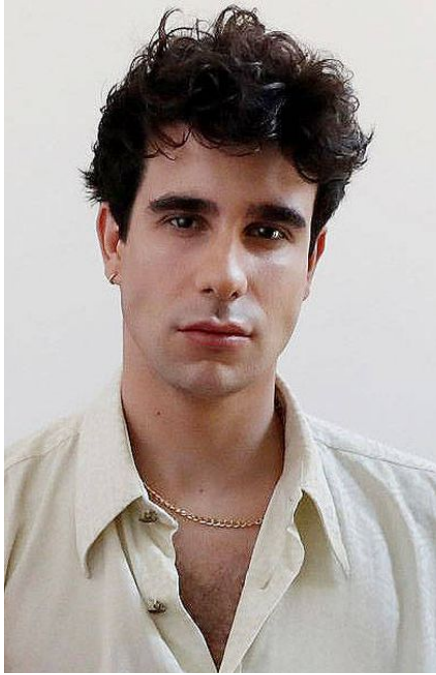


Oxford Educated Cheater

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh



Monica's world was collapsing around her and it was all thanks to Wilson Rafferty, her asshole of a soon-to-be-ex boyfriend. She and Wilson had been together since shortly before her twenty-first birthday and she'd felt like the luckiest girl for the three year duration of their relationship. Wilson was three years older and an Oxford graduate who was working for one of London's top law firms. He worked long hours and had missed more than a few date nights as a result over the years, but he had also been incredibly forthcoming with gifts that kept him in Monica's good graces. After the revelation deposited upon her by her circle of friends though, Wilson had been thrown as far out of those graces as was humanly possible.

Her friends had put together an incredibly thorough case to prove that Wilson had been continually cheating on her throughout the relationship and as much as Monica wanted to deny it, the various text message exchanges and photographs she was shown were simply too much evidence to ignore. The worst part had been when Bea, one of her closest friends, confessed that Wilson had recently started making flirtatious advances towards her whenever Monica happened to leave the two of them alone. Now, Monica hadn't been stupid enough to believe that her boyfriend was the perfect man and they'd had a fair number of disagreements over the years, but she had never anticipated such a devastating betrayal. In her naivety she had truly let herself believe that Wilson wasn't another fuckboy like the guys she had dated throughout school and college. Now she could see that on the inside he really wasn't any different, he had just managed to hide it better than most.

Now that she thought back on their relationship, Monica was surprised to discover just how obvious the red flags had been. Wilson had always acted like he was the smartest and most important man in any room he entered simply because he'd attended Oxford and had frequently dismissed Monica's own achievements as being less impressive than his own. He had never been shy about expressing his disdain for others, particularly guys who he accused of getting by on good looks and muscles. Wilson was tall and slender with pointed features and a head of brown curls, giving him something

of a passing resemblance to Timothee Chalamet. It was the confidence with which he had carried himself despite his skinny build that initially attracted Monica to him - he had seemed so different from the pseudo-jocks she usually crushed on.

Wilson's judgment wasn't just aimed towards other men though, as he had made frequent jibes about girls who wore too much make-up and too-tight clothes and had even used some of her friends as examples! More than once he had told Monica that he was so glad she wasn't like that and she had foolishly eaten it up. That of course hadn't stopped him from hooking up with those types of girls though, as proven by the photos shown to Monica by her friends. *That hypocrite!*

In the immediate aftermath of learning the truth, Monica burned with a righteous anger and expressed her desire to get some much needed revenge on Wilson. Her friends, thoughtful as they were, had already considered this and Bea explained that in the next town over a store had just opened that sold a variety of magic-imbued items. They could use one of them to get back at him and make sure that he never brought another girl to tears with his cheating ways! Monica was immediately on board and once she had wiped away the tears and fixed her make-up, the gaggle of girls were gathered in Bea's car and on their way to the store.

When Wilson returned home later that evening, he found Monica sat on the sofa with a glass of wine in her hand and a bag resting on the coffee table. Upon seeing him, she nodded towards the bag and informed him that she'd brought him a gift. Now that she was watching him extra closely, Monica could easily see the sneer that briefly flashed across her boyfriend's face at this revelation. No doubt he secretly thought that she had poor taste! Picking up the bag, he lifted out the contents and raised a dubious eyebrow as he inspected the garment in his hands. It was a pair of pale pink shorts with a light blue logo he didn't recognise stitched into the corner and Monica could tell immediately that they weren't to his liking. "I don't really think they're my style," he remarked curtly, moving to put them back in the bag. "Why don't you take them back and get a refund? You don't earn enough to make silly purchases like this."

The unnecessary comment about how much less she earned than him stung like a slap but Monica managed to keep her calm and instead adopted a pout. "Come on, just try them on for me! If you love me, you'd do it!" she pleaded, turning her own stomach with such a comment. She knew all too well that Wilson didn't love her but since he was apparently content to keep her around, she assumed that her ploy would work. She was correct too, as Wilson huffed in annoyance and dropped the bag. Monica held the shorts as her boyfriend initially removed his shoes and pants and then also his socks and shirt at her suggestion. Once he stood in just his tighty-whiteys, she handed the shorts back and urged him to get a move on.

As he pulled the shorts up over his skinny legs, Monica could hardly keep the smile off of her face. She had purchased the smallest size available and even then Wilson didn't exactly fill the shorts, not to mention that the pale pastel of the garment was an ill match for his own pasty coloring. Once the shorts were in place, Wilson put his hands on his hips and looked expectantly at his girlfriend. "Well? Seen what you wanted to see?" he asked in a disgruntled tone. His lips had drawn into a thin line to further express his displeasure at being forced to wear something that was such a poor fit for him.

"Not quite yet," Monica replied sweetly, finally allowing the smile to spread across her pretty face. According to the helpful cashier at the store where she'd purchased the shorts, all that was needed to get things going was for the item to be worn. She'd only have to wait a few more moments and... there it was. A brief look of confusion flashed across Wilson's face and he moved a hand to his soft flat stomach. "Everything alright, babe?" she asked, her voice full of faux concern for the man who had wasted the previous three years of her life. She'd had a fleeting moment of fear that she'd been conned and the shorts wouldn't really do anything but Wilson's sudden shift immediately reassured her. Just as promised, the transformation had begun!

"Something doesn't feel right," Wilson protested, screwing his eyes shut tight. "I think I'm having an allergic reaction or something." He stooped over and reached out a hand to steady himself on a nearby wall. "G-get help," he rasped out, forcing his eyes open and looking over at his girlfriend. Monica remained on the sofa, glass of wine in hand, looking thoroughly unbothered about his suffering.

"Don't worry, babe, you're not going to die," she replied in a sweet tone, "I'm just making sure that you're never going to cheat on another girl again. Those shorts were magic, you see." Wilson scoffed in a dismissal of her claim but just a second later a grunt of pain was escaping his lips. "Yeah, I know about all the other girls, Wilson. I'm just indulging in a little bit of revenge, is that so bad? I think I've earned it, don't you?"

As she spoke, Wilson's transformation was already beginning to progress and the woman delighted in the spectacular visual before her. Wilson's pale body was beginning to adopt a light tan while his twig-like arms and legs slowly expanded, like balloons being pumped full of helium. The pressure of the changes caused the man to unconsciously tense his muscles, prompting the rising of a pair of modest biceps. An even more obvious change to his skinny body was happening to his chest as the previously flat surface was disturbed by the growth of two firm pectorals and six smaller blocks to form a full set of abs. Monica soaked up the gorgeous visual and took a sip from her wine as her boyfriend's shoulders broadened and a small pair of traps rose either side of his still-slender neck.

Wilson's lower half underwent similar changes, with his quads finally filling out the shorts and his backside becoming much fuller and perkier. To Monica's great delight, the reverse seemed to be happening to the front side, as the pouch in the shorts was slightly diminished. Wilson had always been so proud of his eight inch cock and he'd known how to use it too, distracting Monica from seeing the truth about his horrid personality with some admittedly incredible sex. Although she couldn't see beneath the shorts, she suspected that he had lost at least a couple of inches and probably some girth too. Once he discovered his diminished manhood, he'd be furious, and Monica was most definitely excited to see that freak-out.

The transformation made its way across Wilson's face soon after, although the changes there were much subtler than those to his physique. The mop of dark curly hair upon his head shifted into a shorter and straighter cut that was much more in style with the image-obsessed influencers that Wilson was now starting to resemble. His jaw adopted a slightly stronger shape while his hollow cheeks filled out, his thin nose took on a wider shape and his lips became plump and sorely in need of a cock between them. Indeed, there were much more thorough changes happening inside the man's mind that couldn't be seen from Monica's exterior position. The magic contained within the shorts were stripping away Wilson's heterosexuality and instead instilling him with the desire to suck and ride cocks at every opportunity he could get.

His intelligence took a severe hit too, with his IQ plummeting down into double digits - all of his Oxford education was gone in an instant, leaving him with the brain of somebody who had left school with only a small handful of passing grades. He had become exactly the type of pretty boy who traded in on his good looks that he had always told Monica he despised, only she had gone a step further by making him gay to boot. Wilson had made a number of homophobic comments about their neighbors in the past, although they had always been under his breath and he would viciously deny it on the few occasions that she had attempted to confront him. While he had never exactly been the peak of traditional masculinity, the new Wilson - *Willy*, perhaps - was much more in touch with his feminine side than he ever had been before!



With his transformation now over and the discomfort that he had felt for the past several minutes finally subsided, Willy rose back to his full height and nervously looked down at himself. A high-pitched squeal forced its way out of his mouth as he took in the sight of his lean muscles and tan skin. "What the *heck* have you done to me?!" he exclaimed, looking back up at his former girlfriend. "You turned me into a total pretty boy!" Anybody else might have considered that a blessing but for the former Wilson who had always been too proud for his own good, it was nothing more than a curse. "I feel so stupid and... *cock-hungry!*" Willy slapped a hand over his mouth, evidently surprised at the words that had emerged from it. Monica just laughed. Had he really thought that she wouldn't get her own back after being taken like a fool for so long? *Of course he did*, she realized, *He's an arrogant toss-pot and always has been.*

While she was definitely pleased with the work that the shorts had done, it still wasn't quite enough for Monica. Luckily the store assistant had informed her about a "bonus round" that could be activated in the minutes after the initial transformation had completed - a second transformation that would take him even further away from the man he used to be. "Those shorts would look better as a speedo," the woman declared, making sure her voice was nice and loud to ensure that the magic was properly activated. Sure enough, a second later and the pale pink shorts had changed into a hot pink speedo, prompting the underwear that Willy had been wearing underneath to vanish entirely.

"No, you can do th-- oh fuck!" The man's protest had been cut short by the now familiar sensations of the transformation returning. This time around the changes weren't so drastic, they simply enhanced everything that had already been done. His pecs ballooned out further from his body, with his nipples becoming incredibly sensitive to the touch. Willy felt compelled to reach up and play with them, bringing himself to near immediate hardness in the process. Unfortunately for him, that only highlighted the further shrinkage of his cock - even at his hardest, Willy's manhood was barely three inches long and was paired with balls that were the size of peanuts. It was a good thing that he'd never have the urge to play a dominant role in the bedroom because he'd struggle to satisfy any man with his tiny nub of a cock! Luckily his ass was juicy enough to suit his new nature as a greedy bottom and he would forever feel empty without a cock sliding between those round cheeks or a butt plug firmly in place.

Although the initial transformation had already done significant damage to Willy's intelligence, this second wave didn't spare his remaining brainpower - soon the man's head was as empty as an abandoned house. He was left completely unable to make decisions for himself and dependent on following instructions from those smarter than him which of course was pretty much anyone with even a basic high school education. His interests were stripped down to a pair of simple tasks - working out and getting fucked. He would grow restless if he hadn't done either of those things in the recent

past and anybody who attempted to hold a conversation with the man would find him completely unable to discuss anything other than those two primal instincts.

The horror Willy had felt just moments earlier was washed away along with every one of his memories as his new psyche took hold. Now his only irritation was that he was alone in a room with a woman rather than a man who would be able to fill him up with their potent seed. The arrogant upper-class Wilson was long gone but so too was Willy, the dimwitted pretty boy. All that was left was Billy, a dumb husk of a man who found crude jokes funny and got lost in his beautiful reflection at least three times a day! Wilson had become the exact type of guy he had always criticized and in Monica's opinion it was absolutely the perfect revenge. Now all that was left to do was to send him away, out into a chaotic world that would certainly take advantage of him the way Wilson had of her for all those years.

Billy would definitely never be cheating on another woman again, that was for certain. Not only that but it was likely he'd cheat on a guy either, as while he had a great body his personality was far too lacking for any man to actually want to date him. All he was good anymore for was a quick fuck, after which he would be discarded, sometimes even with a few bank notes stuffed into his trademark pink speedo if he was lucky!

