



The Challenge
- A Short Story -
By Razmagurk
= Part 2 =

“Again?” Isaac sighed.

“You know honey, most guys would love to go with their girlfriend to try on lingerie,” Izzy grinned impishly.

“Yeah, well they’re not the one’s putting it on!”

We’d just stepped inside Victoria’s Secret. It was busy. Busty women bouncing from display to display like something straight out of a commercial. It was beautiful. A shining haven of femininity.

There was a time this would have been enemy territory, when just the thought of stepping into a place like this would have given me the chills. I was a guy, after all.

But not today.

It was inevitable, really. With Izzy’s magic and her penchant for turning her boyfriend into a slutty bimbo, it was just a matter of time before I got caught up in their nonsense. This was hardly the first time she’d given herself a huge dick and made Isaac into her prancing eye candy.

It was my own fault, really. I’d said being turned into a girl didn’t sound so bad. Isaac had thought otherwise and issued that stupid challenge.

24 hours as a girl.

How was I supposed to know how much fun it would be?

Now the three of us were buxom sexpots. We were cartoonishly hot. Elevens out of ten. And while Izzy had been taking her vengeance on Isaac’s masculine indiscretions by making him suck and slut his way through the mall like the only girl in the porno, I was having a blast as a giggling glitter-brained girl shopping for all the cutest clothes.

And was I humiliated? Was I brought low by this assault on my masculinity? By having to prance and preen and flirt and giggle?

On the contrary. I was having a blast!

Which is probably why Isaac was rolling his eyes, arms crossed under his giant tits as Izzy and I grinned girlishly at all the pretty lacy nothings.

What this whole situation said about me, I was trying very hard not to think about.

“Have we not already been underwear shopping?” He gestured to the pile of bags at his foot.

“Yes, but we haven’t been here,” Izzy teased. “Now come on, sugartits, there’s some bras you’d look great in.”

He groaned and rolled his eyes.

She shook her head and turned to me. “Are all guys so stubborn about this?”

“Hey don’t look at me.” I blushed. I didn’t know which was worse: the implication that I was a guy, or the implication that I wasn’t.

"Now I'm actually curious." A mischievous smirk hovered at her lips. "Would they still be the same way if they were the ones with boobs?"

"Oh no." Isaac held up his hands in surrender. "I know that look."

"Let's find out, shall we?" Izzy scanned the room, eyeing up the busty crowds. Her earlier magic had made it so that our exaggerated body type was normal, and so the crowd gathered here looked fresh from a beer commercial.

"There." She pointed to a couple towards the back. A dorky looking brunette in a cute sundress and her tall blonde boyfriend in a white T and jeans. They were college freshmen, probably. Out in the world for the first time. She was flitting from display to display, looking for something to impress him, but all he seemed to care about was getting out of there.

Izzy smirked.

"I wonder what will happen if I..."

She snapped her fingers and suddenly the guy's head was on her body and vice versa.

Isaac rolled his eyes. He'd seen this all before. But my jaw dropped.

"Oh my god!" She rushed from shelf to shelf, pulling off bras and holding them up to the cream colored cups of the dress he was now wearing. "This'll look so sexy on you, John!"

"No."

"Oh shit, thirty percent off these nighties!" A salacious tint pinked her cheeks as she held one of the scant maroon garments up. "We can save these for laterrrrr..."

"Kill me."

The cups were a little large for him, but with another snap of her fingers, Izzy fixed that. Now there wasn't a single brassiere in this store less than an E cup, and the clientele had been upgraded to match.

"I told you so." Isaac smirked. "You see, Ian? Utter torture."

"Oh shush." Izzy held a similar nightie up to Isaac's chest. "Just think of all the dick you'd get wearing something like this."

He blushed.

"And look, it's two for one! We can have matching slutwear! Won't that be so cute? We can pick up a guy and fuck him together."

He blushed harder.

“Wait.” I squinted down at all the clothing we’d spent the past few hours shopping for. “Can’t you just magic up whatever clothing you want?”

“I can,” she laughed, “but where’s the fun in that?” She grabbed a selection of nighties in other colors. “Let’s go try these on!”

“Actually, I think I’m with the other guy,” Isaac huffed. “I’d literally rather die.”

“Well we’re not here for you.” She stuck her tongue out and wrapped her arm in mine. “Now come on. We’re going to try these all on together and you’re going to tell me and Ian how hot we look.”

I tilted my head. “Will those even fit you?”

“What do you mean?”

“You’re uh —” My eyes shifted down to her tumultuous erection.

“Oh, right.” She looked down then slapped her forehead. “I’ve still got this massive fucking cock, don’t I?” She held a pair of cheeky royal blue panties up to her crotch and frowned. Their slender fabric was dwarfed by her mammoth dickmeat and huge juicy balls. “That’s not going to work, is it?”

She snapped her fingers and the little slip of fabric was remade. Now it had a delicate lace-lined tube in the center for her dick to pass through and a pair of stretchy little cups to fit her testicles in.

“Actually, you know what?”

She snapped her fingers again and half the store now catered to uh, a new kind of ‘well endowed woman’. Every girl on that half now had bulging pants or dangling dicks, their privates evocatively on display. Though none, I noticed, were bigger than Izzy.

Lace and ribbons and ball bras and little condom-like stockings adorning the faux cocks of the mannequins. It was a garden of dickish delights.

Even that couple from earlier had been affected. The girlfriend was trying to convince him to try on a pair of hot red side-tie panties with a split in the front for his girly dick to jut through. It was more string than fabric and she was drooling at the prospect even as he adamantly refused.

“Why does this happen every time we go shopping?” Isaac sighed and shook his head.

“Oh, don’t act like you don’t love it,” Izzy smirked.

He looked like he was about to argue but his gaze caught on a particularly impressive specimen and he seemed to completely lose his train of thought.

“You’ve been doing a lot of complaining, come to think of it.” Her eyes flashed. “Don’t forget that this is a punishment, lovelons.”

“Oh yeah?” he raised an eyebrow brattily. “What are you going to do about it?”

"Ian?" Izzy's dick flared. "Will you excuse us for a moment? Isaac and I have some business to take care of in private. Won't take long."

"Uh." I wasn't quite sure if I should intercede or not, but Isaac didn't seem particularly worried. In fact he seemed like he was looking forward to the attention. "Sure thing. I'll be right here."

She scooped his butt into her hand and glided him over to one of the changeroom stalls. The last thing I saw was Isaac licking his lips as he eyed his girlfriend's member.

And that left me all alone. In a lingerie shop.

I expected dread, or anxiety or *something*, but it never set in. I had always felt like such an outsider in places like this. But now? No strange looks. No judgmental stares. No one cared.

I belonged.

I smiled at the prospect and it turned into a laugh. I caught another sight of my Barbie doll countenance in the mirror.

It was time to shop!

"Oh my god," I heard a voice like sunflowers and soft cream. "I love those shoes. Sorry, I'm not usually that person, but where did you get those?"

"Huh?"

I turned and looked. Two girls were there grinning at me eagerly, one brunette in a tight cream sweater dress, one a coppery red-head with a ruffled green peasant blouse and skirt. In the store's light they looked like they could have been models.

Oh god, they were talking to me!

Girls never really spoke to me. I mean, Izzy, sure, but she was Izzy.

I twisted my head, trying to get a view down my body that allowed me to see my shoes without these ridiculous anime titties getting in the way, but I just couldn't. In the end I had to raise a leg daintily to get an eye on my platform stilettos.

"Just look at what they do for your legs," the brunette laughed. "Wish I had legs like that."

"Oh don't be so hard on yourself," the other girl said, waving a hand dismissively. "You could totally pull that off."

The girl's legs were long, flawless, beautiful. I don't know what she was talking about. Maybe somewhere down beneath Izzy's changes she wasn't happy with them, but at the moment she had nothing to complain about. "I think your legs are great!"

"You do?" She looked up, surprised. "Well, they're nothing compared to you. Look at how graceful you are, fluttering around in those heels. Lord knows I wouldn't be able to move in them. You must have had lots of practice."

"Not as much as you'd expect." I tried not to laugh.

"Are you a model?" the other asked.

"I wish." I blushed. "No, I'm a student."

"With talent like that, what a waste."

"Right," smirked the redhead, glancing subtly at my bust. "Talent."

"Oh hush." The brunette patted her shoulder. "You're just jealous."

She was jealous? Of me?

The world seemed to spin. This didn't make any sense. They were so beautiful, and not just because they were hot. I mean, they *were* hot. My bisexual libido was very keen to feel their soft bodies squeezed sapphically beside me To be part of a lesbian threesome.

But – I shook my head – beneath that, besides that, there was something angelic and good and wholesome in a way real people could never be. A light that had nothing to do with how they looked.

Were all girls this beautiful? I'd never really looked.

"You know what?" I said at last, "I think I know exactly the pair for you. There was another store with the same look but a chunkier heel. It would complement your dress and everything. You should check it out, it's just a few stores down!"

"Really?" Her eyes sparkled. "You know what, if I'll look half as good in those, as you look in these, I've got to have them. No matter who I have to sleep with for them!"

I laughed a little too hard at that.

"Maybe we can meet up later, you can teach me how you manage to walk so well in those. The way you strut is like nothing else."

I'd love that. I wanted to see them again. I wanted to encourage them, to lift them up, to make them happy. "Deal!"

"I'm Beth," she said, giving me her phone number. "This is Cadence."

"We'll text our details."

"It's a date."

A date? No: better. A friend. Just like that, sisters.

I was left buzzing, floating, soaring on a cloud of endorphins as I returned to my giggly pink sea of shopping.

And for all the talk I may have made about needing to think things over, I did very little thinking. I was far too busy enjoying myself.

But my little moment of bliss wasn't about to last forever.

"Take my fat girly cock, you tight little bitch!"

Izzy's voice lilted over the increasingly loud cry of Isaac's slutty grunts. His whorish moans sang over the slapping of flesh on flesh and the wet squelching that had become such a signature sound of this whole trip.

I wasn't the only one hearing it, but I was the only one who found it strange. Dicks were hard, lips were bitten, all of the clothing seemed just that much skankier. The erotic energy of their coupling was bleeding into the world around them.

I did my best to ignore them but the longer it went, the harder that became. I drew the line when all of the customers started pairing off and making out.

I knocked on the changeroom door. "Are you okay in there?"

"Cumming! Cumming! Cumming." Izzy's voice was as firm as her thrusts, the door shaking bodily from the weight of their pounding, Isaac's own orgasmic cries a babble of tremulous grunts.

And then with a final grunt it was over. Izzy's crescendo had apparently cleared her head.

"Sorry about that." She grinned cockily as they emerged, pulling her panties back up. "Where were we?"

And with that, everybody could get back to their shopping.

Well, mostly.

It wasn't long before Isaac was bent over the front counter getting railed by anyone who walked past.

I looked over at Izzy and raised an eyebrow. They'd finished fucking not five minutes ago and Isaac had been in nympho heat ever since.

A part of me was furious. How come he could get away with all that, how could he be so blissed out, yet the moment I started to enjoy myself in a skirt he starts going off about how I'm not a real man?

But no. I wasn't thinking about that.

This was here, this was now. I was having fun!

“Look,” she shrugged. “He did good, so now he gets a little treat. This gives us time to shop.”

“That’s a treat?”

“Well, *I’m* sure enjoying it.” Her grin widened. Her dick was already starting to get hard again.

I shook my head and turned my focus back to the mirror. I twisted this way and that, seeing the way my prodigious ass and chest presented the scandalous lace of the demi bra I was trying on. I caught myself giggling for no reason at all.

Then I stopped and frowned.

“Izzy, what the hell am I doing?”

A moment before, I’d felt like I’d been part of some pleasant dream, coasting along on dream logic, not thinking too deeply. And with a splash of nausea, it was like I’d woken up.

This body wasn’t mine.

This life wasn’t mine.

Hell, look at her. Look at that girl in the mirror. Her life wasn’t anybody’s.

“Sweetheart, what’s wrong?” Izzy put an arm around my shoulder.

“None of this is real, is it?”

I was frowning. Not pouting, not huffing. I was digging up every ounce of my masculine energy to stop this crying and hating myself for not being able to just give in.

“Oh it’s real enough.” She reached around and gave my pendulous tits a jiggle. “See?”

“No I mean -” I twisted a strand of hair around my finger. “I’m not this girl. I could never be this girl. Look at her! She’s a fantasy. Photoshopped. A giggly little stereotype. All this shopping and laughing and these ridiculous tits. This whole trip has been nothing but bubbly positivity! No jealousy, no shame! This isn’t what real people do. It’s cartoonish.”

A look of surprise crossed her face, then annoyance. For a moment I worried what she could do to me if she took that as a criticism.

“You’re right.” She smiled and patted me on the back. “Nothing real is this perfect, though I can think of some Japanese cartoons that get pretty damn close.”

My heart twisted. Were these emotions even real?

“So what, this is all some kind of a game?”

"Ian, let me tell you something. I've been around the block a few times. I can do a lot of things. Anything, really. And let me tell you, realism has its place. I love realism. But see?"

She snapped her fingers and the two of us were back to sobering normality. The bra I was wearing hung awkwardly off my tall masculine frame. I looked away from the mirror. I couldn't bear to see my male face staring back at me.

"Realism is overrated." She seemed deflated. Bags under her eyes, hungover. "And boy-you doesn't have the ta-tas to pull off that bra."

She snapped her fingers and we were slutty bimbos once more. I took a deep breath. I hadn't even noticed how nice my perfume was. As fake as all this was, it was warm and comforting and euphoric. It was like being back in a warm hot-tub after having to step out and march through the snow.

"So is it real? No. You're right. It's a silly fuzzy fantasy."

"A dream."

"A dream, yes. And what's the harm in that? It's entertainment. It's art! A pleasant lusty vision. That's what dreams are for, aren't they? What good is being human if we can't dream? If reality was more like this, we'd all be a lot better off."

"But this has to end! This is, what? A day? And then everything's back to normal? I -" God help me, the idea hurt to even consider. "I go back to being a guy again? I'm not this girl!"

"And what are you?"

"I - I don't know." Tears welled up in my eyes. She held her arms out for a hug, and I fell into it. It was warm and safe and comfortable and as a guy I'd never known anything even remotely like it. Even if her dick was banging around between my legs. I never realized how starved for physical affection I'd been.

"What matters is that we're here now. In our hearts."

Would I be able to live without the dream much longer? Would I be able to wake up?

"Alright, alright!" Isaac barged in, a hot horny mess, several amorous lingerie-clad futanari following in his wake. "Enough of this slutty torture! I give in."

"Isaac we're kind of in the middle of something here." Izzy sighed and snapped her fingers. The urgency faded from his face.

"Why? What's-? Oh."

He noticed the tears in my eyes and stopped dead in his tracks.

"Well, okay!" He clapped me on the back. "Maybe you have been feeling it too. Here I was about to go on a whole rant about how I'm the one suffering out there."

"Isaac." Izzy's voice was insistent.

"No, I mean it. I thought I was going crazy! Or that you were." He shook his head. "Looking at the way you go around, man, it's like I'm looking at a real woman. Like you've gone total bimbo. It's like the magic was too strong and you're losing yourself in the role."

"That's not a thing," Izzy chimed in.

"Isn't it? Izzy, I've been here a thousand times. I know how it plays at the brain. It makes you want things! Strange desires! Even beyond the changes you make."

"Does it?" Izzy raised an eyebrow. "Or maybe this is all just deep inside you and I'm simply bringing it out."

"Oh please," he huffed. "As if."

"Wait, is that true?" I looked up at Izzy, as though there was some easy answer. As though there were some excuse I could cling to, to justify everything.

"Well," she frowned. "I think that may be something only you can determine."

"So what do you say, Ian?" Isaac slapped me on the back. "You ready to tap out? Ready to go back to how things used to be?"

"No!" I didn't know what I wanted, but it wasn't that.

"I figured as much." he shook his head. "You're stubborn, bro. I'll give you that."

"It's not that!" My face was turning red. I needed time. I needed to think and figure things out, but how was I going to tell *him* that?

"You're right. We're still a long way from being done here aren't we?"

"Are we?" I felt like we were having two very different conversations, but much like his boobs, once he got going, he was very hard to stop.

"I think the mall's overstayed its welcome. Time for the second trial."

"Second trial?"

"You still think you like being a bimbo girl? Fine, but this is easy mode. This is only half the equation. "

"Isaac," Izzy elbowed him. "I don't think that's actually all that appropriate at this point. I think Ian's learned his lesson."

"Oh no, he's not getting out of this so easy. If I have to suffer sucking every dick I walk past, so does he."

"What's the second trial?"

“He wants to turn you into a slut as well.” Izzy rolled her eyes.

“What does that even mean?”

“I want to see you squirming! Cranked up libido surrounded by hot bodies. A sexy lamb surrounded by leering wolves.” He posed whorishly and ran a hand down his body. “Unable to control your aching, yearning pussy. Let’s see how you like being blissed out of your mind thinking about dick. Let’s see how well you hold onto your manhood when you find yourself gushing over every cute guy.”

Izzy and I exchanged a look. Probably for the best he not know about the vivid sexual fantasies I was having about that Ivan guy flirting with me earlier.

I let out a hot breath. Maybe I’d get the chance to make those fantasies come to life?

“Look, it’s less fun than I make it sound, okay?” He stomped a heel. “But it’s okay. You’ve put up a good fight. No one’s going to blame you for bailing out. Do you give up? You ready to be a man again? To stand tall and proud? Get your fucking dick back, bro?”

I shook my head. God help me, I didn’t want it to stop, and if that meant I had to grit my teeth and bear through being horny out of my mind and the center of attention for a bunch of cute boys – my heart raced - well, maybe that wasn’t so bad, was it?

“Bro...”

For a second I thought he was the one tearing up.

“You’re tougher than I thought, you know that?”

“I’m in. Whatever else you have to throw at me. I’m in.” I never wanted this dream to end.

“That’s my boy!” he laughed raucously.

“So what’s next on this tour of girlishness?” Izzy elbowed for space between us. “Bimbo ballerinas?”

She snapped her fingers and everything changed. We were standing backstage at a theater. We were - and now always had been - hypersexually stacked ballerinas standing behind stage with the rest of the all-woman company, ready to put on our portrayal of The Nut Cummer. Half of them had enormous dicks and costumes that showed them off. They’d be putting them to good use once the dancing started.

Isaac blushed at the ridiculous tutu he was wearing. I raised an eyebrow at Izzy. She just laughed.

“Or maybe”, she smirked, “we can take in a game of football?”

“Yeah!” Isaac perked up.

Another snap.

Isaac groaned.

We were at a football game alright, but we weren't in the audience. We were on the sidelines, pom poms in hand. The rest of our fellow cheerleaders were jumping and screaming as Izzy ran down the field in a jersey, her fellow futa footballers following fiercely. Their verve and excitement was so enthusiastic I couldn't help but get caught up in the fantasy. She was so cool! I couldn't wait for the victory party in the changeroom later.

"Wait, wait, wait!" said Isaac, his thong-clad ass well on display from under his flippy little cheerleader skirt. "Stop!"

Time stopped for everybody but us.

"Aw, I was having fun with that one." Izzy pulled herself up from scoring the winning goal. She was suddenly standing next to us, tall and athletic in a way I'd thought impossible on anyone with breasts as large as hers.

"I thought we were trying to get Ian slutted up. What's all this?"

"No, *you* were trying get Ian slutted up." She rolled her eyes. "And come on, you know how much I love you in a cheer skirt" She gave his fat ass a loud slap.

"Look," he blushed. "There's only one place that really slams home the feeling of being a piece of juicy fuckmeat. We're hitting the clubs."

"The clubs?" She snapped her fingers and we were at the ninth hole of a golf course. Isaac was trying to navigate the dildo-handled nine-iron plunged between her legs, squirming on nine-inch platforms as her upper arms awkwardly shouldered her colossal tits apart. The ball went in and there was a polite applause that sent the busty, bikini-clad audience's tits jiggling in excitement.

"Very funny." He rolled his eyes as he realized what he was doing and with a slick *slurp*, bit his lips as he pulled his nine-iron free, blushing. "You know what I meant."

She stuck out her tongue

"Didn't you get enough of this last night?"

She snapped again and this time we were in a club proper. Music was thumping and the air was hot from the press of flesh and the pulse of the crowd. Izzy and I were wearing some of the club-wear we had picked out from the mall earlier, me in a daring black skirt and crimson halter-top and her in a slinky black dress tailored to show off the flesh of her dick like it was cleavage.

"That's what I'm talking about." Isaac took a deep sniff. He was dressed again in his slutty cheerleader outfit. Izzy's doing, I was sure. He did look good in it, I couldn't deny. I wondered if I could pull off something like that...

"Get ready for the biggest challenge of all, boy-o." Isaac clapped a hand on my back. "Boys!"

“Boys?” My heart thumped. Of course. *Boys*.

I should have known.

“Ian, I can make them mostly girls, if you’d prefer? A world of futa?” She snapped to demonstrate – all the guys in the club were suddenly girls with dicks. Still just as caught up in their revelry, still laughing and flirting and dancing. Still hot.

“Oh no! He doesn’t get off that easy. It’s gotta be men. Big strong, studly men with big fat cocks that want nothing more than to split you open.” He let out a hot sigh. “I’m talking the kind who’ll hold you down and fuck you senseless all night long!” Despite all the dick he’d been getting he was clearly hungering for it himself. “Now let’s ramp up the sluttiness.”

“Hold on-” Izzy raised an eyebrow. “I thought you said girl dick was more humiliation?” She waved her dick at him. “Have I been letting you off easy this whole time?”

“I said it was humiliating that all the girls I fuck end up having bigger dicks than me.”

“Uh-huh,” she squinted incredulously. “Like you don’t love it when I fuck you raw with it.”

“Well.” He cleared the hitch in his throat. “For Ian’s first time it’s gotta be guys. He’s gotta get the full experience. Being a slut around hot girls, it just doesn’t quite cut as deep.”

“I’m fine with guys, actually.” I poked my forefingers together daintily. I was still thinking about that cute guy I’d run into earlier.

“If you say so.” She snapped her fingers again. The boys were back – with interest! The club was crowded with them now. Tall, husky... Forget cute, these guys were hot!

“See? Brave man. Now come on baby, slut him up!”

Izzy took a deep breath and looked me in the eye.

“I’m going to ramp up your libido, okay? Lower your sexual inhibitions. It’s no more than you’d feel from a few drinks, but it’ll do the trick. I’m also just going to make everything feel really *really* good. You still have full say, you’ll just be, uh, a little hornier than normal.”

“A lot hornier! You’ll be a drooling slut like me, bro. Hottest fucking thing here. Then we’ll see how you handle being a girl, being a drooling jizzrag as guys take turns fucking your every hole!”

“Isaac, are you okay?” Izzy took him aside. “This is a little much, even for you.”

“Sorry,” he demurred. “I guess I’m just a little pent up. All weekend like this and then a shopping trip and no matter how much juicy dick I suck I just need to get held down and fucked more and more.”

“We spent the whole weekend doing this. That wasn’t enough?”

“You know how I get when I’m like this.” He wriggled.

"Mmm," she purred. "Just the way I like you."

She gave him a kiss and it soon turned into something a lot more steamy. I averted my eyes.

"Alright." She eventually let out a horny sigh. "Let's do this."

She put a hand on my head and snapped.

My eyes dilated. A fire sparked within, burning at every nerve. All my senses were sharp and keen and present. Lights and smells and sensations. And it felt oh so fucking good! I wanted more. Like a hunger, I wanted more!!

"How do you feel?" Izzy raised an eyebrow.

"Hot."

"Good."

We all giggled.

"Let's get out there and party!"

Boys. Wow.

Can I just take a moment to talk about the boys?

I thought they'd been impressive before, but this? This was like a whole different breed. They were flirty and strong and handsome and they smelled so damn good. There wasn't a one here wasn't a fireman or a supermodel, or a soulful big-dick poet with intelligent eyes and overflowing with clever jokes.

Everywhere I looked, my heart fluttered.

And it wasn't the only part of me getting all excited. I was wet, gooshy, wiggling with carnal need. Each new face, each new body, was like a thunderbolt to my libido.

Was this Izzy's work, or had guys always been so hot and I'd just been too straight to notice?

"Careful." Isaac closed the jaw I had dropped. "You're drooling."

I flitted around the edges of the dance floor. It was like some perfect dream. Always the right song. Always the guys were kind and considerate, trying to tempt me out onto the floor to join in. No creeps, no assholes. Because of course, it wasn't real. Just like on the shopping trip. I could be this bouncing bimbo and everybody was on board with it.

Other guys normally set the hairs on the back of my neck on end. I always had to be on guard. I always had to prove myself worthy or useful. But now? They were looking at me and loving what they saw. I

didn't have to impress them or fight for hierarchy with them. There was no masculine posturing or other stupid bullshit.

I should hate this, right? Because the reality was that I was straight. Because the reality was, really, I was a guy? But fuck that. I thought back to what Izzy had said earlier. Reality wasn't such fun.

They smiled, they flirted, they grinned, they stared.

We were the center of a cloud of eager testosterone and I loved every second of it.

And sure, I knew it was just because I was a hot girl. They didn't care about my personality, or anything beyond my looks. But it just felt so good to belong!

Boys bought us drinks, they doted on us. No awkwardness. I giggled and laughed at all their jokes and boasts and stories and I wanted *more*.

I wanted them to hold me close! And pick me up and twirl me around! And mmm, I wanted them to take me home and lay me down and make a woman out of me!

"See?" Isaac was on his third sluttily named cocktail. "Feel that heat growing and growing? Doesn't that bother you? Thoughts of them holding you down and pounding you silly bouncing around in your head. Their hard dicks in every one of your holes!"

"I mean..." I blushed. My fantasies hadn't quite been so humiliating as that, but I couldn't deny the appeal. "I feel it." I chewed my lip and shot a glance at the bartender's bulge. "But does it bother me? Not really."

He frowned, my disagreement just riling him up further.

"We'll see what you say when you've got them in real close." He winked. "When they're pressing into you and they're all you can think about."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"He means, *come on!*," Izzy grabbed our hands. "Let's dance!"

She started pulling us to the dance floor.

"Wait! I can't go out there."

"Aha!" he exclaimed drunkenly. "Giving up?"

"That's not it." I blushed.

"Aw, don't tell me -"

"I – I don't know how to dance." I blushed. "This is my first time out like this."

“Dude, what?” Isaac dragged out the word. “You’re like, third year! How have you never been to a party?”

“Have we not taken you out clubbing before?”

They hadn’t, but if this was how they went clubbing, maybe I’d dodged a bullet.

“I – I don’t get out that often. It’s not my scene. Well,” I gestured down at my party-bimbo body, “it’s not normally my scene.”

“Oh honey,” Izzy pulled me into a warm hug. It would have been a sweet gesture if her huge dick hadn’t been jabbing against my stomach again. “That just won’t do. Let’s get you caught up, shall we?”

She snapped her fingers and suddenly I *was*. Years of experience on everything from polka to pole-dancing pouring into my head, my body, my soul. My eyes widened as I found my hips swaying to the thrumming beat of the club.

I only barely had time to mouth a tearful ‘thank you’ before the two of them pulled me out there.

We lost ourselves in the music. Everybody was looking at us. As a guy I’d have been terrified. The only time people stared at me then was when something had gone horribly wrong and I wanted to bury myself in a hole.

But as a girl? As a hot girl? I loved the attention. I couldn’t get enough!

Everybody was looking at me and smiling. I could move and express myself and they ate it all up! Which was good, because let’s just say I was eager to give those hungry boys a treat.

I laughed and I danced and with each song I lost myself more in it. I cared less and less about what anyone thought. I put Isaac’s pressures out of my head. I was having too much fucking fun!

And then my favorite song came on and I let out a loud “whoo!” for all to hear.

Isaac gave me a weird look. Like he was worried about me.

“What?” I laughed. I didn’t want to play his games anymore. I didn’t care what he thought. “Bro, this isn’t punishment, this is paradise!”

I pulled him in to dance. He was heavy and awkward. I knew he could move with grace and beauty, I’d seen him do it when he just left it all behind and lost himself in being a girl. But no, he preferred to stomp and grind. Boyish and crude.

But that was fine. To each their own, I suppose.

And seeing the two of us together? The boys were eating it up and I wanted to give them more!

I flirted and winked and put every ounce of my horny need into every step, every glide, every sway. I wanted them to be just as into me as I was into them.

I was one lucky girl.

I was taking a short breather, quietly amused by how much attention my rising and falling chest was getting, when a familiar voice rose above the din.

“Funny seeing you here.”

It was him!

Time slowed to a crawl.

It was the boy from the mall. Ivan!

Somewhere in the distance Izzy smirked mischievously.

And ooh – he’d had some upgrades. My eyes traced up his manly chest. Broad, muscular. Manly. Not that he didn’t look it before, but now he could pick me up and spin me around, now he could sweep me off my feet and carry me from any danger. All the troubles in the world would just break upon his back.

“It’s maybe a little lame to say, but I’ve been thinking about you all day. How are you? Did everything end alright with your friends? Did you figure out what you were trying to, about yourself?”

I was caught in those sparkling eyes. Those lurid fantasies came rushing back so hard they were going to knock me down. Why had I run away instead of making them all come true?

It seemed so silly. Why had I been fighting? Should I have been upset that I wasn’t me? That this situation was somehow lessened or artificial or warped? That this was all somehow bad? Those thoughts seemed so distant. Who wouldn’t want this?

But Isaac didn’t, did he? This stuff was a challenge to his masculinity, to his heterosexuality. It was */gay/* and that simply wasn’t done.

But heterosexuality right now meant something very different. After all, he was a man and I was a woman.

“Mm...” I ran a hand down Ivan’s chest. The heat was getting to me. “I’ve been thinking about you too.”

“Look, this might sound a little presumptuous but, gosh,” he laughed. “The way you glide out there, the way you move. I’ve never seen anyone so... *free*.” His smile put a grin on my face. “I think there’s something really special about you. Do you want to dance?”

Yes! God yes! A thousand times yes! I’d never wanted anything so badly in all my life.

“You know what?” I smiled up at him. “I think I’d like that.”

I tried to play it cool. I wanted him to like me. I suppressed the urge to jump for joy and scream in girlish delight. Maybe when I told Izzy all about it later, we could giggle and gush all about it.

He took my hand in his – so warm! - and spun me out to the dance floor. Song after song he held me. We swirled and danced and laughed and I lost myself in his strong arms, all my cares and worries held at bay.

And the more we danced the closer we became. With every touch I felt it, sparking something electric within me. Soon I was melting into him, hot and eager. It had gone beyond attraction at this point. It was a need like thirst or hunger or air.

I breathed in the scent of him.

I'd tried so hard to hold it back at the mall but now it was unstoppable. My whole body on fire. Not a hardening but a slickening, a whole body ache. I blushed. Could he feel how much I needed him?

Good. I wanted him to know. I wanted him to reciprocate.

As our dancing went on it grew hotter and heavier. We were grinding up against each other, tingling in pleasure from the contact, my warm wet softness pressed against his firm rigidity. All my years of dance experience expressing myself as the big horny mess I was for him.

Lucky boy. Gentle boy. And what a dancer.

Breasts swaying, hips swinging, my whole body was alive with the rhythm.

I'm sure we made quite the sight.

Here and there through the crowd I could catch glimpses of Isaac dancing as well, shaking his tits and ass for a bunch of tall studs as Izzy looked on and laughed. The hypocrite. For someone who complained this was such torture he sure didn't bother struggling. He led them on. As though it was all part of his and Izzy's game.

Was that how it worked? Guys weren't supposed to like this, so it was fine doing it as long as you said you didn't like it? That still made you a dude? Was that all it took?

Well fuck that.

I squeezed closer to Ivan. I did like this. And I wasn't about to pretend I didn't.

"Everything okay?" He stared down at me with his sparkling blue eyes.

Straight guys didn't know what they were missing.

I pressed into the warmth of his chest, my whole body squeezing against his. He held me tight, secure.

All day I'd been struggling with who I was. Avoiding the question. But in that moment, I knew.

And so we danced and we danced and everything else stopped mattering.

Well, almost.

"Excuse me," purred an eager, sultry voice. "Can I cut in?"

What? No!

But it was Isaac standing there, grinning. I stumbled back in confusion and he stepped into the gap, pressing his body to mine, taking the lead in a dance as our breasts squished together like hot slutty balloons. His softness was a sharp contrast to Ivan's firm muscles, but not an unpleasant one.

Ivan nodded and stepped away. My heart went with him.

"Thought I'd lost you, dude."

"What?"

"You're so far down the rabbit hole, bro. You been drinking? "

"I can handle it!" I tried to wiggle out of his grip.

"Chill, broseph. Nothing worse than a cunt-blocker, I get it. But come on, I'd know that moon-eyed look of yours anywhere. I've been where you're standing."

"Isn't that the whole point?"

"Nah dude, you're not seeing it. Sex is one thing, love is another. You gotta be careful bro, or this whole thing is going to hurt when it's all over."

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying sex is one thing and sure, you're on the fast track to the bedroom express. You're going to get your ass clapped like melons all night long like the good little slut you are."

I sighed wistfully. But that wasn't all I wanted, was it? I wanted to be swept off my feet. I wanted romance and passion and then – I took a hot breath – and then I wanted my ass clapped like melons all night long!

"Nothing wrong with that if it's just a casual hook up, right? But if you let yourself fall in love, then what happens? What happens when the morning comes and you're a guy again and just the thought of him makes you vomit, huh?"

"I would never!"

"Christ, you really are far gone. See? See what I have to deal with! It's not so easy, is it? Nah dude, I think you've had enough." He started looking around. "Where's Izzy? I'm calling this off."

"No!" I pulled away from his grip. Not so easy? This was the easiest thing I'd done in my whole life. I didn't care what it made me, I didn't ever want to go back. "I thought you said this was the challenge?"

“And you’ve lost. Come on. I’m turning you back. You’ll thank me when you’ve sobered up. You’ll thank me when you’re a guy again.”

Funny. It was the most horrible thing I could think of.

I caught a glimpse of Izzy across the dance floor. She was looking for us too.

“Maybe-” Tears were welling in my eyes as I tried to communicate this to my friend. Why was this such a hard truth? “Maybe I don’t want to go back?”

“What?”

He didn’t get it. Of course he didn’t. Because as fat as his tits were, as much as he pretended not to love being a slut... He was still such a *guy* about everything.

“I have to go.”

“Ian, stop!”

But I’d already broken free. I was already running through the dance floor. Years of experience moving through uncaring crowds keeping me ahead of him as he tried to muscle his way after me.

I ran out of there like Cinderella in a slutty dress.

And Ivan wasn’t far behind.

“Are you okay? I saw you and your friend fighting. Again.”

I tried to hold back my tears. I didn’t want him to see all my drama, but seeing him standing there, eyes glittering in the moonlight, what could I do but run to him?

“You know,” I sniffed, “I’m starting to think maybe they and I disagree about a few key facts. I think I need to get out of here.”

“Of course. There’s a cute little cafe just up the street. Maybe we can get that coffee?”

“Actually...” I pressed myself needily into him. “I was thinking maybe your place?”

“Oh!”

It was his turn to swoon.

I clung to him as he escorted me to his car. He held the door open for me. He was kind and a gentleman and he treated me like a princess and I was going to fuck his fucking brains out.

I was breathing hot and heavily as I reclined in his car seat. It was so hard to hold it together, and I was sure he thought I was dealing with my own internal drama, but all I could focus on was how much I wanted to pull out that dick of his and taste it.

"I should warn you though, my place is a bit of a mess." He laughed. "Living alone can be like that sometimes. If I'd have known I'd be bringing home company I'd have tidied up."

Of course. Boys and their messes. Why was I not surprised?

"You know I never quite caught your name."

My name.

Oh god. My name.

Well, it sure as hell wasn't Ian any more, was it?

"Iris."

"You sound unsure."

"What do you think?"

"I think it's beautiful. Fitting for a flower like you."

God! My cheeks burned. Did guys really say stuff like that?

Somewhere deep in the back of my brain I worried that all this was just a part of Izzy's fantasy. That he was no more real than these tits. How else could a guy be so perfect? But I shook that thought away.

"Are you – are you real?"

"Close enough." He laughed. "Sorry, normally I'm not quite so extroverted. I just think you're really something special and I really want to get to know you better. Should I tone it down?"

"Mmm," I grinned. "I never said that."

"So I should go on then, about your beauty? Compare your eyes to the glittering stars? Your laugh like chiming bells, and your lips like rubies?"

"All that and it sounds like you've only ever looked at my face." I gave a flirtatious smirk and pushed my chest out to show off my cleavage.

"Well," he blushed, his eyes drawn from the road for a full second, then he gave an innocent little grin. "I wouldn't quite say that."

"Aha!" I laughed.

"But it's not that, that I was so captivated by. It's the way you move. The way you dance. The way you laugh. I think you're beautiful in a way that's more than just skin deep. And I want to learn about the girl inside."

My heart pounded. We'd be finding out together, wouldn't we?

We arrived at his apartment building not long after. He opened the door for me and I took his arm for support as he led me up the path.

"Well." We stopped outside the door. "Here we are."

Ah, fuck it. Who was going to care?

I leaned in close and kissed him. The surprise on his face was not unwelcome. And, taking my chin and tilting my lips up to his again, he showed he was just as eager to return it.

I kissed a boy! Oh my god, I was bouncing. I wanted to squeal and shout but I didn't want to ruin this perfect moment.

We kissed again, and then some more after that. The whole elevator ride up got pretty steamy.

He held my hand as we skipped giddily over to his apartment door, eager to continue our fun.

"Oh, I should probably warn you," he said, as he was fumbling with his keys. "My roommates might be home."

"Roommates? I thought you said you lived alone."

The hackles on my neck raised as he opened the door.

"Hey sweetheart." Izzy sat like a queen on the couch facing the door. "What a coincidence. Fancy seeing you here."

"Dude, really?" Isaac crossed his arms under his tits. "What was your plan here?"

"Wait," Ivan turned from them to me. "You know each other?"

"Why don't you go get freshened up a bit?" Izzy grinned sharply at him. "Give us a few minutes to talk."

"Uh, I'd rather not, if it's all the same." He saw my defensiveness and stepped between us.

"That wasn't a suggestion." Izzy snapped her fingers. "Now go freshen up."

"I'm..." his voice was robotic. "I'm going to go freshen up."

He turned for the bathroom.

I looked frantically down the hall of the apartment complex. Could I still run? But Isaac was right. What was my plan here? How could I get away from someone like Izzy?

"I told you, dude. Couldn't last one night like this." Isaac shook his head. "Do you see how you're acting right now? Bro, you've gone too far."

"Isaac, *sugarmelons*," Izzy's eyes flashed dangerously as she elbowed her boyfriend, "why don't you let me handle this? Ian – Iris – have a seat."

I stepped inside and took a seat opposite them.

"Iris, I get it. It's been an educational experience." Her smile was small and supportive. "You're confused. You're afraid. But come on, we're your friends. We're trying to help you."

"Look, bro, I'm sorry I got you into this whole situation, but this has to stop."

"Isaac, you really need to shut up. If Ian doesn't want to turn back then she doesn't have to, understand?"

"Wait, what?"

"I mean, do you want to?" she raised an eyebrow. "Do you want to be a guy again? Go back to how everything was?"

"No!" I tried to keep the begging out tone out of it, but it surprised even me. "Please, no."

"See?" sighed Isaac.

I gripped the arm of my seat. Maybe I could still make a run for it.

"Look, sweetie, I'm not the bad guy here. I punish people who deserve it. In no way are you at fault here. This whole stupid thing wasn't even your idea in the first place. This whole challenge was his idea. The challenge -" she glanced at Isaac - "that she's still winning, by the way."

"Oh come on."

"My point is I'm not going to change you back unless you ask for it. If you don't ask for it, well...."

"But he's a girl!"

"Exactly."

In that moment I'd swear Izzy had wings and a halo.

Isaac looked incredulously between the two of us, still not getting it.

"Fine!" He threw his hands up in defeat. "But just you wait. Soon enough you're going to wake up in the morning with a sore pussy, to make some guy a plate of eggs, and you're going to realize you can't handle it any longer. Then we'll see where things stand."

I looked over at the little open-concept kitchen on the far side of the apartment. That didn't sound so bad actually. Me wearing one of his shirts or jerseys, draping seductively off my hypersexual body.

"Wait, hold on," she turned to him. "I thought you were trying to get him fucked, wasn't that why you wanted me to slut him up?"

"It may have been the last stage in the plan. That's the ultimate challenge, right? The ultimate humiliation? But I wasn't actually going to let him go through with it! Even *I'm* not putting my friend through that."

"What!?" Izzy and I both shot him daggers.

"But that's different. Fucking is nothing. But falling in love with some guy you just met? Forgetting who and what you are? Going full girl? It's going to hurt. I'm just trying to protect my friend."

"Well, looks like she's braver than you thought. She was ready to go through with the final challenge all on her own."

"How's everything going out here?" Ivan called out.

"Well, maybe she could use a bit of help." She snapped her fingers. Ivan stepped out wearing little more than a towel, doing his best to hide a dick far larger than had been there earlier. A dick that I wasn't sure any real girl would be able to take.

I goggled. I swallowed. I licked my lips.

But, well, I wasn't a real girl, was I? I was a bimbo slut, wasn't I? Mmm... I was willing to make the attempt.

Izzy winked.

Sex. My heartbeat stuttered. It was the ultimate sign of womanhood, wasn't it? Besides, why not? I'd been indulging my every other girlish urge.

"Wait, no, hold on, what is happening here?" Isaac looked between Ivan's dick and Izzy.

"I'd say, baby, this is our cue to exit. Ian's about to get a woman made of her."

"I'm not going anywhere," he huffed. "Ian's my friend, and I'm not about to let a friend get dicked down alone."

"What are you saying?" Izzy squinted.

"What *are* you saying?" Ivan crossed his hands over his chest.

Isaac bit his lip and looked appreciatively at my tits.

"Oh!" Izzy raised an eyebrow. "You dirty girl. You want to get fucked down beside her, huh? Your comrade in arms?"

"I just want to make sure he's having a good time, that's all."

"Well, we can both see to that. Iris, I know it's your first time, but how do you feel about a foursome?"

I blushed and looked away. As though I hadn't had the same dirty thoughts as Isaac. As though I hadn't been imagining his tits pressed into my own as Ivan drove into my pussy for all it was worth.

"I think she likes it," Izzy smiled. "And what about you, big guy?" She looked over at Ivan and snapped her fingers. "Nothing wrong with an orgy featuring your roommates, is there?"

"Of course not." He blinked. "I'd be happy to have you."

"Well then," her smile turned to a laugh. "What are we waiting for?"

She rose off the couch, her dick bouncing as she stood. The two of them took the lead. Isaac, who had been fucking all day, was diving in on me with no hesitancy. Before I knew what was happening, their hands were all over me, pulling me towards them like a tasty morsel, every little touch an electric prelude of what was to come.

Isaac, for all his soft flesh, was as much a guy as ever. His groping was crude and rough, but he knew exactly the kind of attention my body was craving. Izzy by contrast was tender and reassuring. She was Saphically sensual and knew my most sensitive points. Between the two of them they were driving me wild.

Not that they had far to go.

But as good as their hands felt, it wasn't *their* touch I'd been craving.

I pressed past them. Looking up at Ivan. He was strong, muscled, and mostly naked!

He smiled. My whole body flushed red. I didn't care how I felt. What I wanted was for him to feel good too.

We kissed.

The world spun around us.

His arms wrapped around me as I melted into him.

His lips fell to my neck, his hands caressing my body. I followed his lead.

Behind us Izzy was slapping Isaac's fat titties around playfully, the two of them horny and raunchy and experienced and perverted. They were every bit the porno Isaac had been embodying all day. But as fun as that looked, it wasn't what I was after. I was seeking a different dream all together.

I wanted more. I wanted love. I wanted tenderness.

Closer. Our lips became magnetic, our hands exploring every inch of each other's flesh. I wriggled against his firmament, his hands holding me safe and tight, the tsunami of my desire crashing against him like a cliff.

"Mm- ! Fuck!" I mewled in pleasure. "I want you in me!"

I could feel the ramrod stiffness of his member pressing against my torso, trapped rubbing between us as our desire found form. His breath hitched as I rubbed against it.

I smiled up at him then coyly pulled that towel away.

Wow. Knowing that it was Izzy's doing did little to detract from the surprise. My jaw dropped, my heart rising up in the back of my throat. I'd never seen anything so big, so close.

I cooed in anticipation. He looked almost bashful about it, like he didn't appreciate how princely a prize he possessed.

I ran a finger down along it. It jumped. I couldn't help but giggle. It was alive! Eager! It wanted to be in me just as much as I did. It was its lucky day.

Izzy looked on, clearly enjoying the show as Isaac's sloppy bimbo lips slurped up and down her own turgid member. Ivan's was almost as big as hers. Almost.

I could feel the world around us growing hotter, raunchier. Senses heightened, a horny fog descended upon us. The world was warping to accommodate Izzy's mental state. Her teeth were clenched. She had one hand pinching at her nipples while the other was buried in Isaac's wriggling cunt.

I let out a hot breath. At least I thought that was Izzy. It may have just been my libido spiraling out of control.

I looked back to Ivan's dick. I could list a thousand things I could do to this beast. God, why hadn't I been paying more attention to Isaac as he sloughed from one cock to another all day? So many positions, so many tricks. So much I had left to learn!

I wanted to make him feel good!

"Ready?" he grinned.

I nodded back eagerly. He stepped forward, I fell back. I landed on the couch behind us, Isaac's bimbo body bouncing against me as he pulled sloppily off his girlfriend's fat dick. They knew what was next. The two of them snaked around me, hands rubbing down my body encouragingly, hyping me up for this crowning moment.

Ivan stepped forward gently. Firmly, with purpose. I spread my legs in invitation. God help me, nothing had ever felt more right.

My hypersensitive slut pussy was empty and gushing and ready. I could feel his heat as he pressed his dick against it. So sensitive I could feel his heartbeat.

And then he stopped.

“Wait!” Ivan held up a finger. “I can’t do this.”

“Huh?”

“I – I mean - I don’t want this to be a one night stand. Do you want to go out some time? Get to know each other better?”

“I’d say you’re getting to know her plenty,” Izzy smirked.

“Yes, oh god yes!” I cried. “I thought you’d never ask.”

I wanted to hold hands and dance with him all night and have his fucking babies!

And then he stuck that dick in me and my brain exploded.

His dick was electric. Every touch sent shocks of body-wracking pleasure through me. Lightning crashing down from the heavens.

I’d thought Isaac had just been being dramatic but the moment I had it in me I was a mewling whimpering mess – this massive cock was so cartoonishly perfect for my new pussy...

My pussy!

I’d never known anything could feel so good, so right.

I lost all sense of time, all sense of location, of propriety.

Next to us on the couch, Izzy had Isaac riding her massive dick. No matter how many dicks he’d taken, hers seemed to hit him just right. Perfectly shaped to hit every one of his most intimate points.

His eyes rolled up into his head and he fell across me, his face planting down onto my tits, his lips alternate slurping sucking and babbling. When he came up for breath his hooters crashed against my breasts like rocking ships.

The extra attention was like a force multiplier. I screamed out as his mouth found my turgid nipple, as he sucked skilfully even in the heights of this bliss.

And whenever he came up for breath he’d babble out whorishly to Izzy. “Oh fuck! You’re fucking me with a dick!” he cried. “My girlfriend’s dick is so fucking good. Oh fuck!”

“You like this you little bitch?”

He whimpered, unwilling to admit it even now.

"I said do you like this, you little bitch!" Izzy demanded, tugging on his hair, pulling him up from my heaving bust.

"Yeeeeesss!"

"Then take my fat girldick like the slutty whore you are!"

"Yes, yes, I'm your bitch! I'm your girl!"

He fell back down on me, our bodies pressing together, tits rubbing, his face turned to me, his mouth exploring mine. I reciprocated as best I could, losing myself in the moment.

"Oh wow," Ivan grinned.

Then Isaac and I were bent over getting fucked like sluts, both babbling for more. Making out hotly to the delight of our paramours.

"Such good sluts!" Izzy crowed.

I wasn't a slut. I roiled. I was so much more than that! But mm... at that moment, that *was* a part of it, wasn't it? I'd spent all day just going with it hadn't I? Just enjoying it. What was a little bit more?

Besides, if sluts got to enjoy dicks this good? If they got to hook up with boys this hot? I was all in.

I screamed and groaned and bucked as Ivan took me to new heights. Following his lead like we were back on the dance floor. Every thrust, bump, grind, swing, and push. Two hearts beating as one.

I gave myself over to him. I wanted to make him feel good. To have him take me completely, to be his warmth and his light, and – god! – drawing inspiration from all the raunchy filth his roommates were getting up to – his cock sleeve as well!

But the longer we went the harder it was to keep track of anything except my own sensations, to focus on anything besides the brain-blasting bliss bouncing through me.

"Oh fuck," he gasped, his breath hitching, "You're so beautiful."

Even through the pleasure I smiled at that. I purred. I redoubled my efforts to give everything I had to him.

And that's when I started to cum.

It was a screaming storm of bliss. The greatest feeling ever. My whole body rocked and shook and twitched like I'd seen Isaac do so many times today.

A perfect moment!

Yet even as I roiled and groaned and savoured it, that apex of our lovemaking, I knew it was far from the last. Ivan was still going strong and so was my body.

I rolled back, crashing down the mountain only to be bucked right up again.

I screamed and I gasped and I screamed again in orgasm after orgasm. Impossible stupid sexy slutty bimbo orgasms, cartoonish in their intensity. Just like me.

All I could do was whimper and cry and moan for more.

Was this what Isaac had to go through? Is this what sex as a girl was like? Shit, I felt his tongue against my own and sucked his pillowy lips, so much like my own – I had a newfound respect for him.

And mm...- I rocketed up into another breath stealing crescendo – we were just getting started!

I lost track of thoughts. I lost track of thinking and making sense and anything not related to the sky high screaming pleasure coursing through me.

All I knew was that I loved every second of this.

And I never wanted to change back.

-

It turned out, after, that Isaac was wrong about a great many things.

Waking up the next morning? Breakfast in bed? Round two...?

There were no regrets.

-

The weeks that followed were a whirlwind.

There were no more questions now. No doubts. I knew what I was.

Isaac took a lot of convincing.

He just couldn't accept that I wasn't like him. That his friend had been a girl all along and that neither of us had ever known. Even after Izzy undid all the slutty pinkness. Even when I turned back into a guy to show him how much I hated it. He was too afraid of what it said about him I guess, given how much he moaned and whimpered and gleefully shook his tits for all the boys to see.

But when Ivan and I started dating? I think that finally cemented it for him. I was moving on with my life, pursuing this new future in earnest. We've even been on a few double dates. Ivan gets along better with Isaac than I think I ever did. The two of them bond over cars and other guy stuff even when Isaac's in bimbo mode, flirting and fondling Ivan's heavy package.

And as for me? Well, I'd won the challenge, hadn't I? And so much more! And I knew exactly what to wish for as my prize...

Izzy was kind and understanding and full of suggestions. She worked with me to create a whole new history for myself. Now I had a whole lifetime of happy girly memories. I was on the cheer team! A semi-professional dancer. I'd done horseback riding as a kid. I had three girly-girl sisters who I loved to death.

She said it was a shame I didn't want to keep the cartoonish bimbo body, but I wanted this to be as real as it could be. Not that I didn't keep a few upgrades. It would be a shame if all those slutty tops went to waste.

Besides, with how often Isaac seemed to piss Izzy off, he was bimbo enough for the both of us!

His punishment had been my paradise. I don't know what that said about his notion of masculinity; I don't know if he was in denial, or it was all a sex thing. I don't think he even knows himself, to be honest, and I think he's all the happier not knowing.

To each their own, I guess.

Sometimes they ask if I ever want to go back. How could I even consider it? Not after getting to experience all this. Looking back I'd never been in any pain, but I'd never let myself live either. This just made so much more sense.

I was a girl!

And I wouldn't have it any other way!

The End.