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REVENGE, MISCHIEF HORNY & FANTASIES ???



STORY BY
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Revenge, Mischief and Horny Fantasies
- A Silly Slutty Short -
By Razmagurk

"I'm telling you man," I glanced around surreptitiously. "Something really weird is going on."

"Really?" Rowan leaned back, enjoying his blowjob. "What makes you think that?"

"It's - it's hard to describe." I shook my head. "You haven't noticed anything like... sexy? Lately?" I blushed, I didn't know how else to phrase it.

"Sexy?" Rowan blinked. He looked down at the smoking hot cheerleader greedily slurping his enormous cock, then looked back to me. "Sexy how?"

"Like... I don't know." I started grasping for straws. "Has everybody on campus always been so hot? And why is it when I sit and think about it, the idea of you dating the entire cheer team sounds like something out of a horny fantasy? Come to think of it, so does the idea that girls everywhere just drop to their knees to graciously give guys blowjobs. Does that sound weird? "

I flushed a little as I said it. It all sounded so ridiculous saying it out loud. Especially in light of the evidence clearly right in front of me. The girl going to town on Rowan's magnificent cock shot me a dirty look, like I was trying to take away her favorite toy.

Rowan though? He sat and seemed to seriously consider it. He was a good friend. I was lucky I'd run into him and that he wasn't too busy.

"You know what? I'm impressed." There was a smirk at the edge of his lips. "How did you figure it all out?"

"I knew it!" A wave of relief washed over me. "Oh thank god I'm not the only one."

"Everybody is supposed to be oblivious, but I suppose it was just a matter of time, really." Rowan adjusted his glasses, pulled his tablet out of his bag, and dramatically turned it on. "Still, if anyone found out, I'm glad it was you."

He tapped a few times on the tablet, but I couldn't seem to make out what he was doing. There were bars and sliders, but it was like my focus kept falling off it. Dramatically, he slid one of the sliders and winked.

Down below, the girl's huge tits exploded out of her way too small top. I blinked in surprise, but frankly I was more surprised that the over-stretched fabric had managed to hold out that long given the size of those boobs. The cheer girl moaned at the development, a throaty blissful moan from around Rowan's dick. She took her pillowy and now naked mounds into her free hands and started to tug and rub at her big fat lewd nipples.

Rowan grinned triumphantly.

"Oh my god." I gasped. "This is big. This is huge!" and I wasn't talking about his dick. I'd have gone in for a hug, but there wasn't quite room.

"Yes, it's true." He gestured down dramatically at the tablet. "I've discovered a computer app that lets me - oh fuck~" He put a sudden hand on the girl's head, gripping her hair as she sucked a particularly good bit of dick.

"I think Ruby Cummings is using magic powers to change reality as we know it!" I blurted it out. I couldn't keep it in any longer. It felt so good to say, so right. How long had I been stewing it over?

"Wait, what?" Rowan coughed so hard he almost dropped the tablet.

"Yeah, I think Ruby's behind all this! She's using some kind of spell or magic item to - I don't know. Grant wishes? Edit reality? Whatever it is, it's subtle, but the auras I'm seeing, they're all wrong!"

"Really? Subtle?" He looked down at the big-titty cheer girl sucking his dick in public. "And hold on, Magic? Auras? What are you talking about?"

"W-would you believe me if I told you my mom made a deal with a genie once? She uh- she used to be a guy."

"Your smoking hot, super slutty mom? The one who always wore those tight dresses that really showed off her body? *She* used to be a guy?" He paused to really let it sink in. "I can see why you'd think it's magic."

"You don't believe me." I sighed. No one ever believed me.

Look, I don't know what your mom may have told you, but come on, genies don't exist. Magic doesn't exist. That's like -" He looked down at his tablet and frowned, the incredulity starting to drain out of his voice. "That's like having a magic app that edits reality. God, that's really no better, is it? Oh my god, *are* genies real?"

"Look, all I know is that because of that, sometimes I get *vibes* when things aren't right. Remember that time the football team went down to bikini beach and came back as the cheer team?"

"We never had a football team."

"Exactly! But we have two cheerleading teams? Does that make any sense?"

"Doesn't it?" He squinted back down at the girl eagerly gobbling his cock. "The normal ones and the really hot slutty ones," he grinned. "Wait, are you saying Troy here used to be a quarterback or something?" He slapped the girl's quivering rump. "Come on dude, that's crazy."

"Look, it doesn't matter!" I sighed. "None of this matters. What matters is that something big is going on. And I really need my best friend to have my back on this. Who knows what kind of disaster she could be plotting up."

"Ruby Cummings? You really think Ruby Cummings - who is, last I checked, the biggest horniest slut on campus - is using some kind of spell? Isn't there maybe a way simpler explanation? Maybe someone a lot closer to home?"

Rowan looked at me expectantly.

"Hear me out," I said, crossing my arms over my chest to try to rein in my fat hooters. It's not like I was a girl, but boobs were boobs and I didn't want to give the wrong impression. They were so heavy and sensitive today though, I was getting all worked up trying to manhandle them into place. Why hadn't I worn a bra today? I cursed my masculine pride. "She has the most to gain."

"Ruby has the most to gain from this? Really? The bully who tormented us all through high school? The guy - girl, sorry - who made our lives a living hell. Who sent you to the hospital in 10th grade and almost got us both expelled like three times?"

"Yes!"

"Because last I checked she was a babbling cock-starved bimbo desperate for as much dick as possible. I made sure of that. The bitch spends all her time dragging those huge fat tits of hers around in constant heat for more dick."

"Right." I blinked. He didn't need to tell me that, I was there, those tits had tormented me my whole life. "Hear me out. Have you seen her lately? Ever since she started university, she can barely move for the fucking. A constant orgy, every guy she sees. Boobs so big she has people to carry them for her. Guys are literally just jacking off at the sight of her."

"Things may have gotten a little carried away with her, it's true."

"A little?" I squinted. How could he not see this? "Look, Ruby is the biggest slut on campus, right? What else would she do with unlimited power but make it so guys want nothing more than to fuck her constantly? She's using it to make herself hotter, sluttier. She's trying to get even more guys drooling all over her. Come on, she bullied us all through high school. If there's one thing we know about her it's that she'd do anything for a cock. Besides, think: tits that big don't make any sense. How could she have gotten this far in life like that?"

"And that sounds like something someone would do to themselves intentionally, does it?"

"Uh, yeah? Using it to get laid? It would be the top of my priority list." I put a hand on my hip. "Why? What would you get up to if you had something like that?"

"Uh." He started counting off fingers. "Revenge? Petty mischief?" He looked down at the cheerleader with her nose buried in his naval. "Horny fantasies. Yeah okay, it's third on my list."

"Well we can't all be dating a whole cheer team." I stuck out my tongue.

As if on cue, a pair of girls poked their heads into the room, hand in hand, wearing the school's official slutty cheerleader uniforms. "Hi Rowan!" they called, flashing their tits at him as was polite for a girl

greeting a guy. Because they cared, they bounced on their toes to really give their tits some extra jiggle. "Can't wait for tonight."

Glancing from their heaving hooters to my own, I frowned. Without a shirt, I'd have to be extra careful not to flash any guys like a girl would. God, I had a bad enough reputation, I didn't need people thinking I was gay, too.

I had to make sure I wasn't flashing any guys. Last thing I'd want

He gave them a wave and a wink and they went away giggling.

But I was barely paying attention to any of it, no matter how hot those girls were. What had he said? Revenge? I shuddered. I hadn't even considered it. "Could you imagine if she was using it on us?" I clutched my arms over my chest as a shiver ran through me. "Can you imagine being transformed into something you're not?"

"Yes..." Rowan eyed my boobs again. "Imagine." But then a mischievous smile crossed his lips and he tapped his tablet a few times. "It sure would be awful if someone were messing with you for their own amusement wouldn't it? Why they could do anything!"

I pondered what I knew for sure. When I'd been talking about auras earlier, it had been an exaggeration, it was more vibes, really, looking at perfectly reasonable evidence that somehow didn't make any sense.

I tried to listen to what my gut was telling me. Everything was too hot, too sexy. From Rowan's girlfriends to the constant string of sexual conquests Ruby was leaving in her wake. It was all building towards something, I just couldn't tell what.

I let out a soft whorish moan.

"Dude," Rowan snickered. "What are you doing?"

"Oh come on," I let out a hot breath. "You know fingering my pussy helps me think."

He laughed again. Probably a little too loudly. Well, at least he was taking this problem in good spirits.

"Okay, okay," he shook his head, which I knew meant he was trying to focus. "You think Ruby has some kind of magic that she's using to control people, and that's why you're getting weird vibes. So... what? What do you want to do about it?"

"So what!? We have to get to the bottom of it. We have to stop her. Please, Rowan. I don't know if I can do this without you." I looked him dead in the eyes, as serious as I could muster "You're the only one I can trust. I need my friend."

He stopped to consider it for a moment. There was just the gentle schlick of my fingers dancing around my labia and the shlop shlop shlop of his cheerleader blowjob.

Once again he looked down at his tablet, then back at me.

"You know what?" he grinned. "I'm in. Let's see where this goes."

Oh thank god.

And, because we were dorks, we exchanged a high five.

"So, where do we start?"

He tapped the cheerleader on the back of the head and her eyes went wide in delight. All girls enjoyed giving blowjobs, that was just a scientific fact, but they seemed to especially relish it with Rowan. And just like the prize it was, he unloaded a staccato jet of thick fat loads deep into her throat. She trembled and bucked in orgasmic appreciation.

"Mmmm..." she had trouble speaking through the cum "Thank you, stud!"

"Any time, babe. Don't forget there's a sleepover tonight." Rowan stood as we head for the door of the otherwise empty classroom, his huge dick swinging free in front of him.

"Wouldn't miss it for the world!" The girl was left trembling on the floor to recover.

I looked at Rowan's body. Something about it didn't quite look right. A part of me was terrified that Ruby might have somehow gotten to him, but he was still the same he'd always been, with a hyper-masculine body and a face like a movie star. He'd been such a scrawny thing back in high school, but he'd really grown since then.

"I figure," I rolled a finger across one needy nipple to help me concentrate. I may have been a guy, but my boobs were really... well, *distracting* sometimes. "I figure whatever she's got she keeps it nearby. I know if I had some kind of magic device I'd keep it close."

"Right?" Rowan laughed as he swiped at his tablet. "I'd be fiddling with it constantly."

"Exactly. That's why I think maybe it could be in that little pink backpack she always carries with her. But see, we have to be careful. God, I just hope she doesn't have any magic defenses up."

"Defenses?"

"That's how all the stories go, right? The first thing you wish for or use it for is to make sure no one else can take it away. That's why I need a hand... If she does something, if she changes me somehow, I might not even know. We can't let her know we know what she's doing. But if we can figure out how she's doing it we can stop it or reverse it." I parted my pussy lips as I pondered, just briefly sliding a finger or three inside my pussy, then gently sliding them back out a few times to calm my nerves.. "I hope."

"You don't even know what this magic thing of hers is or does?"

"But it's something! And we'll probably know it when we see it. I'm sure of it."

"Are you?" he held up his tablet. "Are you really sure you'd recognize a reality-bending object when it was waved in front of your face?"

"How could I not?"

"Okay." He rolled his eyes, then rubbed at the bridge of his nose as we stepped out of the sociology building and into the nipple-stiffening cold night of the campus beyond. "I got your back, dude. So what's the plan?"

"I figure for now we just need to get close to her without her knowing. Maybe we can get the drop on her somehow, or get her while she's distracted? I'll think of something, I'm sure."

"Oh shit." He stopped suddenly, holding out a hand in front of me. I crashed into it, boobs first. "You better start thinking fast."

"Huh?"

"Hey losers," came a voice from across the courtyard. "Wanna fuck?"

My blood ran cold.

How could one person have such an effect on me? It was ridiculous. We were in college for god's sake, we weren't kids any more. So why was it that as soon as I heard that sex-kitten purr that had tormented me my entire life, I went completely weak in the knees?

Despite Rowan standing right beside me I felt helpless, alone. Vulnerable.

I looked over at Ruby. her flawless, freshly fucked platinum blonde hair in wavy pigtails giving her an aura of faux-innocence quite at contrast with her cartoonishly pornographic body. No, pornography had its limits, this was fetish taken beyond the extreme.

Her body was barely contained by a cow-print bikini that failed to obscure any part of her. Hell, the way it struggled taut against her erotic mounds just made them seem all the lewder.

"Well if it isn't you two losers," she tittered. "Haven't seen you around lately. Too busy jacking off at the thought of me? Too busy imagining your dicks between my fat lips? You're lucky I don't come over there and eat your asses for old time's sake."

"You like, know these guys, Ruby?" One of her equally slutty friends said. Her little bimbo entourage of air-headed hangers-on and slutty sycophants. Always so eager to impress her. I remember one time in senior year, one of them got a baseball bat and... and... I furrowed at the memory. Stuck it up her pussy?

Now they served double duty as her boob carriers. Hefting and lugging and rubbing, squeezing sensuously at Ruby's fist-sized nipples. It was ridiculous, obscene. God, and I thought my tits were slutty...

What I hated most though was how goddamn hot she was. Despite the ridiculousness of her proportions, no guy could deny the allure. My pussy twinged at the smell of her. Was that her magic at play?

But no matter how hot she was, she was a monster. Fear dominated me here, not arousal.

“OMG!” said another of her sluts. “Look at the dick on that one!”

Rowan raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms over his broad chest. I took a step back, but Rowan held his ground, dick hard as steel even as Ruby pressed closer.

“Oh please,” she rolled her eyes. “As if he’d, like, even know what do with it. Out of our way, loser, or I’ll break that dick off in my ass.” She pursed her lips sultrily to let us know she meant business.

“I’d like to see you try,” Rowan smarmed.

“You wanna go, punk?” Her eyes became half-lidded. “When I’m done with you, you’re going to be cumming so hard you’ll be crying. They’ll have to hospitalize you from how drained I’m gonna make your balls!”

I didn’t doubt her for a minute.

All around the courtyard people were sticking their heads out to get a better look. Those guys who didn’t know what a monster she was were jacking it at the sight of her, while girls looked on with jealousy and scorn.

“Think of a plan yet?” Rowan whispered, with a glance back at me.

Right! A plan. Rowan was bravely buying me time while I’d just been cowering here. I had to use this time to our advantage.

A part of me wanted so badly to follow in Rowan’s example. To show her I wasn’t going to play her games any more. That no matter how much of a bimbo-brained gutter-slut she was, I wasn’t going to let her intimidate me.

But no, standing up to Ruby would just attract her attention, her vindictive, vivacious, villanous ire.

“Just play it cool,” I whispered back. “She might be out prowling for more victims to use her magic on. We don’t want to be on that list.”

“Oh she’s prowling for something alright...” Rowan smirked. “You know what? I got this.”

He looked down at his tablet and pressed a few buttons.

A raucous laughter came from the east hall, and a group of muscular hunks in sportswear started to pile out. The volleyball team? And was that the water polo team with them?

Whoever they were, their timing couldn’t have been better. The sluts turned their collective predatory gaze to the fresh meat.

“Like, hi boys!” Ruby giggled, doing her best to flash them hello, but struggling to keep her tits in place as she pulled away the tight fabric of her bikini. “See anything you like?”

And as soon as their attention was off of us, I turned and started to run, pulling Rowan in tow. "Come on!"

"Aw, you don't want to stick around to see all the action?"

"Move!"

I pulled Rowan into one of the coffee shops attached to the library. Behind the counter a bored goth dude didn't even raise an eyebrow as we rushed in. No one else was around. The aroma of freshly brewed beans was a thankful reprieve from the cloyingly erotic aroma of my bully's horny pussy.

But god. Now that my flight or fight instincts had passed I could see just how much of a toll it had taken. My body was hungry and primed, slutty nipples screaming as my pussy was gushing and gushing!

"That was a close one." I put a hand on my chest, trying to catch my breath.

"Was it?" Rowan laughed. Laughed! Had he not seen how much danger he'd been in? She would have fucked him senseless and left his body broken. Or worse, who knew what she could have actually done with him? We had no hint of how she was working her magic! He must have been delirious from the confrontation.

What if... what if Rowan *had* been changed somehow? There was something about him that was bugging me, but I couldn't put my finger on it. I looked him over. He was still just as impossibly hot as always, with his massive dick swinging down heavy between his legs. Was that it? Had she made his dick enormous to satisfy her perverse slut-lusts?

I looked down at my form, past my big slutty tits and my lithe sensuous body. My pussy was still as cute and petite as ever. No huge penis on me. God. Could you imagine? How could a guy get anywhere with something like that? Er, no offense to Rowan.

"Well, looks like that'll keep her busy for a while, at least." Rowan slid some dials on his tablet then walked over to the coffee counter where the big-titty goth girl was ready to take his order.

"Wait, that's it." My eyes widened.

"Oh sorry dude, do you want anything?"

I looked at the coffee shop and especially at the barista's milky goth breasts as she orgasmically milked herself into his latte. Poor girl. I could just imagine how sore my own horny nipples would be after a long day of working here.

"I'm good, thanks." I shook my head and grabbed us a seat. We had more important things to worry about.

"You've figured something out?" He scooted up next to me, drink in hand. His dick slammed against the underside of the table as my boobs rested on the top.

“She’s going to be busy fucking all those guys. She was taking them all to the kinesiology building right? We probably have, what? An hour before she gets through all of them?”

“Oh at least.” His eyes flashed as he pictured it.

“Well, while she’s distracted, we can slip into there and go through her bag.”

“A stealth mission?” he smirked. “I love it.”

“But wait, no, it’s not going to be easy.” I pinched and rolled my nipple nervously. “She’s got all those other girls around her. They’ll probably see a pair of guys like us a mile off. They get one whiff of my manly pussy, metaphorically speaking, they’ll be chasing us down like horny tigers.”

“They would, wouldn’t they?” Rowan smiled.

“Which would be a bad thing,” I reminded him. “They’d turn us over to her and she’d... she’d.. I don’t know, use her magic to turn us into her latest sex-pets or something.”

“Which would also be a bad thing?”

“Dude: be serious” I leaned forwards, my cleavage deepening as the table pressed my naked boobs up. Rowan’s eyes went to them and he grinned. Did I have something stuck between my tits? I wriggled to adjust, but I wasn’t seeing anything. What was he staring at? “I mean it, this is dangerous.”

“Any ideas?” he took a sip of coffee.

“Maybe we can disguise ourselves or something? If they don’t know it’s us in particular maybe we’ll have an easier time, but no, that’s not going to work, is it? They won’t be letting *any* guys past, will they?”

A grin grew on Rowan’s face, slow at first but growing bigger.

“What?” I knew that grin all too well.

“I have just the thing!”

He started furiously entering something on his tablet, then pulled me over to a nearby changing room I’d never noticed before. Why did a coffee shop have a customer changing room?

Then he pulled open the door and my heart sank at what I saw.

“Oh no.”

“Oh yes!”

Ten minutes later, I was teetering like a fawn as I stepped awkwardly out in my six inch heels.

“There’s no way anyone will buy this!” I looked around, one arm held up to my chest, the other blocking my crotch, trying to hide as much of me as I could. This was horrifying! Humiliating!

"You don't like it?" Rowan swished his long blonde hair from his face as he stood proudly in his own disguise. I wish I had his level of confidence.

"This isn't a disguise, it's a bikini and a coat of makeup!"

"And shoes!" Rowan lifted a leg daintily.

"And really cute shoes too, yes, but no one is going to think we're girls just because we dress like —"

"Wow, damn baby!" came a cry from the door as a trio of frat boys walked in. "Break me off a piece of that, huh?"

I went totally red. "I don't believe this."

"Hey!" one of the girls yelled from behind the counter, even as she flashed her milky goth tits to greet the new customers. "Leave her alone, asshole. What have we told you about bothering our customers?"

"Alright, alright. I knew this place was a cafe, but I didn't know you served so much cake!"

I just kept getting redder and redder.

Rowan made some adjustments on his tablet as the trio kept glancing back at us. It was like they couldn't help it, like their gaze was a magnet being drawn to the north pole of my titties. They weren't even a girl's boobs, for god's sake!

"Why don't you two go in the back?" recommended the barista as she shot these boys a dirty look. "It's a little more private."

"Good idea!" Rowan perked up, grabbing me by the wrist and dragging me, stumbling in my heels to the back room which happened to be a well-appointed lounge. Funny, I'd always thought that door led to the bathroom.

"I don't believe it. The way those guys were drooling, the way those girls leapt to our defense. They really do think we're girls, don't they?"

"See?" Rowan laughed. "You wanted bimbo disguises?" He shoved me over to a full length mirror. "As long as we wear these, no one will ever suspect we're anything but a pair of hot sluts! I made sure of that."

God! I looked in the mirror. He was right.

Somehow, through some impossible coincidence, the hug of the bikini, and the subtle arc of the high-heels made my calves stand out, recontextualized my hourglass curves from nebbish and masculine to something undeniably, whorishly girly. 'Hot slut' was exactly what sprang to mind. How was this even possible? Was I so feminine and had never noticed?

"God, If I didn't know any better," I turned to get a better view. "Even I'd swear I was one."

"Told you it would work." He elbowed me then gave my ass a playful slap.

I wriggled. I shifted my weight experimentally, adopting a coquettish pose. I watched the girl in the mirror do the same. I fondled my boobs in contemplation, and watched the girl in the mirror do the same. My nipples tensed, rising to attention in a way that tented the fabric of the slim micro-bikini top, and the girl in the mirror's did the same.

I let out a hot breath. I was turning myself on just looking. I hoped this wasn't going to awaken anything in me.

And oh no - my pussy was getting wet. If nothing else would, that male arousal would surely give it away. I tried to focus on something else but it was so hard. My boobs, which I'd always been so proud of now seemed so lewd.

Rowan was going through much the same motions, hefting and releasing his boobs to watch the way they jiggled. I'd never noticed how big my friend's tits were before, nor that he had such a dump truck ass, but the way his bikini bottoms seemed to disappear into it really drew your attention.

"Wow." He bit his fat, ruby red lips as his own nipples started to swell. "I don't know how anyone gets anything done with these things."

He put a hand around my waist and pulled me in. We looked so much like a pair of girlfriends in a porno, no one would ever notice we were anything but the sluts we had to pretend to be.

"What do you think?" he squinted. "Is keeping the dick too much? I am rather fond of it."

He gestured to his elegant foot-long schlong, which the bikini did very little to hide.

"Huh?" was he considering tucking it? I didn't see why. Sure, everybody could see it, but you could see the outlines of my pussy lips. I didn't really see the difference. Or was he worried they'd notice his massive lady boner and think it wasn't very lady-like at all?

"You're right, let's roll with it. We can change it out on the fly."

"Change it out? You mean, change your mind and tuck it back?"

"Of course." Rowan smirked, like I'd caught him making a dirty move in a game. "What else could I have meant? You okay?" Rowan cocked his hips, dick bouncing enticingly.

"Sorry I'm just... I'm *hot!*"

"You and me both sister," he winked.

"How are you taking this so well?" I was still in shock. I couldn't believe we were really doing this.

"Not my first time, if you'd believe it." He did a dancy little spin and blew a kiss to the mirror. "This was like, fifth on my list? I was actually planning on dressing up like this for the sleepover tonight."

“Wait, really?” I had no idea, he’d always been so manly. But I decided it was probably best not to push it.

“You don’t.. You don’t think any less of me for it, do you?” He wiggled his dainty fingers together nervously.

“Why would I?”

“Thanks man.” He gave me a weirdly genuine smile that I wasn’t used to seeing on him, then turned back to the tablet. “Feeling ready?”

“Feeling nervous.” I frowned, groping my boobs to help me focus while trying to avoid ruining the disguise. “It’s one thing if Ruby catches us snooping around, but if she finds us dressed like this? We’d never hear the end of it.” Was that really my worry? What was it about that girl that just inflamed all my insecurities?

“Do you want to stop?” Rowan put his hand on my shoulder. “Just say the word and we can go do something else, literally anything else. We don’t have to confront her if you don’t want to. I know how you feel about her.”

“No!” My heart thumped. “The longer we wait, the worse it’s going to get. Who knows when we’ll get another chance?”

“Then, OMG, let’s do this!” He giggled his way through his best impression of one of Ruby’s brainless airhead sluts.

“Yeah!” I tried to follow suit but was less enthused. If I didn’t know better I’d swear he was having fun.

And then, because we’re nerds, we high fived, our scantily clad boobs crashing together.

We made for the door right as the busty goth girl wait-staff were putting on their strap-ons to peg the frat bros who had wolf whistled us. I didn’t even know that was on the menu. Maybe you had to ask specifically? The dildos looked especially large and the girls looked eager to use them. I’m glad these girls, who had shown me that glimpse of sisterhood, were enjoying their job.

Only then did I realize the guys probably thought we were prudes for not flashing them our tits earlier, like girls do. Probably for the best they didn’t ask us to drop to our knees and suck their dicks. God, there was so much about being a girl I had to remember, especially pretending to be a slut.

I froze as we stood before the door. All my apprehension flooded back into me. I couldn’t go outside like this, could I? I was dressed like a girl, for god’s sake!

I closed my eyes. I took a breath. I tried to assuage my nerves. To tell myself that no one would know. They’d think I was a girl, just like everybody here had.

Was that any better?

"I got you, girl." Rowan took my hand in his. "You can do it."

We stepped outside together, but my eyes were still closed. As though just because I couldn't see the world, it meant it wasn't there. As though because they couldn't see me, I couldn't see them.

But there were no screams, no cries, no laughter.

I opened one eye. There was hardly anyone around. I guess a lot of the crowd from earlier had gone off to their afternoon classes.

I just kept telling myself to lean into the role. That the more I acted like a guy, the more they were going to realize I was one. To any casual observer, I *looked* like a girl. As long as I gave them no reason to suspect I wasn't, everybody was going to treat me like one.

My heart fluttered. What a weird feeling.

Heel, toe, heel, toe. I felt so light on my feet. One step at a time. I followed Rowan's example, ass swaying from side to side in a tantalizing whorish grind, playing it up because if we played it down someone might notice.

We crossed the quad, down the concrete beach, to the kinesiology building where Ruby and her hussies had been dragging the volleyball team. We still had, what, thirty minutes? Ruby was slutty, but she liked to play with her food.

"Oh my god!" I heard a voice, high and sharp. "Look at those sluts!"

My ears burned. I perked up. Had they found us already?

But no, it was a gaggle of girls, one of them pointing at us. Real girls, not Ruby's super slutty (magically enhanced?) little friends. They were only conventionally hot, with conventionally hourglass bodies and conventionally huge boobs. Dressed, as all college girls did, to show their bodies off.

I flushed. I tried to ignore them. I had to act the part. But I couldn't help but look. What was that expression on their faces? Disgust? Laughter? No - none of the derision I had expected. A level of scorn yes, but that wasn't the core of it.

They were *jealous*. No one had ever been jealous of me in my life. It felt... *good*. I stood taller, I pressed my chest out proudly. I wanted them to stare all the harder!

Rowan gave them a wink and blew them a kiss. The group exploded into giggles. Leave it to Rowan to be able to drive a girl crazy even looking like a cock-starved slut. Maybe they were just thinking how much fun it would be to suck his huge dick?

He and I exchanged a glance, then let out a giggle of our own. This was... fun?

By the time we arrived at the kinesiology building, I was starting to get the hang of things. I was even getting used to these ridiculous heels.

“We might just actually be able to pull this off!”

“OMG!” this voice was high and tight. If bubblegum had a voice, this would be it. “Aren’t you just like, the yummiest!”

Oh shit.

“Play it cool.” I whispered, putting a hand to steady Rowan.

But the girl had already bounced her way over to us and was throwing her arms around me in a smolderingly girly tackle-hug. Between the bounce in her step and the sheer inertia of her hypersexual body, I was struggling to remain standing. Rowan laughed.

“H-hi!” I squeaked. Brain failing me now that a *girl* was pressed up against me. “H-how do you do, fellow bimbo?”

“Huh?” she blinked her big dumb doe eyes. She reeked of candy and sex.

Rowan nudged me.

“I uh, I mean, you too! Super yummy. Your outfit is like, uh,” I glanced at her wanna-be pornstar school-girl outfit, with its tartan skirt so short it didn’t even cover her naked cunt. “So totally... yum?”

“OMG, right?” She puckered her lips. “And I love your hair!”

“Like, thanks!” My hair? I’d done nothing with my hair. I don’t know what that said about me that this girl found my boyish pink pigtails cute.

“And wow what shade of lipstick is that? Ooh I have to have some! And oh my god, the matching bikini? To die for. I can never find one that fits just right, you know? They always never cover my like, aereoooh-la-las. Can I - OMG” she glanced around scandalously. “Can I try it on?”

A flush spread across my face and not just because of the hotness of this girl’s body pressing into me - though god, I could feel her warmth.

“Uh- uh – uh.” I froze. God help me, I froze! “Rowan,” I whispered. “Help!”

He put a hand over his face and shook his head, but there was a smile beneath it. He pulled out his tablet – where had he been keeping that? - and started poking at it. Dammit, Rowan! Now was no time to be checking your messages!

“Just breathe.” He put a supportive hand on my lower back. “Think. How do hot girls normally greet each other?”

What kind of a question was that? They... - I furrowed my brow - they made out, of course. Oh my god and here I was acting like a total bitch. It’s like if someone had tried to shake my hand as a guy and I’d slapped it away.

Still, there was something about that that seemed strange... but no. Girls greeted each other by kissing. Everybody knows that.

I puckered my lips, practicing the motion. Then I leaned in slowly, sensuously.

"You want to borrow my bikini?" I nibbled at my fat lips to draw attention to them. "Like, only if I can try on that skirt you're wearing."

"Oh!" She pressed against me, flesh on flesh, boob on boob (girl boobs!) her chin tilted down to look at me. Her fat cocksucking lips, stained a sultry crimson red, leaned in towards my own.

Our lips met, electricity surged through me. A girl was kissing me! My body and emotions were going crazy. But no, this was just two girls being friendly, saying hello.

So why was I struggling with it!?

I tried my best to return her kiss, to match her greeting. Tongue sliding against hers, against her lips. She tasted like peach and pussy. But the further she took it, the more and more I found myself on the defensive. My body was burning with arousal desire. Yet with all the emotions swirling in my brain, doubt reigned supreme.

I couldn't do this! I pulled away.

"Excuse me just a moment," I smiled.

"Rowan! Help." I pulled him into a huddle. He'd been watching with great interest, his free hand fondling his enormous balls.

"Oh come on, you were just getting started. What's wrong?"

"Girls kiss each other all the time. Girls are great at kissing. I'm not! We're going to get lip-locked and she's going to know something's up."

"Oh my god, really? You've got a girl's tongue down your throat and that's where your brain goes?" He looked down at the tablet and made a few notes. "Well don't worry - you'll be a natural, I'm sure. The girliest kisser there ever was. Just lean into it. Commit to the bit."

"You can't just guess that!"

"Give it a try."

"S-sorry." I turned back to her. "I had an urgent question about, uh."

"Dicks!" Rowan volunteered.

"Right." I flushed. "Dicks."

"I think I see what's going on here." Her bimbo brain had finally connected the dots. "You two aren't really like, part of Ruby's entourage, are you?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Come on, I think I'd, like, remember you from the orgies."

"Oh we were there," Rowan chimed in. "We just uh, usually stick to the back. Right girl?"

"Y-yeah!" I squeaked as Rowan slapped my ass.

"Let me show you." I leaned in towards her. Licking my lips.

She smirked flirtatiously and gave a wink.

Again our lips met. Still just as electric, still just as hot. I had to pray she wouldn't notice my arousal. That she wouldn't notice I was just some cross-dressing guy with his pussy dribbling everywhere as this girl tried to give me a polite, friendly, entirely non-sexual makeout session.

I took in the taste of her, I savored her sensual softness, our pillowy lips exploring each other's clefts and folds. This time I was listening to Rowan's worlds. Commit. I closed my eyes and followed my instincts.

I ran my tongue softly against her lips, I fluttered my hands along her cheeks. I sucked and nibbled into her folds and yielded as she returned in kind. Electricity begat electricity. Heat led to further heat.

And it was working! I couldn't stop to focus on it lest I lose the rhythm, but she was getting short of breath, she was eating it all up. Her body yearning so desperately into me I practically made her my puppet. I guess I really was a natural!

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Rowan biting his lips, stroking his big beautiful dick at the sight of us. He must have been lost in thought.

And the more we kissed, the better it became. Sensation coursing through me. No wonder girls loved using their lips. And then we were both trembling at the edge of something great, until with one last little nibble I sent her off the edge.

She whimpered as I pulled away, her body roiling in sapphic orgasm. I trembled in sympathy.

"Wow," she purred, then let out a long hot breath. She stumbled back, weak at the knees to lean against the building to steady herself. "Like, good kiss!"

I beamed. Weirdly proud at being so good at something so mundane.

"Does that mean we can go in?" Rowan cocked an eyebrow.

"Oh, what? Yeah, like, whatever. Wow!"

I licked my tingling lips. And to think, the fat cock-sucking lips and sensuous tongue that had done this had been a boy's! She didn't suspect a thing.

"Call me!"

I flushed. With the girl dealt with, Rowan and I rushed inside.

The halls of the kinesiology building were lined with old oak display cases showing off all the various sports trophies the school had won over the years. Normally there were at least some students around, but today the halls were empty. Too empty.

Rowan and I kept our lips puckered, ready for more of Ruby's horde, but all we found was a trail of destruction.

Once we'd pressed past the main hall, we found hunk after hunk lying on the ground exhausted, big cartoonish smiles on their faces and in various states of undress. Cum was splattered everywhere.

And at the end of the trail, we could hear the oh-so familiar sounds of Ruby Cummings, the girl who had tormented us our entire lives, getting her every hole stuffed by the volleyball team like the insidious villain she was.

They were in the gym, set up on a pile of mats, a crowd of men and women and bimbo sluts alike gathered around either fucking each other with abandon or watching as hunky athlete after hunky athlete flung Ruby around like the piece of juicy fuck meat that she was. They were worshipping her like some kind of gutter-slut goddess.

What terrible plan was going on behind that vapid, pouty lip stare? Some kind of Tantric ritual? Had she gone from fucking everything that moved to somehow draining men of their very essence?

What an insidious power play.

Luckily they didn't see us. Her eyes were fluttering, rolled up into her head as she rode one screaming orgasm to another.

I ducked as her gaze snapped in our direction, but I don't think she saw me.

"That was close." I was short of breath.

"Huh?" Rowan was just standing there, like a big idiot.

"Hey!" I pulled Rowan down to my level. "Careful! We can't let her see us."

"Oh, right."

"This is good," I squinted at the trembling slapping flesh of the orgy. "She's distracted. But I can't help thinking she's up to something big. We may be just in time."

"Oh she's tending to something big alright," Rowan waggled his brows, his great big dick pulsing so hard it slapped the underside of his tits. "Wait, hold on," he squinted out at the crowd. "Does that one bimbo have a dick?"

"Huh?" What kind of a question was that? "Some of Ruby's sluts have dicks, Rowan. I mean, come on." I looked at his flimsy yet entirely convincing slut costume and his giant dick that I had to keep reminding myself was a guy's dick, cause if it was a girl's I'd start dribbling all over the floor. "You should know that."

"Well," He looked down confused at his tablet, tapped it a few times, then grinned, as though receiving a pleasant surprise. "Isn't that something?"

"The bag -" I started looking around the room. "Where's the bag?"

"What?"

"Where's the bag? She's naked, there's nothing of hers around, whatever she's using to make the changes, it must be in the bag. Where is it?"

"There!" Rowan pointed to a trail of clothes and jizz leading behind the bleachers.

"We'll have to sneak past." There was no other way.

"In these heels?" He raised an eyebrow. "Easier said than done."

But what else could we do? If we took them off, everybody would realize we were guys. It would be a total giveaway.

"I have an idea." Rowan whispered. "They won't notice us if we're blending in, right?"

"Blend in?" I looked at the fuckpile and then back to him. "With the orgy? I don't think I like what you're suggesting."

"Fine, fine just... be sexy."

Sexy. Right. That I could do. Right? I summoned up all the confidence I'd felt strutting through campus in this bikini. Dug into all of the arousal that had been building up all day.

And so Rowan stepped out into the gym, alternating between playing with his tits and working his dick harder and harder as he stared at the unfolding sexual congress. The studs gave him a glance, but then turned back to Ruby, dismissing him as just another slut.

Okay, I could do this.

I stole my hand along my soft body, teasing and rubbing, letting the sexual feast before me be my guide. It wasn't long before my supple fingers found their way to my soaking pussy. I let out a sigh despite myself. It was such a relief to touch, it made me eager to dig further, to just stop what I was doing and rub one out, working my clit until I was in blissed out orgasm.

Shit - I let out a hot breath - now I was worried I'd get *too* into it, that I'd get so caught up in the revelry I'd lose myself.

But before I could go over that edge, Rowan gave me a nudge. I blinked. I'd been moaning in time to my ministrations. My ears burned. I half expected all eyes to be on us, but no -- it's not like anyone would hear it over the sound of Ruby cumming her brains out for cock after fat cock.

Finally we made it under the bleachers where no one could see us. From all the clothing lying around, Ruby must have started this little party here. Her clothing (if you could even call it that) was in the center and right next to it was - there!

The bag!

I ran over to it as fast as my high heels and swinging boobs would let me.

I took it in my hands, lifting it. It was heavy with the weight of destiny.

"Well?" Rowan put a hand coquettishly on his hip. "What are we waiting for?"

"Alright, Ruby." I grinned as I gently handled the clasp. "Let's see what's so important that you won't be without it for even a minute."

And then I tripped on a discarded thong and went tumbling. The contents of the bag spilled out before me.

Dildos. Like, a dozen damn dildos. In every shape and configuration imaginable. And that was all.

I blinked.

"Holy crap!" Rowan was doubled over laughing. "OMG dude, that's too good. All that effort and it's literally a bag of dicks. Holy shit." He was wheezing, hysterical.

I dug through them, picking up the pile of them and letting them fall from my hands like sand. My ears were burning and I was hot of breath. It was embarrassing even touching these things!

It couldn't be!

I picked up the largest, using just my pointer and thumb to avoid touching it any more than I had to. It was heavy and fat and horse-shaped. It was almost as big as Rowan's.

No. It can't just be dildos. I adjusted my grip, taking it in my hand like a magic wand. I waved it in the air desperately. "It must be one of these."

"Excuse me?"

"Why else would she be carrying them around everywhere?"

“Because she’s a horny slut! Because that’s all she can think about. Because if she doesn’t satisfy herself whorishly, then she aches. Trust me. That’s all she is now.” There was anger in his voice, frustration, but not with me. “She can’t hurt us any more. She’s just some dumb slut.”

“With magic powers! And one of these has got to be the source of it!”

I threw the horse cock away and grabbed another enormous dick from the pile. It warbled phallically as I flicked and waved it, but no dice. Could I have been wrong? Could this whole misadventure have been for nothing? Had I dressed up like a girl for nothing? Had I dragged Rowan around on this fool’s errand because... because what? I couldn’t stand to see that some girl who used to torment me was now successful?

“No!” I grabbed for another one. “Come on!”

“Okay, okay,” A mischievous smirk returned to Rowan’s face. “They’re dildos, right? Maybe to make the magic happen you have to... you know.”

I flushed.

“B-but I’m a guy!”

“A guy with a super juicy pussy.”

He’d noticed, had he?

“But I mean, I’d never be able to fit these, look at them! I’m practically a virgin. I’ve barely had any girls inside me, let alone a... a...”

“It’s fine,” he said, putting a hand to my shoulder. “I’m not going to force you. Maybe this whole adventure has run its course. It was fun while it lasted.”

“No! I-” I swallowed hard. We’d come too far to give up now! “I’m not going to let that girl get away with possibly changing my whole world around and me not even knowing, just because I was too embarrassed by a piece of silicone.”

“What?”

“I said I’ll do it!”

“Have I ever told you how glad I am to be your friend?” Rowan smirked. “You know what, I think you’re right. If anyone can do it’s you. After all,” His smirk turned into a grin as he typed something into his tablet. “It’s a good thing you’ve been training with dildos your whole life, for just such an occasion.”

“I mean, you’re not wrong, but come on, can you focus? I’m going to need your help.” I wanted to slap that tablet to the ground. Didn’t he see that this was important!?

“Sorry,” he put it away. “What’s the problem?”

"I need your help." I picked up the Master Series NSFW6970c CANDY STUD (XXL) in candy-cane coloring. It was 10.73 inches, .68kg. A classic, really. I spun it around my fingers in a well-practiced motion.

"Whatever you need, I got." He gave a little salute, the sharp motion causing his dick to wobble.

"You know..." I took a deep breath. "I always knew this day would come. I always suspected she'd turn to the dark arts, and someone would need to step up."

My ass and pussy ached as I sorted the dildos by brand and size. None stood out, none were esoteric or obviously stood out, not even the texture or maker's marks were off. Rowan was right. I was going to have to put my training to use.

I took a pair and swung them around me like nunchucks, like a swordsman cutting through the air facing an opponent. Rowan laughed, but I could see how impressed he was. Memories of my harsh training filtered through my head. Ever since I turned 18 there wasn't a day that went by without me taking a fat rubber cock in my pussy, or a fat rubber cock in my ass, gobbling down any dildo I could get my hands on just in case one day I had to stop Ruby.

No wonder I had such fat cocksucking lips. No wonder I had such a horny pussy.

My pussy, my strong pussy. My plump and puffy, manly folds. There was something about the thin stretch of bikini fabric that made it look gentle and feminine, like a woman's pussy, but it was anything but. Mine was hairless, tight, strong.

I'd put in hundred – thousands – of hours of training. And now it was all about to pay off.

Good, my ass felt empty anyway.

"You'll have to fuck my mouth with this." I thrust the Candy Stud his way.

"I what?" He did a double take.

"I only have two hands, Rowan. I'll fuck my pussy and ass, but I need you to fuck my mouth. We have to go through them as fast as we can.

"Actually," he scratched at the back of his head. "I think that may be taking it a little too far? I hadn't really intended to actually -"

"Dammit Rowan!" I cried. "There's no time! Fuck my mouth with this fat cock or we're all doomed!"

He laughed. As though that was something funny. I regretted it as soon as I said it. I was being short with him, but didn't he see how important this was?

"Well," he took the festive Candy Stud in hand. "If you insist."

I knelt down, the discarded clothing a soft comfort to my knees as I eyed the collection in front of me. We'd have to start with the big ones. We didn't have much time.

I inched forward, rubbing my slick pussy along the length of the huge horse cock. My clit screamed in delight at the familiar sensation, my vulva aching to join in. But as fun as that would be, as accustomed as my holes were to large things, my ass was the better candidate for its flared head and particular heft.

Still – I drew the cock back and forth along my sensationally sensitive pussy lips like a musician playing at a violin. I had to get it good and juicy so it slid right in to my eager ass. I was horny, I was wet, but there was a lot of cock to cover.

Managing three such massive cocks at once was a challenge, but with business-like precision I set about getting them and myself ready. I licked from bulbous fake balls to bulbous fake head; I spat and I slurped and I worked my hands like I was milking them for all they were worth.

Rowan let out a satisfied little gasp as I got to work. He was impressed, clearly. Was I showboating a little? Sure, but how often did I get to show off my talents?

And soon I was putting those talents to work double time. I spread my cheeks around the now-slick cock lined up against my ass, closing my eyes to relax my anal sphincter. It was easy to do anal wrong with a dick like this, but when you did it right it was so, so good. I pushed myself back, putting my weight to bear. I could feel it opening me up, the fat head splitting me open as my boy pussy gaped for this equine monster.

And whoomp – once I was past the head, the rest came easy. I could feel the head inside me, pressing down into all my most sensitive nerves. I was so full that I was already losing cognition, but I tried not to dwell on it.

With the horse cock firmly inside me, I deftly twirled a 9 inch Griffon between my fingers and lined it up with my pussy lips. Just the kiss of it against my vulva and it was drenched. My body was trained for this, eager for it.

“Oh fuck!” I cried out as it entered me, as I got it so deep the base slapped up against my clit. My body was hot, my pussy was hot, and all that heat was rapidly turning into pleasure amplified by the other dick. Pleasure multiplied by pleasure.

Inch for inch I worked it in, stretching my womb with it, working it deeper with one hand as I stabilized the horse cock with my other. Working both hands, balancing the separate thrusts and pulls they needed was like rubbing your belly and patting your head at the same time, but worse even, since *that* didn’t send shivers of carnal pleasure through you each time you bottomed out.

It wasn’t long before I was bent over, ass and pussy raised up in the air, boobs grinding against the floor so I could arch my body at the right angle to drive those dicks home. Fucking yourself required a lot more flexibility than you’d think – good thing I was lithe and flexible, even if my huge boobs often got in the way.

Yet from that position, doubled over as I was, face pressed up against someone’s discarded party dress, Rowan had to lean down to get access to my mouth.

It wasn’t an ideal position to suck dick from. It wasn’t the kind of angle you could fuck a real guy at, at least while on the floor, but it was fine for what we needed.

Not that I would ever fuck a real guy. What a funny notion. Just because I spent all day with a dildo up my ass didn't mean I was gay or anything. Could you imagine? I was hardly a stud or anything, I'd only really been with a couple of girls (and they couldn't quite keep up) but that didn't mean I was gay.

Ooh! I purred as Rowan brought the cock to my face, slapping it against my cheeks. I leaned out, dick sucking lips extended to do just that. Soon I tasted the soft familiar flavor of silicone.

I opened wide and swirled my tongue around the dick as Rowan held it for me. It was always so hard to focus with my other holes so full, but I had to do my best. With every inch I took inside my mouth, Rowan's eyebrow seemed to raise further and further. Under me I could feel my bikini top slip free from the pressure and my boobs came jiggling out.

I paused momentarily to ponder if could fuck one between my boobs as well? Maybe if we had more hands....

I turned back to the candy striped Candy dildo he was feeding into my throat. I coated the shaft in thick saliva as I sucked into the back of my throat. I pulled it in so fast - I was so eager for it - that it almost fell out of Rowan's hand.

Mmf. Fuck. Now I was feeling stuffed.

The oral was the trickiest since I had to concentrate and time my breathing for the upstroke. Dicks this big would completely block my air pipe, as the bulge in my throat would clearly express.

Everything lubed and secure I set about trying to use my not inconsiderate skills to bring myself to orgasm as fast as humanly possible.

I bucked, I rutted, I moaned. I drove them in as hard as I could, hands aching, body trembling, grinding with what leverage I had against the floor, the pressure finally giving my horny slutty tits the attention they deserved. My holes, which had been so empty this whole time were finally filled.

And here I was. Finally getting to apply all I'd trained for. For the first time in a long time, I felt in control of my life.

Rowan, meanwhile, was using his free hand to jack off as hard as he could, stuffing his dick between his tits, his own bikini top discarded. He wasn't as good as me, but I wasn't going to correct him on technique.

It didn't take long before I could feel it. Each of my holes was like a rising tide of pleasure, rising towards their own strange moons as they rose and rose and crashed into each other. Tidal waves and tsunamis and vast storms exploded within me before converging into one singular sensation. And there, beneath all that, there was warmth and heat and something special, something tingling – the sensation that something about this wasn't quite right.

Was this the magic? Had I found what I'd been looking for?

And at the revelation, I came so hard a lesser man would have passed out.

“Oh wow.” I lay back on a pillow of cum-stained panties.

“Anything?” Rowan raised an eyebrow, an excess of precum dribbling down his tits and shaft.

I gripped the dildo in my pussy experimentally. I pulled it out and gave it a shake. Where had all that magic gone? Had I just been imagining it?

“No.” I frowned. I pulled the cocks from my ass. No magical connection. Everything was still the same fog of uncertainty as before. It was all the same as ever. Had I been doing something wrong?

“Guess it wasn’t those ones.” Rowan laughed, throwing the Candy Stud over his shoulder. “Oh well, only 9 to go!”

“Hey!” came a cry from the far end of the bleachers. “Who stole my bag!?”

Oh shit! I’d gotten so caught up in the fucking I’d lost track of what was going on in the orgy. And fuck, I’d been screaming my head off, hadn’t I?

“It’s you!” Ruby cried, pointing at me. “Stealing my dildos again!?”

Wait, she recognized me? Oh god, I looked down in horror. My bikini top! My disguise had fallen off in the midst of my fucking.

I stared at Rowan, who looked between me and Ruby.

“Run?” he suggested.

I stuffed all the dildos back into the bag and took it into my arms as we started to scramble out the other end of the bleachers. Ruby gave chase as best as her well-fucked form could. With those tits, she wasn’t fast, but she didn’t need to be with the heels we were wearing.

“Like, come back!” she yelled, her bimbos in tow like some kind of cartoon chase sequence.

Rowan was laughing his ass off, but he was too fast and was getting too far ahead of me.

“Slow down!” I cried.

“What?”

He turned to see me burying fresh dildos in each of my holes.

“Why!?” he cried.

“I gotta find the magic one!”

“There is no —” He slapped his hand to his face. “Fine, you want a magic dildo so bad? You know what? You earned it. Hope this works...”

He pulled out the tablet and typed something as I caught up.

Ruby turned the corner, coming out after us like a T-rex. She wasn't far now.

"Oh, when I get my hands on you!" she cried. "You're going to regret it! You think I was bad to you in high school, just you wait! I'll gobble your cunt so hard your womb will ache for a month!"

"No." I turned to put myself between Rowan and her. All day it had been him defending me. It was time to repay the favor. "I'm done running from you."

And no sooner had I said it then there was a miraculous glow from within me. Literally. I pulled the dildo out of my cunt. It was glowing radiant and golden like the noonday sun! I could feel the magic bond.

"Oh no!" Her eyes went wide. My body want to scream and run, but I was done with that.

"You're not going to haunt my nightmares any longer, do you hear me?"

She cowered, obviously terrified of what I was going to do to her.

God... what was I going to do with her?

Rowan raised an eyebrow, evidently curious about the same thing. What could I do to this girl to punish her for the lifetime of cruelty she'd visited on us? Maybe turn her into a guy? See how she likes a life of no sex and no popularity?

But no. I wasn't going to sink to her level.

"We're done." I waved the dildo like a wobbly silicone wand. It was like I knew exactly how to control it. "And we're gone!"

And just like that, we were standing back at the coffee shop.

Thankfully, everybody was too busy fucking the customers to notice us appearing, because without our bikinis I'm sure everybody was going to realize our hot jiggly bodies were entirely male.

We slipped into the back room, just to be sure. I was flooded with relief and satisfaction and amazement. And that wasn't even from the magic. Standing up to Ruby like that? I felt strong in a way I'd never known before. "Woo!" I called.

I twirled the dildo between my fingers – okay, the magic was a nice plus too.

"Wow." Rowan looked around, wary. All this time he'd been acting in control and *now* he was getting nervous? I guess it had all started to get to him. "So uh... that thing really works, huh?"

"I'll say!" I gave it a sensuous lick to charge its power. With all my training, I knew just how to hold it, just how to work it to make it feel good.

“And you can do things with that, like make changes to people? And no one will even realize?”

“I think?”

“So... what’s the first thing on your list?” he looked worried. He looked down at my body. “R-revenge?”

“No.” I pursed my fat cocksucking lips. They were still tingling from all the excitement.

He let out a sigh of relief.

“Revenge would just mean I was no better than her.”

“So what, then?” He raised his eyebrow. “Horny fantasies?”

“Maybe later” I laughed. “Though I am pretty riled up after that. No, how did you put it?”

I gave the dildo a few solid pumps and Rowan’s already huge tits exploded out, doubling in size.

“What?” He raised an eyebrow as I grinned, but didn’t otherwise react to his new massive offerings.

“Petty mischief.” I smirked.

“I see.” His eyebrow raised even further. He looked down at himself experimentally. “You’ve already given me a girl’s body, haven’t you?”

I snickered, then doubled over in hysterics. After all that worry and adventure, it was good to be able to laugh.

“You know what? Well played.” He clapped. “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

And, because we were nerds, we high fived, our massive naked titties bouncing everywhere.

The End.