

Brooke rang Jaycee's doorbell, then glanced down at himself while waiting for his friend to open the door. He still couldn't believe his eyes. Rather than having a clear line of sight to his feet, a pair of impressive (and tightly packed) tits filled his wide-collared shirt to overflow and pushed out his half-jacket. He was a chick, now, though none of it made any sense. One day, he'd gone to bed; the next morning, his dick was gone and he was a chick.

The only person who could help him, he knew, was his bro Jaycee, though they were going through a rough patch lately. But this was bigger than a squabble about chicks, and surely Jaycee would see that.

The door opened at last, but it wasn't Jaycee behind it. It was a blond girl dressed in a t-shirt and sweatpants. She looked familiar. His sister, maybe? She had some decent boobs—probably C-cups—inside that shirt. Under normal circumstances, he'd hit on her, but tonight he wasn't here for that.

"Hey," Brooke said. "I'm here to see Jaycee."

The girl looked at him, puzzled. "You're... Brooke?"

"Yeah." Brooke nodded. "Can I come in?"

"Ah... yes." She gestured toward the living room. "He's waiting for you."

As Brooke stepped into the living room, he noticed Jaycee standing there with his back turned. He spun about in a dramatic gesture, ready to give him a piece of his mind, then choked when he saw Brooke. FEMALE Brooke. Nothing flustered Jaycee more than a great set of tits, and Brooke's new rack was much more than great.

"Hey, Bro," Brooke said with annoyance. "S'about time you returned my texts, it's been WEEKS."

Jaycee blinked, then gasped as he recognized Brooke's trademark outfit and unique style.

"Brooke?"

"Yeah, that's me."

There was a long silence while Jaycee looked him up and down, his eyes lingering on his tits and crotch. Brooke felt increasingly uncomfortable. He'd only been a chick for a few days, but already he'd learned a few things about his new body. In particular, it was pretty sensitive and responded very quickly to male attention—even from simps like Jaycee. Already his nipples were getting hard, and since Brooke didn't own a bra, he was sure his bro would notice he was on high beams.

"Bro," he said. "You gotta stop checking me out like that. It ain't right, y'know?"

"Sorry," Jaycee said, his eyes lingering on Brooke's breasts before looking at his face. "It's weird seeing you like this."

"Like what?" Brooke asked, feigning confusion.

"Er... L-like a chick."

“I’m a CHICK?” Brooke said with exaggerated shock. He looked down and pretended to realize he’d turned into a woman. “Oh, yeah, I knew that. Duuuuh... Of COURSE I’m a chick. You don’t think I’ve NOTICED that?”

Jaycee and the blond girl glanced at each other.

“This is seriously messed up,” Jaycee said.

“Yeah, man,” Brooke said. “I don’t understand what’s happening... That’s why I’ve been calling and texting you for the last few days. Thought you might have some ideas on how to fix it. You’re good at ‘that stuff.’”

Brooke knew that Jaycee was into all sorts of gaming and mystical shit. Of all the people he knew, he might have an idea how to fix it. Being a chick was bad enough, but *this* body was the worst. His skin was super sensitive and he was horny all the time. Not “guy-horny” with just a hard-on; he knew how to fix that. This was “girl-horny,” with a general restlessness and emptiness he didn’t know how to fix. It was especially bad when men were around, and even though Jaycee wasn’t an alpha type, it was enough to trigger a warm sensation between his long thighs.

Fuck. He was getting turned on by his own bro! How sick was that?

“Look,” Jaycee said, “I can look into this, but you gotta know this—I’m still pissed at you. You broke the code, y’know?”

Brooke meant to look down at his feet in shame. Instead, his gaze fell upon his big round tits. They burned with a slow ache, and sure enough, his puffy nipples were visible through the shirt. He clenched his fists, resisting an urge to grab his large chest and squeeze it as if doing so was going to alleviate the problem. Jaycee’s anger, rather than being an annoyance, made him look assertive, and somehow that spoke directly to some submissive female side Brooke didn’t know he had.

“Yeah, about that...” Brooke said. “Look, it’s complicated, right? And... well yeah, I messed up. Real bad. But bro, you gotta believe, it wasn’t like I had a choice. I... Aw, shit, look, I don’t know how to take it back. If I knew, I’d do it.”

Brooke realized he was feeling genuine shame. That was enough to overcome the arousal he felt rising in his crotch, though he wasn’t sure how long that would last.

“Whatever,” Jaycee said. “I’m not convinced. This isn’t the FIRST time this happens, so it’s a bit hard for me to believe you’re sorry and all.”

The blonde walked up next to Jaycee and intervened.

“Come on, Brooke,” she said. “Are you saying it was Meghan’s fault? Like you’re going to say it was ME who put the moves on you, that one time way back?”

Brooke looked at her, and at last, he recognized who she was.

“M-Mandy? MANDY?!? Of course you’re Mandy! Whoa, you look REALLY different from the last time I saw you.”

That was an understatement. Mandy used to be a sculptural sex goddess, with tits up to *here* and a sensitive body that gave her the most incredible orgasms. And recently, if Jaycee’s reports had been true, she’d gone from prudish nun to scorching stripper so fast it would have

given you whiplash. She wasn't quite as Brooke remembered her—her tits had shrunk to C-cups and she didn't quite have that glow about her. She didn't ooze sexuality the way she used to.

The way, Brooke realized, he was oozing right now.

Mandy nodded in agreement. "Yeah, amen to that."

Then it began. Brooke felt a surge rise through him. He closed his legs and shivered. His pussy! His pussy was on fire. No, more than that—it was exploding. His eyes grew wide and he took a hesitant step back. No! No, not here! Push it down!

"Oooh, fuuuuuck," he said.

He clenched his teeth and closed his eyes, fighting the erotic surge that was expanding like a supernova in his cunt.

"N-no... No no no..."

"What's wrong?" Jaycee said.

"I think..." Mandy started, looking on with fascination.

Brooke had trouble standing up. Legs crossed, he held up a hand to shut them up. Was he succeeding? Was he pushing it down? Was he winning? Hell, no!

The wild orgasm ripped through him with a vengeance, as if the attempt to suppress it had made it stronger. Brooke slammed his back against the wall and grabbed the underside of his tits, screaming like a banshee as he came furiously. His hips bucked frantically in the air, and he felt a rush of liquid heat burst between his thighs. The world around him turned to searing pleasure and a blur of warped images and muffled sounds. It wasn't stopping! What was wrong? He should have stopped cumming already, but it was still going on strong. He was creaming his pants in a non-stop orgasm that was already twice as long as anything he'd ever experienced, with no end in sight.

But there was an end, at last. As the climax faded, he slid down the wall and fell to his knees. His legs were spread lewdly and he knew he must look a mess, but he could barely breathe, let alone care. He was barely aware of Mandy and Jaycee talking near him.

"Wow," Mandy said. "Is *that* what it looked like when I came?"

"Yeah," Jaycee said, "and then some. I think he's got it, now."

"Well, fuck me."

"No," Jaycee said with a hint of cruelty. "Fuck him. He screwed my girlfriend. He keeps doing that. I say he had it coming."

There was a pause, then Brooke heard Mandy's voice. "You do the honors."

"Amen," Jaycee said.

Brooke's eyes flew open as another gushing orgasm ripped through him without warning. Fuck! Fuck that rebellious, slutty pussy! He came just as hard that second time regardless of how sensitive and spent his cunt already was. He grabbed his tits and howled at the ceiling, eyes shut tight. As before, he felt a tsunami of molten heat erupt between his thighs, spreading

through his already wet pants. Had he just...squirted? His mind reeled as his body quaked with every pulse of this filthy, spontaneous orgasm. He was cumming like a slut in heat in front of his two friends, and there seemed nothing he could do to stop it. His huge tits bounced on this chest, the ample flesh rebellious despite his attempts at keeping them steady. Fuck! Oh, fuuuck, that was so good! Humiliating, but so good...

After an eternity, he collapsed forward and lay flat against the floor, breathless and drained. His mind had been shredded by the experience, but it was now pulling itself back together like the Terminator in that movie. Piece by piece, he was putting things together, figuring out the world's easiest puzzle. Both times, they'd said the word *Amen* and he'd come instantly. It didn't take a rocket scientist to work it out.

"Yeah," he heard Jaycee say from above, "that was pretty awesome. One more?"

"My turn," Mandy said. "Get your phone ready."

Brooke knew he was in trouble. He tried to pick himself up, but his legs and arms were too weak from the consecutive orgasms. He barely had time to get to his feet before Mandy spoke again.

"AMEN!" she shouted at his face.

As Brooke's cunt exploded once more in a wild, uncontrolled climax, he fell forward and grabbed onto Mandy, his big chest crushed against hers. Their arms closed instinctively against each other. Brooke's hips humped perversely against one of Mandy's thighs, gushing so much cum juice that it soaked her sweatpants. He knew Jaycee was filming all this, and it had to be quite the show. Two hot girls in a tight embrace, with the sexier one—a slutty redhead—grinding her crotch against the slimmer blonde. Brooke didn't care. The orgasm kept ripping through him until he was too exhausted to stand.

One last time, he collapsed to the ground, his mind shattered.

"All right," he heard Jaycee say, "that was pretty spectacular."

"Speak for yourself," Mandy answered with mock irritation. "He squirted all over me. I'm a fucking mess!"

Jaycee laughed. "Not like him, though."

"Amen to that," Mandy said.

And with that, Brooke's world exploded once more and he was lost in unending pleasure.