

One Thousand Men (Man to Popular Nympho TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Caleb and Amelia are a plain-looking pair of college geeks who are desperately in love. But after a New Year's Eve misunderstanding causes a witch to think Caleb is misogynistic, he is cursed to become Veronica, a plain-looking woman who has to sleep with one thousand men over the next year if she wishes to turn back. But Amelia is ready to do everything to make sure Veronica hits her quota, even if that means sexing herself up alongside him. The clock is ticking, after all!

One Thousand Men

Part One: I'm Not a Misogynist!

It was New Year's Eve, and Caleb and Amelia were celebrating out at their favourite local bar. Neither were big drinkers, or really massive socialites, but some events demanded a bit of public fun before they retired back to their apartment together, played some video games, and then had some cuddles before sex. Or sex before cuddles. Or cuddles, then sex, then more cuddles. They were really big on the cuddles.

"To another year of us being total dorks together!" Amelia announced to him in the crowded area of the bar.

"And for plenty of games, movies, books, and maybe a little bit of sex."

"Talking about sex in public, Caleb? My, you *are* a little tipsy!"

"Just captivated by how hot you are, love!" he replied, grinning cheekily.

Amelia giggled, adjusting her glasses as she did so. They had a habit of slipping off when she was flustered by her boyfriend's compliments, and it was something he always enjoyed seeing, because it meant his lame flirting still had an effect.

"You total nerd," she said.

"Hey, we're a pair of absolute nerds," he replied.

It was true, and despite the fact that to Caleb, Amelia was the most beautiful woman in the world, the fact was that she was a very Plain Jane. She had mousy brown hair with too many curls, and not the soft, shining kind. Her lips were thin, and her nose a bit too long - something she'd always been self-conscious about - and while she'd learned to accept her body it had always annoyed her that her chest was little more than a barely-present A-cup.

Even her ass was flat, and her hips were boyish. It had been hell, going through puberty and finding out that you must have been hiding behind a door while Mother Nature was handing out curves.

Caleb too was no handsome prince come to save her and make a *Real Girl*. On the contrary, he was a 'plain scone of a man' as he liked to joke about himself. His face was a little doughy, and not from fat either: it just naturally had that kind of soft mold to it. His eyes were a little too small, and his red hair was far too frizzy for his own liking, though Amelia loved to play with it when she gave her loving boyfriend a nice head massage. He wasn't muscular, quite the opposite in fact, and this too was something that annoyed him, though unlike Amelia he couldn't blame genetics so much as a general dislike of sport and too much exercise. To make up for it, he tried to eat well.

They had met at a comic book store, both of them chasing the last issue of *The Dread Avenger*, a corny satirical comic that still made them both laugh. Sadly, the issue had already been snapped up by a local rival, and so they were both trying to find other ways to spend their money. They got to talking about their favourite characters, and then other media they liked, and places they liked to hang out. Of course, both of them were too shy and nervous to ask one another out directly, so they continued to meet by chance, and then 'by chance', at the same store. And in the end Amelia had taken the plunge, and asked Caleb to go see a new science-fiction movie with him. He was so excited he barely knew how to respond.

And the rest, as they say, is history. That was three years ago when Amelia was nineteen and he was twenty. Now they were twenty two and twenty three respectively, and their relationship had never been stronger. And while they loved to nerd out in their spare time, play multiplayer games, and go on cute dates whenever they could, they'd also discovered that they were both secretly freaks in the sheets as well. They had a very, very active sex life, something very few who ever saw them might suspect.

But for all their occasional dissatisfaction with their own bodies, Caleb always had a way of making Amelia feel like she was the most beautiful woman in the world, as he had at that very moment in the bar. She tried to return the favour, because the same was true of her view of him.

"You really are the handsomest man," she replied.

"Oh, get off it. I've got a face that looks like the background extra of any given *Star Trek* series."

"I mean it," she said, taking another sip of her girly drink. She giggled: Caleb also had one too. He wasn't a big beer guy, and while he could be self-conscious, he was uncaring of what anyone thought of his love of sweet drinks. "You complete me, Caleb. You really do. I

can't imagine life without you. I'm so grateful for another year with you: you're my teddy bear. You really are."

"Aww," he said, grinning. "You've made me all chuffed. And you know I think the same of you." He took another drink as the music ramped up. Then, as a joke, he affected a manly persona that was a totally over the top impersonation of an 'alpha male' type. "After all, I love a hot chick, and I just can't get enough of them. You should come dance with me, hotstuff."

"Stop it!" she said, trying not to giggle. "I don't like being pestered by such *overpowering, dominant* men! Where did my nerdy boyfriend go?"

"I don't see a boyfriend anywhere here, *missy*, so I think it's safe to say he's not as *tough* and *manly* as I am." He took her hand. "Come on, you should dance with a tough guy like me. A *true* man."

She was trying not to laugh, but managed to affect a look of mock outrage.

"How dare you! I said no, and that means no! Even if you are *very* handsome."

"The *most* handsome. Call me *Chad*. I'm a total alpha wolf, and a girl like you can't resist a show like me. And I love me a sexy nerd girl. Let's dance, hottie."

She was about to burst out laughing: his braggadocio was too over-the-top and ridiculous not to laugh at, especially knowing what a sweet, sensitive man he really was. And Caleb too was about to press his advantage and make her snort - he loved making her laugh so hard that she snorted. He leaned forward, pressing one arm down on the table, and raised an eyebrow.

"I'm getting you a drink. I like my girls tipsy and sexy. You better be ready to dance when I return, sugartits."

She snorted, so much so that it probably looked more like an anxious fit. "Sugar tits? Really?"

He grinned sheepishly. "Too much?"

"Waaaay too much. These are our last drinks, and they're on you, 'hot stuff.'"

He mouthed a silent apology, but then went back to affecting a fake alpha male stomp away from the table, just to make her chuckle a little more.

Caleb had just ordered the drinks when something strange happened, though. He turned around to head back to Amelia across the bar floor, when out from the thick press of people came a strange woman who was absolutely *glaring* at him. She was older, perhaps in her mid-thirties, and her hair was dark as the night, just like her dress. Even her eyeshadow was black like tar, making her look like a furious goth type.

"I *cannot* believe what I just heard over there," she said, anger trembling in her voice. "That poor woman asked for you to leave her alone, and you're conspiring to get her *drunk* all because, what, you need to chase some 'pussy'?"

“Oh! There’s been a mistake,” Caleb said quickly, turning a little red. “This woman is my girlfriend.”

But the woman jabbed a finger against his chest. “I heard *exactly* what she is, and what she *isn’t*, all because of what she *said*, you misogynistic asshole.”

“Lady, I promise you, this is all one huge misunderst-”

But she ran roughshod over him, rage radiating out from her expression. “I bet you were the one making those horrid comments about women’s tits earlier too, huh?”

“What? No, I swear I never-”

“And rating women - was I the five out of ten, hmm? It sounded like your voice, especially given that you called that poor woman who wants to be left alone ‘sugartits.’ Fucking disgraceful chauvinism!”

Caleb was panicking. He was desperately afraid that others would hear this conversation, and could only be glad that the music was so loud and too many people dancing (despite it being a bar. It was New Year’s Eve, after all).

“Look, lady, my name is Caleb. I’m that woman’s girlfriend. I mean, boyfriend. Fuck. Look, this is crazy.”

Another finger jab to the chest, and this one nearly made him spill both drinks. “What’s *crazy*,” she said, voice getting sharper, “is how sexist men like you think you can just go up to any woman you want and ruin her day all because you feel the urge to get your dick wet. Well, you carried out your misogynistic act in front of the crowd this time, dickhead, because I’m a motherfuckin’ practicing witch, and I’m going to curse your ass in ways you can’t imagine!”

Caleb cringed. The lady was obviously a bit tipsy herself - he could smell it on her breath - but thinking she had magic? This was crazy! And yet, without warning, she immediately began to chant in some strange language, all while moving her hands in an intricate way. He tried to push past her, but she easily held him back in a way he didn’t think possible, her palm against his chest. With a grin, she blinked her eyes twice, and between those blinks, for just a moment, her eyes seemed to glow a strange, sickly green.

Caleb gasped, and then again as a strange pulse seemed to somehow pass through her palm and into his chest, coalescing in his heart for a brief moment before spreading outwards through his body. Then, as quickly as it had come, it dissipated, and he felt totally normal again.

“What - what the fuck was that?” he said.

The woman gave a smug grin, though her eyes remained fierce. “*That*, you misogynistic donkey’s ass, was a curse. When the clock hits midnight and the new year truly begins, you’ll be transformed into a female version of yourself without any identity of your own. You’ll be stuck as a woman, the very thing you’re afraid of and victimise, permanently,

unless you succeed in having sex with one thousand different men in the next year. If you do, you can meet me here again on New Year's Eve and I'll turn you back. But only *after* you sleep with a thousand different men. One. Thousand. You won't be able to find me until then. Best of luck, *sweetie*, since I really doubt you'll ever succeed!"

The cackled - and it truly was a witch-like cackle - before moving away back into the crowd. A confused Caleb looked about to see if anyone else had just heard the insanity he'd been subjected to, but no one seemed to notice, and as soon as he looked back all trace of the woman was seemingly gone.

"That was fucking crazy," he said. "At least I didn't spill my drinks."

He returned to Amelia looking a lot more pale and explained what happened, including how weird it had felt when she said the strange words and put her palm on him. He realised that he was genuinely shaking from the confrontation - he *hated* confrontation. They both did.

"Hey, that's so weird, I don't blame you for being a bit shook up," she said. She brushed his arm. "Maybe drop the whole 'alpha Chad bro' act in the future though, huh?"

He chuckled. "Not a bad idea."

"Why don't we go up to the roof and dance? There might even be some spare space there, who knows!"

"Well, if there isn't, that never stopped this crowd!"

She took him by the hand, and they weaved through the thick crowd, up the stairs and onto the flat roof where several groups were dancing, drinking, and smoking - or some combination of all three. Caleb was very grateful that the building had nice high rails, because some of these people had definitely had too much to drink. They finished their own, set them aside near a spare pair of seats, and began dancing with the crowd in the centre. Neither were good dancers, not even to save their lives, but they felt free and energetic and fuelled by alcohol, and so they giggled and laughed and held one another lovingly as the clock reached closer and closer to midnight.

"Love you, you big dork," Amelia said.

"Love you too, you hot librarian."

"Librarian, huh? Does it count since I, you know, actually work at the uni library?"

"Of course, this is about you being a sexy librarian, not a regular one. The compliment isn't too 'alpha Chad bro', I hope?"

She cuddled him. "No, I like it. Besides, if you say something inappropriate, I'll just curse you to sleep with a thousand guys in a single year."

Caleb raised an eyebrow. "I never should have told you that." We're about to have a whole new year together, you know."

"Yep, pretty sweet, isn't it? Lotta good games coming out for us too."

"I can't wait for *Trailblazer 2*, especially - wait, Caleb, it's happening! The countdown is about to start! You better mack on me, *hard*."

"What if that's the behaviour of a chauvinist though, Amelia?"

She smacked him lightly on the shoulder. "I want my New Year kiss from my amazing boyfriend."

"Very well! I shall valiantly volunteer for the role."

And then the crowd began.

"TEN!"

He held her in his arms, staring into her gorgeous dark eyes.

"NINE!"

He felt a slight churning in his chest, like a residual energy from the strange woman.

"EIGHT!"

Amelia held him close, pursed her lips as she looked up to him.

"SEVEN!"

The energy grew, and rippled. It was like a series of small pressures.

"SIX!"

Amelia whispered something loving, but he wasn't paying attention.

"FIVE!"

The feeling wasn't going away. It raced down to his fingers, his toes, even his groin.

"FOUR!"

Caleb was feeling strangely nervous: the tingling was everywhere.

"THREE!"

But Amelia was right there. He loved her. He didn't want to ruin this moment.

"TWO!"

He moved to plant his lips on hers, caught in the love of the moment.

"ONE!"

They kissed, tongues dancing in one another's mouths. She wrapped her arms around his neck, holding onto him passionately.

"HAPPY NEW YEARS!!!"

Amelia continued to cling to him, continued to kiss him, but something was all wrong. He could feel it. Strange energy lanced through his core, erupted through his veins. The tensions and pressures *exploded* all over his body, and he could feel himself changing. His arms thinning. His legs thinning. His body shrinking. His face rearranging. He could feel it all. Subtle pressures in his groin and chest surged forth to alter his body. It was like fire, and he was caught in its blaze, remade and reborn like the phoenix.

Caleb pulled away from the kiss, breathing heavily. Something was wrong: his voice was too soft, and his hair far too long. He spluttered, trying to make sense of what had

happened, including why his clothing was too loose and baggy. Amelia still had her eyes closed, and the rest of the group on the roof were either kissing or drinking or cheering and whistling for the new year. Fireworks exploded, lighting up their faces, and it was *then* that Amelia finally opened her eyes, a look of love and raw sexual need alighting upon them.

But only for a moment.

“Hey, who are you?”

The transformed man looked down at his baggy shirt and pressed it tight, revealing two small, but very evident female lumps upon his chest.

“Oh God,” the new woman said, her voice high and sweet. “Amelia, I think the curse was real. I think that lady really was a witch. I’m a fucking woman!”

Amelia’s jaw dropped. “*Caleb!?*”

Part Two: Let’s Be Pragmatic About This

They scoured the bar, the celebrating streets, even other night clubs. Caleb was overcome: he was suddenly a *she*, a female version of his former male self. He had long, wiry red hair, a thin but tall frame, and a pair of small breasts, and a space between his legs that he absolutely did not want to think too deeply about. The only consolation was that his body was hidden in his baggy clothing, though his shoes were now too small and had to be carried around. He looked ridiculous, he knew, and even more so because he had ignored what the witch had said. He replayed the moment over and over again in his mind as they searched for her through the night, but there was no sighting. Her words kept coming back to haunt him: that he would have no hope of finding her again until a year had passed and he returned to the bar for New Years. And no matter how determined Amelia was to get his body back, he knew deep down that it was all for nothing.

“We can still find her, there’s another club further out of town that-”

“Forget it, Amelia,” he said in his new, higher voice. His *female* voice. “Look at me! I’ve been magically changed. Everything the witch said was true, and now I’m stuck like this for a year, if not my life, if I don’t - oh God - have sex with literally a thousand men. She said I wouldn’t be able to find her until then. We’re not going to be able to just come across her on New Year’s morning!”

Amelia wiped tears from her eyes. “What are we going to do? We can’t just give up!”

“I know! I don’t want to, but we’re not going to find her. Ever. Not unless . . . not unless. Oh God, I need to go home. I need to . . .”

Amelia rushed to her lover's side as the new female began to faint. The last thing that crossed Caleb's mind was how he was ever going to work up the willpower to sleep with one man, let alone a thousand?

Caleb woke in the late morning. Unusually for New Year's Day, the bed was empty save for him. He was always curled around Amelia in a loving cuddle on such holiday mornings - both were scholarship students and only had part-time work during semester at the university coffee shop and library - so there was no rush for them to be anywhere. It was only when he groaned a little and began to lift himself up that he realised something was wrong.

His voice was too high.

His figure was too light.

His chest had a slight weight upon it in two particular places.

His hair was too long.

His

His manhood was . . . not present. Absent. Gone.

"Oh God! No! Fuck no! This can't happen! It was a dream! It was a goddamn dream!"

He leapt out of bed, running straight to the mirror. He nearly lost his footing - his weight distribution had altered, and his pelvis subtly different in shape also. He grabbed the edges of the full length mirror and gazed into his reflection.

He was a woman. It was undeniably. He looked surprisingly like his older sister. Last he saw of his family, right before he'd put their ignorance and pettiness behind him and gone no contact, he remembered thinking that the entire clan were plain-looking, the kind of people that you could pass on the sidewalk and never notice. The girl in the mirror was no different. She had ginger hair - that was about the only immediately noticeable thing about her - but even that was a darker shade that wouldn't get too much notice, the frizz messy but not standing out as such. Her nose was small, her eyes a plain blue, and her mouth - like Amelia's - was a little too thin. She had a stick figure, though her hips were wider than Caleb's girlfriend, something he was able to determine when he removed the loose top and pants and looked at his near-bare body.

"I even have tits," he remarked, still not used to his new voice. "Small ones, but tits. They even make cleavage when I push them together."

It wasn't much cleavage, mind, but it was there. It was *real*.

Caleb sobbed. "Oh God! Shit! The witch was real. Her magic was goddamn real. What the hell am I gonna do?"

It was at that point that Amelia heard him from the other room. She dashed through the door and came face to face with her changed boyfriend. His new hormones were ripping through him, causing him to feel even more emotional than he would have been - and he would have been pretty damn emotional regardless.

“Amelia - I’m - I’m -”

“I know, teddy bear, I know.”

They embraced, and he realised that he was about the same height as her now: previously he had been a big lanky, but now even that was taken from him. He sobbed into her shoulder for some time until he calmed down.

“What am I going to do?” he asked. “Do I have a new identity?”

She shook her head. “I’m sorry. All your stuff is still in your name. My photos all show you, and I checked your wallet too.”

“Oh God. Shit! I’m sorry, I don’t mean to swear too much.”

“You swear as much as you need to, Caleb.”

He sniffled. “This is hell. I don’t deserve this. We were just joking around.”

“I know.”

“And now I’m a woman.”

“At least you look like a female version of yourself? Or a sister?”

He couldn’t help but chuckle. “I was just thinking that, actually. At least I know my brain hasn’t changed too much, other than me getting way more emotional. We’re still in sync.”

Amelia gave a small, comforting smile as she rubbed his shoulder. “More than you know, Caleb. As soon as I woke up and realised you’d changed and that it wasn’t just a weird drunken dream, I knew I had to act. I know it’s hard, and it’s all so new, but I have to show you something. Come. Walk with me.”

He did, getting a little more used to his feminine gait, though at least it wasn’t a full on sexual saunter or anything. He still had to push his hair behind his ears - he definitely planned on chopping that shit short soon. But when he exited their room to the living space his jaw fell, and he lost that train of thought. Lying on the coffee table, the living table, and their respective desk spaces were numerous sheets, organisers, tallies, order slips, web search documents, and a heap of other things he didn’t even recognise. There was even a neat set of piles of female clothing in the corner, set aside. For him, he knew, though he decided not to ask about it just yet and focus on the office-like space his girlfriend has created instead.

“What’s - what’s all of this?”

Amelia extended her hands out, the proud librarian worker (she really did work part-time at the library, after all) demonstrating her archival talents.

“This,” she said with just a little triumph in her voice, “is us getting pragmatic.”

“Explain. I’m a little exhausted from the New Years and - oh, yeah - getting turned into a woman with a vagina and everything to understand what’s going on.”

“This is *Plan A*,” she said, grinning a little nervously. “It’s simple: I’ve already started setting up automated database searches and programmable search functions to hunt for any description of this witch you mentioned. You gave a solid description of her last night, so I figure I can use my archival talents and knowledge of database use and algorithms to set up various engines to continually bring up anything about her, including possible locations, other victims, etcetera, etcetera.”

“Honey, this is amazing,” Caleb said. “You did all of this for me?”

“I love you, Caleb, you big dork! I’m not going to abandon you just because you got transformed into a woman by some witch with no sarcasm detector. Besides . . .”

She drew closer and kissed him lightly on the lips. It made him feel much better, even that little sign of romantic affection.

“. . . you know I’m bi. You’re as sexy to me now as you were before.”

“I still prefer the before though, personally. Plus, having, you know, an identity was pretty good.”

“And Plan A can work on getting that back! I’ve also put up questions online, set up bots to question people in the local area, the whole works.”

Caleb had to wipe away another stray tear. He couldn’t have chosen a better woman to fall in love with. “Wow, this is great. This gives me hope. Thanks, love.”

“It’s the least I can do. I’ll keep building it. We’ll track her down, hopefully.”

But he couldn’t help but feel that if the witch’s magic had changed him like this, then her other words were true: they might never be able to find her, unless they met the right conditions . . .

“Hang on, you just called it Plan A. What’s Plan B?”

She gave an awkward expression. “Um, that’s the back up plan.”

“The what now?”

“I think you better take a seat.”

“Please, Amelia, just tell me.”

She blushed a little red, adjusted her glasses, as was her habit. “Okay, so, just in case - and I want to stress that this is just in case, Caleb - we end up having no choice, and the only way to turn you back really is to have you sleep with a thousand different men, then I’ve been making some-”

“Oh God, no.”

“-projections. And calculations. Spreadsheets, mostly, but also various instructions and suggestions from beauty websites and my own experiences as well as looking into the possibility of plastic surgery down the line to-”

Caleb sat down, feeling lightheaded. He knew he should have done so from the start. “I don’t understand - plastic surgery? What’s that got to do with anything?”

Amelia gave him a sympathetic look. “Love, I know we are both so in love, and we both love how the other looks. You’ve done wonders for making me feel so much better about my own body. But, if we are to be *realistic* about it, I’m a total five out of ten. I’m middle of the road. I’m Plain Jane. And you - while utterly gorgeous to me in more ways than I can count - were pretty much the same as a man, and you are the same again as a girl. Do you really think your face is going to launch a thousand ships, love? Or in this case, a thousand cocks?”

Caleb winced. “I don’t want to be launching any cocks at all!”

“I know. I’d rather keep you to myself. But if this ends up being the only way to change you back, isn’t it best to be pragmatic? Shouldn’t we train you up as a woman: first of all just so you can get an identity and survive over this year and fit in and all that, but also because *this might be the only way of changing you back.*”

Caleb rubbed his temples. “By having some dude stick his cock in me. In my fucking pussy - a thing which I apparently *have* now. This is crazy!”

“I know, that’s why it’s Plan B, love, and you know I’d never do anything to pressure you into this. I’d be there every step of the way, helping you. Hell, I know I’m pretty plain, but I also know how to flirt more effectively now - I could even sort of, um, *show* you. You know, we could have sex together as women, and I could, um, simulate things for you.”

It was a lot to take in. A lot. But despite how ridiculously confronting it was on the very day after being shockingly transformed, he couldn’t help but realise the base intelligence of it. The pragmatism, as his girlfriend had put it. They were both intelligent individuals. She studied databases and archival maintenance, and he was big into web development. Both were looking forward to success in their respective career pathways, and that was because despite all their love of comics, video games, Comic-Cons, and all kinds of nerdery, they were also very driven people. They could plan ahead and navigate the dangers of life to reach success.

This was no different. And if he looked at it that way, then perhaps . . .

“Okay,” he said finally, his voice still strangely soft to his ears. “I’ll do it.”

“I mean, it’s Plan B, honey, we don’t need to-”

“I know, I know. I don’t mean fucking a thousand guys - Jesus, even just saying it sounds insane! No, I mean the other thing: you teaching me how to be a woman while we try

to track down this witch. Clothing and stuff - I assume that's why the clothing is in the corner."

"Yeah, you're not far off my size, now."

"And we can use your skills to make me a new identity, hopefully. And maybe even . . . when I'm ready, trial what it's like to have sex."

She launched herself at him again, embracing her boyfriend. Caleb hugged her back, feeling awkward.

"Amelia, our boobs are touching."

"I know, it feels super weird. But sort of cool."

"At least they aren't gigantic. Unless you were planning on getting me a boobjob or something."

Amelia did not say a word, but instead deflected from the subject. "We'll start right away," she said. "Let's get you into female clothing - once you've showered. Actually, I'll shower with you. I'll need to walk you through the basics."

"You just want to perv on my new body."

She grinned. "I can do two things," she said.

The following week was one of the steepest learning curves of Caleb's life. He had always thought of himself as a good organiser, but he hadn't realised just what a planning goddess his girlfriend was until she started his 'Female Regimen', as she called it. When he hit the hay, exhausted after a day of inquiries trying to find this mysterious gothic witch, she stayed up until midnight to put together a training plan that would rapidly adjust him to the life of being a woman, all while working to get him on official documents *and* explain the absence of Caleb.

The next day, Caleb woke to find Amelia once more out of their bed - he couldn't even remember her coming *to* bed. She was up already, and when he emerged, still feeling weird about his female body and that significant absence between his legs, she was there with a pile of clothing.

"Morning sunshine!" she said. "Are you ready to learn what it's like to be a woman?"

"Um, can I have my coffee first?"

"Only after we run through shower hygiene and haircare together, *then* get you fitted with a bra. I'm going to teach you how to put on the straps right."

"Oh God, can't you do it?"

She smiled, kissed him, then patted him on the butt. "Nope! Let's get moving, big guy!"

“Definitely not a big guy anymore. I wasn’t really before either, but I *definitely* am not now.”

“Force of habit. C’mon, *schnell, schnell!* Besides, I wanna see you naked.”

They showered together for the second time since he’d turned female, and this time he was less nervous about his girlfriend seeing his body. It was weird having nipples that stiffened to look like little pink strawberries in the heat, and to have so much more hair to rinse through. Everything about his body was much too soft, and the act of cleaning between his thighs only reminded him how much had changed, and been lost.

“Just remember,” she said as she helped rinse his hair, rubbing her slender hands down to her neck rather sensually, “when it comes to soap, just be careful not to-”

“YAAARGGGHH!!!”

“-get any in your vagina. Oh dear, we’ve got a long way to go.”

It was a lesson Caleb didn’t have to learn twice, at least. Others were more difficult: putting on a bra was embarrassingly difficult, and because of his flat chest he was curious as to why he even needed one. But as the days passed he became more used to wearing them, as well as more female clothing. He wasn’t going for skirts and dresses, of course, but female pants and tops were a lot better on his figure, and surprisingly comfortable. Not that he enjoyed the lack of pockets, or the fact that he had to carry a purse around.

“This is stupid,” he said as they travelled out for the first time. “Why can’t I just have pockets?”

“Ask the women’s fashion industry in all its dark conspiracies.”

“Well, maybe it’s a sign that I shouldn’t be outside. What if someone notices me?”

“No one will, *Veronica*.”

He blushed at her teasing of his new name. To his embarrassment, he’d actually *chosen* it - it was the name his mother was going to call him when she thought he was going to be a girl, and while he’d long since banished her from his life, the name wasn’t half bad. Amelia had worked damn hard over those six days on forging a fake identity for him. She’d never done anything like it before, but she did have contacts at the university, and some money stashed away to pay some less savoury sorts to help confirm the documents that Caleb had used his own web design and programming knowledge to create. He was now Veronica Peers, Amelia’s new roommate while Caleb was ‘away travelling and finding himself.’ Nothing a bit of Caleb’s old photographs and subsequent use of Photoshop couldn’t fake away. After such a rocky, fearful start, it really seemed like it was all coming together, and the two of them would be able to keep Caleb/Veronica afloat, all while searching for this witch.

Except there was no sight of the witch. No information. Worse, search algorithms that should have helped them simply . . . stopped working. Chat Sites that were made to discuss

her presence simply scrubbed the information. Even signs around town mysteriously disappeared, and security footage from stores showed them to never be put up. Caleb was getting more and more nervous: he was starting to return to his earlier conclusion that there was no finding the witch, and that every attempt was futile. All of which meant that after a week of learning how to walk and talk like a woman, he was forced to confront the very real possibility that soon he'd have to learn how to *seduce* as a woman. He needed his life back, and if there was no other way, then he would have to do the shameful thing. The inevitable, terrible thing.

It was not the same bar as where he had been changed: Caleb wasn't ready to go back there. In fact, this bar was on the other side of town, where hopefully no one would even recognise him; not that they could, but he was scared of the possibility anyway. He had simply told Amelia that he was going out to run some errands. She had raised the subject of him having to engage in sex again before he had left, and how she could help him, but he had just mumbled some brief words of excuse about being in a hurry and left. In truth, he was already giving in to the inevitable.

The former male felt like a stranger as he entered the bar. He was wearing feminine shorts and a blouse that he hoped fit well enough. He'd briefly considered a dress, but that was simply too weird. Instead, he walked to the bar, trying to keep his movements sensible and not too feminine, and ordered a drink. A strong one, despite knowing his new body wasn't too good with alcohol tolerance anymore.

Caleb looked around the bar. There were indeed younger men there, and some older ones too. He didn't even want to think about what age limits were acceptable to him if he actually went through with this. He didn't feel aroused at all. In fact, he felt drier than the Sahara. Bad enough to be wearing a bra and panties beneath all of this than to imagine a guy stripping it off. It wasn't even that he still had his old orientation entirely - he was finding himself appreciating the male form more as a woman, that was for sure - but it didn't mean squat when it came to actually suffering the indignity of having sex.

The entire attempt was an awkward disaster. Caleb sat at the bar, looking plain as bread with no spread, quietly sipping his drink. After an awkward hour, during which the bartender tried to make idle conversation, a man finally approached.

"Hey, can I buy you a drink?"

"Already got one," he said automatically.

"Oh, well, have a nice night then!"

He walked away, and Caleb realised he'd already fucked up his chance with the guy. He probably had resting bitch face too - smiling wasn't coming naturally to him at that moment.

Things only got more disastrous the next time. A man in his early thirties - too old, Caleb thought - sat down and made idle chit chat.

"Hey, haven't seen you here before."

"Oh, I'm, uh, new here."

"What's your name?"

"Caleb. I mean, my brother's name is Caleb. I'm Veronica."

The man gave him an awkward look. "Well, Veronica, what do you do?"

"Um, programming."

"Cool. I'm an electrician. Name is John."

Caleb thrust out a hand to shake the other man's. His poise was rigid, and the other man clearly thought this odd. "Ah, nice to meet you, John. Look, I'm going to be perfectly honest, I really just need you to fuck me."

The man coughed into his drink. "What?"

"I just - it's really important. I don't need it to be fun or whatever, I just need you to fuck me and never see me again, okay? It's just an emergency. Can you do that? I don't want foreplay or whatever, I just want-"

"Yeah, look, I'm not - you have a good day now!"

Caleb walked out very quickly, blushing an extraordinary shade of red as he left. When he came home he could barely speak to Amelia he was still feeling the aftermath of all that cringeworthy 'flirting.'

Two days later he made another excuse about needing time alone and went to a frat party on his old campus. He wasn't a student anymore, but he knew the location, and even knew some of the guys. They were big, strong footballers, and they weren't exactly un-handsome. He was still grappling with whether his sexuality had changed enough for him to even *be* ready for sex, but he was so solitary, bland, and clearly desperate at the event that not even the more drunken frat bros wanted him. It was only when a less-than-average guy asked him to "check out this spare room with me, if you know what I mean," that he followed along. His heart beat rapidly, and he felt like he was going to fall out of his skin. The man closed the door to give them some privacy.

"I'm Kade," he said, smirking. "I hear you're down to fuck. Nice and casual. I like it."

"Veronica," Caleb stammered.

"Hot name. Let's see how hot you are in bed."

His lips brushed Caleb's for about half a second before he jumped back, squealing. The poor man's eyes went wide. "Woah, what the fuck?"

“Sorry! Sorry! I just can’t do this. I want to but I can’t! Sorry!”

He ran from the room, unable to breathe properly. He found a corner where he could try to control the shaking for a moment. But when a concerned man briefly put their hand on his shoulder, he flinched so obviously that one of the hot cheerleader girls approached instead. She pulled Caleb aside and asked if she was okay.

“F-fine. I just - I just really need to get fucked. I have to. But it shit terrifies me.”

Someone called her a cab, thinking she was drunk. She wished she were. She went home and cried and cried as Amelia hugged her. She must have sensed Caleb’s sensitivity in that moment, because she didn’t ask twice after he refused to explain. She just held his lithe feminised body, and let him pour his emotions out as his new hormones demanded.

It was a cold late morning the next day when Caleb wandered out of his room wearing a loose feminine shirt and shorts. His hair was done up better, though it was still too frizzy for his liking, and he was making progress on the makeup too. Amelia immediately recognised that he’d made a decision. She knew the man she loved too well.

“Caleb, I know I did a lot of preparing, but that doesn’t mean we need to get desperate yet. There’s still a lot we can do with Plan A that might pan-”

“It won’t,” he said in his feminine voice. He gestured to his lithe, female form. “I’m stuck as a woman for a year, Amelia, and there’s only one way back. I can’t see another way to do it. It’s like you said, we’ve got to be pragmatic about it.”

“Are you certain?”

He nodded. “It’s the only way. Please, Amelia, I love you so much. I wish it didn’t have to come to this. But I need your help. I - I already tried to have sex. It failed so miserably. I can’t do this alone. Please, will you help me fuck one thousand men?”

Part Three: One of One Thousand

Plan B was in effect, and that meant some serious planning on Amelia’s part. Whatever overpreparation Caleb thought she had already conducted was a mere prelude to the enormous amount of effort she put in once he had decided to take on this terrible challenge. She purchased a large whiteboard to be placed in their apartment, then another, then another, as well as various wall boards. Together, they formed a timeline, complete with goals of, as they tried to humorously put it: ‘Cocks Per Week’ or CpW. The goal was to start

with just a few, then escalate from there until Caleb was literally getting fucked four to five times a day, with rest days to give him a come down from it all.

“Better than ‘cum up’” he joked bitterly.

“Don’t worry, I’ll teach you all about protection. No pregnancy scares for you!”

He hadn’t even considered *that*, but Amelia evidently had: she’d already searched out various avenues to get men who were into pregnant women should the worst come to pass. Caleb didn’t know whether he should be horrified or impressed. In the end, he chose both.

“Well, explain what I’m doing now,” he said, looking at the astonishing charts, plans, and research she had put together.

“What *we’re* doing now,” Amelia said, kissing her boyfriend/girlfriend on the back of the neck as she held his shoulders. “I’ll be with you every step of the way - not getting, well, fucked of course, I’ve set time aside for *us* to enjoy some lesbian action instead of just the cuddling we’ve been doing lately - but I’ll be guiding you through everything, there alongside you.”

“So this is Phase One, it looks like?” Caleb said, stepping forward to point up to a high space on the whiteboard. He hated how short he was now.

“That’s it.”

He read through the various dot points:

Beautification - make up, hair, hygiene, wax

Fitness - gym pass, toned bod and muscle build, bimbo booty

Diet - avoid flab, better skin, healthier libido

“Um, you might need to walk me through this, love.”

Amelia went into full librarian-lecturer mode as she pointed at various parts of the chart and materials she had studied.

“Okay, so as I said, we’re starting slow and ramping up. I’m signing us up to a gym already, and while we focus on getting more toned and fit I’ll also teach you about beautifying yourself. I’ll also be learning since I’ve never been huge on makeup, but that’s going to change, don’t you worry.”

“Oh, I’m worrying, but continue.”

“The goal is to get you looking fitter, healthier, and hotter, but with your body that still won’t get us to your one thousand men goal in a year, I don’t think. Which is why we’ll also work on increasing your ability to flirt, to be saucy, to increase your attractiveness beyond your looks, and take on the attitude men want hot women to have.”

“Jesus, that sounds humiliating.”

“But we’ll make it empowering, love. And more than that, we’ll also work to make your body itself more attractive. I’ve got money set aside for plastic surgery if need be, and -”

“Wait, fucking surgery? Really?”

“I’ve taken the recovery time into account with the charts, don’t worry.”

“Not really my worry, love! What kind of surgery would I - oh God. No.”

She gave a sheepish grin. “Big boobs will always get men interested, love.

Remember, you’re getting your body back after this. But just put that out of your mind for now, that’s way over in Phase Four.”

“There are *four* Phases?”

“Five actually. Which doesn’t count the sixth Emergency Phase, AKA the ‘Train Phase.’”

Caleb sat down, feeling lightheaded. “This is a lot to take in.”

“I know, which is why we take things one phase at a time. It’s the whole point of phases. For now, we focus on getting fit, getting better at making ourselves looking pretty and feminine, developing that nice booty and hot legs, and getting our skin and hair looking fine. And, of course, the biggest hurdle of all: getting you laid for the first time. It’ll be hard-”

“Ha,” Caleb said, who couldn’t resist despite still feeling ill.

“Nice,” Amelia said. “But the first will be the hardest.”

“I hope not.”

“Oh, you are just the dorkiest!”

Caleb giggled, and it was a soft, cute giggle. But it faded as he realised the enormity of the task ahead of him. He couldn’t stop thinking about the inevitable: at some point, he was going to have a man’s penis *inside* of him.

The first target was a simple warmup: literally. The gym Amelia had chosen was strategically selected (another sign of her borderline insane genius and forethought) because a male acquaintance of hers from college went there, who she had on good authority was single and worked out often in frustration. It was the perfect way to test what she had taught ‘Veronica’, Caleb’s new alter-ego, without leaving an area he had been comfortable in, at least not at first. The two of them went for their usual workout, but this time they applied makeup (well, Amelia helped Caleb apply his makeup, but it had been only three weeks and he was still learning) that enhanced their features. Caleb’s was cleverly applied to make his thin lips look just a little thicker, and some subtle rosy foundation applied to give his cheeks a cute look, giving the illusion of a little more shapeliness. His eyebrows had been trimmed slightly, darkened to appear sleek and refined, while he wore fake eyelashes in order to better ‘put on the flutter’ as Amelia had said it. His hair had been styled with her help so that it had cute, curly ringlets, and treated with some special, rather expensive shampoo so that it

shined. All in all, the new female was shocked by how much just a clever application of makeup had altered his entire appearance for the better. He actually looked cute now. Not sultry or sexy of a bombshell or knockout or anything, but certainly cute, especially with a similarly done-up Amelia beside him.

“Hey Shaun!” Amelia said as they approached the man in the gym, wearing just their slim shorts and sports bras (padded, of course), “this is the girl I was telling you about. Her name is Veronica. As you can see, she’s pretty cute.”

He wasn’t half bad himself, though in a pretty run-of-the-mill way. Not an alpha bro type, at least, which made Caleb relieved. “Um, hi.”

“Hi,” he said. “I saw you around here last week. I didn’t realise how cute you were though.”

Caleb blushed from embarrassment, but it seemed to appear more like he was receiving the compliment in a cute manner. “Um, thanks. I noticed you as well. You looked really cute the whole time.”

She did the thing Amelia had taught her: biting her bottom lip and smiling mischievously. Then, she subtly brushed her hand across her bare midriff, a display that hinted at sensuality without being weird.

“Wow, that’s nice to hear! I don’t always feel it.”

He didn’t know what to say, so Amelia took up the slack. “Well, she thinks it’s true. I think you two should have a fun little date sometime. Veronica is only looking for something casual, isn’t that right Vee?”

“Oh, uh, yeah. Nothing serious, but if you’re, uh, down to clown.”

He grinned. “I might be. Do you have a phone number? I’m between relationships right now, and you’re pretty cute indeed. I’d be down for some fun with a fellow gym goer.”

“Great! Because I need that,” he said eagerly.

“You do?”

“She does,” Amelia said, helping, “she’s a real wild one, trust me. I’ll give him your number, Vee. You get to exercising, *like we practised.*”

Caleb got the signal, and immediately began exercising on equipment near Shaun, making sure to make light, cooing noises as he moved the weights, and sticking his butt out as he worked his thighs. He didn’t have much of a butt, of course, but impressions could be altered with the right posture, as Amelia had shown him well.

When they left, Amelia was buzzing. “That went super well! I bet he’s a lock! And we have a week to get you ready for it all.”

Caleb cringed. “By which point I’ll have been a girl for a month. So much lost time.”

“We’ll catch up.”

“I don’t even know if I’m ready to have sex with a man, Amelia. It still feels . . . weird.”

But to his surprise, his loving girlfriend just pulled him into a warm embrace and locked her lips over his - a little dangerous, given they were right outside the gym. When they parted, Caleb felt that strange feminine arousal come over him again: his nipples were yearning to be touched, stiffening with arousal. And his vagina was moist, a feeling that was becoming more common.

“Don’t worry, my love. That’s the most important part of Phase Two.”

“We haven’t finished Phase One!”

“They overlap a little, like a venn diagram. And Phase Two is all about getting you ready to have sex with a man, by finally having some much, *much* needed sex with me.”

Caleb smirked. “Okay, that I can get behind.”

“Ohhhhhh, that f-feels so fucking w-weird!”

“But you like it right?”

“Mmhhh - no! Well, yes! God, yes! Fuck! Sorry about the swearing.”

“Swear as much as you want during, dear, it’s pretty hot, especially with that new voice of yours. You’ll need to moan like a total whore too, to snag men like we need you to. And trust me, they can make you feel *this* as well.”

She rubbed Caleb’s clit in just the right way to make the former male moan in utter ecstasy. They were on their apartment bed, and both of them were naked. Caleb had been nervous for his first sexual experience, but all that fear had melted away the moment his girlfriend had straddled his feminised form and begun licking his nipples, sucking on them until the little bolts of pleasure that shot through his form elicited a series of sensual moans from him. But that had paled in comparison to the moment she had lowered her slender hands down to Caleb’s pussy, now wet with arousal, and began to expertly tease at its sensitive folds.

“This - f-feels even stronger!” Caleb said, seizing. He tried to keep his face level, but Amelia only laughed in a sort of sighing frustration.

“Love! Stop fighting it! Lose yourself in pleasure. You don’t try to hold back when you fuck me, so why hold back now? Embrace it - you’ll have to when the time comes. And it’s time you learned how to enjoy being a woman.”

She placed two fingers into her pussy, stroking at the nerves within her passage. Caleb tried to resist again, but this time he decided to listen to his lover, and he gave himself over fully. A good thing too, because it was enough to bring him his first full orgasm.

“OOHH! OH!! Shit! OH GOD! Amelia, I - NNGHH!! MMMPHH!!!”

It was unbelievable. It was not necessarily better than a male orgasm, but it was different. It had a longer build, and lasted longer too. And it did not concentrate in one place, but extended across his entire body. For the first time, he actually *felt* like a woman, and was not ashamed of it.

“Oh God,” he said one final time, before the orgasm ended. Amelia kissed him, snuggled up against him, taking the role of the big spoon. She played with his hair, and that too made Caleb moan in a kind of contented relief.

“Mhmm, that wasn’t t-too bad actually.”

“See? There are benefits to being a woman. And you’ll enjoy them with Shaun, when the time comes. But now, even as we continue the lessons - and booty making,” - she slapped his ass lightly - “of Phase One, we continue to Phase Two: teaching you how to have sex, and learn to *love it*.”

This time, Caleb found he wasn’t too nervous. In fact, he was rather excited.

Amelia, saint that she was, took some leave from her work and began studying remotely from their apartment. It was necessary, after all; she had much to teach her boyfriend about female pleasure, and it was going to be a compressed semester of lovemaking. Over the following week, Caleb was ‘subjected’ to the unbelievable feelings of having his girlfriend eat him out, licking at his pussy until he squeezed her head with his thighs, gripped her hair lightly, and begged for mercy from the unbearable pleasure.

“Now imagine I’m a man,” Amelia said, “taking you in a manly fashion. I know you can enjoy it, my love. Close your eyes and imagine I’m Shaun.”

She returned to licking his needy pussy, and he imagined exactly that. It was difficult, but when she locked the image in her mind she was indeed still able to find it arousing. The same was true when they tried scissoring, rubbing their sensitive parts together, stroking them with their fingers. Caleb had always prided himself on getting his nerdy girlfriend off to the point that she sounded like a porn star in bed, but now the same was true of him as well: his voice was truly ecstatic.

But then the true hurdle came, when Amelia returned home with several dildos of varying sizes, lengths, and even a vibrator.”

“Wow, how much did that cost?” he remarked, looking at all the daunting features it had. Amelia just blushed.

“Well, let’s just say I forgot a while back. What? You still masturbate from time to time!”

“Not as a woman.”

“Shame,” she said, taking the vibrator. “You’re really missing out. Let me show you exactly how much.”

After a lovely makeout session during which she once again played with his small, yet sensitive tits, Amelia instructed Caleb to lie back.

“You’re not Caleb at the moment,” she assured him. “You’re not my big dorky boyfriend. You’re my hot, slutty girlfriend Veronica. She loved having a big, thick dick inside her. It turns her on.”

“It really doesn’t.”

“Oh, it totally will when I’m through with you. Imagine Shaun again, because he’d about to thrust into you, my love, and trust me, you’re going to enjoy it. Let me make you feel how *you* make *me* feel.”

Caleb spread his legs instinctively, and Amelia inserted the vibrator. It was huge, much bigger than he imagined it would feel. There was a slight resistance - they’d already torn his hymen during earlier experimentation, but it was just a little sore there. Soon the soreness was banished, however, replaced by the delirious pleasure of being filled. Of being *parted*. Caleb - no, *Veronica* - gave a soft whimper.

“Ohhhhhh, d-different. Not b-bad! Just d-different!”

“And . . . voila!”

Amelia turned on the vibrator, and that was when Caleb/Veronica truly lost it. The former man began to moan, *her* body shaking as the vibrator stimulated every nerve in his pussy, sending shocks of bliss through his form. Her shoulders shook, causing her little boobies to bounce. It was heaven.

“I c-could g-get used to this!” she moaned.

“Good, because you will. I’ve got a lot of dildos for you to ‘try on for size.’”

They ended up making a game of it, taking water breaks and watching their favourite episodes of *Star Trek*. Amelia encouraged him to be open about his fantasies beyond her, and describe the women *and* men he found attractive in their various shows. They binged superhero movies with his favourite actresses, but his gaze now lingered upon the actors too, and when that happened, he felt more Veronica than Caleb. Amelia would rub and caress *her* body, and then Veronica was fully in the new woman’s mind as they made out. She would close her eyes, and then the gigantic dildo would be inserted.

Veronica was no longer afraid to moan and cry out as loud as she wanted to. The sensations of being filled were just too great, after all. It was even better when, the day before she was due to meet up with Shaun, Caleb was surprised by his girlfriend coming home with a strap-on.

“You know, I think I’m going to have fun with this,” she declared. “Now I may not have changed, but I really do get to play the man.”

That she did: she made Caleb - back in full 'Veronica Mode', as they called it - lie on *her* back and spread her legs. Amelia made out with her, caressing her form, until finally using the strap-on to thrust into her just like a man would. Like Shaun would. As strange as it felt to be so totally submissive, to be so penetrated by another, Veronica couldn't help but smile and giggle and cry out when she finally orgasmed.

"That's my girl," Amelia said, proud to have succeeded. "I think you're ready. But just in case, wanna go another round?"

Veronica - now feeling more like Caleb again - held up his hand. "Just give me twenty," he said. "This time I'll try to do a little more than just lie there feeling overwhelmed."

"Try scratching my back or squeezing me with your thighs. I know you loved it when I did that to you."

It was sound advice. Half an hour later, he tried it to great success.

Shaun was impressionable, and fairly open about just wanting a quick fuck. He was buff, and nice, and clearly had a passion for fitness. A good thing too: he didn't really have much going on upstairs, which was fine by Veronica. And she *was* Veronica now, adopting a female mind as much as she could in order to seduce this man back to their apartment. He pulled up at the driveway to their place, and she focused on catching her breath.

"I can do this. First one will be the hardest."

"I'll be right with you, my love."

"Except for that hard part."

Amelia shook her head as she squeezed Veronica's palm. "Oh no. How do you think I managed to put this off for a week and still have him on the hook. Shaun here is down for a *threesome*. What, you didn't think I'd leave you by yourself during your first time, did you?"

Veronica fell right back to being Caleb again, and was utterly flummoxed. "Oh God, you're serious. Wait, really?"

She nodded, blushing. "I figure we're in this together, right? And this way, I can lead a little, and you can learn - I mean, we're both learning, I'm no femme fatale - but this could be the start, right?"

It was so strange, but Caleb had never loved his girlfriend more in that moment. To know that she was willing to put herself out there and also sleep with men, all to help rescue him from his feminised body, all to be there *for* him . . . it was the ultimate act of trust.

"I love you," he said. They kissed just as Shaun got out of the car.

"Wow, was that a real kiss, or to turn me on?" the guy asked with an easy smile.

“Why not both?” Amelia asked. “Come on in, hot guy. Shall we get down to business?”

“I don’t see why not.” He flexed a little, showing off his muscular form, and this time Caleb’s mental switch to Veronica was near instantaneous. She bit her lower lip, but this time she wasn’t affecting anything. Holy crap, after all those sex sessions, it was like something had unlocked within her: how had she not noticed how fucking muscly he was? And how manly his jawline was? God, the dude may be a bit of a himbo, but he had it *going on!*

“Holy shit, he’s attractive.”

“Oh yeah,” Amelia whispered as Shaun stepped through to their apartment, “those hormones are finally kicking in. See his bulge?”

“Yeah, I notice it. Goddamn, I mean, I thought I was just looking during workouts because it was . . . big.”

“Big, and hypnotic. Don’t worry, I aim to see your bulge again someday. But for now, let’s be Amelia and Veronica, hot nerds looking for a good time.”

They took him to the bedroom. It was clear that for all his cavalier attitude, that Shaun was far too nice and considerate a guy to really have done this before. He was clearly interested, but nervous himself. It made sense: it *was* Amelia’s idea, after all.

“Uh, I gotta be honest. I’m pretty excited for this, but I don’t really have any idea what I’m - MMPHM!!”

Veronica gasped. Right before her eyes, Amelia took the initiative, going straight up to Shaun and macking on him, *hard*. He kissed back after momentary confusion, and then it was game on as far as those two were concerned. Amelia began to tug his clothes off, and he hers, and it was like watching a porno in action. The former male actually found herself getting turned on by the sight - and even strange, feeling a little *jealous* at the sight too.

“C’mon! Hop in!” Amelia urged, giving her a look that basically said ‘*I’m not taking his dick, remember. You are!*’

At that urging Veronica moved forward, still nervous, yet oddly excited. Shaun’s dick was huge once released, far bigger than his own had been before, and it was getting rock hard the more Amelia played with it. She recognised the technique too: Amelia had done that for Caleb often. She was one horny woman between the sheets, and he had matched her efforts. Now it was time to combine forces. *That* thought made the whole scenario hotter, and more palatable too.

“Okay, here. I. Go.”

She pulled off her top, undid her bra in quick succession also. She pulled down her panties, leaving herself naked. It was anticlimactic - Amelia had taught her to let the guy

unwrap her as he'd like that more - but she rallied, using that eagerness to press her chest against his side and moan softly in his ear while he kissed Amelia.

"Forgetting someone," she said, as sultry as possible, "I'm the one who wants you to stick that big, thick, dick of yours inside me while my girlfriend plays with you."

To her own astonishment, and Amelia's, she actually pushed her girlfriend's hand away, and began to stroke Shaun's big cock. It felt wonderful to the touch, and far nicer than the dildos she'd practised this on. Shaun groaned.

"Holy crap, this is amazing. Where do you want me?"

"On me," Veronica said. "I want you to, uh, rub my pussy until it's wet, then jam that right up me. Got it?"

It wasn't the sexiest line, but Amelia was licking his ear, groping his firm butt, and the sight of both their forms clearly turned him on as much as Veronica was. He grabbed her body and lowered her to the bed, and that masculine strength alone was getting her engine revving. He rubbed her clit just as she demanded of him, and while he wasn't as expert as Amelia, he'd clearly done this before, because she began to writhe and moan like a whore in heat. Amelia rubbed his cock, keeping him hard as this happened, and occasionally made him suck on her nipples. And after some of this exhilarating, continually shifting foreplay, Veronica was wet enough to receive him. That was good, she told herself. She'd already been fucked with a strap-on. This was the same.

She was wrong, of course.

It was better.

His dick slid into her, and her moist depths accepted him hungrily, clamping down upon him so that he stimulated every nerve. He thrust ed eagerly - perhaps a bit too much so, focused on his own pleasure - but it was wonderful nonetheless.

"Ohhhhh! Yesss . . . g-good! I can d-deal with this."

"You're on the pill, right?"

She nodded eagerly. She was definitely being careful about *that*.

"Yes. H-have to b-be. Ahhhh! F-fuck me! Don't stop! I can do this! Look at m-me, Amelia, I'm actually d-doing this! It f-feels good!"

"I'm glad, sexy," she said. She had laid down beside her and was kissing Shaun's lips, letting him lick her nipples. But the actual fucking was purely between those two, just how it was planned. Shaun thrust and thrust, pumping in and out of her, and Veronica became lost in the feeling of it all. She clutched his body, scraping her manicured nails across his back, a recent addition to her repertoire. She squeezed him with his thighs, and all too soon - surprisingly for her tastes - he exploded within her.

"Y-yes!" he moaned, shooting wad after sticky wad into her.

And then it was done. Veronica sighed happily, laying her head back down. Shaun and Amelia finished up while she lay back, soaking in the miasma of pleasure, and soon Amelia cried out in orgasm too.

The rest was a blur. Amelia took care of it. She helped Shaun get dressed again after a shower, and he lay with them for a moment. She said some words, she couldn't remember what, and after a time he thanked them profusely, clearly feeling like it all went well but it was his time to leave. Afterwards, the couple lay there. Amelia stroked Veronica's cheek, clearly concerned.

"Everything okay, love? Was the first time alright?"

"It was . . . magnificent," she said, turning to Amelia. "Terrifying, like a rollercoaster, but with you there, encouraging me, it was amazing. Love, I don't know if I can do this, but I'm going to give it a try. I think we might have a real chance."

Amelia grinned, kissing her lover. "Then let's start thinking about Phase Three."

"Phase Three?"

"Oh yeah. It's time to bimbo it up together."

Part Four: Bimbo Lifestyling

'Bimboing it up', as Phase Three was actually called, was the most extreme development so far, and one that would go on to stretch for the rest of the year. For the pair of them - they were in this together, after all - this meant doing everything to cultivate sexy, bubbly personalities that would make men know *exactly* what they were after, and what those men were in for. If they could appear like sex-starved sluts while clubbing, partying, and generally advertising their bodies, then it would bring all the more men in to fuck Veronica. And two minds and bodies were better than one, so Amelia could help pull in those that were excited for threesomes as well, or even work to 'get them ready' to fuck Veronica if the former male needed several dicks in a day. Which she would, in order to make up for lost time.

They watched videos from pornos. They studied the mannerisms of famous supermodels and hot social media influencers. They watched tapes of valley girl types. They continued to modify their body movements, allowing their hips to look a lot more impressive by sashaying them with greater emphasis, and thrusting out their chests. They approached this task with all the nerdy, geeky, dorky intelligence they could muster, which was a hell of a lot. Even as they worked to become increasingly known as cock-hungry bimbos across town, their minds had not changed beyond Veronica's new bisexual orientation, and they were able to approach bimbo hood with an almost clinical brilliance.

Which is not to say they simply threw themselves into it. Amelia had always been the more ambitious of the pair, and she proved it with the sheer devotion to which she helped shape this plan, a plan that Caleb/Veronica was increasingly adding to, mind. But even she had her hesitations, her stressful evenings, and moments where Caleb had to console her and thank her for all she was doing. He helped adjust her planning so it wasn't so extreme. It was a risk: ramping up more slowly meant that by the end of the year, there might be days where Caleb had to sleep with nearly ten men a day with just one 'break day' a week, if any. But it was necessary for their sanity: they were radically transforming themselves, their personas, and even their bodies, and some caution was warranted.

But the sex was happening.

Not every night was successful, but with their propositions of threesomes and fun escapades, the beautified pair were able to look quite cute and appealing, especially as they worked hard to get their booties nice and firm and big with their new diets. Most of the time, the pair would dance up against a guy at a nightclub, or flirt with someone who looked desperate for a date. Amelia would take the lead, being more confident, and she would offer a threesome, or a 'warm up' from her. This was important: not only did it help Caleb-as-Veronica become more accustomed to sex through gradual submersion therapy, but it also meant the act could be quicker.

"You're sure you're okay with giving guys a blowjob?" he asked her one day as they headed to a notoriously raunchy club.

"I am," she said. "I mean, I never would have imagined saying that a couple of months ago, but if it helps you, it helps me. Besides, if you can have fun with a bit of cock, why can't I?"

Caleb groaned. "God, I *knew* I should have covered up the orgasms Shaun gave me."

"Yeah, and the ones that Daniel dude gave you. And that other Caleb."

"Ugh, don't remind me. I am not a fan of the fact that I got railed by a dude that shares my real name."

"That's not your real name now, though, is it? Remember, you are Veronica. A cute, sexy, flirty, cock-hungry slut of a bimbo. And I'm your best friend and lover, and together we just can't wait to get fucked. Right?"

Caleb became Veronica, mentally adjusting the persona onto herself. She flattened her dress, the one that revealed far too much of her thighs and was bright pink in colouration. Her hair was styled curvy, her makeup thick but not clownish, and she wore high heels that she still stumbled in occasionally, but was getting more used to. The tattoo on her arm that depicted a man holding a naked woman just carefully enough to not be *too* lewd still stung a little. It had been suggested by herself, actually, after researching popular models

and the like on the internet. Guys got an impression of women like that. In fact, once they had a bit more money, the plan was to get more tattoos. Perhaps even matching butterfly 'tramp stamps.' For now, though, it was all about practicing that bimbo walk and that bimbo talk.

Veronica took a deep breath, emphasising her meagre chest that had been stuffed just a little to look a wee bit bigger. "Okay, let's do this. I mean: *'Like, let's do this, bitch!'*"

"That's the spirit, you hottie!"

They entered the club, stepping confidently on their high heels so that their asses swayed from side to side in a sensual manner. They affected almost comically feminine stances: chests thrust out, hands on hips or brushing across their chests whenever they pretended to be distracted by something, and visibly licking their lips and smirking at various men in the club. Most were around their age, which was a good thing, because the dance floor was where they were headed.

"Remember, we don't have to *get* tipsy, but acting like it is good."

"I, like, totes know what you mean," Veronica replied. She giggled at how good her own impression was. "Besides, I've already got a target, but I'll need your help. I think that cute - I mean, that well-muscled man over there is looking our way."

Amelia spotted him across the dance floor moving towards them. He was indeed handsome, of course, but Veronica was doing her best to slowly accept her attraction to men.

"Let's bag him and tag him," she said. "Initiate plan: pincer move."

"I love a good pincer move."

The pincer move was exactly what it sounded like: first Amelia would approach and begin flirting, commenting on how cute the man was and getting quite touchy-feeling with him, fluttering her now extended eyelashes and dancing up against him. Then, after a few moments of gauging his interest, she would secretly motion for Veronica to approach, at which point *she* would act the part of the playfully interested part.

"Amelia! You totally didn't tell me you'd found such a hot hunk! Were you planning to steal him all for yourself? You know I'm really, really hungry for cock tonight."

At which point, as happened at that very moment, the man's eyes widened, looking back at Veronica. "Wow, there's two of you!"

"We're, like, best friends," Amelia said, twirling her hair around her finger.

"Really, *really* close friends who love having guys around, if you know what I mean. But my buddy here was trying to hog you, even though all the boys says I'm better at fucking them than her, and she's already soooo good."

Amelia laughed. Giggled, more like, and in doing so lowered the man's hand. "Mhmm, she's right, but I'm so good at warming them up. What do you think, cutie? Would you like us to warm *you* up?"

The man chuckled nervously, as if he couldn't believe his luck. "Fuck yeah," he said. "Shall we go back to-"

"The area out back! What a great idea!" Amelia said. "It'll be sooo naughty."

Thankfully, the man didn't take much convincing. They needed to prowl for more than one cock tonight, so travelling back and forth just for one sexual encounter wasn't worth it. Minutes later the pair were all over this man, kissing and nibbling and stroking him. Though it was humiliating still, Veronica couldn't deny that finding men attractive was a huge boon to the act. At times, Amelia had to take her hand and adjust it, or place it in a new position: at their shared lover's ass, or to caress his hairy balls, or simply to stroke him off while she did other things.

"Mmhm," Amelia moaned, beginning to unbuckle his pants. "Before you fuck my friends, which'll be soooooo hot, can you tell me your name?"

"Oh, yeah. I'm Dustin."

"Mhmm, Dustin, such a hot name. I bet you have a hot last name, right?"

"Uh, sure."

"Mhmm, what is it? It turns me on so much to know who I'm fucking."

The man gave her a funny look, but at that moment Veronica began pulling up her dress and pulling down her panties, entering his grip so that he could hoist her up to fuck her against the wall. It was a new position for her, but one that was strangely erotic. Exciting, even.

"Dustin Hayworth," he grunted as he lifted her.

"So hot," Veronica said. "Now f-fuck me. I need it sooooo baaaad."

"Yeah you do," he said, grinning and probably thinking that it was a sexy line. He positioned his cock at her entrance, and then after an initial push, he slid right in. Veronica moaned, and Amelia moaned, and he moaned, and soon all of them were making very sexual sounds as Veronica was fucked senseless, held against the wall. Amelia kissed and touched him from behind, even caressing his balls to make the act go quicker.

Thankfully, it wasn't so quick that Veronica didn't whine in a high, thin voice as she orgasms powerfully. She held onto him, crying out.

"S-s-s-SIX! That's SIX!!!"

Dustin didn't seem to even care what she was going on about, or perhaps thought he'd somehow given her six orgasms. Regardless, he came inside her, grunting like a great bear in her ear, something which was enough to turn her on again to orgasm one final time.

The pair cleaned up with alarming quickness.

“Holy fuck, that was hot,” Dustin said. “Did you two want to go another round or-”

“Sorry, a one-time thing,” Amelia said. “But that was a lot of fun and-”

But just then, Veronica thought of something. She strode forward and kissed him deeply on the lips, pressing her body against him. It wasn't all bad, in her estimation. “Sure, we can do it again, but me and my friend are, like, soooo into hitting a record at the moment. We want to get fucked by, like, literally a heap of guys, so we can get better and better at sex. If you can, like, tell your hot hunky friends about us, that'd be great. If we get five people who fuck us who all say that Dustin Hayworth sent them, then we'll totally show you a time you can't even imagine.”

His eyebrows raised. “Holy shit, you two are something else. But who are you? How can they find you?”

“Oh, we're at clubs all the time, every night. She's Tiffany and I'm Veronica. We're putting up a Youtube channel by the same name. Don't forget that: Tiffany and Veronica.”

“I won't. Five more dudes, huh? I can just about manage that.”

He headed off, leaving Amelia to grin like an insane person at Veronica. “Vee, that was fucking brilliant! I never thought of that! It's like a five-for-one deal. Obviously, that'll become hard to deal with down the line and may need to change, but that's massive. But did you just sign us up for a Youtube account?”

Veronica blushed as she finished cleaning the pearly white fluid on her thigh. “Um, yeah, I guess. I know you suggested once that we could use social media to get our reputations going. I mean, how else are we going to get enough money for surgery?”

Amelia hugged her girlfriend, and the two shared a long kiss.

“You're amazing, honey. You really are going all in on this. I'm proud of you.”

“Thanks,” she said, “that means a lot. You're cool with it?”

“Cool with it? I'm already brimming with ideas for it! Phase Three is officially Social Media Sensation phase. We'll arrange our whole presence around two 'plain' girls becoming hot sluts, and that marketing will also help us alter our bodies in the way we need them.”

“That's great, actually. We can use the data from subscribers to even launch other content and inform us of the best way to gain attention for my, er, 'quota.’”

“It's brilliant! I'm so turned on by your big dorky brain. Let's celebrate by finding at least two, maybe three more men tonight. I want my hot bimbofied girlfriend to be walking home like she got fucked by a train.”

“You're a little into this, Amelia.”

But they kissed again anyway, and then were back on the dance floor, their intelligent minds hidden behind their bimbo facades, hunting for more 'prey.'

The accounts were created, the channel established, and their images uploaded. At first, there was just a trickle of notice from the internet. After all, who were Tiffany and Veronica? Just a weird pair of girls who weren't nearly as attractive as others online with far more 'prominent' features. But slowly, their views went up, and as stories of their sexual antics in the city mounted, and their deliberately provocative video titles and goal statements continued to grab attention, they became more and more well known. Their channel was literally called *One Thousand Guys*, and they were very open about their goal, albeit without providing the witch aspect as backstory. Nothing more on the search algorithms had turned up: some magic force always caused them to collapse. But Amelia and Caleb were beyond focusing too much on that: their internet presence was taking off, and it was only helping their goal.

"I literally can't believe this," Caleb said, looking at their growing subscriber account. "We've actually reached the point where we're making money from this."

"Nice use of the word 'literally', honey," Amelia teased, kissing him on the cheek as she snuggled against him on the couch. "You almost sound like 'Veronica' there."

He chuckled, and it was a chuckle he was used to by now.

"I guess so. It's just so wild. I am still nervous about it, Amelia. Especially with how it will affect you. I'll turn back, but you probably won't."

"Hey, I'm surprisingly enjoying myself. Maybe it's the taboo, maybe it's the spreadsheets, maybe it's just being able to finally go ahead and self-express with my body. Maybe it's the potential earnings, because hot damn, we just got another three subscribers!"

He chuckled again. He leaned against his girlfriend, sighing in a soft, girlish way. Since that successful first sex with Shaun, he had been more able to handle his femininity, his body, and his pussy's need for cock. It was reaching the point where it wasn't just a chore, or something to be embarrassed about, or a dreaded task that just *happened to end* in explosive pleasure. Now, in fact, he rather looked forward to it. Extremely so, in fact. But the actual establishment of a Youtube channel, shared Instagram page, Reddit fan page, Twitter account, and even - shudder! - an OnlyFans for horny men to sign up to, that had been another hurdle to leap over, and one that somehow seemed even more confronting and potentially embarrassing than getting fucked by a line of men. After all, that was only word-of-mouth, and after just two months (four months since being cursed) he'd already successfully been fucked by one hundred and twenty men.

But it wasn't enough of course. Not even his word-of-mouth plan had been enough, though it had helped. Some nights were also a complete wash, and several men he'd slept with were more insistent about it actually being in a bed, or at someone's place, which made the whole process slower. Let alone the issues with what she called the 'sloppy seconds' -

men she'd already slept with coming back for more, especially if they'd met their own quota of bringing five men to her.

So in that sense, becoming E-girls had only made sense. It allowed them to establish a more popular following and presence, made money off of their strange quest to get Veronica laid with one thousand men, and most of all were able to draw local men and those across state (and even across state lines) to them in order to fuck. And more than that, it gave them advice and statistics and data from potentially thousands of thirsty men and transformation fetishists who could give them advice on what they wanted to see.

Of course, the advice was nearly uniform.

"Jesus, everyone wants us to have bigger tits. We can't escape this, honey."

Amelia gave him a sympathetic sigh. "It'll probably help in the long run if we just go for it."

"Can we even afford it? I mean, I'm not totally onboard with whatever phase we're up to-"

"I won't lie, they did blend together much more than I initially planned."

"-but given we're four months in, and I'm so far behind, would it be wise to have an elective cosmetic surgery with a recovery time."

"That's the risk honey, but look at these views: on Youtube, on Twitter, on our Twitch stream-"

"I can't believe people literally just paid to watch us play *Tag Teamer* together."

"Well, we were dressed super slutty and made out halfway through. Anyway, on all these revenue streams, the one constant thing everyone keeps demanding of us in our 'bimbo journey' is to get some tits. And there's only so much our pushup bras can do."

Caleb nodded. "You're right. But we'll still have to save up for it. I don't expect you to go through the same-"

"Oh no, don't do that, hot stuff. I'm not letting my boyfriend becoming a hot that e-girl geek streamer with big titties before I do! That's just not fair."

"Well, it's not like we've really gone all in on this Insta stuff. It's just a few photos. The OnlyFans we have barely has any subscribers, and we've only done one Twitch stream. So, and I hate that I'm saying this, but we might have to go all in. In a big way."

Amelia grinned. "Do I hear the beginnings of another spreadsheet? Videos posted per week? Tiered patronages with rewards? Ads for our OnlyFans on multiple content platforms?"

Caleb laughed. "God, the things I talk us into. You really are excited about this."

"Mm-hmm. I've always thought it would be really cool to be a content creator. I mean, I thought I'd be making video essays about *Star Trek's* treatment of Deanna Troi's character, but . . . holy shit. I've just realised something."

“Oh no. Why do I have the feeling you’re about to suggest we get into sexy cosplay.”

“Sexy cosplay! Fuck yes!”

The former man groaned. “Well, so long as you dress up as a sexy Wonder Woman, I’m game.”

“Deal. Actually, hey, do you want to watch the movie again?”

“Hell yeah. We may be acting bimbos, but we’re still nerds.”

She kissed him, then gave him a light-hearted fist-bump. “Total nerds. Which reminds me, the new *Heartblood* game is out too. We should ‘totes’ play it on a stream.”

“I’m starting to think this could be actually fun. Even if we have to, you know, do some modelling.”

Amelia laughed. “Oh, trust me, there’s going to be a *lot* of modelling. I’m already looking into professional photographers.”

“Nerd.”

“Dork.”

Part Five: New Strategies

By the mid-point of the year, the pair had fully thrown themselves into the bimbo e-girl business. As always, Amelia took the initiative, but Caleb wasn’t far behind, and his - or her - ideas were increasingly incorporated into their plans. It was easier and easier to simply think of himself/herself as Veronica, given how much she utilised the persona, and how much she contributed with her own ideas of femininity, something which made her loving girlfriend proud and oddly turned on at the same time. She may have become a woman, but it hadn’t stopped their love one iota, and they still kept time aside for each other so they could cuddle like the teddy bears they really were. And discuss their favourite anime and movies and theories about upcoming video games while they snuggled in bed.

The Phases had been reworked into a series of overlapping charts, with the understanding that each Phase would be continuous, rather than supplanted by the next one. Therefore, they continued to hit the gym together, working on making their booties ever more impressive - and they *were* impressive by this point - as well as keeping their bodies ever more fit and toned. The pair had regular skincare treatments, sexy manicures and pedicures, and lounged on the beach in revealing bikinis. They practised their bimbo personas, giggling and laughing and using their increasingly memorable and believable voices, moving in ways that would make a porn star blush when needed. And their physical affection was off the charts, though they made sure everyone and their fathers knew that

they were *very* interested in boys giving them a good time. These outings functioned, effectively, as their loving dates, as well as an advertisement and content for their online material. Their saucier photos were uploaded to their OnlyFans, which often had the pair of them either naked, mostly naked or one naked and the other not, often in quite sexual positions, flirting with the unseen viewer. They even organised a sexy calendar with them in holiday-themed costumes for people to buy. They sold surprisingly well.

The cosplay idea was what really took them off, however. What started as a random conversational suggestion suddenly threw them into the internet spotlight. They were, after all, quite big nerds, and so both of them had a lot of experience working with costumes when the pair of them went to Comic-Con. It had never been the centre of their lives, but they had done well enough dressing up as a kind of nerdy Batgirl and Batman, and the like. Well, now they put those skills to the test in a big way. Instead of the more covered up heroes and villains, they were the leather-costumed Catwoman and scantily clad Poison Ivy. The flirty Harley Quinn and the short-skirted Mary Marvel. Black Widow with her cleavage, and even a painted She-Hulk with her hot female abs on display.

Soon, their OnlyFans was going off big-time, as thousands of nerds were willing to pay to see their favourite characters in more compromising positions.

“We should do Phantom Girl and Black Canary,” Amelia suggested behind the scenes.

“I think we’ve done too many DC heroes,” Veronica replied. “It’s time to branch out. We should do *Star Trek*, and maybe some *Star Wars*.”

“Hmm, good point. Tight costumes. ‘Captain, please come rescue me!’”

“I’ll have to beam down first . . . into your panties!”

But while they were seeing increasing success in their bimbofication process, including getting more tattoos down their arms with the extra money, and even some filler to give them those full, luscious, hottie lips, the central goal had not changed at all. They were obsessively making themselves looking sluttier and sluttier in pursuit of getting Veronica ‘serviced’ by multiple men a day. The nightclub trawling was much more successful, but the truly revolutionary change came when Amelia suggested they rent a separate place purely for fucking, and transition away from being the hunters on the prowl for sex, and started being the spiders who brought the flies back to their web. Their sexy web.

It wasn’t cheap, but the *Star Trek* erotic cosplay exclusive content on their OnlyFans was enough to get more horny nerds buying up what they were putting down, and so they were able to find a cute space across town with thick walls so as not to disturb the neighbours. Both celebrated by getting their hair dyed an incredible platinum blonde, and purchasing even skimpier clothing. It was expensive to be a total slut, but it was also paying more bills than it was giving them. From that point, they worked steadily to produce content

within that space, all while seeking out men via private DMs, dating apps, Tinder, BuddyFuck, popular sites and various other forms of messenger. In doing so, they got the men to visit them, and a pattern soon began to form in their process, a smooth conveyor belt of lust, sex, penetration and orgasm.

Amelia would get them going, of course. Veronica badly needed to catch up on her 'fuck quota', but expecting her to do foreplay all day AND get fucked AND cuddle afterwards was simply too much. Amelia, with her slightly darker shade of hair, would introduce men to their 'fuckstation,' taking off their clothing and licking their muscles, stroking and even sucking them off but never (well, there was the occasional understandable slip up) making them cum. From there, she would practically drag them to the 'inner sanctum,' as they called it, taking them to bed so both women could caress and lick and suck and feel the man, at which point they could do their excited part to add to the quota.

To say that Veronica ended the day a little bow-legged and having trouble walking would be highly accurate. She was sometimes taking up to eight dicks a day before their rest day on Sunday, and even then when the situation called for it they could go clubbing, on the off chance she was feeling hydrated enough to get fucked from behind behind a club.

One morning, after a particularly long fuck-session with two twin men - a full-on foursome! - Amelia was putting on her slutty makeup and adjusting her skirt so it was even shorter. Her tight thong showed between her legs, she actually mentioned how impressed she was with Veronica. "You're doing so amazing. Yesterday you had sex with seven guys, Vee. Seven! And five of those were new ones. That's five more!"

"S-still a lot to catch up," Veronica grunted. She'd taken a big pounding from both brothers straight after another, and felt like she still had some of their cum inside her. It wasn't the worst feeling, but by God she felt like she'd been fucked. She need time to rest before the next scheduled guy made him ride her: he'd messaged his request ahead of time, as most of them did now.

"But we *are* catching up. Maybe not as fast as we need to, but the curve is helping! That Brazilian wax really helped, didn't it? Guys go crazy for how smooth our bodies are now."

"Ow, don't remind me of that awful experience. At least getting fucked by dudes feels nice on my cooch, even if I'm a little sore. That was just not fun at all."

"Well, my gorgeous teddy bear of a nerd, you could have fooled me. You have done so well with this. I can't believe how far we've come, and how good you are at putting on that bimbo persona. You've got *them* fooled, that's for sure."

Veronica smiled. "It's easy when you start thinking of yourself as a woman, I guess. Do you realise you don't call me Caleb very often?"

"Oh, shit. I - I didn't realise that-"

She waved her girlfriend down. "It's okay, it's okay. I don't think of *myself* as much of a man. I think in female pronouns, think in terms of what will make my female body look good, and I don't just dream about you, but you *and* hot men. I've got a female brain, at least for now. It's been programmed by all this stuff we've been doing, but I don't think it's a bad thing. It's like a mindmeld, y'know? I'm getting the information I need."

"That must be pretty strange, though, having your entire brain convert itself around this massive body change. I wonder sometimes if maybe I shouldn't have pushed you into this so much."

But Veronica just smiled. "Amelia, your absolute dorkery, your librarian archivist genius in organising all of this has turned it from something tortuous and humiliating to something actually exciting. I'm not joking. Your spreadsheets, your trackers, all the ways in which you work to get us truly towards that one thousand goal: you've taken a horrible situation and brought us closer than ever."

"Aww, you're still such a sweetie pie."

"I know. But I better put on my 'hot hoe' face, because I think I hear a doorbell."

Amelia moved to leave the room. "I'll get it. These guys are paying - I know that makes us technically prostitutes but-

"It's worth it," Veronica replied. "I'll have the fun sex *and* get paid, thank you very much. We've got some big fake tits to buy, right?"

Another giggle, and the next set of men were introduced. Veronica masturbated in the room, getting herself wet in preparation. It didn't take much effort these days. She and Amelia had high libidos, and the thought of getting a big thick cock into her was actively arousing these days. There was too much to enjoy in the sensation of being filled, of crying out as she was penetrated, and of begging for more while saying things like "yeah baby, fill me up, I want your cum in me!"

She was particularly good at that last part, overactor that she was. And so she got to experience it again mere minutes later when not just two but *three* men were brought in to run a train on her. Her eyes widened in shock - Amelia's own expression briefly hinted at her surprise, they must have brought a friend with them.

"H-hello boys," she said, waving nervously. "I'd n-never had three in a row before."

"You're not up for that?" one said. "Your reputation is that you're big into cocks."

"Yeah, I thought you wanted to get fucked by a thousand different men in a year? We're just helping."

"Plus, we paid."

Amelia interceded. "Hey boys, I know it's, like, suuuuper hot to run a train on Vee, but maybe she's not feeling well. I'm happy to take on two of you. I give, like, the super best blowjobs, and just you wait till I swallow."

But their disappointment was obvious, Veronica could see that. Thankfully, while she was surprised, her girlfriend had misread her expression, for she was *not* intimidated, far from it. This was a challenge, a prelude to what she could expect to undertake in the final months of the year. She spread her legs wide, whined in a high, incredibly horny voice as she rubbed her wet pussy, and licked her lips.

“No! Don’t go!” she cooed. “I was just, like, totally surprised. I’ve always *wanted* get be fucked in my tight pussy by three men, or more! So many big, hard cocks. Which one of you cute boytoys is gonna cum inside me first, hmm?”

The largest one pushed past the others, the dominant friend. He wasn’t immensely muscled, but had a strong presence that made shiver in anticipation. His erection was impressive, and he still had Amelia’s spit on it. She’d giving them all a good sucking, she imagined.

“One after the other, is what we want,” he said. “No breaks. And from behind.”

She rolled, presented her arse up in the air for them while she crouched on all fours. She looked back at him with half-lidded eyes. Amelia had an expression of astonishment.

“Whatever you like, big boys. Just make sure I squeal from how good you feel inside me. I want my stomach full of your hot cum.”

That was enough to get them going. The man, who was perhaps five or so years older than her, gave a grin of excitement to his friends. They weren’t the most respectable looking of individuals, but they were well-hung, keen for sex, and had already paid. As far as Veronica was concerned, they were three more to add to her tally. She over seven months in, and only had about three hundred and thirty individuals. One third of the way with less than half time to go. Being picky wouldn’t help her.

And besides, they *did* had nice, big cocks.

“Let’s get this show on the road then,” the man said. “Can your lady friend keep us feeling nice and ready while we fuck your brains out?”

“That’s what she does best,” Veronica said with a grin.

“Good. Now take my cock, you hot bitch.”

He kneeled down and grabbed her hips forcefully. She shivered in anticipation, moaning as he pressed his fat tip against her folds. And then he entered her, and they were fucking. She hadn’t taken it from behind all that much despite her numerous acts of sex, but it was always a treat. As a man, she’d never had a truly dominant streak, but she was more often on top. Now, she’d discovered that she *really* liked being submissive, to the more determined Amelia, but also to the many men who entered her.

“Yes! K-keep going! I want you in m-me! I want you and all your friends in m-me!”

“That so? Why don’t you suck one off while we go on you?”

“Y-yes please! So long as you c-cum in my pussy, please!”

One of the other men - Jason, she thought his name was - positioned himself on her other side. Both men lifted her so that the big one - Jake - was fucking her in the pussy while Jason stuck his long cock right down her throat. She was used to deep-throating by now, and sucked him off with practised skill that had come from many a previous time, as well as working on various dildos Amelia had provided. She wasn't sure if swallowing a man's cum counted as sex in the witch's book, but just to be safe, they both went for having the man ejaculate in her ass or pussy. But it didn't stop the occasional slip up. By their count, an extra twenty three cases could be added to their list if they included her 'successful' blowjobs.

But that didn't stop her from enjoying this one.

"Mmhmm! Y-yes! F-fuck me!" she gasped for a brief moment when Jason slipped out of her mouth. "I want to s-suck you off before you cum in my as- MMHPH!!"

Her eyes rolled into the back of her head. She could hear the third man moaning alongside Amelia while she pleased him in readiness for the major event. It didn't take long for Jake to ejaculate into her, and it sent them both into a groaning orgasm. She just - just! - managed to spit out Jason's rigid cock before she made him cum as well.

"OOohhh! Yes! Fuck yes! YES! YOUR TURN! GET BEHIND ME! I WANT ALL YOUR CUM INSIDE ME AT ONCE, BIG BOYS!"

The cycle continued, and soon he was pumping into her while she sucked on the third man. By the time Jason had cum in her, Jake was back to be sucked on while the third man fucked her from behind. At no point had she experienced a break, and she knew she'd be exhausted at the end. For now, despite maintaining all her nerdy intelligence, she was happy to feel like a slutty, horny bimbo.

She even swallowed when Jake poured his second round of semen into her, this time down her throat. After all, she'd already had sex with him once, right?"

All three men were very, intensely satisfied. Despite being a little over-demanding, they even tipped the pair.

"Glad I found you bitches on the internet," Jake said. "Might come around again, just for kicks."

He left with his mates in tow, joking and laughing about the 'slutty whores.' Once they were gone, Amelia and Veronica cleaned up, came down from the exhausting highs, and slumped together in the spare bed they used in the rental that didn't smell of recent sex.

"Okay, that worked well," Amelia said.

"Y-yeah," Veronica stammered. "Almost a little *too* well. At least the lube I put on will help me not feel too sore. They were good, at least. Like, I enjoyed it."

"Mhm, but I'm just thinking they weren't the nicest types."

"I know, but I can't afford to be picky. One thousand men, remember?"

“Yeah, but I still don’t like them. They tipped well, and this paying service thing is going to help us even more, though it does technically make us prostitutes.”

“Labels are tricky when it comes to curses, at least.”

“Agreed,” Amelia said. “Of course, dear. As far as I’m concerned, we’re just a pair of brilliant geeks executing a master plan flawlessly. But maybe we hire a security agent going forward. Hell, you can fuck him too if it isn’t the biggest conflict of interest.”

“It’ll cost us.”

“Our safety matters. And you’re finding the flipside of being a woman: being considered less than a man.”

It *had* stung, actually, the way they talked about her. Sure, she was making herself a sex object to become a man again, but being treated like an object was dehumanising. It sucked the agency out of what they were doing.”

“Okay,” Veronica said. “But I want to pull the trigger on this breast augmentation. Grafts for the hips too, so we have hourglass figures. If we get it all at the same time then we can really go wild with this. I think, as shitty as those men were, that this was a successful first test of having a train on me, if you’ll excuse the tawdry expression.”

“Agreed. And we’ll have men lining up in longer carriages, if we can sex ourselves up. We’ve gone as far as we can with makeup and exercise and the like. It’s time to go under the knife. Well, once we can afford it.”

Veronica smiled. “Why don’t we do an early Sexy Halloween photoshoot? I bet the OnlyFans will take off even more.”

“Love, just for that, when you’re ready, I’m going down on you. And then we’re gonna watch *Monty Python*.”

“Deal!”

Part Six: Big Fake Titties

They booked the surgery to occur in October. It was later than they wanted, but it gave them time to at least fundraise on their various pages, including Patreon and Twitch. Their thousands of fans really liked the idea of them getting big fake porn star tits, and many were commenting on their excitement to see their transformation.

To their shock, they hit their goal in less than forty-eight hours, and then went far further to ensure that hip graft surgery could give them sexy hourglass figures. The fact that

they ended up with enough money for big butt lifts too was icing on the booty cake. They celebrated by getting manicures with big, brightly coloured nails.

“I think mine are a little too long,” Veronica said sheepishly, as she tried to type away on her computer one morning. “I’m struggling to even write my own name on the keyboard!”

Amelia just laughed. “Same for me! But like the heels, we’ll just have to adjust! Best of luck using our smartphones in particular.”

Veronica groaned, slapping her forehead (and almost raking herself with said nails. “Damn it, I didn’t even think of that!”

“Hey, at least those pink nails match your pink hair. I still can’t believe you went for that.”

Veronica blushed. She had a sexy anime-girl inspired haircut that was dyed entirely a hot bubblegum pink. “What, a former guy can’t make himself look like a hot anime e-girl?”

Amelia pressed her body against her girlfriend’s, clearly angling for some fun sex before the ‘work sex’ got started. “Oh, she can indeed. I just can’t believe how *lucky* I am to be dating her.”

It didn’t take long for the two to be moaning together as Amelia’s flirting made Veronica aroused enough to want more than just a sexy makeout session.

“I can’t wait to play with my sexy boyfriend-girlfriend’s huge fake tits!” Amelia exclaimed, right before fingering her lover into orgasm. “It’s gonna be great!”

“Just s-so long as I c-can k-keep my numbers up!” Veronica cried, “n-need s-so many m-men still! F-four hundred in th-three months!”

She hoped she could do it. She believed she could, but a part of her was worried it would all be for nothing.

Thankfully, the series of orgasms that hit her washed that fear away. Just to be careful though, she pushed herself to the limit and had sex with seven men that day, none of whom she’d had sex with before.

A lot of cosplay photoshoots, twerking in front of cameras, and getting dicked by literally over a hundred strangers later, and the day of the surgery had finally arrived. Veronica found herself a strange mix of worried and excited. Worried, because the recovery time for breast augmentation was not small - from four to six weeks - but excited because it could well be the thing that supercharged her efficiency in being able to have sex with numerous men a day. She reasoned, not without a strong logic, that the more she looked like a hot, slutty hooker, the more men would be totally willing to fuck her. Amelia agreed, which was why she was happy to get the surgery with her.

"I always wanted bigger tits, remember?" she said. "And while getting a huge set of F-cup fake porno tits wasn't the route I intended to take, I'm doing this with you. The whole 'girls getting sexed up together' thing is taking off online, and this'll boost our revenue stream massively, on top of getting increased demand for us. That'll give you the threesome numbers for sex too."

But still, the recovery time loomed. Going under the knife oddly didn't bother Veronica too much anymore. After all, she'd already had a butt lift, some work on her hips to make them look a bit wider, and the usual collagen and filler and all that to give her big blowjob-giving DSL's (Dick Sucking Lips). She was well acquainted with plastic surgery in a way she never would have imagined. But the four to six weeks worried her. Thankfully, it was recommended to wait only two weeks until sex, but she was having perhaps a *lot* more sex than the medical guidelines understood to be the usual barometer. But the plan was the plan, and Phase Four was proceeding. It was time to go plastic, and hope against hope that this would get her to a thousand men. They still had another four hundred to go with only a fourth of the year left.

Maybe some big plastic titties and a porn-star looking figure would be the ticket.

So under the knife they went.

The operation went smoothly, especially since they were both out of it during the procedure. Veronica's was scheduled first, naturally, followed by Amelia's the next week, and both took some time to recover from their sexcapades and instead just spend some time together, watching movies and playing games and getting used to their new bodies. They needed it after all: their new tits were *massive*, and wonderfully fake looking, in that very particular way that a certain type of sex hungry man absolutely went for. But it would mean a lot of awkwardness adjusting, at least initially.

"It's gonna be okay, love," Amelia assured herself. "Just think of it like becoming Lara Croft from the original *Tomb Raider* games, with her awesomely big tits."

Veronica nodded, absorbing this take with a surprising level of seriousness. "Okay, that actually helps me. Becoming a hot, big-boobed video game character. I can do that. That works for me. Big fake tits that don't obey physics because the graphics engine isn't up to it, and my animators are lazy."

"Exactly," she said with a smile. "Now best of luck, my teddy bear. Looking forward to hugging those big tits of yours once the surgery is done and the swelling is down."

"Oh, the swelling is *never* down," Veronica said with a giggle.

"Dork!"

The surgery went, thankfully, without a hitch. There was indeed a recovery period, and her chest was indeed sore. That also applied to her hips and ass, which were now much, *much* more shapely. She wasn't allowed to move much for a while, given how

extensive it all was: very few places were willing to do so much cosmetic surgery all in the same week period, but the extra cash they'd received certainly smoothed over some processes, and they had - a bit dangerously - decided to sign a lot of forms abdicating any right to sue.

But nothing went wrong, in the end. The surgical scars were nearly invisible though, and those that were present would become almost invisible, particularly once the shape of her breasts normalised. As it was, Veronica simply couldn't stop looking at them, especially several days after the soreness lessened and they looked more regular. She kept staring at the mirror, and Amelia stared too with an expression that was almost one of total jealousy.

"Holy shit, those are big. Bigger than F-cups, I'd say!"

"Well, I actually had a last second option," Veronica said a bit sheepishly, male ego rising up from the surface just for a moment. "I went straight to big H-cups."

"Holy shit! You are absolutely going to snag the fellas. Shall we show them off tomorrow on the stream? Put the naked pictures on OnlyFans?"

Veronica nodded, and checked her magnificent, bubble-shaped ass and artificially thickened hips in the mirror. She looked like a total fake hottie, and that was just the kind of 'plastic doll' look they were going for. "Then, I need to start getting fucked between them, and have men hold them while they fuck me. If this isn't my winning card to get to one thousand men, then nothing will work."

To say their socials went absolutely bananas at the 'breast reveal' would be an utter understatement. They deliberately built up the silence for two weeks, allowing themselves some rest and recovery time. Despite this, they actually found a few men willing to have brief sex with Veronica despite her sore, recovering body, which enabled them to inflate their numbers a little. It was only one a day, and they had to be careful, but fourteen men had their cocked sucked almost to fruition by Amelia, and then they were able to - very carefully - insert themselves into Veronica and cum inside her. This time, the girls paid the boys for the privilege, in a strange kind of reversal of their usual arrangement.

But though there was still some soreness, their bodies were finally complete. They were bimbos not just in act and in style and in voice, but also in form now too. Both had huge H-cup tits that stood unnaturally full and proud on their chests, and the size of their asses simply could not be hidden. Hip grafts could only go so far, but combined with clever corset use, they were able to simulate a much more hourglass form, one that men were going gaga over.

“Hey guys!” they said together as they made a stream for their paying subscribers.
“Check out our hot forms!”

They squeezed their breasts against one another, tit mashing before a live audience that were likely already masturbating.

“Mmhm, so sensitive!” Veronica gasped.

“I love our big titties! They’re so big and ripe and - oh!”

Amelia ‘accidentally’ knocked her cup of water over, spilling it off her desk. It was a fun new idea they had, spurred by actual accidents that kept happening with their new fake tits. Unused to having such large chests, they were bumping and hitting them on things without thinking, and it made for some sexy comedy in their online videos and posts, especially when it spilled liquid down their white tops, turning them see-through.

“MMhm, let me help you with that,” Veronica said, motorboating her girlfriend on the stream. “I’ll lick it all up. Why don’t you take off everything else, honey?”

“Only if you do too, sexy. And if any cute boys want to do us, all you gotta do is contact us on the email or messenger attached in the video. We’re happy to make all your dreams come true. Just ask our other followers. We need lots and lots and lots of followers so my sexy Veronica can reach her goal of one thousand men before the end of the year. We need to organise sex with nearly six men a day to reach it, but we believe it’s possible. Everyone gets a free extra blowjob if you help cum inside my sex, newly big-titted friend here!”

“Please, we’re sooooo close,” Veronica moaned. She squeezed her tits together just as she had practised, letting them show right up against the camera. “And I’m really fucking horny and excited to, like, try these big titty-job giving boobies out on you!”

That was where they ended the stream. At the moment it was over, they relaxed, returning to their normal, actual selves.

“Holy shit, that was an amazing performance, Vee. Seriously, you almost fooled me.”

“Maybe I really was a bimbo in another life. Though I’m not quite used to these things just yet. I nearly tipped over.”

“Glad I’m not the only one. I always dreamed of having big boobs, but now that I’ve got mine as well, I’m starting to think matching your size was a dumb idea.”

Veronica grinned. She’d already had sex five times that day, but only with men. She was feeling horny for her lover. She wanted to hear her moan. She reached out and caressed the big, plastic-like tits of her girlfriend. Their nipples were as sensitive as ever, if not more so, and it only took a light pinch to make Amelia gasp in delight.

“We’ll see if it’s dumb when I feel them up with one hand while rubbing your wet pussy with another.”

“Ohhhhh . . . my sweet teddy bear boyfriend became such a naughty girl.”

“I’m only what you made me, you sexed up geek. Let’s take this to the bedroom.”

They did, and it was wonderful. This time it was Veronica dealing out the pleasure, and Amelia taking it. She cried out in agonised bliss as her girlfriend mashed their tits together, rubbing nipple against nipple. It was that, more than the rubbing of her needy pussy, that made her tremble in pleasure.

They resolved to enjoy their fake tits a lot more from that point.

The race was on, and they were taking it seriously. They had less than two months for Veronica to complete almost a *third* of her thousand-man quota, but their well-oiled machine had been refined to absolute, maddening perfection. Each day they organised their socials in the morning, got themselves ready with their beauty routine, had a quick workout, and then headed to their rental for the day’s business. And each day Amelia got each of their arranged and booked visitors - often with their male friends - ‘prepared’ while Veronica was fucked by the previous lot. They went fully overboard just in case, particularly since they couldn’t be entirely sure that Vee hadn’t been screwed by the same man twice at several points. In fact, by the time they were in mid-December and their anxiousness was rising, Veronica was happily taking the load of nearly a dozen guys a day. She was like a well-honed, pink-haired prostitute, eagerly taking cock after cock after cock in her desperate mission to become a man again.

It was genuinely hard work, tiring and hellish at times, though very rewarding at others. Sometimes she wondered if she could ever go back to who she was, given that she was literally experiencing womanhood to the most slutty, horny, bimbo-ish degree. For all that they were still a pair of nerds desperately in love with one another - perhaps even more so than they had been as boyfriend and girlfriend, it was undeniably that something had changed massively in their lives, and would never be the same. They were fundamentally altered by the experience, and it had been weeks and weeks since Veronica had even thought of herself as Caleb, let alone picking up her old life again. Oh, the goal was still there. Her manhood was firmly in her mind. But the actual *life* of Caleb seemed like a far off country: real but not visible, a set of known facts that failed to manifest before the very real, very sensory-ridden experiences of Veronica.

She tried not to think too deeply on it, and instead focus on twerking and dancing sexily on camera, getting her professional photoshoots, hanging out on the beach in far-too thin bikinis alongside her lover, and generally doing all she could to make herself as desirably promiscuous as possible. No one had any clue how intelligent they really were, how well they were running their several businesses, and that itself was also a huge

enjoyment: the taboo of being both horny bimbos as well as being brilliant nerds and successful entrepreneurs.

Eventually, the final days of December approached. They had gone absolutely mad all month. Amelia had helped Veronica work through large numbers of guys by getting them primed. It was an assembly line of fucking, with them even getting fucked side by side while holding hands, or having one of their 'Johns' sliding out of the way for some 'cooldown' with Amelia while the new one slotted right into place for Veronica's next enjoyment.

And so, for all the build up and anxiousness, they had - to their estimation - exceeded Veronica's quota by nearly seventy men by the time New Year's Eve was around the corner. Still, when dealing with such big numbers, it was wise to play it safe, especially since rounding errors, double-ups with men, and instances of sex that might not 'count' according to the witch could ruin everything. So a victory lap of sorts was organised by them, and this time the two lesbian lovers had a bit of fun with it and experimented sexually with each other and with the men, even organising more threesomes and foursomes despite their inherent difficulty. They gave tittyjobs, blowjobs, handjob, and all other manner of penis pleasuring, and in the end it felt more like a 'farewell romp' as opposed to a desperate final rush as they'd expected.

"Turns out, we were a lot better at this than even we could have expected," Veronica mused as she cuddled up with her girlfriend on the night of the 30th.

"Speak for yourself, I'm the nerd with the monthly spreadsheets. We were always gonna win this."

"You may have the spreadsheets, but I was the one spreading sheets."

"Oh, that is just the *worst!* Turn back to a man tomorrow just so I don't have to look at your smug, pun-making face!"

Veronica giggled. "I wonder what it'll be like. Being a man again. I barely think I'm ready. I haven't thought of myself as a man in a long while."

"We'll work it out, love. We worked out this, didn't we? Now roll over so we can push our tits together, it's kinda comfy to sleep like that."

Veronica couldn't agree more. That was what scared her.

Part Seven: So You Gotta Turn Me Back, Right?

The bar was just as full as it had been exactly one year ago. Three hundred and sixty five days after the shocking curse that had made Caleb into the woman that would become Veronica, all stemming from a misunderstanding. Veronica wasn't even sure how to dress,

but in the end the pair of them had decided to doll themselves up pretty, and keep their party dress looks with the sexy makeup. They weren't looking to score, of course, but on some level they both wanted to show to the witch how dedicated they were to 'atoning' despite there being no need to, and how seriously they had taken the curse. Perhaps that would be enough to really convince her to change them back.

They waited for some time, making awkward chit chat with several familiar men who had railed Veronica a number of times already. It was awkward because, for the first time, they were turning *down* men, rather than accepting them.

"Just a girls night, I'm afraid!" Veronica said.

They backed off, though with a little surprise. The fact that it felt weird to turn down proposals for sex with men just showed how strangely her life had warped. It was also enough for her to pick a sweet girl drink from the bar - no one looked twice at *that* behaviour now - and down it in preparation.

"I can do this," she said. "So long as she shows."

"She will, sweetie," Amelia said, taking her arm. "She has to."

And thankfully, she did. The dark-haired woman in the dark dress and dark makeup looked identical to last year. She took a seat by a recently vacated booth and ordered a drink, and the two of them looked at her, recognising that she was clearly waiting for them, even if she hadn't seen them yet.

"Shall I go alone?" Veronica asked, "or"

But Amelia looped her arm around her friend's. "Where you go, I go, remember? Let's get your body back."

"What about your body afterwards?"

"We'll sort it out. I'm sure I'll be happy to keep most of it. It's been a ride, after all."

They approached the witch's table. The dark-eyed woman smiled thinly. "This seat is taken. I'm waiting for a young woman. She's an . . . acquaintance I agreed to meet after a year. I'm sorry, but you cannot sit there."

Veronica *did* sit there, as did Amelia. They both folded their arms beneath their big tits. It was an amusing look.

"I can sit here, because I *am* that acquaintance. It's me, Caleb, not that you ever bothered to learn my name when you accused me of being a sexist."

The witch's eyes went wide. She nearly spat out the drink she was sipping.

"What? That's - that's impossible! How are you - another witch?"

Veronica smiled, and sensed Amelia doing the same. "Nope. Good old-fashioned makeup, workouts, beautification therapy, hairdye, and oh, a lot of plastic surgery."

"You - plastic surgery? Why?"

"Because of what you said! The curse! The need to sleep with a thousand men!"

The witch folded her own arms over her much more modest chest, and seemed to regain her bearings. Her expression became smug and teacherly. "Ah yes, for your misogyny. I tasked you with sleeping with a thousand different men, but now that you have failed, you can live knowing that -"

"Actually," Amelia said, "my girlfriend *did* succeed. By our calculations, she fucked about one thousand, one hundred seventy three men in total, give or take a couple of dozen. Easily over the parameters you said."

The witch paused. Her face was very, very still.

"I'm sorry, you are?"

"Don't you recognise her?" Veronica said, now smug herself. "This is the woman you accused me of harassing. Turns out I *wasn't* lying. She *was* my girlfriend, and still is. Meet Amelia, the woman I love. I'm Veronica these days, though I guess after tonight I'll be Caleb again. I'll be taking that transformation back now, given that your hasty spell - based on totally misunderstanding me - now has its conditions met."

The witch put up her hands. She was flustered. "Wait, wait, wait. Explain to me how on earth you did this. I thought - it's meant to be an *impossible challenge!*"

"Amelia, do you want to take this?"

"With pleasure, sweetie."

It was indeed with great cathartic pleasure that Amelia explained in enormous, complicated, and incredible detail the lengths they went to achieve the curse's requirements. She even produced spreadsheets, the Phase charts (she didn't let on that the phases became murkier as they went on, instead savouring their organisational clarity), and even showed some of the online content they made just to afford their surgeries and beautification. The witch was astonished. She asked clarifying questions, but otherwise seemed utterly overwhelmed. Worse, she began going a deep shade of humiliated red.

"What's wrong?" Veronica said. "Didn't expect us to meet your curse's requirements? I'll take that transformation back now, please."

But the witch just slowly shook her head, and in her haunted expression Veronica realised something deeply, deeply horrible.

"Oh. Oh shit. No. No, it can't be. You - this was all for *nothing!*?"

The witch bit her lip, and not in the sexy way. Amelia looked between the two.

"What? What's happened?"

"I can see it on her face," Veronica said. "There isn't a way to turn me back, is there?"

The witch swallowed. "I never expected you to go this far! Who would!? This is utter insanity. It's an impossible challenge to teach you humility, except . . . by the Gods of the night, I was wrong, and now . . . now I've put you through all this, and stuck you in that body."

Veronica went pale. So did Amelia. The witch, somehow, went even more pale. A protracted silence formed around them, heavy and horrible.

"This is me now," Veronica said, looking down on her body.

"There's no way to turn her back?"

"None," the witch said. "Not even another witch. It's a locked spell, and time is a factor - his body is fused to his soul now. *Her* soul."

"Fuck," Amelia said. "Oh God, fuck. I'm going to be sick. Everything we did, Veronica. Everything I made us do. I turned us into this, ruined our lives, destroyed any chance that-

But Veronica grabbed her girlfriend and pulled her into a loving embrace.

"It's okay, Amelia. It's okay, my love. I . . . this is weird, but I kind of feel relieved?"

"*YOU DO!?*" they both exclaimed, getting the attention of half the bar for a moment.

Veronica gave a sheepish grin. "I do. Um, it's pretty damn embarrassing, but part of me was almost dreading going back. I'm so used to the makeup, the morning routine, the sex, the whole self-identity thing, that the idea of learning to be a man just seemed exhausting. I wanted to be Caleb again, for a number of reasons, but the biggest ones are admittedly quite lame, and are mostly tied around my bank accounts and legal identity and stuff. I - holy shit I can't believe I'm admitting this in front of the woman that cursed me for no reason, but I think I actually *want* to stay as a woman, big fake tits and all."

Amelia looked her in the eyes. "You're sure?"

"I would have preferred the choice, but yeah, I'm pretty sure."

They exchanged a light kiss, then pulled apart to stare at the witch.

"That doesn't mean you're off the hook, witch," Amelia snapped, suddenly the protective lesbian girlfriend again. "You still owe Veronica, big time."

The witch nodded. She was nowhere near as intimidating now that she was sober and realising how badly she'd screwed up. "Of course! Yes, of course! I'm so ashamed. I thought - shit! I got it all wrong. I get a little . . . judgy and vindictive when I'm drunk."

"Well skip the drink and help us out, will you? Can you do anything for us?"

The witch thought for a moment, then snapped her fingers. "I can't turn you back, Veronica," she said. "But there is something else I can do for you, and I think, after everything you've been through, that it's the least I can do."

The couple listened eagerly to what she had to say. They held hands as the witch explained what consolation prize she could offer them.

It turned out to be good enough.

Veronica couldn't be happier. Yes, she sometimes missed being a man, especially when actual men dismissed her feelings or opinions, or she was occasionally rudely catcalled. But six months after meeting the witch for that second time, she was living her best life. She and Amelia were still together, of course. Their love had not waned, and the two nerds remained perfect for each other in any form. Thankfully, however, life didn't need to be quite so hectic.

For one, the witch had given Veronica exactly what she needed: a fully legal existence. And that wasn't just on paper either, reality had been 'rewritten', so to speak, so that she had always been a woman. She now had the same family (not that she kept in contact with them), the same course load at college, the same bank accounts, the same everything. Even old photos had changed, though the witch had allowed a number of them in their apartment and on their devices to keep the old 'him', just so they could never forget.

Both enrolled back in their college courses. Far more than even before, Amelia had an ecstatic future in archival research and documentation, even if her new appearance astounded her peers who had previously known her as quite the shy mouse of a woman. Now, she was a proud hottie, though she dressed more modestly in keeping with the setting. The same was true of Veronica - she was comfortable showing off her new permanent body too, but it no longer had to be a mandated thing. They could now just wear cute winter jackets and pants rather than skimpy things all the time, and that was alright by them.

The pair were more financially secure than they'd ever been thanks to their OnlyFans and other accounts. In fact, it was still enough of a draw that they kept them up. Their content production slowed immensely, but they still uploaded several times a month, and ran a stream once every two weeks, during which thirsty nerds could see their sexy bodies. They didn't do nude stuff anymore, though, or anything approaching actual porn. Those days were behind them, and while this meant the money they were making went down a little, it was still more than they could have hoped for.

For the most part, the pair did everything they didn't have time for during that year of constant sex and research and sluttification. They travelled, they visited zoos and art galleries and museums. They caught up on a heap of games, books, shows, and movies they were eager to see. And they simply dated, going out to restaurants as a cute, dolled up lesbian couple. And while their forms were still exaggerated, they didn't look out and out too sexualised when they wore more sensible outfits. Not that this stopped them from getting pretty outrageous in the bedroom at least a few times a week: they were still quite libidinous, after all. And it was fun to indulge their bimbo sides, especially when visiting the beach, or going out clubbing, or simply on a whim. Why not? They had fun during that stressful year, and now they could have fun without all the stress. And so it was that one day, six months after the witch's second appearance, Veronica approached Amelia with a mischievous grin.

"Hey sweetie, why don't we do something a bit different tonight?"

“Hm? What were you thinking?”

“Well, we’ve been pretty monogamous lately, and we’ve been able to drop the whole bimbo act and be smart *and* sexy. But, I don’t know, are you feeling the pull to be a bit nostalgic?”

Amelia smirked. “Go on.”

“Well, what would you say to going out clubbing with me tonight, only instead of it being just us, we could maybe find some guys to come home with us, just for old times’ sake?”

Amelia grinned, then leapt to her feet. She pressed her firm chest against Veronica’s, causing them to have an incredibly buxom hug.

“Sweetie,” she said, dotting her lover’s face with kisses. “It’s like you’re reading my belated bimbo brain.”

The End