



The Challenge
- A Short Story –
= Part 1 of 2 =
By Razmagurk

They'd had one hell of a weekend, I could tell that much.

Isaac was a mess. He looked like a party girl on her way home from a rager. His baseball cap and aviator shades did little to distract from the tight cream party dress he was still squeezed into and I was pretty sure that was dried jizz all over those ridiculous tits of his.

Izzy was a little better in her conservative college sweater and sweatpants, but she was slurping on an extra large caramel frappe, her hangover drink of choice. Plus, of course, she had that giant dick straining against her sweats. That was always a dead giveaway the two had been up to no good.

I smirked, but tried not to stare. The two were quite the sight. The professor had yet to start his lecture so all eyes were rather appreciatively on Isaac's prominent posterior as he strutted past.

"Dude!" I laughed as he plopped heavily into the seat next to me. Izzy took the seat past that. "What happened to you two?"

"Why?" His brain was still booting. "What do you mean?"

"I swear dude, some people come in with hickies, but you two..."

"Huh?" he looked suspiciously at Izzy, who gave him a mischievous little smile.

"Your tits, dude." I gave his boobs a playful poke. They were like marshmallow pillows.

"My - " his eyes widened as he looked down. I swear, it was like it was his first time seeing his own massive honkers. He stood up and looked at the rest of his bodacious body. "What the fuck?"

Izzy snorted, struggling to hold back her laughter.

"Oh come on!" he sighed. "Babe, really?"

"Isaac, darling, Honeylips, I told you. This is what you get for ogling up that girl in the changeroom. I'm trying to teach you a lesson here love, remember? A whole week, this time. Just be glad I have you attending class and not working a pole somewhere."

"What? No! Come on, change me back!" The stomp of his foot was probably intended to look intimidating, but it mostly just came off as petulant. I did, however, quite enjoy the way it made the slopes of his breasts bounce and jiggle.

"Look, /*Sugartits*/," she smirked, "I'm not doing anything until I've finished this coffee, okay?"

"Bro," I slapped him on the back. "How do you get all the way here before realizing you're a girl?"

"Oh, it gets so much worse." He slumped back down into his seat, his breasts bobbing boobily with every motion. It was cartoonish. Pornographic. It was like he was operating on hentai physics. "I'm only now realizing I spent twenty minutes deciding /*not*/ to wash the jizz off! I did my makeup and everything! I intentionally made the call to be a hot slutty mess."

"And none of that clued you off?"

"Not until you pointed it out!"

Izzy laughed again. She held out a hand for a high five and I returned it.

"Yeah yeah, very funny, very funny." He crossed his arms under his tits in a huff, then leaned back as far as he could in the little classroom seat. In a very masculine gesture, he spread his legs wide enough for everybody to see the bare pink cunt beneath. "Dude, I'm exhausted. Being a chick fucking sucks."

"So what happened?"

"I don't want to talk about it." He blushed and looked away. "Let's just say my magic girlfriend turned me into a big-titty slut - *again* - and we spent the whole weekend partying and I got a totally yummy train run on me by all the guys and girls there with their big fat cocks pounding my quivering cunt as I - mmm..."

He had one hand squeezing a tit as the other played with his pussy. Then he realized what he was doing. His blush intensified and he pulled his fingers away.

"Great" He rubbed at the bridge of his nose with his slick fingers. "I'm still acting like a whore too. Oh my god that's why I blew the bus driver on the way here. I should have fucking known."

Most people would be put off by such a pornographic display, but we were long past that point. I'd been given the option of just rolling with it or being entirely oblivious to the whole situation and I'd made my choice.

"Well," I smirked. "Just be glad you actually are a girl this time."

"Oh my god," His face fell into his palms. "Don't remind me."

"Wait, wait, what's this?" Izzy's eyes flashed as she backed up at me. "I haven't heard this one."

"It's nothing!"

"Oh, he didn't tell you?" I laughed. "Last time you changed him back he was still strutting around like a porn star for like, three days. I had to stop him from running off and banging the swim team captain."

Isaac's blush intensified. "That wasn't my fault!"

"See, Sugarmelons? This isn't so bad in comparison, is it? Although that does give me some ideas..." She downed the last of her coffee then snapped her fingers. Suddenly Isaac was exploding out of a Baywatch-style onepiece. She snapped a few more times and he cycled through a selection of ever-skipier swimwear.

He shot me a glare from above his jiggling burgundy bikini. I held up my hands defensively.

"I guess I'm just saying..." I let my eyes roam over my friend's flawless feminine form, but I tried not to stare overlong. It always left me feeling things I didn't want to think about. "This is what? The third time this month?"

"Yeah, /someone/ enjoy this a little too much." He gave her a pointed look, but the grin she gave him back just screamed "Try me."

"Right, she's the one to blame here." I elbowed him sarcastically.

Another blush. He opened and closed his DSLs in indignation. "And what are you implying by that? What are you saying, Ian? That I enjoy being turned into a giggling girl? That I like it when my girlfriend turns me into a horny bimbo slut and parades me around to get fucked senseless by hot strangers? That I get some kind of thrill when my /girl/friend gives herself a monster schlong and stuffs my slutty bimbo butt until I'm a screaming squirmy mess? That I'm deeply, madly in love with her big stupid bitchbreaking baby-maker? Mm..."

His breathing had gotten hot and heavy. His hands had returned, unaware, to their masturbatory endeavours, sliding underneath the scant material of his swimwear to pinch and fondle the quivering flesh within.

"Uh. Yes? I mean, come on, look at you." I tried not to stare, but my blood was pounding. "And for the record, I think that dick looks great on you Izzy. It really compliments your figure."

"Aw, see?" she laughed. "Thank you, Ian, that's very sweet. That's what I keep trying to tell him, but he just won't hear it." Between Isaac's giggling bikini-clad body and his heat-laden tirade, the dick in question was already starting to rise to full mast. She snapped her finger and there was a hole in the crotch of her sweatpants, perfectly sized for the swelling shaft to slip through.

Isaac huffed.

"Look, I didn't mean anything by it, dude. I guess what I'm saying is that if you like getting turned into a girl sometimes, there's nothing wrong with that, right? Honestly? Hearing the adventures you two get up to? It sounds a little fun. I wish my life was half as exciting as all that."

"Fun!?" His jaw dropped. "This looks like fun to you?" He hoisted his tits in my direction.

I blushed and looked away.

"You think this is some kind of game? You think I like being turned into a pretty pink jizz princess as I get forced to suck dick after dick?"

"I -" I looked over at Izzy who was clearly enjoying this whole exchange. "Come on dude. Look at you. Are you even hearing yourself? You protest, sure, but I think you must? On some level? Or she wouldn't be doing this to you."

He froze, his whole body burning bright red.

"Love you, babe." Izzy smiled sweetly and blew him a little kiss.

For a moment it looked like he was about to learn a valuable lesson, but then the other shoe dropped. Indignation and shame turned to anger.

"You think this is so great? You wouldn't last five minutes like this!"

"Who are you trying to fool, dude? I've seen the way people treat you like this. Everybody fawning over you, all that attention. You get treated way better as a girl than you ever do as a guy!"

"I get ogled and abused! I have a jiggly little airhead brain that's not my own! I've had dicks stuffed in places no straight guy should ever want them, and I cheer and moan and beg for more! This is a punishment, Ian. Its not supposed to be *fun*."

"Hey uh -" One of our classmates came up to Isaac. "Sorry to interrupt, I know this is probably a bad time, but can I buy you lunch?"

"Mmm, not now stud." Isaac used his girliest giggliest voice and gave a big seductive wink. "But find me after class and you can feed me some of that fat dick of yours, okay?"

Grinning like a guy who'd just won a free blowjob, the stranger went back over to his friends to a chorus of high fives and cheers.

"See?" Isaac gestured. "See what I have to put up with?"

"Free lunch?" I sniped.

Izzy fell out of her chair laughing. Isaac crossed his arms under his tits and pouted.

"Alright, fine!" There was a gleam in his eye. "You want in on this?"

"What?"

"You think it's so great? Let's see how you like it!"

"Wait, what?" Now it was my turn to blush.

"Oh my god you do want it, don't you?"

"Of course not!" My heart pounded. The offer had been so sudden I couldn't even process it. "Sh-shut up! You're one to talk!"

"You do! You want to be a girly big-tit jizz slut just like me and get fucked down by all the cute boys! Despite all the shit I go through, you've been jealous this whole time! Fine! Let's see how you like it! And you know what, let's make this interesting."

"Interesting?"

"I bet you can't even go one day like this. 24 hours. You're going to be begging me to turn you back. Loser has to buy lunch for a month."

“Careful,” Izzy warned. “It’s not your power to wield, Honeytits. Ian doesn’t have to do anything he doesn’t want to.”

“No, no, it’s fine.” I tried not to let my apprehension bleed through. “And if I win?”

“A wish,” winked Izzy. “Within reason.”

“A challenge then.” Isaac held out his hand.

I looked down at it.

A wish?

And all I had to do was spend a day as a girl?

My heart thumped. I looked down at Isaac’s slutty bimbo body, at this caricature of womanhood. My heart thumped all the harder.

How bad could it be? Don’t get me wrong, I was a guy. A dude. A bro. Being turned into a girl was the last thing I should want. I empathized with Isaac’s plight, even if he probably full well deserved it. But come on. One day as a girl?

What was the worst that could happen?

“Deal.”

Thunder cracked as we shook. Izzy always did love a bit of drama.

“Now this is going to be fun!” laughed Isaac. “You just wait bro, I’m going to rub your nose in all the most humiliating aspects of womanhood. You’re going down, dude.”

“Wait, hold on, that wasn’t part of the agreement.”

“Hey baby,” he stage whispered to Izzy, “I heard Ian here say the most disparaging thing about women!”

“Oh?” She played along.

“He said that girls can’t play basketball! And that they belong in the kitchen naked and making sandwiches and that all the bimbo stuff you do to me is super-weak baby-girl-sauce.”

“I did not!”

“Sorry Ian.” She laughed. “Sounds like someone needs to see how the other half lives.”

She held her fingers up for a snap. There was a flash of vertigo like standing on the edge of a cliff just waiting for a plunge.

And then with a snap, I fell.

When I opened my eyes, everything was different. The first thing I noticed was that I was eye level with the other two. I brushed the poof of blonde hair out of my face, then did a double take at my hand. My nails were coated in a smart maroon polish.

“Oh my god, dude.” Isaac beat his fist against the chair he was laughing so hard. “You’re a chick!”

I looked down. My jaw dropped.

“Oh my god!” I reached up to grope at my modest assets. “I have tits!”

I was a girl!

“You boys and your boobs.” Izzy laughed. “Every time!”

“Oh please, like you don’t jack off every time you give yourself a dick.”

“Hey, that’s different.” She grabbed at the dick in question and gave it a few casual pumps. “These things have a mind of their own!”

But I wasn’t paying attention. *I was a girl!*

I pulled out my phone, trying to take in the fullness of what I was. I had a pretty face and petite arms and hair that tickled at the back of my neck. But the phone’s camera could only catch glimpses.

“I want you to know, Ian,” Izzy grinned. “That I’m easing you into this. This is what I’d call the basic package. You’re just girl-you in a cute dress. No major changes to your brain or history or anything, except people will think you’ve always been this way.”

I blushed as I caught my face. It was still basically my face, but beautiful and smooth. Soft subtleties of proportion. How could such a small change make such a big difference?

“See?” Isaac grinned down at my chest. “Humiliating isn’t it? It’s okay bro, I get it if you want to tap out already. It doesn’t make you any less of a man.”

“Are you kidding, dude?” I stood up and lifted a leg daintily. I was so light! “This is great!”

“What?”

I twirled, the long skirt of the jade sundress I was now wearing spinning beneath me. It was so light and airy and free and oh my god, my voice! I laughed in a way I hadn’t laughed in a long time.

“Have you done something to his head?”

“Not yet,” she shrugged.

“Sorry, I -” I caught what I was doing and stopped myself. “Oh god. This is all just so crazy! I mean, I know it happens to you all the time, but like – I just – I need a mirror.”

"It's not all the time!"

Izzy wiggled her nose. We were in the girls' bathroom. Next to us some girls were fixing their makeup. Isaac looked around uncomfortably, but I didn't even have time to consider the alienness of the situation.

The mirror!

Girl-me stared back. There was so much of me in her there was no denying it. It felt like some trick of the light waiting to be dispelled. I even had the same small scar on my cheek, hidden by the dimple of my smile. I couldn't remember the last time I'd grinned so hard.

As a boy, I was tall and lanky and scrawny. Like I had too many elbows, my grandmother had said once. But girl-me was petite and lithe and cute and her high-waisted sundress made it look like she had legs for days. She bore all my awkward traits with such delicate grace.

I wasn't a cartoon bimbo like Isaac: I looked good!

Don't get me wrong, I wasn't ugly or anything as a guy, but I'd never really tried to look nice. What was the point? I'd always been so... regular, so lumpy and boring. But now - I tried to hold back my tears.

"I think she likes it," Izzy teased.

"Come on dude," Isaac rolled his eyes. "Man up."

He might as well have thrown a brick at the mirror.

I forced the smile off my face.

"What can I say?" I tried to play it cool. This wasn't supposed to be fun! But pretending it wasn't was hard. Even just hearing my voice was making me all the more giddy. I sounded so cool. "I'm just excited about how easy this bet's going to be to win."

"You know what?" Izzy put an arm around my shoulder in a move she was normally too short to accomplish. "This is too fun an opportunity to waste in class. Let's skip to the end, shall we?"

She wiggled her nose again and suddenly I was lost in a forest of people. We were outside the classroom as everybody filed out. For the first time in my life I wasn't the tallest person in the room and I had this irrational fear I'd get crushed or crowded, but it proved in vain. Many of them even smiled at me as they slid past.

Well, maybe not as hard as they were smiling at Isaac. I wasn't jealous, was I?

"How do you like that, huh?" He slapped me on the back. "Being a girl out in public? Everybody staring?"

"I like it just fine." It had barely occurred to me that I shouldn't.

"Bullshit!" He slapped me on the back. "Is there something you're not telling me, bro?"

"What, no?" I tried to hide my grin. "It's just... Dude, come on. I'm good looking! This is hardly the humiliation you were implying. I had no idea how good it felt to be... /hot./"

"Oh please. You're cute." He waved a hand dismissively, then adjusted his scanty bikini top. "/I'm/ hot."

"Ladies please," Izzy laughed. "You're both very lovely."

"I'm just saying." I gave a shrug. "This is fun! No one recognizes it's me anyway, right? It's like a little vacation from myself. I don't know why you get so worked up about this."

"Oh no!" Isaac bristled. "You're not getting out of it so easy. This is like, level one. This is just the start. I thought we were going to make this a challenge."

"To be fair, it's enough for most guys." she shrugged. "Watch."

She pointed at a group of passing dudebros and snapped her fingers. They all went from party-ready frat boys to smoking hot sorority chicks. They weren't sluts or bimbos - they didn't need to be - but they were as well dressed as their good looks deserved, cute skirts and handbags. One by one they froze, looking around at themselves and each other in confusion. All but one adopted a look of sheer horror.

Crotches were groped. Boobs were grabbed.

They screamed.

"See?"

"I mean, I guess I just don't see why it's so bad?" I rubbed at the bridge of my nose "What's wrong with being a girl?"

"What a refreshing attitude!" Izzy laughed. "This is why I like you, Ian."

She snapped her fingers again. The group of sorority girls stopped screaming and started giggling, then they skipped off to wherever they had been going in the first place. The only one still looking confused was the one who'd seemed like she didn't much mind this turn of events.

"Fine. You're tougher than I thought, bro. But walking around like this barely counts. Let's see how you handle sappy romance movies and shopping trips and all that other super girly crap. Let's see how you like moving like a girl, and thinking like a girl, and giggling along to pop songs on the radio."

"I thought you liked those movies." Izzy frowned. "And you were all about girly pop songs at that karaoke bar."

"Yeah, when I'm a girl!" He blushed.

"Sure, sure." She eyed him up incredulously "Fine. I see where this is going, you want him to really experience being a girl? A full blast of femininity? How's this?"

She snapped her fingers.

We were standing in the gym, a flock of beautiful girls smiling and giggling as they gossiped around us. Izzy gave me a wink. We were all wearing our cheerleader outfits, but hers had her big fat dick drooping down from the front. A pair of pompoms sat ready in my hands.

“Oh come on. Again?” Isaac’s cheerleading outfit, meanwhile, was a male-fantasy caricature of the real thing. No matter how he twisted there was no way you couldn’t see his ridiculous melons and fat fuckable ass.

“What can I say?” Izzy’s dick pulsed as she grinned mischievously. “I like you in skirts.”

“Okay girls!” cried the captain. Iris, her name was. How did I know that? But no, I knew all their names. Of course I did! I was a part of the team! I’d stood by them through thick and thin, we were like sisters! “Let’s go through this routine one more time! From the top!”

“Could this possibly get any more embarrassing?”

Izzy snapped and all the girls near Isaac had big fat dicks too. He blushed and shut his mouth.

When the music started, my body began to move. All the time and effort and practice I’d put into cheering over the years, all my life as a bouncy bubbly cheerleader girl, all leading up to this moment.

I should have been humiliated. As a guy this would be devastating. But it wasn’t. Something about being a girl meant I didn’t have to worry about it being silly or looking stupid. Just the opposite! I had all these girls around me cheering me on, feeding off each other’s energy.

I couldn’t remember the last time I’d had so much fun.

And so I danced and I cheered and I spun and I flipped and every moment of it was a roller-coaster of flexibility and athleticism and sheer girlish glee.

Even if there was this slightly sexual tinge to the whole routine.

Or, well, a very sexual tinge.

I don’t know how much of it was just Isaac being turned into a slut, and I don’t know how much of it was Izzy’s work, but his dancing was dirty, pornographic. A parody of the real thing. And it became all the more so the more turned on he got. Girl dick slapped against him as he moved about, rubbing against him as the girls around him cheered, pinching his nipples and ass, setting him moaning and begging for release.

I laughed. That’s how cheer practice always went, didn’t it? Poor slutty Isaac just couldn’t help herself. We’d take her to the locker room after and give her some much needed release as we kissed each other’s tender bodies and ran playful hands across each other’s exposed flesh.

Then the music finished, and I realized the absurdity of what I'd been thinking. Like the logic of some dream you're desperate to cling to but can't quite manage to remember.

"Alright girls, let's hit those showers!" cried Iris, to the cheers of all the other girls.

"Uh. Guys? What the heck was that?"

It was just the three of us left. Izzy was jacking her dick off onto Isaac's well-presented fat ass.

"Huh?" Izzy blasted a load all down his back. "Oh, uh, uh. Sorry. I let that one get away from me a little. Just a little fantasy. Let me uh -"

She snapped her fingers and we were back in the halls of the sociology building; Isaac still in his cum covered cheer skirt while Izzy and I were back to our normal clothing. We weren't cheerleaders anymore: all that dreamy know-how and experience gone, as though it had never even been there to begin with.

I tried not to let on how disappointed I was.

Isaac wobbled on his feet, his boobs bouncing comically as he went. He smoothed out his skirt as best he could, but there was nothing he could do to get rid of that freshly fucked cheerleader look.

"Really?" He looked me up and down appraisingly, then frowned. "Even after all that?"

"What?" I crossed my hands over my chest. Again I tried to keep my cool, to be a man about everything that was happening. "What did I do?"

"You're glowing."

"Sorry, dude, that was -" I failed to stop the grin that burst through onto my face. It turned into a great big laugh and then a flurry of giggles. "That was amazing! That was so much fun!"

Isaac gave Izzy a look.

"It's not me!"

"Fine fine, you're secure enough in your masculinity you don't mind prancing around in a skirt. Let's crank up this difficulty. None of this girl-you stuff. You don't have to go full whore mode like me, but basic bimbo at least. All gooeey and soft and excited around cute boys."

"You know I really don't think this is necessary," said Izzy. "If Ian's more comfortable like this, we can leave it at this."

"No," my heart thumped. "I can handle it."

"Well there's still plenty of masculinity about you." She rolled her eyes. "You've still got that machismo."

Machismo be damned. I shrugged, thinking, *bring it on*. And maybe, I was a little bit curious.

“There’s the Ian I know! And I’m going to put you in three situations, each worse than the last!”

“What kinds of situations? What are you talking about?”

“That’s right! “ Isaac jumped in. “You want humiliation? Humiliation you’ll have, and more. Let’s see how you enjoy four agonizing hours of clothing shopping at the mall! Cute outfits, slutty outfits, club wear, lingerie!” He bit his lip as his hands worked their way down along his body. “Slutty little costumes that’ll make men want to jizz all over your fat tits. Mmm...”

“Oh.” My heart fluttered. “Shopping? As a girl?” I was heating up. My cheeks flushed. “That actually sounds kinda fun.”

“It’s terrible. Option after option, always another store, feet aching, back aching, trying to convince yet another store clerk to give you a discount if you flash him your panties, but then, afterwards, you remember you’re not wearing any. Even when Izzy makes me love it, it’s terrible. The worst thing I’d ever wish on anyone.”

“You know you have to come too, right?” Izzy raised an eyebrow. “In fact I’d say this one is well earned, since you like it so much.”

“Wait, no! Shit!”

Snap.

Suddenly we were at the mall, with smoothies in hand. The transition was a little jarring, but I wasn’t complaining.

“Well, at least I’m not suffering alone this time.” Isaac bumped his hip into Izzy playfully. “Come on, let’s see it!” He grabbed at his big fat melons with his free hand. “If I have to lug these stupid horny things around, so does he!”

“You ready?” Izzy looked me deep in the eyes. “This is pretty much my basic bimbo package. I’m going to pink you up, lower your focus, and really crank up your sex drive. You’re not going to be a full blown girl or a slut, but you’re going to be aggressively bisexual. This is something I normally reserve for especially annoying douchebros.” She gave Isaac a pointed look.

Aggressively bisexual? How bad could it be? What did she mean by ‘pink’? Would I be thinking like a girl?

“Wait, if you’re going easy on me shouldn’t you be going easy on Isaac too?”

“You know, I was going to. But after hearing how much he hates it I think I might crank the whore programming up to eleven. It’ll be more fun for the both of us this way, won’t it, Sugarcunt?” She gave him a possessive slap on the ass that turned him completely red. “Now while we’re off shopping he’ll have lots of things – and people – to do to keep him entertained.”

“Izzy, come on, that really doesn’t seem fair. He was just venting.”

"It's fine." Isaac put a hand on my shoulder. "It's nothing I can't handle." His breath was hitched with arousal and anticipation. Had he been turned into such a slut that he was eager for even more humiliation despite his protests? Or was this actually something he wanted?

"That's my good girl," Izzy smirked. "So, Ian, are you ready?"

I took a deep breath. "I'm ready."

"I'll go slow. Put your hands on your chest."

I did so, She snapped her fingers. There was a warm tingly rush across my modest breasts and they started to press out against my hands. My boobs were getting bigger! Swelling against my hands, pushing them back. My dress was shifting to match but soon it was spilling out around the edges, and still my bust kept growing.

"That's what I'm talking about!" Isaac leered at my swelling tits and grinned.

"How's that?"

I let out a breath I hadn't realized I was holding.

They were huge! I gave a squeeze to my new flesh and gasped as a warm flush ran through my body. They felt */good/*. Way better than I'd ever imagined. If I'd been alone I probably wouldn't have stopped my explorations there.

"Now you're hot." Isaac laughed, pressing his equally expansive mounds against my own, forming a shelf of tit flesh that stretched from chin to chin. "Wait, hold on." He pursed his lips. "Why are yours bigger than mine?"

"Jealous?" teased Izzy.

"Surprised," he countered, with obvious jealousy. "I haven't seen a girl with tits bigger than me since I introduced you to my brothers."

I took a step back and had to readjust my balance. They were heavy and had so much fucking momentum. They kept going long after I'd stopped.

And they weren't the only thing different. Lustrous strawberry blonde hair spilled around my shoulders. My nails were topped with glittering pink ovals. My waist was slim and tight and my hips were wide and breedable. I had an hourglass figure that could put Isaac's to shame!

I reached around to grab at my butt, but my hands made contact way sooner than expected. The way I was standing seemed to thrust it out and mmm... it felt just as good to fondle as my tits.

I was expecting the mental changes to hit like they had when she'd turned me into a cheerleader, for me to just accept all these new crazy aspects of my reality, new history and life and role, but whatever she'd done was a lot more subtle.

“How do you feel?”

“Uh...” My head felt a little fuzzy, but in a good way. My sense of smell weirdly heightened. Something on Isaac’s boobs that smelled... yummy. Something I couldn’t quite place about Izzy too. She looked */good/*.

Mirror! Why was there never a mirror around when I needed one? I looked around desperately, but it was like I was looking at everything for the first time.

Everything was so cute!

My heart swelled as I locked eyes with a big pink panda in the window of that store that sold key-chains and phone charms and other cute little knick knacks. It hit me like a parade of a thousand puppies injected directly in my heart. So cute I physically felt it in a way I’d never let myself feel before.

And that was just the start. Shops were selling cute desserts, ads had cute art, cute clothing dominated every mannequin. It was like everything girly was tinged with a neon pink cuteness.

And the boys!

My eyes dilated, my nostrils flared.

Oh Wow. Boys. It’s like... hello? Boys. You know, boys? Yes. Boys.

I wasn’t gay but I very much wanted to get to know these boys. I wanted to listen to them laugh, to see them roughhouse, to see them smile and laugh and compete with each other.

To see them kissing...

To see them kissing me.

I blushed at the thought, and the blush turned into a deep giggly laugh.

Something inside me was burning hot as my fantasies took a decidedly carnal twist.

Was this what Isaac was so afraid of? I couldn’t deny it was potent.

“Ian? You alright?”

I realized I was chewing my big fat lips as I stared thirstily at a group of varsity lacrosse players. My lips were tingly too. I wondered what else I could rub against them...

“I’m fine!” I lied.

“Told you bro.” He bumped his boobs into mine playfully. “It’s not too late. We can stop this now. You’ve already proved you’re more of a man than most. We don’t have to do this if you don’t want.”

“You’re just saying that because you don’t want to do it.”

"It'll save us both a lot of trouble." He nodded desperately.

But god help me, I didn't want it to end.

"No dice. I'm going to see this through, whatever that may entail."

"Great!" Izzy snapped her fingers and transformed herself into the same bimbo mold as the two of us. Apart from her huge dick, we could have been triplets. "Let's go shopping!"

"Yay," cheered Isaac sarcastically.

Shopping was... wow. Shopping!

As a guy, shopping for me was always very straightforward. I had a thing I wanted, and I bought it. There were maybe two options. It was all so boring and meaningless, and I just looked like a blob anyway so what even was the point?

But this, this was exploratory. Everything was glittering and shiny and colorful. Articles of clothing were unique and varied. Fabrics, styles, so many shops!

Maybe it was a little silly. Okay, I knew it was a lot silly. It must have been the pink. Something Izzy had done to my brain was making me love this, right? But who cared! I was a girl right now, and no one would recognize me. This was fun!

Not that people didn't see us. Oh boy did they ever. Everywhere we went, boys did double takes or made fools of themselves trying to sneak glances. Some of them were really cute. It got my heart racing just thinking about them. Some of the other girls were scowling jealously, but most were polite and friendly.

And I mean, it helped that Izzy was there. Isaac was following along in a huff as the two of us darted from store to store, aisle to aisle, trying on everything we could. Her encouragement let me really sink into the role.

And I wasn't the only one.

"Excuse me, mister, can I pay for all this with sex instead?"

While we were giggling about dresses, Isaac would coo and flirt and seduce the staff. Smaller stuff was just a flash of the tits or a rub of their dick, but bigger stuff saw him bent over with multiple staffers' dicks in his ass he groaned out in hyper-sexual bliss. Somehow it seemed like everybody who was fucking him had enormous dicks. Even the women. Especially the women.

It was such a strange contrast. Around me the universe conspired to make things happy and girly and giggly, to give me the best day as a girl that the world could muster. And around him it conspired to plug every hole he had with fat cocks. Like I was in some Barbie dream land while he was trapped in the porn dimension.

Except I suppose in this case, it was less the universe and more Izzy.

Not that I didn't have my moments of apprehension.

Like my first time in the changeroom. I was about to try on women's clothing for the first time. I was cross-dressing! This was wrong, this was taboo. But the feeling of that pushup bra tight against my chest, the loose fabric of the skirt flowing out behind me, the dangle of all this shiny jewelry, made me think, 'if this is wrong? I didn't want to feel right.' It was airy and flirty and fun and I looked cuter in it than anyone else.

What could possibly be wrong with that?

It also helped that Izzy was making sure that all the stores had plenty of merchandise catering to super-stuffed bimbo sluts. I'd never seen mannequins so pornographically stacked. And the clientele seemed to follow suit. Half the girls in the mall were Barbie blondes with a lascivious fashion sense and tits almost as big as ours.

"What can I say?" she shrugged as we headed into that first party-wear boutique. "It's your first time; I want to make things special."

Special didn't do it justice. It was literally magical.

And that wasn't all. She was always there to help when I needed her. A snap of her fingers and I could glide gracefully in these totally cute gladiator-wrap stiletto pumps, my hips swaying evocatively behind me. I knew it was a little much, but they were pink and in my size and on sale and I just had to have them.

"You are having entirety too much fun, you know that?" groaned Isaac, setting down all our bags.

"What?" I realized I had a great big grin on my face. I blushed. "This is fun! I look hot, I get to try on new things. Dude, look at me!" I gestured down at the slinky black party dress that had looked so good I wore it out. "Isn't this great?"

We were standing at the food court, having just gotten super cute bubble tea. Izzy was having fun transforming a table of oblivious varsity footballers one by one into cheerleaders as the two of us sat back and watched.

"Didn't there used to be a frozen yogurt shop here?" I looked suspiciously at the sex toy shop doing such brisk business between the pizza stand and the French fry place. People were buying dildos with the same casualness they would hotdogs.

"Oh yeah, blame Izzy," Isaac slurped on his cum-flavored boba, angry at how delicious he found it. "We were through here a couple of weeks ago. We realized there weren't any sex toy shops on this whole side of town, so she changed it."

"Hey, you were still getting creamed in there, what's the difference?" She stuck out her tongue. "Look, I can't keep track of all of the changes I make, okay? Cut me a break."

I let out a hot breath as I looked at the sheer variety of phalluses on display. I was getting... mushy.
/Curious/.

"Bro, I think you're losing it."

"What?"

"I'm serious, come on, dude," he shook his head incredulously. "Look at yourself. Are you a man or not?"

"Of course I'm a man, what kind of question is that! And whether I'm a man or not doesn't matter." I looked down. I liked what I saw. "I'm having a good time."

"Is this-" he rubbed at the bridge of his nose. "Is this some kind of joke? Are you and Izzy both in on this or something?"

"It's no joke, dude. I don't think this a punishment at all. I think maybe if you stopped fighting this so hard, you'd have a good time too."

"You know she says the same fucking thing." He sighed. "As though this is something I can just roll over for!"

"Can't you? If you don't like it so much why are you even dating?"

Everything suddenly seemed to go quiet. You could hear a pin drop.

"What?"

"I mean, she turns you into something you hate as punishment for your perceived infidelity. But like, she clearly doesn't mind you fucking other people as a girl? That doesn't seem fair. Bro, if you hate this so much why don't you do anything more than complain? Why are you still together?"

"Look." He blushed all the harder. "She likes punishing guys, okay? She wouldn't be doing all this if she didn't love it. And I - I love her. And if that means I have to be the guy she punishes. If that means I have to raw dog a million dicks because that's what makes her happy? Then I'll do it gladly."

"Oh, how romantic." I laughed. "But you'll be complaining the whole time?"

"Yes! At least I don't go around acting like I actually like being a girl, like you. You act like you'd be better off this way."

"And so what if I would?" My pretty nails clenched into a fist.

"Wait, what? What are you saying, bro?"

I was having a hard time thinking and it wasn't just the bimbo brain. I didn't like where this conversation was going.

"I - I need some air."

I turned and made for the plaza. Izzy followed a few moments later.

"Wait, Ian. Look, I heard what he was saying. He's an idiot, but maybe he's right?" She said the words delicately. "Don't you think you're enjoying this a little too much?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, look, Ian, sweetheart. I've turned a lot of men into women."

"Uh huh."

"And sometimes, well, they prefer to stay that way."

"What - what are you saying?"

"I'm saying, I've never seen you so happy. Isaac may be dense as a milkshake, but I'm not."

"That's just the pink, isn't it? Aren't you the one doing this to me?"

"Ian..."

"What?"

"The pink is just a bit of brain fog and a kick of cuteness. It's not going to make you gush over every dress. That was all you."

Oh god.

That's when the world fell out beneath me.

I had to get out of there.

"I – I need to think." I stumbled away. "I'm sorry."

I ran out into the pavilion as fast as my heels were able.

I was struggling for breath. What was she saying? That I wasn't really a guy at all? That I was – what? - some kind of closet trans girl?

That was ridiculous! I was a straight guy, dammit! Present circumstances excepted. Just because I didn't think it was so bad to go around like a girl didn't make me one. Just because I laughed and was free and giggled and loved every minute of it doesn't mean I was...

Right?

I looked down at my over-the-top bimbo body. Now it felt humiliating. Now it felt excessive. Fake. Now I wanted to change back.

But I didn't want to go back to guy me. Not yet. Maybe instead to the girl I'd been before. That cheerleader?

What the hell was wrong with me?

"Excuse me. Sorry to be that guy, but are you alright?"

"What?" I looked up. There was a boyishly handsome boy standing there. Fit but not bulky, like a swimmer or a gymnast. He was tall, my eye level not even reaching his broad chest. And he had this sad caring smile on his sweet clean-shaven face.

Fuck! He was cute!

"Do you need to get out here? I can call a cab or something? Or the police maybe? Sorry, is that presumptuous of me? I saw you fighting with your friends. I'm uh, Ivan, by the way. I noticed that you're, well-" He gestured to his eyes.

I was crying. Shit.

"No, I'm fine." I shook my head. I didn't want him to see me crying. I was making such a mess of this.

"Well, here. It's the least I can do." He handed me a handkerchief. Who the hell carried handkerchiefs?

My heart thumped as I reached out to take it.

He was a boy and he was cute and he was being nice to me and he was barely even staring at my boobs. Oh god what was wrong with my boobs?

I'd never been treated with such random kindness. Guys didn't get treated like this. He was treating me like a girl. He saw me as a girl.

And did I mention he was cute?

"I guess it's just been a bit of an emotional day. I'm um..." I tried not to tell him I was actually a totally straight dude running around in a bimbo's body to win a bet. "I'm trying out something new, as a person. I'm learning a lot about myself."

"That's amazing. Sounds exciting." The sadness fell from his smile. "I'd love to hear about it sometime."

"Ian!" I heard Isaac calling, searching for me.

The hackles on the back of my neck raised. Ivan must have noticed the way my eyes went wide.

"Look, if you don't want to go back, that's okay. I don't know what they have on you, and, god, I don't want to be the sort of guy who suggests we run off somewhere. We just met. You don't know me. But if you want to maybe get out of here, there's a little coffee shop just around the corner. It's still really public but it's a great place to shake a tail."

God help me, I couldn't imagine anything better.

I didn't want to see Isaac right now. I didn't want him ruining this moment.

Not that I was gaga over this boy or anything! It was just that... well, how do you explain someone like Isaac? He could be such a *guy* sometimes. He was my best friend, sure, but he was such a dude.

Besides, this guy was cute. What if Isaac saw him and started jiggling his stupid hentai titties at him and the two of them ran off together to fuck each other silly and I was left out in the dust? What then, huh?

Maybe... - I bit my lip - Maybe I'd join in?

Maybe he'd take us both in the bathroom at the same time. He seemed nice enough. A gentleman, right? Surely he'd understand!

He'd take Isaac and me each into one of his strong arms, his athletic hands tracing across our boiling hot bodies, teasing us, playing with our every sensitive inch, riling us up into squirming messes of writhing passion.

Oh god, he'd rip our slutty dresses off and he'd see the adorable lacy ribbon of the thong I'd just bought he'd get rock fucking hard.

He'd bend us down and press us together, my heaving breasts mashing against Isaac's fat slutty melons as his juicy lips sucked and plucked at my own. Our moans and gasps rising together in a crescendo of lesbian passion as this boy groped and fondled our hypersensitive bimbo butts.

Was this what Izzy had meant by aggressively bisexual? Because this seemed very one-sided. Boys. Sex with boys. It sounded like the greatest thing ever. Was this some other secret part of me I'd never realized existed?

I could just imagine his hand exploring more intimately, my body heating up, his touch dancing electrically along our sensitive bimbo flesh. Squeezing my plump behind, moving closer and closer to my... my...

My pussy.

I let out a hot breath. And then he'd have his way with me, wouldn't he? I'd be *fucked* like a *girl*. His fat cock sliding in and out of me, his thrusts firm and sure and masculine, my moans delicate and girly, whimpering and mewling and yielding to his every strong firm gesture.

I'd seen Isaac getting his slutty cunt pounded so often it had lost all meaning, but god, being on the other side of it?

What would it feel like?

This boy, this cute sweetheart – who I had just met! – fucking me until I was a screaming whimpering kitten building closer and closer to this great big toe-curling orgasm!

Fuck!

"Uh, miss?" The boy spoke. "You've gone all flushed. Are you alright?"

God help me, somehow I went all the redder.

What the hell was I thinking? What the hell was I doing? This guy was trying to help me and all I could think about was how wet he was getting me.

I had to get out of there. Before the inevitable happened. God, I couldn't let Isaac see me like this. If he caught me drooling over this boy like a moon-eyed calf I'd never live it down.

"Miss?"

It was the hardest choice I've ever had to make.

"I'm sorry" I dabbed at the tears in my eyes. "I've got to go! Thank you so much for your kindness, it means the world to me."

"It's fine." He smiled so warmly I thought I was going to melt. "I'm glad you're alright. Someone as pretty as you shouldn't be crying."

I'm sure girls heard stuff like that all the time. I'm sure they rolled their eyes at stuff like that. But I sure as hell didn't. I felt like a princess. I felt like I was flying. I was skipping the whole way back.

Only after I turned the corner did I realize I still had his handkerchief.

"Yeah girl!" Izzy laughed as I made my way towards her. "Did you get his number?"

"Oh god. Please don't tell Isaac."

"Relax." She giggled. "I got you. He was sexy! Great job, though I take full credit for your tits."

I let out a scandalous giggle of my own. He */was/* sexy wasn't he?

He was sexy and he thought I was a girl and suddenly it didn't matter if that was true or not.

"Are you alright?" she put her hand tenderly on my arm.

The was the question, wasn't it?

I took a deep breath. I didn't know what I was. All I knew is that I didn't want to go back.

I was a girl for now, at least. I was having fun now, at least. I was a cute girl crushing on some cute guy like something out of a romance movie. Whatever the future had in store, I didn't want it ruining this moment.

Besides, there was still the rest of Isaac's challenges ahead. Would I end up like him? Would I get to live that fantasy? My cheeks flushed. Would that be so bad?

I let out the breath I'd been holding.

"So, what's next?"

"What's next?" She turned and gestured grandly at the store behind us. "The piece de resistance of our little shopping trip of course!"

Victoria's Secret.

My heart pounded.

I couldn't wait!

To Be Continued.