

All Bets Are Off
- A Weirdly Dramatic Slutty Short -
By Razmagurk

"One hundred bucks?" I laughed. "Easy money! You're on!"

"I can't believe you're actually agreeing to this, Ian." Isaac grinned as we shook hands. "Most guys would be a little more apprehensive."

"About you using your magic necklace to turn me into a girl? Most guys clearly don't care about their wallets then, because, and I don't know if you've noticed, that shit aint real, bro! What I can't believe is that you're just throwing money away," I patted him on the back as we made our way across campus, "but don't worry, I'm here to relieve you that burden if you really don't want it."

"I'm telling you man," He shook his head and pulled the amulet out from under his shirt. It was old and baroque and looked like the kind of gaudy thing you'd find buried in the back of a pawn shop. "It's real."

"Wait," I raised an eyebrow. "*That's* your magic necklace?"

"Yeah, what about it?"

"Nothing! Nothing. I was just expecting something a little more... uh, subtle?"

"It was my grandmother's." He frowned. "She was a very classy lady; I'll have you know."

"Sure, sure. If you say so dude, but I've seen stage props with more restraint."

"You know what?" he raised an eyebrow. "Why don't we just test it out right now."

"Aw, you don't even want to get to the library to lose? Fine by me, there's an atm along the way."

"Okay, here, look." he pulled me aside into a little alleyway between the Sociology building and the Health Sciences building. He looked me over, evaluating me. "I'm serious about this. This is your last chance. Are you sure you don't want to back out?"

"Try me." I crossed my arms over my chest. My last chance to back out? More like him trying to weasel his way out of this.

"Okay!" he laughed. "But don't say I didn't warn you. You ready?"

"Ready for you to quit stalling and get on with it."

"So be it!" there was a clap like thunder at his words. The wind whipping through the corridor between the buildings screamed and howled. Smoke billowed all around him and the sun burst forth from behind the clouds to cast the tableau in long rays of golden light. The amulet glowed and thrummed, pulsing as he held it in his hands and waved it in a circle before me. The trail of light that burned into my retinas

formed runes and characters the likes of which I had never seen before. Above us a flock of crows fluttered past.

I could feel my heart pounding in my chest despite myself. This was one hell of a show.

"It is done." he smirked, the glow fading, the smoke dissipating as the wind calmed.

"Wait," I raised an eyebrow and crossed my arms once more over my chest. "Was that it?"

"Is that -" he looked at the amulet. "Is that enough? I thought that was pretty good!"

"A fancy light show, sure, with a few well placed LEDs and I'm guessing you had some kind of wind machine set up?" I looked up at the entrance to the alley but I couldn't see where he'd hidden it. "But come on, that's all stage magic 101! Misdirection. You'd have to be a completely oblivious idiot to believe any of that was real."

"Oh?" his lips curled into a smile.

"And besides, what does that even prove, huh? I'm still totally a guy."

"A guy you say?" his smile widened. "Then why do you have tits, doofus?" He poked me in the chest. It smarted way more than it should have.

I looked down. There was definitely a soft swell tenting the fabric of my shirt. It was slight, but for someone used to seeing nothing there that was pretty damning.

"Okay." I furrowed my brow. "This doesn't prove anything! A bit of stage magic, a little suggestion. I've put on some weight recently, and it's a tight shirt, that's all."

Still, I couldn't help my curiosity. I reached up to touch those strange swells, to squeeze them, to roll the flesh of them between my fingers. I let out a soft sigh. They were sensitive.

"Ready to pay up?"

"Hardly!" I pulled my hands away. "Okay, I'll admit, that was a pretty good trick, I had to admit. I didn't know I was so susceptible to suggestion. But this doesn't make me a girl!"

"Oh come on!" he laughed. "That doesn't prove to you that this is real?"

"With a hundred bucks on the line? It'll take a lot more than that to convince me!"

"A lot more, aye? Alright, if you say so."

He pulled the amulet back out and held it up dramatically. There was another crack of thunder and once again he waved the glowing thing in the air before me, but there was less smoke this time and less wind, like he couldn't be bothered with the whole spiel.

"What was that supposed to do?"

“Wait for it.” Hee looked down at the slight swell of my chest.

I followed his gaze. What was he -? Oh!

Suddenly there was a pressure pushing out from my chest. Blood pounded through my skin as the swell stretched to an aching fullness, the soft growth beneath my shirt was growing. Expanding, swelling, ballooning up into something much larger. I blinked in terrified disbelief, willing it through the panic to stop, willing it to abate, but it did no such thing.

I reached my hands up to grab onto it, to hold it back, but the tender flesh beneath my fingers was more than I could handle! Flesh overflowed around my hands and still they were growing.

Before I knew it, they had grown to the point where they were pressing out against the fabric of my shirt, the cotton containing them, but not stopping them. Tighter and tighter I could feel it becoming, riding up as much as it was able before squeezing my expanding form like a vice. Ah! Fuck! – I cried out – why did this pain feel so good? It was tight, too tight! I couldn’t contain it any longer!

I pulled the shirt, stretched to uselessness and already ripping up and over the swollen mounds of my chest, sending them rising then falling, bouncing back and forth like swinging pendulums, nipples already achingly hard now all the more so by the chill of the cold autumn air.

Holy shit. I sighed, glad to get these enormous things free so I could breathe again. They had finally stopped growing.

Isaac’s eyes bulged almost as much as mine did. He turned away, blushing.

Tits! Holy shit I had tits!

And what tits they were. No mere mosquito bites were these! These... these were hooters! Melons! Boulderers! They were easily the size of my head if they were an inch and appeared all the bigger from this angle than any boobs I’d seen before.

And, fuck, they were sensitive too! Shit. I could feel the blood pounding through them. I reached up to pinch one of those throbbing nipples but even just the brush of my arm against that delicate flesh was enough to put a shiver clean through me.

My heart pounded as I explored further, arousal and amazement and things I never felt before all swimming through my brain as I ran the warm flesh of my hands against these massive perfectly formed funbags.

It was hypnotic, erotic, euphoric. Pressing, massaging, reaching towards those desperate needy eraser-sized nubs that were the ruby-red capstones of these works of art. Mmf, yes! I stumbled back, knocked around by the carnal lightning coursing through me as I pinched and squeezed those diamond-hard tips, the sheer endorphic bliss flooding through my brain blinding me to all else.

“Dude, what the hell are you doing?”

"I - " I groaned like a whore. Shit. Fuck, what? I looked down at my wandering hands. That was a very good question. "Nothing!"

"Right. Sure, whatever." Isaac rolled his eyes, glancing at me over his shoulder, too much of a gentleman land his eyes on my heavy jiggling chest. "Do you believe me now?"

"This - ah fuck - this doesn't prove anything!"

"You're getting off on feeling up your massive tits in an alleyway!"

"Silicone!" I blushed. "Some very high-quality prosthetics! With internal air reservoirs to expand! That's all this is. I don't know how you got it on me but all this proves is that you're a better huckster than I gave you credit for, dude."

"What!? Are you crazy? look at those things!"

"Fake!"

"Oh really? Then why are you acting like a bitch in heat, huh?"

"They're just very convincing! It's - mmf - it's the rubber hand illusion, that's all! You're not about to get me that easily."

"Oh my god."

"It's a hundred bucks!"

"I swear you are the most stubborn person I've ever met. Fine! If no amount of boob is going to convince you, how about this?"

He waved the amulet around again. There wasn't any lightning this time, no wind. Just the glow of the amulet as he wiggled it in the air.

"There."

"Dude," I raised an eyebrow. "Come on, are you even trying?"

"Hush. Look at your hair, jackass."

Strands of silky pink pooled down over the expansive swell of my cleavage. A wig? When had he - but as I reached up to grab at it, I could already feel it tugging at my scalp.

"You glued a wig to me?" Even as I said it I couldn't escape the growing terror that this was all too real.

"Oh, come on, it's cherry pink and down to your ass!"

"My very male ass, thank you very much." I stuck out my tongue. I was scared yes, but I'd be damned if I was going to show it.

He waved the medallion again. There was a shift of fabric as my butt grew and swelled, hips shifting, legs parting. My eyes widened as my butt began a repeat performance of the expansion my chest had been going through a moment before. Luckily, I had been wearing very baggy pants.

"You want to try that again?"

"It could still be a guy's butt!" I tried to twist and turn to get a better angle, to find a way I could present it so that it would look firm and muscular and masculine, but all I managed to do was highlight how delightfully round it was, squishing out enough against the denim of my jeans to make them look skin-tight.

I mewed as I flexed my cheeks. It was one thing for my chest to be so hornily, achingly sensitive, but did my butt have to feel so damn *erotic* as well?

"You know what, your right? Why don't we show it off a little more?"

At his words, my pants began to shrink, squeezing even tighter around my legs, then merging at the ankle and rolling their way up my legs before pleating out into a playful skirt around mid-thigh. I blushed and jumped to pull it down as a cool breeze sent it flapping enough for the whole world to see what was going on underneath.

My socks, it seemed were following suit, growing as they climbed their way up over my knees, stopping just far enough below my skirt to leave a tantalizing glimpse at the flesh beneath.

"My clothes!" I looked down at the shirt in my hand - no, no longer was it a shirt. It was a thin croptop, small and tight and stretchy but how in the hell was I supposed to fit this around my mammoth tits? I held the material up to my hooters but all that did was make it clear just how painfully inadequate for the task it was - even if I could stretch it over, they'd bounce free in seconds.

Wait, was I taller? I was. I looked down. Somehow I was an extra inch off the ground - oh. I raised a leg daintily behind me, my four-inch pink pumps glittering in the sunlight. When had that happened? How was I balanced in these? How had I not noticed? Then again, anything beneath my tits might as well have been a mystery to me.

"Give up?"

"N-never!"

"Look at you! There's no one on campus who wouldn't agree that you aren't a woman right now."

"Yeah, well -" it was a struggle to speak, my words were coming out high and breathy and dumb.

"Maybe you can try to trick some of them! But that hundred dollars is mine!" I crossed my hand over my chest - big mistake. It was a struggle to keep the sheer raunchy horniness I felt off my face.

"Fine! You want to go all the way! I didn't think I'd have to go this far."

The amulet merely glowed this time. No waving it around, no fancy lights.

“What did you do?”

“It’s done.” He glanced down. My eyes followed. He was looking at my miniskirt this time. No, he was looking past it.

I glanced up at him in horror as my hands reached their way past my mountainous mammaries and the soft valley of my supple hairless belly, down past the cutesy band of my skirt and the g-string thong I was wearing. Seeking, reaching and - oh fuck - finding!

“Holy shit.” A bolt of lightning shot through me. “I have a pussy!”

“Ha! There! See? You admit it.”

“I - “ fuck, my head was swimming to keep things under control. Don’t start masturbating, don’t start masturbating, don’t start masturbating. “I admit nothing!”

I gasped, my hand running around the slick outside of my labia, tantalizing, disbelieving, desperate to go further but stopped by the sheer dread about what proving this honey-tinged garden’s delightful existence would imply.

I didn’t know how he’d done it, what kind of trick this was, but I wasn’t going to back down so easily.

“Okay,” I let out a hot breath. “I have a pussy. A juicy pussy just begging to be plundered, oh god,” - fuck, why did I sound like such a whore?? - “I don’t know how but I do. But that’s fine! That doesn’t make me a woman! Lots of guys have pussies!”

“What!?”

“Yes! Whether you like it or not. Gender is about more than... than your body.”

“Oh, come on!” he threw his hands up in frustration. “That’s moving the goalpost!”

I stuck my tongue out between my fat dicksucking lips.

“Fine. Fine!” he shook his head. “You want to play dirty?”

This time there was thunder. This time there was wind. This time he wasn’t playing around. Color shone out of him like the sun and washed over me with enough verve send me flinching and whimpering, my bravado quickly fading in the face of the supernatural surreality.

“What’s your favorite color?”

“What?”

“What’s your favorite color?”

“Red?” I raised a slim sculpted eyebrow. “Wait no.” That wasn’t right was it? “Pink.” Ultra cute supersweet pink. What a silly question. Pink had been my favorite color since I’d been a kid. I’d been obsessed with barbie as a little girl -

No. Fuck. That wasn’t right. I’d teased my sisters mercilessly about their Barbies, hadn’t I? Stolen their Barbies and cut off their... - I furrowed my brow - I had cut their hair into all kinds of cute styles. My sisters and I had played for hours and hours. I even had all the accessories, obviously. Hell, I’d even had a Barbie princess birthday, I had been the happiest girl alive.

“The hell?” I looked up confused. With this face it was not a difficult expression to convey

“What can I say? You’re right. As long as you identify as a guy then it doesn’t matter what I do to your body, right?”

I nodded slowly, not following his train of thought.

“So I’m fixing that.”

“No!” I shook my head, long hair cascading over my face. Barbie had been such a role model to me. She was why I’d grown my hair out, why I took such good care of it. A real life doll, that’s what I wanted to be. I wasn’t going to go to some of the extremes I’d seen, but it had always been something to strive for, something I’d dreamed of in my girlish heart growing up.

I remembered being the late bloomer, pining and yearning through highschool. I thought I was going to be flat as a pancake despite how my mom and sisters had turned out, but then - like a miracle granted - I had had that huge growth spurt right after my 18th birthday. These huge hypersensitive titties, super perky, all natural and just oh so much fun to play with, had come in almost overnight.

The girls had been jealous of course. Well, those girls who hadn’t been super into it. Those who didn’t invite me to slip off behind the bleachers so they could suck and rub my titties so hard that I came and squealed.

And the guys... ooh, the guys.

The guys. Ooh - I bit my lip - the things the guys had told me they wanted to do to me. The things I’d let them do to me.

But... fuck. No. That wasn’t right. I was one of the guys, wasn’t I? A hot one, too! I had spent senior year sleeping around with... I shook my head. All kinds of hunky encounters in changerooms and broom closets. Men and women alike, but the men were...

The men were...

I swallowed hard. It was the men who had always made me feel like a woman.

A lifetime of girlish pleasures, simple and mundane, complex and poetic, raunchy and perverse, all coursing through me, making me up, defining me.

And throughout it all. My heart pounded. Was him. I looked up. Isaac, my friend. Who had been there since we were kids. Isaac who had chased away the bullies. Isaac, who had cried in my arms when his grandmother passed just a month ago.

I looked up. Isaac, who had grown up so handsome.

I blushed at his unsteady expression. All my masturbatorial fantasies flashing through my brain. How many times had I cum myself to sleep dreaming of being Isaac's little fuck puppet? His perfect girl.

Wasn't that why I had taken this bet? Because I wanted him to make a woman out of me?

The bet. Oh god.

I could feel my soul snapping in two. I screamed and I ran.

"Too much?"

I stormed out of the alleyway, cold wind still blowing across my naked chest. I didn't care about the nudity. I had to get away. I couldn't.... I couldn't let him win! This had gone beyond stubbornness; this was a matter of sanity. How? How could this be happening. A dream? Some kind of hallucination? How could any of this be real?

Two lives warred in my brain. This was impossible!

And yet... the trembling heat of my lips... eager, hungry, blossoming like a flower as all this mammarian manipulation came home to roost - it was too potent, too sweet to not be real! Palpable was that force which drove my trembling knees and lips.

Oh my god. 'Too far' he said. I'd say. This had stopped being a game. Dread pounded in my ears. I didn't know which was worse, the idea that it was, or that it wasn't. Who was I?

I wanted to turn around. God help me, I wanted to run into his arms and have him make the world feel better, but I couldn't. Whatever his game was, I was still a man, damnit. Or I had been at least!

"Hey wait!" he ran after me, "Come back!"

"I don't know how you're doing this!" I didn't stop, I didn't slow down, but it wasn't hard for him to catch up to me in these heels. "but it's not funny!"

"Christ, you really can't admit that this is real can you? Is the money that important to you?"

"It's not... it's not about that!" I'd forgotten all about the money. "Not anymore..."

"Then what is it?"

"Don't you get it?" I turned, tearstruck, to look at his sweet concerned face. "Because if this isn't real then what does that mean for me?"

“Huh?”

“You gave me a whole life! You stupid boy! And suddenly I don’t know what is and isn’t real! Am I your friend, or am I this girl? How – how do you think it feels to know that everything I’ve known - everything I’ve put my faith in, everything that makes me, me... is what? Just an illusion conjured up so you can win a bet?”

He stood stunned.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought.” I continued walking, tits swinging heavily before me. I had always taken so much pride in their size, their weight, but now it all felt so weirdly artificial. Had guy me even cared about the size of his tits?

“Wait, shit!” he followed after me. “Hold on! Ian! Christ, you’re right. I didn’t even consider all this. You’re right. This has gone too far. Hold still, I’m going to turn you back, okay?” he let out a heavy sigh. “I’m sorry. I just wanted to show my friend this great new thing, this power I had found. I thought it would be funny. I - I didn’t mean for things to get out of hand like this, you’re just so damn stubborn.”

My heart fluttered. He cared. Mm... more than my heart was fluttering. My loins ached, my mouth watered. But this was no time for that.

“Please.” It was barely a whisper. “No.”

“What?”

“Don’t change me back.” I grabbed his arm, fear in my grip. “I don’t... I don’t want to go back. I don’t want this to be a dream.”

“You don’t know what you’re saying.”

“I have a life, I have a family, I have friends!”

“You have those things as a guy too!”

Did I? I could barely remember.

“Please.” I turned to him, eyes shimmering with tears as I pressed my chest into his. “I’m happy like this. With you.”

“I - shit.” He turned away blushing. He was always a sucker for a pretty face and I had the prettiest of them all.

“I’m sorry. It’s not my choice to make.”

“Then who’s?”

He wrapped his arms around me. There was a glow from his amulet.

The world opened up before me. Two lives. Two realities. Two dreams. Both equally true and impossible.

Down one, drudgery and struggle. A bubble of sarcasm and humor used to keep the people in my life distant. I was confident and in charge and completely directionless. All the freedom, all the privilege and agency in the world, every opportunity afforded to me and I had no idea where I was going, but that I was going there alone.

Down the other... a life of desire and temptation. So nymphomaniacally obsessed with sex that I had turned myself into a parody of a person that no one would ever take seriously. Just as confident, just as in charge, just as directionless.

But here I wasn't alone, was I?

I shuddered at the two lives before me. There was only one real choice.

I fell to my knees.

"What are you doing?"

"Choosing you."

I pulled his dick out of his pants.

"Stop! You can't do this here!" he looked around nervously at all the other students that had already stopped to stare at my amazing naked rack.

"Mm," I winked up at him past his dick, "watch me."

Despite his protests, his desire was palpable, I could feel it in my hands, I could feel it in my heart. It was big and it was hard. Hard for me. Proof that the woman he had turned me into was - as I suspected - exactly the kind of girl he loved.

Good. I giggled. I wouldn't have it any other way.

I took him deep inside of me, filling my mouth with him, sucking so tight my cheeks puffed in, wanting more, needing more. But this wasn't about me, was it? My strokes were long and slow and deliberate, this wasn't a primitive horny rutting, no, this was deeper. I was showing him I cared, I was showing him that I'd always cared.

Long slow, luxurious, he sighed softly as I teased him to ever greater heights, my slurping moans a far cry from the blissful screaming I was capable of, but genuine in their loving appreciation. This wasn't a blowjob this was a love song, and he played his role in the duet flawlessly.

His cock, long and rigid, was everything I had ever hoped it would be. My heart beating in my breast spilling over with warmth, butterflies singing in my stomach as I pulled out with a sweet pop to kiss a flutter along his slick shaft while I caught my breath and then slid it back into my mouth.

It's a good thing I was going so easy with it. Oh, I'd have loved to give in then and there to all this horniness, to just let him fuck my throat raw, but as backed up as he was, he was already on the verge of cumming - a wonderful guy like Isaac should never be so backed up! - if I went any harder, he'd have exploded right away

Mm, and while this couldn't last forever, I wanted him to know just how much I appreciated him.

Despite my best efforts - or maybe because of them - it wasn't long before he was letting me know just how much he appreciated it. His abs twitched and his body clenched.

"Oh god!"

I giggled with his cock still down my throat.

I pulled him out and stroked his fuckstick with both hands as he came, showering over me with rope after rope of his heady fragrant sticky cum.

There was so much of it! He must have been quite backed up indeed. The incredible sight of my naked tits drenching in his juices probably didn't hurt.

I stroked and stroked until he started to soften, until the cum stopped. It was all over me now, his cum drooling on my face proof to all the world that I was his woman.

"Oh my god." he gasped, snapping out of his testosterone-fueled haze. "I'm sorry, here, let me - he reached out to help me clean it up but I shooed him away. I wanted to enjoy every second like this. Even as other people walked by - especially as others walked by. I wanted the world to know it. Even as - oh shit security was coming. Okay maybe we better get going after all.

I giggled and pulled him into a washroom.

"How - how are you feeling?" he gasped.

"Mmm," I purred and pressed into his warmth. "Much better, now."

"I'm glad."

"Though don't think you're going to get out of it that easy." I stuck out my tongue.

"Huh?"

"It's neat trick with the glowing necklace and all, don't get me wrong, but I think its time to pay up."

"What?"

"How could you turn me into a woman if I've been one all along?"

"I..."

He laughed, then shook his head.

"I guess you're right!"

"Damn straight!" I giggled and scooped some of his cum off my face. "Now give me a minute to get cleaned up and let's go grab some lunch. My treat!"

As I said. Easy money.

The End.