

Would You Rather?
- A Short -
By Razmagurk

"Okay, here's the big one." I grinned at my fiancé. "Would you rather have a perfect pair of tits, or a big sexy butt that no guy could resist?"

"Oh, the tits." She laughed. "Easily. Isn't that why we're doing this in the first place?"

"Really? I can't tempt you away with a nice juicy butt?"

"Well, I already have a great butt, thank you very much. What I don't have," she ran a hand along her slender body, drawing attention to her petite form and flat chest. "Are boobs worth a damn. So if it's all the same to you, I'll take the titties, please. As big as you've got!"

I smiled back at her, glad she was finally getting her wish. We both looked down expectantly at the old brass coin sitting on the coffee table. Sure enough, just as before, it began to glow. It was soft at first, but grew brighter and brighter until with one final flash of luminescence, it stopped.

We both gawked at Lexi's chest. The glow had taken her modest bust with it and left a pair of mouth-watering hooters in its place.

"It worked!" She grabbed eagerly at her new cans. "Oh my god, it worked! They're so big! And ah -" she let out a soft sensual gasp "- so sensitive!"

"Too big?"

"No, no," she ran over to the full-length mirror and pulled off her suddenly way-too-tight top. "They're *perfect*! Luke, baby, look at these things!" She jumped and bounced by way of demonstration, giggling gleefully as she went. She was a member of the itty-bitty-titty committee no longer.

Perfect wasn't an understatement. Somehow, despite their size, despite the way they were perkier and jigglier and rounder than any real tits, despite the way they seemed to defy gravity as she swayed them back and forth, somehow they still managed to look natural.

Did I mention that I was the luckiest man on earth?

"Mmm," she purred, cupping her hands beneath them to formally present her new rack for my inspection. "You like?"

I answered by rising to my feet and getting a handful for myself. They were every bit as soft, pillowy, warm, and inviting as they looked.

"So? How about you?" She teased, a sly smirk crossing her face.

“Huh?”

“Tits or an ass, Luke? What would you rather?”

“Neither?” I raised an eyebrow. “I’m quite content to live a life of modest masculinity, thank you very much.”

“Right,” she laughed, “but I’m curious. If you had to pick, would you wanna have a pair of these bad girls to deal with, or a great big girly butt driving men wild? What would you choose?”

I looked down again at my fiancé’s heaving chest, her perfect new tits. I tried to picture myself with them - struggling to get them under a t-shirt, how they’d get in the way at work, not to mention all the guys teasing me about them at the gym.

“I guess I’d take the butt?” I shrugged. It seemed like a no-brainer. “At least I can hide that, right? With the right pair of pants or whatever?”

“Aw,” she stuck out her tongue. “You don’t want to go around with a big heaving pair of -”

There was another flash from the coin.

“Wait, what was that?” She looked past me to the coffee table where the coin was sitting.

“Oh shit.” I swore. “Oh fuck.”

I turned my head slowly, afraid to look but unable to help myself. My pants were in shreds, and an enormous badonkadonk butt now stood above the carnage.

Lexi let out a snort of amusement that soon turned into a full blown burst of laughter.

“Hey, not funny!” I tried to cover this accidental ass with my hands, but it was way too big. There was no hiding a butt like this.

“Sorry, sorry!” Her face was red as she tried to restrain her laughter. “But come on, it’s a little funny, you’ve got to admit. I mean, look at it!”

She pulled me over to the mirror and look at it I did. It was breathtaking, like twin spheres of flesh jutting out to form a shelf behind me. It was the ultimate bubble butt. My hips, my thighs, my pelvis, all seemed to have widened girlishly to make room for this new, miraculous, posterior.

Experimentally, Lexi clapped a hand on the new flesh. It jiggled languidly with every little ministrations.

“Wow...” She ran her hands over it’s vast real estate, squeezing despite my blushing discomfort. “I guess we have to be careful with what we say, huh?”

“You think?” I shifted my weight back and forth, watching this new ass exaggerate every little motion. Sexy. That’s what I’d said. A butt no man could resist. Well this delivered alright. It was so... lewd, so

pornographic! Even despite myself, I couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to have a go at something like this. "God, I'm some kind of freak."

"Oh come on," she pulled me in close, still smirking. "It's not so bad. Honestly baby? I think you look pretty good."

"I have a girl's butt, Lexi!"

"Yeah, and so do I. So what? Besides," she laughed. "Weren't you just saying its better than having a pair of these?" She groped her tits for emphasis.

I didn't laugh.

"And," she continued to try to cheer me up. "Come on, it's not like we can't just use the coin to turn you back."

"I guess." I looked over my shoulder at the innocuous brass disk still sitting on the table.

"I mean, come on, don't tell me you're going to be like this all day, are you?" she sighed.

"Huh?"

"I'm saying take a chance, Luke. Try something new for a change. I swear its like pulling teeth with you sometimes. Here's the perfect opportunity to enjoy a new experience." She pressed her new boobs into me as we hugged, her hands reaching around to run over the expansive naked flesh of my new behind. "You're always so hesitant to change, so scared you won't like things, but that coin, these changes? This is all about trying new stuff out! I mean, come on, here's a chance to really enjoy yourself. Wouldn't you rather love these changes than sit around sulking all day?"

I looked between the coin and her beautiful face. I smiled despite myself and put my hands up in surrender.

"You're right." I laughed. "You know me too well." I wrapped my arms around her, basking in her familiar warmth. God, I loved this woman. "We have a magic coin. We can do anything we want. I should be more open minded."

"Good." she laughed too. "That is the correct choice. I know I intend to. We should make the most of this!"

Behind us, there were two more flashes. If either of us noticed, maybe we would have realized what was about to befall us, maybe we'd have realized the mistake we had made. But we were too busy lost in eachother's eyes.

"Actually..." I tilted my head as I caught my butt's reflection again in the mirror. "Now that you mention it, it is kinda nice, isn't it?"

I took a fresh look at it. A girl's butt, sure, but sexy, hot, irresistible. Absolutely the best damn ass I'd ever seen. I put my hands beneath the cheeks and started jiggling it, a grin spreading on my face despite myself.

"Yeah, it's um..." Lexi just stared on, eyes following it as she bit her lip. "It's hypnotic. Honestly, baby? I kind of love it? Not that, you know, I'm into girls butts or anything, but damn you really pull it off."

I tried too late not to grin at her compliment. I didn't want to admit how much I was enjoying it. This was crazy. I took a step forward and focused on her tits instead. I just wanted to put this whole butt thing behind me.

"And how are you liking your boobs, huh? Everything you hope for?"

"Mmm, you tell me." She pressed the heaving things towards me, offering them to my inspecting hands. Her breath quickened as I took hold, her nipples, already as large and as red as strawberries, stiffened at my touch.

"They're that sensitive, huh?"

"They're perfect." Her voice had dropped a husky octave. "I love them."

I could see the need in her eyes. I smirked mischievously.

"So you're saying they couldn't be any better? What if I asked something like, oh, I don't know 'Would you rather your tits be so sensitive when you're horny that you could cum just from breast play, or would you rather your nipples -' she gasped as I pinched one delicately for emphasis "- be as pleasurable as your clit, when hard?"

"Ooh," she purred. "Baby, I've always wanted to be able to cum from tit play."

"Wait, really?"

"Yeah! Especially with the way you treat them. That for sure! Mmm. I uh..." she glanced around bashfully "I may have a bit of a boob complex? There's a lot of fantasies I'm going to have you fill this weekend."

I laughed. "With pleasure."

There was another flash. Her nipples, beneath my soft caress, somehow went even harder.

"Oh!" She moaned. "Oh wow!" Her voice was suddenly hitched and hot, a struggle to speak through heavy breaths. "Your hands!" She arched her back to press her chest tighter into my palms. "Your hands feel so good baby, so fucking good."

"Oh yeah?" I smirked. "You like that?"

"Mmmm yes!" she cried. "That's it baby, squeeze my tits. Grope my big fat melons. Make my heavy milkers sing!"

I took her up on her offer, rolling her turgid nipple between my fingers as I squeezed. Soon her gasping had turned to the kind of carnal moaning typically reserved for when we were much further along.

"Then tell me, my lady, would you rather I ravish you here?" my own voice dropped a husky octave as I rubbed my face in her newly orgasmic knockers. "Or should we take this to the bedroom?"

"Ah -" she grinned. "Bedroom. Please~!"

There was another flash and we were standing before the bed. She grabbed my hand and pulled me forward. I fell upon her, kissing up at the nape of her neck, my hands tracing around the new curvature of her tits as she groaned needily and babbled more dirty talk. Soon she had her hands along my back, squeezing herself against me as she ground her chest into mine and -

"Uh, baby?" I stopped.

"What?" There was pleading in her voice. Need.

"What are you doing?"

"Sorry! Sorry." she pulled her hands away from my juicy posterior. "I'm just - I can't stop thinking about this butt! It's so sexy, I just love it so much."

"Wait, really?" I pulled up and turned around, giving her a better view. "Playing with this thing is getting you all worked up?"

"Yes!" she sighed.

"It's a girl's butt!"

"And I'm not gay or anything but come on, you can't tell me it's not an amazing ass! Its like, okay, come on, if you saw someone with a butt like this, are you going to let it pass you by, or would you rather fuck it senseless? I mean, come on.

"I... guess?"

"I know I would!"

There were two flashes from under the door frame.

"Wait-" I twisted my head "- what was that?"

"Honestly baby," her breathing was still hitched as she clutched at one breast. "I think I kind of want to give it a try."

"Give what a try?"

"I kinda want to fuck your big girly butt."

Oh god. My heart pounded. Everything seemed to screech to a halt.

"You want to what?"

I swung my head from my posterior to her hungry eyes and then back again. I knew I shouldn't want this. I knew I'd never wanted this before in my life but suddenly all I could think about was how right she was. A butt like this needed to get fucked senseless.

It was such a strange thought, but god, why did I love that idea so much?

"Baby?" she purred, still thrumming with sexual energy

"Yeah?"

"Bend over?"

There was a moment's pause as I considered. Was I really about to do this? But that moment wasn't nearly long enough.

"Right." I nodded, once again trying to downplay my own exuberance. This time however it was just as much for my own sake as it was for hers. "Let's do it."

"This is going to be so good!" She jumped up onto her knees, clapping. All of her horny energy was now driving full steam ahead at my quivering, needy ass. "Okay, um, would you rather -" She gave me one of her sultry grins as she tried to make herself heard from the other room. "Would you rather I have a great big hard dick perfect for fucking you, or a great big strap on, perfect for fucking you?"

"Wait, what?" This was all suddenly happening a little too fast. Fantasies manifesting too real and close to home. And yet... and yet I couldn't deny the appeal. "Uh - which would you prefer?"

"Honestly?" she chewed a lip. "I've kind of always wanted to try having a dick?"

"Wait, really? How has this never come up?"

"I mean" she winked, still breathing heavily. "Since we're trying out new things, right? And besides, that way I can feel every inch of your pillowy behind." I yelped as she gave my butt a slap for good measure.

I blushed. I wasn't gay. I didn't like dicks. But she was right. Wouldn't that feel so much better? In this horny haze how could I admit anything different?

"I think I want you to have that too."

There was another flash. My jaw dropped.

"Oh wow!" She reached down to grab her new cock. "Oh damn!" It had weight, it had momentum, it had heft. My blush deepened, blood coursing all the harder through my veins. I wasn't gay or anything

but damn, what a cock. It was the perfect size, the perfect shape. And hell if she didn't look gorgeous with it, her petite frame exploding out with her great big tits and now her huge cock.

"What do you think?" she rose up, hand fondling one tit as she jacked her newfound dick with the other. "Shit, I bet with a cock like this I could titfuck myself! Oh god, I'll bet it'd feel so good with these new sensitive melons!"

"I love it." I confessed. My own breath was getting hotter just looking at it. "But uh, isn't it a bit... big?"

"Ooh, yes!" her masturbatorial efforts intensified. "The perfect size for fucking you! With cheeks like that no wonder. Mmm, I wonder how deep I can get it?"

I blushed. I could feel the adrenaline coursing through my veins, I could feel the hormones in my blood. And it wasn't just me. There was no disguising now Lexi's enthusiasm. I could see with every pulse, every phallic twitch, how horny she was, how hard, how ready.

God.

"Sorry," I shook my head as best I was able without breaking eye contact with that monstrous thing. "I'm just a little nervous."

"Aw, Luke, baby, don't be." She put a hand comfortingly to my cheek. "I know its our first time like this, I'll go gentle. I promise."

I melted into her hand, the last of my resistance fading with me. I positioned myself on all fours, head down, ass up, wiggling my dumptruck invitingly.

"Oh yes baby," she bit her lip. "The things I'm going to do to you. Are you going to take me deep? You want this so bad, don't you? Are you going to be a good little slut or am I going to have to spank that cute little ass of yours first?"

"Ah," I panted, I wasn't used to being on this end of her dirty talk. "I'll be your slut any time, baby."

Flash

Wait, shit- what was that?

But just as soon as I noticed it, it didn't matter. Nothing else mattered. What mattered was that I could get that big fat cock into my hungry little ass. What mattered is that there was the possibility that I might */not/* get that amazing dick shoved up my yearning fuckhole. And right now... that terrified me more than anything else.

"Would you rather my dick self lubricate," she smirked, teasing it around my sensitive bud. "or your hole?"

"My hole!" I laughed. I was going to be shoving a lot more than her dick up there before long. That's what good sluts did, right? It was like suddenly I needed to prove to her just how slutty I could be.

There was a flash and I could feel myself growing suddenly as wet as I was horny, like a mouth salivating at the approach of a good meal. She slid her heft along my cheeks, rubbing my juice on her length as she teased me further. I bucked my hips back in turn, stroking it between my prodigious pillowy behind, my whole body was quivering in anticipation

"Would you rather," she smirked. "Would you rather be the sort that has one long body-shaking, toe-curling anal orgasm? Or to have multiple quick fast orgasms that just don't stop coming?"

Ooh, oh god. Couldn't I have both?

"Multiple!" I pleaded. "I want you to fuck me over and over!" I couldn't shake this sudden vision of cocks - big hard ready cocks - all lined up and waiting. Of going from dick to dick, getting my hole pounded over and over and always being ready to go again. Everybody getting a turn at this great big girly but, this perfect slutty fuck hole.

"Mmm, I think I'd take that too." She laughed. "I'm going to make you scream, baby. You ready?"

Two more flashes.

"I love you, lexi-bear" I nodded

"I love you too, baby."

And then she finally plunged her cock into the burning kiln that was my ass.

Bliss. I saw stars. Every nerve in my body was lighting up, every sense was alive in a way it had never done so before. All of them were registering the same sensation - horny screaming sexual bliss. My cock had nothing on this. It was like finding out that all your life you'd been on the tea-cups and now there was an entire rollercoaster about to unfurl. I loved it. I needed it. I needed more.

True to her word she was gentle, as much acclimatizing to her own dick as I was, but I was needy, I was yearning, I was the one with the ass that needed to be pounded, the insatiable desire.

"H-harder."

"You're sure?"

"Harder!" I groaned again. Even as she increased the vigor of her thrusts. A part of me needed this so badly. To be held down, to be used. To show her how much I needed to be fucked by every inch of that amazing beautiful dick, how good I could be for her.

My heart sang. My hips bucked on their own. Muscles fired and twitched that I never even knew I had.

It took less than five minutes for her to cum, it was an urgent bucking flurry that not even she had seen coming, but like a good slut I came with her. It was hot and hard and quick and I could feel her cum unloading - rope by thick gooey rope - deep inside me even as my own ejaculate splattered out onto the sheets from my untouched member.

But - thank god - that didn't stop her. That didn't stop me. If anything, it just made us hotter, hornier, harder. She fucked harder, deeper, even as the cum leaked from my ass. She rolled from one orgasm right onto the blissful cusp of another. No refractory period, no rest, just right back pounding her way towards load after load. Oh god, we could fuck all day.

We had made the right choice.

"What are you?" she grinned predatorially as she slapped my jiggling ass.

"I'm your slut!" I cried. "Oh god baby, I'm your slut!" it felt so good to say. So right. I'd never had these thoughts before in my life and now they were all bone-shaking, knee-weakening, toe-curlingly true.

I was a slut. A slut getting his big slutty ass fucked, like it was everything he'd never knew he'd needed.

Her dick wasn't just the perfect size, pressing deeper inside me than I knew possible, it was the perfect shape too. Every thrust somehow found a way to grind so damn well against my prostate and other spots deeper and more sensitive I'd never even heard of. What was amazing was she wasn't even all the way in - how could she with the way my big fat round ass kept slapping again and again against her beautiful thighs? It was in the way and she was pushing through as best she was able.

Awash in a sea of pleasure, I barely even noticed as she flipped me over onto my back. I clung to her as she managed to angle our hips up and take me in missionary, one hand playing with her tits before she rubbed them in my face. I gripped at her arms, her back, then I clung to her. She ground her chest into mine, just as eager to smash and rub her tits against my hard chest as she was to fuck my tight needy hole. Our bodies were intertwined, pressing, grinding, two hearts trying to become one.

And god, I loved every second of it.

Eventually - I don't even know how many screaming climaxes later - we fell back on the bed, panting and sore and tired. Her dick was still hard, my ass was still dripping wet and now I was leaking my fiancé's thick cream pie down onto the sheets.

I looked over wearily at the sex towels, but they were all the way over there. Why hadn't we put them down before starting? But fuck it, I couldn't even work up the energy. I'd do the sheets later.

I snuggled in tight, she was on her back, panting, as I wrapped my arms around her. And so, in that moment, luxuriating in the break of horny frantic energy, we caught our breath.

"God," I gazed in rapt awe as her perfectly sized cock rose and fell in time with her breathing. "I love your dick so much." I took it in my hand, savoring the firmness, the softness, the hardness.

"Ooh," she tilted her head back. "My cock loves you too, baby. But - ah - keep that up - " she chuckled, "- and we're going to wind up back in it for round two."

"Something tells me we're never going to stop at this rate."

"Good!" She laughed. "I just want to keep pounding that ass of yours forever. This dick feels so good. My tits feel so good. *You* feel so good. This is the best damn sex I've ever had."

I raised an eyebrow.

"Uh, not that our normal stuff isn't," she blushed. "I mean -"

"I get it baby." I stuck out my tongue. "I agree, this kind of kicks our regular stuff's butt."

"Mm.." a fresh moan slipped from her lips as I circled the turgid head of her cock with my thumb. "I've got one." She grinned cheekily. "Would you rather, for our next round of sex, enjoy getting me off with your hands, or enjoy getting me off with your mouth?"

I had to suppress a laugh of my own. What kind of a slut would give a blowjob to something that had just been up their ass?

Oh.

"Mouth please." I blushed.

I shuffle into position, reveling in my own whorishness, and ran my tongue along the length of her cock, savoring the flavor of it, the feel of it, the way it glided past my lips as I wrapped them around the thick head. I was in love with the heat of it as I struggled to get it down further and further, taking it to my limit then pulling back for another push. Enjoy it I would.

"God," She groaned, "you look so hot right now." She rolled her hands over her tits playfully as she watched my little show. "Would you rather have, uh, big fat cock-sucking lips that feel like a pussy, or a deep horny throat that can take any load?"

I furrowed my brow mid-suck. I wanted the throat. I wanted to be able to take it all the way, I loved the idea of taking blast after blast of cum right down my throat like a good slut. And come on, the idea of me having lips like that - I'd look ridiculous, wouldn't I? Like an utter whore. Everybody who saw me would know how much I loved sucking dick.

But, god, why didn't I see that as a negative?

"The lips." I purred, blushing.

And then, in a flash, my lips had fattened up. They were big, pillowy, ripe and - ah - sensitive!

I was cold-cocked by the sudden wash of pleasure from the way my lips were wrapped around her dick. They were now big and fat and plump and I could feel every new millimeter of that flesh as previously unknown nerves fired in blissful arousal. It was like the stroking of my dick, but better. It was hot and gooey and as wet as my horny leaking ass.

"Oh god." I shivered and began to pump my head back and forth in earnest, sucking as hard as I could to get as much pressure and friction into my lips as possible.

"Oh fuck," her cock twitched, already rapidly approaching another load. "Shit that's so hot. Now there's no doubt about what my man is all about."

"I want to be a good slut baby," I babbled hotly between slurps. "I want to show it off for everybody to see. I love it so much!"

"God, I didn't think I'd find this sort of thing so arousing, but I really love this." She laughed. "Ooh, we should do the rest of your face! Baby you're going to look so sexy!"

I grinned at the prospect, but somewhere inside me something was screaming. She wanted to change my face? Turn me into someone else? I loved this new slutty side of me sure, but did I really want to go that far?

But, uhg, I did, didn't I? No matter how much the old me was screaming, she was right.

I loved the idea of being a slut. I loved the idea of being sexy enough to seduce more guys. God, just the idea of a guy getting his dick hard because of me, of him wanting to shove his dick into my big fat ass. It overruled all other logic. I wasn't gay or anything, but an ass like mine needed to get fucked senseless. That meant men. That meant showing off for men. That meant hard, throbbing cum-filled dicks. And god, what kind of a person would I be to feel that way except a total slut?

"Oh - ah -uhg. Hold on - " she grunted, hips bucking as she tapped my back - ""Would you rather love the taste of cum in general, or that mine was particularly tasty?"

I tried to say 'cum in general' but it was difficult to speak with her fat dick shoved down my throat.

There was a flash of light as she exploded a hot fresh blast of thick gooeey cum in my mouth.

It was hot, salty and kinda bitter. It was thick and creamy and ropey and sticky. It was the greatest thing I'd ever tasted. How had I spent my whole life without realizing how amazing cum was? I wanted to bottle it, to put it on ice cream, to start my day with a great big spoonful every morning. I already wanted more.

"Mmm!" I pulled up, swallowing hard and smacking my cumstained lips, probing between my teeth for more. "I think yours is particularly tasty regardless."

I crawled across her body to lay a cum-flavored kiss on her mouth, sweet like a valentines chocolate.

She smiled and took my chin into her hand, admiring my most recent change. "Damn, baby. You look so good." She put a thumb to my fat lips and started tracing it around, I shivered at the sensation. "What do you think?"

"I mean," I wriggled and gave a half-frown. "As much as I love all the changes, I can't deny that I probably look ridiculous."

"Oh baby, no." She wiped the slobber off my chin. "I love the new you."

"Yeah, but come on!" I gestured down to my body. "You were right, we need to do the rest of me. I want a face that matches these lips, I want a body that matches this ass. I want guys to look at any part

of me - at all of me - and get so hard they can't think about anything but fucking this big stupid multi-orgasmic butt of mine."

She laughed.

"You're really enjoying this now, huh?"

I nodded sheepishly.

"Well then," she laughed. "Let's give you a makeover, shall we?"

I blushed as she pulled me over to the mirror. Deep down, I knew I should have been scared. This was a big change, after all. But frankly, I felt good. Excited. Like I was at the precipice of a waterslide. We had wanted to use the coin to give ourselves our ideal bodies, our ideal lives, to make everything better. Now we were finally getting the chance to really put it through its paces.

I thought of all the fun we could have, but I could tell by her mischievous grin that she was already way ahead of me.

"So!" she began, standing behind me at the mirror like she was a barber. "Do we want to do this piecemeal or all at once?"

"Piecemeal," I couldn't help but smile. "Let's have some fun with it."

And fun we had. We went feature by feature through my body, we made a game out of trying to figure out the sexiest, sluttiest options we could. Lexi had always surpassed me when it came to creativity in the bedroom, but when it came to this sort of thing she surprised even me. I don't know how many changes it took, how long we were at it, but we were having the time of our lives.

"Well?" she turned me back around, finally, to see the finished product. "What do you think?"

My eyes, now far more expressive, maintained a sultry tinge even as they widened in delight.

"Oh my god!" I had to hold back a girlish squeal as I took in the full sight. "I love it!"

I was a whole new me.

Big doe-fu eyes, long lashes, a soft nose and cheeks, I had the face of a pornstar begging to get splattered in cum. Slender waist, hourglass figure, long legs and wide hips, my entire body seemed designed to draw attention to how fuckable my ass was. I didn't have a single hair below my immaculately plucked eyebrows and my skin was so flawless and soft that it glowed. And of course, to top it all off, long pink hair which Lexi had pulled up into ponytails, perfect handlebars for anybody who wanted a go at my swollen hungry lips.

Only one part of my original body remained to mar the effect - my dick. Honestly, it seemed almost like an afterthought now. It wasn't that I didn't like it - I was a guy. Of course I liked my dick! - but it just couldn't compete with how much I loved the rest of me. If I had to choose between fucking some cute girl or getting my ass pounded senseless, then it was absolutely no contest.

God help me, I started tearing up. I had never felt bad about my body before, never doubted my masculinity, and yet somehow seeing myself like this, I felt more free and right than I'd ever known before. I had never hated my features before, but I'd never loved them either.

I was a beautiful lusty little creature, I was like something out of a fantasy, no real girl was as beautiful as I was.

Well, except for one, of course.

"You did a great job baby." I gave Lexi a kiss, she'd been playing along the whole way, her own body and face just as warped, just as perfect as her tits. There were still elements of her old self remaining - she was still recognizably her - but it was clear from the way she phrased some of her questions that her boobs weren't the only part of herself that had haunted her.

Her breath was hot as she looked at her masterpiece. She'd been enjoying this.

"You don't think it's too much?"

"Well," I laughed. "Maybe a little. But that's the whole point, isn't it?"

"There's just one thing left."

"Huh?"

"Would you rather have an enormous pair of natural hooters, which would make any real girl jealous, or an enormous pair of fake-looking bimbo titties, which guys will lust over and fantasize about?"

"What? I - " I blushed. I'd turned down tits earlier, that's what had gotten us into this mess in the first place. Now - well, now it wasn't even a matter of size, was it? Enormous sounded like a good start.

I looked down again at my fiancé's heaving chest, her perfect new tits. I tried to picture myself with them - squeezing them into a barely-there bikini, how everybody at work would stare, not to mention all the guys getting hard for me at the gym.

"Bimbo titties, please."

She laughed.

In a flash I almost bowled. Oh wow, they had weight, they had heft! I lifted them up with my hands then watched the way they dropped. I grinned as they swung and jiggled pendulously before me.

"And oh," she smirked devilishly, "Would you rather your tits be so sensitive when you're horny that you could cum just from breast play, or would you rather your nipples -" I gasped as she pinched one delicately for emphasis "- be as pleasurable as your dick, when hard?"

I laughed. "Well, you talk such a big game about those things of yours, how could I resist? Breast play for sure. You just make it look so fun."

"Mmm," she pressed forward, all-too-eager hands finding their way to the globes now sticking off my chest. "Now we're talking."

Flash.

She pressed in tighter, our naked tits squeezing together, areolas rubbing. I gasped at the sensation, two more sexual organs that left my dick in the dust. No wonder she'd been squeezing these things all day.

We pushed together harder and god help us, we almost fell upon the ground in a frenzy of chest-to-chest, tit-to-tit rubbing. I wondered briefly if we could make good on her self-tit-fuck fantasy - her own dick fucking between all four of our heavy sexually-charged melons, but she pulled away. There'd be time for that soon enough.

I gave myself one last look in the mirror. I was the complete package. Every bit the slut my big horny butt implied the rest of me to be.

"Wow," I blew a little kiss in the mirror. "The guys are going to flip out when they see us!"

"Mm," her dick pulsed eagerly as she looked down my body. "Honestly? I kinda just want to keep you to myself, I don't know how I'm going to be able to handle you being so popular."

"Huh?" I stopped, the grin falling from my face.

"Cause... well, what kind of slut is monogamous, right?"

Oh.

The words hit right to the core of me. I hadn't even considered it. The answer was obvious - not a very good one.

"No, wait, hold on." My heart seemed to fall out beneath me. A lump rose in my throat. I shook my head, tried to push past everything. "I love being a slut, yes, but baby, I love you even more. As much as - fuck - as much as I want to just get held down and get my ass bred by a never-ending cavalcade of hunky guys, I'd much rather be with you, Lexi. You're my fiancé. You're the girl I love more than all the world. I will happily be your slut and your slut alone."

"No, no," she shook her head as well. "That's not it! Luke, listen." She touched a hand to my arm. "At first it may have just been sex talk, you know? I wanted to get you all excited about using that big fat girly butt of yours. But now? Shit, baby, I love this new you. The new look? The new attitude? The idea of my man being some kind of hopeless cock-obsessed whore? The idea of a guy pounding your quivering, jiggling ass with his big fat meat rod? It just..." her breath was as hot as mine. "Let's just say it goes beyond mere like, okay?"

"Wait," I did the mental math. "So, you're okay with the idea of me going out every night and...?"

"Yes!" her dick pulsed again.

I laughed at how shameless her cock was.

"I love you, Lexi-bear."

"I love you too, Luke." she blushed. "I just wish I could be there more for you, you know? That I could be a part of the fun. Oh!" A perverse grin crossed her face. "Okay, baby. Would you rather I be a slut too and we can go out and pick up and share guys together? Or would you rather I be your mistress and you bring home guys to fuck for my pleasure?"

"Lexi..." my eyes sparkled wide. "You'd do that for me?"

She nodded.

"Well, the mistress idea is pretty hot, but the notion of doing this with my fiancé? With the person who is my best friend in the whole wide world? The person I care about more than anyone else in the universe? That's a no brainer. I'd rather you be a slut beside me."

Flash.

"Did it work?"

I looked up at her, expecting something to have changed, but there was nothing. I furrowed my brow. I tried to think of what would be different, of her being there along side me as we worked our way through all the dicks in a club. Oooh... my breath hitched. What I felt was far from the jealousy I'd have expected.

Suddenly, I loved the idea of my fiancé getting pounded so good she too saw stars, of her getting that good dick along side me, of being there to hold her hand or lick her tits or suck her dick as some big studs took turns fucking us silly. God, I wanted to be there with her in the morning, her breath reeking of dick, my lips stained with cum. I wanted to -

I looked up at her. I could tell she was having the same thoughts.

"Baby, lets turn me into a sex toy."

"What?"

"Come on, look at you!" she elbowed me jovially. "I have a long way to go if I'm going to pick up half as many guys as you."

I blushed and nodded. I didn't want her to miss out for even a second.

"And baby?" her voice was plaintive, begging.

"Yeah?"

"Bend over?" her hand was back on her cock. "This has me so fucking hot."

“Ooh,” I cooed, turning to present my quivering ass once more. “Gladly.”

She fucked me in front of the mirror, I could see our every expression, I could see the way this new body moved, the way my titties swung, the way my hair swayed. I put a hand against the wall for support and struggled to focus long enough to keep my eyes from rolling up in the back of my head.

I was still sensitive from my last fucking, but in the best way possible. There was no build up, no slow convincing the body that it was time to fuck, it was right into the heat and height of pleasure as though I’d never left.

Which of course made my job simultaneously easy and difficult. I had to think of how I could make her the best slut I could - make us both as slutty as possible.

“Would you rather be addicted to cum in your mouth or getting loads dumped in your ass?”

“Mouth!” she laughed between vigorous thrusts. “No contest. So, I can get it more often and I can drip it all over my perfect titties.” she ran a hand along her bouncing melons, pretending to rub cum into her sensitive breasts.

“Mm... I’d do my ass” I moaned out, “I want to be as much of an anal whore as possible. Give as many people a chance to fuck this butt as I can.”

“Aw, you’re such a good slut, baby.”

I beamed at the praise.

Flash. Flash.

I Gaspd as I rode a particularly deep thrust, it was like suddenly there was a whole new urgency, not just to cum, not just for sex, but for her to dump another sweet sweet load in my plump hole.

“Okay, okay, what about...” She took a turn, fumbling for breath. “Would you rather have the voice of a phone sex operator, or a cum hither stare that could get any guy hard?”

“Voice!” I groaned, not even slowing down as I considered the options. I didn’t hate my voice by any margin, but how could I turn down the chance to replace it with something like that.”

“I’d do the stare for sure!” she purred, “Making a guy cum from half way across the room? How hot is that?”

There were two more flashes and suddenly my panting and moaning had raised into a sultry alto. “Oh my god!” I cried, clutching my throat. “How do I sound?”

“Like a sexed up bimbo.” she laughed, practicing her new stare in the mirror. Shit, it gave me tingles how much */want/* it conveyed, how much lust.

“I love it!” I giggled, letting more moans and cries echo into the air. Even just the sound of my voice was pushing the two of us closer towards that peak of pleasure.

"Okay, okay" I said in my new girly voice. "Would you rather wear slutty clothing, like, all the time? or uh, love flashing people?"

"Uh -" she had to think about this one. I could tell she wanted to show off her tits as much as possible, it was just a matter of how. "Clothing?"

"Yeah," I giggled, "I think a sexy wardrobe is the way to go."

More flashes, but we were too naked to notice a difference.

"Would you rather" - I smirked again - "would you rather guys found your big slutty dick as amazing as I do? Or um, or um... that guys couldn't help but be hard around you?"

"Aw, do you love my big fat dick baby? You like it when your slutty fiancé fucks your big bimbo ass?" She rolled her hips for effect and the cock in my hole sent the sensation straight into the deepest pleasure centers of my brain. "Well if it's good as you say maybe we share the love. I want guys to love it as much as you do. What about you, baby?"

I tried to form the words but only moans came out.

"Let me guess, you want 'em good and hard for that ass of yours huh?"

I groan all the harder in agreement as more flashes flickered by. God, I loved this woman, she knew me so well.

"Would you rather -" I struggled to find the words. It was hard to think now, I was so close to another orgasm, an enormous sneeze of pleasure building up in my brain blocking out all other thought.

"Would you rather move like a bimbo or move like a porn star?" she got there before I could. I'd gotten so worked up I'd forgotten to give her a turn.

"Bimbo!" I cried. I didn't even consider it.

"Mmm-" she gave a few especially powerful thrusts. "I thought you might. God, that's so hot. it'll match your whole look, won't it? Pornstar for me."

"Yeah?" the word came through a gasp.

"What can I say -" she grabbed my handlebars and gave a tug, pulling me tighter, pulling me closer. "I've always wanted to act."

There were more flashes but I was too fargone to even notice them. The thought of me bouncing and jiggling and giggling like a bimbo slut was just too much. I came, and my trembling, bouncing, squeezing, screaming orgasm pushed her off the edge as well. Sweet hot juicy cum flooded into my ass. My body trembled in satisfaction at getting what it so badly craved.

Not that the orgasm slowed either of us down, of course, but the fucking did seem to change in cadence. Suddenly she had much more control over her hips. Suddenly I was languorous and sultry even in my horny dumb urgency. Of course - I grinned at the realization - she was fucking like a pornstar and I was taking it like a bimbo. God - I moaned higher - I loved it so much.

"Would you rather all of our clothes fit our new form perfectly," she smirked, making up for lost ground. "Or just a little too small?"

"Mm, you minx." I plunged my ass back against her. "Too small, lets give the guys a show!"

"Me too!"

Again, we were too naked to see the changes, but the light flashed all the same.

"I can't wait to take you out tonight baby," she grunted, her words conveying in their tone all of the lust their context implied. "I can't wait to pick up all kinds of hunky guys with you, I can't wait to bring them back here and fuck them senseless as we hold hands and make out. I can't wait to lick the cum from your ass hole and rub it on my tits. I can't wait to spend the rest of our lives being the best damn sluts we can be."

Her dirty talk reached a crescendo as her fucking intensified. She pulled my ass down tight onto her fat cock, driving it in as perfectly deep as it was able, unleashing another torrent of her delicious cum inside me as we both screamed, every inch of our bodies alive with the highest peaks of sexual pleasure.

Eventually, we fell back into a pile on the floor. Still horny, her dick still buried rock hard in my ass, but tired once again.

It took a while for us to catch our breath. She was the first to stir.

"Fuck, I love you." she pulled her log out of my pillows, a trail of delicious cum trailing in its wake.

"I love you too, baby." I licked her cock clean, savoring again the sensation of it on my mouth.

"Shit," she sighed wistfully. "I really can't wait to get out there and pick up cute guys with you. Just take a bunch home and just pound them all night long. We're going to be such good sluts. Every night for the rest of our lives. I love it."

Every night.

"Wait, hold on." I pulled away hesitantly. "Every night? We have to change back at some point, don't we? What about our lives? We can't just give up everything for cock, can we?" The words were harder to say than I thought they'd be. "As great as it would be to do just that."

"But that's just the thing!" she rose up. "We don't have to change back if we don't want to!"

"What are you talking about?"

“Look. What would you rather?” she raised an eyebrow. “That everybody loves and accepts the new us? Or that everybody thinks we’ve always been this way?”

My heart pounded. I thought of my parents, my family, my friends, of all of them eager and approving of my new slut self. Of going out and shopping for skimpy bikinis with my sister, of giving blowjobs between turns of dungeons and dragons. Of my dad finally accepting me for... well, not quite for who I was, but loving the person I loved being.

God this was all so fucked up, wasn’t it?

“You know,” I laughed and looked around at the fine mess we’d gotten ourselves into. “I think we may have taken things a little too far.”

“Oh pfft,” she smirked. “You love it.”

It was true, I did.

“I want everybody to accept the new us.” I grabbed her hand. “I still want me to be me, I still want you to be you. Our life, our history. If this is really going to be some kind of a new chapter, then I want it to be just that. Who knows where we’d wind up if everybody thought we’d been like this? A whole other life? No, I’m not risking giving up even a moment that I’ve spent with you.”

We gripped hands and kissed. There was a flash.

“You know,” she squeezed my hand. “A whole new life could be fun.”

“Oh for sure, but if the cost of it is spending even an extra moment away from you, then the price is too high.”

We pulled in closer, hot sensitive tits pressing against hot sensitive tits.

“I guess I’m just...” I sighed. “We *had* intended to change back, hadn’t we? This was supposed to be some fun. Now here I am planning how many clubs we can hit up, how many guys we can hook up with in one night. It’s all... I mean, I love it, but isn’t this all completely crazy? Are we really doing this?”

“Well, okay,” she ran a finger along my cheek. “Maybe that’s the real question then, deep down. So, would you rather - ignoring all the changes that have happened to you today - stay like this, and we can go out and fuck a bunch of cute guys tonight? Or - again, ignoring all the changes that have happened today - go back to our old boring life, where you don’t have the most fuckable butt around and I don’t have a dick big enough to impale you on?”

I laughed, but it was like a fog had suddenly cleared from my mind, like I was seeing us both for the first time.

What had we done to ourselves?

Rage and disgust warred within me. That coin. That power. It had corrupted us, had turned us into sex-crazy sluts. I could see now how quickly everything had spiraled out of control.

How could I choose anything but turning us back? Back to our ordinary lives, together.

But when I tried to form the words, they wouldn't come. Why... why was this not as easy a choice as it should be?

I looked into the sparkling of her eyes. I looked at her enthusiasm and excitement, at how much she */loved/* all of the changes. Her boobs, my ass, her dick. She was so passionate about our entire prospective future. When was the last time I'd seen her like that?

'Our old boring life.' That's how she'd phrased it, hadn't she? Had she really been so bored? I mean, it had elements of drudgery, sure, that's what real life was all about wasn't it? It wasn't just amazing orgies and orgasms every night. That didn't make it bad, it made it real. At least... we'd been in it together.

And yet... she was so eager for escape... for change. She wanted to try new things, to be happy in them, to love these new experiences. Together.

I took a breath.

"Luke?"

"I'd rather we go fuck some cute boys."

"Yes!" she jumped, fist pumping in the air.

"But!" I added, my voice stern despite its whorish timbre. "We are going to take all of these changes under serious reconsideration later, okay?"

"Oh, absolutely!" she gave me a deep kiss, her tongue tracing playfully on my pussy-sensitive parts. Then she came away and grinned like a kid in the candy store. "This is going to be so great! Come on, let's go get ready."

She bounced her dick and tits over to the closet and started pulling out lingerie and whole swaths of slutty clothing I'd never seen before. All of it was just a smidge too small for either of our hypersexual figures.

"So?" she smirked. "What do you think? Are we going to go out and pick up a bunch of cute guys and fuck them all at once? Or are we going to go out and pick up some cute guys and fuck them one at a time?"

"Ooh!" I went to join her, plump bubble butt swaying behind me, already leaking in anticipation. "Both sound so tempting. I can hardly choose!"

The End.

