

Wishes Gone Wrong - Sapphic Sorority Sluts Gone Wild  
A Short Novella in Two Parts  
- Part 1 -  
By Razmagurk

"So, let me get this straight." The genie crossed her hands over her chest. "All the power in the world, and you want to use it to spy on sorority girls?"

I blushed, but nodded. At this point I was mostly just trying not to stare at the bronze flesh this creature's little harem outfit so generously displayed.

"I want to make sure you are tempering your expectations accordingly, is all. I have granted this wish before, you see, and rarely do my masters find that which they desire. Tell me, what exactly are you hoping to see?"

I blushed all the harder.

"Master?" she raised an eyebrow.

"Ah, well..." I scratched at the back of my head. "It's just that, everybody's heard the rumors, right? They say the Delta Delta Delta girls are all uh..." I made a circling motion with my hand. How could I say this without it sounding crude? "Everybody knows they're total sluts."

"Oh?" The flames in her eyes smouldered. "And what exactly do they say?"

"Well, from the way the guys in the locker room tell it, they spend all their time masturbating and making out and talking about horny they are, or competing to see who can take the biggest dick."

I looked back towards the window. God, it sounded so stupid when I said it out loud.

"Ah, and it is your desire, oh voyeuristic Master, to pass unmolested through this most sacred and nubile of gardens."

"Exactly!"

"You know," she stuck out her tongue. "Most of my masters would just wish for the sex."

"I-" my blush returned. "What?"

"In fact, I think you may be better off doing so. I hate to burst your bubble, Master, but most sororities are about community and fellowship, not fucking. A place for likeminded girls to find companionship and sisterhood in the wider world. They are not the den of pornographic delights you seem to think they are. Well, with a few exceptions, I suppose."

“Oh...” my heart pounded. I tried not to let my disappointment show. Of course. What had I expected?

“I just want you to be aware going into it, Master. If I grant you this desire, you’re going to be seeing a lot of girls gossiping about reality tv and very little of them exchanging tender flesh.”

I looked down at the brass lamp in my hands. God help me, I still considered it. There was just something about the notion of these girls casually going about their day that appealed to me. And come on, what kind of a man would I be if I didn’t live in the perpetual hope that the girls around me would just start spontaneously making out?

I mean, surely you couldn’t have that many girls under one roof and not have things devolve into a sexy pillow fight or two at the very least.

Right?

“What if-” My grip on the warm metal tightened. “What if I wished that wasn’t the case?”

“Oh?”

“What if I also wished it was more like the porn? What if I wished that Delta Delta Delta really was full of horny bisexual sluts? Masturbating all day in mutually sapphic situations as they do all the dirtiest things the rumors talk about and more.” My fist tightened. I could see it so clearly in my mind, all those years of adolescent fantasy bubbling to the surface. “Horny naked girls everywhere! And then there’s me in the middle of it, uncommented upon, even as they giggle and hump all around me.”

“Alas,” she smiled and stuck out her tongue. “That is two wishes, Master.”

“Okay, okay. What if...” Words and ideas tumbled in my brain. I was in problem solving mode. Years of software engineering were coming to the fore. “What if I rephrased it?”

“Oh?”

“How about I phrase it like ‘I wish there was a place, like I just described, where I could go, that as long as I was there, no one would find me out of place.’ Would that work?”

She laughed.

“What?” my blush returned.

“I have always found it amusing, oh vexed Master, that men are simultaneously at their cleverest and most stupid, when sex is involved.”

“Huh? What’s wrong with that wish?”

“You wish to not stand out among a house full of giggling nymphomaniac coed sluts?”

“Yes!”

"Perhaps, Master," she sighed, "you would like some time to think it over?"

"You don't like it?" again, I tried to hide my pain. "Look, if this is about the whole sisterhood thing, I'm not against that. I absolutely respect the whole community idea. A place where girls can find comfort and mutual support sounds amazing. I don't want to take that away from anybody."

"Oh. Good!" she smiled. "See? I'm glad that you're able to treat this with some degree of seriousness."

"I mean, if anything, it makes it even hotter!"

Her smile fell.

"What?" I blinked.

"You know," she rubbed her temples. "I told myself I wouldn't do this again after what happened last time. I really did. I'm a professional."

"Wait," I took a step back. "What happen last time?"

"Don't you even worry about it." she waved a hand dismissively. "I'm just trying to look out for your best interests. Really, I am. But if that is truly your want, then who am I to advise otherwise?"

"What? Really?" My heart leapt out of my chest. I could barely contain my excitement.

"Really." She grinned back sharply. I hadn't noticed before quite how many teeth she had. "At least its only one sorority instead of the entire campus this time. If this is your heart's true desire, you will get that what you deserve and more. Make the wish, oh scopophilic Master."

"And you -" I looked back and forth between the lamp and the genie - "you promise you aren't going to screw me over, right?"

"Satisfaction guaranteed, Master, remember?" the flames of her eyes flashed. "I will come check on you after the fact and you can change things however you desire. Now..." her voice grew dark and wind seemed to whip in the air. "Say the words."

"I wish, uh, uh, all that stuff I said a minute ago!"

"Granted!"

There was a sound like rolling thunder - strong enough to rattle the windows - and in an instant she was gone.

I blinked.

I looked down at the lamp in my hands.

I was still in the compsci building.

There was no smoke remaining, no thunder, not a single displaced hair. All that remained was the lurid fragrance of the genie's exotic perfume, burned forever into my memory.

Had that really just happened? Or had I shorted out my brain when I pulled the lamp out of the computer case? Honestly, who puts a thing like this inside a computer anyway? Someone was bound to get hurt.

I put the lamp in the lost and found as I left the building. My work here was done.

I stepped out into the cold night and took a breath. A genie. As if. I needed to be getting more sleep, clearly.

Ah, how great would it have been though? Girls prancing all around me in lingerie, pillow fights and wet t-shirts, giggling and gossiping and exchanging cock-sucking tips.

Well, it would have been fun.

Mm, maybe I'd take a walk past sorority row on my way back to the dorms. I mean, it wasn't too far out of the way, was it?

-

Walking down greek row was like stepping into another world. Some of the houses here were ancient, dating back to even before the university had been founded. Most of the land around campus had been bought up by developers and converted into bulk housing, but these ones, old and regal, had been spared.

And there, at the end, Delta Delta Delta stood out among the rest. Not least of which because it stood central to the gentle curve of the side road.

It wasn't the richest house, but its quiet elegance was accented by the playful lawn features and a prodigious use of pot lights, especially around the otherwise regal letters.

Said elegance was only somewhat diminished by the pair of tall brass stripper poles the girls had installed in the otherwise spacious lawn. Part of what had earned the girls their reputation, and so handy during lawn parties. I wondered how many of those rumors really were true.

I paused as I walked past, unable to restrain a longing gaze. Shadows and shapes danced behind curtains. The sisters were in, clearly. I tried to imagine the beautiful girls inside, warm and playful and laughing.

I tried not to look too awkward as I stood there, gawking. Even though the street was otherwise abandoned, I still couldn't shake the idea that someone might see me.

That's when I saw it.

Down off to one side. One of the blinds wasn't quite closed all the way. A flash of pink. A flash of flesh. Temptation.

My heart thumped.

Dare I?

No. Don't be stupid. That would be crossing a line. That would be a new low. I wasn't that desperate, was I? I wasn't that obsessed?

And yet...

The visions of my oh-so-recently stoked fantasy beckoned me forward.

I had to know. I had to assuage this curiosity. Even if it ended in disappointment, I had to know - what was it like?

I stepped off the sidewalk and onto the lawn, trying to somehow play it cool, to not stand out even as my head darted awkwardly from window to window, vigilant for anyone to choose that moment to look outside onto the lawn.

With each step I grew more self conscious, heavier, more awkward. Was I really doing this? Hot blood pounded hot through my veins. I was flush and tingly and struggling against fight or flight instincts.

And still, I pressed on.

Just a glance. Just to settle this.

The light from the window-crack shone before me like the gates of heaven. I was almost there.

"Harper?"

I jumped back. The door had opened.

"Oh my god, Harper, what are you doing?"

"I can explain!" my voice cracked.

But I never got the chance.

Any coherent thought, any semblance of candor, any attempt to play it off all cool, they all fell away, doomed, the moment I locked eyes on this girl's body.

Look, despite everything, I'm not some kind of sleezeball. I don't normally go around ogling girls. I don't go slack-jawed and wolf whistle at every pretty little thing that goes past. But this girl? This girl was an exception.

I would say she had the face of an angel, but no angel could engender temptation like this. Her blue eyes, soft like the sea, stood artfully framed by long lustrous lashes and carefully sculpted liner. They

were almost striking enough to distract from her delicate button nose and the shining pink lips so plump and pillowy-kissable you could rest your head on them at night. She was stunning.

But it wasn't her face I was looking at.

My eyes? My eyes were drawn by forces as old and deep as magnets and the tides, to the moon-dappled hills of this girl's enormous, gravity defying breasts.

My mind boggled. They were artistically perfect spheres, struggling with her every movement as she stormed over to me, to escape - bouncing and free - into the night.

God help me, I had never seen so much boob in my life.

I struggled not to stare, but it wasn't just that the girl had a body that screamed sex, it was that she was dressed to show it. A blouse on the edge of quitting and a pornographically tight pair of yoga pants, the kind that looked comfortable but still managed to accentuate every single inch of that perfect juicy peach. I don't know what party she was planning on going to, but I wanted to be there.

"Harper?" her boobs swayed as she put her hands on her hips "Are you okay?"

"Huh?" I shook my head, failing to dislodge the hot lusty hormones suddenly pounding in my brain. I tried desperately to focus on anything besides her heaving bazongas, but just like the tides they would not be ignored.

Wait, fuck, how did she know my name? Did I know this girl? No, this was not a girl you forgot.

"What are you doing out here? And, oh my god, what are you wearing?"

"What?" What did that have to do with anything? I looked down at my baggy sweater and jeans.

"What's wrong with this?"

"Nothing! Nothing. If you're applying for a nunnery. But come on. The whole sorority is going to be here tonight, and you need to make a good impression."

"Sorority?"

"Yeah, hey, I know your nervous." she pulled me in for a hug. Breasts spilled out over her pornographically tight blouse and rubbing unappoligetically against my flesh. "But its going to be great. Everybody's going to be rooting for you, okay?"

"I don't- uh- I- " I stumbled to find words amidst all the boob. "What? Sorry! Look, I think you might have me mixed up with someone else."

"Mm, no way." she squeezed tighter, her huge tits pressing all the more apparently. "You came. Despite everything. That proves you're the Harper I know."

"No, I really think-"

But my protests fell on deaf ears as she pulled away and grabbed my arm

“Come on!” she giggled and dragged me over to the door. I should have said something, I should have stopped her, but well, god help me, with the way those heavy melons pressed against my arm, I’d have followed that girl to the ends of the earth.

“Oh shoot.” she stopped in front of the closed door. “I forgot my key!” Her tits quavered as she banged a fist against the door. “At least I have clothes on this time,” she giggled.

Again, I should have turned and run. I should have taken that moment and corrected her error, but what was I going to tell her? That I wasn’t her friend? I was just - what? Skulking in her bushes? Spying on them?

I could hear footsteps and the sound of a lock clicking. My heart thumped. Well, I’d wanted to see inside, hadn’t I? Not that I believed for one second that it was anything like my fantasies. Of course not. I mean, what was going to happen? Some naked girl was going to open the door and -

A naked girl opened the door. My jaw dropped. Her head tilting to the side than brightening up with a smile as she saw us.

“Harper! Hailey!” the girl bounced on her heels as she held her arms out for a hug. The girl next to me, - Hailey? – embraced her like an old lover. It wasn’t slow, but it was tender and passionate, *sensual* even, as she pressed and rubbed her curvaceous body into this nubile figure’s naked flesh, hands teasing and exploring and claiming every inch. The girl let out a little gasp as Hailey nuzzled into her neck. My eyes bulged. This was one hell of a hug.

“Thanks, Hannah.” Hailey giggled again as she pulled away, but so far away that her amazing tits weren’t still pressing and rubbing against this new heart-pounding pair. Their erect nipples, growing more so with each passing second, ground luridly against each other. “I forgot my key.”

“Again?” Hanna teased. “You’re so bad. At least you’re not naked this time”

“I was just saying!” she laughed. “Probably for the best though. No yummy guys this time, just Harper here.”

I was so frozen by the sight before me I didn’t even notice the slight. Nothing in my repertoire of experience could have come close to preparing me for this moment. My jaw hung loose. An animalistic heat pounded through my veins. I couldn’t have torn my eyes away from those mashing milkers if I’d tried.

“Well?” The naked girl turned her attention to me. “Are you coming in or not?”

“Wh- what?” I tried and failed to meet her gaze.

“Oh come on,” she followed my gaze and smirked. “What’s wrong? You’re just going to keep staring at them and not do anything about it?”

“Huh?”

"Here." She took my hand in hers, then pressed them against the silky soft skin of her warm breasts.

My eyes went even wider as I tried to stumble back, to be respectful of this girl's space, but she took another step forward and followed through, rubbing her tit silky warm titflesh into my panicked hands like an affectionate cat.

"See?" She purred. "Much better." She winked as her large throbbing nipples stiffened under the impromptu ministrations. "Mm, you always did have nice hands, Harper."

"Sorry, Hannah," Hailey wrapped a hand around my waist and started pulling me further inside, "as much as we'd love to give you a hand, we've gotta get our girl here ready for tonight."

"Wait, ready for what?"

If they answered amongst the giggling, I didn't hear it. How could I have paid any attention but to that sight of heaven before me?

Heaven.

It was the only logical explanation. I had died and gone to heaven.

But then, heaven didn't have angels like these.

Before me lay a manifestation of my wildest adolescent dream. A harem's worth of girls lounging about in various states of scandalous undress. The lot of them playfully giggling and flirting, touching and rubbing, making out and masturbating and so so much more.

Even the least of these girls was a ten, though none of them quite had the Hailey's bust or Hannah's nakedness, any one of them could have been the centerpiece of a very successful porn career. And here they were all at once. Not even the wildest pornography could compare to the scene I was witnessing.

My heart pounded. My breathing grew hot and short. Everywhere I looked new lip-biting delights beckoned.

On the couch, two girls in ball caps were watching a quartet of girls fucking each other on the big screen tv, even as they themselves were locked in a plump, licking kiss. Two other girls sat knelt between their legs, fingers plunging into each other's pussies as they made out with a very different set of lips.

By the doorway to the kitchen an older woman with a way-too-tight 'Dorm MILF' crop-top straining around her heavy breasts was leaning, a great big bowl in her hands as she stirred something white and creamy into stiff whipped peaks in time with the vibrator buzzing away in her daisy dukes.

A Girl walked by with a hitachi in one hand and a phone in her other ear, a long moan passing her lips as she let go an unabashed deluge of wanton language, ripe and on the edge of orgasm for the delight of whoever was lucky enough to be on the other end of that line.

It was just like everything I'd always dreamed.

No.

I closed my eyes to shake away the vision, this wasn't right. This couldn't be true. But the whorish moans still danced through my ears, the smell of girlish pheromone-laced sweat and sex blustered unabashedly at my nose, stirring my hormones into a raging heart-pounding frenzy.

It was real. Everything I had dreamed.

My wish.

Son of a bitch, it was all real.

"Has anyone seen my top?" a girl walked around in most of a schoolgirl outfit. "Come on, I have class, I can't afford to go topless again."

"Harper? Earth to Harper."

"Huh?"

"Come on Harper," Hailey nudged me. "You're acting like you've never seen a naked girl before."

I blushed.

"Mmm, you like what you see, huh?"

I nodded.

"Well, there'll be plenty of time for that later. We've got to get you ready."

"Wait," I furrowed my brow. There it was again. "Ready for what?"

"You'll see" she giggled. "Come on, let's get you to my bedroom." She wrapped an arm around my waist and started leading me towards the stairs.

Bedroom? My heart jumped.

"Hey, is that Harper?" One of the girls on the couch perked up as we passed. There were murmurs and appreciative coos from the assembled crowd.

"Fresh meat!" laughed the other, letting out a wolf whistle. There was giggling and raucous laughter as she gave the girl next to her a high five. If I wasn't as red as I could go I'd have blushed all the harder.

"Later!" Hailey stuck out her tender tongue. "I've got to get her ready!"

"I'll say," laughed Hannah, "Harper, what even are you wearing?"

Like she was one to talk.

Hailey led me awkwardly up the stairs. I was back to feeling extraordinarily self-conscious. My whole body felt strange and foreign.

"What's wrong with jeans and a sweater?" I swallowed. My throat was so dry my voice was sounding funny.

"Oh, honey, no, nothing." Hailey opened the door to her room, it was everything my red-blooded heart would have hoped she'd have. Large bed, wardrobe, a great big vanity makeup table, and a truly staggering number of romance novels and sex toys. "But let's face it..." she sat me down in front of the vanity. "We need to slut you up."

There was a moment's confusion as I stared into the mirror, trying to figure out what I was looking at.

There was a girl in a chair staring back.

"I don't..."

I furrowed my brow. The girl did the same.

My eyes opened wide. The girl's did the same.

I screamed. The girl did the same.

Holy shit.

"What's wrong?"

"I-" I looked down at my hands. My delicate, manicured hands. - "I... uh..." I stood up. "Bathroom!"

"Down the hall on the right. Are you okay? do you need a pad?" she started reaching for a purse.

"No!" I recoiled. "I'm - I'm fine!" I bolted for the door. The hallway was long and studded with all manner of girlishly decorated doors leading to girlishly decorated rooms. Girls' rooms. Distant, and mysterious spaces I'd been denied access to all my life. And now all the doors were open. Now it was all too close.

I burst into the bathroom at the end of the hall and screeched to a halt. There were two girls bound with bondage rope and suspended above the tub, their every hole stuffed with vibrating dildos so mouthwateringly large they boggled the mind. A single oral dildo connected them.

"Oh my god," I cried, trying to avert my eyes. "Sorry!"

They just groaned and dripped in needy pleasure as I stood there in carnally-tinged shock.

"Oh oops," Hailey stepped up behind me. "I forgot the twins were still doing their punishment game. You'll have to use the one downstairs."

Downstairs? Surrounded by horny half-naked girls?

I whimpered and ventured my way slowly down the stairs, suddenly painfully aware of the differences in balance I was experiencing. I had thought I was just dizzy, that I'd been so swept up in everything and was so awkward that I couldn't keep my feet straight. When had this happened? How the hell had I not noticed?

I glanced around nervously at the girls. I was an intruder here. A man among women. A wolf among the sheep. With every step I expected a scream, a startled realization, to be run out by snarling hounds and punished for my transgression.

But it never happened.

They barely gave me a second glance as I tip-toed past the orgy on the couch and into the little powder room.

An assortment of feminine essentials greeted me - soaps, lotions, a kitty tail but plug drying next to the sink, and various makeups and powders - all inscrutable tools to my male brain. Secret weapons in the game of love. Whoever said that girls would keep a cleaner bathroom had never been in a sorority.

I closed the door, and, alone at last. Took a deep breath.

What the hell had I gotten myself into?

I looked into the mirror. The girl was still there.

My heart raced and god help me I couldn't tell if it was terror or lust.

Why was I a girl!?

That fucking genie. What had I said? What had I wished? The slutty sorority, yes - oh god yes - but what was the rest of it? A place where no one would find me out of the ordinary? So... so what, now that I was here, I looked like I belonged? I'd wanted to walk invisibly among them, not... not be... this!

I reached up to touch the soft skin of my face. She'd done her job well. I'd never seen a girl more apt of the slutty sorority girl title.

And what made that all the stranger was that she was me.

Or, well, me enough. That same nose, those same eyes, that same dimple and scar, but they'd been recontextualized by the softer curve of her cheeks and chin and a thousand little things I couldn't even begin to imagine. Long hair, like honeysuckle, was pulled back into a loose braid, a few escaped strands messily framing her face without actually getting into her eyes.

Her mouth hung open in surprise and her eyes were wide in terror. Somehow the gesture look strangely sensual. Maybe it was the way her eyes seemed to smoulder, maybe it was the soft pink of her tender lips.

I frowned. She pouted. I frowned harder. She was more expressive than I was. A girl that wore her heart on her sleeve.

Damnit, I was cute. No, I was more than cute. I was hot.

Is this what I would have looked like if I was born a girl? Would I have been so lucky that all my little flaws as a guy ended up as feminine boons? Or was this another part of fitting in? A face to stand toe to toe with the carnal visions all around me?

I reached up to touch my face. It was soft and taut and sensitive. No trace of week-old stubble or the rough skin or late-night zits.

So, what? I'd transformed? How had I phrased the wish? No one would see me as out of the ordinary? So, what? An illusion? Tactile in addition to visual? An illusion of all the senses? Illusory nerves firing in my brain? Or was this... somehow all realer?

My wish had specified that everybody here would see me this way. What about everybody else? If I texted a picture of myself to someone, would they see the real me?

Not that... not that I had anyone to text it to.

I shook my head. Did any of it even matter? There was no denying what I was experiencing. If it was an illusion, it was so real that not even I could tell it apart from a complete transformation.

No wonder they'd given me a hard time for what I was wearing. A way-too-baggy sweater and mens's jeans. I was practically swimming in them. It was kind of cute, but it looked completely out of place on my new more slender frame.

As much as I dreaded what lay beneath. I needed to see more.

I took another breath, heart pounding in my chest, then pulled my sweatshirt up over my head.

Tits. Holy shit. I had tits.

They weren't as big as Hailey's - thank god - but they were perky and soft and poking proudly out through my poorly-fit t-shirt.

My whole body was slender and tight, a trim waist at stark odds with my pudgy male belly. I twisted to see myself in profile. It wasn't that this girl didn't have any fat, it was just that it was all in the right places.

Shit, I let out a soft girlish breath. Forget fitting in, this was a body that could stand out. My heart raced, but this wasn't dread, no. There was something about my hot, nubile body, so near and present, it sent a shiver down my spine.

Was I really getting so turned on by this?

Mmf. Tentatively, I ran one of my soft manicured hands along my lush body. Another shiver, this one all the sharper. I wiggled my hips as the endorphins started flooding through my brain, horniness burning away the panic and fear right when I needed them the most. It would have been enough to just be touching a girl like this, but to feel it as well? It was like nothing I'd ever felt before.

And damnit, my body wanted more.

But no. No. I gripped my hands into fists and pulled them away before I could get to my ripe, juicy, squeezable tits. My breath was short and hot.

I wasn't - I wasn't so cliché as that was I? That the first thing I'd do upon finding myself like this would be to feel up my boobs? I needed to get out of here. I needed to figure out what had happened. I didn't have time to be hiding in a bathroom masturbating!

And yet...

I bit my lip as I looked at those wonderful orbs in the mirror.

Fuck, I needed more.

I pulled my shirt off, struggling to get it off over my longer hair.

The girl's eyes in the mirror bulged in appreciative surprise as her melons swung free. Well, I'd wanted to look at boobs, hadn't I? Goddamn, what a pair.

I sat and I stood, twisting this way and that, evaluating them from every angle. They were flawless! High and perky despite their size, despite their sway. Hypnotically buoyant and elastic, tight with the jiggling buoyancy of youth.

Mmf, and every little motion seemed to send them tugging and swinging and bouncing. How had I not noticed I'd been walking around with these things? I pouted. Because I'd been pulled into a whirlwind of slutty sorority antics, obviously. Because I was too busy trying to play it cool, I'd lost track of my self.

What had I been thinking?

I tried bouncing on my toes and was rewarded by them jumping and swinging. The momentum pulled me down and up and forward. They had weight! I smirked, then grinned, then giggled despite myself.

Well... I'd wanted to see tits hadn't I?

That was the most bitter irony, wasn't it? I'd gotten my wish. Not one of those girls would give me a second glance out there. Well, they might, but only appreciatively so.

And damn was there ever a lot to appreciate.

I stopped bouncing. The motion had left my breathing hot and heavy and my mouth watering. My hands twitched, as I eyed my heaving bosom anew. I shouldn't do this. I really shouldn't be doing this.

But hell, who would know?

I reached gently up to cup one of my breasts.

Big mistake.

I don't know if it was the already inflamed lust coursing through me or if they really were just that sensitive, but even just that briefest of pressures was enough to throw a powderkeg of need onto the blazing fire within me. Before I knew what was happening the gentle caress against my soft titflesh had turned to appreciative touching, which turned to needy rubbing, which turned to oh-so-urgent squeezing.

I cried out, knees buckling as I pitched one of my keening nipples.

The gentle foreplay of my hand sweeping along my soft skin was nothing on this. These were organs keyed for sex, flesh created to be squeezed and groped and oh so eager to do its job.

I moaned, then gasped, then moaned again. I tried to pull my hands away, but playing with these things was like pure sex. Fuck, were all girls so sensitive? Or was this too a part of the wish? The body of a horny, sensitive nymphomaniac. A slutty girl.

Fuck.

There was no denying this arousal now, pounding like fire in my veins. The familiar sensation of tightness as my dick swelled in my boxers notably missing. Instead, I could feel my illusory pussy glistening wet and throbbing, like a deep volcano of hot lava dripping slickly between my legs.

My pussy.

Oh my god. I had a pussy. I looked down, past my boobs. Down at the all-too-loose men's jeans. I'd never... I mean, I'd been with girls before, of course, but I'd never had the chance to explore like this.

I took a breath and looked around conspiratorially. The tits were one thing, but this?

I whimpered. Who would know?

Still fondling one of my hypersensitive milkers, I slid one slender hand down past the button of my jeans and past the band of my boxers. I was so close. I could feel the sticky wet heat radiating off this font of femininity. My fingers pressed forward as I -

"Harper!" there was a banging at the door.

"Shit!" I pulled my hand back.

"Are you alright in there?"

It was Hailey.

“Uh,” - fuck - “I’m fine.” I winced. Now that I knew to listen for it, my voice was soft and sultry - unmistakably feminine.

What the hell was I doing? I struggled to put my shirt back over my tits. But it was a struggle. Unaccustomed to boobs on the best of days, I certainly wasn’t prepared to deal with them at this angle. They seemed so damn big up close. How had I not noticed these things when I’d walked in?

Wait, Hailey.

How was Hailey wrapped up in this? All these girls. She knew my name. They seemed to know me. Was a part of blending in just that I was one of them? Was there some entirely separate life that they all remember that I don’t?

Great. I pouted again as I put my sweatshirt back on. So I didn’t have to just pretend to be a girl, I had to pretend to be a specific girl. I gave one last look in the mirror. Who was she, I wondered?

But no. No. I didn’t have to pretend shit, did I? What I *had* to do was get out of here. What kind of a man would linger even a second overlong in a body like this? I had to find that lamp, I had to get that genie to change everything back. Satisfaction guaranteed, my ass.

And yet... the memory of all those girls, dancing around half naked... what kind of a man would pass that opportunity up?

Hailey was there as I stepped out.

“Everything alright?”

I nodded, glancing around nervously. The rest of the girls all seemed to be focused on us, the latest juicy bit of house drama. I was suddenly painfully aware of the way that everybody saw me. I had wanted to be able to pass among them voyeuristically, hadn’t I? For them to accept my presence. I’d gotten exactly what I asked for.

“I, uh -” I tried to put as much girlishness in my voice as I could manage. “I totally like, have to get home. Something’s comes up.”

“Is everything okay?”

“It’s fine! I just...”

“She’s probably running away to go be with some boy” giggled one of the girls from the couch, still reclined on the couch, one hand fondling her breast as the other clutched a tv remote.

“What? I -” my face went red. “I am not!”

“Ooh!” laughed the other girl “Look at how she denies it.”

“Think he’s cute?” Hannah, still naked, piped up.

“Must be, to pull her away.”

“Bet he’s got a huge dick.” The two girls on the couch fist bumped and the whole room erupted into scandalous laughter.

I blushed all the harder.

“Now now, girls. Play nice. Can’t you see the poor thing’s nervous?” The older woman with the Dorm Milf shirt tutted as a topless beauty sensuously licked the stiff cream off her whisk. “They’re just teasing, sweetie.”

Nervous. I wanted to laugh. Of course I was nervous. How could I not be?

“I-” My head swam. I pushed towards the door. “I need to go.”

“Harper, wait!” It was Hailey.

“Listen, Harper. I know you’re anxious. I know this whole thing is all a little crazy.”

She had no idea.

“But isn’t this what you wanted? Think of all the fun you’ll be giving up on if you step out that door. I know you’ve been on the fence about this whole thing. I know you’ve been having doubts. I mean, come on -” she smirked a little as she glanced down at my boyish clothes.

I blushed again.

“And I know it’s hard. This is all a big change for you, I understand, but Harper you wouldn’t be here tonight if deep down you didn’t want this. And I think you’re stronger than you give yourself credit for. And when I saw you outside tonight, I knew I was right about you. That this was the right place for you.”

She pulled me into another one of her pillowy hugs. Fuck, she was a good hugger.

“And I want you to know that I’m here for you. We all are. We’re rooting for you. We want to see you happy. Do you trust me?”

My heart pounded. Did she know? No, how could she. This was, what? Something between her and the girl she thought I was?

And yet, god help me, her words struck true. I had wanted this, hadn’t I? Not like this - never like this - but hadn’t this been my fantasy for as long as I’d had fantasies?

Was I really just going to leave now, when a sexy pillowfight could actually break out at any moment?

I would do it. Even as a girl, what kind of a man would I be if I gave up on my dreams so easily?

And besides - I looked into Hailey’s shimmering eyes - how could I say no to that?

I nodded softly.

“Great!” her smile could light up the whole room. “Then believe me when I say that tonight is going to be one of the best of your life. Its going to be a night you’re never going to forget. Isn’t that right girls?”

There was laughing and cheering and more catcalls.

“See?” she giggled. “But we’ve got to get you ready! Come on, I have some stuff for you to wear that’s going to look sooo good on you.”

“Wear?” my heart pounded. Wait, hold on.

“Yeah, come on.” She tugged my arm in the direction of the stairs. “Trust me, you’re going to be the prettiest girl at the orgy.” She giggled again. “Let’s go slut you up!”

To be continued.