

Part of Zoe  
KinkyUtterances

Zoe tapped her credit card against her chin as the cashier rang up the small pile of clearance items. She couldn't shake the feeling she was forgetting something. The soft, tonal beeping from the cashier's scanner helped her zone out. *What was she missing?*

She was on autopilot as she paid for the clothes. She didn't get new clothes often, normally not wearing much variety beyond a ratty anime t-shirt, jeans, and a well-worn bomber jacket. The cashier asked a question that Zoe ignored while deep in thought. She'd missed the words, but the questioning tone at the end of the cashier's sentence shook her back to reality. She glanced back up to the cashier who was staring at her expectantly.

"I'm- I'm sorry, w-what did you say?"

"Did you want your receipt in the bag?"

Her cheeks were flushed pink and she could feel the patrons behind her impatiently shifting as Zoe shook her head and hurriedly gathered her bags and left the store and re-entered the quiet, mostly-dead mall. She wandered down the mall's empty hallways, lost in thought. Eyes glued to her phone, she scrolled through pictures and videos of women living their lives to the fullest. They were beautiful and Zoe's heart ached to be like them. Someone confident. Someone who turned heads. Someone *else*.

Zoe finally looked up from her mindless scrolling through Twitly and realized she was in a store she'd never seen before. She found herself surrounded by chintzy baubles, powders, liquids in colorful bottles, statuettes, ugly jewelry and the smell of old carpet. Looking about in confusion at just how she'd arrived at such an odd place, she turned to leave and was abruptly halted by an older disheveled man wearing a dirty blue robe and a stocking cap.

"Hello! Welcome to Edgar's Curios, young lady! Is there anything I can help you with?"

The man gave her a toothy grin that made her uneasy and she returned to looking down at the floor before shaking her head and finding the nearest exit.

"Whoa, Okay! Hey if you leave now, you won't get what you need for the party tonight!"

Zoe stopped dead in her tracks. *The party!* She'd completely forgotten about the Halloween party she promised her sister to attend- *and* she never bought a costume! She smacked her forehead with a groan before giving the man a scrutinizing gaze through her thick glasses and dark brown bangs.

"H-how do you know about that?"

The man stroked the stubble on his chin, furrowing his brow as if he too was trying to find out how he knew before shrugging. "Lucky guess, I guess. The name's Edgar Smiles."

He smiled again with a wink. "Hey, you know. I got a whole mess of stuff here that can help you with your little problem. Like uh, this!"

The robed salesman retrieved what looked like an off-brand novelty can of soda. On it was a splash of pink liquid with the words "*Rubber Rush*" across the label.

"A *rubber* soda?" Zoe wanted to gag.

"No, not just a soda!" Edgar wagged a finger. "It's magic! It's a costume in a can! You drink it and the soda gives you the perfect costume for a nice night out with Grace and her friends!"

Zoe eyed him with suspicion. He looked like a charlatan, but clearly knew her sister's name, her plans, things he wouldn't know unless...

"Magic soda. Magic *rubber* soda...", Zoe didn't even try to hide her skepticism.

"Yup! Just a couple dollars will set you up with a world-class costume for the whole night!" He was holding up the soda as if it were a priceless artifact.

She wondered to herself. *Was she actually about to buy this garbage?* Zoe wanted to say no, push the man aside and get out as soon as possible. But Zoe wasn't that kind of person. Meek, soft-spoken, timid, salespeople could sniff her out a mile away. Zoe muttered a quiet "O-ok...", and followed Edgar over to the dusty register.

\$5.50 later and Zoe was walking towards her rusty black Toyota Celica holding a warm can of soda along with her bags of clothes. She felt like a rube. Like anybody could pester her into buying any old junk. She wished she was more confident. More assertive. Tell pushy salespeople to fuck off... she could never do that. Just the thought of it made her gut twist into a knot.

It didn't take long to get from the mall to her sister's sorority house. Zoe had been here many times before, but never with this many people. It was quite a big party, with dozens of cars parked up and down the block. She turned the can over and looked at the label closer while sitting in her car, the only slightly warm air slowly blowing away the autumn chill. She popped the cap and the soda let out a sad, muted hiss and stank like a fresh basketball.

She stared at the open mouth of the can a while before mustering the tiny amount of courage she had. She remembered how hard her sister had worked to get her out more. All the game nights, movie nights, trivia, karaoke. Nothing worked and Zoe never made any friends. She didn't want to let Grace down again...She plugged her nose and took a big gulp.

Not only was the soda flat. It tasted like grape and liquefied rubber gloves. Zoe gagged and barely held it long enough to get the whole gulp down and for her throat to relax. She softly heaved several moments before settling, finally noticing an expiration date conveniently along the bottom rim. It was almost four years past the date! She got conned into drinking a flat, gross, *expired* soda by some asshole in a dirty bathrobe!

A small rage bubbled up in her belly and Zoe felt a rare *real* urge to go and kick that curio salesman in the-... give him a piece of her mind. Zoe sighed. She relaxed and set down the drink in her car's cup holder. Zoe vowed she would get even later. She looked down at herself and realized the magic she naively expected wasn't coming. She'd have to go without a costume. Zoe walked the block and a half up to the old, vine-covered brick sorority house. There were people relaxing and chatting around a bench swing on the front porch, but Zoe didn't recognize anyone and quietly slipped past the smell of skunk inside.

The door opened to a much louder party booming just around the entryway in the living room. Dozens of college students were drinking, dancing, flirting, or awkwardly dry-humping while wearing all kinds of cheap, tacky costumes. Nothing racist this year, which Zoe remarked internally with no small amount of surprise. There were a few really nice costumes though, Zoe saw, and watched as a glittering Cleopatra and handsome Marc Antony danced together. She saw no sign of Grace, but felt a warm heat flush her face as she noticed Brad ahead of her, a tall, blond with a lean runner's body that Zoe had a crush on through high school, heading into a side room with a small backpack. She reasoned he was putting on his outfit and made a mental note to try to find him later in costume.

"Zoe!" She spun, hearing the familiar voice coming from the kitchen window to her right. It was Grace, dressed like a catgirl complete with black bodysuit, a fabric-covered coat hanger tail, cat ear headband and painted on whiskers. Very stereotypical, but Zoe would keep it to herself- she didn't even have a costume after all.

"So, you decided on the Walking Dead-style drifter costume? Very cute", she teased.

"Yeah, I forgot the party was tonight. Spaced on getting a costume, sorry." She noticed how busy Grace looked, helping prepare some food and pouring drinks. Zoe realized she was likely going to be alone for a few hours while Grace worked and frowned.

"Hey, I gotta help the girls with party stuff. You should check out the den. I think they're playing one of those werewolf movies you like", Grace weakly smiled, wordlessly apologizing. Zoe understood her obligations to the sorority and waved to her sister before trudging ahead towards the stairs.

Suddenly, Zoe felt a sharp twist in her belly followed by a cold sweat hitting her brow. She spun on her heels and headed straight for the door into a side wing of the house and into the closest bathroom. Locking the door and thumbing down her jeans and panties with a single motion, Zoe flopped down on the toilet, her hands trembling. She looked down at her palms, squinting as she tried to understand what she was seeing.

Her left hand was *swollen*.

Not just puffy, but her skin bulged oddly around her palm and Zoe's fingers were bloated and stiff. She poked her skin and recoiled as it squished in before hitting something firm beneath. Zoe stood and pulled up her pants with her normal right hand before dropping them again down around her ankles upon seeing her reflection.

Zoe's forehead and cheek, her shoulder, upper left arm, hand and wrist were growing cartoonishly swollen. In the harsh fluorescent light, Zoe thought she could even see a dark purple bruising under the swollen skin as it began to bulge tightly. She was speechless as she softly probed the flesh. It didn't hurt, but her skin felt numb and the firmness below tingled- no, *itched* underneath. With some difficulty, the girl managed to shed her jacket, barely yanking it off over her grown wrist and what was left of her hand- now bloated and her fingers sunken into the dark purple bruise. Her voice cracked as she tried to cry out for her sister. Zoe panicked and tried to run out of the bathroom and tripped on her jeans, getting tangled as she bumped her head against the door.

Zoe groaned and sluggishly pushed herself up to her knees. She reached up to nurse the goose egg on her forehead and froze, slowly following the bump as it rose up and away from her scalp, further and further, Zoe finally felt the tip of the long horn growing out of her head. She whimpered in panic and stumbled to her stiff feet to find her forehead had burst open beneath her bangs to reveal a glossy, cyan bovine horn stretching out the side of her head nearly a foot from her temple.

"Whaa- aah- ahhh..." was all she could utter as her eyes fell further down her body. The skin on her gross-looking hand was painfully tight and her whole left arm looked like it wanted to burst out of her long-sleeve Sailor Mercury shirt. She saw the graphic across her chest now stretched significantly over two huge mounds and Zoe brought her hands up to explore. She'd never had a chest. Never *stretched anything*, wore junior-sized clothes half the year, and... now she had-

*No, she thought, this is an allergic reaction! I need to get to a doctor!*

Zoe kicked off her jeans and resigned herself to calling her sister to grab her. She tried to take deep breaths, calm herself, and go over her explanation in her head, but every time it came back to the stupid soda.

*How am I gonna explain the expired magic soda??*

She shook her head. *She needed help, her sister would come and-*

Just then Zoe felt her back split. Not the shirt, but the shoulder that had been giving her a large hump for the last few minutes had just *burst* through the skin. Zoe felt her shoulder twist as it doubled in size, now free from her flesh- bright purple and glistening with muscle, tearing through the seam in her shirt easily. She let out a grunt of discomfort as the clothing bit into her skin, but the dam had begun to crack and down her left arm, more of her skin ruptured- revealing new, rubbery purple flesh! She stared in horror at her muscled bicep, her huge, sculpted shoulder. As her wrist tore free, she lifted the hand and without thinking, pulled the skin from it, exposing a three-digited, meaty paw. Each finger and the thumb had a thick nail the same cyan color as her horn. She flexed her new fingers, confusion turning to curiosity, and felt a desire welling up within her to free *more* of herself!

Zoe strained a wet gurgle as the bones in her face tightened. Doubling over, she flexed her back, feeling the intense pressure building just beneath the sweaty skin. She could feel the body underneath more and more as she strained, aching with powerful, tight muscle, the odd new skin creaking like heavy rubber.

"Ooughh... fuck... I'm gonna... fucking explooode..!" Zoe groaned with a deeper, velvety timbre. She took one glance to the mirror, gazing at her bulging face. She saw the purple beneath and felt a deep ache to free it, to *liberate herself*. With her still human hand, she touched her nose, feeling the numb, stretched-wide cartilage and firm, swollen mass pushing her mouth and nose away from the rest of her face.

"Oough... ooh my goOod!" She felt her lips begin to stretch wider, now quickly growing numb, she drooled and felt her throat close for a moment. In a panic she pulled her lips wider and saw dark, violet lips at the back of her engorged throat. She gagged a moment and felt the surge of growth again, pushing her face forward, filling her throat and mouth until- her mouth gave way and stretched wide over a wide, bovine about and thick, juicy almost-black, violet lips. With her new voice, she gasped, sucking in air so deep, she split the flesh down her back further, exposing her absolutely cut physique.

Panting, the cow-featured woman pulled the ruined flesh-mask of her former visage from her horns and tossed it aside with a wet splat. She exhaled a strong burst of warm air from her new nostrils and smiled as she looked down at her huge three-digited paw and followed it up the thick wrist and muscles forearm, trailing her bulging bicep and across the firm deltoid. She twisted her neck, feeling the skin split as she did around her huge neck and shoulders. Zoe was... *huge*. She wrapped her thick digits around her opposite hand and curled the digits until they gripped the skin like a sock and pulled. Her now loose flesh gave way at the split shoulder and she degloved the slick, pale skin with a satisfied grin. She flexed her freed purple arm and chuckled as she felt the tight, sinewy strength she now wielded.

The tightness of her skin prison was lessened and Zoe felt her chest now was ready to unveil. Gripping the skin at her collarbone, she pulled down and away, splitting it down the middle. Her pale, flat chest was immediately and unceremoniously discarded at her feet, while the bovine beauty marveled at the chest she now had. Two massive, glistening orbs stood defiantly upon her chest, capped with thick, rubbery teats the same darker violet as her lips. Zoe gasped with wonder, now unable to see her own feet any longer- a point of view she had previously only dreamed of experiencing. She gazed at herself in the mirror and snorted a hearty chuckle upon seeing how silly she looked with her pale, slim lower body, panties around one ankle while from the waist up, she was a cartoonishly muscled, purple bull-woman with bright cyan hair, horns, and nails.

She could feel the tightness building beneath the skin and she clenched her legs together suddenly as the space evaporated instantly. Something big was coming! She braced her paws on the counter and groaned as she felt the strange growths underneath her crotch and hips squirmed for room. Zoe clenched and flexed her thighs, feeling the seam at the base of her spine beginning to split and give way. She moaned a long drawn out sound that a party-goer walking near the outer hall door may have mistaken for a cow's moo before gritting her teeth and feeling the most sublime sensation of relief this far as the seam burst, splitting down her inner thigh all the way to the knee. Thick, rippling purple muscle burst forth, now free with such violence, her pale skin suit continued to split all across her hips and opposite thigh, exploding off in wet tatters. Zoe released another long, heavy exhale through her large nostrils as she stared down at an unexpected sight. Between her huge, amazonian thighs, she was now in possession of a huge throbbing cock.

"Fwah... guh... aaa...", she reached out to touch the head and nearly came on the spot, thrusting her hips from the incredible sensitivity and smashing the bathroom counter with her thighs. She stood, staring at her hardening shaft in the cracked mirror's reflection and saw her new cock's two friends hanging out just below.

"I've... got balls. A cock and- h- holy shit..." Zoe stammered, her deeper voice confusing her before she felt a slap against her ass behind her. She swung her head around and found the culprit- she had a ropey tail with a long tuft of cyan hair. She grabbed the tail and felt it twitch. It was real, this all was really real... Zoe released it and stared at her reflection again.

She was a *monster*.

Zoe slowly ran her odd, large digits down her firm abdominal muscles, feeling the inhuman texture of her flesh. It really was like rubber. The hard, dense kind she remembered from the gym's weighted balls. She flexed and took her own breath away. All across her body, her muscles rippled and bulged tightly beneath her purple skin. She was **huge**. She looked down and saw the gross way her new skin was stretching her pale, semi-shed leg and feet flesh and tore them away unceremoniously. She nodded her head, feeling complete as her legs now matched the rest of her. Her new feet very similar to her hands; three digits and thick cyan nails. All around her was the scrapped, scattered remains of her former body.

She looked- she *felt* nothing like her old self. Zoe was gone and what stood amongst her ruined form was a giant, purple minotaur. Zoe felt a tension relax from her shoulders. All the stress, the weight of her old life melted away. Something inside Zoe, a warmth, was building. The quiet, debilitatingly-shy girl was no more. She was finally *free*.

Zoe looked back and saw her old skin melting into a watery sludge. The magic soda was definitely weird, but expired or not, she had her costume. She'd use this new body to be the person she always wanted to be!

The bathroom door opened and a new woman strode out. Clad in nothing but a pair of denim hot pants she'd made from the torn remains of her jeans, Zoe re-entered the front wing of the sorority house. Her package barely fit the hot pants, every inch of her bait and tackle outlined by the tight denim. As she was about to pass the door Brad had entered, it swung open and a petite, but incredibly buxom beauty dressed like Vampriella exited. Inhumanly pale skin with glossy, midnight black tresses tumbling down her back and dark, blood red lips glanced up at Zoe with a fiery, playfulness that caught her off-guard.

Zoe expected anyone to see her to, at the very least, be rendered speechless, but this woman was smirking up at her coyly. Zoe was almost on autopilot, smoothly turning to rest her elbow on the doorframe, towering over the woman with a confidence she'd never dreamed of. With a deep, velvety voice, Zoe broke the silence.

"Well, well, now I know I *must* be dreaming."

The woman cocked an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"I've never seen anybody as alluring or mysterious at one of my sis- the sororities parties before."

She seemed amused and leaned against the doorframe beneath Zoe's arm, now looking up directly into the minotaur's eyes with an intensity so piercing, she wondered if this woman could see right through her costume.

"And, i've never seen anyone as hung or as *monstrously* sexy as you", she replied.

Zoe could smell her spicy, dark perfume, the bite of alcohol on her lips, and even the salt on her skin; her big muzzle drawing in all of her scent, even if she didn't mean to... It was intoxicating. She felt the bass from the party fade and everything else besides this dark siren didn't matter.

"You wanna ditch this party? Find somewhere quieter where we can get to know each other?" Zoe asked, biting her lip. Her chest felt heavy and her heart beat like a drum as she did the unthinkable.

*I'd never approach a woman- anyone this hot, like this. What was going on? Was the costume changing her personality? Making her more into a more dominant creature?*

Zoe saw the woman smile down at the beast tightly tucked away in her hot pants.

"My name is Lux, but big cuties like you can call me Lucy." She grinned, baring her vampire-like fangs as their eyes met once again, Lucy pushed off the doorframe to step in closer, just enough room between them that she didn't disappear below Zoe's massive bust, and reached out her hand to hold onto Zoe's muscles forearm.

Her mind was racing and she felt weak in the knees, but her body knew just what to do. Her big legs carried her back through the darkened sorority doorway into the inner wing. Lucy clung to her Arm, running her taloned fingers up the firm, smooth skin to her bicep, teasing Zoe.

With Lucy in tow, Zoe slinked under a low doorway and into an unpopulated living room with several couches and chairs. Zoe was glad all of the girls were either helping or at other parties. Nobody should find them... unless Grace decided to go snooping. Zoe didn't want to think about her sister. She slipped back into her role, into the minotaur, feeling it's confidence and power fill her mind as she let it take over.

"Nobody to interrupt us. Ruin our fun." Zoe said with a deep chuckle..

"Oh? And just what were you expecting someone to interrupt? What kind of fun were you looking to have?" Lucy ran her black nails gently down Zoe's belly and playfully pushed her back into one of the big recliners. Zoe allowed herself to fall back into the seat and marveled at just how snug it was to her now, just barely big enough for her thighs to rest apart. Lucy hesitated a moment, not breaking character but stopping a moment to take a deep breath.

Then, Lucy began to dance.

She started slowly, rocking her hips and giving her ass a wiggle back and forth. Somehow the thin straps on her Vampriella top managed to stay on her tits as her dance slowly ramped up. Zoe was hypnotized. She stared, gripping the arms of the chair as her cock strained the hot pants. Lucy turned and her ass began to jiggle and bounce faster, matching the quick pace of the far-off, booming bass of the party. Zoe flared hot puffs of air from her snout and her teeth grit together as she tried to hold back the monster within her. Her cock threatened to erupt from the strained zipper and buttons, all the while, Lucy teasing to the beat, shaking her hips and twerking her pale, juicy ass until the thin material rode up her ass and pussy. Zoe could see the woman's glistening wet lips and the hunger she had been struggling with suddenly exploded inside her mind.



The minotaur calmly stood up from the chair, her big chest rose and fell slow a moment before, with her large paw, burst open the front buttons and zipper with a single, smooth movement. Her cock sprung from its prison and hung half-mast pointing directly at Lucy.

Lucy turned, still as playful and confident, but now with a wildness to her eyes as she watched the musclebound beast towering over her.

"Finished with foreplay, then?" Lucy chuckled and received a smirk and a snort in reply from the minotaur. She raised her arms up over her head and seductively brought her hands down over every inch of her supple, pale skin, now gently glossed with sweat. She pulled aside the thin material covering her ghostly pink nipples and bit her lip with an exposed fang, giving the beast another playful grin before being scooped up into her huge arms.

Lucy weighed nothing and Zoe wasted no time placing her atop a shelf and dropping her massive cockhead onto her belly. Zoe slowly slid forward, pushing the cock further and further upwards towards her tits, making the vampire-costumed woman's eyes go wide as she saw just how deep this monster could go.

"I- uhm, glad this costume is magic... or you could break me in two. Lucy sounded nervous, but splayed her legs wide, grabbing her ankles and bit her lip again. With one paw, Zoe grabbed Lucy's waist gently and her cock with the other. She was full-mast now, and a thick dark vein coiled up the shaft, throbbing so hot and hard Lucy could see the monster's heartbeat. Zoe was overflowing with lust, an all-consuming hunger to fuck and fill this girl was making her muscles tremble. She aimed her slick cockhead and slowly entered Lucy.

Lucy's eyes rolled back and she groaned, feeling the rubber flesh stretching her wider. The minotaur grabbed her around the waist, her fingers overlapping due to how tiny Lucy was compared to her and slowly thrust deeper. Lucy let go of her ankles and instead braced on Zoe's chest and hooked her heels on the monster's lower back. Inch by inch, Lucy was impaled on wet rubber cock, moaning and shaking with pleasure as she was filled impossibly deep. Zoe groaned like a beast as the tight warmth gripping her cock swallowed more and more eagerly.

She looked down at Lucy and silently wondered how it was possible to have over a foot of dick inside you. Surely this woman was wearing a magic costume like her? Or some other spell was allowing this cartoonish display to occur. Either way, it wasn't long before Lucy was panting, ass to hips, and fully stuffed with Zoe's purple cock.

The woman grinned with a glazed-over, drunken look in her eyes. "Wow... you're pretty damn big."

Zoe braced Lucy's hip and shoulder with her paws and the woman quickened her breathing in anticipation before the minotaur gave her a long, slow thrust, retreating just to the wider glans of her plump cockhead to tease the woman- if she wasn't already in the throes of a quivering orgasm. Lucy shook and whispered a shaky moan of pleasure, eager for more as she held onto Zoe's back muscles and rested her head between large, purple tits.

Zoe thrust again a bit faster and didn't stop between, slowly building up to a gentle rhythm as Lucy drooled and groaned into her chest. Zoe stepped away from the shelf, no longer needing a seat for her prize, and pressed the woman into the wall. She wanted to cum. Her bovine body was aching for it since being transformed, but now, it was an intense *need*. She quickened her pace and let out a deep groan of pleasure that sounded like a moo.

Lucy was moaning louder now, the bulge sliding in and out of her belly throbbed with such power, she felt Zoe's heartbeat like the rhythm of a song and smiled again. This was heaven! She let go of Zoe's body and reached down to fondle and massage her lover's huge balls beneath her. They slapped against her ass before she got hold, feeling how heavy and warm they were made her want to melt. She wanted to feel the rush of cum inside her and held them lovingly as her minotaur slammed into her pussy again and again. Finally, Zoe felt the end coming. She grunted and felt Zoe get tighter still. Everything ran together, space and time dissolved, the two were alone and infinite, and free.

Zoe erupted with a bellow. She continued to thrust through her orgasm, pushing her cannon deep inside Lucy. She thought she felt it hit her diaphragm as the first of several powerful ejaculations exploded inside her belly. Lucy came instantly when the heat filled the rod impaling her, rolling waves of pleasure filled her extremities as powerful tremors shook her core. She braced Zoe's chest as the monster pulled her closer and tighter, the twitching cocl inside her body dumping more and more of it's monstrous load that her belly pushed out from the sheer volume of cum..

After several minutes, the pair started coming down. Zoe softened, and Lucy felt her muscles finally relaxed. Still hugging the minotaur with her whole body, Lucy groaned as if she had just eaten a feast. Her partner cradled her with her huge arms and Lucy began to feel the need to speak the truth.

"... My real name isn't Lux, or Lucy. It's- it's Brad, well, Bradley..." she stammered, looking up into Zoe's eyes with the same piercing red, despite how exhausted she seemed. "I cast a spell that changed me into this form for the party."

Zoe's eyes went wide for a moment. Her inner self wanted to scream with embarrassment! She had a crush on Brad for years and now they-...

"That's cool." Zoe felt her lips move, her more confident self speaking: "I'm actually not a purple minotaur."

Lucy giggled with a tired warmth as Zoe continued. "I'm a short little brunette named Zoe. We have a couple classes together and I uh, kinda had a crush on you all through high school."

Lucy pointed at Zoe and her smile widened. "Zoe? Seriously?!" She waved her arms at all of her. "Where'd all *this* come from?"

"...expired magic soda." Zoe snorted an embarrassed laugh.

"Edgar's?" Zoe nodded and Lucy glanced away for a second and changed the subject.. "Hey, did you want to go back to the party? The DJ is actually pretty good tonight. Would love a partner to scare off any of the dorks all wearing the same Squid Game costumes.

Zoe nodded again, though she quietly felt a pit in her gut. Lucy- Brad... changed the subject really quick and must know something about Edgar and didn't want to say it.

Zoe helped Lucy unsheath herself from her flaccid, but still mammoth cock, causing the costumed Brad to shiver as she slid off. Lucy made a heavy grunt as she felt the gallon-or-so of spunk in her belly and retrieved a thin wand from thin air before gently tapping her head with the tip. A shower of glittery magic cascaded down the girl's body and the woman's disheveled appearance suddenly shifted, looking perfect and new like the moment Zoe first laid eyes on her coming out of the changing room.

"Whoa..." Lucy grinned cutely and flicked the wand in Zoe's direction, weaving a spiral of lights and glitter to bring the glossy luster of her smooth purple rubber flesh back like new, as well as the restored denim hot pants she'd destroyed. The smell of spunk and sweat in the air was gone, replaced by Lucy's perfume once again.

"Pretty useful spell to know by heart. Ready to go dance, Zoe?" Lucy stretched out her hand to the minotaur and the pair had soon descended upon the dance floor like demons. Their sexual aura invigorated the crowd, raw energy flowed through them and, in minutes, had the entire sorority house thumping with intensity.

Grace wondered where her sister had run off too and who this person in the weirdly sexy purple costume was.

Lucy did her best to give Zoe the best night ever, not having the heart to tell her yet that the spell caused by the expired soda would be largely permanent.

Zoe fell into her new confident self, not second-guessing herself anymore and loved living in the moment, while being admired and lusted after by those around her...

The End.