

The Red Pen
A Silly Mixed-Up Short
By Razmagurk

The pen was magic.

“Dude!” Howard’s eyes flashed as she looked down at her suddenly girly body. I looked up to see her tearing open the blouse she hadn’t been wearing a moment ago. A big fat pair of tits spilled majestically out. “Are you seeing this!?”

If that wasn’t magic, I don’t know what was.

“Do you realize what this means?” I looked back down at the otherwise unremarkable red ballpoint.

“We’re going to get so laid!”

We high-fived.

“What else can it do?” She elbowed into me to get a better look. The familiar gesture was given entirely new meaning by the sudden femininity of her flesh, that strange softness.

“Let’s find out.” I grinned mischievously at the papers before me. Howard’s entire academic profile was listed here, and much more besides that. Interests, clubs, medical history. What even was all this? How did the school get all this information?

I crossed out his name and replaced it with ‘Candy Hoebag McTitties,’ just to see if I could.

“Oh real mature, Harper. My name’s not Candy, it’s...” she furrowed her brow, then her eyes went wide. “Wait, shit, it /is/ Candy, isn’t it? Uhg, and now Howard just feels so wrong. Dude,” she punched me in the shoulder. “This is so weird!”

“It’s like our entire senior class is here.” I started flipping through the other folders. “And a good bit of the faculty to boot.”

“We could change anything!” Her grin was even bigger than my own.

But before we got the chance, there was a noise from outside. The door was opening.

We dove under the desk.

Councillor Hendricks was back early.

Now look, it wasn’t that we were afraid of this guy or anything. But we’d heard weird things. People who went into this office to talk to him sometimes came out... different. Like well behaved little zombies. Some of the students had taken to calling him a warlock. How else would you explain how that brain-dead hotty Hailey had managed to turn around her academic decline so thoroughly?

But this - I looked down at the pen and the folders - this was the answer, wasn't it? Actual fucking magic.

We held our breath as Mr. Hendricks walked right past us. He set something down on the desk then walked over to the bookshelf where the rest of the records had been sitting. Then he stopped.

I clutched tightly at Candy. Our hearts pounded as we imagined all the horrible things about to happen to us.

And then Candy let out a soft little moan.

My heart stopped. Oh my god had he heard that?

"Sorry!" she mouthed. I'd been clutching at her tits. I turned away red-faced.

"Wait." We heard his heavy footsteps walk right up to the far side of the desk. "Where's my pen?"

He was just about to lean down under the desk when, like a gift from god, the school bell rang.

"Now!" Candy yelled. "Run!"

She grabbed my arm and pulled as we scrambled into the hall beyond. Hendricks had seen us. There was no getting around that. There was a look of shared surprise on all our faces. But seeing us and catching us were two very different things.

Beyond his office door was the press and chaos of the crowded school hallway. Listless teens of all shapes and sorts were shambling from class to class. The perfect cover. He was shouting after us, but there's no way he'd be able to ID us, right?

So why did I feel like any moment I was going to have his hand come clapping down on my shoulder?

But there was nothing.

We'd done it!

We ducked into one of the boy's bathrooms in the eastern hall.

"Oh my god!" Candy exclaimed. "Oh my god! I can't believe we just pulled this off."

"Right?" I leaned against the sink and let out a sigh of relief.

"Let me see! Oh my god." She pulled the pen and the files from me, quickly flicking through them until she found ours. Then she spun the pen around and gave me the same shit eating grin I'd given him a minute ago. "My turn."

"Wait, what are you -"

Under my interests heading she crossed out 'Anime and Manga' and replaced it with 'Stripping and Pole dancing'.

"Man, what the fuck?" My head spun.

"Turnabout's fair play, dude." She flashed me her tits again, pulling open her blouse and bouncing them as she stuck out her tongue. "Hope you like working the pole."

I blinked. That was the weird part. I did like working the pole. I loved working the pole! Getting up there and swinging around for everybody to see? Especially when I could take my clothes off as well? There was nothing more thrilling than that.

I looked down and flexed my hand. Years of experience flittered at my command. I could remember every step, every routine. My whole body felt... powerful. Like I could spin myself around like the best of them as all kinds of horny onlookers cheered and waved.

God, that was always so much fun.

I blushed at the artificial feelings. Sure, I couldn't tell my Gokus from my Narutos anymore, but no matter how important that had been to me moments ago, it just didn't feel like it mattered now. I'd rather be attending amateur night at Jiggles.

"Harper?"

"Huh?" I looked back up at Candy

"How are you feeling?"

"Why -" I brushed my long barbie blonde hair out of my eyes and checked my glittering pink gel nails. "What else did you-?"

"Oh real funny." My voice was a bubble-gum falsetto. "Happy? Are we even now?"

"Mm, I still think you're getting off light." She put her hands on her hips and raised an eyebrow, but then she gave me a playful wink.

It was only then, after all the panic had passed and I'd gotten a good look at her that I noticed how hot she was. Tomboyish but cute. The nerdy features that had made her such a dork as a guy seemed so weirdly hot on a girl. Not to mention the boobs. Did I mention the boobs?

Look, these weren't the first boobs I'd ever seen in my life, okay? I'm not that big of a loser, I swear. It's just... they were so there! So big and boobish and right in my face. What else was I supposed to do?

"Uh." I tried not to stare at her still-exposed gazongas, but it was probably the most difficult thing I've ever had to do in my life.

"What?" She raised one eyebrow again. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Sorry!" I turned away blushing.

That's when she noticed my raging boner.

"Oh gross! Dude, no, not happening. As sweet as these tits are, I'm not putting up with guys gawking at me all the time. I'm turning myself back."

She pulled out her profile, but before she could make any changes, the door started to open.

Wait, shit. The two of us looked over, wide-eyed dread flashing in the backs of our brains. Was this it? Had he found us already?

But no, it was just Hayden.

"Uh." He tilted his dorky head.

"Oh my god, Hayden." I put a hand over my chest. "You have no idea how glad I am to see you."

"Wait, Harper? What the hell happened to your hair, man? And your voice?"

Candy let out a sharp laugh as I went beet red.

"And who are you?" he turned to her. "Look, girls aren't supposed to be, uh - " whatever train of thought he'd been on was completely derailed by the sight of those girly tits still flopping around.

"Hayden, come on, it's me, Candy." She rolled her eyes and started doing her blouse back up. "Candy McTitties! I mean..." she winced and furrowed her brow as she corrected herself. "Howard."

"Uh, no? You're not." Hayden looked back and forth between Candy and me, like this was some kind of joke he wasn't quite getting. "Candy's a guy, for starters. And you're not him. Though I admit, there is a resemblance. Wait, are you Candy's hot sister or something? Where's he been hiding you?"

"Oh my god." She put a palm to her forehead, then passed me off the papers. "It's really me. I was turned into a girl, see?" she hoisted her boobs and did a little spin by way of demonstration, her knee-length skirt rising like a flower. "It's a bit of a long story."

How did that work? I looked down at the papers. They accepted the name change but not that she was a she now? That was bad, right? That incredulous look on Hayden's face... if he caused some kind of commotion we were done for.

I had to do something.

I snatched the pen from Candy and scribbled in the corner of her profile: 'No one minds that Candy is a girl now.'

"That's ridiculous! There's no way you can expect me to be so dumb as to believe that... uh... " Hayden squinted as again his thoughts derailed. "Wait, really?"

"Uh - yeah? Are you not seeing this?" Candy gave her jugs another jiggle in demonstration.

"That's so cool!" His face lit up and he went to give her a fist bump. "Honestly brother, I gotta say, you look way hotter as a chick."

"Right?" She laughed. "Do you see these fucking titties?"

She flexed like a muscle man to show off the goods.

"Sweet!" There was a big dopey grin on Hayden's face. "Can I cop a feel?"

I frowned in envy. Was that weird? I wanted guys to look at me like that. I wanted to strip too.

"Look, you can come over after school, okay? We can play with my hot honkers then." Candy pulled her blouse back into position. "Just give us a bit of time to figure this all out."

"Ah, say no more." He looked again between the two of us, a coy smile on his face and a waggle to his eyebrows as he jumped to entirely the wrong conclusion. He held up his hands in mock surrender and stepped back out the door. "But I'm totally going to take you up on that offer. Later!"

I probably should have been mortified by the implication that I was doing anything of the sort with my formerly male friend, but looking at her, I really didn't mind. She was a girl now, right? So what did that matter?

"Okay," Candy smirked and gave her boobs another squeeze. "I don't know what I was so worried about, this is actually kind of awesome. Did you see the way he was drooling?"

"You had him exactly where you wanted him," I smirked, trying to hide my jealousy.

"And I know just how to make it all the more awesome - we're near Hank Thomson's locker, right?" She took the papers and the pen back from me. "Is he there?"

I stuck my head out, careful to keep an eye out for Mr. Hendricks. Sure enough, ultra jock and general asshole Hank Thompson's locker was just two classrooms down. Hank and his whole little group of hangers-on were there, laughing at something the smoking hot Hailey had just said.

"Alright dude, get ready for Operation Getting Laid: Part 1."

"You're going to sleep with Hank Thompson?" It was my turn to raise an eyebrow. "I didn't know being a girl had turned you gay too."

Candy rolled her eyes.

"Watch."

I could see she'd pulled out Hank's student record. She crossed out the 'Male' entry under 'Gender Expression' and replaced it with 'Bimbo Slut', then crossed out the section under 'Sexuality' that said 'Gynophilic' and replaced it with 'Needy Anal Princess.'

I wondered, briefly, what would happen if the writing was entirely unreadable. Did the pen go off intent or was there some cut off for legibility? Could it misread what had been written?

But my pondering was cut short as, right where Hank had been standing a moment ago now stood a confused looking babe wearing scandalous pink lingerie.

There was a few seconds of surprise as the girl looked down at her body. She reached up to grab a boob curiously.

Then she screamed.

Then her friends screamed as well.

Everybody had stopped to look at the commotion.

“Oh shit!”

So much for keeping a low profile.

Candy crossed out what she had wrote.

Suddenly everything went back to normal. Hank was a straight guy again. He looked down perplexed and panicked at his own body, scrambling mentally to make sense of what had just happened, his brief moment as a horny slut. He looked around at his friends. They shared a look that could only mean one thing - Had that really just happened?

“Smooth, dude.” I elbowed her.

“Okay, uh, that might be a problem. I wonder if I can do something like...”

She took a second to carefully write ‘No one notices any more changes made with the pen.’ to the top of the first folder.

“Will that work?”

“Only one way to find out.” she shrugged.

Again she scribbled her changes, squeezing the barely legibly letters into the small space remaining on Thompsons’s profile.

We looked up. Hank was rubbing her fat bimbo tits into one of her friends’ chests, purring and moaning with need as one hand reached back to adjust the enormous buttplug bulging around her lacey short shorts. She gave the boy a needy whimper and soon he was taking her off to fuck her brains out in some closet or another while Haley gave her a big thumbs up.

In most schools, people like Hank would probably be looked down on, but the school tried to be really open about allowing people to express their gender or sexuality however they liked. Even if they acted like a total whore.

"I don't get it." Candy frowned as we watched Hank's plugged ass sashay away. "She's the same as ever."

"Dude," I sighed. "Did you just break the magic pen?"

-

I had my head down at my desk. The teacher was going on about social studies, but he might as well have been a million kilometers away. Candy was sitting next to me, tapping her heel, her typical academic impatience compounded by her obvious desire to be off exploring her new body.

We were, thankfully, at the back of the class. I was in absolutely no mood to answer any more questions about my ass length blonde pigtails or my shiny gel-tipped nails, especially not with this voice.

I was stuck this way until we fixed the pen.

And so I studied the papers in front of me: the folders and profiles we'd found in the councillor's office. Many of them had changes made. Mostly they were minor things. Erasing medical conditions, increasing grades. A few had more severe changes. The head cheerleader and the head football players, for example, were formerly a guy and a girl respectively, if this was to be believed. Those two, and any of the other bigger changes had 'no one else will notice the changes on this page' written in fine orderly red letters in the corner.

It was bizarre to think about.

Was he... playing with these people? Punishing them? Extorting them somehow?

I was glad we'd managed to shake him, for now at least.

I twiddled the pen in my hand. Looking at all the changes he had made just made me all the madder. Clearly the councillor had been using it, and far more than we had. So why wasn't it working for us?

"Come on dude!" Candy whined. "Let me have another go with it!"

"I'm telling you it's not working".

I looked up at the mini-skirt clad badonkadonk posterior of Mr. Hardon. His blushing bosom was pressed tight to the blackboard as he wrote something on it, trying not to rub it out by accident with his giant tits. His hourglass figure was on full display in his professional maid-like teacher's outfit, everybody getting a perfect view of the cat-tail butt plug and neko catgirl ears he wore.

I sighed. I'd tried everything I could think of on him and still nothing. Maybe it didn't work on faculty?

My heart was falling. All the possibilities this pen represented. Had we wasted it? Had we squandered it?

And I had had such high hopes too.

It wouldn't hurt to keep trying right? There had to be something I was missing, something right there staring me in the face. I was going to laugh about it afterwards, I was sure.

I turned open a copy of the school regulations.

I took a deep breath in anticipation. This was important. This had been my dream, my fantasy for as long as I'd had them. Schoolgirl outfits. Not the real, practical kind, but the slutty vision that beats in the heart of every teenage boy. Tight white blouses and little black ties and short little tartan skirts. Flashes of thigh as they dance playfully in the wind or walked down the hall.

Was that too much to ask for?

I looked around at the girls in the class. My heart pounded. I found the clause on uniforms and crossed it out.

'Uniform policy: everybody is required to wear slutty school-girl outfits and sexy skirts.'

I could feel the heat rising in the back of my brain. I could feel the arousal tenting my own little skirt.

But as I looked up, nothing happened. Everybody was in the same thigh-length unisex schoolgirl skirts as before. Maybe the phrasing was the problem. I scratched at my bare thigh and crossed one leg over the other. The ones we had to wear were already pretty short...

I replace 'sexy' with 'sexier' and then 'the sexiest.'

But nothing. A lump rose in the back of my throat. I guess it was hard for it to go any hotter than the kind we already wore?

I wiggled in my seat, tugging the stretchy diaphanous fabric as far down my thigh as I could get it. I could never get mine to sit right.

Maybe if I put in a line about slutty panties...

"Dude come on! Quit hogging it!" Candy elbowed me, her blouse clinging to show off her every curve.

"I'm telling you, it's not working." I hung my head. "You know, you're taking this all remarkably well for someone who might be stuck like that."

"Uh, yeah dude, I'm hot? Its pretty awesome, you should try it. Besides, I've always wanted to touch a girl's body and now -" she slapped a thigh then ran a sensuous hand up between her legs to cop a quick feel.

That was weird right? Candy was down for a joke sure, but the thought of being stuck should have terrified her. Had this awoken something in her? Had she secretly been trans-femme this whole time?

"Come on dude, let me have a go! Maybe I can get it working. I want to see if I can make myself even hotter!"

I laughed. Now that would be tricky.

"Actually..." I looked back down at the pen. "Maybe that's a good idea - Maybe it's like a genie thing. It only works a certain number of times per person? Or it's got a recharge period? "

"Then hell yeah, give it here."

"What are you going to change?" I passed it over, though my fingers were reluctant to let it go.

"Gonna make all my dreams come true and make myself even hotter in the process!"

"How?"

"No one at school has less than a pornstar babe's body or smaller than D breasts." she said it aloud as she wrote it down, waggling her eyebrows.

"What?" I rubbed at my forehead. "You can't do that!"

"Why not?"

"Because that already describes the entire student body!" I gestured around at all the guys and girls sat staring up at the professor, their overdeveloped curves, their tight bodies, and especially their beautiful overflowing tits. Not a one couldn't land a job on their back taking cock after cock. I crossed my arms under my own heavy melons.

"Uh." She looked down confused at her own statement. "Right. Let me try..." She crossed out the D, then put an E, then reached around her boobs to crossed that out for a G. Finally, her frustration mounting, she scribbled that out entirely and just left it as 'great stonking tits'

"See?" I gave a stretch that sent my braless tits bouncing beneath my tight blouse. "It's not working."

Maybe it couldn't change something that was already basically true?

"Oh come on! Maybe- maybe it's not the pen at all, but the documents? Give me one of those."

She grabbed one off my desk, and, starting with the school logo and crest printed on the front of the folder, started doodling her own little additions.

el looked down at the school crest on my own handbook. "The Candy McTitty Rules! 18+ NSFW Slutty Academy for Sexy Giggling Bimbo Sluts Who Love To Make Out And Rub Tits." It was a heck of a name for a school, I admit, especially with the big crudely drawn jizz-covered tits on the crest, but I'd long ago come to terms with it.

"What are you even doing?" I tried to grab the papers back, but Candy wasn't giving them up.

"Candy! Harper!" Mr Hardon cracked down his yardstick. "I don't know what's going on between the two of you today, but that's quite enough. One more peep out of you and I'll have to spank your naughty little schoolgirl asses in front of the entire class!"

“Eep!”

I sat up straight, adjusting the wholly inadequate seat under my fat fuckable butt. I rubbed my thighs together in the process – all these sexy little plans had my pussy positively drooling. I turned to look up at the material Mr Hardon had on the board. It was getting so hard to think, but that was the whole point of classes like this, wasn’t it?. Good bimbos didn’t think, and I’d been studying all year to be the best bimbo I could be.

“Look” I twiddled my hair sexily and put as much purr in my new voice as I could muster. “We’ll, like, deal with this later okay? Maybe if we make out a little, really put our tits together, we’ll cum up with a solution?”

“Ooh,” she nodded and giggled, licking her plump lips. “Sounds fun!”

We both turned back to face the teacher.

I know, I know, I should have been paying attention. These bimbo classes are important and I, being a guy, was at a huge disadvantage, even if my melons did put most of my classmates’ to shame.

I took a breath and looked around. Everybody else was looking on with a half-glazed expression, or subtly masturbating beneath their desks. All manner of pink accessories broke the slutty sameness of our uniforms. Hank, ever the teacher’s pet, was at the front of the class. Now that bimbo would probably be validicktorian. I could already picture her on stage getting pounded from behind as she gave her speech.

Lucky. She was a naturale. It all came so easily to her.

I looked down at my own profile. All of my regular grades were great, and my newfound love of stripping had evidently bumped up my phys-ed mark quite a bit, but wow - how come it never occurred to me I could use this to give myself better marks in class? Had I not been barely passing these bimbo classes this whole time? I was just too smart for my own good.

One stroke of the pen and I could be the perfect bimbo. I’d never have to struggle to suck dick in front of the class again.

Except, of course, that now it wasn’t working.

Candy was lucky. Why hadn’t I turned myself into a girl when I had the chance? You didn’t have to be one to be a slut, I knew that much, but it sure helped. I fiddled with my cute new nails and hair, revelled in my new voice. Small consolations.

Up at the front, seated near Hank, Hailey was squirming. I thought back to her file and how she’d been made so much smarter. What kind of a cruel person would do something like that? Couldn’t they see how much she was struggling?

I looked back over at Candy. She was taking notes with the pen. Muttering the words with her lips.

“Bimbos are dumb. Bimbos are horny. Bimbos are always dressed for sex. Bimbos are irresistible...”

Okay, so maybe it was a little remedial. Of course we were. Or at least, what we were trying to be. They'd been drilling it in all semester.

Then there was a knock at the door, interrupting Mr. Hardon right before he was able to finish his demonstration about G-spots. In mute frustration he opened the door.

Councillor Hendricks.

My pulse raced.

Oh god. He'd found us.

And he was furious.

There was a snicker, however, from the assembled student body. What the heck was he wearing? A suit and tie? Not appropriate for this school at all. He was barely showing his busty tits. Wasn't he supposed to be setting an example?

And then he glared right at the two of us.

I don't know how he fingered us. I don't know how he knew where we were. I thought we'd made a cleaner get away than that. Maybe he had some more magic up his sleeve than we realized.

He pulled us out of class as we looked on terrified.

"You two think you're very clever, I'm sure." His voice was like gravel. "Doing all this." He gestured broadly around at all the pinup-pornography of previous graduates and honor students that lined the halls.

"We don't know what you're talking about!" I crossed my hands under my jiggling mounds in protest.

"Oh?" He loomed over us. "You think this is funny, then? You think this is a game? Lives are at stake here! Futures! I'm trying to do good by you creatures and this is how you -"

"Good!?" I clenched my fist "Is that why you've been using those papers to make everybody smart!"

"Yes!"

"You monster!" Candy cried. "How are they supposed to pass their classes then, huh?"

He put a palm to his forehead and sighed.

"Listen, this doesn't need to end badly. Give me back my pen and I'll see to it that you aren't in a world of trouble. I'll go through and turn things back. I'll even leave you off better than you were before. No one needs to suffer here. I'd say I'm being quite reasonable here, wouldn't you agree? Don't force me to be a villain."

“Your stupid pen doesn’t work anyway.” Candy pulled the slender thing out from between her boobs.

“Then why not give it back?” His eyes flashed.

“Because if you want it?” Candy stood defiant. “You must be up to no good!”

“Then you leave me little choice.”

He reached out to take it by force, but Candy was already clutching it to her chest, turning and running as fast as her sky-high heels could carry her.

Which was probably a little more dramatic in her head. Have you ever seen a girl run in six inch stilettos?

“Really? More running?”

“Candy,” I yelled. “Get out of here! I’ll distract him while you figure out a plan.”

“Distract me?”

“Haven’t you heard?” I smirked, then with a well-practiced motion, I pulled off my blouse to let my slutty tits and pornstar body bounce free. “Bimbos are irresistible.”

“What are you - ? I - hmm.” His vision locked onto my tits. I could see the blood pounding. His ears went red. I loved that feeling.

“Like what you see?” I called upon all of my training. Everything I’d been taught in class. I giggled, I cooed, I posed. I had to be the biggest slut I could be. It was the only way to save my friend.

I winked as I spun my skirt off as well, drawing him in and enticing him. Just a little flesh at a time. Catching his interest, his curiosity. Give him a show! All my well-spent years stripping and poledancing came to the fore. God, this was so much fun!

And even better, it was working!

I could sense his pink pussy staining in his ridiculous pants. I unzipped them and freed it.

Wow. My heart pounded. As perfect a pussy as you’d see on pornhub. Labia pulsing with desire and need, the clit throbbing. He blushed. Blushed! As though he’d never had anyone get up close and personal with his cunt before.

I leaned in slowly, eyelashes batting as I looked up at him, trying to make eye contact but only catching the underside of his well-restrained tits.

I gave him a tentative lick.

Fuck, his pussy was juicy and flavorful. It was hot to the touch. It was as ready to receive me as I was to receive it! A shiver of anticipation went through my own horny body.

A good blowjob, I knew, was enthusiastic. A good blowjob went hard. But right now I needed it to go long instead. I needed to keep his attention focused squarely on me. I went slow, but I went well. I was enthusiastic, grateful. As true a blowjob queen as my studies would allow.

I slurped. I moaned. I let him know just how much I wanted this.

And, well, there may have been some truth to that. I may have been studying to be the best bimbo slut I could be, but I was still a guy. Licking a pussy was */hot/!* My own quivering cunt was just as juicy as the one in front of me.

I reached a hand down to play with it.

“Oh Christ!” he moaned. “You think this’ll stop me?”

“Mmm?” The moan of my voice sent him buckling. “Mhmm!”

“Ah - I don’t know how you’ve done it, I admit. But I’ll figure it out. You’re a clever little creature aren’t you? But I’m cleverer!”

I smirked as I pulled away. That’s right. I was pretty clever wasn’t I?

Wait, no, shit!

I was clever, but bimbos weren’t.

My eyes widened in panic. And if I wasn’t a bimbo then that meant my hold over him was...

It took him a moment to realize the spell was broken, and then he tore away, leaving me kneeling on the ground, pussy-juice and slobber dribbling down my chin and making my tits all sloppy. I let out a whimper of disappointment and pulled my hand from my cunt.

I turned and gave chase. Fine! If I wasn’t a bimbo, then I didn’t have to wear these heels, did I?

I ran after him, hoping none of my teachers would see me like this.

I chased after him as he ran through the halls, other students stopping their sloppy impromptu make out sessions to watch us run past. He was fast but his open pants were still loose around his waist. I could get the advantage!

And just in time.

He was catching up to Candy fast. She’d just turned towards the offices, which meant she was heading for - of course! She ducked into his own office. I got in just ahead of him - just in time to slam the door and put my weight against it.

“Aha!” Candy cried, pulling his file from a folder.

“Change it quick!”

“I can’t!” she skimmed the page. “He’s got a paragraph here about how he’s immune to the pen! And we still don’t know how to make the damn thing work!”

Something heavy slammed into the door.

“Candy, just do anything!”

“Please, please, please!” She crossed out the section that said he was immune to the pen’s effects.

There was another slam on the door, this one all the harder.

“He’s still coming! Write something! Anything!”

“Here it goes!”

This time the door slammed hard enough to send me reeling forward.

And then I was caught in a tackle-hug as a big soft pair of tits squished against my head.

“What’s the deal?” I looked up at the wide-eyed Candy. “What did you write?”

“Candy’s nympho big-dick catgirl girlfriend.”

“...”

“I panicked!”

“Honey!” Hendricks stood up sharply and adjusted her skirt, her massive throbbing erection front and center, just the way she liked it. “Look I know this pen is scary, but come on, I’m using it to do good here! You can’t just come in and take it without asking. I’ve been looking around the whole school for it!”

“Uh-” Candy looked back down at the profile. “I’m sorry?”

“Sorry?” Hendricks stomped a foot. “You can’t just apologize and expect me to - to -” but her vision had fallen in the cleft of Candy’s bust, from which few thoughts returned. “Mm... okay. I forgive you. You’re lucky your tits are so irresistible.”

She pulled Candy in for a hug, then stepped back and looked the girl over.

“Mm... you know, I have to admit, turning yourself into a girl? I didn’t know you swung that way baby, but damn, look at you!”

“Right?” Candy giggled. “We gotta try this cunt out later! Some pussy for my favorite pussy.”

“Nya~!”

I let out a breath. My heartbeat calmed. What had I been so worked up about? Why had we been running from Candy's girlfriend?

"Wait, hold on, Kitten?" Candy raised an eyebrow. "How long have you kept this magic pen a secret?"

"Ah, well," she twiddled her fingers. "You know how you mundanes are. I was worried about how you'd react."

"Well it may be moot at this point." I rubbed at my nose. "It's not working."

"What!?"

She grabbed the pen and scribbled "Perfect Student" on my sheet.

"See?" I flicked my hair back and giggled.

"Great." Her heart sank. "Now I'm going to have to go through all the trouble of making a new one."

"Sorry?"

"It's fine baby. Really. I just... I'm going to need some time alone. And then some more time with you, because have I mentioned how irresistible those boobs are?"

We all laughed.

"Like, oh my god!" I looked up at the clock. "We have to get back to class or Mr. Hardon'll spank us for being naughty! We'll swing by after for make outs and blowjobs?"

"You'd better," she grinned.

And so Candy and I found ourselves walking back through the halls.

"You know, maybe it's for the best it's just a regular pen after all," she mused idly, still looking at the thin red rod in her hand.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, as luck would have it, I need a pen to take notes with anyway. And this will be much safer for brainstorming sexy changes this way."

"Ooh, good idea! I have some ideas of my own I think we should write down. Just think of all the fun we're going to have!"

"We're going to get so laid!"

We high fived.

This was going to be the start of something magical.

The End.