

Popular Girl (Hot Blonde TG)

By FoxFace

Commission for Crusheart

Ryan thought he was just in for an ordinary night of relaxing and playing video games with his best friend Jack. However, unbeknownst to Ryan, Jack has purchased a magical drink from a mysterious wandering salesman, one with the power to turn the one that consumes it into an incredibly attractive woman.

Popular Girl

I laughed as I smoked another enemy.

“I’m five kills up,” Jack said, opening fire next to me. His weapon ran out of ammo, and he cycled it over to the splinter-shell caster. It was inaccurate as hell, but the low-level mooks were evaporated by it. “There’s only ten seconds left. Looks like I’m the winner, Ryan.”

“Yeah?” I said, “is that so?”

I branished my pryocase thrower, and hurled four grenades at the enemy position. With a satisfying simultaneous ‘THWAAAHH!!!’ they detonated, and I was suddenly up six kills.

“What the fuck, Rayn? Are you shitting me? How did you pull that off?”

“I guess I’m just too good for you,” I said with a smirk.

There was no time left and he knew it. The timer hit zero, and the multiplayer session ended.

“Dammit, I was so close there,” he said. Jack turned to me and sighed, before scratching at his tousled brown hair. He had developed a scratchy early development beard that stretched unfavourably down his neck. His hair was mid-length, a little greasy from the time we’d spent gaming together, and his figure was approaching overweight, though not quite there yet. It was not quite a mirror image to myself; I was certainly on the skinny side of being a nerd, and instead of a neckbeard I had thick glasses, and I was certainly a little more hygienic. Still, with the dark lighting of the room, the spilled cheesepuffs on the ground, and the Mountain Dew soda on the table in front of us, we certainly made a very stereotypical image of geeks.

“Like I said, I’m just too good for you,” I replied.

He chuckled, though I could tell he was a little irritated. I won more games than I lost, despite him sinking more time into the game, and Jack could sometimes get a bit hot headed

if my streak got too long. Still, it was a good night to catch up with my bestie; after all, neither of us had been invited to Amy Becker's twenty-first birthday party, despite half the neighbourhood being asked to come. I couldn't blame her; Amy was an absolute smokeshow, and her friends were hot as hell too. The kind of women that made Jack and I go ga-ga in the presence of, unable to say a word, which was fine, because we were utterly invisible to them. They weren't malicious, the girls were simply out of our league by an order of miles, and when guys like Daniel Harrison and Lee Tommy exist, who would look twice at the nerds awkwardly standing in the corner?

Still, neither of us could deny it hurt.

"Down about the party again, aren't you?" Jack said.

I sighed. "Yeah, it's stupid, I know."

"We don't need those bitches anyway, we have all the party we need here."

I shrugged. "Sure. Thanks for inviting me over buddy. It actually makes me feel a lot better, instead of stewing over it back in my dorm. Plus, it gave me an excuse to drive the Beetle over."

I had a Volkswagen Beetle that was my first car. It was a real fix-me-up, but I had always loved their look, and it was a side project to restore it to pristine condition. For now, though, its peeling paint and malfunctioning engine made it a bit of a hassle, though I still enjoyed driving it.

"I still can't believe you're driving that piece of shit."

"Hey, I just appreciate the miracle that it drives. And it is not a piece of shit, thank you very much. It is a testament to German engineering."

He laughed. "Well, it got you here, didn't it? So I guess I should be thankful."

"Yeah, I mean it man. It stung when Lacey turned me down the other day, and I guess her getting invited to the party and not me just felt like a kick in the stomach, y'know?"

He gave me an interesting look. "Yeah, I know. We nerds just can't catch a break, can we?"

I chuckled. "I guess not. At least we still have each other. And video games."

Jack leaned forward from his seat, rubbing his hands together. "Still, Lacey's not bad looking, is she?"

"Yeah, she's really cute."

"She's a bit flat-chested though, right?"

I raised an eyebrow. "I guess. I mean, I never really got that far."

"You can be honest man, there's no hidden cameras. Like, Lacey has a real cute face, right? Those big blue eyes? Man, they just sucker you in."

"Yeah," I said, imagining her.

"But she lacks a bit of figure, don't you think?"

"Where are you going with this?"

He put up his hands in a placating gesture. "Okay, okay, just hear me out. A stupid thought exercise. All those hot chicks and elite bitches who didn't want us at the party - the popular girls - if you could combine them to make the hottest, more popular girl ever, what bits would you take?"

I shifted a little uncomfortably. Jack was my best friend going back years, but he always got a little resentful to women who didn't want him. And the turn in the conversation was a bit strange. Still, I couldn't help but think.

"Okay, the hottest girl ever?"

"And the most popular one. Like, specifically a girl we would both find hot as fuck, but would also be loved by everyone."

I had a think about it. It didn't take long for several candidates to come to mind.

"Okay, so this is a little weird, but you asked the question. If I had to make a hot girl out of people we know, then I'd stick with Lacey's face."

He nodded. "Makes sense, she's a real cutie."

"She is," I said with a smile, "but the only thing I'd change would be her lips. Sabrina Jarvis had those big full lips she always does up with the red lipstick."

My friend grinned. Everyone knew Sabrina used those lips in all manner of ways.

"Nice big DSL's," he said a little crassly.

"And maybe Samantha Horis' cheekbones. And her hips. She's got that walk where she just sways them. Do I get to borrow behaviours in this little thought experiment?"

"Absolutely, you do. In fact, I encourage it."

I was starting to get into this. "Okay, so everyone knows that Paris Leeman had the hottest legs on campus. Those things are like a mile long, and she looks hot as hell in heels. So I'd take that. And Alicia Farnham's ass is wild."

"I love a good bubblebutt," Jack replied.

"Mhm-hmm. And she has the best."

It was true, Alicia had the kind of peachy ass you could bounce a quarter off and she knew it. I'd never seen her without a pair of shorts or a dress that clung tight to those big cheeks. The thought of it was nearly making me slightly hard.

"Who else?"

"Well, Denise Li has a real cute figure. She's got that itty bitty waist and real long hair. I like girls whose hair goes down their backs. And I like her height: short but not too short."

Jack leaned further forward. His gaze was oddly intense, like he was hanging on every word I said. "Who else?"

The answer was obvious. "Amy Becker's big boobs," I said, imagining them in my mind's eye. She had the biggest tits on campus and in the neighbourhood, and she knew

how to show them off. Apparently, they were large E-cups, and they showed a deep line of cleavage in just about all the outfits she wore.

"Fuck yeah, I knew you'd say her," Javk replied, licking his lips.

"Well, you know, she's really hot. Plus, by your own criteria, she's very popular. I guess I'd take her fashion sense and ability to dance."

"Brunette like her?"

"I'd go classic blonde smokeshow, maybe Darla Hopkins' hair."

Jack gave a wide grin. "Nice," he said.

I suddenly felt a bit awkward. As much as I'd weirdly gotten into it, we'd just been describing these women like they were a collection of body parts to be mashed together. Not exactly helping our sterling reputation of being horny forever alone nerds.

"Hey look," I said suddenly, "maybe we should have another match or something."

Jack's excited expression didn't change, but he did not. "Okay. First, let me get us a soda. You'd be thirsty, right?"

I was. "Yeah, thanks."

He got up and practically ran to the fridge in the next room.

"I've been saving this soda for you Ryan," he said. "I got it at the seller's market, you know, where those trader's come and go? This one woman had a collection of drinks on offer, and I just knew I had to buy this one after she told me about it."

He returned with a soda can in generic white colour, a green band in the centre, upon which it said *Shift*.

"I've never heard of the brand," I said. I adjusted my glasses and looked over it, but he didn't let me take it just yet. "What's so special about it?"

My friend scratched at his beard idly as he seemed to muse on the question. His eyes glinted on the soda.

"Supposedly, if you think about someone you'd find attractive while you're drinking the soda, you'll literally see them in the room with you. They don't have to be a real person though; they can be a made up total babe like we discussed."

"Sounds fake," I said, but I felt awkward saying it; his gaze as he explained it to me was utterly intense.

"Well, why not try it and see."

"Why don't you?"

"What makes you think I didn't? Just drink it, and keep that image in your head the whole time of that hottie. The blonde bimbo."

"She wasn't a bimbo. I imagined her as real smart actually, like Denise."

"Whatever, just keep that in your mind while you drink."

I shrugged, and took the drink, more than a little curious. The metal surface of the drink was cold, colder than I would have expected, and seemed to be internally buzzing with its fizzy contents even before I had opened it.

“Wow, it feels weird.”

“Drink it, and keep our imaginary woman in your mind. Trust me, it’ll work.”

Another shrug, and I cracked it open. Instantly a powerful, intoxicatingly sweet smell wafted out from the can, like sugar fresh off the cane. I gave Jack one last look, and he nodded, urging me to hurry up and drink. He was pretty damned excited over this. But then I supposed he often got excited about the strangest things. I closed my eyes, and imagined the woman we had made from bits of all the hottest, most popular girls. She had a body that just wouldn’t quit, a buxom blonde bombshell with an impressive hourglass figure, child-bearing hips, long shapely legs that trailed to dainty feet in high heels. Her skin was soft and white, though not unhealthily so, and she had plenty of padding on her behind; a rounded ass that was simultaneously pert yet bouncy, perfect for being groped. Her waist was thin, tapering in before her torso expanded to thin shoulders. Her breasts were large and rounded, even bigger than Amy Becker’s, perhaps even half the size of her own head. She wore a tight red cocktail dress, the kind that ended mid-thigh and hugged her hips just perfectly, and it practically *stretched* against her perfect ass. It lifted her cleavage, which was prominently on display in the low v-neck of the outfit, and a well-placed necklace with a half-moon circle nestled between her breasts like they were two sloping hills.

But it was not just her body he imagined, but her face as well. Full lips, rounded cheeks, and the hint of cheek bones. A classical beauty, not a wafer stick of a woman. A beauty spot, Monroe-style, below her right eye. Dark eyelashes, natural, and ocean-blue eyes that were almost too blue to be real. Like Lacie’s. And, of course, a long curtain of wavy blonde hair that fell over her shoulders and down her back, making her an Aphrodite.

“She’s gorgeous,” I said without thinking, as I raised the soda can to my lips.

Jack said nothing as I drank it down. It poured down my throat like liquid sugar, like honeyed syrup, its sodery contents bubbling, stinging my throat in that satisfying way. It was cold, like it had just been fetched from the freezer, not the refrigerator, and I couldn’t help but gulp it all, raising my head to slurp it down, allowing it to pour down my oesophagus and bubble in my belly, where it did not cool but somehow *heated* my insides.

I did not open my eyes. I did as Jack said, and focused my thoughts on the Red Woman. That was how I thought of her. She stepped towards me, in my mind, each footfall in front of the other. The motion was sensual, and I imagined her heels click-clacking on the floor, her hips swaying from side to side with each movement, just like Samantha Horis, only somehow *hotter*. She smiled as she came towards me, and it was a genuine smile, radiant and beautiful, and yet with a hint of lust. Of attraction. She stopped, and her breasts bobbed

a little, their upper curves jiggling slightly in a way that drew my eye. It was the sort of move that Sabina Jarvis would do, and I followed it on by imagining her pouting her big ruby red lips and blowing a kiss, a motion supercharged with erotic fervour. She tousled her hair to one side, just like Denise would, and moved herself in profile to me so that I could imagine Alicia's ass upon her, outlined by the taut fabric of the dress.

"Hello handsome," she said, in a husky, needy voice.

I opened my eyes and realised I had said it too. My voice had sounded, impossibly, like the woman I was imagining. I coughed, the last traces of the drink settling warmly in my mistake.

"What the hell?" I gasped. "I just sounded like her."

"You did," Jack said with a smile, "which means it must be working. She told me this would happen if it worked."

"What would happen?" I asked, rubbing my Adam's apple. It was oddly sore, and while I sounded mostly like me again, my throat was a little scratchy, I guess from the bubbles.

Jack sighed, though from relief or satisfaction or contentment I could not tell. My friend seemed to examine me with searching eyes that made me uncomfortable. Made my skin crawl. Well, *something* was making my skin crawl; the goosebumps were rising and it felt itchy all of a sudden.

"Ryan, I need you to listen to me very carefully," Jack said, "because I told a little white lie about the soda you just drank."

I felt something bubble in my stomach. Something shift. Lurch. I grunted a little, trying to ignore the icy feeling that something sinister was happening.

"What - what did you do?"

"I *did* visit the market the other day, and I *did* buy this soda from a woman, and she *did* reveal to me what makes it very special, but I wasn't exactly truthful to you about what it does."

I began to breathe a little faster. My lungs burned, as if the fizz of the soda was coursing through them somehow. Had I been poisoned? Surely Jack would never do such a thing? We'd been nerdy best friends forever. Sure, he could be an ass, but poison?

"What does it - ohh, I feel weird. What does it do?"

"It, well, it turns you into a woman," he said nonchalantly.

Another twist in my guts, and I bent forwards a little, placing a hand on my stomach. Something was seriously wrong with me; my nipples were tensing, and my bones felt as if they were being stretched in some areas and compressed in others. I took a sharp intake of breath as the space between my legs became strangely sensitive.

"That's not - ngh! - possible!"

My friend- as much as I could still be called that, gave a wide, mischievous grin. "Oh, but it is, Ryan! I thought the same as you, buddy, until what I saw at the market. I was just wandering, you know, picking up some meat for Mom, when a woman called out to me. The witch - she was styling herself as some 'Wandering Witch', living in a big horse-driven carriage and everything - told me she had all sorts of magical wares and potions, some of which could help me improve my life. I waved her off, thinking she was mad, until I saw her pass a potion to Stephanie Meckler, my old classmate back at high school. She had a weird hunchback, always did, but when she drank the potion it melted away, and her skin cleared up, and suddenly she was a new woman, a pretty one!"

I gasped, the soda fizz seeming to course through my veins, through my arms and legs and right to my fingers and toes. There was an increased pressure in my chest, as well as around my hips and ass. And my groin.

"J-Jack, s-something's happening!"

But he was in full rant mode now, like when he beat me at a videogame, or outsmarted me at trivia.

"I couldn't believe it. She was the real deal, an actual factual witch! She asked me what I wanted in life, what kind of self-improvement I wanted. More muscles, smarts, charisma, that sort of thing."

At the word 'muscles,' I cringed. My own muscles stretched taut, the contents of the soda fizz reaching them. I groaned, standing on my wobbling legs and stumbling across the room. I needed to leave. I needed to get out. But Jack simply stood and moved with me, continuing to monologue.

"But I didn't want any of that alpha jock bullshit. I told her what I wanted, what I deserved after years of being mocked and bullied for just for being a nerd. I deserved a *smoking hot woman* at my side. And guess what, Ryan, she said she had a soda that would do just the trick to give me what I deserved."

My body shook, gut trembling as I pressed against the wall. Sweat poured from my skin. Was it my imagination, or did my clothing feel bigger? And was I lighter than a moment ago? I clenched my eyes shut for a moment, trying to push through the strange sensations rippling through me. I could feel my finger bones tensing, my waist beginning to press inwards.

"Why - oh f-fuck! - why me!?"

I couldn't even face him anymore. The pressure was too much. The soda was infecting every part of my being, its magic soaking through me, preparing me for a change I was just barely pushing against.

"Because the soda turns you into the woman you put in your mind's eye, and you were the one person I could convince to do that. Also, you're my bestie, so I'm sure we'll

enjoy playing video games in between all the amazing blowjobs you're gonna give me. I can't wait to own your sweet ass on the screen and between the sheets. If you're like anything you just described, you're gonna be one needy babe."

"You b-bastard! You absolute d-dick!"

He scoffed. "Don't worry Ryan. I'll treat you right. Just think of it; you're going from my friend to my totally sexy girlfriend. It's an upgrade."

"I fucking h-hate you!"

I moved to punch him, to slam him to the ground, but instead all I could do was turn and face him, before falling back against the wall again. The pressure mounted, and there was nothing I could do to stop it. The changes were coming, and I could feel my own voice echoing inside my mind as the magic did its work.

'I'd stick with Lacie's face . . .'

Instantly I felt my facial features rearrange. My skin became even softer, my cheeks rounded, a little cherubic. My eyelashes extended and eyebrows raised. My jaw pressed inwards, becoming rounded also.

"Oh, it's starting!" Jack said, bouncing on the spot, causing his longer brain hair to shift messily over his hoodie jacket.

I gasped, and my voice rose several octaves, sounding increasingly feminine by the moment.

'Sabrina Javis had those big full lips with the red lipstick . . .'

"No, I don't want - MMMHHM!"

My lips puckered against my will, and when I regained control of them they were swollen, full. It was like a bee had stung both upper and lower lips. Something smooth rubbed over them, and my body automatically smacked its lips. I felt the imprint of what could only be that red lipstick now upon my mouth.

"Oh God," I whined, sounding husky and female.

"Oh mama," Jack said, licking his own lips. "Those look like big dick suckers, all right."

The thought of sucking Jack's dick horrified me . . . for only a few seconds. And then I heard that voice again in my head, repeating itself, and images of having a big, strong, girthy cock down my throat suddenly seemed like the hottest thing ever.

I forced the image from my mind. "N-no!"

'Samantha Horis' cheekbones. And her hips. She's got that walk where she just sways them . . .'

I grabbed my hips, trying in vain to prevent the change to come. My cheekbones lifted first, making my face no doubt appear a little more womanly. But my real concern was the dread change in my pelvis. It didn't take long; there was a long stretch as the bones of

my hips extended, followed by an unnatural 'POP' as my legs pushed a little further apart. I now had a pair of real 'baby-makers', pulling tight against my trousers and making my figure look girlish.

"I'll kill you!" I screamed, like a woman in rage, and I tried to dash towards Jack. He backed up, slightly alarmed, only for his expression to quickly turn to amusement and glee at my own actions. I couldn't help it; I was sashaying my hips from side to side, unused to a slightly altered centre of balance. It caused my new hips to swing in a comically sensual manner.

"Looks like those hips don't lie," he jested, "and if I can remember correctly, they're gonna go great with Paris Leeman's legs."

I halted just in time to grab the side of the couch and prevent myself from falling. My height shrunk a little, but my legs somehow seemed to extend, at least in relation to my overall body. I gasped as thousands of leg hairs retracted back into me, like millions of ants scuttling into their nest.

'And she looks hot as hell in heels . . .'

I was lifted up, nearly falling forwards, as two red 6-inch heels suddenly manifested beneath my feet. Jack giggled, and for a moment I swayed on them, before finding that my body was somehow 'used' to them. Jack trailed around to grab a profile view of me. I tried to snatch at him, only to realise why he was doing so. He wanted front row seats to-

'Alicia Fanham's ass is wild . . . she has the best . . .'

I grabbed my ass, but as before, it was useless. Tissue and fat redistributed throughout my body, shifted from my stomach and arms and shoulders to form in my rear. It was like being filled with water, like a balloon expanding. It filled out, pressing even tighter against my trousers, causing me to whimper in a way that was almost orgasmic.

"Ooohhhhh - Nngggnh - MMhmmm!!!

It was so damn big, the flesh pooling around my fingers even through the fabric. I let go, fearful of the shocking amount of sensitivity that was now within the flesh of my rear, and as I did, that flesh *bounced*. Just like Alicia's ass. Maybe even better.

"Holy fuck, you're going to be so hot Ryan!"

"Sh-shut up! Change me back!"

"Sorry, it's permanent! Don't worry, you're going to love it when it's done."

'Denise Li has a real cute figure. She's got that itty bitty waist and real long hair . . . and I like her height. Short but not too short . . .'

A pair of invisible arms wrapped around my waist and crushed it inwards. It contracted, leaving me with a devastating hourglass figure. Even as that occurred, I was forced to clutch my head and whine as the hair extended somewhat painfully outwards. It shot out of me, years and years of growth sliding out in seconds, falling down my back. I had

no idea that hair was so heavy! It weighed on my head. Moments later, it became even weightier, as vertebrae by vertebrae my spine retracted, limbs shortened, until I was just a little above average height . . . for a *woman*.

“Oh my God, I’m actually becoming a woman. I’m actually becoming a woman.”

Jack rubbed his hands together. “And what a woman you’re going to be! God, you have no idea how keen I am for this next bit.”

“What - what bit?”

But the increasing pressure in my chest told me exactly what it was.

‘Amy Becker’s boobs . . . biggest tits in the neighbourhood . . . showed a deep line of cleavage in all the outfits she wore . . .’

The pressure erupted. I grabbed my chest, but it was too late, and would have done little anyway. My chest rapidly expanded, my measly pecs becoming pimply little A-cup breasts, nipples becoming larger, surrounded by pink areolas. They continued to swell, flesh pouring into them, their shapes becoming heavier and rounded, until they began to hang off of me, denting out my shirt and causing my delicate nipples to rub against the fabric.

“Oooohhhhhhhh,” I moaned, unable to avoid feeling turned on.

And still they grew, taking on a perfect teardrop shape, pressing against one another to form that exact line of cleavage I had thought of. They were enormous, even bigger than Amy’s tits in fact, just like in my mental image. And God, they were so heavy! I was repulsed, but despite that feeling, I was also hit with a strange pride. They were *my big tits*. God, what was I turning into?

“Oh fuck yeah!” Jack said, “that’s the shit right there! Ryan, trust me, you’re going to love have me stuff my face right in there and suck on your big tits!”

Again, an image of me topless, a face pressed into my sensitive flesh, causing me to gasp. A mouth round my nipples, tenderly licking them erect.

“Ahhhh . . .”

‘I’d take her fashion sense and ability to dance . . .’

My clothing shifted, its colour altering, and I experienced the alien sensation of my clothing first fusing, then shortening, then tightening against me, hugging my form. It accompanied by a tugging sensation in my last remaining male aspect. It had been shrinking near imperceptibly the whole time I was changing, but now it was pulling back into me for real. I gasped. I groaned. I grunted. Tears brimmed in my presumably now-blue eyes, falling down my changed cheeks. I clutched my crotch, willing my penis not to disappear, but it continued to shrink, growing ever more sensitive as it reduced in size. I knew then what it was becoming, particularly as I felt an absence tunnel *through me*, opening up like a flower between my thighs. It was becoming a clitoris.

“Oohhhh OOHHHHHHH!!!”

I couldn't help it. My body shook, and the soda flooded through me once more, my new womanly genitalia wet with passion. I shook my ass, causing my breasts to shake, and I realised even in mid-orgasm that I was now adorned in a slim red dress that hugged all my amazing curves. Jack was hard, his erection straining in his pants as the biggest and best set of tits he'd ever seen were almost bared before him, just cussing over the top of my low cut dress.

"F-fuuuuck," I whimpered, groping my soft tits, relishing the feelings. As if it were an afterthought, one final echo of my words whispered through my mind.

'I'd go classic blonde smokeshow, maybe Darla Hopkins' hair.'

My brown hair shimmered, becoming a luxurious blonde at the very moment of release, and my body vibrated once more. I raised my leg, like a dame from the old movies, and cooed like Marilyn Monroe herself as I pouted in pleasure.

New memories flooded my mind, unfamiliar and strange events that I knew had never happened, but simultaneously did. The soda wasn't just changing my body, it was changing *me*, and the world around me. I bit my lip, clutching my head, ran my fingers through my shining blonde curls, but nothing could stop it.

I remembered the first time I found boys attractive.

I remembered the first time I wore my little A-cup training bra.

I remembered my first date, and how by then my chest had bloomed into a blessed pair of Double-D's.

I remembered my mother taking me shopping for dresses.

I remembered dancing with my girlfriends at nightclubs, while all the boys checked me out.

I remembered sex, so much sex, and how damn good it felt to be penetrated. To be made a woman as a man came inside me.

I remembered everything.

I remembered my name was Rose.

Another shuddering of orgasm, a bloom of bliss that left me running my slender hands over my cheeks as I cried out. Jack was somewhere in the same room, but I couldn't even see him; my glasses were no longer necessary, and I discarded them.

"Holy shit," he said.

The last of the ecstasy dissipated, and my changes were complete. I was all woman. I was all Rose. I stood to my full height, just a little shorter than my former friend. My body was so different, so alien, and yet simultaneously so familiar. I had two sets of memories for two very different lives, but thankfully my Ryan self had not been annihilated. He was still there, equal in every way to my other self, still shocked at what he had become. It was just that there was this other self now, a whole life where I was a woman, and it infused in me

knowledge of lipstick applying, bra fitting, dress-wearing, period-dealing, social gathering, nightclub dancing, sociology majoring, and so much more. I breathed heavily, feeling the unfamiliar weight of my large tits rise and fall. Once again, there was that immense pride, that enjoyment of having a pair of absolute melons that stunned any man that looked at me. Hell, the very notion that a man would struggle to look me in the eyes filled me with a sense of glee.

It was wrong, and yet I couldn't help but feel it. I was as much Rose as I was Ryan.

"I - I need to see myself," I said. Jesus, I even managed to make totally neutral sentences like that sound like an invitation to the bedroom. What had Jack done to me?

But in truth, I already knew. Without a word, still stunned at my present, still hard in his pants, he directed me to the bathroom.

"Uh, in here, Ryan."

"Rose," I corrected automatically, without even thinking. I didn't wait for him; I stepped through, and looked at my reflection.

Staring back at me was the sexiest damn woman I'd ever seen. The male part of me was turned on by this lady, while the female part of me couldn't help but giggle at the sight of how good she looked in this dress. She was absolutely *stacked*, and the weight on my chest confirmed that. Her perfect breasts were half the size of her head, yet firm and high on her chest, and soft enough for men to grope.

I knew that by experience. By Rose's experiences.

I made a brief pose, admiring my rounded ass in the figure-hugging dress, and even more those hips. What hips they were! Shakira had nothing on these! I gave them a wiggle, savouring how my butt bounced a little. I breathed in, and my breasts rose, straining against my dress top. It was like something out of the sexiest Hollywood film. There was no denying it, I was a straight eleven out of ten here. It was like I was in a nightmare, and a dream. I was turned on by my own appearance, but not just by that. I knew there was exactly one reason to wear a dress like this; so a hottie like Daniel Harrison or Lee Tommy could tear it off me, suck on my big tits, and fuck me like the naught girl I was.

Oh my God, just the thought of having a big, strong dick in me was making me wet. I had never felt moist between my thighs before, and yet I had many times. This was confusing. But if Jack was right, and this was permanent, I'd have a long time to get used to it.

The thought of Jack made me realise I hadn't heard a peep from him. I shifted, turning on the spot and pressing my back against the mirror. I knew it was a sexy pose, but this new body couldn't help itself. Blame Amy Becker's experience with turning me on, and Samantha Horis knowing how to cock her hips just right.

"Holy shit, Ryan, you look amazing."

“Rose,” I said in my new, breathy voice.

“Huh?”

“My name is Rose,” I corrected.

“Oh, Rose. Sure. Damn, you’re fucking stacked, man. Your tits are bigger than Amy Becker’s, alright, and Alicia’s ass look way better on you! Good call with the blonde hair too, and Denise’s waist. You’ve got a real hourglass. I think I’m going to enjoy it.”

“Is that so?” I cooed, stepped nearer to him. My heels clacked on the floor, and I swayed my Horis hips from side to side as I approached him. His eyes were locked on my cleavage.

“Oh yeah,” he said, “I really liked Ryan as a friend. But I think I’m gonna love Rose as my girlfriend. Shall we head back to the bedroom and make it official?”

I smiled. Extended a hand beneath his chin. He grinned as I scratched his neckbeard. He decidedly *didn’t* grin as I gripped his jaw harder, pushed him unexpectedly, and dropped him to the floor. I stepped right over him, giving a good show of my amazing ass. Damn, it was big.

“What - what are you doing? Oh, are we playing rough before we fuck each other?”

“In your dreams, asshole,” I replied. “You turned me into your own personal dream girl, you can go fuck yourself?”

Jack stammered, looking utterly pathetic as he scrambled back to his feet.

“But - but you’re meant to be mine!”

I giggled. It was not the worst sound in the world, though it wasn’t quite as menacing as it would have been were I male.

“No, dickhead. The witch said you’d get what you deserved, right? Well, I can think of nothing you deserve more than watching the sexiest woman you’ve ever seen walk out of your room and never pay attention to you again, and for you to know she’s taking your best friend with her.”

I began to walk to the door. Somehow, I knew that my cute black purse was on the coat rack, so I grabbed that too. The Rose part of me began applying some last second makeup as an astonished Jack chased me.

“Get back here! Something about the magic went wrong, we have to sort it out!”

I looked at this small, pathetic man that was once my friend, and saw him for who he truly was. A *total nerd*. And not the good kind, like she used to be. The Rose part of her never really understood the appeal of MMO’s and tabletop games, and she found it a little silly, frankly. And while Ryan still loved those things, he felt contempt for his friend. Those loves were ruined now, tainted by Jack.

It was a good thing that *she* had new hobbies now.

“Ryan! Rose! You have to stop! This wasn’t meant to happen. You were meant to be mine! You were mean to be my fucking hot bitch!”

Oh my God, he was a pathetic nerd.

“Sorry Jacky boy, I’ve got better things to do than hang out with the likes of your unpopular ass. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m heading out to Amy Becker’s party to chill with her and all my other girlfriends. I can’t wait to hit the dance floor with Denise and Sam! And Tommy and Daniel are gonna be there. Now *there’s* a couple of real men.”

I gave him a wink, and walked to my car. Where once there was my beaten down Beetle, now it was all fixed up, painted a cute bright blue, and pimped out in style. It was actually really cute, and totally suited the new me. I unlocked it remotely, and swayed my hips in an exaggerated fashion, letting Jack ogle my magnificent ass as I made my way to the door. I turned, looking over him one last time, and emphasising my rounded boobs with a pose that had my chest thrust right out. The greedy little man looked utterly desperate.

“Ryan! Rose! You have to stop! This wasn’t meant to happen. You were meant to be mine! You were mean to be my fucking hot bitch!”

I shrugged, just as I had before drinking the soda.

“I guess I’m just too good for you,” I said with a smirk.

His jaw fell, and he was unable to even formulate a response as I got in my car and turned it on. I blew him a sensual kiss from my pouty new lips, and drove away, leaving him all alone for good.

“Seeya Jack,” I muttered to myself as I adjusted the rear mirror.

I guess this was the new me. At least I had Rose’s memories to help me navigate my new life and body. And what a bod it was. I couldn’t help but peak at the large globes straining against my red cocktail dress as I drove. I was hella stacked. Not to mention the padding beneath me. Or my killer thighs and hips. There would be a lot to get used to, but with Rose’s recollections, I think I was going to do right.

Besides, what better way to get used to being Rose, than to jump in the deep end? Amy Becker’s party was calling, and it wasn’t just my car’s engine that was getting revved up. With a libido like this, I don’t think I’d be going back to nerdery any time soon.

No, I had the feeling I was going to be a really, *really* popular girl tonight.

The End