Nay, I was *her* good girl. The thought of it made me even more turned on than I already was.

I think she was becoming a little impatient as she started to apply pressure to the back of my head. She was pulling me deeper and deeper, so very close to her crotch. "Are you ok sweetie?" she whispered. I moaned and gave a thumbs up in response. "Good, then I can do this," she said as she pulled me harder than before, and I took the full length of her cock.

I almost froze. I could feel her full hard length within me. I could stick my tongue out and lick her balls. If someone somehow walked into the stall now, it would look like I was eating out a pussy. And yet, I wasn't uncomfortable. In fact, I loved it. I ran my tongue along the base of her shaft and shimmied a bit to make it a bit easier for me to start truly giving her a blowjob.

Annie was breathing heavily in ecstasy. And why wouldn't she be? I held her in my throat before I truly began to blow her. I slid her thick shaft in and out of my mouth like there was no tomorrow. I swirled, and sucked, and blew, and teased, and licked as best as I could. Every motion drew another moan from Annie. We did not care if anyone heard us.

"I'm close," she breathed heavily. Spurred on, I hastened my motions. Her hot shaft was so delicious in my mouth, and I knew the sweet treat was coming soon. I felt her begin to tense up, her hand grasped at my hair. She became even harder (if that was possible) and it was about to happen. She fully grabbed my head and thrust her full length again into her mouth. In a half second, her cock twitched, and her salty spunk gushed down my throat. Pulse after pulse, she came. I was running out of breath, but I was loving it. After about ten seconds she finally stopped cumming. I looked up at her as she pulled back. Both of us had watery eyes from the effort, and neither of us could breathe. I smiled at her and she returned it. Something about the image of a tiny Asian girl towering over me with a massive cock that I just blew to perfection was so fucking hot.

"I think its time to get out of here," I stuttered out, "don't you think?" Annie pulled me gently to my feet and gave me a massive kiss. Our tongues swirled over each other, and I shared the taste of her sperm with her. "Mmmmm," she moaned through the kiss.

We pulled her jumpsuit up, her slowing receding boner still visible for all to see. But honestly? Who could give a damn! We fixed each other up and wiped away the prominent messes to our make up before unlocking the stall door and headed out. Thankfully no other girls were in the bathroom to avoid.

As we made our way through the pulsing crowd I called Uber. It was only a two-minute wait. We were soon in the car and heading back home. We could not keep our hands off each other. We kept kissing and giggling. I noticed the driver glancing back at us. My drunk and horny brain decided it was a good item to flash a tit at him. Immediately the car swerved a little and a neighbouring driver honked at us. I quickly covered up, but Annie and I looked at each other and giggled. The rest of the ride was uneventful.

The final part of our journey was agonising. Each of us knew what was going to happen when we arrived, and neither could wait. Our hands interlocked; our journey came to an end. I fumbled the key into the lock and pushed the door open. As soon as it closed behind us, Annie turned and pounced upon me.

We kissed desperately, passionately. Our tongues moved in an intricate dance, our hands exploring each other's bodies. *Gods, I am horny.* Annie broke the kiss, and I tried to follow her back, disappointed it ended. "Yours or mine?" she asked.

Understanding what she was asking, I took her by the hand and led her to my bedroom. It was almost symbolic in a way, leading her into the private area of my life, sharing this side of me with her. As soon as we entered, I began to strip. I threw my clothes to the side of the room and looked back to Annie. She had followed my idea and stood naked at my door. Her massive cock was agonisingly erect. I knew what she must be feeling, how the tension in her groin was almost unbearable, and the only way to make it disappear was to fuck something to oblivion. Tonight, that something was me.

I sat down on the bed and beckoned her over with my finger seductively. Without needing a second invitation, she pounced on me from across the room. I fell backwards as she lay on top of me, her hard shaft squished between our bodies. Her soft skin rubbed against mine. The closeness of the moment was incredible. She ecstasy of finally realising the dream of being with her was amazing.

We made out as I grinded my hips against her. She groped my breasts with her left hand and caressed my hair with the other. Her soft touch was such a turn on. I responded eagerly as she moved away from kissing my lips as she moved down my body. Her kisses on my neck and chest caused me to arch my back in response, my breathing deepening. She kept moving down and down, over my chest to my stomach.

I knew where this was going, but as she got to my crotch and spread my legs, she paused and began to kiss and lick the inside of my thighs. The anticipation was driving me wild. Oh, she was teasing me! It was not unpleasant, but I impatiently grabbed her head and pushed it into my crotch.

She responded instantly by eating me out. The second her tongue touched my clit, I lost it. I cried out in pleasure. My skin was flush with heat. Every lap of her strong tongue sent waves of ecstasy through my body. It was incredible. I ran my fingers through her hair. "More... more!" I begged her.

I looked down at the sight of her tongue deep in me. Her tongue was swirling and twirling, dancing over and in my pussy. She looked up briefly and saw me watching her. She shifted her body and brought her hand up to my entrance. Without a single sound, she plunged two fingers into me while still licking my clit. I threw my head back and gasped out loud. The feeling of being filled while my most sensitive area was being pleasured was incredible.

Encouraged by my reaction, Annie's fingers curled upwards and began to move back and forth. Her fingers had found my g-spot and she was not going to let it go. I grabbed my breasts as I breathed in pleasure, feeling a warmth building within me.

"I'm close, just like that," I breathed out. And she listened as she kept going at the perfect tempo. The warmth and pressure within me kept rising, rising, rising until eventually the dam wall broke. The orgasm crashed over me and I cried out. My whole body convulsed and I locked Annie's head in between my thighs. It lasted for a good twenty seconds, maybe longer. Shaking, I loosened my legs and Annie came up, gasping for breath.

"Oh my god," she exclaimed, "you almost killed me!" I giggled in response and pulled her up to lay on top of me again. I nuzzled her in my post-orgasm glow. "Thank you," I whispered. We lay there for a short time. Eventually, I realised the feeling of her erection has still there.

Without a word, I spat into my hand and reached down to her cock. I began to massage and tease her massive cockhead. She gasped in response. "Seems like somebody wants some more," I whispered sensually into her ear. She responded by bucking her hips, thrusting her length into my hands.

I was so turned on still at that point, thanks to the power of being a woman, and being a few drinks in. I wanted more. Nay, I needed more. I brought my hand up to her chin and made her look me in the eyes.

"Use me."

That was all it took. Annie pressed herself up and lined her tip towards my entrance. Oh my god, I was so wet at that point. I was ready for anything. She looked back at me. I'm sure I looked like a gorgeous mess, with rosy cheeks, messy hair, my tits laying heavy across my chest. "I love you," she said, and sank her massive length into my pussy.

I immediately felt full. Her shaft was hilt deep, but it didn't hurt. In fact, it was the most satisfied I had ever felt in my entire life. "How?" I asked, looking up into her eyes.

She shushed me and whispered, "Magic." She drew back a bit and I inhaled as her flared cock head

teased my insides. It pressed against my G-spot before she rammed herself back in again. She started to move her hips back and forth, and I raised mine to reach her. We fell into a rhythm of mutual pleasure. Annie's eyes rolled back in pleasure, and I felt an extra tingle within me. That was me that was doing it to her. I grabbed one of her breasts and tweaked a nipple. She gasped and paused for a split second.

I kept going, running my hands over her body as she fucked me with her perfect cock. Her smooth skin was warm under my fingers, her goosebumps like braille. My own skin was raised in bumps, and I felt myself go flush. My chest was so warm and was raising and falling rapidly, breathless from the experience.

This was it; our first time together, after years of waiting, wanting, hoping, dreaming, but never once acting on it for fear of ruining our perfect friendship. All it had taken was one gender change to make us finally take the plunge (oddly relevant). Realising the moment, I hugged her and pulled her into me. Our bodies meshed together, the shared heat blissful.

I kissed her, thrusting my hips to welcome her shaft even deeper. Our chests were slippery against each other from sweat. "Yes, just like that," I whispered into her ear. Knowing what that meant, Annie kept at exactly the right pace and pressure. More and more heat rose within me, nearing closer, closer. My hands made claws against her back as I scratched her in pleasure. "Yes, yes, YES!" I exclaimed. Eventually, the pressure broke, and my orgasm crashed over me.

I convulsed against her body, lost in the throes of pleasure. Through my fluttering eyes I could see Annie looking back at me with a loving expression. It kept going and going, and Annie kept on fucking me through it all. It was driving me crazy, and my screams echoed throughout the apartment.

Finally, I came down from the high and looked back at Annie, who had finally stopped and slipped her appendage out of me. "I love you too," I finally said back to her. She smiled back.

"And all it took for you to say it to me was a good fucking," she joked back. "Plus, I seriously hope you don't think I'm done with you yet." Before I could even register what was happening, Annie grabbed me and flipped me over with inhuman strength. She thrust her heat into my gaping pussy with me on all fours. I cried out as I could feel the last centimetres of her length plunge into me.

Gone was the loving sex, and here was the dominating side of Annie. My body rocked back and forth, my breasts in serious danger of knocking me out from the rhythm. Her strong fingers gripped my hips to steady herself as she increased her tempo. I was being used as her personal human-sized fucktoy, and if I was being perfectly honest, it felt so good. I knew I was driving her crazy. Who cared if I had no autonomy in this situation? Her cock still felt so good within me and making her feel that same way made me happy.

To show her my appreciation, I arched my back and put my ass up even more to allow easier thrusting. "Good girl," she said as she grabbed my hair. *Oh my god*, I thought, *that is so hot*. I was being dominated by a cute girl and loving it. She yanked back hard on my hair. The pain felt so good. She picked up the pace even more, fucking me with speed that even a pornstar would envy. And through it all, I didn't mind.

I felt her cock begin to stiffen a little bit more at the same time that the same heat from before began to rise within me. Her grunts and moans were reduced to concentrated huffs of air. "I'm going to cum!" she exclaimed.

"So am I..." I breathed out.



Encouraged, Annie did not let up, I reached back, feeling her smooth skin over the hardness over her abs. I was becoming addicted to this feeling. This feeling of being whole, being someone's. This was who I should have always been.

She tensed up and I could feel it coming. Suddenly, she spasmed, and the feeling sent me over the edge as well. My second orgasm washed over as I felt her hot girl-spunk fill me up, her cock twitching and spurting rhythmically. For an unknowable passage of time, we were locked together in bliss. My vision was blinded.

Eventually we both crashed out. Her shrinking cock slipped out and we both fell down to the bed exhausted. Regardless, I rolled over to face her. We both lay there for some time, breathless from the experience and just enjoying looking at each other. Her cheeks were flushed, eyes slightly unfocused as she looked back.

The room had become quiet. It was not just stillness, but a silence charged with emotion. Annie still had not yet said anything. Not that she had to. Her arm reached delicately around my waist, her thumb putting pressure against the small of my back. Not necessarily possessive, but more like it was a promise of what we were.

"Was that... weird?" I asked. I'm not sure why. Maybe I thought that she would not feel the same that I was feeling.

She stirred a bit, her eyes meeting mine. "Not weird. Just... real."

That word. That single word brought warmth to me, a fullness that my own soul needed. Real.

"You know Annie, I think I've loved you for a long time."

Her eyes softened a bit more.

"Yeah," she whispered, "me too."

I pulled her in close, our bodies' heat complementing each other, their shapes fitting together perfectly. And so, the silence returned, not wrapped in emotion, but delicately in each other's arms.

I woke up some time later. My head was throbbing a bit from a hangover, but it was manageable. I was still feeling quite a bit warm. I tried to shift around in my bed but found that I couldn't. Now fully awake, I realised Annie was still with me. She had her arms wrapped around me as her little spoon. We were both still completely naked and I could feel all over her behind me.

Feeling like I needed to shower and freshen up, I gently lifted her arm off my shoulders and sat up. After a groan of inconvenience and a huff, she did not wake up and went back to a gentle slumber. I slipped off the bed to go to my bathroom.

Soon after a thorough cleaning, I returned to see her sitting up in bed, eyes half closed in a hazy state.

"Good morning, stud," I said.

"Oh, good morning," Annie mumbled back to me.

Leant over the bed and gave her a light kiss on her forehead. "Last night was perfect. Thank you."

Annie gave me a smile in return, but her face soon turned serious. "Listen, about our deal, how I would use these few days to determine if we should go through with you being a woman permanently: I think we should."

I immediately squealed in delight, clapping my hands together. This was what I wanted! Who I really was supposed to be. Annie raised her hand as a sign to calm me down. "I don't want you to think that I have been persuaded by our new relationship status," she continued. "I think I can remain impartial about this. And as I observed you over the last two days, I can tell that you are more comfortable, more confident. Hell, you're probably the happiest I have ever seen you."

"Happy that I have you in my life," I interjected.

"Yes, but that's not the only reason," Annie said. "You are now who you were always supposed to be. I can see that now. I will be more than happy to talk with WAP and organise a reality shift. BUT! I need to be absolutely clear about the consequences thereof."

I nodded and sat cross-legged facing her. "It will be as if Danny had never existed. He will be gone completely. But we will be able to preserve your memories, history, life events, etc. up to this point. You will always have been Dani. Any friends, family, enemies, teachers, whatever, will always have interacted with you as Dani. And as a woman, certain new memories might occur. Women are treated differently to others. But I promise you, you will cope with it and the end result will be here. You and me, together."

I felt a wave of emotions build up within me and a tear welled up. I leant across and gave Annie the biggest hug I could. I squeezed so hard I might have broken a rib if I was stronger.

"Thank you," I whispered. "Thank you so much."

She hugged me back. "Of course, it's the least I can do."

We separated and I saw that she was also on the verge of crying. She and I paused when we saw the same emotions on the other's face. We both started laughing and fell down onto the bed together. I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her closer. She kissed my lips softly and I responded in kind. We remained there, frozen in time in the golden light of a new dawn.

A few weeks later, I was in the kitchen preparing a smoothie when Annie came crashing out of our bedroom, excitedly waving her phone around.

Not much had happened since that eventful weekend. Annie did not have the magical strength to keep me in my female form for much longer, so we reverted back to the old me. It felt weird, a genuine sense of gender dysphoria. That didn't stop us from having fun with her magic though. For a day or two at a time I could be my true self.

Annie had contacted WAP and presented our case to them. As they deliberated, we had set up about changing our lives. My bedroom had become "our" bedroom. I don't think there was a night since we first got together where we did not sleep in the same bed.

As for the sex, to her, it did not matter if I was in my male or female form. Hell, we had even experimented with “normal” straight sex, but that had felt strange. Maybe not as weird as when we had tried out me having a vagina on my male form. That was a good weird though.

We had gone about our lives as normal, seeing friends, going out, having dinner with our families. We had also taken the time to discuss that we were officially dating and sat our parents down. Out of our own shock, we couldn’t tell who was more excited: my mom, or Annie’s more conservative parents. I would say that prize went to her parents, purely based on them being relieved that she wasn’t just dating some loser and rather someone that they knew and trusted. I did question her about what would happen with their mindset after the potential reality shift. Annie reassured me that although they were traditional Asian parents, they were quite alright with her bisexuality.

Back to the present day, I looked up at Annie who was clearly almost too excited to speak. “It’s officially happening!” she exclaimed.

I almost dropped the blender lid. “You mean?” I asked.

“They said yes!” she jumped up and down.

I immediately threw myself into her arms and we danced around erratically, hardly believing that my change was approved. We laughed, screamed, and cried. It was a purely beautiful moment.

I eventually pulled back. “So when will it happen?” I asked.

“They said that they can gather this weekend,” she said. “We’ll go to the abandoned warehouse on the city outskirts. It’s where we always do any sort of rituals.”

“Is there anything I need to do before that time?”

“No,” Annie said. “All we have to do is show up.”

I gave her another quick hug. A thought tugged at the back of my mind that my days in a male body were numbered. I had a small twinge of sorrow that I was going to leave that behind. But the overwhelming emotion in my head was joy, joy for being able to be who I really was.

Given it was a Wednesday, I had three days until Saturday to prepare. Not that there really was much to prepare. I spent my days as I normally did, however I found myself less likely to concentrate in class as all I could think about was the weekend. I did call my mother though. We did call often, but I wanted to talk to her “one last time” as a man. Our conversation was brief but wholesome. I did, at Annie’s suggestion, not saying anything too sentimental or weird to make it seem like something big was going to happen. Annie said my mom would remember the conversation post-shift and didn’t want to cause her any unnecessary worry.

Eventually, Saturday came around. After a “one last time” session with Annie, we left the apartment at eleven p.m. to arrive before the ritual began at midnight. Our uber driver gave us a quizzical look as he dropped us off at the abandoned warehouse. We thanked him and went inside.

I was greeted by the most stereotypical ritual scene possible. The main area of the warehouse had hundreds of candles lit all over the floor. A circle was inscribed in chalk with runes running along the outside. They were completely alien; unlike anything I had ever seen. Scattered around the room were twelve hooded figures.

As we approached, one stepped forward carrying another cloak. A few paces away, the figure pulled

the hood back to reveal a familiar face.

"Alice!" I exclaimed. The pretty Italian smiled back at me in response.

"Hello Dani," she said.

I was a little lost for words. "You're part of this? Wait, how long have you known I was Dani?"

"From the start," Alice said. "We know how to recognise the magic handiwork of one of our sisters."

"Thank you for agreeing to doing this for me," I said gratefully. "I know you had a crush on Daniel. But this is who I need to be."

Alice handed the cloak over to Annie and looked back at me. "It's okay. It was just a crush, and anyways, I'm not lesbian," she said with a wink. I gave her a quick hug.

"So, what now?" I asked.

Annie turned to me with her hood pulled up. "You need to strip off all your clothes, including underwear, and head into the circle."

"All?" I asked.

"Yeah!" she replied. "And don't worry, it's not our first time and it certainly isn't any of our first times seeing a man naked. Don't be ashamed."

I begrudgingly took off my clothes and put them in a folded pile on the floor. I shivered, the approaching autumn season already taking its effects in the evenings. I did feel self-conscious, and it didn't help that two of the hooded figures were clearly looking straight at me. I assumed that it was Annie and Alice.

I stepped over to the circle and entered, careful to not smudge any of the chalk. Once inside, the chill of the air was gone. No sound entered either. The calls of all the night creatures in the foliage around us ceased. It was a surreal experience. I watched as the hooded figures spread out in a thirteen-point circle around me. As soon as they completed the larger circle, I saw their mouths begin to move in a chant.

I immediately felt a charge in the air. An energy was rising quickly. I watched the light of the surrounding candles begin to sway in a breeze that hadn't been there before. As soon as I noticed that the runes on the outside of the chalk circle began to glow a bright white. I felt a twinge of anxiety and swivelled my head around to look out at the figures. Almost as a response, one of them nodded to me. I knew it was Annie giving me reassurance. That small act from the woman that I loved was enough to give me strength.

Not soon after, a burst of energy felt like it exploded in my head. New memories came crashing in, melding and assimilating with my existing ones. I saw how my life had unfolded if I had been born as a woman. How my mother and I supported each other after my dad's death. Meeting Annie for the first time (although that was really similar), my first period, my first date, my virginity being lost, my lesbian virginity being lost, and so much more. They blended together perfectly, and I could see them as if I had lived them in the first place.

Not long after, the same burst of energy hit my body. I felt the same feeling as when Annie had started to transform me the first time. Once again, my height disappeared, my body slimming down

proportionately to my five-foot height. My time in the gym showed as a toned body with abs. Nothing as pronounced as a man's ability to generate muscle. However, my body was not without curves, as my pelvis shifted outwards to accommodate my newly formed insides.

Next to come was my chest. My ribcage shifted, narrowing towards the waist. The pressure was strange but not uncomfortable, like the hooded figures were pulling and pushing with invisible hands on my body. At the same time, breast exploded out of my chest, my torso filling with gorgeous fatty tissue. Outwards they grew, with my nipples widening and hardening. The slowed down around the D-cup mark, and I felt a twinge of disappointment. I didn't want my new body to be less than what it could be. Feeling my thoughts, the hooded figure of Annie reached out. I saw her hands pulling at my chest and it swelled in size again, glorious E-cup boobs gracing my tiny figure.

Once finished with my chest, the energy focused on my lower half, pulling and shaping as it pleased. My hip widened even further, and the energy began to push on my genitals. I looked down and watched as my penis was pushed back up into me. Smaller and smaller it shrank. What a strange sight to see the last vestige of my old body disappear. Eventually the tip of my penis formed my new clitoris, and the labia and vaginal opening formed. I felt the energy push up into the cavity, forming my female reproductive system.

Once the energy was done with shaping my body, one final burst hit me. It pulled me up into the air, my arms outstretched, hair flowing gracefully around me face. This was it. The final moment to make it all permanent. With one final push, the runes burned a brilliant white below me and disappeared. I collapsed to the floor in a ball, reminiscent of the Terminator arriving in the past.

Slowly, the evening sounds and cold reached me again. I shivered as I sat up, my centre of gravity different but familiar at the same time. My memories and behaviours as a man still remained in my head. Such a strange mess of feelings swirled within me, but I trusted that they would subside. I looked around, and the hooded figures had stopped chanting, and their arms were at their sides.

"Dani!" I heard Annie just before she crashed into me, hugging me with all her might. I wriggled around and hugged her back.

"Oh my goodness," I exclaimed, "thank you!" We stayed in our embrace for the longest time. It felt like a part of me was complete. However, eventually the cold of the evening got to me and Annie's body heat was not enough. We parted, and I noticed the other hooded members were still standing there watching us, albeit no longer in a circle. I did suddenly feel super self-conscious about my nudity around all these people and put an arm over my chest.

"Hey, Annie," I whispered, "Can you conjure up some warm clothes for me?"

"Awww," she whined, "Covering up a body as gorgeous as yours should be criminal." I shot her a sarcastic look. With an eye roll and a wave of her hand, a pair of comfy sweatpants and a hoodie materialised over me. I instantly felt better, although something was slightly off.

"Um, Annie," I started, "where's the underwear? And a bra for these?"

"Oh silly," Annie giggled, "that's just for easier access when we get home..."

"Well, you could have just magicked them off anyways."

"Oh, yeah..."

I laughed with her before turning to the others, thanking them. Alice moved forward and hugged me,

maybe a little wistfully but it was alright. The other members remained hooded, and I respected their decision to keep some form of anonymity. We made our way outside and hailed another Uber. It was now a little past one in the morning. The ritual may have seemed quick from my perspective, but it was anything but that.

A few moments later, our Uber arrived and by some stroke of luck it was the same gentleman who dropped us off earlier. As we got in the back, he turned to us. "You know, I was really concerned about dropping off two young ladies in the middle of nowhere. I'm glad to know you are safe."

I frowned a bit but then remembered: reality had shifted. In this new version, I had arrived AND left as a woman. I felt a little tingle of happiness and rested my head on Annie's shoulder.

We arrived back home, and Annie almost immediately attacked me. She ravenously kissed me, as did I to her. I broke it off for a breather. "Make me your woman, finally," I breathed out.

Without a second thought, the tiny figure of Annie's scooped me up. I was so much smaller, even shorter than her. She brought us to our room. With a heave she tossed me to the bed, simultaneously magicking away my clothes. In an instant, hers disappeared, revealing a toned, gorgeous body and a raging erection. She looked so fucking sexy. Gods, I was immediately turned on even more.

"Don't wait," I said. "Just put it in me."

Without further invitation, she collapsed over me, her tip right at the entrance to my vagina. I spread my legs wide, and she plunged her length into me. I cried out in pleasure, her shaft filling me completely.

She paused briefly. "Oh, fuck, you feel so fucking good." I reached up and put a hand on her abs just above her groin, enjoying feeling her breath in and out. She started to move, rocking her shaft slowly in and out of me. Over the past few weeks, I had learned that I loved the feeling of the full length of her cock, feeling the tip just about to exit my body before slamming back into me. Tonight was no different. She fucked me with power, with precision, with passion. It was as if we were performing a second ritual, further consummating my arrival as my true self.

It was amazing, each pump filling me deeper with pleasure. I looked up at her eyes. Annie looked back with a gaze that could only be described as a mix of lust and love. A hard passion balanced with the care of love for me. I pulled her head towards me and kissed her deeply. Soon, I was close to cumming. Before I could even say anything, my first orgasm crashed over me, causing involuntary convulsions of pleasure. I cried out, "Ooooooh, fuck!"

Annie kept pumping. "I'm close too!"

I immediately pushed her off me. "Oh no, you're not getting off that easily. But, given all your help, how about a little reward?" She looked at me, a little puzzled. I gently rolled us over, laying her on her back. Her full length towered into the air. It honestly looked larger than normal.

"Annie?" I said.

"Yeah?" She asked.

"Is it just me or does your penis look larger than normal?"

She giggled. "I may have taken some liberties recently and experimented a bit more. Turns out I like having twelve-inch penis over an eleven-inch one."

I laughed as I straddled her, "Well, at least you're lucky I love it, too."

I grabbed the base of her penis, causing her to gasp a little, and sat up on my haunches. It was quite a way up for me at my short height, but I lined up her penis to my entrance.

"I love you," I said, and sat down, feeling over half her length enter me. I exhaled sharply, the feeling of dropping down onto her cock more intense than I had expected. Believe it or not, over the last few weeks I had never topped her. She preferred to be in a more dominant role, and I accepted it, as long as I got to cum.

After getting used to the feeling, I squatted down further, my massive tits swaying as my torso lowered over her. Soon, I had her full length within me, as deep as it ever had been. Deep in my squat, my tits smothered Annie's face, and she responded by licking my erect nipples. Spurred on, I began to move up and down, slowly at first. She supported my tits with both hands, sensually teasing my nipples, harder and harder. I had learned to love the feeling, preferring the hard and passionate twists.

I moved faster and higher, my hips rocking as her length pleased me. Pretty quickly, my quads began to burn with the effort, the pain only elevating the pleasure I was feeling. I lifted my hips rhythmically, until I could feel her cockhead almost exit me before slamming back down her full length. Each stroke, we cried out in unison.

"Dani, I'm gonna cum. Don't stop," she moaned. At the same time, I felt my second orgasm approaching. Encouraged, I didn't let the pain in my legs stop me. I fucked Annie hard, and I fucked her fast. Each stroke brought us closer to the edge, until eventually the dams broke. I sat down on her cock as we twitched in pleasure. She cried out in pleasure, her cock pumping cum deep into me. I squeezed tightly on her cock, head thrown back as my own orgasm rocked through me. It was perfect, pain, pleasure, ecstasy, and relief all rolled into one moment.

Eventually, our orgasms came to an end, and I collapsed onto her chest, her slowly shrinking cock still inside me. We lay there in each other's arms, breathing hard and not saying anything, just taking in the moment.

"Oh shit," Annie eventually said.

"What?" I asked.

"I just realised that since you are permanently a woman, you can get pregnant now," she replied.

"Oh, that," I said. I had completely forgotten about that. Over the last few weeks, we had never used a condom, as we always knew that I was transforming back into Daniel, thereby negating the possibility that I could become pregnant. But now, that possibility was very real.

At the back of my mind, new memories were surfacing of my time growing up as a girl, through my pre-pubescent phase and teenage phases. I had always been obsessed with the idea of motherhood. I had debated on if I had wanted children. Hell, Annie and I as teenage girls had long conversations about the idea and finally had both decided that we would someday become mothers.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Sweetie, you know how I feel about that. And if its with you, I don't think I could find someone to be a better mother to my child than you." I lifted my head to gently kiss her. She held the kiss for a long time, and I gently stroked her hair. I giggled through the kiss, so unbelievable content in the moment. I let out a big sigh as the kiss broke off and lay my head against her chest.

"Hey," Annie said. "Do you seriously think I am done after cumming just once?" With her inhuman strength, she flipped me over again, causing me to laugh giddily. Oh boy, we were in for a long night...

*Time passed...*

It's been a while since I fully became Dani. However, for all but one other person, I had been her my whole life. My relationships with my mom, Annie's parents, my friends and college mates had completely shifted and yet stayed so much the same. I was still the same person, just in a different, more natural skin. My mom and I had a stronger bond, sharing a kinship of a widowed mother and her daughter. I had amazing close friends, even the friendships with men of my past remained. I found out that I had a few more friendships with women than my old reality, thanks to a few friendly nights out with Annie or other social events.

As for life, our final exams came around soon after the reality shift. We studied together in Annie's old room, now converted into a study. After weeks of stressful cramming, finals week came and went. During that time, my first period arrived, providing a semi sort-of relief for both of us. I did, however, feel a twinge of sadness that I wasn't pregnant, but we would have more opportunities in future anyways.

After finals we went back to our hometown to spend time with our families. We spent a lot of nights apart, but most days together. We shared meals with each other's families, took day trips, hikes, and many other family activities together. I even spent time learning Mandarin ("Finally," Annie had said).

Finally, one fine Autumn day, not a short while after we received the results of achieving our degrees with distinction, Annie and I were out on a quiet walk together in the park. Our hands intertwined, we walked in silence, just enjoying the peace of the sounds of nature. We came to the edge of the central pond and stopped. I looked in her eyes, she into mine and smiled at each other. I could see in her eyes that there was a hint of nervousness. Annie eventually broke the silence.

"You know, I never did expect you to ever love me," she said. "You were always my dream girl. I was just worried that I was never yours. So, I lost myself in partying, hookups, etc. But in the end, one magical event has brought you into my arms. And I am so grateful. Because I used to think what we had was too complicated. Throughout our friendship, we went through so many changes; every version of ourselves, I still found myself loving you."

My breath caught in my throat. *Wait, is this what I think this is? It can't be!*

"So, even after all this time, I spoke with your mother," Annie continued. "We had a long chat, her and I. We spoke of many things, but mainly of you. Most importantly, though, she gave me her blessing to do this."

With that, she went down on one knee, bringing a velvet box out of her coat jacket. She opened it, her small hands trembling. I couldn't believe what was happening. Of course we had talked about it. But I didn't expect it so soon. A tear welled up in my eyes. I was so caught up in the moment, feeling mixtures of love, anxiety, and excitement.

"Dani," Annie said as she opened the box to reveal the most gorgeous diamond ring. "I don't want us to go back to what we were before. I don't even want to stay as we are now. I want to keep growing, changing, as long as it's with you." She made eye contact with me and my heart melted.

"Dani. Will you marry me?"



For a second, I didn't speak. I couldn't. I knew my answer, though. I eventually realised I needed to have the same strength as her. I dropped to my knees in front of her, tears running down my cheeks, and I kissed her. Long, full, trembling with joy.

"Yes," I whispered. "Of course, with you, always."

Around us, life moved on. The city rumbled and the birds sang. But for us, this little moment was timeless. Two souls, once broken and separated, now whole and together. What a beautiful moment, one neither of us would forget. In the back of my head, I had just one thought: *Thank goodness my best friend became a witch.*

*Thank you all for reading this story! I had a lot of trouble writing this, as I was unsure of how to proceed or even get to the point where Dani and Annie ended together. That was always the end goal from Part 1, but I am just not good at planning. But we made it! Life, uh, finds a way.*

*As for other stories, I am not sure. For The Swap, I had another part mostly written, but ended up lost in a laptop transfer a long time ago. I don't think I have the time to write more at this point, but I have a rough idea of how to finish that story. That final part may be quite short though, as I would just like to give it closure.*

*Once again, thanks for reading, despite there not being too much BE in this story. Regardless, please leave feedback if you can!*

- Jmsnowy10