



Turnabout is Fair Play
- A Horny Short in Two Parts -
= Part 2 =
By Razmagurk

Vivian

My crush had turned me into a girl.

That wasn't how things were supposed to go! I was supposed to use the wishing rock to get closer to her, to be with her! And now I guess was dealing with the consequences. Now she had the magic stone and she was cutting loose, letting free all the sexual repression and perversion I had piled onto her.

Starting with me.

I posed in the mirror, still not believing it, still not believing that this naked, quivering horny thing before me, this submissive bimbo-wannabe, could be me. I had boobs! I had a pussy! I had a body built for fucking and god, it was so fucking hot!

I tried to steady my breath.

Because that was the worst thing, she had made me love it. She had made me share her every perversion, her every kink and pleasure. Not only was this creature in front of me dragged up from the deepest depths of my libido, but the fact that I was once a guy made it all the hotter.

Because, I guess, she was into that. And if she was into it, wow! So was I!

I shifted my position, swinging my wide hips, my fat breedable hips. I bent down and winked coyly at the mirror while spreading my cheeks, showcasing the vast real estate of my ass, showcasing the sly smile of my pussy lips and the pink of my eager asshole. I imagined it was a guy seeing me like this, a guy going wild and burying his big fat cock inside my trembling, yielding fuckmeat.

Mmf... I let out a soft moan. I bet it would feel so goddamn good.

I pawed at my tits, newly sensitive after Valerie's wish that everybody could cum from tit play. Maybe I had time to go out and find a guy? I wouldn't have to go far, I was sure. I had neighbors. I had randos blowing up my phone. I had other random people on the street. Isn't that what a slut would do?

She had wished me her slutty, exhibitionist BFF. She forced me to act the part. If that gave me an excuse to find out what a dick felt like in my girl-pussy, all the better.

But then my phone let out a pornish moan.

It was a text from Valerie. "You're coming clubbing tonight."

"Am I?" I responded.

"That wasn't a question. Be at my place in an hour. Dress nicely."

She had wished I'd do whatever she told me. Did texts count? Probably best I didn't test it out.

I responded in the affirmative just as a fresh picture flashed up – some guy I didn't know sending me a dick pic. I rolled my eyes and set about deleting it, but I found myself gawking instead. What a juicy dick! The more I stared the more I found myself admiring it – the lighting, the framing, the subject matter - I wished I had it here so I could appreciate it in person.

I had just finished texting back, begging for more when I managed the willpower to throw the phone down on my bed.

Well, it wasn't my bed. It was the bed of this girl I now was. Vivian Cumdumpster. Silk sheets in a seductive purple. The whole room was like that, still the same physically, but a lifetime of different choices adding up to an entirely different space.

I don't know what I had been thinking on the way here. Unlike a lot of college kids I still lived with my folks. Was some part of me hoping that being home would make things better? That I'd be safe here? The contrast just sent me reeling.

Getting past my parents had been a surreal experience. I was naked, for starters. I'd been expecting to be able to slip by unnoticed as I so often did. These days my parents and I didn't really talk all that much.

But my mom had drawn me into a hug.

She barely even commented on the nudity, my obvious state of gutterslut-nymphomania, or the smell of fresh cum still heavy on my breath. It was as though she'd seen it a thousand times before. She asked about my day, and about the people in my life. I wanted to play it down, to just get out of there and escape the humiliation, but that's not what Vivian Cumdumpster would do, is it? So instead, I gushed about the boys in my class, how cute they were, who I was hoping to get to know better and who I thought had a big cock. I even – though the humiliation crushed me – went into lurid detail about the encounter sucking Mason's fat dick in the car. She was eating it up like it was a gossip magazine.

The humiliation was keen and hot, but in the end, all she did was remind me to use a condom. She loved her little girl and just wanted her to be safe.

Needless to say, I rushed off to my room as soon as I was able. That had been just too weird.

I pondered briefly about my name. Valerie had wished that I'd be named Vivian Cumdumpster. Did that mean my mom was a Cumdumpster too? Had Dad been a Cumdumpster before marriage? But I don't think I really wanted to know.

I'd been in my room ever since, trying to figure out who I was supposed to be now and masturbating to the sight of myself in the mirror.

I guess I had been expecting the room to be as much a caricature of sluttiness as the rest of me, barbie pink and stuffed full of dildos or something, but it was honestly pretty nice. There was a sexiness to it, yes, and it was clearly a girl's room, yes, but it was tasteful.

Why was I disappointed by that? I tried not to think about how it would have been sexier to have the humiliation of it being girly girly pink with a sex machine ready to go on the floor.

Most notably, there were the photos. I wasn't the most social guy in the world. I didn't have a lot of friends. Maybe that's why it had been so hard to approach Valerie. But this girl that I had become was just the opposite. There were photos of girl-me everywhere, smiling and hanging out with people I'd never seen before. Some I remembered, photos of family vacations and reunions and weddings; but there were others I didn't: summer camps and dance classes and so many parties.

In all of them was Valerie's grinning face. They had grown up together, the two of them, ride or die against the world.

All the sweetness just made the spice stand out that much more: Girl-me making out with hot boys, girl-me making out with hot girls. Girl-me and Val posed oh-so seductively, winking at the camera. And of course there was a poster of a half-naked anime pretty boy above my bed, cupping his enormous anime-titties to hide his nudity as he winked at me.

I, uh. I spent a lot of time staring at that one.

Did I mention that Valerie had wished guys would have tits? When she wished everybody could cum from having their tits played with, she hadn't been holding back.

Look, I'd liked boobs to begin with; the bigger and the more sensitive, the better! And now, thanks to Valerie's wish, I loved guys a whole fucking lot as well. Seeing them both combined like that? It was lighting fires in my heart that I was not prepared to deal with.

I had also discovered, to nobody's surprise, that Vivian Cumdumpster had a carefully curated collection of esoteric sex toys under the bed where I had once kept my porn. Dildos and plugs and vibrators and suction cups in sizes and shapes I didn't know existed, but was suddenly very glad for. The most well-used was an enormous double-ended tentacle vibrator which it took all my will not to put to good use right away. It had bumps all along the wriggling shaft and I couldn't help but imagine what each and every one of them would feel like plunging into the quavering warmth of my new girlish pussy.

But no. I had set it aside. I had to focus. I had to be good, no matter how much my heart begged me to give that kraken a wet sloppy sail.

I let out a wistful, horny sigh.

Girl-me looked happy, I guess, is what this came down to. Her and Val having the kinds of fun that I could never have imagined before. Seeing her in all those photos left my heart pounding in my chest, and not just because of how turned on this all made me.

Honestly? Seeing Valerie smiling in those photos made me want to see her smile in person. Was that part of the act or some aspect of a wish? Was I still crushing on her even after all this?

It was stupid. I didn't want any part of it. I should be trying to figure out how to get the stone back, to undo what I could, then bury the thing as deep as I was able. I'd had my chance and I'd fucked it all up and now look where I was.

I thought of the new Valerie: as terrifying and furious as she was beautiful. This girl who shared my every perverted interest, and whose own perverted interests I was rapidly discovering. Was it weird I felt so close to her?

I ran a hand along my body. My oversexed, extra-sensitive *female* body. The notion of being turned into a girl was still such an erotic thrill. I would never know how it could be to be a girl, to be a slut! To yearn and to want to get held down and fucked until I was nothing more than a gooey squirming mess.

What the hell was I going to do? I couldn't disentangle my feelings. I couldn't tell what was me and what was this stupid wish-induced passion or this damn body and its fetishes and its hungry swollen pussy!

The only thing I knew was that I wanted more.

I started to look around for something extra slutty to wear. My BFF wanted to go clubbing? It was going to be a hell of a night.

And in the meantime – I pinched one of my lurid, rock-hard nipples and grabbed the tentacle – I was very curious to see just what cumming with my tits was like.

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Valerie

"Come in!" I pulled the door open theatrically for Vivian. "Glad you could make it!"

I tried to keep the hitch out of my voice, tried to mask my obvious arousal at the wet dream standing on my doorstep. When last I saw her, she had been naked. Now she was dressed in a tartan microskirt and a shimmery white blouse that barely ran down past her breasts. Somehow she managed to look even more whorish in that than when she was wearing nothing at all.

It was almost enough to distract me from my crippling existential dread, from the notion which had been spinning over and over in my brain that I wasn't a real person, that I was just some wish given life. But no, I wasn't thinking about that right now. I was having my fun. The drama could come later.

Luckily she didn't see my eyes bulging. She was too distracted by the house beyond. I had made a few upgrades to my little pad. Chief amongst them, a generous amount of extra-dimensional space.

"Hold on," she gawked. "Did you-?"

"You like?" I nodded gleefully and pulled her inside, past the wall-to-wall bookshelves neatly arrayed with sex toys of all description, all labeled and sorted by size and color and shape. It was mostly rather generous dildos, sure – I like 'em big! – but you'd be amazed at the market there now was for boob-based masturbatory trinkets.

"And I thought my collection was impressive." Vivian swallowed hotly. "Why did you give yourself a house full of dildos?"

"You should see the shower!" I laughed. "And come on, you said it yourself, you wished that I'd love sucking dick! Well now I never have to go far to have something to suck on. I can slobber over a cock while I make my coffee, while I watch TV, while I do my homework. What's not to love about that?"

Vivian let out a dreamy little whimper. God, I loved the sounds she made. She was like something out of a hentai.

I watched her flush as her eyes darted from one cock-filled corner to the next. I could just imagine what was going on in that brain, the struggle to resist crawling over there right now and filling her every hole with dick, the impossible decision of which flavor to try first. She was like a kid in a candy store, a dog deciding on a bone.

This had put her off guard. She had clearly been expecting me to still be angry. Don't get me wrong, I was, but I'd put that behind me for now. Tonight, I was enjoying myself. And if that meant playing with my little mind-controlled, transgendered dreamgirl, all the hotter.

"You want a suck?" I tempted, loving every microexpression on her face as she processed the question.

"Me?"

"Ooh yeah!" I purred. The thought of those lips of hers wrapped around one fat dick after another put a hitch in my voice. "You've not lived till you've felt a really *fat* cock choking your throat. Isn't that just super hot? And come on, a girl's gotta keep her throat good and loose if she's gonna gobble down the best cocks." I grabbed a tall black dildo off the shelf. "I see you drooling. I know you want it."

"Only because you made me such a size queen," she whimpered.

"That's not a no!" I let out a scandalous giggle and waved the dildo under her nose. "How about we pop that throat-cherry?"

"Uh," she flushed. "Actually..."

"Oh my god!" A grin hit my face. "You slut! Its only been a few hours. I want to hear all about it."

She flushed, red from the humiliation of being called on it, but burning with arousal all the same.

"There was this guy, Mason? He offered me a ride home and one thing led to another and he just whipped his dick out and what else was I supposed to do? I kinda ended up sucking his cock as he drove?"

"Hell yeah!" I gave her a high five. "Get it girl! Tell me everything!"

She grinned at my praise and eagerly went into every lurid detail of their encounter, every thought and action from first sniff to when she swallowed his load. She was loving this, wasn't she? Was that a part of my compulsion to be my BFF or was that genuine?

"Honestly, I thought you'd be disappointed," she added. "Weren't you saying you hated when guys treated you like meat?"

"Oh, absolutely, I'd have slapped his ass and probably wished his car had dicks in the seat that he'd have to ride to get anywhere or something, but hearing you do it is hot as fuck! Hearing that the guy I turned into a slut can't resist gobbling up the first dick she gets waved in front of her face? Woof!"

I let out a hot breath. I hadn't expected Vivian to be so... adventurous.

“Wait, hold on.” She shook her head, tearing her gaze from my juicy wall of extremely suckable sex-toys and turned to me suspiciously. “Why am I here? What are you planning on doing with me?”

“Back to business so soon?” I tutted. And here I’d been having fun teasing her. “Fine.” I took a step away, having her follow me into the living room. “I want you to know I’ve made up my mind about the stone.”

“You have?”

“I have.” I took an unsteady breath. “I’ve decided to turn everything back. After tonight I’ll undo all my wishes and undo all your wishes. The world spins along back in its pristine, pre-wish state.”

“Wait, really?” Her eyes were wide, but there was a hesitancy there.

“That was the plan. After this little outing I’ll turn you back and I’ll turn myself back as well. I’ll fix everything. But first?” I ran my finger along one of the dildos, watching it sway. “First I’m going to have my fun. Tonight I’m cutting loose. I’m going to wish up a storm. I’m going to be true to me for as long as there remains a me to be true to, then at midnight it’s back to being a pumpkin for me.”

“What are you saying?” I expected her to be happy, to smile or laugh or cheer but what I saw was a look of dawning horror.

Ding dong! The doorbell rang.

I smiled through the tears. “I’m saying tonight, we party!”

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Vivian

I answered the door to see a bunch of Valerie’s friends. At least, the people Valerie’s friends had become. I was pretty sure they had all been guys. Now, they were super-stacked hotties bursting out of their sluttiest clothing, just like me.

My jaw all but dropped. I don’t think I’ve ever been this close to so much boob before in my life, and knowing they were guys originally just made it all the hotter. Fuck!

“Pre-party!” one screamed in a girlish squeal, holding up some drinks in a way that sent her top jumping. The rest of the girls cheered and I hollered a whoop in return.

“Hell yeah, girls!” Valerie came jiggling up and threw everybody into a pornographic hug, grabbing my ass and pressing her tits into my back. I realized – with a tremble in my cunt – that these girls weren’t wearing bras and neither was I. I moaned softly, the revelation and the pressure of their warm bodies against my big sensitive tits putting me at the edge of ecstasy.

But then Valerie stepped back and denied me that release.

I shook my head and joined in the giggling, playing my part as Valerie's BFF, as though I'd been a part of this group my whole life. Vivian Cumdumpster's friends. God, I didn't even know any of these girls' names, but that didn't stop their laughter and smiles from warming my heart.

"So what's the plan Val?" the blonde asked.

"What else?" Valerie winked. "Watching porn, sucking dick, and getting so damn drunk we won't be able to find the club after. Then we find ourselves some busty, big-dicked boys and get dancing!"

I let out an exuberant 'whoop!' to back Valerie's play, but the other girls gave each other a look.

"Hey come on," the brunette said, suddenly a little intimidated by the walls of dick. "We know you're a freak and all, Val, and you know we love you for it, but we're not quite ready to party at that level."

"Aw, I wish you were," Val said, offering a dildo, juicy and realistic. My heart pounded as her pocket glowed with that familiar light.

The girl blinked down at the proffered dong, then waved it away. "Come on, you know us," she reached into her bag and pulled out a dildo of her own, a thick horse cock. "We don't need to borrow yours, girl, we don't go anywhere without our own, do we?"

There was another cheer as the rest of the girls did the same, then clashed their dicks in mid air like they were swords.

"That's what I'm talking about!" Val giggled. "It's been way too long, girls. Remember how we used to shave each others pussies and hang around in our underwear and practice fingering each other in the hot tub?"

"Are you sure that's not just the plot of one of your pornos?" The redhead laughed as the girls entered Val's living room. They didn't even give the sex toys a second glance. "That kind of stuff doesn't happen."

"I wish it did." Val grinned again.

"You're right," the blonde sighed wistfully. "When was the last time we even practised kissing, or invited a pizza delivery girl over to fuck us raw?"

I gulped at the visual. They all laughed it off, but it left me with an intense longing. I wanted to hang around in my underwear and get my girl pussy fingered! I wanted lesbian hotness! Did the fact that these were all guys make it better or worse?

"You have a hot tub?" I whispered.

"I wish." She winked. "And I wish I had a giant TV showing all the hottest porn."

And with another glow it was true, the girls now eagerly sat around the one while looking at the other. The blonde was already running her tongue up her dildo as the girl in the porno got busy and the brunette took another swig of her beer as she gently worked her dildo between her great big bikini-clad titties.

“Coming?” the blonde beckoned to Val and I.

“You know what?” I grabbed Val’s shoulder. “Before we get in, can I talk to you for a sec?”

“Sure. One sec girls, why don’t you start making out while we’re gone?”

“Ooh, good idea!” the blonde laughed. “Who wants to go first?”

“Dibs!” the brunette cried.

“Awww!”

I pulled Val around the corner, just enough to be out of earshot, but still able to see the scintillating scene below.

“What are you doing?” I flashed her a look of panic. “Aren’t these guys your friends?”

“What can I say?” she shrugged. “I always wanted more girl friends. Most of the girls I meet end up being judgemental bitches.”

“You turned your friends into girls so you could have more girls to party with?”

“Uh, yeah? Getting drunk and partying like it’s something out of a porno has always been a dream of mine. And knowing that the girl I’m fingering used to be Steve? That I’ve turned him into this simpering sapphic creature? Well...”

We both took a moment to watch as the blonde and brunette were locked in a pornographic makeout session, the brunette’s dildo still stuck proudly between her mountainous tits.

“Okay,” I sighed softly, wishing that were me. “I can’t deny that.”

“Besides.” She flicked her hair. “Them being on board with my bullshit is the price they pay for all this fun. I don’t want any judgement, not tonight. Especially not from my friends!”

“I just...” I turned to look her in the eyes. I didn’t know how to phrase what I was feeling. “Are you sure about this?”

She turned to look at the hot tub, then back at me. She pursed her lips, then frowned.

“You’re right,” she sighed.

“I am.”

“We need to make their boobs way bigger.”

“What? No!” But a surge of heat flashed through me at the prospect of somehow there being even more boob. I groaned in need, rubbing my thighs together.

"Right again," she flashed a mischievous grin. "That's thinking too small. We gotta go global on this. I wish that over the next minute, everybody's boobs would grow! Like, at least three cup sizes!"

The stone in her pocket glowed brilliantly and all I could do was watch in mounting horror as my already ridiculous titties began to swell outwards, occupying more and more of my field of vision, inch by gradual inch, swelling with an exponential increase in mass and volume until finally they collided with Val's own huge boobs, which had done the same. We'd grown so much it eliminated the space between us.

"Oh fuck." The swelling continued. She let out a whimper, pressing into me more, mashing our expanding tits together and sending sparks of heat through us both. I could feel her newly large nipples stiffening against me and mine did the same. "That was the hottest goddamn thing. I wish they were twice as sensitive as well!"

I screamed out in bliss. My new, bigger boobs were hot and electric, sending shocks of pleasure into my brain as we pressed together tighter and tighter. Even as the swelling slowed, I found myself grinding into her and her grinding into me, the tingling pleasure which had been quite subtle before now as overt as a finger against my clit.

"Wait, no, shit!" I pushed through the heat wracking my brain and shook my head to clear it. "That's not what I'm trying to say."

"You think it's too basic? I should like, wish Steven over there into a sex slave or like, make Jamal fall in love with Chris's ass?"

"That's not it." My heart fluttered. Why was I struggling to so hard to say this? Wasn't I compelled to tell the truth with this girl? Shouldn't this be easy?

"Or maybe," there was a seductive purr in her voice. "It's you that wants to go further, huh? Being a girl, not enough? You want to be more than just my needy little TG fuck slut? You want to go full bimbo? You want to be a giggling little pile of walking fuckmeat who literally can't think about anything but dicks and pussies?"

God, I wished. "Joke's on you," I said, letting out a dreamy sigh. "I'm into that shit now."

She bit her lip. She let out a hot sigh. Then she laughed. It was a release of tension. I laughed alongside her, our newly massive tits swaying and bouncing before us.

"I just..." I struggled with the words. "I'm surprised you'd do this even to your friends."

"I told you." She stepped away. There was coldness there, a note of hurt. "I don't like being judged."

So, god help me, I hugged her.

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Valerie

Vivians's body against my own was warm and soft.

I expected erotic fury. I expected the horned up, storm of perverted energy I'd been building within myself all day. But there was none of it. It was pure and genuine, even after we'd accidentally tit-fucked each other.

This was comforting, warm.

But I didn't want to be comforted. I wanted to have my fun in peace. I didn't want any doubts or second thoughts.

"You know," I pulled away. "You do make a pretty good slutty BFF."

"You told me to act the part." She shrugged.

"I don't buy it." I gave her a look over, swallowing hotly at her new extra large, extra sensitive, extra slutty fuckmelons. Her nipples were so hard they could have poked someone's eye out. "You seem to really be enjoying this. There's something more going on here isn't there? You like this, don't you?"

She hesitated, trying to not answer, but then threw her hands up in surrender. "Maybe!" She clutched her head. "I don't know! There's so much going on. Despite everything, I can't help but feel this is the most fun I've ever had, and the fact that I get to spend more time with you just makes it all the better."

I looked her over. She was morbidly embarrassed by the confession, as though she had been hiding it even from herself. God, it was always so much hotter when guys turned into girls ended up loving it, wasn't it? I should be loving this! But her seriousness just seemed to put a damper on the whole situation.

"We'll talk more about this later." I sighed. This was starting to ruin my buzz. I didn't have time for seriousness! I was here to party. "More girls should be arriving shortly. I wish we all had skimpy little bikinis to wear that fit our new bodies. Oh, and that they'd find all this sexiness perfectly normal."

"Valerie..." she put a hand on my shoulder.

"Leave it," I warned, anger flashing through me.

"Okay." She held up her hands in surrender. I had given her an order.

I led her back to the living room to get an eyeful of the makeout session going on in the tub. Chris, now Clara, had her tongue shoved down Steven, now Steph's throat as Jamal, now Janet watched eagerly, alternating between sucking on her dildo and her drink. Their wet, translucent bikinis barely contained their enhanced busts. I was just sad I hadn't gotten to watch them all grow.

On the enormous tv screen, a circle of big-dicked men were totally giving it to a pair of bleached blonde bimbos with huge fake bolted-on tits. They were slapping one of the bimbos with their cocks, getting ready to fuck her every needy hole, while the other was going around submissively sucking and squeezing at guys' enormous tits, which were soon bouncing and jumping with every thrust they gave.

Fuck, that would never get old.

I looked back at the girls before me. Was it weird that I was perving on my friends? That I'd turned them into horny bitches? Maybe a little. The way I saw it though, they weren't my friends, not anymore. They were just as fake as I now was. The me who was their friend wasn't real, so our whole life together wasn't real. Making them like this was making them like me. They were larger than life. They were horny fanfiction. Besides, it wasn't my fault they had all slutted up so good! Okay, maybe a little, but I couldn't deny the fun everybody seemed to be having.

Fun. My kind of fun. I didn't often get a lot of that.

Twenty minutes of masturbatorial antics later the rest of the girls had arrived. These girls had been girls to begin with, but I'd given them plenty of upgrades to help them catch up .

It wasn't long before their hot bikini-clad flesh was gathered around the TV too as we took turns drinking and sucking and laughing. On the tv, a girl was mounted cowboy style on a guy, getting the ride of her life, but the camera was focused as much on the way she was squeezing and playing with his tits as it was on the furious fucking he was giving her.

Jen and Janet were quickly catching up in a race to see who could get my biggest dildos down their throat fastest with the loser finishing their drink.

"Damn," Sarah mewled in admiration. "Wish I could take a cock like that!"

"Oh please." Clara rolled her eyes. She was the least impressed. "No one even has a dick like that. What's the point?"

I smirked at the idea.

"I wish you had a dick that big, then you could really show us."

There was a pulse of light from the stone in my hand.

"Are you kidding?" Clara huffed. "I'm big enough as is."

"Oh yeah?" I raised her eyebrow. I could already see the bulge of flesh beneath the hot tub's waters. "Let's see it."

"Come on," she looked around for an exit. "You know I'm shy about it."

"Ah, girl, nothing to be shy about. I wish you were proud of it. I wish there was nothing wrong about girls whipping out their junk when hanging with their friends. We'll show you ours if you show us yours. Besides, nothing gets that juicy dick of yours harder than our dribbling cunts, does it? I wish you'd be addicted to our tight little snatches."

More light glowed through.

"Fine. You know me too well."

She stood, water pouring down like a curtain off her huge member as it broke the surface of the water. Her bikini bottoms did nothing to hide its massive girth. She was right, no guy could ever be so big. It was unnatural, it was ridiculous, it was terrifying, it was the hottest goddamn thing.

I wondered what it tasted like?

Beside me, Vivian gulped.

And no sooner did the thing come into the light than all the rest of my friends started pulling off their bikini bottoms, presenting their hungry snatches to Clara for inspection. They reciprocated as best they could by spreading their legs worse than any guy on the subway, pulling their skirts up enough to put their pussies on full display. Even Vivian followed suit.

"And come on," I added, my hand working its way to my crotch free my own pussy, "It's good that we practice. You should know how hard it is for someone with a dick like that to get a good blowjob. Am I right?"

"It's true," she griped as she gripped her steel beam of a dick. "It's so hard to meet a man who can handle me."

"Well, I wish guys would practice more," I smirked. "and that girls were way into it. But I wish you'd realize that the only option for getting your dick sucked right now was us well-practised girls. Hell, I wish that was something we could do for you right now."

"I'm not really into girls? And I mean, my last boyfriend was great, he could take me like a champ, but yeah, god, you girls all have those fat cocksucking lips. Nothing softer."

"Well let's get to work on that, girls?" I beckoned everybody over and pulled Vivian in, "Playtime's over. Let's give our friend a hand."

"Aw, it's okay," she gave her dick a bashful little stroke. "I don't want to hog all the fun."

"No of course not," I held up her hands. "Just a bit of dick sucking between friends."

Everybody looked eagerly at our new prize.

"Ooh," I purred. "Me first!"

On the TV, a girl with a strap on was fucking a guy's tits to one orgasm after another as he took a footlong dildo balls-deep down his throat.

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Vivian

Eventually we made it to the club.

The eight of us had strutted over in our bikinis, half drunk, giggling and waving dildos around in a way that I was pretty sure had caused a few traffic accidents.

The stares we were getting out in public were somehow way more intense. This wasn't just our fellow college students, these were regular people. Guys were pushing each other aside to get a better look at us and any women who were not raging lesbians were huffing away in jealousy or disgust.

When people had first seen me as a girl – as a slut! – I had been humiliated. Now, I was proud. This time I wanted them to see. I pulled my top off. I let my enormous heaving girl-tits breathe in the cool night air they bounced beautifully before me. I wanted everybody to know exactly what kind of slut I really was.

I felt like I was about to explode.

This whole day had been one thing after another, and while I'd gotten off with my tits and with a dick down my throat, my poor pussy was buzzing, aching for its turn. Everywhere I looked I saw something that sent me dreaming or left me drooling, either from my mouth or from my cunt.

Had I mentioned that Valerie had made everybody's tits bigger? Everybody!

At this point I was ready for anything, as long as that thing involved stuffing my pussy until I passed out.

Luckily the club seemed a prime place to find just such a thing.

There was a line of hot guys and girls waiting to get in – I guess this place was popular? I didn't really know anything about clubs. The bouncer was a tall imposing figure with modest C cups. The kind of well-built stud who you could easily imagine just picking a girl like me up and using her as an onahole.

When we walked up, he wouldn't let us in. Valerie wasn't happy with that. A few moments and a glow from her back pocket later though, and the guy had been transformed into a slutty shortstack gothic Lolita. He still tried to act intimidating as he waved us through, but was now far too cute to pull it off.

I waved to the line of hotties still waiting to get in as we went, making sure to show them with a wiggle in my strut how ready I was for them. We'd see them soon enough, I was sure.

The club was hot and dark and smelt of sweat and people. It had a dance floor and a bar and plenty of little nooks and crannies to get adventurous in. I was worried it was too crowded, but Val wished us access up to the VIP space which overlooked the dance floor.

Between the noise and the lights and being so horny I could feel the thrum of the music inside my pussy, I was having a hard time focusing on anything that wasn't dick.

But then I saw Valerie, leaning over the balcony.

The rest of the girls were figuring out drinks and she was off on her own.

"Are you okay?" I tried to asked.

What I wanted to say was 'Fuck me my dribbling girl cunt until I cum so hard my brain dribbles out my ears.' But this seemed sufficiently serious to hold back.

"Just thinking." She frowned. "It's 8 o'clock. In four hours, this all ends."

"You don't seem happy about that." I shook my head, redoubling my efforts.

"I'll be happy soon enough. I don't want to talk about this right now. I just want to have some fun before it's over."

"Okay." I held up my hands in surrender. "If you say so."

I followed her gaze down to the crowd below. I couldn't help but notice some familiar faces.

"Is that... is that Jack?" I gestured at a guy at the bar. "From earlier today?"

The guy she had wished to have a horny slutty ass.

"It is!" she grinned. "I wished that everybody I changed this afternoon would be here! I wanted to see how they were doing. I've been trying to think of happy endings for them."

"I thought you were turning them back later?" I raised an eyebrow in worry.

"I am!" She rolled her eyes defensively. "Which is why it's important I do it now. Like look, see Frank down there?"

She gestured at the gaggle of titty-witted bimbos grooving in the corner. I let out a whimper. And here I thought the boob growth wish had done amazing things for me and Valerie. She'd wished her ex and his friends to look like bimbo sluts and made their whole identity revolve around their tits, now they had even more to be obsessed with.

"I wish that tonight all four of them would meet a rich handsome man with a huge cock and huge boobs who's just as obsessed with tits as they are, who recognizes them as the bimbo titted sluts they truly are deep down, and who treats them like they yearn and deserve to be treated. I wish they'd fall madly in love with him and run off together, just a man and his four pairs of creamy horny fuck-tits."

"Oof." I moaned at the thought. Four bimbos getting mutually titfucked by some hung stud sent my heart fluttering. "Wait, one guy?"

"That way they have to compete for his attentions," she smirked. "or better yet, collaborate for it. It's a lot more interesting don't you think?"

I chewed my lip, then stopped. "Hold on, aren't they still straight, despite everything?"

"Whoops." Her smirk widened, growing a mischievous edge. "I bet that'll be a real emotional roller coaster."

“But hold on,” I managed to pull my brain back to the practical side of things. “That wish isn’t going to get to play out before you undo everything.”

“Right.” She frowned again. “But it gives me peace of mind. It lets me imagine how things would have gone if not for me turning everybody back. What could have been.”

I squinted at her, unsure. The somberness was returning.

“Okay.” I searched back through the crowd, looking for a distraction. “So what about Jack?” I gestured down at the bar. The poor guy was wearing a thin strip of a skirt that left his otherwise naked ass exposed to the world. Between his sizeable tits and his exaggeratedly female lower half it was difficult to tell he wasn’t a woman from this distance.

He was trying to order a drink, but the crowd around him made it difficult. They were gawking and grinning at his big jiggly ass, which he gratefully presented to all who were interested, showing off the enormous pink-gemmed plug glittering in the dim light. People kept stopping him to take selfies with it or touch it. The polite ones asked, but most just went for it. Occasionally one would get bold and squeeze his swollen cheeks a little too hard, sending him gasping in pleasure.

I thought back to the humiliation of all those stares. The keenness of it. It was my first time being seen as a girl. Fuck – I missed that attention.

“Well first off,” Val said, smacking me on the ass, sending me moaning like the whore I was, “I wish this place had a stripper pole and that he was tonight’s main act.”

In a flash of white light it was so, Jack was up on stage, swinging his massive hips as he spun his enormous ass around the pole, grinding up against it in a way that would make everybody watching imagine it was their cock he was grinding up against.

I wondered how I would look on a pole, stripping and strutting for everybody to see, getting to slowly reveal more of my whorish body as men hollered and whooped and threw money at me. And then, fuck, I’d crawl off the stage towards them, give a lapdance to the one who had paid the most, rubbing my hot pussy against their bulging dick until I –

“Second,” Valerie continued, interrupting my fantasy. “I figure since he’s enjoying the attention so much, I wish that tonight he’d get discovered and before long he’d become world famous. The best ass in the world. I wish he’d go on to inspire an entire generation of guys to have slutty spankable butts just like him.”

She gave my ass a playful grope as she said it. I leaned into her hand, tingling at her firm attention.

“You’re so bad.” I whimpered.

“You love it. “

“I do!”

"And what about Lana?" I took a second to find her in the crowd. She was with a few girls I recognized from the cheer team and her boyfriend, though she was far more distracted by the former, as indicated by the raging cock that seemed to somehow have broken out through her fly.

"You know what? Why don't you decide. What do you think should happen to Lana?"

I pondered it for a hot gooey moment.

The cheerleader had her boyfriend's dick. She'd been made sexually obsessed by cheerleaders but a total bottom around them and set up for one humiliation after another. Her boyfriend had been given her pussy, and made addicted to his old cock. She'd made him submissive and now Lana was going to feminize him into her own private cheerleader.

I let out a hot breath. It sounded like they already had a whole future planned. But how did it end?

"Well..." I took a second to find her in the crowd. She was with a few girls I recognized from the cheer team and her boyfriend. "For starters wouldn't it be fun if those girls were always in their uniforms?"

"I wish it so." Valerie grinned.

Lana was suddenly completely gobsmacked. She had gone from low key turned on in the presence of these girls she worshipped to being surrounded by her deepest fetish. Any trace of confidence she had been trying to muster had fled from her, leaving her an awkward lesbian with a comically enraged boner that was earning an eye-roll of disgust from her squad.

Behind her, her boyfriend flushed, his creamy tits and muscular limbs bulging out of the cheer outfit he was suddenly in. He was red in embarrassment, but there was an arousal in there I found all too familiar.

"And you know what? What if we made those outfits... *sluttier*?" I sighed as I said it. "Like the kind of cheerleader outfit they sell as lingerie. Oh, but make her be aware of it. Her wildest dream come true."

I bit my lip. Sue me, I'd always had a thing for cheerleaders.

"Ooh, yes! I wish it so! I wish all cheerleader outfits were as slutty."

"Yes!" I gasped in agreement.

Lana's eyes bulged, her dick was throbbing naked in the air, straining and dribbling precum, the barely-there outfit not nearly enough to contain it. She shrieked at her own sudden near nudity, but it just made the derisive stares of her companions grow all the harsher. Worse, she was entirely unable to tear her eyes from them and their practically naked forms.

"And then I guess..." I struggled through the fog of arousal. "I wish she and her boyfriend would live happily ever after together, finding common ground as cheerleaders, having lots of great sex, and going on to win the national cheerleading trials."

"I—" she frowned. "What?"

"I'm a romantic," I shrugged.

"She was awful to you."

"So?" I huffed. "I like happy endings."

"Fine!" Valerie rolled her eyes. "I wish, what you said, but, also, I don't know, that she ends up so horny at the competition she blows her load mid routine, right as she's spinning in the air or something so it sprays over everybody. It goes viral, everybody decides it's the greatest routine of all time and keep trying to relive it, and she spends the rest of her life masturbating to the memory. Happy?"

No, not really. But okay, yeah, that was super hot. I didn't say anything.

"Now come on!" She winked and grabbed my wrist. "Let's go have some fun while the night is young." She pulled me over to the VIP tables where the girls were getting smashed. "You with me girls?"

There was a cheer.

-

Valerie

This was it. Time to cut loose. Time to lose myself one final time.

We descended from the VIP area like horny angels, hot and ready for whatever the night had ahead of us.

I looked around and saw nothing but opportunities. I could make that guy's dick three feet long. I could make that girl her boyfriend's obedient pet. I could make everybody horny and eager.

I pulled Vivian in behind me. My slutty BFF. My dream girl. All these wishes and she was still the hottest person at this club. The girl was horny, bursting at the seams, waiting for either the other shoe to drop, or for someone – anyone! - to just hold her down and fuck her already.

But that would have to come later. Right now all I wanted to do was dance.

We pulled over onto the dance floor and I let myself go, my friends all around me, joining in. There was no one there to tell me I was dancing like a whore, no one to pass judgement.

I *was* dancing like a whore, don't get me wrong. It was a long slow carnal grind, lurid and evocative. I was practically fucking Viv at a few points, but she was returning my moves in kind, because that's what BFFs do. And the hotter I made it, the hotter she made me.

And our bodies pressed and moved and tingled and surged. Hot pressure in tight spots. It was almost as good as sex.

And so we danced, and we lost ourselves in the music.

At some point I looked up to see Steff nearby, dancing with some tall guy. The girls had broken off, picking up cute strangers, because, let's face it, I'd wished everybody in the club would be hot. Seeing the way guys danced now was a thrill. They wanted everybody to see their tits, the way they bounced, the way they swayed and jiggled. Everybody was trying to show off.

Lots of them seemed to be going after Clara. One look at her dick and it was all they could think about. Boys, am I right? They only ever wanted one thing. I just wished they'd be man enough to handle her.

And for a time, I was happy, content to just have that moment. But the longer the moment stretched, the heavier my doom weighed.

The stone felt hot in my back pocket.

"I'm going to go get a drink!" I cried to Vivian.

"Huh?" she was staring into one of the corners where some six-foot stud with g-cups was sloppily making out with Frank and his bimbo friends. Well, making out with their boobs. He was rolling his tongue around their nipples, which seemed to be reciprocating, just as firm and as needy. He leapt, sucking sloppily from one pair of tits to another, slobber and milk spilling down their bikini-clad bimbo forms as they moaned and cried.

Vivian was lost in fantasy.

Okay. I grinned, rubbing a hand over my own aching extra-sensitive tits. That was super fucking hot. Let her be distracted. I didn't want her to be around for what I had planned next.

I walked up to the bar. Much of the crowd that had been gathered earlier was off watching Jack shake his enormous ass, but it was still surprisingly busy.

"Bitch, do you mind?" cried a girl. "There's a line. You're not the only one after a drink."

I didn't have time for lines. I looked at the girl, she was with a trio of friends. She looked liked she'd been having a good night.

"Okay. You want a drink?" I smirked. "I wish your favorite drink is cum, but that you can only get it when you eat it out of a freshly fucked pussy."

There was a warm glow from my pocket..

"Uh, yeah? It's called a filch. Why are you saying that like it's a weird thing?"

"You know what? You go ahead." I gestured to the bar and stepped back to let her place her order. I gripped a hand around the rock and made a few more wishes. "I want to see this."

It unfolded like a porno.

"Come on girls," the girl said to her friends after placing her order. "You know I like it fresh!"

The bartender sighed as though this were little more than a particularly tricky order. Then he pulled down his shorts and sat up on the bar, spreading his legs to reveal the smooth snatch beneath.

The girls' friends cooed as though they were watching him make a particularly fancy drink, then they whipped out their dicks and took turns fucking loads of cum into his tight little snatch. There was a professionalism to it that I couldn't help but admire.

Finally, he slid a napkin beneath his cunt and spun to the girl who had placed the order. She grinned in anticipation and buried her face into his creamy pussy, lapping up all the cum she could get, nose wriggling back and forth across the servers clit.

"Okay." I let out a trembling breath. That looked hot! "I wish everybody likes cum as much as this girl clearly does."

The girl let out a gasp of satisfaction as she finally pulled away from the bartender's cunt, cum and cunt juice making her lips shine as she wiped her face with the back of her hand.

The bartender turned to the next person in line, who changed his order. "Actually..." he said. "Maybe I'll get one of those."

"Me too!" his girlfriend grinned.

A murmur of agreement echoed outwards, guys and girls alike. More people were pressing towards the bar, hungry for this new latest craze.

"I wish they had the staff to handle the loads." I smirked at my unintentional wordplay.

And suddenly there were a dozen copies of the bartender posing and presenting themselves on the bar for the rising crowd of cum-thirsty sluts.

I was just about to order a load myself when a hand grabbed my ass.

"Hey sweetness!" The words were half slurred in my ears. "You wanna fuck?"

I turned to see the guy. He was tall, and handsome, well built, with tits almost as large as his head. Why was it always the hot ones?

"you know what?" I eyed him up and down. "I do."

"Really?" he seemed surprised that his line had worked.

"Yeah, god, I'm such a hot fucking slut aren't I?" It almost came out as a moan. "I just wanna get my pussy stuffed so badly!"

"Really?" He was leering now, grateful his machismo had paid off so well.

"I do~!" I mixed it with a very real moan of need. "But not with you." I slapped him. "I wish you'd see everybody as the opposite gender."

"I – oh." His eyes went wide. "Sorry pal, with tits like that I thought you were someone else."

"It's fine." I waved him away. "I wish people would see you as a girl too. Happy hunting!"

And just like that, he was off chasing after some boy.

I turned back to the bar, but there was a run on it, it seemed. I didn't have time for that.

I wished myself a drink and took a sip.

I looked around for more fun. I wished a guy across the bar begging for sex would find girls gladly agreeing, only to turn out to be super into pegging him. I wished a trembling trans-masc wallflower would be the most virile man in the club. I wished I had more targets.

I took a deep breath.

I took a drink.

This wasn't enough.

I took another drink.

I wished women only wore skirts, but never panties. I wished clubwear for men meant lingerie. I wished women would never need bras again.

My heart thrummed. My hand was back on my pussy. The clubgoers were hot and naked and laughing and enjoying the night. It was hot and lurid and driving me up the cliff of pleasure, but all I could do was watch.

I pulled the rock out and squeezed it tight in my hands..

This wasn't enough.

I took another drink.

I made it so every girl under 5'5" was an eager little cunt muncher. I made it so people's tits got bigger the more dick they sucked. I made it so every redhead girl would think she was a man.

Another drink.

My heart pounded tighter.

I made it so bimbos were the highest societal aspiration. I made it so no cock was smaller than a foot. I randomized everybody's sex and gender.

Tears were running down my face as the world whirled around me.

I wished and I wished and I wished.

I turned the dance floor into an orgy. I got rid of clothes. I made everybody in the whole world into dirty nasty bimbo sluts, and still it wasn't enough.

A thousand fucking wishes! It wasn't even about power any more, or want, or reason. I was screaming into the night.

And a voice cut through it all.

"Hey, are you okay?"

It was Vivian. She had her hands around me, another one of her warm, stupid hugs.

There were tears in my eyes.

"Do you want to get out of here?"

I nodded, and wished us somewhere else.

-

Vivian.

We were on the roof, looking out over the city, the sound of gentle fucking emanating up from the streets below.

Valerie had taken the time to regain her composure, to wish herself sober, but there was still a somber look on her face.

"Can we talk?" I asked.

"Do we have to?" she pulled away. "Can't I just enjoy this!"

"You don't seem to be enjoying it at all." I looked up into her face.

"Why not?" She turned away. "I've got everything I could have ever dreamed, haven't I? What's not fun about that?"

"I'm worried about you, Val. Look around, this isn't vengeance, this isn't fun, this is... this is desperation."

"What, you think this is too much?" Anger flared in her voice, but there was something deeper there too. "You want me to stop? Are you scared of what I'm doing? That It'll be too much for you and I'll turn you into some kind of giggling idiot?"

"You're trying to push me away," I stepped up, following her. "It won't work. Even if you made me a cock dumpster jizz-sucking bimbo, I'd still care about you. Help me understand why you're doing this. Why go to such extremes? Why are you flinching every time you look at the clock?"

"God!" She pulled away defensively. "Look, I wish you could understand what I'm going through, okay? But I'm sorry I don't have the mental bandwidth to explain it to you. I just want you to leave me alone and let me finish this in peace."

But the stone glowed, and suddenly I did understand.

She didn't want to go. All this wishing was a cry for recognition, one final desperate yell before she got rid of herself for good. It was one last chance to carve her name into the world before she was gone forever.

"You have to stop, Val."

"Fuck you!"

"You have to stop killing yourself I mean!" my heart pounded. "You can't wish yourself back to normal if it means getting rid of who you are."

"We both know I have to. It's the only way that this is going to have a good ending. I have to make the responsible choice."

"No!" I took a dramatic step towards her. "It doesn't have to end that way!"

"It does!" she matched my step. "I don't belong. I'm some *thing* you imagined into being. Some stupid fantasy. Old me would be horrified, that prim little bitch. How else is it supposed to end? And look around! Yes, I've ruined these people's lives, but it'll all be gone and I won't be ruining anybody's life ever again, not even my own. I had fun, Viv, that was the price for me doing the right thing. But it has to end."

"Valerie please," I begged. "You don't have to go back."

"And who are you to tell me this? You who wanted it in the first place? You were going to turn me back anyway?"

I stepped away like I'd been physically struck.

"That was before everything! Before you showed me this world, opened my eyes to all this." I walked up to her, I leaned into her. "As a guy I didn't know any better, but as your BFF? The one person in the world who won't lie to you? The one person who understands what's happening? I see the horny beauty in the magic you've been working. Sharing desires with you, it's been... it's been so goddamn fun. I've never felt so close to anyone. You can't just end that. Val, I—" The truth carried me forward. "I think I love you."

"Oh please." Her voice was dark. "It's not like I want to go! I want so many things!" Her eyes were tearing up. She fell into my arms and I wrapped myself around her. "Oh my god am I really crying right now? No."

I told myself I wouldn't." She pulled back, she stepped away. "There's no time for this. How much longer do we have?"

"26 minutes till midnight," I said, looking at my watch.

"Good, we'll do one last fuck, you and I. That seems appropriate, no? And then I'll fix everything." She laughed. "All this time and I still haven't had a proper fuck."

I should have said no. God help me, I should have said no. This wasn't the time, there was so much more that needed to be discussed. But fuck! I was a dribbly little pile of girl flesh. I was a cunt given legs. I wasn't going to say no to that passion and pleasure that had been consuming me all fucking day.

I leaned in. A kiss. Gentle and tender and sweet. I reached a hand up to caress her cheek. Here at the end of everything, Through everything she seemed all the more beautiful.

But gentle wasn't working. There was no time for gentle. We were too horny. She took the lead, and she took it hard. She swirled her tongue into my mouth, a kiss that could have launched a thousand ships, and left me trembling.

I melted into her. A gooey girly mess. I had been a guy once, I should be the one taking control, but that seemed so far away. And besides, wasn't this so much hotter?

We pressed together, flesh on flesh. No clothing to get our way. The mutual pressure of our enormous tits tingling and multiplying. She caught my nipple in her palm as she tried to squeeze at my areolas and fuck – it was so much better than my cock had ever been.

My tits! Fuck, I loved my tits. My huge sensitive funbags. I never knew my body could feel so good. I wanted to sing about them. I *would* scream about them. The wonderful electric sensation as she played with my tits, as she tried to push me towards boob orgasm.

And fuck, here I thought it had been good when I'd been playing by myself.

But then her hand dropped lower. She found my clit. I screamed, I cried, I saw the face of god. The only experience I'd had was my virgin male fumbling, my own futile masturbations. But this girl. This girl was a professional. This girl was skilled and experienced and I was slutty putty in her hands.

"Fuck, you're so hot!" she gasped between kisses and licks and slurps. "I should have done this ages ago."

I leaned back, willing her so badly to take me, to make me hers, to feel her on me. Me as her girl, her submissive breedable slut.

But no – I faltered – I wanted to make her feel good too! I wanted to show her how much I cared about her. This wasn't just sex, this was... this was... well, I don't know but I was going to show her! Not just because it's what her slutty BFF would have done, but because it was what I wanted to do.

I pulled in tighter, I tried to do to her what she had done to me, I traced a whispered kiss along her ear, and that tender spot along her neck.

Her breathing intensified, a panting need erupting beneath her mask of control.

Of course. A flash of insight hit me. I should have known. We had the same desires, didn't we? Of course that meant we had the same weak spots.

I brought my hand down to her pussy and I did for her what she was doing for me. I lacked elegance, I lacked grace. She was a professional girl fucker and I was a fumbling amateur. But dammit, I had enthusiasm on my side.

"Oh!" she moaned. She smirked. "Not bad."

I purred into her ear like she had done for me.

And so our fumbles went. Her making a move and me trying to match it, across every possible configuration, until at last, she said, it was time for the real fun to begin.

"I wish I had a dildo," Val moaned.

And in a flash of white pleasure it was there.

"Oh!" she giggled. "This will do nicely."

It was the double-ended tentacle from my room.

My pussy gushed so hard it was running down Valerie's other hand.

She held it like a master swordsman, seeing the need and want in my eyes. My desperation just seemed to drive her all the more wild.

"You want this?"

"Yes!" I pleaded. "Oh god yes!"

"Tell me what you are!"

"I'm your slut! Your girly little bitch! I'm your trembling, quivering fuck meat. You turned me into a girl and I've been nothing but a cocksucking, pussy-gushing whore ever since."

"And you love me?" she smirked, playfully.

"YES!" I cried out.

She maneuvered the tentacle with flawless precision, bump after bump entering me, filling me up. It was so thick, so twisty. I worried if this was the first thing I fucked it would ruin me on regular dicks forever, but that was a risk I was eager to take.

And then she turned on its vibrator function and I stopped being able to think entirely. I became an animal rutting against her hand. Her animal.

Being stuffed full of cock. It was everything I'd ever imagined and more. It was transcendent, it was nirvana. Heaven had nothing on this.

And then Val started to insert her end, and I stood corrected.

She pulled me into an embrace, our hips rising and falling with tidal waves of pleasure and need, our bodies rubbing together. I grabbed one of her boobs and pulled her nipple into my mouth, sucking on it like a cock. She did the same with mine.

And soon – all too fucking soon – we were cumming. Cumming from our tits, cumming from our pussies, cumming with our whole damn bodies, an entire day's worth of frustration, of need, spilling out in a chorus of bliss. Great big body-shuddering orgasms that, because we were still connected by dildo, just made our pleasure echo that much harder.

But it was over too soon. We'd been so fucking pent up we could barely last five minutes.

And so what else could we do?

We went again.

Fuck after fuck after fuck. Val wishing us into one slutty situation after another. Our every horny fantasy come to life.

It was the most fun I'd ever had.

"Wow." Val purred, looking out once again over the city. "I needed that."

I giggled, brain moving slow.

"I want to say..." She wiped a tear from her eye, she too struggling to find words after all that. "Thank you for being there, in the end. I hope real me and you manage to make it happen after all."

"Val," It was like speaking through fog. "That's what I've been trying to tell you. I don't want real you. I want you. You're the real one to me!"

"I'm sorry," she held the stone up in the dim light of the moon. It glowed brighter than any star. "That's not an option."

There was a ringing in the distance, some church building chiming midnight.

"Shall we get to work?" she grinned a broken grin.

"You're wrong, Val." I wiped away a tear of my own. "There's just one thing you're forgetting."

"What's that?"

“Turnabout is fair play.”

I grabbed the rock.

-

Val

I woke up from some horny dream to the sound of my sister banging around in the kitchen. I rolled over and put a pillow over my ear. Fuck, she always did this!

Wait, hold on. My eyes snapped open, I sat bolt upright.

I didn't have a sister.

But no, what a ridiculous notion. I looked around my room at the warm light of dawn. Of course I had a sister. We were twins. We even had the same name, because hey, that's great parenting. She went by Valerie. I went by Val.

I looked at the photo on my dresser. It was from graduation, the two of us and Viv smiling at the camera. My sister and I were identical in our grad robes, but I was naked beneath. She and I always made such a fun contrast, and we loved playing up the twin angle for all it was worth, joking about there being two of us.

But that didn't seem quite right for some reason. I rubbed my forehead, trying to dispel this strange dream. It was like I had two sets of memories. In one I was an only child and the other as well, *this*, with my sister as my roommate as we went to college together.

There had been a wishing stone? That had to be a dream.

How had it ended? The last thing I remembered was Viv doing something reckless.

I rolled over in my bed onto something lumpy. A very fun-looking double-ended tentacle vibrator started to wriggle and buzz.

A surge of ecstasy shot through me as the memories cleared.

It had all been real? Shit, the wishing stone! What had that crazy girl done?

But I looked over myself. I was fine. I was still *me*. Horny, slutty, pervert me. I was as me as I could be. I plumbed through the memories of this new life. I had a sister, but my sister wasn't my sister. Oh god, I could see it now. She was me. The old me, made flesh. Instead of wishing me back to normal, Viv wished both versions of me to life at once.

And in this new world, we'd had a life together. I was a little nicer, a little happier, and my sister was a little less repressed, a little more easygoing. We had been good for each other, I guess. She understood. She never judged. We could share everything together.

There was a knock on the bedroom door.

“Who is it?”

“It’s Viv.”

“Vivian?” I opened the door to be greeted by a very squishy hug. Not as squishy as when we’d both had those mammoth tits, of course, but it was warm and soft all the same. She wasn’t quite so pornographic as I remembered. She looked... real. She was wearing pants, for starters. But damned if she still wasn’t a wet dream come to life.

“How are you feeling?” Her eyes sparkled. “How much do you remember?”

“What did you do?”

“I turned everybody back. I undid all the wishes, don’t worry. Well, most of them. Turns out Lana had a humiliation kink all along. She’s loving being a big-dicked freak. Stef and Erin were both transgirls deep down after all and wanted to stay that way. Oh, and Jack was on the verge of dropping out to be a nobody, he’d much rather go down the path of being a world-famous stripper. I hope that inspiration wish won’t cause too much trouble. None of them remember anything, I just wanted to make things a little easier all around.”

“Val, why would you do this?” I rubbed at the bridge of my nose; I could feel a migraine coming on. “I don’t understand. I wanted to fix things. I was ready to give up everything for it.”

“Well,” she shrugged. “I guess it’s like you said, I learned my lesson. You’re a person. Everybody is a person. It just didn’t feel right that you should have to suffer, that you should have to not exist because of my fuck up. So I fixed it. You deserve to live, Val.”

My eyes were starting to tear up.

“Look, I don’t have to tell you the truth anymore, but I want you to know that I am. It was true what I said, the time I spent with you yesterday was best I’ve ever had. Being like this?” She slid a hand down her side to showcase her salacious form. “It’s not what I would have ever wanted, normally. But if it lets me be with you? If I get to have that closeness with you? Then it’s all worth it.”

“You can’t say that.” My voice was tight. “Your desires are... compromised.”

“You were all I ever wanted, Val. I crushed on the original you but you’re the one I fell in love with. You showed me a whole world I’d have never imagined.”

“Love, eh?” I grinned down at her.

“But uh,” she backpedaled adorably, “that’s gonna be a whole other thing, I understand. We’ll talk about it some other time. After all I’ve done, I understand if you never want to see me again.”

I could have. I could have turned my back on this whole situation. I didn't owe her anything. A lot of me was still furious about the whole thing. But I couldn't remember the last time someone had told me they loved me like that. Not when I didn't have their balls on my tongue.

"I think I might like you too." I leaned forward and gave her a chaste kiss on the forehead. "And I think I could definitely learn to love you. I know I had a lot of fun yesterday too. It was good to have a friend I could really talk to about horny stuff." I laughed.

"So you're saying there's a chance?" There was a glimmer of hope in her beautiful soulful eyes.

"I'm saying buy me a drink first." I laughed.

"Deal." She joined in the laughter.

"Get a room, you two!" came my sister's voice. I flipped her off affectionately and pulled Vivian fully into my room.

"You know..." I traced a finger down her cheek. "We never did find out how good you eat pussy."

"Mmm," she flushed. "And then after how about we go down to the mall and see about expanding our dildo collections? Mine seems a little small after all that."

"Girl" I giggled. "You read my mind!"

The End.