



Ivory Tower
- A Warpy Short -
By Razmagurk

“We’re agreed then?” Steve looked around the table, raising his eyebrow as he sought our approval.

There was a tense moment as we considered the proposal, as we weighed the consequences of our potential action or inaction. The study room may have been small, and we may have only had it booked

for an hour, but what we were accomplishing here echoed far beyond these walls. Each change we made deserved the utmost consideration.

"Yeah, alright," Sam nodded. "Fuck that guy."

"What have you got in mind?" I tilted my head, grinning to show my own approval.

"Well, it's bad enough he's always showing us up in class, right?" Steve pulled up a few of Reginald's social media profiles on his laptop. "But you've seen the dumb sexist shit he's so fond of spouting, and he's constantly hitting on everything that moves. You've seen the trouble he gives Prof Jennings." A smirk flitted across Steve's handsome face. "I say we turn him into a girl, simple as."

"Really?" I crossed my arms over my chest. "Why is that always your go-to?"

"That's been your plan for the last three people we've tried to punish, Steve," Sam added, backing me up. "Sounds to me like you're the one who's a little sexist. Being a woman isn't some cursed state."

"What?" Steve's smirk fell away. He held up his arms in surrender. "I'm not sexist! Come on, it's irony! He wants women's bodies so bad, well now he can have one."

"Fine," Sam leaned back, "but we gotta start coming up with more original ideas going forward or there aren't going to be any guys left."

"What can I say? It's the easiest option." Steve picked up the phone that had been sitting in the middle of the table, carefully - reverently - positioned between the three of us. Sam and I kept a very close eye on him as he pulled up one of Reginald's profiles. "I'll start by changing his facebook from male to female. Ready?"

"Wait!" I pulled out my pen and started a new line in my little leather notebook. "I gotta write it down."

Despite our currently muscular, handsome bodies, we were nerds through and through. We wanted to take notes. We wanted to keep track. It was our duty as educated minds to study this phenomenon as best as we could.

"Here I go." Steve's smirk returned, with gusto. "The bastard's finally going to get what's coming to him!" He highlighted a section of the page and started changing the text there. Text that shouldn't have been editable, but was. And it was more than just the text that was changing...

I tried to focus on Reginald, tried to hold his image in my mind, of what I knew of him.

Steve hit 'apply changes'. There was a warping, a twisting, like everything sort of falling out of focus, then back in.

What... what had I been thinking about? Regina? We were punishing her for something?

I wrote down what I could remember as fast as I could, but it was like holding onto a dream. The moment I let myself get distracted, I'd never be able to come back. Regina had once been a boy. We had turned her into a girl.

"Hold on!" Sam furrowed his brow. "Are we sure this is a good idea? I mean, yeah, she hits on every girl she sees, but it's not like your socially awkward ass stands a chance with them or anything, Steve. Does it really bother you so much?"

"I already made the changes, dude." Steve put the phone back in the center of the table, carefully finessing it so it was equidistant from each of us. "They used to be a guy until like, 12 seconds ago."

Did she? I looked back at my notes. I'd been so sure when I wrote that down but now it seemed laughable, so hard to keep that fact in my brain.

Regina was one of the smartest girls in class. Plain looking, nebbish, matching every stereotype of a girl in STEM. She wasn't going to be standing out among her peers, but she certainly wasn't a guy.

"Come on, Sam," Steve chided. "You gotta focus as I make the change or you'll lose the plot entirely."

"I was! I'm with it!" Sam lied. "Regina Thompson, biggest lesbian on campus. We were going to... turn her into a girl?" He pinched the bridge of his nose. "She was a guy? You're sure?"

This stupid phone. It could bend reality, it could do anything you wanted with it, but it made sure only the person holding it realized. We'd done our fair share of experimentation, but even if more than one person was touching it or holding it or pressing the buttons at once, only one person had the privilege of retaining their memories.

Which could be frustrating for the rest of us, as I'm sure you can imagine.

"Sorry Steve, if you were hoping to get her out of the way I don't think that quite did it." I crossed my arms over my chest. As one of the ones not holding the phone it was my job to tell him how things had turned out. The changes were not always quite what we were aiming for. "She's top of the class, lords it over us, and hits on every girl she sees."

I wasn't sure punishing her was a great idea, but if we'd agreed to punish the old him, then I trusted that version of me to make that decision. Besides, I couldn't deny that class would be a lot smoother without her around.

"Okay, fine. I'll take it further." Steve reached back for the phone. "I'll make sure he never even crosses our path again. I'll turn him into some kind of... I don't know, a bimbo slut or something. He won't even attend our college anymore."

"Seems kind of homophobic," Sam raised an eyebrow. "To be going after a lesbian?"

"Oh my god dude." Steve flashed him a look. "What is it with you?"

"Just saying."

"I'm not taking any chances this time." Steve tried to project reluctance, restraint as he pulled up Regina's profile, like it was a shame it had come to this, but I could see the knife-sharp glint in his eyes. He was going to enjoy this. "I'm going to carpet bomb whorish sluttiness all over his bio. A horny nympho

bimbo: front and center.” He navigated carefully through her page, making changes left and right. “I’m going to make him a proud slut. Hell, I’ll go a step further - I’ll put it in his gender. I want him to identify so firmly with that idea, there’s never going to be any doubt in anyone’s mind what he is! I want him to exemplify it and express it and -”

“You just want to see her walking around naked, don’t you?” Sam shot him a barb. “As though you’d have the confidence to even do anything about it.”

“That’s besides the point!” he flushed. Yeah, he was definitely enjoying this a little too much. “And you’re one to fucking talk! Ready?”

I twirled my pen. We all focused as best we could.

There was another twisting of the world as he hit submit.

“It’s done.”

‘Vaggie Thompson’ I scribbled in my notebook, desperate to catch what I could of the fleeting dream that was that other reality. ‘Wasn’t a slut?’ Was that right? It was hard to properly document changes when there were so many factors at play. We were supposed to be doing things slow. One change at a time. But sometimes things got a little out of hand.

“Still feels kinda rough,” Sam raised an eyebrow. “You picking on a minority and everything.”

“What, cause he’s a lesbian?”

“Yeah, slut, bimbo, lesbian... she’s like half the LGBTSB umbrella.”

“The what?” Steve froze.

“Did you not know?” I prodded. “She’s so out and proud of it. Do you not remember her marching naked at last year’s Pride with the other college sluts?”

“Hold on, are you saying that sluts are LGBT? You’re fucking with me, aren’t you?”

Sam and I exchanged a worried look.

“Bimbos too.” I nodded, solemnly.

“God dammit!” he looked down confused at the phone, then took a long deep breath. “But that was just something dumb I put in his profile! It was supposed to humiliate him. Being a bimbo isn’t gay or anything!”

“It’s a gender thing.” I tilted my head. “How do you not know that?”

“It wasn’t anything a minute ago!” he roared. “That’s what I’m telling you!”

I thought of the way Vaggie always stood at the front of the class, flaunting her all-but-naked-body as she expressed her bimbo identity. The way she always fought so bravely for recognition and self-expression. Hadn't she been the one to arrange the other sluts from the queer union into a masturbation sit-in to protest the school's dress code? Honestly? I admired her whole attitude. It was chilling to think it wasn't real.

"I don't know what to tell you dude," Sam shook his head. "You're saying you accidentally invented LGBTSB?"

"I..." Steve rubbed again at the bridge of his nose. "I need a moment to process. Is this slut still a pain in the ass?"

Sam gave a bit of a shrug.

"Then one of you can deal with him." He slid the phone back into the center of the table and leaned back in his chair. "I've done everything I can to this guy and you've both done nothing but complain. What would you do with him?"

"Oh, my turn!" Sam jumped to attention and made a grab for the little thing.

"What're you thinking?" I looked to Sam then back down to my notes.

"Well, I don't know about punishing her, but if I'm going to see her in class all the time, why not make her super hot? Big fat titties, you know?"

"Of course you'd say that." Steve sneered. "You just want some eye candy. Why is it always boobs with you?"

"Why is it always girls with you?"

"Actually I think she'd like that." I stepped in verbally between the two. "I know lots of bimbos get really dysphoric about their small chests. This I can get behind." Not that Vaggie wasn't hot or anything (name me a slut or a bimbo who didn't go all in on makeup and wardrobe, as stereotypical as that was!) but those could only go so far and she had a relatively slim figure.

"This is supposed to be a punishment." Steve snapped.

"Hey, I say if we can make her easier to be around, while also being supportive of people in these sorts of situations, why not go for it? We'll be making the world a better place. Or is this you being sexist again? Only men are allowed to be happy? Is that it?"

"I'm not—" Steve snarled. "You two are terrible, you know that? Fine, do whatever the fuck you like."

"Oh! Perfect!" Sam grinned down at the phone. "She's posted her measurements in her profile - easy pickings!" He waggled his eyebrows lasciviously. "How do E cups sound?"

With a dramatic press, he hit apply changes. The world warped.

I tried to think of Vaggie's body, her bimbo blonde hair and her casually fuckable curves. Her boobs... they were always that big, weren't they? They were easy to picture, easy to imagine – I'd spent so much time staring at them, after all. The way they heaved and shook, barely constrained by her tight slutty clothing, always so well presented with that impossible cleavage. Just the thought was making my heart race and my pants tighten. This was barely a change at all, was it? Nonetheless I scribbled it in.

"F cups?" his grin grew even wider.

Warp.

"G-cups!?"

Warp.

"Come on," I sighed. "Sam, we can do better than that." I frowned. "She has the most impressive boobs I've ever seen." They're enormous, magnificent, and trust me I'd seen my fair share. But that just meant a subtle change like that was going to be difficult to notice.

"What are you saying?"

"If you want to make a real change, they have to be... I don't know," I made a swelling motion with my hands. "At least twice that big?"

Sam's grin grew even bigger.

"I like the way you think. Super sexy boobs, beyond biological reason, and a body to match!"

He dove back to the phone, snickering to himself as he fine tuned the already impossibly hot bimbo's stats even further.

"Great." Steve rolled his eyes. "And what does that accomplish, huh? He's always been a big boob freak. You making him hotter doesn't get him out of our hair."

Warp!

"Simon?" Sam turned to me, pressing the apply button. "What's Pussy's status? Does she still show us up at every opportunity?"

"Uh..." I furrowed my brow. I hadn't made any changes so I had the most correct understanding of the current reality. "Well, yeah, of course? I mean, I really don't mind her? She's a total icon, you know? But I mean, I guess you never really got along with her, Steve. Honestly it feels like you never gave her a chance, but you always said you can't stand playing second fiddle to a fetish pornstar."

"Of fucking course!" Steve threw his hands up. "You see? I told you giving him huge tits wouldn't fix the problem."

"Oh, like her being a girl did?" Sam sniped.

"It was bad enough having to put up with that guy's boasting when he was a guy, lording it over us with his fat tits. I thought turning him into a slut would get rid of him, but he's probably all the more insufferable now? Fine! I guess I have to resort to extreme measures. Give me that."

"What are you planning now?" I was starting to get worried. I knew how cruel Steve could be.

"What I should have just done from the start. I'm dropping him out of our classes. Out of school altogether if I can manage it."

Sam and I eyed exchanged a glance. I knew we should probably be trying to rein Steve in, but when he got in a mood like this, it was sometimes best to just let him run his course. If worse came to worst, well, I was writing everything down, right? We could change things back?

Speaking of... I gave my pen another twirl. "What's the change?"

"I'm getting into the heart of it. I'm having him tweet *"Organic chemistry? No thanks! But who wants to be my homework for blowjob class?"* I'm going to fill his fucking feed with this shit!"

He thumbed the apply button. Another warp.

"You're making her behind in her homework?" I raised an eyebrow.

"And you said I was lame," Sam scoffed.

Steve shot us a dirty look.

"No, come on, this was clever, this was subtle." He grinned to himself. "He was in our class, a rival, I'm getting him out of the equation entirely by turning him into a cocksucking streetwalker who doesn't want anything to do with school. Lord knows it'll be a better use of those tits of his. Prof Jennings won't even have to put up with her anymore."

Wait, shit. I looked down at the paper. I hadn't been paying attention. What had he done?

"How does that make her any less a rival?" Sam raised an eyebrow.

"Yah, she's still in our classes. The way she works a cock, wow! No wonder she's Prof Jennings favorite student."

"What." Steve's eyes flashed.

"Yeah, she's like, top of our BJ class? I thought we were trying to make her less of a threat, not more of one."

"Why -" Steve's eyes narrowed, struggling with the concept. "Why are you in a blowjob class?"

"It's part of the mandatory gender studies curriculum?" Sam's eyebrow raised further. "You're in it too. It was either that or women's studies, and as much as I love studying women, I'd rather practice deepthroating every night than write an essay final."

Steve opened his mouth, then closed it. It was like he couldn't tell if we were fucking with him or not. But I mean, it was true, Sam was garbage when it came to essays.

"Don't tell me," he squinted in my direction, his voice quivering as if a man betrayed. "You're in it too?"

"Oh no, of course not." I was quick to reassure him.

"Oh, thank-"

"I'm in pole-dancing. I was in BJ but when we buffed up our bodies last week I got shunted into a lot of the more physical classes."

"Pole Dancing? Blowjobs? Guys, those.... those weren't things a minute ago! How did a few little tweets force all that to happen instead of just making this stupid girl drop out? Is this phone fucking broken? What is going on?"

"Do you really mean to tell us that somehow you picking on this girl has increased the level of gender equality studies at the school?" Sam smirked incredulously.

"I need to see the damage." Steve swung his laptop around and pulled the school website up. "Oh my god! How the hell is 'bimbo studies' a thing? I wanted that bitch gone, not entrenched even further. And this is worse than I thought, are you seriously saying you suck dick for homework?"

"What? No!" Sam made a gagging motion. "That would be hell a gay, dude. It's just a series of increasingly challenging dildos with a strap-on practical at the end of the term. Lots of companies out there love a new hire who knows their way around a cock."

"I'm fixing this!" Steve scrambled for the phone. "I'm getting rid of this!" He hadn't even bothered to put it back in the center of the table. We were supposed to be taking turns. We were supposed to be equal about it. Maybe all the power was starting to go to his head. "I'm getting rid of this."

"Dude, what? That's hell a transphobic!"

"Why do you always accuse me of that?"

"I call it like I see it!" Sam stood to his full intimidating height. It was good to know he also seemed to think Steve was taking it too far. "Look, we're supposed to keep each other in line, right?"

"And I'm supposed to tell you how things were!" Steve countered. "And I'm telling you, this is all wrong!" We exchanged a look. Steve was our friend, but if any of us were going to lie about this sort of thing, it was going to be him.

"Fine," He sighed. "if you want more sluts on campus, be my guest. See if I care!" The way he said sluts sounded like such a pejorative. "But I'm not putting any fucking dildos anywhere near my mouth! And I'm doing you a favor too."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm adding to the school website that you have to be a girl to apply for those classes."

"That's no better! That's just sexist!"

"Oh my god, fine! So, you have to have big slutty boobs!"

"That's still pretty –"

He slapped the apply button. Warp.

Fuck! How was I supposed to concentrate on a change like that? I looked down at the notepad, as though I could stare the information into my brain. This was really starting to get out of hand.

"You were literally lambasting me earlier because I was giving people huge boobs, and then you make a change like that?" Sam crossed his arms over his chest. "I think you're just jealous. Despite everything you'll never know what it's like to have a truly massive pair."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Then he looked up, and his eyes fell on Sam's fulsome chest, his creamy tits.

He swung his gaze over to me and my own rich mounds, then closed his eyes and took a breath before looking down at his own.

"Oh for fuck's sake."

"What?" I looked up at him, a little worried. There was a very unique sort of horror dawning across his face.

"Let me guess." He put a hand to his face and rubbed at the bridge of his nose. "You two aren't going to believe me when I tell me you haven't always had those ridiculous stripper titties."

Sam and I exchanged another look.

"I think this program is driving you crazy." Sam raised an eyebrow. "We spent a good chunk of last week customizing our bodies to have the most bodacious boobs possible. Do you not remember that?"

"If we didn't have boobs," I added, furrowing my brow, "how would we even have gotten into university? They just don't give out scholarships to flatties. Higher education is a place to learn and look hot."

He sucked in a deep breath. I don't think I've ever seen him quite so worked up.

"Why am I not surprised?" He scowled down at his sizeable bust. Hatred, anger, but a curiosity in it as well.

He glanced from side to side, squinted in disbelief, then brought a hand up to cup and fondle one of his fleshy fuck-pillows.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Oh no. Oh no no no." He brought the other hand up to fondle his other tit.

"Bro." Sam crossed his arms under his bust. "Seriously?"

"Excuse me a second." Steve stood up and made his way to the door, his bra doing little to stop his melons from jiggling and swaying, eyes still glued to his own chest, like he was just waiting for the chance to run off and start playing with them, to run his hands over the sensitive, sensual flesh of his heavy, heaving melons to squirm in body-shaking boyish pleasure. God, you'd think the guy had never seen his own tits before.

"Seriously?" Sam jabbed. "You can't save it for five minutes to jack your titties?"

"I'm not going to —" he flushed. "I just want to —"

But whatever he was about to say never made it to his lips. He opened the door to the library beyond, and his jaw dropped at what he saw. If he was looking to get away from this fact of reality, he was going to have to do better than that: this was college. There were boobs everywhere.

"Oh come on!"

Guys and girls and sluts and bimbos bounced around the general study area, crop tops and tight boob-clinging tank tops and busty button ups barely betraying the swathes of cleavage and tit-flesh on display. Our school was good. The competition to get into it was fierce, and natural selection had created an academic elite where even the smallest of chests would blow the national mean out of the water. In other words, there wasn't a pair here, man or woman, with anything else, with any less than E cups.

Even beyond the students, the library itself was decorated with this fact. All around the perimeter, the proud paintings and busts of busty professors and even the school's full-chested founders created a sense of academic severity, to encourage us all in a place of learning like this, as only the watchful gaze of an old dude with gravity-defying F cups could.

Steve turned to look away, but his gaze locked on the study room opposite, where a group of four guys, squeezed boob-to-boob around a table, were taking turns slurping on an enormous horse cock.

Steve closed the door without taking another step. He backed up, then fell into his chair, elbows on the table as he cradled his head. "This is so messed up. I just wanted to get this one person out of my life! Why is it everything I try just winds up with my life even stranger? And let me guess: I'm still in some ridiculous blowjob class and he's the teacher's pet. I've got to get rid of these... these... things!" He reached up to squeeze his boobs for emphasis.

"I mean... are you sure about that?" I reached out a sympathetic hand, somehow keenly aware of my own bustiness as I tried to reassure him. "If you get rid your boobs how are you even going to pass that class? You guys only just got to the tit-fucking unit."

"Yeah bro," Sam nodded. "If you want to be top of the class you should be making your titties bigger, not smaller."

"I'm getting rid of all of them! That's how it's supposed to be, for all of us!"

"Come on, are you listening to yourself? How is Simon supposed to pass pole and prance without huge tits? He'd be completely off balance."

Steve let out a loud groan of frustration.

"Why is this a problem? Sam narrowed his eyes. "You've always been going on about how you wished you had bigger fuck-pillows. You got the biggest pair you could manage last week when we were upgrading our bodies. Are you seriously still jealous that mine are bigger, or that Simon's are so much perkier?"

Steve looked up pale-faced at the two of us. "Guys aren't even supposed to have boobs!"

"Sexist!"

"Oh come on! I need to fix this."

"What's wrong with my boobs? I worked hard for these!" Sam stood, posing to show off his busty, button-snapping cleavage. "The ladies can't get enough of them. They know they're hooking up with the top of the class. And if you don't honestly love it when a girl motorboats your titties, well then I don't think there's any help for you at this point."

"God!" There was a flush in Steve's cheeks and a stiffening of his fat nipples as he battled the imagery. "No. Just. No. This isn't up for discussion, I don't want to be like this. I don't want to be some kind of bimbo slut like the lot of you seem so keen on."

"That's it!" Sam reached out and snatched the phone. "I'm sick of this attitude."

"Attitude?"

"He's right." I frowned. "You deliberately misgendering him, all those comments earlier. It's maybe getting a bit out of hand. Why are you so down on these people? What do you have against women and bimbos and sluts?"

"What? I'm not -"

"We're here to punish Pussy?" Sam twirled the phone from knuckle to knuckle. "I think it's you who needs to be taught a lesson."

The room suddenly got very silent.

"Don't you dare."

But Sam was already going at it, highlighting and typing as Steve's eyes got wider and wider.

"Sam, please -"

“Let’s see how you like this!” Sam grinned triumphantly, slapping his fingers on the button.

The world warped.

“Let’s see how I like what?” Steve blinked as she tilted her head, her wanton bubblegum falsetto making every word simultaneously cutesy and nipple-stiffeningly seductively.

“I copied all those changes you made to Pussy’s profile onto you.” Sam’s grin widened, perhaps a little too viciously, perhaps a little too satisfied. “Let’s see how you like being turned into something else as a punishment!”

“Sam!” I cried. “Stop! We agreed we wouldn’t do stuff like his. We agreed to checks and balances.” I looked down at my notepad, but it was already too late. Steve hadn’t always been a huge bimbo slut? How would that even work? She was top of her blowjob class, always competing with her BFF Pussy. You couldn’t achieve that level of academic excellence if it wasn’t a part of your soul.

Had my slutty bimbo friend really once been a guy like me? My breathing slowed at the thought.

“See? How do you feel being turned into a slut as punishment?”

“How do I like being a slut?” She rolled her eyes and ran a hand down the whorish, photo-shop perfect curves she’d spent all last week trying to get just right, and the slutty little dress she’d worn to show it off. “I love it! What are you thinking? I’m like, the biggest slut on campus. Always have been, bro. God, and here I thought you were going to do something serious. Give me that before you hurt yourself! I have to get rid of all these boy boobs.”

“Don’t you dare!” Sam shoved the phone between his cleavage for safe keeping.

“Well, admittedly...” Her lips curled into a smile. “The thought of burying my face in some guy’s fuckpillows does have a certain appeal, you’re right. Those things are pretty hot, huh?” She licked her lips lasciviously as she pondered her next move. “Fine, we’ll keep them until our next meeting at least.”

I let out a sigh of relief.

“But I’m not about to just forgive you trying to transform me against my will. Let’s see how you like your gender being fucked with. Let’s see how you like being a girl! Give me that phone!” she lunging at Sam, catching his breasts against her own as she locked him in a lascivious grapple.

“Straight to turning people into girls!” Sam rolled her eyes. “Every time!”

There was a back and forth tug-of-war. Sam wasn’t about to go down easy, but Steve was playing dirty: she pulled down his shirt and his bra, his enormous funbags breaking free in the struggle. She drove her lips onto the creamy flesh of mounds and he was left trembling as she sucked and slurped at his lurid nipples.

“Stop!” I cried, trying to interpose myself. But they weren’t listening.

Steve came out of it with a smouldering wink and the phone in her hands as Sam was left panting.

"No fair!" he cried.

"Shut up!" She entered something on the phone.

Reality warped.

"Oh my god!" Sam looked down at her boobs and let out a scream. She reached a hand down to her crotch, her face going pale when she didn't find what she was looking for "My dick! Where's my dick? You turned me into a girl, you bitch!"

Steve giggled in triumph.

"Just kidding." Sam stuck out her tongue and flipped Sam the bird. "This is why this is such a lame fucking punishment, bro. From my perspective I've always been a girl. I don't give a fuck!"

"Fine," Steve's eyes flashed. "Let's see how you like being a girl..." Steve continued to slide her gel-tipped fingers around the phone. "With a huge fuckable butt!"

The world warped.

"Ruuude!" Sam gasped, rising to her feet, the posterior in question well on display in her skin-tight little shorts. "My butt is a treasure!"

This time it was Sam's turn to lunge for the phone. She had the advantage in mass and managed to grab it from Steve's hands while Steve was too busy staring agog at Sam's incredible ass. The two of them ended up scrabbling for it, almost dropping it, before Sam finally got the upper hand.

"Let's see how you like a pair of fat cocksucking lips, you bitch!" Sam held the slut back with one arm while she made some changes of her own.

Warp!

"And what's wrong with my lips, bitch?" Steve pouted. "At least I know how to suck a cock! Let's see how you like huge titties and girly dresses!"

Warp!

Back and forth the fight went, the phone falling from one hand to another, insult stacking upon insult, punishment upon punishment.

I could do nothing but stare in horror as my two friends let everything fly out of control. I looked down at my notebook, trying to jot down what I could, but it was a losing prospect as one change after another rocked the universe.

"Ladies! Please!" I called out, slamming a hand down on the table.

"You stay out of this!" they both said together.

"No!" I snapped. I had to stand up. I had to stop this! "Dammit girls, can't you see this is getting you nowhere? You're not even doing anything to each other! Do you know how hard it is to watch the two of you acting like this? We're supposed to be friends. We're supposed to be better than this. We were supposed to keep each other in line, to trust each other when we spoke of how things had changed."

The two flushed red. Sam put the down the phone.

"You're right." Steve rubbed at the bridge of her nose. "As though this-" She gestured down to her hypersexual pornstar body, "- is anything to be mad about."

"Thank you, Simon."

"And seriously." I looked each of them straight in their stunning sex-kitten eyes. "Come on, what are you thinking? Are you seriously going back and forth making each other... super beautiful and pretty? and I'm just here watching? It's bad enough I've always been jealous of you two."

"What?" Sam tilted her head.

"I'm saying give me that phone!"

I made a grab and pulled the phone from in front of Sam. I quickly pulled up my own social media profiles. Reality warped around my whims. This one I didn't write down.

"What did you do?"

"Now we all get to be hot babes together!" I grinned down at my aggressively sexy body and rolled my shoulders to send my boobs jiggling.

"Three hot sluts!" Steve's lips curled into a smile.. "We've always been that, haven't we?"

"Are you still misgendering us?" Sam huffed.

"Not the gender," Steve sighed. "The pejorative term. I get to use that term, you don't."

"I think maybe you two have had enough for now." I sighed. "Why don't we call it here for this week?"

"Good idea." Steve giggled.

"She started it." Sam crossed her arms over her chest.

"I don't care. We're supposed to keep each other in line? Well I'm taking this thing away. We're done for now." I put the phone into my cute little bag. "When we've all cooled down and had a chance to think, we can see about turning back."

"Back into what?" Steve tilted her head.

"You kept wanting to get rid of our boobs?" Sam squinted.

“What, like turn us into boys?”

The three of us exchanged a look, then exploded into giggles. What a ridiculous notion.

I closed the notebook.

“Let’s give it a week and we’ll start fresh. We can make a list of what we want to change, or anything weird we notice.”

“I guess I’ll just have to prove to Pussy that I’m the badder bitch the old fashion way. I’ll show her whose the best cocksucker around,” grinned Steve. “Oh, maybe we can give her a massive fucking horse c--”

“No!” Sam slapped a hand down.

“Fine, fine. Next week.”

“Great. Now!” I grinned wildly “While we still have the study room, how do you girls feel about helping me with my scissoring and pussy licking assignments? This lesbian unit is killing me.”

“Thought you’d never ask!” the girls laughed.

The End!