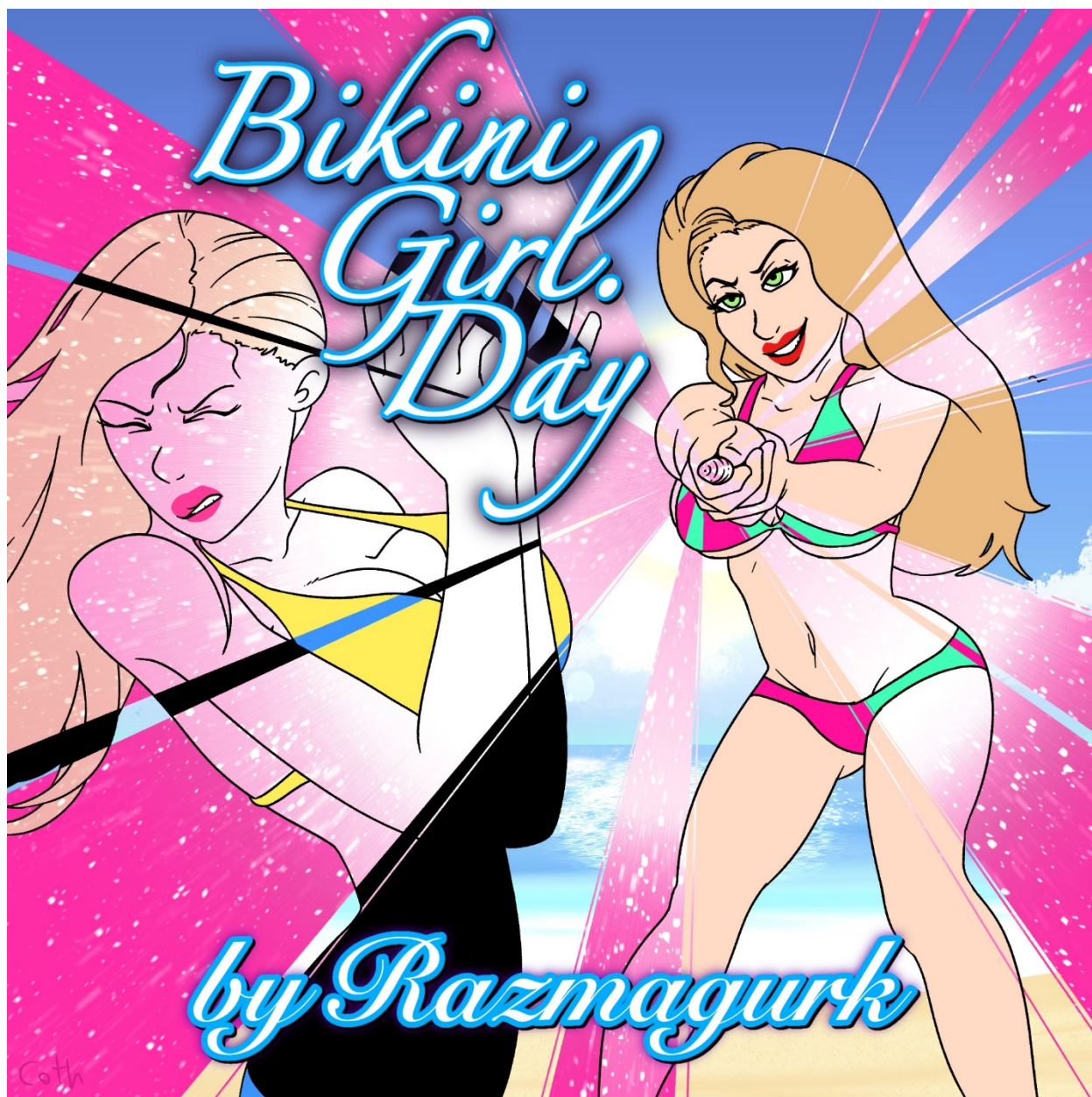




Bikini Girl Day
- A Busty Short -
By Razmagurk

"Mo~om!" I cried. "Ophilia gave me boobs again!"

"Ophilia!" Our harried mother gave us a half glance through the rearview mirror as the car shot down the highway. "Stop bewitching your brother!"

"But mo~om!" my sister pouted, her slender, star-topped wand still glowing in her hand. "He was perving on my bikini."

"I was not!" I drew away my gaze. I wasn't my fault she was mostly naked. "I was just looking at it!"

"Honestly!" Mom sighed. "Can't you two get along for five minutes? We're supposed to be on vacation. This is supposed to be calm and relaxing! You're both 18. You're not kids any more. Act it! Oliver, apologize."

"I was just looking..." I grumbled.

"There, see? He's sorry. Now please, darling, fix your brother."

"Fix him? God Mom, he's not a phone." She rolled her eyes. "I can't just turn him off and on again. The spell has to run its course."

"What!?" My heart skipped a beat. "How long will that take?"

"I dunno?" She shrugged. "A day, usually?"

"A day!" My voice cracked, high and squeaky. "I can't spend the whole day with boobs!" I grabbed at the offending melons for emphasis. "I'm supposed to meet Omar later. He can't see me like this!"

I gasped softly as I manhandled the two huge hemispherical hunks swollen up beneath my shirt. They were heavy and sensitive, and all the attention was making my nipples so flushed and hard they were tenting my shirt up even further. God, what a feeling.

"Relax, dweeb," she waved a hand dismissively. "No one will notice."

"Are you not seeing these things, 'Lia? It's all anyone is going to notice!"

"Far from it." Her grin took on that telltale mischievous glint. She turned her phone towards me, showing me myself in the camera app. I froze in horror, praying what I saw was just some kind of filter.

There was a girl there. A beautiful girl. She looked a little like me if I'd been born a girl, but then cranked up to eleven. Soft lips, soft face, with a delicate nose and blue eyes that sparkled in the sunlight. Her hair was long and blonde and beautifully styled, cascading loose down her back. The plain t-shirt she was

wearing seemed a little out of place, as did the swim trunks, but the sensual ripeness of the girl's body beneath couldn't be denied.

My eyes – her eyes – widened..

My hands went to my head, feeling long tresses I hadn't noticed until that moment. Luxurious strands slipping through my fingers, falling like soft silk about my face.

I screamed.

"Mo~om!" Now I realized why my voice was so high. "Ophilia turned me into a *girl*!"

"Ophilia!"

"See? No need to worry about the boobs, bro. Or should I say, sis?"

"No!" I brushed furiously at my smooth, hairless arms, as though I could wipe them off, as though I could dispel this as just some illusion. "Absolutely not. I don't want to be a girl! Mom?"

Mom looked back at my reflection in the rearview mirror, her focus shifting from me, to my sister and back to me before returning to the road.

"Well Oliver, maybe you should have thought of this before you went perving on your sister." She sighed. "We're only ten minutes away. There's no way I'm turning around now. I'll make it up to you, sweetie, I promise. We'll get ice cream after?"

"What? I can't go to the beach like this! Ophilia!"

"You're right." Ophilia's vindictive smirk returned. "You can't got to the beach like that, can you?"

She waved her wand at me again.

I froze in horror as my shirt and trunks wriggled to life. The fabric shifted, tightening around and raising my chest, even as the majority of the material faded away to nothing. I grabbed for it, to try to hold some semblance of it together, but all my hands found were soft sensuous flesh and a thin strand of slender string wrapped around my back and shoulders. I gawked at the pair of blue half-cups tied together in a decorative knot, lifting and presenting my huge girly boobs.

A bikini? My eyes flashed. I was wearing a bikini!?

"Much better," Ophilia grinned.

"What did you do!?"

"Well, you like bikinis so much?" She patted me on the back. "Now you get to wear your own! Isn't that exciting?"

I leaned down to bury my hands in my face, but my new boobs got caught in the seatbelt instead. I winced. Painful pressure on nerves I'd never known.

"Are they supposed to be so —" I wriggled. "—jiggly?"

"I made them extra bouncy just for you." She winked. "You like anime, right Olly?"

I whimpered.

"Look," she waved a hand dismissively. "I've seen the way you look at girls, alright? I know what's going on in that head of yours. This is long overdue. Just be glad I left you aware of the changes. I could have you thinking you'd always been some kind of bubbly bimbo or something like I did the football team."

"At least that would spare me the humiliation of having to walk around like this!" I snapped. "God! What is it with you and turning guys into titty monsters?"

"Uh, it's hilarious?" She brandished the wand at me. "You wanna go, boobzilla?"

"Shut up! You don't get to insult me about these things. You're the one who gave them to me!"

"Fine," she pursed her lips. "Clearly you haven't learned your lesson."

She waved the wand at me again. Ever so slowly my chest began to surge, to swell. The bikini straps started digging tighter into my shoulders, the cups soon overflowing. And it wasn't just that: I must have risen an inch in my seat as my butt expanded and my hips grew even wider.

She'd made me even girlier!

There was a moment's silence before she let out a snort.

"Mo~om!" I whimpered.

"Ophilia!" Mom snapped. "What did I just say about bewitching your brother!"

"I'm helping!" she pleaded.

"How is this helping!?" I gestured frantically at the hyper-feminine body she had just cursed me with.

"Let's just say this is going to be an important lesson."

"Look, Oliver, sweetie," said Mom. "I'm sorry. I know it's not ideal, but you'll have to make the best of it."

"The best of it!? Mom, I'm a girl!"

"And what's wrong with that, exactly?" She raised a stern eyebrow.

"Nothing." I crossed my arms over my chest and slunk down in my seat. Why was I even bothering? Mom always took Ophilia's side. "Fine. I'll wait in the car. Maybe no one will see me."

"Oh no you don't!" Mom's patience was wearing thin. "You're not spending this whole vacation sulking just because your sister gave you a vagina. Some of us have to put up with it for a lot more than a day. Now buck up, missy. Lots of girls would kill to look like that."

Ophilia snickered.

"Most girls aren't guys, Mom!"

"Just..." Mom rubbed at the bridge of her nose. "Try to enjoy yourself, sweetie."

We pulled in. The car stopped. My mom and sister got out. I could smell the beach air, the ocean. I still sat brooding in the back. So close yet so far. I roiled. I raged. I'd been looking forward to this. Ever since Omar moved away I barely got to see him. I wanted to have one last summer of fun before moving out.

"Please? Sweetie," Mom begged. "For me? This is important! It's been years since I've been able to get the time off. I've been planning this for months. This is the last trip we have before you two go off to college."

I seethed. Mom didn't get it... Ophilia was always getting away with this sort of shit and I was always in the crossfire. But when it came to what I wanted I always had to compromise or make do. It wasn't fair!

So of course – I sighed – why would this time be any different?

"Fine." I looked up, finally, at Mom's pleading face. "For you." I stepped out of the car. "But if Lia makes it weird, I'm walking back."

"Wouldn't dream of it, sis," she winked.

"That's the spirit! See? It won't be so - uh." Mom's breath caught in her throat as she finally got a good look at my new body. "Uh..."

"What?" I flushed as they inspected my big round titties and wide, breedable hips, my long slender legs and my badonka-donk dumper. My sister, it seemed, had a sense of humor.

"She really did a number on you, huh?" Mom put a hand to her cheek as she did when she was trying very hard to think of a nice way to say something. "You're very... *curvaceous*? And that bikini is a little, uh - tight? Maybe put a beach shawl over it?"

"What? I'm not wearing a beach shawl, Mom! I'm a guy."

"If you say so." She pursed her lips. She didn't want to press the issue.

"Hey," Ophilia snickered, "If Olly wants to wave his big pretty titties around for everybody to see, who are we to say no?" She reached around from behind me and gave my boobs a playful fondle for emphasis.

"Cut it out!" I pulled away, holding my hands to my chest. It tickled.

"Ophilia," Mom put a hand on her hip, but laughed despite herself. "Don't tease your sister."

"Mom!" I huffed.

"Sorry sweetie, but you have to admit, it is kind of funny. You always did like to gawk at girls in swimsuits. Remember your aunt Amanda's girlfriend?"

"But don't worry bro." Ophilia brandished her wand, spinning it between her fingers like a baton before holstering it in the string of her side-tie bikini bottoms. "If anyone gives you a hard time about it, they'll have me to deal with."

"Why would people - oh!" I looked around, suddenly acutely aware of my own feminine near-nakedness. "Maybe I'll take that shawl after all."

"Glad to hear you're taking this in stride. Now come on you two," Mom clapped. "Let's go find if our old spot is still there. And listen -" she lowered her sunglasses to look over them at us. "I want you to enjoy yourselves, okay? I want you getting along."

"Oh," Lia smirked, pulling me in for a side hug. "We will."

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I really did love the beach. Hot sand under your feet. The salty wind of the ocean. The cries of delight from the other beachgoers. This beach in particular was a haven. Popular, but never crowded, and largely hidden from the world. It was also, importantly, near a university, and therefore a prime location for sexy summer coeds.

Growing up, these trips had been a prime opportunity for my adolescent self to appreciate all the pretty girls basking in their summer best. Sundresses and shawls and bikinis. I liked bikinis, okay? The way they framed a woman's body? The way they tantalized and teased and presented as girls bounced and jiggled? Heaven.

But now the situation was reversed.

This year, the sun and the sand had nothing to do with the warmth I was feeling.

"Come on, dweeb, keep up." Ophilia beckoned, the three of us working our way along the path from the parking lot, bags in hand. "How can you be so slow? I didn't even give you high heels!"

This was going to be harder than I thought. Even the basic act of walking seemed designed to remind me I was a girl. I couldn't help but swing and twist my hips, walking from my waist rather than my shoulders. Not to mention I had to lean back to accommodate the swinging of my jumbo-sized breasts. Even going slowly, the motion of those things kept throwing me off balance.

Boobs. *My* boobs. God, it was all I could focus on! They were so... *bouncy*! So *present*! I had a huge ass too, but at least it wasn't staring me in the face every time I looked down.

Ophilia had done a number on me alright. These had to be the roundest, perkier, jiggiest boobs I'd ever seen. I wish I had time to stare at them in a mirror, to study them! What guy wouldn't dream of that?

And I wasn't the only one thinking that.

I'd expected laughter. Jeers. As though everybody here would see me as a fake, as though they could tell at a glance I was some weird asshole in a bikini. I'd been prepared for that kind of humiliation, dreading it. But what I got was something else entirely.

People kept *staring*.

The girls weren't so bad. They were largely content to just size me up. But the guys? The guys were the worst. Heads turned, some subtle, most not, to burn a hole through my body with the heat of their gaze. Some jaws fell and some dudes did double takes. Appreciative looks. Hungry looks. Grins and smirks and even a few wolf whistles.

I was burning with shame. Any moment they were going to figure it out. They'd laugh and point. I just knew it.

But that moment never came.

When people caught sight of me flustered, they just grinned all the broader. They probably thought it was my first time in a bikini or that I was embarrassed at how much skin I was showing. They thought it was demure. They thought I was cute! If only they knew. They were right for all the wrong reasons.

God! Me? Cute? I flushed all the harder. Could you imagine? I'd never been cute in my whole life.

I didn't let on how much this was getting to me. I took another breath and tried to smile. I wanted to give Ophilia as little ammunition as possible.

And yet, with every step: Boing, boing, boing.

Eventually we arrived at our usual spot. It was raised a bit from sea level and had a great view of the ocean, but was still off enough to the side that it wasn't too busy.

We set down our bags and Mom pulled out her camera.

"Smile!" she grinned, bringing it to arm's length for a group selfie, just like she did every year.

"Really Mom?" I tried to fake a grin as I stared into the lens. The camera clicked. "I don't exactly want a picture of this."

"You're not having fun now sweetie," she tutted. "But just wait, you'll look back on this one day and laugh."

She showed us the photo.

The three of us made quite a sight.

Mom was classically beautiful to begin with, and had aged gracefully thanks to some of Grandma's magic. My friend Omar (and pretty much any guy you'd care to ask) was of the opinion she was 'a total hot-bodied MILF' but that's my mom he's talking about, ew.

My sister, who spent twenty minutes hogging the bathroom every morning to practice her beauty spells, had all the physical fine-tuning of a professional model. Today, she was showing it off. Her hair blew flawlessly in the wind as she posed to show off her ample bust and the little white bikini she'd spent days deciding on.

Omar had called her a SILF once, but thank god that term hadn't caught on.

And that left me, who'd now been turned into some kind of bimbo bikini slut. While my mom and sister were mesmerizing and beautiful, I was nothing quite so elegant. Wide hips, slender shoulders, a tight little belly that created an exaggerated hourglass figure. A face that simultaneously proclaimed innocence and sin. My sister could have been in a fashion magazine? Well I could have been in a porn rag.

The worst part – I pouted – was that the guys were right. I did look cute, didn't I?

But the contrast was undeniable. They were beautiful. I was slutty. Maybe it was just the way this skimpy swim suit clung so desperately to my body? I twisted, rolling my shoulders to try to adjust the sheer load of my breasts, the way it lifted and presented them, but no avail. It was still so tight.

"You girls go have fun," Mom said, spiking our umbrella into the sand. "I'll get our towels set up and get a head start on some sunbathing. After all that time in the car I'm due for a bit of relaxation."

"Fun is right! Look at all these people I can practice on!" My sister grinned, gripping her wand tightly.

"Ophilia!" Mom snapped. "Your brother was bad enough. Don't magic random bystanders."

"But Mom!" she whined. "Grandma said I need to practice. They'll turn back soon enough. They won't even know."

"Fine. You can magic a few." She sighed, not wanting an argument to dig into her sunbathing time. "But only if they deserve it."

"Deal!"

Ophilia waggled the wand down towards the shore where a guy who had stolen a girl's bikini top suddenly found it was she who had stolen his.

While they were busy I dug into my own bag and grabbed my phone, almost dropping it when I tried to slide it into a pocket that wasn't there. How was I supposed to survive without pockets?

Three messages from Omar. The most recent said "Hey! I'm scoping out the usual spot. Where you guys at?"

Omar. I sighed. I'd been really looking forward to seeing him. We'd been inseparable in high school but he'd had to move half way across the province a few years ago.

"Sorry bro. :(I can't make it after all." I stepped away from Mom and Ophilia as I was typing to get some privacy.

But what was I going to do, tell him my sister had turned me into a big-titty bikini babe? He hadn't believed me when Mom and I had our bodies swapped, or when Ophilia'd accidentally made me pregnant, or even when her fashion spell ran amok and I was stuck wearing miniskirts for a week. I flushed at the memories. That wasn't even Ophilia making her magic oblivious, he just thought I was making up crazy stories.

Most people, as crazy as it was to believe, didn't believe in magic.

I was in the middle of typing up some sob story when a guy in surf-shorts came crashing into me.

"Oh sorry, I - God damn, baby!" he exclaimed. "Look at you!" He pulled away to do just that, eyes tracing over every inch of my quavering bust. "I'd love to break me off a piece of that!"

What?

I blinked. I was so out of my element I couldn't even contextualize what he was saying. I just stood there, noticing how tall he was. Were all guys this tall? I felt so small in comparison.

"You want to get away somewhere, sweetcakes?" His grin grew more lascivious. "Back to my place, maybe? I bet that bikini would look great on the bedroom floor."

It was around there that I clued in. My eyes widened. To be seen as a girl was one thing - to be treated like one was something else entirely. My heart was pounding. How was I supposed to respond to something like that? Who said that kind of thing to a girl?

"Hey dickweed!" came a masculine voice, somehow familiar. "Leave her alone."

"What?" He turned.

"I said leave her alone. She clearly wants nothing to do with you. Take a hint and get out of here before I make it a problem."

The guy sized up this new player, then scowled and turned away, hands up in a surrender gesture. "Bitch ain't worth it, anyway."

I let out a breath I didn't realize I'd been holding.

"Sorry about that," the voice said. "Guys like him are the worst. Are you okay?"

I turned to my erstwhile savior and got a face full of pectoral muscles. I guess that was something I was going to have to get used to: I was small and dainty and my eyes were boy-chest height. Still, it was a

nice chest. Broad, and well-muscled. He was about my age, with a little beaded necklace that complemented his black and orange swim trunks.

My savior. Was that correct? Had I just been rescued? Had I been in danger? The situation still hadn't quite hit home.

"Thanks." I smiled up at him. "I'm not used to dealing with that sort of -"

And then it clicked.

"Omar!?"

"Uh-" Omar scratched the chin of his sweet innocent face. "Have we met?"

Wow. I gulped. Omar got *buff*.

"Everything okay over here?" Ophelia approached, hands on her hips, ready to give this guy trouble.

"Ophelia?" He grinned, subtly taking in her beautiful form. "You're looking great, wow. Oliver was just saying you guys couldn't make it."

"Oh, Omar! Hi!" she lowered the wand. "It's true. Oliver couldn't be here. He sends his regrets. He jacked off so hard his dick broke off." She made a jerking off motion and rolled her eyes. "Tragic, really."

Omar laughed. I crossed my arms over my chest and glared at her.

"But, good news." She put an arm around my shoulder and presented me. "This is our cousin, Olivia. She doesn't get mentioned much."

"A pleasure to meet you." He held out a hand. "I'm Omar, Olly's friend."

Bless him, he was doing everything he could not to stare at my boobs. I knew Omar. I knew how hard it was for him to resist a pair of huge bikini-clad melons like mine. I could practically see him shaking. Poor thing.

"Olivia." I reached out a hand of my own, playing along. "Nice to meet you."

His hand was so big and warm. All my life I'd been bigger than him, stronger than him. Now, what a contrast! He was even bigger now than I'd been as a guy. He could probably pick me up and carry me off. He looked like a completely different person when I was looking up at him than he did when I'd been looking down at him. Confident, handsome. It was enough to make a girl's heart race.

"Excuse us for just a moment, please," I told him, then pulled Ophelia away. "What the hell are you doing?" I hissed in her ear.

"Well, you wanted to spend more time with Omar," she shrugged.

"Not like this!" I gestured broadly at my ridiculous bimbo body.

"Why?" She nudged me. "Afraid he'll like what he sees?" She winked. "I mean, if you'd rather, I could turn him into a girl too! That way you could still have your fun together."

"No!"

"Aw, he won't notice. He can't see any of my magic unless I let him. I'll even make it so he thinks he's always been one. Come on, I'm sure he'd be super cute."

"No!!!"

"Fine," she sighed. "You're no fun. I'm sure there's lots of other people around who can appreciate my talents. Speaking of...."

She looked over at the tall surfer guy who had been hitting on me a few moments ago. He had moved on to bothering a busty blonde lifeguard - I guess he had a type - but then Ophilia waved her wand and his body shrank. His height and muscle melted away like some rubbery cartoon sequence, leaving behind a slender waif of a girl.

A slender waif of a girl who was still waggling her eyebrows lasciviously as she suggested all sorts of foul things they could do together.

Another wave of the wand, however, and the girl's boobs grew and grew and grew. Soon they were the biggest part of him, beyond ridiculous on the girl's tiny frame. Whatever flirtatious lines he was giving, the lifeguard just laughed at the sheer audacity of it.

"Much better," she scowled.

"Omar?" came Mom's voice. She waved from the towel. "It's been so long! How is your father doing?"

I blanched at the mention. He'd made the mistake of hitting on Mom and last we'd seen of him Grandma had turned him into a stripper.

"H-hi Mrs. Stevens!" he stammered, trying very hard not to gawk at my mother's prone form. "He's uh- he's doing great. He finally got the boob job he'd been saving for and the tips have really been rolling in at the new club."

"Glad to hear it." Mom wriggled to reach behind her, undoing the tie of her swim suit and exposing her back to the sun. "You give him my best."

"Mom!" I put a hand to my forehead. "Really?"

"Oh hush. No one cares if an old lady like me shows a bit of skin." She waved a hand dismissively, unconcerned at - or, more disturbing, enjoying? - all the attention she was getting.

"I uh- right! Will do," he said, crossing his hands in front of him to hide his boner.

"Smooth, dude." I elbowed him.

He blushed. I can't remember the last time I'd seen him do that. But of course – I'd forgotten myself for a moment, hadn't I? We weren't raucous dudes, comrades and friends. I was a hot girl and he was taking my chiding seriously.

"Oh, but don't let me keep you." Mom raised one of her legs daintily. "Niece, dear," she raised an eyebrow at me. "Why don't you show our friend around?"

"Of course, Auntie." I gritted my teeth. I guess I had to play along. "Come on, let's get out of here."

"Now, let's see..." Mom purred at the gathering crowd of guys as we set off. "Who wants to help rub some lotion on my back?"

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The three of us walked along the shoreline, the warm waves lapping up to our feet.

"I guess what I'm trying to say," the words came out a little stilted, but I suppose it wasn't too far from the truth, "is that Oliver's told me so much about you, I feel like I've known you for years."

"Oliver's told you about me? All lies, I'm sure." He smiled.

I laughed. It felt good to laugh. Like I could let my guard down a little.

Omar, to his credit, was taking all this in stride. I mean, who wouldn't? He got to spend the day with a beautiful, busty, mostly naked girl. He was doing his best to be charming and suave and funny. The guy part of me was mad at how easily he seemed to pull it off. If only he knew. It felt like some great big joke on my end, like I was going to surprise him with it at any moment.

The contrast with how I usually knew him was night and day. I knew how he got around pretty girls. I knew how horny he could be.

But I was glad to have him. Despite everything I found I could relax around him. Like it was easier being a girl around him. Not that it made me any less aware, but I could be me at least. He made me feel... safe. Safe to be me, even if I was a girl.

Even as Ophelia kept subtly needling me about it.

But by now I was getting used to the stares. By now they weren't so bad. I think everything was sinking in. I was passing. They didn't see me as some guy pretending, they saw me as a real girl. Nothing judgmental about that.

Don't get me wrong, I was still mad about it! But I wasn't going to let it get in my way.

Well, except when it came to swimming. I looked at Omar, now kicking around in the water. A stiff breeze could take this itty bitty bikini off of me. I shuddered to consider what a stiff wave was going to do. Could you imagine? My sopping wet torpedoes, slick and glistening in the summer sun as they bounced free, lurid nipples rising to attention as the wind and water met. I didn't even want to think about it.

"Alright," Ophelia groaned. "I've had enough of this."

"Huh?"

"Oh come on," She rolled her eyes dramatically. "The way you two keep making moon eyes at each other is making me sick. I've got my own friends to meet up with."

"Moon eyes? Gross."

"Oh, did I not mention that part?" she smirked. "The spell gives you the body of a girl, that means a girl's heart as well." She started cackling wickedly, then caught herself. Grandma always told her that cackling gave away the whole game.

"A girl's heart?"

"It makes you like guys, dweeb." Her face fell. "Keep up."

"No – what!? That's crazy. If that were true I'd have... I'd have..."

I'd have only stared at the other girls when I was comparing their bodies to my own? Oh god. Instead of being a boob obsessed moron, I'd been admiring how broad my best friend's chest was.

"Why!?" My eyes widened.

"To show you what it's like! When was the last time you even spoke to a girl who wasn't me or Mom?"

"What's that got to do with anything?"

"I'm trying to break you out of your shell a bit, can't you see that?"

"By making me a girl? By making me like guys? You're not making any sense!"

"Forget it, god!" She rubbed at the bridge of her nose. "Don't worry, I'm sure Omar can teach you all about this sort of stuff. You two enjoy my hard work. I'll see you later."

"You're just going to leave us?" My eyes flashed wide. "After a revelation like that!?"

"Uh, yeah? But look, we won't be too far. If you run into trouble, *cousin*, just come find me."

I was going to be alone?

With Omar?

I looked out at him in the surf, his tall figure, his muscular chest, his beautiful innocent smile.

My heart thumped. Some strange fluffy emotion I wasn't familiar with. It had been rising in the back of my brain for some time but only now was I aware of it. My mouth was suddenly so very dry. What the fuck was happening?

But Ophilia must have caught the panic in my expression, and took pity on me.

"God! Fine!" she rolled her eyes. "You're no fun. You losers can come hang with us cool kids for a bit, I guess. Just, be cool, okay?"

"No promises." I looked around, unsure. "I didn't know your friends were going to be here."

"Neither did they." She winked.

She waved her wand and suddenly two girls appeared in a flash of light. They were wearing beach skirts and bikini tops and holding fruity drinks. The blonde, Opal, was decked in pink while the raven-haired goth, Onyx, wore her traditional black.

"Ophilia!" Opal squealed. "Oh my god, look at this!"

"Magic beach vacation?" Onyx took a sip from her coconut. "Love it."

"Obviously!" Ophilia gushed. "I'm not going to be having the time of my life without my girls!"

"Ooh, speaking of," Opal leaned forward, appraising me like a drill sergeant digging into fresh meat. "Who is this tasty morsel?"

"Let's just say my brother wouldn't stop drooling over my bikini," Ophilia laughed. "So now he gets to see how it feels!"

"O.M.G. Ophie, you're the worst!"

"The best!"

The girls exchanged a scandalous giggle then ran over and started poking and prodding me, eager to see my sister's latest mischief.

"I think this may be some of your finest work yet." I flushed as Onyx lifted my breasts and let them drop, carefully tracking the swing.

"I dunno, I still think having the football team still think they were guys even as they went out in their little cheerleading skirts to do that raunchy little cheer routine was a work of brilliance." She shook her hands like faux pompons. "Go Raiders!"

"Oh, plotwise, sure, but on a technical level, the detail on -"

"Uh, hi!" said Omar, emerging from the water. "Are you Ophilia's friends?"

The girls turned to stare at him coldly, like their gaze could turn the very seas to ice. These girls didn't take well to people who didn't know their place in the social hierarchy.

"Hey!" I threw myself in-between them. "He's my friend."

The two exchanged a look, then deferred to Ophilia.

"Olivia here's been drooling over him all day," she explained with a knowing smirk.

"I have not!"

Omar and I both flushed as we looked at each other.

"Relax." She patted me on the back. "We're just teasing you."

Why had I thought this would be a good idea? Why hadn't I just spent my time alone with him? I was furious, but it was a very different anger than the hot testosterone bath I was used to.

"But you know what girls? I think the poor girl has the right idea. You know what every good beach vacation really needs? Boys!"

She waved her wand and a pair of muscular men appeared. Broad shouldered, board shorts, tight packages. They were a few years older, college guys, with white smiles and well-trimmed beards. They clearly spent a lot of time in the gym.

Omar did a double take at their sudden appearance, but shook it off. If Ophilia didn't want him to see the magic, he couldn't.

"Oooh, you read my mind, girl." Opal threw herself at the newest arrivals. "Hi boys."

"Uh-" the boys took a moment to process the situation, suddenly standing in the middle of a group of eager hotties. They took a moment to exchange a glance, then turned back to us. "Ladies."

I was included in that category, wasn't I?

And, oh god, they were hot, weren't they? Like, really hot. Blood was starting to pound in my ears, my mouth was suddenly very dry even as an unfamiliar dampness swelled in the depths of my bikini bottoms.

I flushed.

"Derrick," said one by way of introduction. "And this is my brother Jack." His voice was like soft caramel.

They held out their hands. Towards me.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm Omar." Omar gave a little wave, still too friendly for his own good.

"Get lost kid," Jack waved him off.

Another flash of anger. Who did these guys think they were? Just because they were tall and hunky and handsome and smelled really good. God!

Opal and Onyx grinned invitingly, but these guys weren't looking at the other girls. They were looking at me.

"Olivia." I shook their hands. "Nice to meet you."

"Uh - excuse me?" Opal raised an eyebrow at the snub.

"Rude." Onyx crossed her hands over her chest.

Jealousy and scorn was apparent on the faces of the other girls. Oh god, I could just imagine what must be going through their heads. It was one thing to be rejected in favor of a random bimbo, but I was Ophilia's loser brother.

Even Ophilia was barely restraining her disdain.

And there I was, the center of attention. Wow! My heart pounded. I knew I should be mortified by this whole scene, but honestly a part of me felt really flattered. What a feeling!

And just like that I knew exactly how to pay these girls back for being so cold.

"Omar, can you run back to my aunt and get us some water? I'll deal with this."

"You sure? If you don't trust these guys I can -."

"It's fine." It was sweet. But I could handle this. I cracked my knuckles.

"I'll be back soon." He ran off.

I took a deep breath. Let's do this.

"Wow!" I wiggled a finger around a stray lock of my hair, twirling it in what I hoped was a seductive manner. "You guys are like, totally cute!"

"Wtf?" mouthed Onyx.

Flirt. Flirt. God, how do girls flirt?

"And uh - I bet you totally work out!" I positioned myself to show off my best assets, giving them some bounce and jiggle. They were subtle in their inspections, but it would take someone special to not even glance. "Can I like, touch your muscles?"

Ophilia snorted.

I approached, running a hand down Jack's chest, gripping Derrick's arm. I could almost smell the arousal, the heat of their skin as I touched their bodies. I didn't have to pretend how turned on they were getting me.

The two exchanged another grin, and before long their hands were on me in turn, gentle touches laying the groundwork for so much more.

I had to giggle to suppress a moan. Their hands felt electric! Did all boys feel this good?

My body was an unfamiliar machine sending me signals I'd never experienced before, but god! I didn't dislike it at all. Was this a woman's arousal? Turgid nipples, hot body, wet pussy. A ready receptacle for their masculine lusts?

What a thing to think!

"Maybe we can get away somewhere? Leave these girls behind?" I swallowed hotly. In for a penny, in for a pound, right? I reached down to caress the guy's trunks. Something hot and hard pulsed beneath my hand. "I bet my top would look great on your bedroom floor."

"Alright, alright!" Ophilia fumed. "Enough of this!" She pushed herself between me and them. "Sorry girls, I guess these studs were duds after all. I didn't know my brother was such a cock-hogging slut. I'll get rid of them."

She waved her wand and before my eyes the two hot guys started to warp and change. Their bodies were shifting, they were losing height as fat that hadn't been there moments ago started to accumulate at their chests and thighs. Their waists shrank, their hips broadened, their faces softened. They were turning into girls. Hot girls! Just like I had back in the car.

"Much better."

"Hey!" I groaned in disappointment and need. My body was still all worked up.

The two new girls blinked and looked at each other, still just as eager and horny as they'd been moments ago, but now expressing it in very different ways.

"In fact, why don't you girls keep each other company?" Ophilia waved her wand again. The two looked at each other and saw something there that drove them into furious sapphic frenzy. They pressed their bodies together, falling over into the sand and making out with an intensity I'd not seen outside of porn.

Onyx couldn't stop laughing.

Omar came back just in time, a bottle of water in his hand.

"Wow," Omar said with a bit of a laugh. "I can't believe it. Those girls were hitting on you so hard but I guess deep down it goes to show, that sometimes the person you really want has been with you all along."

Ophilia suppressed another snort.

"Nice going Ophilia." Opal gave my sister a nudge.

"Wish I could deal with guys like that," Onyx smirked.

"Excuse us for a moment," Ophilia took me in a huddle.

"I bet you think you're pretty clever, huh?" She elbowed me a little too hard.

"Why, you jealous?" I was enjoying getting to be snide. I didn't usually get to put one over on her.

"They didn't have any taste anyway." Ophilia rolled her eyes. "You know I've turned girls into toads over less, right?"

"No, you haven't." I crossed my arms, calling her on her bullshit.

"Well, I wanted to. But I won't! You're still my brother, after all. Though at the moment?" she poked a boob. "I'm not so sure."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"The way you handled those guys?" she smirked. "If I didn't know any better I'd say you were enjoying this."

"I - I would never!" I flushed. "Shut up! It's your stupid spell!"

"My little slut of a brother, such a tease. Whenever cute guys are around, he always waves his big jiggly tits in their faces."

"I do not!"

"It's okay, I can't blame them for wanting you like that." She rose to her full height and let out a sigh. "Boys are just dumb like that, always going for the biggest titties around. No taste."

"Oh please, like you don't love big boobs too."

"Mm, true. Maybe there really is no accounting for taste."

"How are you even jealous of me?. You gave me this body."

"Maybe I made you a little too good." She looked down at my bikini-clad body. "But hey, if that's what guys like," her grin grew wide and mirthless. "Maybe I should make yours even bigger?"

She waved her wand and again my body pulsed and swelled, my bikini becoming so tight that my flesh bulged out around it.

She smirked, then giggled.

“Lia!” I put a hand on my hip, breasts quavering in front of me. “Stop!”

“Oh relax, I’m just teasing. Now stop testing me or I’ll give you a real pair of beachballs to lug around, okay?”

The wand glowed ominously, ready to cast at a moment’s notice.

And then a volleyball slammed into the back of her head.

Sproing!

There was a sound like a spring going loose and the snap of fabric.

Now it was my turn to laugh.

My sister, my beautiful, elegant sister, now bore the biggest, most ridiculous boobs I’d ever seen. The word Beachballs was appropriate. The massive things bounced and swayed so hard they almost knocked her over. And in the middle of her sudden growth spurt, her bikini had stretched well beyond its limit. Now everybody could see her huge fat areolas and the turgid nipples topping them like angry strawberries.

Her eyes widened in panic as she failed to get the things under control. Her hands were too slender to hold them back. It was like she was clutching a pair of pillows to her chest.

Furious, she tried to aim her wand, but she had to let one boob swing free to do so. When she finally managed it, the spell was sloppy. She’d summoned a new top for herself, but much like mine it barely seemed to fit. It clung impossibly tightly, her flesh bulging over it even as it made her breasts look like two compressed spheres.

What had Grandma always said? People who deserve magic, find it?

“Who did that!?” Her teeth were gritted in fury, but the way her mountainous melons swung beneath her every time she moved took the edge off everything she did. God! Mine were heavy enough. I could only imagine what a pair like that would feel like.

“Sorry!” came a call from down the beach. A trio of guys were standing at a volleyball net, waving.

“Hey, pass it back!” said another.

“Maybe you should watch where you’re throwing, limp dick!” cried Opal, angry on Ophilia’s behalf.

Ophilia spun to look and when her body stopped, her tits kept going.

“Brother.” Ophilia’s eyes flashed, a fiendish idea forming in her brain. “I think it’s time for some fun.”

“Is it?”

“Fine!” she called out to them. “You want your ball back? You’ll get it back if you beat us in a game!”

The three looked at each other and gave a shrug. "You're on!"

"Why are we doing this?"

"Look, my magic doesn't last long yet, but Grandma taught me I can make spells last if I bind it into a challenge or bargain. I want these guys to suffer!"

"This sounds like a bad idea." I shook my head.

"Girls!" she turned to her friends. "Volleyball! We need a third."

"Uh, pass?"

"Yeah, that sounds like way too much effort." Onyx rolled her eyes. Good luck though."

"Love the new look though, Oph!" Opal smirked at Ophilia's new hooters.

"Your friends are useless."

Omar stepped up. "These guys look tough."

"Do they?" Ophilia squinted at them.

"Yeah, but hey, I'm on the team at my new school, maybe I can help?"

"Are you?" I squinted at him. How come I didn't know that?

"Yeah, I used to be real scrawny, actually, but then I had to put on a bunch of muscle to stay competitive, and well." He shrugged.

"Whatever!" Ophilia gritted her teeth again, setting off towards the volleyball court as well as her huge swinging knockers would let her. "Let's kick these guys' butts."

"Wait," I called. "Are you - are you seriously going to play like that? Your boobs are so big I can see them from behind you."

"And what's wrong with that?" She put a hand on her hip, indignant, but the effect was completely ruined by the sheer vastness of her tits. "You want a pair like this too? Is that it?"

"No!" I held up a hand. "It's just... a bit of a disadvantage, don't you think?"

"Fine! I'll even things up!"

She waved her wand at the volleyball boys and suddenly they were anything but.

"You, like ready for this, bros?" one cooed in a slutty alto.

“Totally bro!” the others responded, giggling.

Their blonde pigtails flapped in the breeze as the trio of flighty sex kittens did a chest-bump like they were were in some porno parody of Top Gun.

“Better?” Ophilia raised an eyebrow.

“Much.”

-

And that’s how we found ourselves facing off against the bimbo frat bros from hell while Ophilia’s friends cheered us on from the sidelines.

It was my first time actually using my body. I wasn’t as athletic as I had been when I’d been a guy, but I was a lot lighter. I was graceful and flexible and, honestly? It felt amazing. But in this game, what you wanted was to be tall and strong, and we weren’t that.

Somehow, despite their fuck-doll bodies, the bimbo bros were still a force to be reckoned with. They were fast and skilled and strong, even if they did seem to bounce and bob and jiggle everywhere.

The effect grew all the more apparent when Omar managed to score for the first time. One of the bimbo’s boobs shot up a whole cup size.

“Ah.” I glanced at Ophilia, who was grinning vindictively. “So that’s why you’re doing this.”

“It would have been funnier if they were still guys,” she shrugged, “but beggars can’t be choosers.”

With each ball we managed to get past them, they somehow became even sexier, even sluttier. Which was good, since they had already built up a firm early lead. The more we could score, the worse they would play. We just had to hold on long enough for things to turn around.

How hard could it be?

But of course, it also meant it was only a matter of time before –

Rip!

“Omar!”

“Huh?”

The ball crashed into his head.

“Can you focus?”

“S-sorry!”

I was mad. He'd come out of the gate so strong, but the sexier the other team got, the hornier he got in turn. I couldn't even blame him. If I was in his place, surrounded by a brilliant bevy of busty bikini beauties bouncing about the beach, I'd be drooling too.

I... I should be mad at that, shouldn't I? That I was a part of that equation? It just seemed so immaterial. When had I stopped caring that I was a girl?

But there was no time to dwell on it.

A few rallies later, I jumped to get at the ball. I don't know if it was magic or luck holding my hooters in the cups of this swimsuit, but it was doing the Lord's work. I slammed the volleyball down over the net, but I'd over-extended, still not used to my body, and ended up tumbling on my ass for the effort.

One of the bimbos took a dive to try to save the play, but it was no good. She pouted as her ass went up a size, devouring her thong whole.

I laughed. Somehow, despite everything, I found myself having a lot of fun. I couldn't remember the last time I'd just let myself enjoy something.

Even if I was a girl?

Omar held out a hand to lift me up.

I smiled up at him as I took his hand. He pulled me up so effortlessly. As weird as it was, I think being a girl actually helped. There was no bringing myself down all the time. I could take a spill or take a friend's hand without worrying about male ego or pride. I wasn't even getting angry at the competition.

That said, it wasn't helping our team's athleticism at all.

I've never seen a game that had so many bodily collisions. Ophilia's monster titties seemed to crash into anyone who got near her, and my own kept throwing me off balance whenever I tried moving faster than a gentle jiggling jog.

But bit by bit, we got there.

The score was close. Somehow this had turned into quite the game.

Omar was a big help. My sister's friends had been dismissive of him earlier, but seeing him rise to the occasion, seeing him in his element, lit a fire in him. They were cheering. And they weren't the only ones. By now, a big crowd had gathered to watch. Mostly men, little surprise. All hoping and dreaming for a wardrobe malfunction.

Well, they didn't have to wait long.

The ball soared through the air and Ophilia went after it, her massive rack swinging behind her like a third limb. "I got it!" she cried.

But she didn't, not by a long shot. She slipped, the extra mass still carrying momentum as she tumbled down. But then, a miracle - the ball crashed into her boobs, and the sheer swing of them drove the ball up and over the net and taking the other team by surprise.

"Did you see that!?" she cheered.

"I think everybody saw that," I snickered.

She pumped a fist and started to do a little victory dance. There was a stunned silence from the crowd.

"Uh, Ophilia?" Omar extended an arm, intently not looking at her jiggling flesh. He was holding something out to her.

"What?"

Then she saw what he held in his hands. Turning red, she put her bikini top back on.

"No one saw that!" She rushed over to her wand, which Onyx was holding, and waved it at the crowd. "You didn't see that!"

Like magic, the crowd blinked and went back to business as usual.

"Wait, hold on," I tilted my head, "if you use a spell to make them forget seeing you naked, won't that wear off in a few days too?"

"Of course." She adjusted her top as best she was able. "But no one will believe it. In their dreams, maybe."

The game continued. We'd managed somehow to overcome our early disadvantage. Now we were tied. The bimbos we were playing against giggled in anticipation. This was the last point. Whoever scored next would win. People on the sidelines were cheering for more than just our hot bodies. Though, admittedly, that seemed to be what they were cheering loudest about.

"We got this!" I grinned.

"You know what?" smirked Ophilia. "I think it's time for our secret weapon."

"Huh?"

"You'll see." She stuck out a tongue.

The rally started simple enough, a few exchanges back and forth. The Bimbos were gunning to end it quickly though, so it was an ever-tighter play. Omar spiked the ball over the net and the bimbo in the front had to fall to her knees, to get it - a position she looked very familiar with. I stumbled back as it came my way, positioning myself for a return, but the sand beneath my feet shifted and I struck the ball at a rough angle. Crap! I'd sent them an easy return. The bimbo in the back rushed forward, boobs swinging wildly as she raised a hand for a spike.

And that's when Ophilia pulled down Omar's swim trunks.

"H-Hey!" he cried. He tried to reach down to cover his dick, but he wasn't fast enough.

The moment I saw it, it was like time had stopped. It was long and hard and eager to be free. This thick powerful thing straining in the air. He must have had it tucked into the band or something because it was at full-mast. And who could blame him?

I let out a breath. Look, I didn't have much reference to compare it with, but he had me beat, that was for sure, and by a good margin at that.

Wow.

"Ophilia!" he cried, pulling up his pants, his whole body a bright red. The crowd stared in stunned silence.

Ophilia just shrugged playfully and looked over to the other side of the net.

I wasn't the only one who had been frozen. The girl who had been about to spike was now rubbing a seductive finger down the flesh of her cleavage. The other girls were licking their lips, and the one who was already on her knees had her DSLs open and her tongue hanging out. They were all mesmerized by the sight of Omar's fat cock.

The ball had landed, forgotten, by their feet.

"I'm pretty sure that's cheating," I huffed.

"All's fair in love and war." Ophilia plucked up the volleyball and took it as a prize. "Guess they won't be getting their balls back any time soon."

"Bro!" exclaimed one of the bimbos. "That's like, totally okay!"

"Yeah!" Giggled another, looking around at all the hot shirtless guys who had gathered to watch. "I think I know where we can go find some more balls to play with."

"Ooh, yeah~!"

-

It was only some time later that my sister and I got a chance to sit down and actually talk.

We were seated on towels. Opal and Onyx had gone off to get drinks. Ophilia had arranged for them to have their own flirty magical encounters along the way, because that's what good friends do. Omar had been determined to show us his incredible sandcastle building skills and was currently knee deep in a pit as he raised the walls around him.

I brushed an errant blonde lock from my face and let the wind tickle my face.

“Okay,” I leaned back and let the sun bathe my smooth, hairless body. It was starting to get low. “That was kind of fun.”

“I knew you were enjoying this,” she grinned.

“I mean, not all of it! But yeah, okay, I’m starting to come around. As crazy as it sounds, sis, working with you is a lot nicer than working against you.”

“Aw.”

“What?”

“We’re sisters!” She pulled me in for a hug, burying my head in her cleavage.

“Oh god.” I laughed. “I guess we are. But listen, I want to say my piece first. You have to cut it out with the vindictive attitude. You gotta mellow out. I never know where I stand with you.”

She considered this for a moment in silence.

“You know you’re probably the only person in the world who can tell me that.” Her voice was small and serious.

“That’s half the problem, ‘Lia. Mom puts up with your shit, and I always get caught up in the middle of it. No one’s telling you ‘no’ except Grandma and she’s not around except to clean up your messes.”

“Vindictive, though? Really?”

“You threatened to turn me into a toad!”

“Shit, I did, didn’t I?” She rubbed the bridge of her nose. “I think I just... I get so caught up in my own head sometimes. I see situations and scenarios and I just see ways the narrative should flow. Grandma always said wickedness would come easy. Look, I’m sorry, okay?”

“Hold on, wait, did you seriously just apologize to me? Is this a trick? Are you some magical clone impersonating my sister?”

“Oh ha ha.” She rolled her eyes. “Look,” she flushed. “It’s easier opening up to you when you’re not some gross icky boy, okay?”

I punched her playfully.

“I’ll try to be more mindful about all the trouble I cause. I’ll try not to be so much of a... well, a witch.” She thought for a moment before hastily adding, “With you, anyway! So... are we good?”

“You know what? I think we are.”

I leaned in to give her a sisterly hug, the sides of my boobs crashing into hers. She returned it and the two of us spent a minute just staring out over the ocean.

But then our gazes drifted to Omar's flexing abs as he dug.

"So, girl to girl," her voice curled into a gossipy whisper, "what do you think of Omar? "He got way cuter didn't he?"

"God, right!? It's not even fair. Puberty gives me a scraggly half-beard and he comes out looking like a model. Hold on —" I squinted at the wand sat next to her. "This isn't more of your magic, is it?"

"I wish!" she laughed. "No, I guess he just really grew into a fine man."

"Unlike me." I brought my legs in, hugging them to my body, pressing them into my bikini-clad boobs. "Omar is very..." My gaze roamed along his well-muscled body as he carefully sculpted sand. I flushed. "He's nice."

"Nice, aye?" She waggled her eyebrows. "You want to smooch him, don't you?"

"What!?" My whole body flushed red. "I do not!"

"Poor thing. You've got it bad. Can't even admit it to yourself. Don't worry, sis, I got you."

She waved her wand at me.

I braced for some further transformation, to sprout even more tits and ass, but nothing seemed to happen.

"What was that?"

"Don't worry about it." She grinned. "So what were you saying about wanting to smooch Omar?"

"God!" I gushed. "I want it so bad! He's so tall and broad and he's so kind and he's been trying so hard not to stare at my boobs and I know how hard that is for him and honestly I kinda want him to stare at my body! I want him to think I'm pretty! He just makes me so fluffy and fuzzy and he makes me feel so safe. I feel like I know him better as a girl than I ever did as a guy. I don't even care how gay it is, I want him to kiss me so bad!"

I clamped a hand over my mouth, body turning red as I glared angrily at Ophilia.

"Truth spell" she stuck out a tongue. "Don't worry, it's short. Usually. And I'm not going to have you confess to the deep-seated real reason you're enjoying this so much."

"I thought you weren't going to use your magic on me anymore!"

"I'm helping you come to terms with your feelings. Look." She gestured back at Omar. "if you want that boy so badly, I say go for it! When are you going to get another chance?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I see the way you look at him. I've seen the way he looks at you. Go get him, girl!"

"You want me to make a move on him? Are you hearing yourself? S-seriously? I can't believe this! I can't sleep with him, he's my best friend!"

The fact that we were both guys, curiously, seemed less of an issue.

"Olly, I want you to have a vacation you'll never forget. A romantic summer fling! I want you to enjoy yourself with someone who makes you feel good. I want you to not spend the whole summer brooding around the house again. I've seen the way you look at each other! You're a great couple."

"But- but-" God help me, I couldn't work up the masculinity to say no.

"And if he breaks my heart?" My voice was weak, girly.

"I'll turn him into a toad." She winked. "What else are sisters for?"

There were a million reasons I knew this was a terrible idea, but none of them seemed to matter. I wanted to this too.

"But... how? I've never done anything like this before. I'm a total virgin. I've never even seen a real live girl naked, outside you and Mom. All I've ever done is jack off to internet porn!"

I slapped a hand to my mouth again. Stupid truth spell!

"Relax!" Ophilia laughed, waving a hand in the air to dismiss my worries. "I have just the spell."

"Of course you do." I threw up my hands in defeat. She wasn't letting me wimp out of this.

She waved the wand again. This time little heart tattoo appeared over the waistband of my bikini bottoms and with it, a strange, needy warmth.

"What's that supposed to do?"

"Let's just say I've made you ready, willing and able. Are you feeling it?"

It felt like a warm blanket, but there was an urgency to it, like spice. My libido burning, my pussy dampening as a flood of arousal coursed through me. I was breathing heavy, my heart racing. My bikini top barely able to hold my nipples at bay.

There was something else though, below all that. It was like I knew exactly how to walk to drive men crazy. It was like I knew exactly how to touch and giggle and jiggle... and fuck.

I had a lot of things I suddenly wanted to try.

"Oooh!" I groaned out a hot breath. "I'm so horny all of a sudden. I gotta get laid right the fuck now!"

I don't know if it was the truth spell or just how suddenly urgent everything was.

“Too strong?”

I whimpered in affirmation.

“Don’t worry sis, I got you.”

She raised her wand again and I was gone.

-

Suddenly, I was standing somewhere else entirely. The water was cold at my toes as the waves lapped and the sun still beat down, but I suddenly found myself in one of the off-limits areas distant from the main beach. The sun had sunk even lower, casting everything in a soft golden glow.

“You know what?” Omar skipped a stone beside me, watching it skid across the top of the water. “I’m glad we went off alone.”

Is that what happened?

“Yeah, it’s really -” I looked around at the sky and the sea and him standing there grinning. “It’s romantic.”

Romantic!? Stupid truth spell. I shut my mouth before I let him know how horny I was, too.

“Romantic?” He grinned like the cat that caught the canary.

“And I’m glad I’m here with you, Omar.” I took his hands into mine. That was the truth too.

He didn’t pull away. He was firm and strong. He’d really developed into a real man.

Unlike, say, me.

But that was fine. I leaned into him. He was him and I was me and what I was didn’t matter. I wouldn’t ever have had this opportunity if I was a guy. I wouldn’t have ever wanted it or appreciated its beauty.

I allowed myself a closer look at him, exploring his sun-touched skin from the outside, taking him in with my every sense. I Looked at him the way a girl might. I liked what I saw.

“Hey look, this may be presumptuous,” he scratched at the back of his head. “But do you want to... you know...?”

“Kiss?”

God yes!

“Uh,” he smiled. “I was going to say exchange numbers, actually.”

“Oh.” I flushed. That could have been so embarrassing. But he was smiling. He wasn’t judging me for my presumption: on the contrary, he found it cute. He found me cute. He was comfortable with me even in my moments of weakness.

“But I mean,” he smiled even wider. God, he was so fucking pretty. How was that fair? “If kissing is on the menu...”

I put a hand to his face, tracing a line down his jaw. My friend’s face. He’d grown.

Our faces so close. Our lips touching. Our bodies so close.

We kissed just once, long, slow and lingering, and then again and again and again.

From somewhere distant, I heard the sound of a wand waving and my bikini top fell unceremoniously away, leaving my lurid breasts bouncing eagerly into the world. And just in time too: they were hot and horny and desperate to be touched.

His eyes widened. He couldn’t hold back any longer. Now he was staring. Gawking like a kid in a candy store.

I smirked, loving every second of it. I knew exactly how he must feel.

“Do you want to take things a step further?” I whispered.

“I thought you’d never ask.”

We fell upon the sands, our little makeout session growing to so much more.

He was passionate yet gentlemanly. Kissing every inch of me as I wriggled and moaned in encouragement. He barely knew what he was doing, but he wanted me to feel good. He made me feel wanted, appreciated. And Ophelia’s spell was true to its purpose – I knew exactly how to tease, exactly how to entice and how to get him back on course when he misstepped.

His explorations grew in their intensity. His hands and lips against mine, his hard naked chest against my soft trembling breasts. Even the smell of him was doing crazy things to me.

My body was lighting up in fire like I’d never known. Nerves were tingling and singing in bliss that my guy body didn’t have. My breasts, my thighs, my pussy, every single inch of my skin! I had so many erogenous zones and all of them were begging for more!

Fuck! Being a guy had never felt this good!

“Wait!” He drew up, pulling his lips away from my neck. “Isn’t this is all going a little fast?”

“Do you want to stop?” I was panting, gasping, my huge breasts trembling and jiggling in front of him.

“No!” His pupils dilated at the swell of my heaving melons. “I mean, if you want to, of course. This is just all so crazy. You’re so funny and kind and god, look at you! You’re so beautiful. I’m up for it if you are.”

“Oh I’m up for it alright!”

He called me beautiful. I had never been called beautiful before.

Somewhere in the back of my mind some small part of me was still rebelling, but when his hand found my pussy, all doubt left me.

Was I really about to have sex with this *guy*? With my best friend? Abso-fucking-lutely. And I was going to love every goddamn second. I rolled my shoulders back, feeling the weight of my breasts rise and fall. I wriggled my hips, feeling the slide of my oh-so-slick pussy lips. Why shouldn’t I be enjoying this? I’d been a lady, hadn’t I?

Time to be a slut.

I pulled down his shorts. I released his beast. It was everything I’d glimpsed in the volleyball court and more. I was wet for it, gooey for it. It was so hot I was going to melt just touching it. I wanted it inside me!

Omar, ever the gentleman, was all too happy to oblige.

“Oh fuck~!” It was a good thing we were all alone because I was sure half the beach would have heard me scream out otherwise. “Yes! Oh, god yes!”

The setting sun, the open air dancing across my sandy skin, his dick filling me up. It was perfect.

I trembled as I clung to him, his hips grinding against me, his manhood sliding in and out. He was having his way with me, taking me for all he was worth, but he was holding me too, comforting me with kisses and soft strokes.

Is this what it meant to be a woman? Was this a woman’s heart?

It was romantic, it was lovemaking, it was beyond anything I’d ever hoped to experience. And I was in the middle of it, screaming and moaning like a slut, responding to his deep intrusions with a tension of my pussy, gripping him, pulling him in tighter and hotter, trying to reciprocate even half the brain-blanking pleasure he was oh so graciously giving me.

And as his pleasures rose, my own magically enhanced lusts rose along with them.

It wasn’t long before I was lost in a cloud of delight, my brain unable to focus on anything besides the heat and the verve of him, as I melted into his strong masculine arms.

And then, along the crash of a wave, we were there.

“Oh, fuck!” he cried in understatement. I could feel the surge. I was cumming with him. I could feel the pulse of heat and I was ready. Eager to take this man’s seed inside me. Eager to be filled to the brim with his thick gooey sperm. I was delirious and horny and I wanted to have his babies! My abs tensed, my whole body trembling and shaking in screaming orgasm, ready to be this man’s eager cum dump.

But instead his dick slid out, spraying cum all over my tits instead.

And that – fuck, that was hot too!

“Eh?” I blinked up at him, still shaking.

“Sorry! Oh god!” he had his hands on his head, full of post-nut clarity. “I should have brought a condom or something, I didn’t realize I’d be – I’m sorry, are you okay?”

I laughed. How was I going to tell him I wasn’t going to be a girl long enough for it to matter?

“It’s okay Omar,” I searched my brain for something to assuage his concerns. “I’m uh – I’m on the pill.”

Thank god the truth spell had passed or I’d have probably babbled on about how much I wanted his every load of cum filling me up and buried deep inside my pussy, no matter how temporary a pussy it may have been.

He joined in my laughter. I pulled up next to him. We were still naked. Still lying on the sand. I don’t know what miracle to thank that things hadn’t gotten gritty, but I bet Ophilia had something to do with it. I snuggled up to his still naked form.

It all just felt so right. My brain was a gooey explosion of pleasure. Was this what sex was like for girls all the time? Or was my best friend just some kind of savant? Or maybe I was more of a slut than I’d care to admit.

“Mmm, okay,” I purred as I ran a finger down his chest. “Maybe we should exchange numbers after all.”

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“So! Did you kids have fun?” Mom looked back at us from the rearview mirror. The sun had set and the moon shone down over the ocean as we pulled out of the parking lot.

Ophilia and I exchanged a mischievous look.

“Maybe a little,” I shrugged.

“Good! I’m glad being a girl for the day wasn’t too much of a burden on you. From the looks of it, you were really starting to get into character. Did I see you and Omar holding hands during the fireworks?”

“No comment.”

Ophilia started giggling and I couldn’t help but laugh along.

“And I can’t tell you how glad I am to see you two getting along for once. Though I’m serious, Ophilia, no more giving your brother boobs, or I’ll set your Grandma on you.”

“Uh —” I scratched at my cheek. “Actually, Mom?” my heart was pounding a mile a minute actually saying it out loud. “I kind of have a date with Omar next week.”

“Ooh!” cooed Ophilia scandalously.

“And I’d really appreciate it if Ophilia could maybe... turn me into this again?”

“Little brother!” She put on an expression of faux innocence. “I’m shocked you would even suggest a such a thing! This magic is an ancient and sacred power. I can’t just use it to cater to your booty calls.”

“What?” I looked around helplessly between her and Mom. “But I thought—”

“I mean, for starters, you’d have nothing to wear! We’d have to take you shopping first, and to a salon. Ooh, we can do a spa day! You’re going to absolutely love it.”

I flushed. Being pampered? Being the center of attention? Sisterhood instead of sibling rivalry? Maybe flirt with some cute boys?

“You know what?” I couldn’t help but smile. “That doesn’t sound so bad.”

“Well sweetie,” Mom laughed. “It’s nice to see you being so open about your gender envy or whatever you kids call it.”

“Mom! My what?”

“Did I say too much? I’ve seen the way you always stare at those girls, dear. We always suspected.”

“God, Mom!” I slid down in my seat. “I’m not trans! I’m just... trying some things out. For the summer.”

Right?

“If you say so, sweetie. We’ll have your back whatever you decide.”

Just for the summer.

And who knows where it would go from there?

“So, who wants ice cream?”

“Yeah!”

The End.