



Something Strange
- A Slutty Oblivious Fantasy -
By Razmagurk

Something wasn't right.

It had been bugging me all week. This growing sense of wrongness.

I just... couldn't work out what it was.

Have you ever had that feeling? Like something was so fundamentally wrong, and it was staring you right in the face and you just can't quite make it click?

"Is there a problem, Miss Thompson?"

"Uh?" I looked up from my seat. Professor Miller was bucking his hips up and down, his chastity cage poking out from under his skirt as he rode the volunteer that was lying down, face up, on his desk. He had another volunteer on each side, his hands firmly gripped around their fat cocks.

It was a perfect example. Did he really need three assistants to demonstrate reverse cowgirl? It seemed so out of place. But then every time I tried to logic it through, I couldn't figure out why. After all, it was his job to be a good role model, right? Of course he was going to make a big show of his demonstration.

Maybe it was just something in the course material I'd missed?

Professor Miller's long platinum blonde hair spilled down his back, swishing and bouncing as the big-dicked girl beneath him raised and dropped him. He was angled just right to show the world every tantalizing inch of his lithe curvaceous body and his fat torpedo tits. He wasn't that better endowed than the volunteers around him, but he knew how to show it off.

There was something weird about that, too, come to think of it... right? Something out of place...

"Miss Thompson?"

"Oh, uh!" I snapped back to attention. "Sorry sir!" Down below my desk my fingers redoubled their efforts around my pussy lips. No wonder he thought I'd been distracted. I dove back into my notebook with my other hand, scribbling notes and trying to capture the essence of what he was teaching.

I'd really been struggling this past week.

Don't get me wrong, I was a good student. I knew how important it was to be hot and slutty, and I really did look the part! But my body could only take so much. The buzzing vibrator that was a mandatory part of the college campus uniform? Everybody else had taken to it so well. All my fellow students were so easily giggly screamingly multi-orgasmic. Meanwhile I had to work for it.

I jotted down a few more notes but I was having the hardest time remembering the context of this particular lesson. I flipped back a few pages, but all I saw were chem notes. Why would I be studying chemistry? Why would a school even offer courses in that? It had nothing to do with fucking or getting fat dick.

Not that chem didn't seem important, it was just... off theme?

I looked over to my boyfriend, Ben, who was sat next to me. He'd been no help at all. Like all the boys on campus, all he seemed to care about lately were cute boys and makeup and all the latest crazes on tiktok and bad dragon.

"Bennie?" I whispered out to him, holding my hand out across the aisle. "I think it's happening again."

He returned the gesture, taking my hand into his. Honestly, it just made it worse. The bubblegum pink of his long slutty nails were a stark contrast to my plain peach ones, and it didn't help that several of them were chipped. Another oddity - like, of course he had slutty nails, but when had he had the time to get them done? Why hadn't we gone together?

He tried to hold my hand steady, tried to distance it from the rise and fall of his body, from the bounce of his beachball tits and rippling of his fat peach of a butt as he rode up and down on the especially large dick of Beatrice Jackson. Both of them were doing their best to imitate what they were seeing up at the front of the class. There were never enough real men, so when everybody had partnered up, the girls had to step up to fill in the gap.

And fill in she did - Beatrice was aggressive, determined. You'd think having the biggest dick around would have meant she didn't have anything to prove, but you'd be wrong. She handled his small feminine frame like he was a silicone sex toy. Her foot long dick so cartoonishly massive that it took extra speed on each stroke just to keep up with the rest of the class.

I turned back to my notes, rubbing at the bridge of my nose with my pussy-slick hand.

This all just seemed so wrong. Like, come on, wouldn't a foot long cock be way too long? But it's not like he didn't have larger in his dildo collection, right? It's not like he didn't brag and boast with the other guys about who had taken the largest. Boys and their dick measuring contests.

Still. That girl's cock should have been like, half that length at the most!

Sometimes I felt like the only girl on campus who didn't have a huge boy-breaking fuckstick. Not that I was jealous or anything, but you couldn't deny I was missing out. If had a cock, for example, my boyfriend would be riding me right now instead of her.

I looked around. That was another thing. I was the only one without a partner. Why was that? I mean sure, I didn't have a dick, obviously. But how was I supposed to follow along? Why was I the only one wearing pants? And a bra? Why should I have to struggle with how in-the-way they were when the rest of the campus was wearing nothing but their butt plugs? I mean, come on, it was spring time, I shouldn't be putting up with this.

I cradled my head in my hands. It was all too much. I could feel the headache building.

"Bennie?" I squeezed his hand tighter. "Please tell me you feel it this time."

"Sorry Becks." He gave me a sympathetic frown. "The only one acting strange here is you. Are you sure you're okay? Do you want me to take you to the medic?"

He was right. I was a disaster. I was doing my best to act natural, to fit in. But the truth was I was barely cumming at all from this pounding vibrator against my clit. I wasn't eagerly squeezing and fondling my tits like all the other girls, I wasn't getting pounded in every available orifice, I wasn't driving my dick into the nearest wet hole.

It was like... none of that seemed important, somehow.

As weird as that sounded.

I let out a pained breath. What was wrong with me? When had I become that sort of person?

“Uh, Becks?” He squeezed. “Your necklace!”

My necklace?

I opened my eyes.

My cleavage was glowing.

I let go of Ben and clutched at it. It was warm. Hot even, though not so hot as to burn. It reminded me of my computer case when I was running something intense.

My necklace.

Grandma had given it to me when I was little. She said it would protect me from evil. From curses and dark magic. I’d never seen it glow before.

And then it all clicked.

I looked around in sudden realization. Impossible context aligned to explain all this weirdness.

Magic? Really?

As strange as it was, as impossible as it was. It was the only thing that made sense. How else could you explain why every girl in the school - and half the boys to boot! - had bigger tits than me? How else could you explain my inability to keep up with the sheer sexual zeitgeist I found myself in? How else do you explain why Beatrice’s stupid fucking fuck-missile was so unerringly big?

“Oh my god,” I stood up abruptly. “I have to go.”

“Becks?” Ben looked up at me, sympathetic even as Bea pounded a fresh dribble of cum out of his tight pink chastity cage. “You okay?”

“I’m sorry, Ben, I’ll explain later. I’ve got to go!”

There was still ten minutes left in class, but Prof Miller was too busy cumming his brains out to comment as I made my escape.

It pained me to leave Ben behind, but I was having a hard enough time dealing with my own disbelief. The last thing I needed was him adding to them.

The glow of the necklace intensified as I ran through the halls, and so did that wrongness.

The halls were full of students taking time before their next class, gathered in groups of three or four, each more fuckable than the last. Boys giggling as girls snapped their bras, girls gossiping about who had the tightest asshole, mutual masturbation and hot sweaty make outs galore.

What was so wrong with that? How else were they supposed to pass the time between classes?

But, I don't know, god, couldn't they at least find somewhere private first?

I ran into the bathroom, ignoring the girls using the glory holes along the back wall as I splashed cold water on my face. The girl staring back from the mirror was good looking, but with none of the extremes of her classmates. She didn't have a porn-star's face. She didn't have an ass that you could balance drinks on. She didn't have tits you could squeeze a boba cup into. She wasn't a freak or a loser by any stretch of the imagination, but compared to everybody else? She just didn't measure up.

And god, what was she wearing? Pants? A sensible blouse? You could barely even see her tits, no matter how many buttons she undid. This was hardly appropriate clothing to wear for school. I wasn't even wearing high heels!

Why did I look like this? Why was I dressed like this? This was weird, right?

I gazed at the glowing light reflecting in the mirror.

Now I knew why.

Was someone doing something to me? Was someone changing the world somehow?

I tried not to dwell on the doubt in the back of my brain. All those thoughts telling me I was going crazy. I mean, come on! Magic?

But what else could it be? This had to be what - some kind of dark ritual? Just like grandma had tried to warn me about. Someone had been trying to curse me and this necklace was holding it off. The light within the crystal pulsed, like it was straining against a great load.

So, sure, it was insane, but if this was real? A wash of vindication ran through me. I'd have been right! Something strange was going on after all.

I looked back up at the girl in the mirror. My D-cup tits were the flattest on campus. I was the only girl who struggled to take the medium sized horsecocks up her ass. The only one who chaffed at the nipple vibrators. The only one on the cheerteam who gagged when depththroating. Not to mention my utter lack of a dick. All my inadequacies. And this - I gripped it tight - this was the reason? Some dark curse? I roiled. What had I done to deserve this?

I wiped away the tears of frustration. I touched up my makeup, sure to comply with the school's whorish standards, and stormed out. I had to get to the bottom of this. I had to see if there was some way to turn this back. I had to find a way to its source. And stop it.

But - ah - that was easier said than done.

I frowned as I stepped out of the washroom, vibrator still buzzing away at my pussy. How would I know where or who or how this was happening?

I froze. My necklace was glowing brighter.

I stepped back. It dimmed.

It couldn't be that easy, could it?

All I had to do was follow the light.

And so I ran, trusting it as it took me past more and more of my fellow students. Class had let out and many of them were eager to demonstrate what they'd just learned.

That was strange, right? People shouldn't just be fucking in the halls. Girls shouldn't be bending boys over every surface and railing them until they couldn't see straight, even if the boys were literally begging for it. God, they could be such sluts sometimes.

But - ah - where else would they fuck? Why would those surfaces exist if not to get fucked on? How else were these girls going to drain their heavy horny balls?

I ran past a group of boys trying to perfect their blowjob technique on a massive library-issue horse dildo, and burst through the double doors into the world beyond.

I hadn't realized it was going to be such a nice day.

Out on the quad some of the other cheerleaders were enjoying a mid-day tumble in the grass as passers by stopped to watch. A group of boys was cavorted with a pick-up pillow fight. Some nerd was getting his balls licked by his harem of sluts as he sat back and enjoyed the day, sun glistening off his heaving muscles.

I took a breath of the fresh spring air. It was all so peaceful. All so playful. For a moment it almost made me forget my troubles. Sure, the nerd should have been getting a little bit more attention, but that didn't seem too weird, did it?

"Oh my god, Becky!"

I was tackled into the soft squishy embrace of Beth, my big-titty goth bff. Her boobs were so big my head was completely buried in her creamy pale flesh. I could feel her dick piercings digging into my stomach. "Oh my god!" She exclaimed again, "You're not going to believe this! The craziest thing just happened. Come on, you've got to see."

She grabbed me by the arm and tugged, her walk a tight thigh-squeezing strut highlighted by the thong poking up from her ass crack. The necklace grew brighter still. Well, we were headed in the right direction.

"Wait, Beth, oh my god. Did you get sucked into some kind of weird, perverted fantasy too?"

"Mmm, something like that. Bitchhole is there too."

My ears perked up. Bitchhole too? This was great! If she and her boyfriend were both caught up in this too maybe we could compare notes, maybe we could figure out the bottom of this.

"You have no idea how glad I am to hear that" I put a hand on my chest. "I thought I was going crazy. I thought I was the only one. Do you have some kind of defense too?"

"Defense? What, like a condom?" She tilted her head in confusion. "Come on, you know that's only for saving cum for later."

"What?"

"Here we are!"

We rounded the corner of the building. Her boyfriend, Bitchhole, was getting his bitch holes fucked down by a parade of a dozen hard cut nerds in mathlete uniforms. I let out a soft gasp at the sight of them. Each of their dicks easily put even Beatrice's to shame. Everybody knew nerds had the best dicks. They were real men in a sea of femboys. The whole mathlete team must have been here - had a practice just let out? Was that what she wanted to show me?

"I'm back!" Beth cooed, "And I brought company!"

"Becky!" Bitchhole cheered, coming off of the dork's fat dork with a loud pop. "Thanks for coming, we could really use another set of holes."

"Uh-"

The nerds grinned at the sight of us. I blushed. God, they had such soulful sensitive eyes, such intelligent focus. I suddenly felt severely under-dressed. My cute blouse was nothing compared to Beth's nudity, and based on all the cum blasted all over Bitchhole's face, 'naked and dripping with jizz' was the aesthetic these boys - these men! - liked to see.

Beth ran over and pulled her boyfriend in for a hug. They swapped cum back and forth with a deep tongue-wrestling kiss, jizz splattering over her tits as it rubbed off of his, the men taking turns with his cum-hungry asshole.

Something wasn't right.

I stepped back.

But come on! It was such a lovey-dovey scene. What the fuck was wrong with me?

"Becky?" Beth raised an eyebrow as she sunk to her knees and grabbed for as much dick as she could get her hands on. A fantasy come to life indeed. "What's wrong?"

She pressed her tits into her boyfriend's, the slopping juice spilling over as they got another load sprayed all over them.

Something inside me reeled. Didn't Bitchhole normally top? I had a vague recollection of him bullying the nerds, but the idea of that cute face and skinny body bullying anyone that big and powerful just seemed so laughable. Of all the boys, he was the smallest, the girliest. He was the biggest gay bottom on campus. Why couldn't I remember his real name? Just that cutesy nickname...

Becky was forcing him down on one dick after another. Such a cute couple. I had crushed on him once, believe it or not. We had competed for his affection. But I'm glad I got Ben. Even if I didn't have a dick capable of fucking him. Bitchhole cooed in enjoyment, crying out about how great it all tasted, but Beth just shoved him back down on that dick all the harder as she went to town on those balls.

"Becky? You joining us or what?"

I looked up from the strange tableau. I let out a hot breath. I wanted this. It seemed like so much fun. I wanted to join in and just enjoy this sunny afternoon on the lawn getting fucked down alongside my friends. I wanted to just be normal.

I took a step towards them, hands already reaching down to undo my blouse. But there was a burning in my chest, and not just emotionally.

My necklace.

The sight of its glow snapped my attention away from these stupid sexy geeks. The magic. The curse. I'd lost focus.

"I'm sorry! I can't! It's my necklace -" I shut my eyes. "I still have to get to the bottom of this."

"Bottom of what?" Disappointment crossed her face. She didn't get it. "Look, if your necklace is bothering you, take it off. Hell, take it all off! Why are you even wearing that crap anyway? Just cause you don't have big titties doesn't mean you need to cover them up. It's not healthy for your body image. And girl, are you for real? How often do you get to fuck the whole Math team? Come on, Becks, Strip down and come join us! Mm, the water's fine."

It was tempting. Very tempting. I stumbled another step back. I mean, I should be trying right? Every girl tries to fuck hot nerds. I wanted to run my hands along those hard bodies too. It wasn't fair!

"I'm sorry!" I held up my hands. "I have to go! I'll make it up to you, I promise!"

"Becky, wait." She grabbed my hand. "Please - you're going to ditch me again? You've been acting so strange lately. You haven't been to any of the orgies, you haven't let me lick your pussy all week, you even canceled our foursome because you had to 'study' - I'm worried about you! You never want to hang out or do things. Are we -" her voice quavered. "Are we not friends anymore?"

I stopped dead in my tracks. The glow was so bright, I knew I had to be close. But I couldn't. I couldn't leave my friend suffering like that.

"Oh, Beth no, we absolutely are. I'm so sorry, I-."

“Then what are you waiting for? Come on, I’ve saved the biggest just for you.”

The logical part of my brain was warring with my heart. What could it hurt to join in? To get my holes stuffed too? Wasn’t my pussy begging for some personal attention after all this time against the vibrator? Didn’t I care about my friend? But my heart said this just wasn’t right.

“No, Beth, please, let me finish.” I took a deep breath. “You’re right, I’ve been a shitty friend lately. I’ve been all mixed up in my own head and I hate it. Everything’s just been so weird in my life. I just-” I put my hand on her jizz-slick shoulder. “I need to deal with some personal shit before I’m in a place to deal with this, okay? You’re still my friend, and I appreciate you thinking of me, but this is something I have to do first, and it’s something I have to do alone.”

The moments of silence that followed, as she processed what I was saying, were agonizing.

“Oh my god, Becks.” Her eyes watered and I was pretty sure it didn’t have anything to do with that dick between her legs. She bounced off the cock she was on, her own dick flopping in the air as she ran over and pulled me into a big sloppy hug. The smell of cum and sex and her rubbing all over me. “I had no idea! Listen, I’m here for you, okay? Whatever happens.”

“Thank you Beth.” I was getting choked up too. “I’ll make it up to you” I hugged back. “I promise!”

“You better!”

As I ran off, the nerds looked at each other disappointed. Then one shrugged and turned back to Beth and Bitchhole. Oh well, more cock for those two.

I ran the rest of the way as fast as I could. The math building stood before me. Ominous storm clouds swirled overhead, a contrast to the otherwise clear sky. I was close! The damn necklace was so hot it might as well have been giving off sparks.

And as if that wasn’t enough, someone had put a sign that read “Keep out” on all the doors. As if that was going to stop me.

I could feel the strange magic in the air here. Whispering like a fog. I could see the light of my necklace cutting through it, keeping much of it distant, but not all. It was frayed, wispy, and sometimes surging. Like something pulsing from within.

And that’s when things started to get really strange.

The denser pockets of the mist seemed to clump and cluster into strange shapes. It was ghostly and ephemeral at first, like lewdly shaped clouds, but the further I got in, the more real they seemed to become. Soon spectral dicks and pussies floated in the air. Some formed orgasmic little sets, then disappeared as swiftly as they’d formed. Disembodied boobs, hanging nutsacks, at one time a pair of faceless ghosts rutting with profound determination.

Okay, this? This I was prepared to believe was magic. Either that or this dream had turned into a nightmare.

It got worse the further in I got. I had to duck to avoid becoming the centerpiece of a supernatural bukkake. The air was growing greasy, that misty essence getting into my lungs, my brain, making me lose my focus, making me so horny, making me forget why I was here.

But I didn't let it stop me.

I gripped the necklace tighter. I was so close. I had to be quick.

There. The door with the strange pale light echoing out beneath it.

I worked the handle. It wouldn't budge. I groaned. I was battered, under assault. I needed to act decisively. I needed to know who was responsible for this curse, and no stupid door was going to stop me after all that.

I took a step back, then kicked the door in.

Of all the things I'd expected to see inside, this was not one of them.

Brandon.

He was a nerd. The nerdiest guy around. I remembered him quite clearly as this glimmering big-dick Adonis, but that image was completely at odds with the figure before me. Why was he this scrawny pasty thing? Why was he wearing all those clothes?

He was stood in the center of a computer room. All the monitors were turned towards him, piled on top of each other. Strange runes and circles glowed on every available screen. But what really stood out were the circles glowing and floating mid-air around him. The most brilliant was the circle he was standing in. It was the same light as my necklace, though a thousand times brighter. And like my necklace, it seemed to be keeping the chaos at bay.

There was such a din of humming and crackling energy, he hadn't even heard me come in.

This was weird, right?

Why was Brandon here? Was he another victim of this, like me? How else could you explain why he was here? How else could you explain why he looked like that? But who would do that to him? Everybody loved him.

"More!" he cried, yelling out over the noise.

A new circle formed in the air before him, a scene playing out within - Beth and Bitchhole, hand in hand, getting a train run on them by the mathlete team. He grinned, his breath heavy. "Yes! Now, show me the football team."

Another circled appeared, this one showed the big-bootied boys of the football team getting changed for practice, giggling and flirting and joking about their upcoming ball handling.

“God, look at them!” His fists were gripped tight. “They think they’re so tough? Always showing off their bodies. Always picking up chicks like its no big deal. Well -” his teeth flashed a manic grin. “Let’s give them something to really show off!”

What was he doing? He was addressing a glowing circle near his face. There was someone on the other side, but I couldn’t make out their details beyond the fact that they were... inhuman.

I crept closer, my footfalls unnoticed.

“I want them to suffer!” He grinned. “Make them extra whorish! Extra slutty! So horny that it hurts. So sexually sensitive and submissive that even just prancing around on the field should set them off. They think their god’s gift to women? Well, let’s make it so that each one belongs to one of the cheerleaders as their private sex slave, getting fucked and bred again and again for all they’re worth! Let’s give them fat drooling cunts and thick bimbo lips, and a personality to match!” His breath was ragged, strained with effort and arousal. “That’ll show them!”

“As you desire.” A response echoed, faint and dark, from the circle.

And then there was a flash, and the circle showing the football team began to warp. The boys, already so feminine, blossomed further, like they were going through a second puberty. Like their already hypersexual bodies weren’t exaggerated enough. Their tiny chastity-clad dicks gave way to thick fat-lipped pussies, as exaggerated and as wet as their pink glossy bimbo lips. In the blink of an eye they’d turned into the personal cocksleeve-fantasies of their favorite cheerleaders.

Just like they’d always been.

Wait, except no, hold on. I saw them transform. I could still envision what they had been just a moment ago, even as the sheer truth of what they now where – what they now had always been - rampaged through my brain.

Oh shit.

This wasn’t just me that was being changed, it was everybody. And I wasn’t quite as immune as I’d thought.

I had to step in. I had to stop this.

Somehow.

“Stop!” I stepped out.

“Oh my god!” he jumped in alarm and turned around, his face quickly growing red with embarrassment, like I’d just caught him jacking off, and not in the good way. “I can explain!”

“Explain? How can you possibly explain all this, huh? What are you doing Brandon, why are you doing this?”

"Wait - /Becky/?" He looked me up and down, blinking as though he'd awoken from a dream and I was the first real thing he'd seen. "How come you aren't - ?" He looked out at the circles perplexed, then noticed the glowing light between my breasts. "Ah - shit."

"I don't know what your doing, Brandon." I was trying to be patient with him. I didn't know what he was capable of. "But you have to stop. Look what it's doing to you!"

"Doing to me? Are you kidding!? I've never been better. Finally, I have the social status I've always dreamed of! Finally, all my fantasies can come to life!"

"Wait," I squinted over at the image of the football team. "Fantasies?"

He leaped in the way to obstruct my view with his body. I don't think I'd ever seen a boy go so red so fast.

"Is that - is that so wrong? Is that such a waste of a wish? I just... I mean... so what if I'm into some weirder stuff, right? Everybody has their kinks."

"Brandon," I set my hands on my hips. "What the hell are you talking about? You're changing reality around and you're too embarrassed to say what this is all about?"

"I - " He looked down at his fingers. He was melting under my gaze. This was not how I'd envisioned this going.

"What fantasies?" I stepped forward.

"I mean, to start, maybe I... maybe I have a thing for... girls with dicks?"

His last words came out whisper quiet. If not for the whipping of energy, you'd have been able to hear a pin drop.

"Oh my god." I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. "Is that what this is all about?"

"S-shut up!" He somehow got even redder. "You're in no position to judge! You'd do the same thing in my position!"

"What? I'm not judging you, you dummy. I'm pointing out how stupid that is. What's wrong with girls having big dicks, huh?"

"Wait, what?"

"Yeah." I waved a hand dismissively. I was just as bi as any girl. "I know perfectly well how hot a girl with a big thick cock can be. Just a big meaty rod dangling down past her knee, twitching with precum and ready to blow a load deep in the nearest hole. Of course that's going to be hot!"

There was something strange about that, but I didn't have time to think about it.

"You - you do?" His eyes lit up. "Yes! See! You get it!" he jumped in joy. "Oh my god, it's such a relief to hear that. You understand! And now - now the world's full of them. Hot dicks just waiting to be sucked and fucked. A mouth-watering buffet of sex and cum and cock, and me in the prime position to take every advantage of it!"

"Hold on, is that why you did this to your body? The Brandon I know is big and strong. Was this all because you were trying to turn yourself into a slutty bottom like all the other guys?"

His blush returned. His eyes opened wide.

"What? What did I say?"

"Shit, your right, I can't have them both, can I?"

"What?"

"Demon -" he turned to the figure in the one circle. "Show me what I want most! My deepest desire."

A video appeared of him as a beautiful buxom bimbo, three holes deep on girl cock, moaning and screaming in pleasure.

His blush returned, his ears were burning. He looked positively dizzy.

"No. No. I can't... I don't want to... I should be the one dicking them down, right? I'm a man! I've finally made myself handsome and popular. I should be the one fucking them!"

"You don't sound convinced." I looked him in the eye and raised an eyebrow.

"S-shut up!" He stomped a foot. "What kind of a person do you take me for?!"

"What?" I held up my hands in frustration. "You *just* said you want a world full of dicks to suck."

"No - no! I'm not gay!" He seemed to be yelling at himself more than anyone. "I'm not some kind of snivelling bottom! Even if... even if..."

"Choose!" The voice boomed. "Name your next desire."

"Mmph..." He whimpered, biting his lip as he looked at the vision of him getting fucked, of being a girly slut drilled down by girl dick all day. His deepest fantasy.

Then he looked back at me and his expression sharpened.

"What am I doing?" He shook the dream from his head. "I can't seriously turn myself into something like that, can I? I'm a guy, for shit's sake. Demon? I know what I want." He turned to the figure in the circle. "I want to be a man among men. I want to be the biggest, the best guy around. Turn me into a famous football player or something, I want to be an absolute paragon of masculinity! I want to be a role model. I want to spend my days getting laid effortlessly, over and over again!"

"As you desire!" Boomed the voice. There was another flash.

As it faded, Brandon flexed an arm experimentally, but he looked the same.

"Right, uh - Now," he commanded. "Show me what I'll look like when I step out of this circle."

An image of him appeared. He was gorgeous. A stunned vapid face, big bimbo lips, tits so big you could use them as pillows. Everything the football team had turned into, he overflowed with. He was the perfect giggling fuck-happy bimbo.

Just... just like he'd always been.

God, no wonder he'd wished more girlcocks into existence. What a slut.

"Right." He slapped his head. "Of course."

I furrowed my brow trying to make sense of this.

"Wait, is this - is this really me?" He regarded the image before him. It was an expression hopelessly tainted by yearning. "No. No, this isn't what I meant. Demon? I want to be -"

But before he could finish, I was upon him, charging as fast and as heavy as I could.

I slammed into him, grateful I'd been able to cross the circle into the normality beyond and then-

Just like that, it was over.

As soon as he crossed the threshold, everything I knew of him - the truth of him being a giggling football player, the cheerleading team's prize cumdump, all those nights bringing his insatiably slutty cunt to screaming orgasm again and again - it all slammed into him like the force of a girl's dick in his perfect ass.

"I want to be... I want to be..." he looked up confused from the floor, then giggled at his naked body. He grabbed at his big fat titties, unable to contain their sheer size, and rubbed at his quivering wet pussy, already gushing and pulsing and ready for some big fat cheerleader cock. "Oh~" he moaned. "I wanna get fucked!" he leaned backwards against the monitors, the motion breaking the circle. "Becky!" he grinned vapidly, his voice oozing sex. "You wanna like, fuck me before practice? I'll be good, I promise!"

Well. I tilted my head. He'd wanted this? He'd gotten it.

"Uh - maybe later?"

The circle pulsed. The wind was picking up. The swirl of energy was struggling, spinning out of control at the breaking of the circle.

"Wait, shit, do you know how to stop this?"

"Stop, like, what?" he giggled. "Ooh, Look at all the pretty lights!"

Shit.

“Want.” The voice echoed. The portal with that thing on the other end. The image was fading, but still present. “What do you want?”

Whatever this dark magic was, it was still functional.

I could use it. I could do what Brandon had been doing. I could change reality. How long did I have to make my choice? How long would this remain stable?

My pulse pounded. God, it was a dangerous thing to think, wasn't it? I'd be just as bad as him.

What did I want?

I wanted an end to this, of course. I wanted to escape and go back to my life, to put this strange week behind me.

I wanted everything back to normal.

But right now I had to focus on getting out of here alive.

I took a deep breath.

“Okay, mysterious demon voice.” I took a gamble. “Listen up!”

-

I groaned out in pleasure as Ben slid his fat lips up and down on my meaty cock. The football team around us cooed and giggled as they worked my massive titties and nipples with their hands and mouths, sucking reverently like the good bimbos they were. Below me Brandon worked my balls, slobbering along my shaft to keep it good and slick for Ben, all while streaming the thing to his followers.

What could I say? When you had the biggest dick on campus, this sort of thing was a team effort.

I lifted the glass of lemonade by my side and held it out to toast Beth. She had Bitchhole bent over the bench beside us, ploughing him from behind with her pale gothic dick while she herself rode an especially fat horse dildo.

Nearby my necklace lay discarded along with the rest of my skimpy clothes. I was just glad I didn't need it any more.

Fuck - a surge of precum coursed through my shaft - could you imagine what it would have been like if I hadn't been able to wish myself normal? Okay, maybe I'd taken some upgrades along the way, but you don't hear anybody complaining, do you?

“I'm glad we finally got the chance to do this!” Shrieked Beth, bottoming out on her dildo right as she bottomed out on Bitchhole.

“Right?” I laughed. “Told you I’d make it up to you! Ah -” I held Ben’s head down low, my immense girth buried so deep down his throat. “Fuck, baby! Your mouth is so tight! It’s the tightest... the tightest...”

Wait. Fuck.

Something about that didn’t seem right.

That was weird right?

I pulled him off with a wet pop, I looked him deep in the eyes.

Then I turned him around, and I started fucking his slutty asshole instead.

Ah - there we go - now that was the tightest hole! Oh god!

I cried out as splooge flooded forth from my massive heavy balls.

This was more like it. I was with my boy, I was with my friends. I didn’t have to worry about turning into some kind of sexless loser.

Finally, everything was back to normal!

The End.