



Turnabout is Fair Play
- A Horny Short in Two Parts -
= Part 1 =
By Razmagurk

Vince

Have you ever wanted something too much? Yearned more than was good for you? Have you ever gotten an idea in your head that just repeats over and over?

I have.

And now, after all my wishing, I was finally in a place to do something about it.

And I don't mean that figuratively.

Are there wiser things I could have done with a magic rock? Absolutely. World peace, end to suffering, all that crap. I figured I'd get there in time, right? If only I'd known...

Instead, I was getting slapped. Hard. I was spinning from the force of the blow and that little magic stone went falling from my hand.

It was the two of us in the little classroom, Valerie and I. Her in her all-too-tight skirt and that blouse playfully at the midriff to better present her magnificent rack, me with my pants around my ankles, my raging hard dick out and at attention.

I put a hand to my cheek, stunned.

"For the last time, Vince," She stomped angrily, "I'm telling you, no! God, what is it with you boys? You think just because I get a little wild sometimes, I'm your free use cum-dump or something? You can't just whip your dick out and expect me to suck on it."

"What? But I thought...?"

"You thought what? That because I've sucked other people's dicks that I'll just get with anybody?" She paused to consider. "I mean... don't get me wrong. I love a big thick cock as much as the next girl, but you gotta buy me a drink first, you know? You gotta romance me a little. You certainly can't just whip it out without another fucking word. God!"

I had made a huge mistake. My heart pounded. My face was red with humiliation. I could barely see. The stone? Where was the stone? I could still salvage this.

"What's this?" Veronica plucked it off the ground.

Shit.

"Nothing!" I held out a hand to stop her, to try to knock it down or grab it, but with my pants down around my ankles I tripped and crashed onto the floor instead. "Don't touch it!"

"Why?" she squinted at it suspiciously as she took a step back. "What's going on? Why does this have you so worked up?"

"Valerie please!" I struggled back to my feet. "Just give it back!"

But of course, that just put her on the defensive. She clutched it even tighter to her beautiful chest.

"Oh no, you're up to something, aren't you? Is this is some kind of prank? Are you filming this? I have a class to get to and I don't have time for games right now. I wish you'd just tell me the truth!"

The stone glowed a hot white in her hand.

"It's a magic stone!" I blurted out. I tried to cover my mouth but it was no good. "It grants wishes."

"Bullshit." She rolled her eyes.

"It's true! And now you wished I'd tell you the truth and I can't fucking stop. Oh god."

She looked down at the rock, which, to its credit, was now shimmering with an inner light.

"What, really?" she held it up, squinting at it. "Wishes? Like a genie? Can it do... anything?"

"Anything. As many as your heart desires."

Dread fell over me as she started to put two and two together. Valerie had always been smart like that. It's one of the things I'd always admired about her, one of the reasons I'd spent half my college career drooling over her. She looked from me to the rock, then back at me.

"Did you use this rock on me?"

"Yes!" the words came out of my mouth even as I shook my head in denial. "I – I turned you into a slut!"

"You *what*?" she put hand on her hip.

"I didn't mean to!" I trembled. Her fist tightened. "I've been crushing on you for ages! I just wanted to be with you, but I've never been in a relationship before. I was afraid. I'm into some weird stuff. I was worried you'd judge me."

"What did you do?" Her eyes flashed with a force like thunder.

"I... kinda... made you into it too?" God, it was so embarrassing to say out loud. "I poured my perversion into you. That's why you dream about huge tits and brainless bimbos and fetishy transformative situations. But it didn't work! You were still you, just with a porn addiction, I still couldn't get close to you."

"I'm not addicted to porn!" She glanced around defensively. "How do you know about that?"

"And then I was all the more afraid because this new you was even more intimidating, sensual, and confident. So I kept making all these little wishes hoping I could get you to where I'd have the courage to try to get with you, but everything kept going wrong and now you're like, the biggest slut on campus and you have all these anger issues and I can still barely even approach you."

"Oh, well I'm sorry I'm so fucking unapproachable that pulling me aside and whipping your cock out was the only way you felt you could get close."

"I made a wish that you'd love sucking dick! I thought if I could make an impression –"

"I do like sucking dick! But you still have to fucking ask first! Holy shit, you think just because I'm some kind of goon-brained slut I don't have agency? I'm still a person, goddammit. I'm not a some kind of walking onahole for you to just pull aside and use."

"No! I... I know that! I never wanted you to be anything less than a person. That's why I didn't wish you into some kind of sex toy to begin with."

"Yeah, well maybe you should have wished for some fucking courage." She paused and took a long slow breath. She took several breaths, actually, but it didn't quite seem to be doing the trick.

"You're right. I've done this all wrong." I took a step towards her. "This whole thing is a huge mistake. I'll change everything back. I'll make everything right, I promise. Just give me the stone. "

"You really mean that?" There was a somber cast to her expression. Suspicious. "That's really what you want?"

"I couldn't lie to you if I tried." I let out a halfhearted chuckle.

"Well too bad." She clutched the rock even tighter. "You think you can change the core of who I am? My history? My whole fucking life!? You think you can turn me into this!" she said, gesturing down dramatically at her smoking hot body, "and then just try to undo everything? It's not happening. I'm not going down without a fight."

"What!?" I took a step back, caught off guard.

"You want me to be a pervert? You want me to be a fucking slut? Fine! Then maybe it's time I cut loose. Maybe it's time I showed the world what I was made of. The truth of it, Vince, is that you aren't the only person hiding their deepest desires." The rock glowed dramatically in her hands. Her eyes widened as a smile crossed her face. "In fact, I think it's time you learned a little lesson about that, don't you?"

"What does that mean?"

"I mean turnabout is fair play." There was a manic glint in her eyes. "I wish you were every inch the pervert I am. I wish you were into all the same stuff I am, all the stuff that turns me on, all of my kinks and fetishes, all amped up to 11!"

"Please, no!" There was a screech of feedback inside my brain and wires there started sparking like never before. It was like suddenly realizing I'd never taken a drink of water in my life and I was dying of thirst.

I tried to whimper, to beg, to plead, but my voice was plaintive and lustful and my begging just made it all the hotter.

"And you know what?" Her voice was intense, hitched gleefully as long repressed passions bubbled to the surface. "Let's take this a step further. I'm going to make you every inch the slut I am!" There was an delighted waver to her breath. "You're going to be simpering around with your tits out, so eager for sex that it's a constant distraction!"

I gulped. I should have been horrified, but fuck, that sounded *hot!* Like she was offering to strip down and suck my cock. Hell, this sounded way better than any blowjob could have ever been! My heart pounded. How had I never seen it until now? The sexier and sluttier she made me, the better! Even though I knew it was something I should have hated!

Oh god, what kind of stuff was this girl into?

"Please..." I begged, but I didn't know what for.

"Oh, this so hot!" she laughed. "I wish you'd turn into a girl! I wish you'd be your own sexiest fantasy come to life, but oh, I wish you'd still be you, no matter what happens."

"Oh, fuck~!" I moaned in pleasure as the warmth slammed into me, as my body shifted, cracking and swelling under the magical onslaught. I could feel myself shrinking, I could feel myself expanding! My hips widening as my waist pulled in, my chest swelling tight against my shirt as I lost height. Oh god, I had boobs! I reached up to grab them. They were small at first, a perky little mass, but then they began to fill and swell. I pressed my hands into them, as though through I could keep them contained, but that was a fool's venture. These would not be contained. They kept growing and growing and growing, well past the point of reason. When they were done, I reached a hand down to my naked crotch but it was already too late. My dick had already shrunk down to nothing and begun pulling inside of me. I could feel it expanding internally, shifting cavernously inside of me, the part of me that had been my balls tightening into a hot fertile *womb*.

A pussy. I put a hand upon it. I had a fucking pussy! *My* pussy. I swooned at the thought. Warmth flooded into me, an aching throbbing heat I could feel in my fingers. It was like walking in a tropical storm, wet and hot.

"Oh wow, you've really got a thing for tits, huh? I can see why." Val inspected me like the piece of girlish fuck meat that I was, poking and prodding at my exaggerated hourglass figure while I trembled in gooey slick arousal. "Oh, you like that? You like being a slut? Does being turned into a girly little fuck toy turn you on?"

"Y-yes!" I gasped. I couldn't have denied it even if I was able.

"Well then." She licked her lips invitingly and raised her skirt. "Shall we pick up where we left off? I think a blow job is out of the question, but I bet you eat *great* pussy."

I stumbled, taking another step forward, leaving my all-too large pants and boxers forgotten in a pile behind me. I could feel my legs pressing into and against my boiling cauldron with each step, a constant bussing reminder of its presence.

She was grinning like a woman who'd just found out magic was real and it was going to get her laid. Her eyes were glued to the enormous mounds of flesh now hanging off my chest and I was eating up the attention like it was a warm day's sun. I arched my back to show her more of my tits.

My tits! God, I had tits! My hot hooters. My horny fuck melons. I had never even been up close to a boob before and now I had ones so big I could barely process their presence, swelling out under my Metallica shirt. I needed to touch them, to play with them, to have them played with! Tentatively, my hands came

up to roam over my new nubile flesh. It was soft and sensitive and the harder I squeezed the better it felt.

Fuck! Focus!

I looked up at Val with terror in my eyes. She looked pleased with herself. What further erotic horrors were swimming in her head?

And so I ran.

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Valerie

I looked down at Vince, a wild look in my eyes as he – she? – trembled weakly and submissively before me. The fact that she had been a guy just moments ago just made it all that much better. Fuck, this was just like all those stories I'd read on the internet!

I don't know what I'd been thinking. I hadn't expected the rock to actually work! Especially not so well. God damn! I could barely keep my eyes off her.

I had to give it to him, the boy had excellent taste in sluts. Her body was a cunt-clenchingly pleasing blend of features, any one of which could have led to a career in porn. A face of faux-innocence and carnal delight on a body with boobs so big and so perky it was like she had a built-in pushup bra. She had wild hourglass curves with just a hint of abs. She had long graceful athletic legs leading up to thick fatty thighs and a tremendous peach of an ass. Most importantly, she had a juicy and inviting pussy that was growing wetter and wetter the more I stared. She smelled delicious.

This wasn't even fair. No one could be that hot! I was almost jealous.

Don't get me wrong, I'm a total babe, I get it. I've made guys cum just from flashing my tits. I'd be a showstopper of a pornstar myself if I weren't so focused on my higher education, but Vince's body took all that and cranked it up beyond reason. This wasn't a body of any real girl, this was a body straight out of this guy's impossible fantasies.

And – fuck – I guess that meant my own horniest fantasy as well.

She was exactly my type. I'd spent hours searching through page after page on Pornhub for even the faintest reflection of what I was looking at now. I struggled for breath, struggled to keep in control. All of the righteous fury I'd been experiencing had taken second place to imagining exactly what I was going to do with those lips. Those fat cocksucking lips. Those fat cocksucking lips that belonged to this slut of a former *boy*. This *boy* that I had made a *girl*. *That boy I had made a slut! My slut!* Oh god!

I swallowed hotly.

And then she ran.

“Hey!” I cried. But it was too late. She was out the open door and fleeing into the halls beyond. She wasn’t even wearing any pants.

I almost chased after her, but then I stopped. I looked down at the rock. Without the carnal distraction of my dream girl made flesh, it was a little easier to think. A little. I was still trembling, still hornier than I think I’d been in my whole goddamn life, which was saying a lot.

But no, what the hell had I just done? I’d been so mad he’d turned me into fetishy slut that I’d turned him into one as well? As though that made it any better?

I shook my head. There had been terror in her eyes. This wasn’t right! I couldn’t just turn transform people like that, could I?

Could I?

My fist tightened around the rock and I paced around the classroom as anger and arousal did battle in my brain.

But no, as I looked inside myself I realized it wasn’t entirely anger that had guided my decision, was it? I was mad at him, sure, but I think I turned him into a slut because fuck – I had wanted a turn.

My breathing was hot and heavy. He was right, I was a slut. I got off on the reputation, didn’t I? Even if I didn’t always like being treated like one. I was a gross pervert girl who spent her nights gooning to increasingly raunchy porn as I wore out yet another vibe.

But all my life I’d kept so much inside. It wasn’t like I rubbed my perversion in everybody’s faces or anything! I hid that part of myself, even from the guys and girls I was fucking. As hard as that had been sometimes. I didn’t like being judged.

Anger swelled in me. Who was this asshole to come in now and say that he had done that to me? That this wasn’t who I truly was?

I sighed. I think a part of me had even been hopeful. Here was someone who saying they had all the same kinks as me. Here was a guy I could be myself around, and he was the one who’d put me there to begin with.

I took a long slow breath. I could still smell Vince. God, she even fucking smelled sexy. Her hot girl-chemicals triggered another crash of arousal.

I turned away. I looked out the window at the peaceful, innocent campus beyond. I could be better than this. I could wish all this away. I could be normal. No more late nights with a dildo down my throat and a pillow between my legs. No more browsing /d/ on my phone at all hours of the day.

I let out another sigh.

Why didn’t that prospect spark joy in me? Why did I feel like that would be missing out? What did any of this even matter?

The anger returned with a vengeance, growing all the stronger.

Why should I be the one to play nice? I wasn't going to just throw away an opportunity like this, was I? There were so many other things I could do with this stone. Why not worry about all that later? For now, I was going to have a little fun. My little conversation with Victor had left me feeling... inspired.

"I wish Victor were here."

And in another flash of light, she ran in through the door, crashing right into me, tits first.

"What, no, but I -" she turned to look behind her, perplexed at how she'd ended up back here. "Please!"

"I wish your name is Vivian Cumdumpster, and that you can't refer to yourself as anything but."

The rock glowed.

"Please no! my name is Vivian!" she put her hands to her throat as her eyes went wide. "My name is Vivian! Vivian! Cumd- cumdumpster! Vivian Cumdumpster?"

"You like you're new name, sweetie? It's a little more suited for a girly slut like you, don't you agree?"

She nodded submissively, but unenthusiastically.

"I wish you loved your name! You love how perfectly it encapsulates the slut I've turned into you. You're proud of it. You love telling people you're a Cumdumpster. You love being called Cumdumpster. Better?"

"Yes!" she moaned gratefully.

"Now what is your name?"

"Vivian Cumdumpster!" this time it came out as a horny moan. "I'm a Cumdumpster!"

"Good girl. Stand up," I commanded, adopting the same lurid grin guys had always liked to use with me when they were bossing me around in the bedroom. "Bounce on your heels for me, cumdumpster. Show me how those tits jiggle."

Seeing her achingly female body again – smelling her afresh – had set all my passions aflame once more. The fact that there was a guy in there just made it all the better.

"What? No!" Vivian stumbled clumsily back. "Please, stop!"

"Now now, be a good girl." I scowled. We didn't have time for this. "I wish you'd do whatever I tell you."

The rock glowed again. A rush of fresh endorphins went through my brain. This power was addictive.

"Oh come on!" Vivian cried as her body began to move of its own volition, just like her mouth had earlier. She presented her chest to me, pulling her band shirt back to make it tight against her heaving

mounds, then she started to bounce on her heels, setting her pendulous mountains bouncing and swaying seductively.

“Much better.” I smiled, unable to take my eyes off them. “You wished me into a pervert? You want me to be a slut? Fine! You don’t know how many years I’ve had to act like I wasn’t. Now? Now I have my chance. And isn’t this fun? You get to come along for the ride.”

“What are you saying?”

“Follow me.”

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Vivian

I followed Valerie out the door into the crowded halls beyond. Class had just let out and the halls were quickly filling with students.

People turned to stare at us, to stare at me. I was this strange pornstar whore of a girl wearing barely more than a t-shirt who had just flashed everybody by running past moments ago. Guys ogled me shamelessly and girls laughed derisively, even if to many of them there was an undeniable attraction under it. Did they think this was some kind of prank?

My whole body was flushed red in embarrassment, but somehow the humiliation just made it all the hotter.

“Smile,” Val commanded. I did. A grim rictus that reflected my inner turmoil.

“Smile sexily,” she clarified, sharply.

My plump red lips curled into an expression of horny want.

“*Good girl,*” Val purred in my ear, sending a hot shiver running through me.

“You can’t let people see me like this,” I squirmed, trying to pull my shirt down to hide my exposed crotch and butt. It was one thing to be running like this as fast as I could trying to get to safety, it was another to stand here while everybody was gawking. The act of tugging at my shirt though just made my lack of a bra all the more apparent as my rock hard nipples tented it lewdly, and worse, putting my hands down near the raging inferno of my girl-sex reminded me all too well the situation I was in.

God – even just thinking about it was driving me crazy. I had a pussy! I had a pussy! God, I had a fucking hot burning snatch, a needy little cunt begging to be filled. Every word I could use to describe it just made it hotter and wetter.

Maybe if I was lucky they’d see my pussy. Maybe they’d know how eager I was, how hot and wet and tight of a hole I would be for them. Maybe they’d bend me over and fuck my pussy until I was a hopeless cock addict.

“You don’t want to be seen like that?” Valerie whispered. “Come on, don’t lie to me. The idea of all these people seeing you is driving you wild isn’t it?”

“Yes.” I moaned the word out whorishly, still compelled to honesty. “But it’s not like I want to make good on that little fantasy! No matter how hot and drippy the thought makes me.”

That made her stop. She frowned as she considered it.

“And why not?” There was a wistfulness to her voice that seemed out of place amidst her vindictive arousal. “It’s not so bad to want, is it? It’s not so bad to fantasize?”

I bit my lip. I was no stranger to horny fantasies. But this was, to quote her words, cranked up to 11.

“I wish no one but you would notice me making wishes.”

I tensed, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

“I wish in so far as everybody else is concerned, you’ve always been a girl, my slutty little exhibitionist BFF who never wears pants. I wish you had a whole history as my submissive, breedable bestie.”

“Oooh!” I squirmed. Again, I should have hated it. It should have been an insult to the very core of me, but instead it was like it filled a hole I didn’t even know I’d had. It was the name thing all over again. Knowing that the world thought I’d always been a cock-brained slut? That no one would even know I was really a guy, that I was still a guy underneath? Didn’t that make me being turned into a girl that much better?

“Now take off that shirt.” Val waggled her eyebrows. “I wish you’d never be able to wear guy clothes ever again.”

“But I’ll be naked!” I said, even as I pulled my top up, my heavy hooters swinging free for the delight of the gathered crowd. My nipples were so hard everybody could tell just how much my body was begging to be squeezed.

“Aw, don’t worry. I wish you wouldn’t get in trouble for it.” Val put a hand on my shoulder. “Well, nothing more than a spanking, anyway. I wish that no one would get in trouble because of any of my wishes!”

I held my arms over my chest, but it did little to reduce the attention. A vision of the dean finding me and bending me over his desk to punish me, giving me what I deserved for being a naughty slut, treating me like a bad girl, flared front and center into my mind.

“Aw, don’t hide the goods, Vivian.” She teased. “Where’s the fun in that? You’re my slutty BFF, right? Act like it. Give them a show. Can’t you see how much they like those fat jiggly melons of yours? Don’t you know that sluts like you love to show off?”

And just like that, my every action, my every bit of body language, my every movement fell in line with Valerie’s directorial vision. It wasn’t automatic, I had to think about what I was doing, had to put the effort into putting on the act, but I had no choice that I was doing it.

I arched my back, I smiled. I presented my naked chest with vim and vigor, shaking and jiggling. I drank of the well of my own actual desires to fuel it, my horny urge to show this slutty body off, for everybody to like it and see. Were these people horny for me? Would they masturbate to the memory of my horny tits and lurid fuckmeat body? God, I hoped so.

"That's my girl," Valerie said, a hitch in her voice.

"Damn, girls!" a boy called out, cutting through the wondrous murmur of our onlookers. He was athletic and handsome and clean shaven. "Looking good! You horny bitches want to see what a real man can do?"

"Hi Jack!" Valerie waved sweetly at the newcomer front and center of the crowd. "You like what you see? Why don't we give him a better look at that ass, eh Viv?"

A real person probably would have slapped him. Isn't that what Valerie had done to me? But I wasn't a real person was I? I found myself leaning forward instead, hands up against the lockers as I presented my ripe and fuckable ass, with legs spread just enough that everybody could see the burning crucible of my pussy.

"Having fun?" Valerie gave me a playful nudge.

"Yeah!" I gulped. Because that was the worst part. I was loving every second. Was he going to fuck my girl-pussy in front of all these people? God, I hoped so.

This was the hottest, most terrifying thing I'd ever done.

"Don't be afraid, Jack," she winked at the boy and gave my naked rump a good squeeze. "Why don't you lean in for a closer look. You like it?"

"Yeah girl, Cumdumpster has the best damn ass on campus!" He leaned in close to inspect my quivering flesh as I flushed and dribbled at the compliment. Would he whip his dick out and fuck me right here? Oh god, what if he didn't?

Val discretely pulled the stone from her pocket.

"What are you doing?" I hissed.

"Well if he likes it so much, why not give him a taste?"

I trembled. Waiting for the other shoe to drop, waiting for her to wish me into a hot sweaty round of anal fucking as his fat boy cock split me clean in two. Oh god, he was a guy and I wanted him – the realization hit me like an avalanche: guys were so fucking hot! Cocks were so fucking hot! I'd been so caught up in things I hadn't had the opportunity to appreciate my new found pansexuality. I didn't care who was fucking me, as long as they fucked me good.

But then things took another turn

"I'm glad you like it, Jack. I wish you had a butt just like hers. A big fat slutty butt. A girl's butt. The kind that guys just can't keep their hands off of. Hips so wide, you can't fit through doors! The kind of butt that yearns to be filled and spanked and played with. In fact, I wish your favorite hobby was seeing how much cock you can stuff into it. And I wish that you're proud of it! I wish that you want to show off to everybody, and that you're going to give everybody who wants a go with it a chance, because all it takes to make you cum like a little bitch is one good spank. Doesn't that sound nice?"

There was a flash of white light.

"That sounds..." He blinked. He stared a little longer, then he gave a big goofy grin. "That sounds great. What was I saying?"

"You were saying Viv here has the best damn ass on campus."

"She wishes!" He laughed and wiggled up next to me, his pants falling down around his ankles as he freed his badonkadonk behind, a behind that put even mine to shame. "Sorry Cum dumpster, I think I've still got you beat." He laughed again. Hands against the wall, posed just like I was, and began to sway his hips side by side like it was some kind of contest. "Check this out though, I've been practising!"

"Yeah, Jack!" A crowd of horny guys was gathering, cat calling and jeering. "Shake it!"

"Oh, you want more?" Jack laughed, boisterous, masculine. I stood up, stepping away confused. Why was I so disappointed? Was I Jealous? I could see now from the waist down he was an exaggerated copy of my girly body – with one notable, mouth watering exception. He starting to dance and shake all the harder for the gathered crowd.

I gawked at his perfect posterior. So fat and wide and round. It was mesmerizing, seductive. I was just about to reach a hand to touch it, to grope it, when Val grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me away.

I was just about to start a dance of my own but Val grabbed my wrist and started pulling me away. Then she stopped a smirk crossed her face.

"See you later Jack," Val cooed, slapping his ass so hard he stars.

"Oh Fuuuck~" the girl-butted boy cried out, his body trembling in orgasm as all the crowd clustered around, leering and taking pictures.

And then she pulled me away.

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Valerie

"Well," I laughed. "That was fun."

I pulled Vivian into an alcove. We could still see the crowd passing us by, but we'd have a bit more privacy, especially with the show Jack was putting on attracting so much attention.

“What was that all about?” Vivian whimpered.

“Wasn’t that great? Ugh, fuck.” I bit my lip. “I wish I could masturbate and no one would care!”

Before I’d even finished the wish I had a hand down my pants, fingers plunging with well-practised precision into my needy little hole. I let out a deep carnal cry of satisfaction as the pleasure flooded through me. It was like an itch I hadn’t been able to scratch.

“Much better,” I cooed.

Vivian bit her lip, just as horny, but without the outlet. Hornier probably. She was probably wishing she could join in too. We’d get to that.

“Oh don’t give me that look.” I waved off her concern. “Jack is a total fucking prick. Thinks he’s hot shit, but every time I’ve blown him he never reciprocated. Besides, did you see the way he was approaching us? Turning him into a little butt slut was him getting off easy if you ask me. Mm, speaking of –” I gave her a wink. “Why don’t you join me? Let’s blow off some steam.”

Vivian moaned as her hands rushed to relieve the carnal pressures building up in her body, but there was still a plaintive glint in her eye, some part of her begging me to stop.

“Look,” I gave out a frustrated sigh. Who was this girl to judge me? “I’m putting my desire out in the world. You want me to turn back? You want me to conform to the rest of the world? Well why not have the rest of the world conform to me instead? Watch. See that guy over there? That’s my ex, Frank.”

I pointed to a locker where the jock in question was laughing with his friend group, engaged in that most manly of pastimes: watching passing girls then rating how fuckable they were. Don’t get me wrong, I didn’t have anything against girls being fuckable, but I kept it between me and my diary, thank you very much.

“What are you going to do?”

“He was always so obsessed with tits. He could never see girls as anything more than bobos and conquests.” I ran a hand up to give my own boob a playful squeeze. “I wish him and his friends there looked like, I don’t know, extra-stacked bimbo hotties with enormous milky tits. Total 20/10s.”

In a flash of the rock’s light, Frank went from leaning against his locker, laughing with his dumb friends, to, well, doing pretty much the same thing but now they were all giggling bimbo bitches, complete with matching pink miniskirts and tube tops that only barely restrained the boulders that were their tits.

“Mmm, fuck!” I bit my lip as my masturbation took on a frenzied rhythm, pulses of soft gooey pleasure complementing the show. They were so goddamn hot that Just the sight of them was driving me crazy. Maybe %200 hot was a little much. “If he’d looked like this before, I don’t know if I’d have been able to break up with him.”

“This is all my fault,” Vivian was panting alongside me. “I always had a thing for blonde girls with big tits. I never meant to – meant to- ooh!” she trailed off, losing her words in her own sexual haze.

“Are you kidding?” I shot back, “I wouldn’t trade this for the world! And fuck, I’m only just getting started. I wish they were obsessed with those tits of theirs, like their whole sexuality revolved around them, like that’s their primary sexual organ. I wish they couldn’t keep their hands off them, or each other’s, and oh, I wish when they’re horny they masturbate by jacking off their tits until they blow milk out everywhere!” I let out a grunting gasp. “Oh, fuck! I wish they thought of themselves as a pair of tits first, and people second! Oh god ~ In fact -”

“Stop!” Vivian whimpered. “He’s had enough.”

I looked to see Frank holding up his tits as he talked, presenting them to his group. They were all staring lustfully at them, talking to his boobs as if it was his face. Two of them were rubbing their hands over each other’s fat melons, stroking them with the same gusto one would typically reserve for a dick, before giving the nipple a squeeze like it was a cockhead.

I let the image fuel my libido as I worked my pussy. I brought a hand up to my own tits, imagining them squeezed and used like that. I was disappointed I couldn’t extract that level of pleasure.

Fuck. I furrowed my brow. I bet that felt so good, too. But I could make it happen. “I wish I could cum from my tits. Mmm, fuck! I wish everybody could cum from their tits.”

“Valerie!” Viv cried again. “Stop!”

“Oh come on” I pulled my hand from my pussy. “You want it just as much as I do, I know you do.”

She tried to open her mouth to argue, but nothing came out but a hot gasp.

I crossed my arms over my chest. The pressure felt heightened, more sensitive, more immediate, like the familiar heart-pounding sensation I got from rubbing my slick labia, but centered in my chest before echoing out through my body.

But now wasn’t the best time to test it out, was it? Viv was right, I was getting carried away. I could see that, even if I didn’t appreciate being called out on it. Her disapproval kept sticking in the back of my brain. I didn’t like being judged.

“Fine. Fine! God!” I rolled my eyes. “I’ll spare these people the best and worst of my fantasies. Let’s go.”

Maybe it was time to pull away. Maybe it was time to go home and wish up some cute boy or girl with a huge cock and just get myself taken care of good and proper.

But as I turned back to the hall, things were not as they should have been.

“What the hell?” my jaw dropped as my pussy twinged.

“That’s what I was trying to tell you! Your wish gave guys boobs.”

Oh wow. So it had. Because of course, how could they cum from them, if they didn’t have them? It hadn’t been my intention at all, but sure enough, beneath their clothing guys were walking around with heavy mounds under their shirts.

And yet still, it was too pedestrian.

“I wish guys would dress to show off their boobs. I wish guys were proud of their tits, the bigger the better. I wish they’d love it when girls stare.”

A flash of light and it was so, students rushing past in deep, cleavage-presenting blouses and push up bras. I caught sight of more than a few hints of lace. A nerdy guy flirting awkwardly with some girl was thrusting his D-cups at her, and couldn’t stop smiling when she rewarded his efforts by staring down and acknowledging them. On the wall, a photo of a previous generation’s football team, taken around the trophy, showed the boob-window in the school’s football uniform.

That was more like it.

I took a step towards it to get a closer look, too fascinated to pay proper attention to the girl about to crash into me.

Lana Loren, and her boyfriend Lance. Head cheerleader and head quarterback.

They were walking stereotypes, the both of them. She was one of the queen bitches who thought she made or broke everybody’s social status, as though this was still high school. Lance wasn’t too bad – big dick and he knew how to use it – but he had a thing for cheerleaders and so he put up with Lana’s shit.

He also, apparently, had a pair of DDs bulging out of his varsity jacket.

“Watch it, hoebag.” Lana sneered at me, then got a better look at Viv and me. “Ew, Vivian, I know you’re too dumb of a bitch to wear any clothes, but do you really have to go around waving those ridiculous tits of yours around where I can see them? Or are you just hoping that by slutting that whorish body around enough you might find someone to take pity on you and actually love you? You really are no better than your name, Cumdumpster.”

Vivian shuddered at the humiliation, so hard that I swear to god she was cumming from it. She was redder than I’d ever seen her and juice was gushing down her legs in uncontrollable spurts.

“Ew!” Lana recoiled. “It’s getting off on it. You freak! Disgusting!”

I clenched my fist around the stone. How dare this girl? No one spoke to my BFF like that. Lana was a piece of shit and normally I’d have just rolled with her petty slut-shaming, but today I was angry. Today I was in control.

“You’re one to talk, Lana.” I sneered back at her. “We all know the only reason you have a boyfriend is because you prance around in that cheer skirt for him. It’s not like you have anything else in common besides loving it when he drills you down after practice.”

“Hey now,” Lance held his hands up to try to get ahead of this situation, but destiny wouldn’t be denied.

“You whore!” Lana spat.

“Let’s fix that, shall we? I wish you had his dick and he had your pussy. And I wish that dick of yours would be just as into cheerleaders as it is on him. No – even more so! I wish they’d be your biggest fucking fetish, that the only way you can get off is to the thought of them. I wish you dream about them prancing around in those little skirts so you wake up soaking wet from precum and yearning to the point of tears to bury your face in their juicy cunts. I wish it would make you so horny that you can’t sit through a single class without imagining debasing yourself in front of one of them. And I wish no matter how much you try to hide it, you always have the most obvious boners.”

There was an awed look upon her face, like she was having a religious revelation. My words kept coming, more forceful with each wish.

“You know what? That’s too fucking good for you, isn’t it? You think you’re tough shit, but I wish that pretty girls make you weak. That you’re going to be a spineless simp for any cheergirl. That you’re going to be an absolute creep around them. You’ll steal their panties and sniff their feet and do anything they ask so they’ll degrade you further. You’re so proud of your cheer captain position? Well I wish now it just means you have to grovel and beg to fulfill your need for just a taste of them. And when you’re wearing the outfit yourself? When you’re out on the field performing? I wish you’re going to be on the edge the whole time. You’re going to hump and rut and buck and edge yourself again and again in front of everybody, and you’re going to think you’re being subtle about it, but everybody will know what kind of fat-dicked perv you really are!”

“Valerie...” Viv was tugging on my sleeve. “It’s not worth it. Come on.”

“Fine. One mercy. I wish your little boyfriend here was in on it too. I wish he’s a total bottom, getting off on being eager to please you. I wish his cunt was completely addicted to your cock, but that he knows the only way to get you hard is to be a cheerleader. I imagine you’ll have him in skirts in no time. In fact I wish that all his attraction to cheerleaders was him dreaming of being one. He’ll be the one girl you can always have, if you have the balls to turn him into one; the cheergirl you can drill down after practice.” I let out stiff horny breath, unsure if I should be groaning or sighing. This was too much of an opportunity to pass up. “I wish you’ll get off feminizing him into your perfect dream bimbo cheerleader and by this time next year, he’ll act the part, even if it’s just because he’s such a good little subby for you.”

“Ooh, wow, hoebag,” Lana’s eyes were wide open. “That’s not a bad idea. Babe?” She turned to her busty boyfriend who now stood by meekly, blushing furiously at the idea. She bit her lip raunchily as her eyes passed down to his muscular thighs. There was an eruption of mass beneath her shorts as her monstrous new cock made itself extremely apparent. “Do you think you could fit into my uniform?”

I whimpered at the thought of the big strong man suddenly being anything but; of him joining the cheer team. Of him sacrificing his masculinity, just to get his girlfriend horny. It was just like in those stories I had stayed up masturbating to one night.

I bit my lip, I squeezed my legs. God, this was so hot!

But before I could take things any further, before I could reinforce that all his love of cheerleaders over the years had been jealous yearning, give him a girl’s body language, give him a secret desire to go along with Lana’s wishes, Vivian grabbed my hand and pulled me into one of the empty classrooms.

“Ooh what are we doing in here, Viv?” I ran a hand along my body, ready to finally get back to that pussy licking she owed me. I was ready to explode and very eager to see what these new tits of mine could do!

“Stop.” She turned to face me, tears in her eyes. “Please.”

I couldn’t believe she was saying it! I’d been defending her!

“Can’t you see you’re hurting these people?”

“Hurting people?” I stomped a foot. “Isn’t this what you wanted? I’m just being the slut you made me into. I’m just cutting loose for once in my goddamn life!”

“This isn’t what I wanted. I wanted *you*! I just... I didn’t know how to get around to it. The girl I fell in love with was nice, she cared about people. You’re turning them into titty monsters, and yes, god! It’s hot, fuck, I’m hornier than I’ve ever been in my life. But this isn’t you.”

“Nice?” I raised an eyebrow. “You were crushing on me because I was nice?”

“Yes! You’re nice and you’re smart and you’re dedicated. You’re like top of our class and I was there that night you won the trivia contest down at the student bar. I was cheering for you the whole time.”

I hadn’t been to a trivia night in forever.

“Not because I’m hot?” I looked down at my body. “Not because of my big sexy tits? My pornstar body and face?” I posed seductively by way of demonstration. The horny mania was starting to fall away, the tide of arousal receding, to leave a rocky shore of complicated emotions in its wake.

“I think you’re both,” she said. “I can’t lie, you were beautiful even before I was wishing you hotter. I wanted everybody to see what I saw! Why do you think I was so into you? But seeing you do stuff like this? This cruelty? I don’t understand.”

I flushed. I had guys and girls propositioning me all the damn time, why did Viv’s plea make me flush?

But sure enough, there I was, being dragged through the rocky shoals of uncertainty.

This wasn’t fun any more.

“I – ” I pulled my hand from my pussy and rubbed at the bridge of my nose. “I need to think. Go home. I’ll deal with you later.”

“You can’t just send me out there alone!” Vivian cried, but she was already leaving, she didn’t have a choice, and it took all my strength to not change my mind.

I needed time to think.

Vivian

I stepped out of the sociology building and into the warm light of the afternoon sun.

Well, okay, maybe walked wasn't quite the right word. Wiggled would be more appropriate. Strutting, even more so. It was a little over the top, I know, but I had been told to act like a slut, and if I thought this was how a slut like that would walk, then that's how it had to be.

As nice as the sun felt on my skin though, I was still too goddamn naked for my tastes. I wanted to run, either to freedom or to the bathroom to fuck myself silly and relive a modicum of this pent up arousal, but I just couldn't break that salacious stride.

People were staring. Good! I was inviting them to. Everything about my body language screamed 'eat it up, boys!' even as my ears burned in pussy-thrumming humiliation.

God, why couldn't I just hate this? Why couldn't I suffer through it like any other guy would?

"Hey Sugartits!" cried a smooth dark voice. "You want a ride home?"

I turned, wanting to tell the guy off, but I couldn't help but smile. He was hot, okay? Well built, and swarthy and confident. His muscled body was well on display, including a pair of athletic C-cups prominently displayed by the absolute cleavage of his button up.

I was still getting used to finding guys hot to begin with, and don't get me wrong, they were! But the tits added this whole extra transgressive flair to it. Like they were guys with something extra.

I bet he had a really fat cock. Would he fuck me with it if I begged hard enough?

"Who, me?" I looked around.

"Yeah girl," he grinned. "Come on, let me give you a *lift*!"

I should have said no, but fresh heat was already coursing through me and it had nothing to do with the sun. It was stupid, I know. I should have made an excuse.

But I don't think that was an option. The kind of girl I was pretending to be wouldn't turn a guy down like this, would she? And come on, it was better than walking home naked, wasn't it? Besides, if I got to spend some time with a really cute guy that just made it all the better.

Boys. Cute boys. Cute boys who were into me, who wanted to fuck me. Who wanted to stick their cocks into me until we both exploded in gooey bliss. If I had known guys were so fucking hot I'd have gone gay years ago.

"Like, sure!" I giggled. What was this guy's name? Mason? He had a girlfriend didn't he? But ugh, a hoe like me wouldn't care about that would they? It would just make it all the hotter. A part of me wished I didn't even know his name just so it was that much sluttier.

I wiggled into his car and blew him a kiss in thanks. The engine roared as we pulled out and I spent the first half of the ride hanging on his every word. I could feel the power of his motor thrum through the leather of the seats, I could feel it trembling in my womb.

He talked a lot about cars and engines and stuff I didn't understand. I was too horny to follow the plot so I just giggled and nodded along.

The world was different. Advertisements everywhere were focused around guys tits. I saw confident professional business leaders with massive titties in formal suits that advertised how well they lifted and presented them and I saw action stars on movie posters cropped to include their fat knockers rather than their big muscles. Mostly I saw guys trying to get by with more normal tits, dressed on this warm day to show as much of their busts off as they could.

And then – of course – when I turned back around, I saw that Mason had whipped his dick out.

“Wow.” I cooed at the sight of it. God, did guys seriously do that? What was wrong with him? I expected to be revolted. I expected to be horrified, but instead I was fascinated. My heart pounded. I had done this, hadn't I? I'd gotten him hard, but more than that, just getting into his car, I had put myself in this situation where I'd be craving dick. And now I was so goddamn horny from all of Valerie's little corruptions. I'd chosen to be a cock slut, a cum dumpster, a needy little slut.

I knew I should be fighting it, that this wasn't what a real person would do, but wasn't it so much hotter when the guy-turned-slut gave in?

How come she gets to cut loose and I don't?

My mouth was watering. I bet it would taste amazing. I wanted to run my tongue all over it and take it inside me. I wanted to slurp at that cockhead till it blew its creamy load all down my girl-throat.

I undid my seat belt and leaned out over him. His car was roomy, but I wanted to do this right. I looked up at him eagerly, curiously, blinking up at him through the gap between his tits. It smelled of soap and old spice and sex. My throat felt so empty.

The fact that it put my own cock to shame made it so much hotter.

I ran my tongue cautiously up the length. It was salty with sweat, the taste of it subtle but enthralling. He gasped boyishly and I think I fell in love with him right then and there. God, why couldn't I have just made her *like* sucking dick?

I got a hand around it and started stroking the base as I kept licking, slurping my lips around it, as I kissed and worshipped at his thick rigid shaft. My other hand found its way to my pussy and every bump and jostle sent vibrations of pleasure through me. I moaned, louder even than the motor, and then I took his entire shaft down my throat.

Wow. God! It sated a hunger I never realized I had. I was choking, my throat tightening around his shaft as he pressed into my mouth like I was just some hot wet hole to fuck, but it wasn't an unpleasant choking. On the contrary! The choking was like an orgasm washing through me, involuntary spasms that felt so fucking good.

He let out a masculine grunt as I went. He slid one of his hands under his shirt, manhandling one of his oh so sensitive breasts as I sucked his dick, trying to keep it subtle, so that no one watching would realize what was going on, even as he pinched and teased his horny sensitive boy-nipples.

I did everything I'd always imagined a slut would do when sucking my own dick. I felt a momentary pang of loss, remembering what it'd been like, feeling it stiffen and grow; the shivery delight of a hand running up and down its velvet length. My new pussy spasmed, making me squirm so I pushed those new slick lips together, felt the heat and intimate pulse of my changed center of pleasure. A vulnerable new opening into the center of my being; a needy new bundle of nerves and sensations begging for attention. I swirled my tongue, twisted my hands and my mouth, I let the sensation of his heat fill me completely. I was digging my fingers into my pussy, riding the strange unfamiliar sensations of a girl's sexuality, but all of my focus was on that amazing cock.

I couldn't get enough. I needed more.

But I was too eager.

I moaned around his dick, slobbering deep and greedily, and before long I felt his balls tense up. He tapped me on the back of the head, expecting me to pull away, but fuck that! I'd worked too hard to give up now.

Cum erupted into my mouth, a creamy salty blast, thick like mucus, but not entirely unpleasant. The sensation sent me trembling in my own oral climax. I wanted to swish it around my mouth I wanted to drink it all down, I wanted to savor the sensation as I -

I gulped. I pulled my head up. What the hell had I just done?

I blinked at him. I'd just sucked this guy's dick, and I wanted more. I was losing it.

But... was that really so bad?

"Well?" He let out a soft sigh as his dick started to soften. "What do you think?"

"You're right," I wiped the cum from the side of my mouth, licking to get it all. "That *was* fun."

And then I leaned back in my seat and laughed, because what else could I do?

-

Valerie

I paced impatiently around the living room. I had to think, but the more thinking I did, the worse everything seemed. I took a breath, but no amount of breathing was making this right. My whole world was crashing around me.

I'd had some fun. Was that so wrong? It was horny bullshit. It was a power trip. But I wasn't intending to hurt anyone. It was stupid and petty, and fixable with just a few words.

But then what did that make me? Wasn't I just the product of that asshole's horny bullshit too?

I kept circling around to that. I kept stomping through all the shit that I'd been trying not to dwell on earlier. I was spinning, I was dizzy. If I was just the result of some wish, what did that make me?

How much of me was real? How much of me was that girl I'd been? He'd called me nice, but I didn't feel nice. I felt cold and distant. I felt so angry at the world sometimes. I felt like I didn't belong because, what? I wanted to get off like, three or four times a day? There wasn't anything wrong with that, was there?

Nice? Was she really so nice? I frowned. What the hell did she have that I didn't?

"I wish I knew what my life was like before all these wishes."

And with a glow of the stone, I did.

I instantly regretted it. Of course! I was blasted with more knowledge than I'd ever cared to know about anything. I didn't just have self-deluded memories of being her, I suddenly had this entire extra life in my head, every detail spelled out like an omniscient third party observer.

I hated it. She was a goody-goody nerd. A perfect little prude! I'd always hated bitches like her. But despite all of that, I could see the me in her.

Underneath it all, there was still so achingly much of me in her. She was the same me who wrote Ranma slash fiction in middle school, the same me who found literotica at far too young an age. But she had never cut loose. She wasn't the me who was so passionately bisexual, who had marched in the pride parade, the me who had gotten addicted to raunchy bimbo porn, who had hurtled down the rabbit hole fucking all those guys.

She was a fucking princess, and I hated her for it. She'd never had a parade of guys beating down her door. She was naive. Simple. That was the root of her niceness.

So why was she so much happier than me?

I took a breath. I was simmering, I was angry. How could I reconcile that? How was it that being sexually free made me the unhappy one?

Because of all the bullshit, I told myself. Obviously. All the asshole guys. Liking dicks and tits wasn't the problem, it's that I had to deal with the reputation, it's that people didn't treat me like a person!

Was Vince right? Did I have to put things back to normal? Was I better off?

I looked at the TV I had wished would display what my earlier victims were up to.

Frank and his friends were at the mall buying bikinis, complaining to the poor cashier because he kept talking to Frank's face instead of talking to the boobs that Frank now understood was the core of who he

was. I guess Frank would always be an asshole, tits or no. I gripped the rock and wished he'd see everybody as their boobs as well.

Jack was like a kid in a candy store shopping for miniskirts and thongs at a local sex store. He wanted to find the most revealing outfit he could get away with. I guess giving him a girl's butt had made him favor girl's clothing for it? He was also excitedly buying a truly impressive fist-shaped dildo, which gave me a few ideas to update my own collection, actually.

Lana was in the changeroom after practice, being stepped on by a pair of derisive cheerleaders taking turns belittling her while her huge cock throbbed at the attention. Had I wished the cheerleaders into my scheme or was that just naturally occurring? Lance had slipped into the changeroom during practice and had stolen one of the cheerleader's used panties. He'd slipped them on and was busy rubbing his pussy through them, imagining the fucking he'd get when Lana found him in them.

They all looked so content! I sighed. Despite everything, they were enjoying themselves. Why couldn't I have that!? It was proof that you could be all jacked up by a wish and still be happy...

I let out another sigh. That meant the problem wasn't with the situation, was it? The problem was with me.

I turned my brain over again, I paced my room, working my way through my thoughts. There was no avoiding it.

I could see that I'd done wrong by these people. I wouldn't want anyone trapped that way, no matter how hot it was. Even if I'd spent a whole hour since getting home just pounding my pussy at the thought of everything that had happened.

I was going to turn them back at some point. And if I'd do that for them, why not do the same for myself?

I gripped the rock. I prepared the words, turned them over in my head. I would wish everything back to normal.

But when the moment finally arrived, I found I couldn't.

I looked back up at the TV. Frank, looking every inch a bimbo, was talking to some babe half as busty as he was, lewdly and masculinely suggesting all kinds of crass acts they could do, leering politely at her tits the whole time.

I smiled, despite everything. And then I laughed.

Fine, fine. I'd turn everything back alright. I'd put everything right with the world. But if I was going to go out, I was going to go out with a bang!

This was going to be a fun night.

To Be Continued.