

Alt-Ending: Bimbo Besties

By FoxFaceStories

Instead of using a spell to change Chris into her bimbo bestie, when Chris come into her room Angelica uses a spell on herself instead to become Chris's perfect girlfriend so that he never would've broken up with her, little does she know that the changes to her genetics also effect her twin brother, transforming him into another perfect girlfriend as well. (incredibly stacked bodies, iq gain/reduction, submissive, threesomes).

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Chris has just bid 'Emmy' farewell. Angelica's twin brother was, in his mind, a spoiled, privileged, stuck-up brat who didn't deserve the pedestal from which he looked down at Chris from. So it felt good to at least ruffle his feathers, and make it known that he was seeing Angelica. After all, she was a pretty girl, and while she wasn't too bright, dating her again for a spell would certainly ignite his rival's ire. Emile might even be a contender for the coveted *Murlowe Architecture Award* by the end of the semester.

He made his way up the staircase to the spacious rear veranda on the second floor, where Angelica was supposedly waiting for him. He gingerly opened the door, and was greeted to a wonderful sight: Angelica lounging on a sunchair in a flowery summer dress, her slightly-bronzed legs on display, a large pair of stylish sunglasses obscuring her blue eyes. She was just as delectable as Chris remembered her to be, her lovely curves obvious, her B-cup breasts displayed wonderfully in the low cut of the casual dress. She twisted her head, flicked off her glasses, and jumped to her feet.

"Chris! Ohmigod! It's soooo good to see you! Gawd, you look so tall and manly!"

She ran to Chris before he could reply, and he barely had time to prepare himself for an embracing hug. He closed his arms around her, remembering the feel of her. The sweet, rosy smell of her. It almost made him nostalgic, until she pulled back and continued to talk.

"Like, I'm so glad you're here, Chris. I didn't know if you'd respond to my text. You were supes distant after we broke up, and I was crushed. Seriously, my heart was, like, totally crushed by that, you have no idea. I ate soooo much ice cream, and watched sooo many sad movies."

Chris awkwardly scuffed his shoe on the ground. "Yeah, well, sorry about that. But I really meant what I said, you know. We were better off as friends . . . at least at the time. But you said you wanted to have a good time, and I thought I might come over. You look good. Really good, in fact."

She beamed, twirling in a circle to show off her dress. "I know, right? It's so cute I just can't stand it! It totally suits my figure. You remember my figure, right?" She gave a knowing wink.

"Oh, I remember that very much," Chris replied. He was beginning to feel more confident, stepping closer to trace a hand over her delightful hip. She grinned, shivering a little in response to that. It was a good sign. "I'm sorry to hear your boyfriend broke up with you."

Her expression became sober, but just for a moment. "Yeah, that sucked. He was cheating on me. He was a real asshole." But then she broke into a huge smile, and her bright blue eyes widened to saucers. "But then, I was like, he wasn't a real man! I certainly made sure of that, ha!"

Chris frowned, not quite sure of what she meant. *Did she kick him in the dick or something? Angie was never violent. She's too . . . sweet. Dull, but sweet.*

"And now you've messaged me," he said gently, his interest beginning to marinate. Angelica really did look lovely. Perhaps not all he wanted out of the ideal woman, but he wasn't about to be a chooser. Nor a beggar. He wanted her to reel herself in on his line.

"Exactly!" she beamed, twirling again. "Right after buying this super cute dress, of course! Brad didn't get to see me in it, but *you* do." She whispered conspiratorially. "And maybe, if you want, you can see me out of it, if you're totes up for dating again."

"Maybe," he said, teasingly, running a hand along her back. "Maybe I would be. I won't lie, Angelica: I have been missing you, more than I thought I would."

She squeaked in delight. "I knew it! You totes regret breaking up with me, right?"

"I guess I do," Chris said, holding her a little closer, his lips close to hers. "I miss you. And it was foolish to break up with you just because things weren't perfect."

Oh God, what am I getting into here? I was hoping this would just be a nice fuckbuddies situation I could take advantage of, maybe string along a few dates to make Emile infuriated. This better not be too romantic on her end.

"But things *will* be perfect, Chris!" she cried, practically bouncing in his arms with excitement. "They'll be sooooo perfect, now that I know exactly how to be your perfect girl."

"I saw your brother downstairs, by the way. I thought you said he wouldn't be here: he didn't seem to think me coming over was so perfect."

Angelica smacked her forehead lightly. "Ohmigod, I'm so embarrassed. I totes forgot he was staying back a little on some assignment thingy. He's setting on winning some kind of award, I think."

"Yeah, he may end up losing to me, though," Chris said, feeling a little smug.

“Ohhhh, I don’t want to choose between you two,” she said. “You both mean so, so much. Emile just gets . . . crabby sometimes. But it’s going to be okay, because once I’m perfect for you, then I’m sure everything else will be perfect too!”

You are so naive, Angelica. So damn rich and privileged and simple and naive. At least you’ve been spoiled sweet, instead of bitter like your brother. And maybe this can be fun.

“Well, what did you want to do?” Chris asked. He reached out with his hand and felt up her arm, teasing at the strap of her dress suggestively. “I can think of a few things, myself.”

She grinned, and it was obvious from the outline of her nipples against her dress that she was becoming more than a little aroused. “Mhmm, that sounds really nice. And it’s *exactly* what I’ve got in mind - *after* something totally *magical!* I mean, *really* magical. Come on in. I want to show you something.”

“What can I say, I like the sound of ‘magical.’ Reminds me of our freshman year.”

“Oh, yes,” she said, giggling as she drew him away from the veranda, and into the upstairs living room. She took his hand, and he too began to become aroused. His dick hardened, and he did little to hide his obvious erection. He wanted her, all the better to embarrass and annoy Emile, as well as to relieve his stress a bit. Too bad he was falling into the role of boyfriend again. That could become a handful. It wasn’t that she was a bad girl, even if she failed to understand his own unprivileged upbringing. It was just that she was just too . . . blonde. He needed a smarter girl.

And maybe I’m being damn shallow, but as hot as she is, I could totally take a girl who was taller, had bigger tits and better curves. A guy is allowed to dream, right?

Of course, he was currently ‘dreaming’ of taking Angelica against the nearby table in her living room. All the better for Emile’s humiliation too. But then Angelica suddenly dropped his hand, turned, and instead of clearing away said table so he could fuck her against it, she instead pulled out a scroll. An actual scroll. Worn and faded and ancient-looking and everything.

“Uh, what is this?” Chris asked.

“It’s, like, a spell scroll. I’ve been learning magic. It totally comes from my Mom’s side. She’s fucking awesome.”

Chris snorted a little, trying not to laugh openly. Even for Angelica, this was pretty stupid. *Magic? Jeez, she must have skipped straight past homoeopathy and putting eggs in her vagina or whatever that crazy health guru celebrity recommended.*

“Uh, that’s nice, Angelica,” he said, trying and failing to humour her. “Maybe we can practice magic against this table? Don’t you want me inside you while I fuck you against it?”

She moaned, rolling her eyes back in desire, only to straight back up.

“Mhm, that would be amazing. But you don’t believe me, do you?”

He grimaced. “About magic? Are you not just setting a scene?”

“No! It’s totally real, Chris! It really is.”

He worked his hands against her dress, implying quite clearly that he wanted to help her slide out of it. “Well, I don’t believe in magic, but that’s nice, Angie. Let’s have some fun while we ‘debate’ its merits, huh?”

For a moment, her expression was saddened, only for it to come around joyous again. “You really don’t believe me, huh? That’s okay, because I can show you! My mother’s line go all the way back to, like, England covens and stuff. Before she and Dad left on their Europe trip, she left me this book of spells to learn, and I’ve picked them up faster than any book I’ve ever read, like it was meant for me, ya know? And I’ve been practising too! Readying myself for, like, the perfect spell and stuff.”

Chris paused. “The perfect spell?”

That sounds worrisome.

“Of course!” she said, giggling a little crazily. Manically, perhaps. She stepped away from him, and this time he let her go. It was mad enough to make the man feel a little concerned for his former girlfriend, even as he managed to be even more disappointed in her latest stupidity.

“I was soooo sad when you broke up with me. It was super unfair. You said I wasn’t smart enough for you, and you were all closed off. I was too much of a ‘Barbie’, remember? Always partying and loving fashion and dresses - and you liked my looks, but you hated how I always talked about them. You said it was a total drag.”

“Oh, Angie, I didn’t really mean it like that. I mean -”

But she waved him off. “And you were totally right!” she continued.

Chris raised his eyebrows. “You - wha-?”

“You were right!” she repeated. “I’m just waaaay too shallow. I don’t understand things about the world. You said I was a pretty princess in a pink tower, and it’s totes time I climbed down from that tower, right? So I figured, why not make a spell that can make me into the perfect woman for you? Because you’re so amazing, Chris. You’re so smart, and handsome, and you know how to make me happy - hee! In bed too, remember? - and I would love to be so much smarter for you too. And even *hotter*. I know you like girls with big, ripe boobies, and while mine aren’t bad at all, if I don’t say myself, I also think they could be bigger.”

Chris didn’t know how to respond. In her own way, Angelica had just been more eloquent than he’d ever heard her before. It was kind of startling. Still, he rejected the premise outright.

“Look, Angelica, this is sweet and everything, but you have to know that magic isn’t real, right? This isn’t going to change things. Trust me, I’d love to be able to just wave a wand and make my life better. To be rich and happy and have a better body. We all do. But the world is a bloody ratrace, and the only way to really succeed is to make the changes you can. This magic stuff . . . it’s just unbelievable. I’m sorry. But we can still have good times together, right? You know you’re perfect enough.”

She shook her head, and there were small tears in her eyes. “I’m not that stupid, Chris! I know I’m not perfect enough. I know you’ll just walk away eventually. I have to get rid of all this stupidity and bimbo-headedness of mine and make a clean start. I want this!”

She beamed again, and it was a slightly manic beam.

“That’s right, and it’s, like, time we got down to it, Chris. I wasn’t the best girlfriend for you. I guess I wasn’t, like the proper chick for you. But now all of that can change. I’ll be proper. I’ll be smart. And I’ll be *even hotter* for you! With this spell, I can, like, rewrite reality so I was *always* that, and Emile will prefer it because he’ll know you’ll treat me right when I’m a total fit for you!”

Christopher sighed. This was going in a very unusual direction, one that pointed towards future therapy for the ditzzy woman.

No sex is worth this, he thought to himself. He went to quietly and calmly disengage from Angelica, viewing her now less as a ditz than a complete fool who’d gone waaaay down the rabbit hole of kooky scams for bored rich girls.

That was, until she unfurled the scroll with a kind of practised ease, and began reading from it.

"Yltnenamrep - Esac eht siht ekam ot ytilaer ekamer! Tcefrepmoceb yam I taht, egaenil ylimaf ym morf rewop siht niard! Strams s'rehtorb ym evah em tel. Stnaw sirhc enoemos fo ecnegilletni dna kool dna elyts eht evah em ekam. Niarb gib laer a dna seiboob gib htiw kcihc suoecavruc, ytsub, yxes a em ekam! Reverof namow tcefrepmoceb s'nam siht otni em ekam!"

There was something weird about the words, like they were all jumbled or something, and yet still utterly Angelica’s, written upon this magic paper. And it had to be magic, despite his earlier disbelief, because right before his eyes it glowed a brilliant golden hue and lit up impossibly bright, before rising from Angelica’s hands, a strange wind carrying it calmly into the air and whipping golden dust all over her form. Her dress lifted, that wind carrying further around her body until she appeared to be a Disney princess in the midst of a magical grandmother’s wish-granting.

“What the fuck? It’s real!? Angelica, what is this!?”

“It’s - ohhhhh - wonderful, isn’t it? I can f-feel it! The power is c-coming over me! Ohhhhh, Chris, I’m going to be p-perfect! I can j-just tell!”

She moaned semi-orgasmically as a set of changes swept over her form. Chris nearly fled in terror, but couldn't turn his eyes away from the amazing sight: his former girlfriend's eyes were glowing a powerful gold, and streams of magic flowed from her fingers to cascade around her form. She giggled as it dusted over her.

"It tickles! Oh, but it feels so nice, Chris! Are you ready?"

"Ready for what?" he said, marvelling.

"For *perfection!*" she said, bursting into giggles. She extended her hands out in an arc, placing them behind her head. The energy within the scroll fed through her, then it finally *burst* in a radius of gold that briefly blinded him.

This can't be happening. Holy shit this can't be happening - she's changing!

She was indeed. Angelica moaned, clearly more than simply aroused as everything about her began to change. Her golden hair spilled further down her back, and her cute face gained a slightly more mature look to it. Her cheekbones were a little sharper, and her eyebrows had a fierceness to them. Her eyes were gold, but for a moment they flickered back to their ocean blue, before changing again to become an icier, more intelligent shade. Her heart-shaped face lost some of that residual youthful baby-fat, leaving it more refined and yet still astoundingly beautiful.

"Ohhhh, I can feel it! I'm getting smarter! It's, like, being siphoned. I don't know from where, but I can f-feel it!"

She bit her lip, moaning again, and despite his horror at what was happening, Chris found himself oddly turned on by what was happening. Right before his eyes, Angelica's little body transformed far more radically. Her entire form extended, pulled like taffy before filling in, leaving her as a statuesque stunner of a woman, easily 5'9 in height. Her dress altered to fit her, but it too lost some of its inherent 'girliness', becoming a more mature, stylish dress one could see in the workplace, with a dark green colouring that still clung to her curves.

And what curves they were becoming.

Angelica had always been hot, but now she was taking on the look of a supermodel. She grabbed her breasts, groaning as they expanded, becoming full and heavy teardrops that showed a tasteful but not scandalous amount of cleavage.

"Yesssss," she moaned, and he found himself voicing the same line with her.

Yes. Yes. If this is the perfect woman, then holy crap bring it on! I'll take magic if it means I can have Angelica and she can finally be compatible!

She stroked her body in full-blown ecstasy as her breasts finished expanding, settling into a wonderful Double-D bust, perhaps even E-cups, given how big they still were on her larger figure. Her waist remained small, but her hips expanded to become the very image of womanhood, the kind of hourglass figure that even Chris, who had no desire to have kids

anytime soon, would view as a pair of sexy baby-makers. She turned, cupping her behind as it rounded out, looking prominent without being too much.

“Mhmm, smart but sexy,” she moaned. “I love it! Chriss, you’re making me so hot! And soooo smart. God, how did I never understand architecture? It’s so easy! I bet even I could win the *Murlowe Award!*”

Yeah, right. But then this is magic, so what the hell are even the rules?

He didn’t voice that though. It was a minor thought, quickly set aside as he watched the end of Angelica’s transformation. She shivered, whimpered, and sighed in post-magic bliss as the golden haze finally dissipated. Her eyes stopped glowing gold, and the strange incantation she mumbled between her bouts of excitement fell away.

“It’s done!” she announced, and Chris was shocked at the change in her voice. It still had a trace of that sweetness in it, but it had lost its naive bubblyness. Instead, it had been replaced with a knowing intelligence, a sultriness that captured Chris’ attention.

“How do you like the new me?” she asked. She ran her hands over her busty body.

“I - I like. Holy crap, you were right, Angelica! Magic is real!”

She grinned, stepping closer to him, one foot in front of the other so that her hips shook from side to side. Her breasts bounced in her green dress, looking both enticing and well-to-do in her get up.

“Oh, it’s real alright, Chris. I was so busy focused on my looks and makeup and all sorts of vanities before, but now I’ve changed to be so much more: smarter, more aware, and all the things you’d want in a woman. I’m no longer a silly princess type, Chris. I’m a mature *queen*. And you know how a queen wants to be treated, right?”

Oh yes. Oh, oh, oh yes. Fuck yes.

“Absolutely,” Chris replied. “I still can’t believe all of this. How did this change occur? Where did you get knowledge of architecture from? Are you a full-blown student now?”

She giggled, and that showed that she was certainly still the same person in many ways. She withdrew her ID from her purse and examined it.

“Looks like I’m in your class and everything,” she announced. “Ohhh, and my phone records show that I’m near the top of the class. We’re neck and neck, big boy!”

She giggled again, and this time she strode towards him before he could even ask where Emile was sitting in the class list. Instead, he let her place her lips on his. She was perfect for his height, tall and gorgeous and sexy, but with a wicked intelligence behind her eyes. The kind of girl he wanted her to be originally, and now he had.

I should feel guilty, but she wanted this, right? Besides, if reality is rewritten, Emile will view it as normal. I hope he’s still a little ticked off though.

They began to make out, their passion rising. Angelica kissed the nape of his neck, lowering his hands down to her breasts so he could squeeze them.

“Touch them all you want, hot stuff,” she replied. “It’s still me. Just a smarter, more aggressive me. I don’t want to talk about foolish little things anymore. I want to spar with you. To debate with you. *After* you fuck my new brains out and prove that you deserve me, of course.”

Chris was eager. So damn eager. His cock was already hard, straining against his pants as surely as Angelica’s new breasts were straining against her top. It was as if he too were under a spell, because he was captivated by this new woman. Sure, she was still rich and in her own box, but now she had the smarts to understand where he’d come from, at least that’s what he hoped. In truth, he was more keen to simply experience her sensuous new body. He squeezed the cheeks of her ass, eliciting a pleasurable moan from the changed woman, and slowly he hoisted her up, lifting her against the nearby wall. She allowed herself to be pressed against it for a moment, using the moment to slide out of her dress during the transfer.

“Mhmm, you know I love it when you do me against the wall, Chris. But the new me, she’s feeling a little more *dominant*. I’m thinking I want to *ride* you this time. You know how much you wanted me to ride you but I always liked it submissive? Well, let’s do it now.”

He paused, grinned, and then took her back to the couch. She got down to her feet, unbuckled his trousers, then tipped him over with an amused push.

“That’s right, on your back. I want to ride your mast. I like the nice *right angle* of it. That’s a dumb architecture joke, by the way.”

“I noticed,” he said, chuckling. “Do you make those now?”

“If you like them. After all, I’m *your* perfect girlfriend now. I’ll do everything that makes you happy. Including . . . this!”

She pulled back his trousers, freeing his cock seconds later. Then, in a moment of sheer brilliant, she crawled over him and began to lick his cock slowly, sucking on his sensitive penishead to make him shake with anticipation.

“H-holy shit. Angelica! You’re a-amazing!”

“I told you,” she said, releasing him from her mouth and clambering up to ride him. “The magic will solve everything. There are no downsides! We’re going to be super happy together, forever!”

Wait, forever? Uhh . . .

“What will Emile think?”

“Emile? Oh, he’ll have to accept it. The magic is permanent, after all. It can’t be undone. He’ll just have to accept that you’re my future husband and father of my babies.”

Chris was so lost in anticipation as she prepared to lower herself onto his cock that he nearly missed those words.

Wait, that's way too much of a commitment! I just want to get ahead in the ratrace, and make Emile's life crappy! This is getting out of hand!

He had no idea just how far it was indeed getting, because moments later the front door burst open and woman squealed at the top of a bubbly high voice.

"Angelica! Angie! What, like, the hell have you totes done to meeeee!?"

They both stopped, Angelica hovering over Chris, moments away from plunging her vagina down to swallow his throbbing hard dick. At the front door, just in sight through the open entrance to the living room, was a woman who could have been Angelica's twin. Who was Angelica's twin. The new version of her, at least. Her hair was dyed a bit more platinum, and her eyes were more ocean blue, and she was wearing a hot pink summer dress with golden hoop earrings and girly high-heels, but they were undeniably the same woman otherwise. Except that this woman was looking down at her body in horror, seemingly shocked at her heaving breasts.

"Who - who is this, Angelica?" Chris asked.

"I - I don't have any idea. Who are you and why do you look like me?"

The other woman was aghast. "Who are *you* and why do you look like *me*? Why do I look like *this* at all!? I'm meant to be, like, totally a man!" Her eyes filled with fury, and something else, as she beheld Chris on his back with a woman on top of him.

"Chris! It's you! You handsome jerk, you did this to me somehow!"

"Look, I've got no idea who the fuck you are, lady!" he announced. "I don't know what's going on. Suddenly Angelica has magic and can transform herself, and now she's a smart engineer who wants to be my girlfriend again, and -"

"What!? That's, like, impossible! No way are you my sister!"

But the new woman, still half-naked on top of Chris and noticeably aroused, nodded eagerly. "It is me, it is! Wait, that means you're Emile! How are you Emile?"

"I'm Emmy!" the other woman replied. "I mean, I'm Emmy! Ohmigod, how come I can't even say my name! I was just heading out when suddenly I, like, started to change and stuff. I grew these big boobies and this super cute pink dress, and my hair went like this, and I can't think as good as I'm meant to. I've totes turned into a stupid blonde bimbo, it's super not fair! It's literally the worst - I've got to change back!"

She entered the room, and Chris couldn't help but notice how unintentionally erotic her movements were. Her breasts bounced with something approaching eagerness, and her hips sashayed just like her twin's. She was staring at his own still-erect cock, and had to keep tearing her eyes off of it.

This is crazy. It's like she's into me! And she is the asshole rival.

He grinned, realising what this meant. "You're no longer even an architectural student, are you Emmy?"

Her eyes went wide. "Of course I am! I - lemme just check my wallet."

"Your pink purse, you mean."

She flailed in a panic, looking utterly embarrassed as she produced her student ID and brought up her timetable on her phone.

"Beauty major? Like, what the actual fuck!? I'm not meant to be a frickin' beauty major! What happened? Angelica, if that is you, you really have to explain all this, because I'm way too ditzy to figure it out and it suuuuucks!"

For you maybe, but for me this is brilliant!

Angelica got off of Chris and moved to her new twin sister. She looked her over with fascination, and more than a little guilt. She adjusted her dress to cover herself a little more, but given their similarity and same sex, it wasn't for much reason. Chris got up, his cock still out, and he slowly massaged his member as he watched the beautiful pair interact.

"Oh my God, Emmy. I didn't mean for this to happen, I swear. The magic I used siphoned power from my lineage, from my blood! I wanted to be smart like Chris, to have similar interests and passions and skills, and to talk less like a silly bimbo bestie and more like a sexy but mature woman. But it appears . . . it appears that the magic drew all that potency from you, leaving you . . . like this."

The new woman swallowed. She took several great panicked breaths as she looked down at her body. Her figure was spectacular in that pink dress, and it made Chris realise that he could appreciate the bimbo look as well as the elegant, refined look on the same body.

"Reverse it!" Emmy squeaked. "Right now! I've got, like, all these feelings. I'm looking at Chris' cock and it looks so damn yummy, and it's making me super horny. I mean - shit! Why did I just say that out loud!"

"Because you've got my ditziness now, I guess," Angelica said. "I would have said something like that. My body is still super horny. You interrupted us having sex."

"Gawd, don't mention sex! Ohhhhh . . ."

She squeezed her breasts together, and Chris stroked his cock again without even thinking about it. The sight was simply too hot.

"And stop touching yourself you - you jerk! You low-class, sexy, big-dicked jerk! Ohhhh, it's turning me on, and I'm saying it out loud! For fuck's sake, Angie, please pretty please turn me back!"

Angelica looked to Chris, who looked to Emmy. He smirked, then grinned, then *guffawed*.

"What? What's, like, so funny? Please, this isn't very funny! I don't want to be a dumb, lusty bimbo!"

“But you have to be,” Chris answered on Angelica’s behalf. “I didn’t know that magic existed until twenty minutes ago, Emmy, but I know enough from what ‘Angie’ has said that this is permanent. Sorry, hot stuff, but there’s no going back. After looking down on me for so long, and bullying me, and seeing me as lesser, now it’s time for *you* to wear the shoe on the other foot.”

She trembled, biting her lip. It was a damn cute look. “You can’t - you don’t mean - like, are you saying that-”

“That you’re stuck like this for good,” Angelica said, her cheeks red with guilt. She embraced her sister, who became emotional and teary-eyed, even as she kept her eyes on Chris’ cock over Angelica’s shoulder.

“No! Noo! I’m not some chick!”

“That’s right,” Chris answered. “You’re not. You’re a damn sexy one, Emmy. And I bet from the way you’re looking at me that you’re starting to realise what a man I am now, too. And how much you want me. Both of you.”

Am I going too far with this? Oh, but the chance for revenge is much too sweet!

The two sisters disengaged. Angelica gave him a funny look, and it wasn’t one of disapproval. She planted a hand on her curvaceous hip, then licked her lips.

“Mhm-hmm, that does sound kinda fun, actually.”

“What!? No way!”

“C’mon, sis. I’ve been turned into his perfect woman - I wanted it - but I think you got a bit of that too. That’s why you’re looking at him like I am. We both want him. Together. Right?”

The new woman was breathing rapidly, perfect breasts straining against her pink dress. Chris stared into her ocean blue eyes, seeing the man she used to be at war with the lusty bimbo she now was. He deliberately lowered his hand again and stroked his cock a little more.

“How about it, Emmy? I’ll even let you ride me first, just to break you in? Angelica is now my perfect girlfriend, but I always said I’d ‘pay you back,’ didn’t I? Why don’t you do it right now but fucking me alongside your twin sister? I think I deserve that after all the classist comments you made.”

He could tell it was too much, but Emmy’s will cracked before his guilt.

“I don’t - I can’t - Oh God, but I have to!”

She practically *ran* to him, pulling off her dress and smothering him in kisses. Her breasts bounced in her bra, and it was Angelica that helped her get it off, whispering advice in her sister’s ear.

“It’ll be worth it, Emmy. I’m so sorry I did this to you, but I bet you’ll love it when we get started. I can show you how to be a real woman - let’s be honest, you were a bit sexist before. Now you learn otherwise.”

“Oh God, I want to! I totes want that cock in meeee!”

The couch was huge to match the living room, and easily fit all three of them upon it. Chris found himself utterly swarmed by their flesh, four great tits rubbing against him. Angelica sucked on his cock while Emmy dangled her breasts in his face, making him suck on them.

“I hate you s-so much, Chris! But I want you s-so bad! Suck my big boobies, please!”

He did so, barely about to get a word in. He was beginning to feel overwhelmed: *I’ve gone too far. Maybe I can get one too stop. But - ahhh! - I’m as lost in this as they are!*

“Consider this a reward from your future wife,” Angelica moaned, before licking his balls. It made him arch his back. The two women helped him up so that he was sitting upright. They were both utterly naked by this point, and both worked to get his top off. Angelica was incredibly keen, but Emmy was insatiable despite the clear embarrassment on her face.

“F-fuck me! It’s too much! I’m a total bimbo moron and I NEED IT! I NEED CHRIS IN MEEEE!”

Angelica giggled, and helped hoist her onto Chris. He grabbed her hips, sinking his fingers into her ass. She moaned in his ear, which only made his dick harder. And then, as if by trained instinct, the new woman lowered herself, trembling with excitement and fear and anticipation, onto his long cock.

“Ahhhh, it’s s-sooooo big! Ohmigod, why am I doing this?”

“Because we love it!” Angelica replied, sounding a bit like her old self. “Because we’re going to be perfect bimbos for him! And you and I can be besties, Emmy! You as my bimbo bestie, me as your smart ‘older’ twin, hee hee! But first, let’s get our man to cum inside you. You’ll fucking *love* it.”

Chris had no desire to stall off that particular outcome. The red-faced, horny Emmy slid up and down upon his pole, becoming more and more enthusiastic. He in turn groped and squeezed her breasts, even as Angelica kissed his neck and pressed her warm body against his side. She reached under him as he raised himself up and rubbed his balls, making them even tighter, ready to expel their contents at any moment.

“NNGHH!!!” he groaned. “S-so close!”

“Do it,” Angelica whispered. “I won’t mind. I want all the things you want, remember? And you can make it up to me by letting me ride you in a moment. I *demand* it, big boy.”

It was all too much. She shoved her tits in his face as Emmy arched her back, and both women were suddenly sucking on his neck, kissing his cheeks, and demanding he stick

their tongues in their mouths. It was beyond all sensory experience, beyond anything the hard-done by man had ever imagined he could achieve.

I deserve this. Out of the rat race, finally! It may be a dog eat dog world, but thanks to that ridiculous spell, I'll be the top dog, finally!

The feeling of intense pleasure welled up inside him, made all the sweeter by Emmy's soft, high, kittenish moans as she bounced on his lap. Her new love tunnel clamped down on his cock, milking him artfully, and soon it was too much.

"OHHHHH!!!" he groaned, and she moaned with him, straight into his mouth as she embraced him for a kiss.

"You're c-cummming inside me!" she declared, as an orgasm hit him, then her. "You're actually c-cumming! I'm letting C-Chris f-fuck me! And I I-love it!"

Her voices of part-protest, part-release made him cum even harder. His balls emptied, stream after stream of his issue pouring into her. She embraced him, suffocating him with her boob flesh, and it took a long time for her to finally stop moaning, and for his own breathing to stabilise.

"Well, that was the hottest thing I've ever seen," Angelica said from the side. She was posing with her breasts pushed together with her forearms.

Emmy looked beyond humiliated, and yet unable to escape, or even to want to escape. She looked back at Chris, who grinned in her direction as he pushed some of her hair behind her ear.

"I like this new, bimbo version of you, Emmy," he said.

She wanted to hate his words, he could tell. But she could only bite her lip as she grinned gloriously. "Ohhhh, I like it t-too," she admitted. "I shouldn't. I don't want to. But I'm still so turned on by all your cum in me."

"But it's my turn now, sis," said her twin. She pushed her lightly off, and Emmy collapsed to the side easily, trembling in delirious delight.

"Wait, Angelica," Chris managed to gasp. "Not quite ready."

"Oh, but you will be. Get on your back, and I'll make it worth your while. I'm your hot nerd girlfriend, and one day I'll be your hot nerd wife, and the hot nerd mother of your babies - along with cutie Emmy here. We're going to be one big family now, Chris! So why don't we *practice*."

Her words oozed sensuality, and as she began to lick his chest and press her own mounds against him, he slowly felt his dick harden once more, ready for another bout.

"O-okay," he said weakly, lost in desire for her. "M-maybe just one more fuck for now, and then we, uh, work all this out."

She took that to be all the excuse she needed, because within moments she was riding him, gasping in pleasure, and Emmy was off to the side, masturbating to the sight of it and making Chris all the more lustful as a result.

It wasn't the last fuck of the night. Not in the least. He now had two very demanding women of very different temperaments, but both totally enthralled by his manhood. It was only much later, when they'd moved to the bedroom, that he could take in the insanity of all that had happened. Both Emmy and Angelica were naked beside him, both smushing their bountiful breasts against his sides. Both gripping his respective arms possessively.

Hot damn, I can finally get the life I deserve, he thought to himself. *The one that was denied to me. A smart, hot girlfriend and a sexy twin side-squeeze, and with all the money and connections these two possess to give me the boost up I deserve. The Murlowe Architectural Award is mine for the taking!*

He lay back, sandwiched between the two naked women: Emmy purring dreamily, lost in her new bimbo thoughts, and Angelica grinning like a vixen. God, she was sharp now. Sexy and smart. Really smart. You could tell just from looking at her. And an architectural student too! Perfect!

And that's when a cold chill ran down his spine as he realised something.

Wait, just how smart is she? She's neck and neck with me in that class. Oh fuck. You're kidding me. I managed to get one twin out of the running and now the other one could be my big rival. Freakin' Angelica of all people might be the one to steal my future instead of Emile!

Not to mention the fact that she mentioned he was going to be her husband, as if she *demand*ed it. And all the talk about him getting her pregnant with babies. Not one baby, but two. How much of her was his perfect woman, and what the original Angelica *thought* would be his perfect woman? How much had he actually won here, versus his new girlfriend? And even with Emile now stuck as the sexy, kittenish Emmy, hadn't he just ended up stuck with yet another blonde bimbo girl to be vaguely embarrassed by.

I'm an idiot. A bigger idiot than Emmy is! I'm trapped in a goddamn twin threesome paradise where I still manage to be the loser.

"Are you thinking about our future wedding already, hun?" Angelica asked. "Or how we're going to be at the same architectural firm, always having fun competing?"

Emmy blushed on his other side, slowly caressing his hardening cock. "Or are you, like, thinking about how you could totally get this hot body preggers? Or how I'm gonna look sooooo cute once I get used to this stupid, ridiculous, amazing body? Ohmigod, I shouldn't be like this, but I sooooo want everyone to know I suck your cock!"

"This is going to be fun, sis!" Angelica said. "Us sharing him. Blessing him. Using all our wealth and looks to ensure he gets everything he wants."

“Ohhh, that sounds literally like the hottest thing ever. I don’t want it to be, but it is! Mhmmm . . .”

The two women snuggled closer to him, but for the first time their soft, busty bodies felt more like he was caught between a rock and a hard place.

I think I wish she casted a different spell instead, he thought to himself.

But by that point it was too late, and the two women were upon him. One thing was for sure: his rat race had come to an end. But despite all appearances, Chris wasn’t entirely sure he’d gotten the cheese.

Perhaps in another reality, with a different spell, he’d gotten exactly what he wanted. But for now, as two women dominated him in two very different ways, perhaps he’d just gotten what he deserved.

The End