



The Reunion
- A Sexy Oblivious Short -
By Razmagurk

They were late.

I did another scan of the bustling bar as I adjusted my little miniskirt. I felt exposed, and rightly so. This place was full of hungry, lustful stares. I just had to remind myself it was the good kind of staring. None of them knew I was actually a guy. I wiggled my hips. I had to keep it that way.

Okay, maybe I'd gone a little overboard. Maybe I'd dressed a little too sexy, but it's not like this body gave me much choice. I could wear the baggiest hoodie I owned and I'd still look like a pornstar model. I could play it down at home, I could still pretend to be my old self online, but out in public there was no hiding tits like these.

Most nights I wouldn't have minded the attention. I liked feeling pretty and wanted and wearing cute things. I was getting so damn hot. Those charming, lustful eyes. Did they know how wet they got me?

But god, that was half the problem, wasn't it? That wasn't me. It was that damn spell talking, right?

I checked my phone again. My friends should have been here ten minutes ago.

A part of me was terrified that they'd somehow noticed. That they'd all taken one look at me and left without a word. As though they'd even recognize me like this.

I took a sip of my water as I did another scan of the room. Had I missed them coming in?

The bar had changed in the years we'd been gone, but some things were timeless. On a night like tonight, it was full of college students looking for release, with the occasional townie or faculty to round things out. I'd always loved the young horny energy here, and now I was on the other end of it. If I played my cards right, I wouldn't have to pay for a single drink all night. What a weird thought.

My eyes fell on a girl at the bar, laughing and giggling as she stumbled her way to standing on the bar. She had a body that put even mine to shame and was apparently eager to show it off.

With another laugh she started dancing. She was lithe and sensuous. Her skirt swished to and fro, no shorter than mine, but from the angle it was obvious she wasn't wearing anything under it. I bit my lip as she flashed the whole bar that tantalizing pussy of hers.

The heat flushing through me reminded me that no matter how horny for guys the spell might make me, I was still straight, deep down. In so far as a girl liking another girl could be considered straight.

Who was that girl?

The crowd was eating it up, guys especially, whooping and hollering as she winked and stomped and strutted, showing off her hourglass curves and - whoop! - there went her sheer little top! She spun it like a lasso above her head as she shook her huge jugs for the crowd.

But the outright nudity, it seemed, crossed a line. A pair of security staff rushed over to get her down. The cheering quickly turned to raucous laughter as security tried to apprehend her without it being sexual, but the way she kept burying their faces in her tits was making that difficult.

"Don't you know who I am?" I heard the girl say as they were dragging her out. "I'm Taylor Landow! I'm a goddamn legend around here!"

Wait, hold on. Taylor? My heart skipped a beat. I had to have misheard. There was no way that could be -

"That's right!" she cried. "Suck my fucking cock, you pigs!"

Okay, yeah, that was Taylor alright.

I rushed over. There was no way this could be happening, but - my heart fluttered as I looked down at my own aching feminine body - if it could happen to me, it could happen to others, right?

"Taylor? Hold on, stop!"

"You know this girl?" The one bouncer raised an eyebrow. Normally these guys wouldn't have been a big deal. Guy-me would have loomed over them both. But compared to my girl body, they were tall and imposing and muscular. Fuck, they were kinda hot actually. I wondered if they'd manhandle me a bit if I asked nicely?

"She's my friend. We're alumni. Please, sir." I arched my back to draw attention to my hot little body. "She was just having some fun, and no one got hurt. There's no need to kick her out is there?" I was trying to flash my puppy dog eyes at this poor boy, but all the damn horny in me was giving it a thick seductive edge. "Surely we can reach some sort of *understanding*?"

The two security guys exchanged a beleaguered look. Clearly they were used to dealing with sluts like us.

"Fine," The one set Taylor down gently on her tall heels. "We'll let her off with a warning, as long as she covers up. But if she causes any more trouble, you're both out."

"Oh, thank you!" I bounced excitedly on my toes and leaned up to give him a kiss on the cheek. Heat flashed through me as I wished he'd take me in his arms and take things so much further.

But alas, he left me cold. The two went back to keeping an eye on things and left me with...

"Hey sweetness, thanks for the save." Taylor flashed what was probably intended as a suave grin as she slipped her top back on, then she eyed me up and down. "Oh wow, I love your outfit."

"Uh, thanks?"

"Yeah, it would look great in a crumpled heap on the bedroom floor. What's say you and me get out of here and I show you around my hotel?"

I flushed despite myself – she was hot! – but I found myself laughing. "It's been five years, Taylor. Does that line ever work?"

"Why don't you be the first?" she winked.

"Taylor," I rolled my eyes. "It's me, Tucker."

"Of course, Tucker! I never forget a girl's face. We hooked up at that uh... uh..."

"Tucker Denvers." I crossed my hands under my boobs.

Taylor blinked. I tried not to flinch as she looked me up and down appraisingly.

"Tucker Denvers?" She squinted extra hard at my boobs. "Suck my dick. Tucker's a guy. Is this some kind of prank?"

"No, it's true." I gritted my teeth. "Remember that time we were rushing Kappa Phi and they wanted us panty raiding the Delta Delta girls? You chickened out and stole a bunch from your sister instead, but then she caught you and made you -"

"Hey!" She put a hand over my mouth. "Not so loud! Holy shit, it is you!"

"In the flesh." I stepped back and gave a little curtsy.

"Wait, hold on." She stared at my tits some more, the wheels in her brain slowly turning. "Bro! You're trans? Holy shit, you turned out amazing!"

"Uh, yeah? Something like that." I sighed. That was easier to accept than the truth, wasn't it?

"And, wow," I could feel my blood pumping all the harder as I returned the stare. Normally I'd be a little more conservative, but if she was going to eyefuck me, I was going to eyefuck her right back! "You're looking pretty good yourself." My mouth was watering at the way her luscious nipples tented the fabric of her top. "Are you... trans too?"

"What? Pfft." she rolled her eyes. "Nah, fuck that gay shit, bro. Uh, no offense. Its fine for some people but like, sometimes I feel like the world's gone crazy about that shit. Like I get misgendered all the goddamn time and I gotta be like, nah bro, I'm he/him as fuck! That's just the age we live in though I guess. No one is ever sure anymore, even for a total stud like me."

"What?" I did the mental gymnastics to try to view this slut in front of me as he/him, but it was a stretch. "Really?"

"Right?" He bounced on his foot to draw attention to his body. "It's like come on, can they not see this? I'm clearly all man, baby. But come on, enough about me. Look at you! Damn dude!" she clapped me on

the shoulder. "I had no idea! Were you in the closet the whole time or something? I had no idea. But wow, look at you, you're a total fucking hottie. Honestly? I'm jealous."

"Jealous?"

"Yeah" he laughed. "I really let myself go. Look at these fat fucking titties!" he cupped the undersides of his hefty mounds, hoisting them up like he was presenting them to me, then he let them drop and jiggle. "Look at this enormous ass!" he turned to display his ripe rump, giving it a playful slap. "My sugar daddy's always saying all the junk I eat just goes straight to my hips, but I never let that stop me, know what I'm saying?"

"Sorry -" My jaw dropped. "Sugar daddy?"

"Oh, pfft! Did I not tell you guys about that? It's this totally sweet con I'm running." He winked and his voice dropped into a sultry conspiratorial whisper. "Bro, you're not going to believe this, but there are rich handsome idiots out there who want to pay me money and give me clothes and shit, and all I have to do is act like their girlfriend and have sex with them." She grinned like she'd found the golden goose. "As though I wouldn't drop to my knees for free the moment they whipped their dick out."

"Uh." I squinted. "That sounds very..."

"I'm telling you, a sucker's born every minute. Forget crypto, forget stocks, forget MLM. I have people on the internet who pay me hundreds of dollars for pictures of my feet. Dude, I have people who buy my used panties, when I remember to wear some."

The two of us made our way to one of the back tables and had a seat.

I tried intently not to gawk at my friend. I wasn't sure I liked what effect his body was having on me. My brain kept conjuring up fantasies of him dancing naked just for me, of him burying my face in those tits of his as we explored every soft sapphic inch of each other's body. Was it still sapphic if we were both guys deep down?

"Sorry, wait, what?" I shook my head like I could somehow dislodge those words from my brain. "You're sleeping with a guy? You? Weren't you the one always calling us out for gay stuff?"

"Nothing gay about sucking dick, dude." He leaned back and winked. "Especially when I'm getting paid. You should try it sometime, we're always looking for talent down at The Firm. Guys like us," he made a squeezing motion at my breasts, "can really rake it in."

"Wait, don't tell me all the lawyers at your law office were turned into bimbos or something, and now you argue legal cases by sucking dicks and stuff?"

"What, no, don't be crazy. The Firm is the gentleman's club I work at. Perfect for a gentleman like me."

"You're shitting me." My jaw dropped as remembered the sensuality of his dancing earlier. "This whole time I thought you were a lawyer!"

"Oh, well." She flipped her hair dismissively. "Let's just say I was struggling to pass the bar. You know how much pressure I was under. Now, let's just say I work a very different kind of bar, know what I'm saying?" He laughed at his own dumb joke.

What the fuck was going on?

But before I could ask a server arrived with a tray of drinks.

"Care of the boys at the bar," she said, seeing the confusion in my eyes. She gestured to a pair of well-cut soulful-eyed poet types and I couldn't help but smile at the warmth their attention caused in me.

"Ooh," Taylor grinned. "Tell them to keep 'em coming, alright?" And then he pulled up his top, bouncing his magnificent chest to flash the couple in thanks.

"Hey!" I pulled his shirt down. "Cut it out, you'll get us kicked out!"

"They can suck my fucking dick." He gleefully grabbed the drink. "Cheers!"

"Are we not waiting for the others?" My lips pursed.

"They'll have to catch up."

I checked my phone again. Tiffany was still running behind, but Troy really should have been here by now. I did another scan of the bar, but nothing. I looked over at the washroom – Troy liked to disappear into the bathroom for hookups, but the guy coming out with some slut who had clearly just sucked his dick was not Troy.

I took a picture of the table and sent it to him with a 'where are you?'

I know I shouldn't have been worrying, but I couldn't help it. It really wasn't like them to be late.

But until then, well, Taylor was right, they'd have to catch up. I needed a drink.

"Cheers!" we dug into the drinks. It was sticky and electric and delicious. It brought back a lot of memories, some of which were even good. But I knew I had to be careful. My girl body was like half the size of my guy body. I wasn't quite sure how well I could hold my liquor.

"Sorry, wait." I squinted back at Taylor. This was all a little easier now that I had a drink in me. "Can we double back to the whole 'you having a woman's body' thing? Did you run afoul of a genie too?"

"A what?"

"Your tits, bro!" I shamelessly fondled his slutty melons, as was my right as a girl and his friend. "They're magic, right?"

"Oh, right? Magic as shit!" she smirked. "Telling you bro, the ladies fucking love 'em. You wouldn't believe the pussy these things get me. They get so jealous, but I have girls wanting to do collabs left and right! You want to know a secret?"

“What’s that?”

“These aren’t my real boobs.”

“No!” I gasped in faux surprise.

“It’s true. There’s this guy I know, Ted? He... well, look, you’re not going to believe it, but he’s like, a mad scientist?”

“Oh?”

“He’s got all these crazy devices. Like he’s got this one called a bimbo ray, right? And he just fiddles with the settings and points it at a girl and bam! It makes her tits huge! And she acts like it’s perfectly normal.”

“And he never...” I squinted down at his body. Bimbo wasn’t a bad way to describe it. “He never used that thing on you?”

“That’s what I’m saying, bro. That’s the secret. See, I was always worried that he might have. Because how would I even know, right? And could you imagine me being a girl and not even knowing? How crazy would that be?”

“Not as crazy as you might think.”

“But the more I hung around the guy the more I realized, would there really have been anything wrong with that? I mean I already have such a curvy body. I already have such big sensitive tits. That’s just how my body’s always been, right? If he wanted to zap me up a few cup sizes, nothing wrong with a guy wanting to upgrade his junk, is there?”

“You asked him for it?” I raised an eyebrow. I tried not to think about it but the visual of these magnificent things swelling and growing even further was making me dizzy.

“What can I say?” She leaned back, legs spread wide in a very confident masculine pose and I couldn’t avoid gawking at his bare pussy. “The girls at the club kept saying I should go bigger. What else could I do but oblige? Have I mentioned how much the ladies love it? We have this one routine where Candy buries her face in my tits while the customers shove bills down her thong and -”

“Excuse me, girls!” A girl walked up to our table. “I’m like, looking for my friends? They should totally be around here somewhere.”

“No one here but us, beautiful,” Taylor purred. “But we can be friends if you’d like.”

The girl giggled. She had a laugh like a jingling bell, clear and pure and true. Her incandescent blonde hair fell about her in lush waves, framing a smoulderingly picturesque face. Her lips were thick and luscious and it didn’t take more than a glance before I was wondering how those lips would feel pressed up, kissing and sucking at my needy gushing cunt.

I let out a dreamy little sigh. Even though she wasn't quite as stacked, if Taylor's body suggested the idea of bimbo, this girl's body screamed it.

Wait, was this the girl who'd been sucking that guy's dick earlier?

"You haven't like, seen them?" She held up her phone, the case as pink and as glittering as her nails.

The smile fell from my face. The picture on the phone's screen was the same picture of our table that I'd sent Troy.

"Wait, hold on." My eyes widened. I looked at the girl. I looked at Taylor. I looked down at my own body.

No. It couldn't be. What were the odds?

"Don't tell me." My voice was tiny, hesitant. As though if I said the words I'd make them real. "Troy?"

The girl blinked slowly. Her eyes were so big and doe-like and her lashes so exaggerated that she really sold the gesture. The girl was confused, there was no doubt.

"It's Tucker." I put a hand to my chest, then to Taylor's shoulder. "And Taylor."

"Oh. My. God!" Her eyes went wide. "Look at you!"

"Yeah, look at us." I rose to my feet to give her a better view. "This is a fine mess we've gotten ourselves into, isn't it?"

"I didn't even recognize you guys, oh my god!" she gushed, and threw her arms around me. "You look so great!" Taylor stood up and joined the hug.

"Hold on." Taylor bit his lip as he stared down at Troy's body. His already lurid nipples were tenting even harder. "Don't tell me you're trans too?"

"Trans?" she giggled. "Don't be ridiculous! I'm a girl through and through! And oh my god, I can't believe how pleased I am to see you two following in my footsteps after all these years."

"Footsteps?"

"Come on, girls," she put a seductive hand on her hip. "The way you're dressed. The way you're acting? You know, the boobs?" She fondled her own for emphasis. "I was always laying it on so thick, always showing off for the boys and fucking everything that moved. Now I see that you guys turned out to be sluts too? I'm so proud of you two! And wow, Taylor, those tits! I'm totes jealous!"

The two of us exchanged a look.

"I'd get offended," Taylor smirked, "but I've been paid good money to be called worse. And I can't disagree with you there."

"Sorry, no, hold on. What did you just say? Showing off for the boys?" my brow furrowed. "You were this big ladies' man quarterback."

"Nu-uh," she giggled. "You must be misremembering. I was banging the quarterback. Him taking me back to the changeroom after a game to fuck me silly." She sighed wistfully. "Knowing me, I was probably banging the whole team. I was such a fucking whore, OMG."

"Troy, you were a guy."

"Don't be silly!" Her giggling took on an ominous tone. "I was a giggly little fuckdoll, just like I am now."

"You don't remember being a guy *at all*?" I pressed. What the hell had happened to my friend?

"Sometimes..." she pouted in concentration. "Sometimes I dream about being guy, but that doesn't make any sense. My therapist says I must have only been pretending to be a guy to get close to some cute stud! I guess I totes had you fooled, huh?"

"Wait, hold on." Taylor held up a hand. "You don't happen to know a guy named Ted, by any chance? A mad science-y type, yay high? Wears a trench coat and carries a bimbofication gun?"

"Doesn't sound familiar." She bit her lip. "Does he have a big dick?"

"Run into any strange lamps recently?" I tried. "Anything weird or magical?"

"Like, nope!" she giggled again. "Oh, but would you believe my therapist is a witch? She's helping me get over my deeply internalized misogyny!"

I gulped. That would do it. "H-how's that working out?"

"Great!" she giggled. "I feel like a whole new person!"

Taylor and I exchanged another look.

"But no, hold on." Taylor rubbed at the bridge of his nose. "You were in Kappa Phi with us. If you were a girl how did that work? You were the reason we chose that frat in the first place!"

"Like, yeah? That's where all the hottest guys were. Where else would I want to be?"

"Okay," Taylor prodded. "Then how come, if you were a hot slut for four years, how come we never banged, huh?"

"Oh, come on." She gave Taylor a piteous look. "You know why. I was getting fucked by studs left and right."

"Hey! I was a stud!"

"Sure you were, big guy, sure you were."

“Suck my fucking dick, bro.” Taylor crossed his arms under his boobs in a huff.

“I wish!” she giggled.

I laughed despite myself.

“But OMG!” Troy gushed. “You’ve come so far since then! Your tits! I’m super jealous!”

“Yeah?” That put a smile back on Taylor’s face. “They are pretty great, aren’t they? I’m telling you, bro, the ladies go crazy for them. They cannot stop staring.” He gave one of his boobs a playful squeeze for emphasis.

“So how have you guys been, oh my god! What brought all this around?” she smirked down at our busts. “What made you two go *pink*?”

“Let’s just say it was a bit of an adventure.” I rolled my eyes “And Taylor here is, well...

“Raking it in, left and right. Pink? More like green, am I right? I’m a professional stud. Just like I always dreamed.”

Troy giggled again, it seemed to come so natural to her. Old Troy had always been so serious, so focused, so hard to impress. New Troy had a whole new verve to her.

Not to mention – fuck – the way she’d squeezed herself into that skirt? The way that top framed her fantastic chest? This girl oozed sex and my pussy was pounding, Troy or not. I didn’t know how to feel about that.

We returned to our seats. I took a deep breath as I tried to process this.

My friends had been turned into girls. That was not what I was expecting to have to deal with today, but at least the two of them were taking it well. They didn’t seem to be struggling with it as they came to terms with their new body and their new personality and their budding bisexuality like I was. Whatever hit them hadn’t even given them the chance. Was that better, or worse?

Troy seemed to get the worst of it. This witch had what, replaced his memories? How did that even work? If we dug deep enough would we find a hole? Some flaw in the programming?

“Wait, hold on.” I slid a finger around the rim of my glass. “You said you’ve always been a slut? When did... when did that start? Like, what about when you were young?”

“Like high school?” Troy’s eyes narrowed, her big cocksucking lips curling into a confused pout. “A barely-legal senior prowling the halls in my too-tight schoolgirl outfit begging for dick?”

Our school didn’t even have a uniform, but my imagination was happy to fill in all the slutty details.

“And before? What about before that? Middle school? Grade school?”

"I was uh..." The words froze on her lips. Behind her eyes thoughts, struggling to land. I could practically see a little icon spinning like on a computer.

A long minute passed. I looked at Taylor, who shrugged. Troy was practically smoking at the ears.

"You know what? Never mind." I relented. I didn't want to hurt the poor girl. "It's not important."

"Like, okay!" Troy snapped out of it with a wave of fresh giggles, leaving me nothing but fresh questions.

Like nothing had happened, Troy dove back into conversation, bubbly and social and eager to catch up. He'd never been so gregarious, so happy.

"Look at us!" she snapped a selfie of the three of us, cropped to show our collective busts. "How is it that we fell out of touch when we clearly have so much in common?"

"A couple prominent things each, in particular," Taylor quipped.

"Ooh!" Troy gasped. "We should go bra shopping together!"

"Yes!" Taylor's eyes widened. "Oh, I know the perfect place. They do all this custom work. We ordered some lingerie from them for a photoshoot I was doing once."

"We can strut around and pose and see who looks the best!" Troy giggled.

I don't know if it was the spell or the idea of hanging with my friends despite everything, but it sounded like so much fun. Besides, do you know how hard it is to find a bra for boobs like mine?

I laughed and leaned into the conversation. I put aside our femininity and my worries and just tried to enjoy it. They were surprisingly easy to talk to. Like we were still best friends who saw each other every day. We vented, we bantered, we reminisced. We may have sounded like giggling schoolgirls, sure, but it was good to relax, to unwind. Hadn't that been the point of tonight?

I'd been too focused on who I was, who we *were*. Going into tonight, I'd been hoping to find that old me again here. Like me being here or being with them would somehow magically make me who I once was, once and for all.

But I wasn't the only one who'd had a big change in my life.

And even five years later, even if we were giggling about boys and makeup, they were still my friends. I couldn't go back to who I was, but I could be who I now was without shame or judgement, and honestly? That made it so much better.

"So, hold on, when did you, like, realize you were trans?" Troy looked at me gormlessly. "Is there like, a cute story?"

Trans. I looked at my delicate feminine hand. That was the way to go, wasn't it? That was the excuse. How else did I explain to people that I used to be a guy? No one would ever believe the truth.

And yet, these two were just as fucked up as I was, weren't they? If anyone might believe me, it was them. Maybe this was my chance!

I had a whole big fake backstory I told people. I'd practiced a speech and everything. But in that moment, with my friends, half drunk, I shot my shot. "Would you believe that my girlfriend found a magic lamp? She wanted to experiment with lesbianism and then there were a lot of attempts to fix things and I got caught in the crossfire."

"Oh, is that like, a metaphor?" Troy tilted her head, confused but supportive. "She wanted you experimenting with gender stuff to help her figure out her own sexuality, and then you realized how much you liked it and started doing some experiments of your own?"

"Uh," I put on a fake smile, "Close enough."

"Aw, that's sweet." Troy cooed. "Did it work out for you two?"

"It's complicated." I pursed my lips. "We're on a break while we figure some things out."

"Poor thing." She pulled me into a booby hug. The warmth of her body and the smoothness of her flesh weren't helping. No matter how much I told my brain this was Troy, my libido refused to yield until I was buried between this girl's tender thighs.

"Probably for the best that it's a metaphor," Taylor laughed. "Who would waste a wish on something like that?" Taylor rolled his eyes. "Typical girl stuff, am I right?"

"Oh really," I turned to him. "What would you wish for?"

"A great big fat dick, what else?"

"Oooh," Troy giggled. "Me too!"

I rolled my eyes.

"You know what," I wasn't drunk enough to handle this. "I think we need more drinks."

"Drinks drinks drinks!" Taylor cheered. It was an old familiar cheer, but gone was the raucous comedic edge his frat boy voice had given it. His slender form made it sound wild and sexy.

"I'll get them. I know just the thing!" Troy stood. "Have you ever had creamy sex on the beach? Or cum in my panties?"

We exchanged another look.

"No," Taylor raised an eyebrow. "But I'd like to?"

"Come on girls, they're cocktails! There's some really slutty ones I want you guys to try!" Troy sauntered off to the bar, swinging her hips to give everybody a show. She had to fend off more than a handful of guys, but that just made her work her hips all the harder.

"Bro," Taylor elbowed me, his face turning serious. "What the fuck was that?"

"Uh?" I turned back to him.

"You were seeing that right? Troy's turned into some kind of girl. Uh, no offense."

"None taken." I raised an eyebrow.

"Am I going crazy? Like, that's exactly the sort of bimbo he was always hitting on. Troy, who was getting his dick wet left right and center. Troy who was the biggest goddamn stud I knew. My fucking hero, bro. Acting like... like... some kind of slut!"

"Right." I blinked down at Taylor's own well presented tits. "Crazy."

"Thank god you see it too. I thought I was losing it, bro."

"So... You think Troy's therapist is... what...? Using witchcraft to make him think he's always been a slutty girl?"

"I don't know about witchcraft, but something fucky is going on. Dude, can you imagine? Someone making you remember things the way they weren't?" He leaned back, legs spreading wide in a masculine gesture. "What a horrible fate. We gotta do something about it, bro."

"Sorry, what?" I arched my eyebrows. "You want to go confront the mind controlling, friend bimbofied, memory altering witch? You want to, what? Tell her to turn our friend back?"

"I mean..." He bit his fat cock-sucking lips in concentration. "You think that would end badly?"

"I think it might."

"Look," I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. "Maybe we're looking at this the wrong way. Maybe Troy finally got in touch with her feminine side and now she's doing like, memory replacement hypnosis or something to help ease her transition?"

He gave me an incredulous look.

"Or maybe it's a sex thing?"

"Oh it's a sex thing alright, bro, but not in the good way."

"I'm just saying let's not jump to any conclusions. Not everything is as it appears." I'd know all about that, wouldn't I? "You and I can do some digging when we're good and sober. We'll get to the bottom of this, but let's not do anything we're going to regret."

"Okay bro." He held up his hands in surrender. "We'll play this safe. When did you get so wise, huh?"

"Comes with the estrogen." I stuck out my tongue at him.

Troy returned with the drinks. It was a tray of colorful patterns and tasty combos. Whipped cream seemed to feature heavily in a lot of them.

"Still no sign of Tiff?"

"She was saying something about having to fix her roommate's plumbing?" I checked my phone. "She says to start without her."

"Her loss."

"To old friends." Troy stood up proud and tall, one leg raised on the seat like a pirate captain. There was something old and familiar about the gesture. A sign that despite her glittery pink exterior, this was still our friend. Well, mostly. The gesture caused her skirt to ride up, flashing the room her plump pussy. "And to super yummy drinks!"

We drank.

The flavor was thick and creamy in my mouth, strong and sweet and fruity. I was starting to develop a taste for girly drinks.

"Mm." Troy winked as she licked the cream out of the corner of her mouth. "I got the bartender to put his special shot in it. What do you think?"

"You know what?" I smiled. "It's not half bad."

It was a ridiculous drink, and guy-me would have hated it. But guy-me wasn't here, was he? In spite of everything. I'd been so nervous before coming here, that they'd hate who I was, who I had become. That I wasn't the me that they knew.

I thought that I'd have to be my old self. Hell, I'd even considered cutting my hair off and dressing in a baggy sweater to try to sell it better. As though I could boy-mode with a face like this. I'd been expecting to have to defend myself the whole night, to justify myself and my changes. But I wasn't the only one who had changed, had I? For better or for worse.

I leaned back, laughed. I let myself enjoy the moment.

"Do you remember that time, it was Tiff's birthday, and you were determined to hook up with a girl before the end of the month, and Troy said he'd take you under his wing, but he kept slipping off to get his uh -"

"Mm," Troy licked her lips. "I was sucking dick in the restroom. One big juicy boy cock after another, hard as steel, sweet as candy. Running my tongue from balls to tip as I looked lustfully up at their grinning horny faces."

"R-right." I let out a sigh that came across more as a horny whimper. "So I was there pretending to be the quarterback and trying to steer the girls over to you."

"Oh god, I do remember that." Taylor grinned. "Didn't I end up scoring with Tiff's sister?"

"She was so pissed. She banned you from seeing her again but of course that just made you pine all the harder. You kept coming back here very night to try to accidentally run into her again."

"Good fucking times, bro. You know she came into the club a couple months ago. She's looking good. I got to give her a private show. Show her what she's missing." Taylor sighed wistfully, then got a far-off look in his eye. "We should get together sometime."

"What is this?"

"No, I mean like, what happened to us, bros?" Taylor was getting all misty eyed. "We used to be so tight. We used to do everything together!"

"Let's do it!" Troy winked. "How long are you bitches in town for?"

"I mean," I did some quick calculations. "I'm leaving late Tuesday."

"I can maybe beg daddy to delay my flight a few days?"

"Then it's a date," Troy purred. "Tomorrow we are totally going to go shop our brains out for the sluttiest clothing imaginable. I know all the hottest places. And then, as fun as our old haunt is, there's this place downtown that has way cuter guys and a lot of dancing."

"Ooh, dancing!" Taylor perked up. "I can show you the routine I've been working on with Candy."

"Can't wait!" Troy giggled. "That's if we're not up too late partying tonight! Ooh we can find some cute boys to fuck us silly. Uh, you girls are into dicks, right?"

"I mean," Taylor grinned, "if the price is right."

I smiled despite myself.

"Then it's agreed. No more letting each other fall by the wayside. No more letting life get in the way." Troy was getting misty eyed. "Sure, we're not in college any more, it's not easy to get together any more, but that just means we need to be trying all that much harder. You sluts mean the world to me."

"Aw, that's -" I don't know if it was the alcohol, the magic, or the estrogen, but I was tearing up. I was glad I had friends like them, even if we were all hot sluts now.

"And - OMG! - now that you're all hot and girls and stuff, we can totally make out for all the boys."

"M-makeout?" I flushed.

"Ooh yeah!" she purred. "It's super hot. But we want to do it right, so we should like, practice a bunch first." She licked her lips. "We want to really impress those hotties, don't we?"

We couldn't! These were my friends. But on the other hand, feeling that girl's hot tongue against my lips? *Yes please.* Maybe... maybe we were destined to be more than just friends? Bisexuality was a hell of a drug.

"Oh shit!" Taylor slapped a hand down on the table then pointed at the bar. "Speaking of hotties. Nine o'clock, lads."

We turned to look. It wasn't hard to figure out who she was talking about. The guy stood a whole head taller than the rest, with an exaggerated broadness of his shoulders. His smile was gentle and friendly and inviting but with just a hint of mischievous roughness to it. He was looking down at his phone then back around the bar.

"Dibs," Troy cooed.

"What? No fair!" Taylor whimpered. "Rock paper scissors!"

I laughed as they threw fingers. Some things never changed.

"Best two out of three!"

"Oh shit, he's coming this way!"

Troy put on a lascivious look. Taylor threw her a scowl and put on an even more whorish expression, intent on out-slutting her.

The guy's grin widened as he approached us. His face was bright and shining and from this angle there was no hiding the enormous cock snaking down his pant leg. My heart was racing at the thought of what a cock like that could do to a girl like me.

"Hey guys!" The guy's body language took a decidedly feminine turn as he twiddled his fingers in front of himself. "Sorry I'm late! I know this is going to be hard to believe, but it's me, Tiffany."

"Tiff!?" we all gasped.

"I've been uh," she flexed an arm. "Working out?"

"Damn bro," Taylor whispered. "Tiffany got hot."

"I called dibs, slut."

"I saw her first!"

"Guys, guys," Tiff laughed good-naturedly. "There's plenty of me to go around."

"You look like you've got a heck of a story to tell."

"Oh, you have no idea! Forget everything you know about mermaids," she laughed and joined us. Her eyes going wide at the slutty drinks. "Ooh, are we drinking?"

"To old friends." I handed her a glass and raised my own in a toast and looked around at all my friends.
"And new opportunities."

"Cheers!"

The End.