

## Changing Classes (TGRC Monster Girl TF)

**By FoxFace Stories**

**A Commission for Waaaghan**

*Lucas and his girlfriend Matilda are part of an incredibly rowdy college class of mainly white students being taught by Professor Fatima Hamdan. After a particularly unsuccessful teaching lesson in which bigoted comments are thrown about, Fatima reveals to their shock that she is a practising sorceress, and changes all of them to become a more diverse, accepting bunch as punishment. But as Lucas and Matilda and all the rest adjust to their new lives, it is only the first of changes to come . . .*

### Changing Classes

The professor was clearly at the end of her rope.

“Class! Class! I will remind you that this is a college - a *university* - not high school! You are all *adults*, not *teenagers*, and you are expected to behave accordingly!”

I stopped mid-chuckle at one of my classmate’s jokes and snapped back to attention. The rest of the room, however, did not. I could see the frustration grow on Professor Fatima Hamdan’s face. She was a lovely professor, kind and endlessly patient and always doing her best to improve the learning of her students. And, I had to admit, she was pretty cute as well, with a cute oval face that had defined Middle-Eastern features and startling green eyes. While her hair was hidden by a veil, he liked to imagine it was dark and gorgeous, matching her slim yet womanly figure well.

What can I say? I’m still a guy. But even today I could tell her usual patience was wearing thin. Even my girlfriend Matilda was playing up, which annoyed me, because this wasn’t some airy-fairy arts class or whatever, but an engineering course. Somehow, evidently, she had been saddled with the worst bunch of students that could possibly have attended.

“Thank you for your attention Lucas,” she said across the lecture theatre to me, “but the rest of you need to listen up. We are tackling principles of electronics and communications, and your essay will be discussing how engineers tackle these concepts in different ways from our mechanical engineering unit. You. Need. To. Learn. This. Information. To. Pass.”

I felt terrible. She was trying. She’d been honest from the start; it was her first year as a full professor, and despite obviously being in her thirties, she looked to be in her mid-twenties at best. It all made her an easy target, particularly since the class was almost entirely male but for my girlfriend Matilda and one other woman named Connie who was

always trying to be 'one of the boys.' It was worsened, I recognised, by the fact that the class was also pretty damn homogenous: with the exception of Kamal, whose parents were from India, all of us were white as snow, and we weren't exactly from the most liberal of areas either. So the class was already predisposed to not take her seriously: as a 'newbie', as a woman, and for the more ignorant of us, as an Arab Muslim.

Still the class of twenty five continued to chat and laugh, and for a few of them, even throw things as if they were back in high school. At the back, Parker even made some wolf-whistles at Professor Fatima's direction, saying just loud enough to hear but low enough to be deniable the words: "Show us your hair, hotstuff!"

The professor turned red.

"Jesus, that was too far," I said to Matilda, who was sitting next to me.

My girlfriend was a real cutie, with vibrant red hair and a slim body. She wore stylish glasses, and had a smattering of freckles she was quite proud of. She was as smart as me, if not smarter, and without bragging too much I'd always done pretty well in my grades, particularly in STEM subjects like engineering. But Matilda was even better, and occasionally ran circles around me. Unfortunately, it also meant that she often didn't care about respect towards the professor of a given class, because she could ace the test anyway. At that moment, she just gave a light shrug.

"To be fair, Lucas, if she can't control a class, why is she even teaching?"

"Because she knows her shit, Matilda, that's why! And frankly, I'd like to hear her advice given she has experience in a field I'm interested in."

She laughed, a little too loudly, which embarrassed me in front of the exasperated professor. Somewhere, someone threw a paper aeroplane.

"Please, don't go and have a crush on her when you're still with me."

"I didn't mean it like that, Mattie. I just feel bad for her."

"Well, maybe she should wise up and learn how to get harsh."

"It doesn't excuse racism, though."

She considered that point. "No, but she kind of brings it on herself, doesn't she? I mean seriously, wearing a hijab indoors?"

"She has to. It's her religion."

"Religion is for morons. I've heard you say that yourself."

I sighed. "It doesn't mean you have to treat people like shit just because *they* choose to follow a series of outdated beliefs though"

Even as we talked, the chaos continued. Kamal, rather than sticking up for the professor as a fellow person of colour, instead joined in and even made some harassing comments out loud.

"I'm sorry professor!" he called, "I can't hear you through your headscarf! Would you mind taking it off!"

"I'd like to see her take it *all* off," Parker remarked. He said it loudly, thus eliciting yet another ripple of laughter throughout the class. Professor Fatima boiled up ahead - I'd never seen her so angry!

"I AM ASKING FOR YOUR RESPECT!" she called, nearly jolting me from my seat.

The class went briefly quiet. For just a moment, I thought that it was the end of it, and then I saw Matilda open her mouth out the corner of my eyes and I cringed. I really liked my girlfriend, but she had all the tact and grace of an elephant sometimes, and she really had a grudge against religious people.

"No offence, *professor*," she said in her own teacherly impersonation, "but it would be a lot easier to respect you if you weren't wearing a damned *hijab* - a symbol of oppression and foolish Middle-Eastern superstition - in a damned *engineering course* - a course based on rational principles of mechanics and scientific enlightenment."

There was a moment's pause. I felt my blood go cold. The professor went pale. And then, worst of all, Parker began to cheer. The fat misogynistic douchebag actively *cheered*, and numerous others joined in with him.

"Free the hair!" one idiot shouted.

"No, free the nipple!"

"Can't we have a professor who, you know, looks more like us?"

The comments came quick and fast, and I was too shocked - and perhaps daunted - to confront any of them. Fatima stood there, stock still.

"I am teaching engineering, Matilda," she said. "I am an expert in the subject. That is why you should respect me - my personal religious beliefs are not part of this course, and I have never tried to impart them or speak of them."

*Please Matilda, I thought, don't bite! Just leave it alone.*

But I already knew she wouldn't.

"That's all well and fair, professor," she said, "but despite your attempts to hide it, everyone here knows that you're a Muslim *lesbian*, which frankly is a ridiculous concept! It gives me the feeling that you're some diversity hire for the university, instead of someone who should actually be teaching this course."

I gasped. Even a few others gasped. I'd never heard Matilda express a view like that: it was like a small coat of paint or wallpaper over something expressly racist or homophobic. Or at the very least, xenophobic. Even Matilda seemed to recognise she'd gone too far: she looked at me with shock in her eyes, shaking her head wordlessly as if to say, *'that wasn't me. I didn't mean to go so far.'*

I turned back to the professor at the front of the lecture theatre. She was wiping away a tear, and at that moment I knew things had gone far beyond too far. But then she lowered her hands, and I saw that she was *laughing*. The laughter rose, getting louder and louder, her sweet, demure voice contrasting against the brazen cackling. And it was indeed a cackle, almost witch-like.

“Well, if that’s how you feel about my apparently publicly known sexual orientation, Miss Matilda Thornhike, then I can’t change your opinion. I can’t change any of your opinions, in fact. Not with you behaving as you are. I’ve tried all year to try to get you to pay attention and learn, to be a nice teacher who cares about your learning and achievements, who pushes you softly but assuredly to the finish line. I have believed in all of you. But today is far enough - and even *now* some of you aren’t listening to me. So I guess there’s only one thing to do - if I can’t change your opinions, your bigotries. Then I *will* change your perspectives!”

She flourished her hands in a strange, enigmatic, and almost unnatural way in the air, all while speaking in a strange mumbo jumbo language. Several laughed in confusion, Matilda just chuckled awkwardly, perhaps even derisively. Others even just went back to their conversation. Even I felt a little bad for the professor. She’d lost the plot!

But then, to my shock, something strange began to happen. Little bursts of pink and purple energy erupted like fireworks around her hands, dancing and shifting and moving about as she continued to speak in some strange and eldritch tongue. Slowly, the strange supernatural effect expanded, and the sounds and distractions of the lecture theatre died away as we witnessed the impossible scene playing out before us.

*“Oot tnemmoc tsal taht rof snaibsel meht ekam, lleh dnA .Degelivirpnu dna esrevid a eb ot ekil si ti tahw dnatsrednu lliw yeht taht os degnahc eb meht tel!”*

It was like English in reverse, but I found it impossible to make out exactly what she was saying, and I had no further time to, because suddenly a series of purple beams shot out from the manifestation of violet light she had summoned, and pierced into the bodies of the students around me. They left no trace, but each student gasped as they entered. My heart beat in terror. What was happening? All around me my peers groaned, clutching their stomachs.

“Lucas, help me!” Matilda screamed beside me, “help meeeee!”

I looked up and saw the purple bolt of lightning-like energy careen towards her. I moved swiftly, trying to intercept it with my body, but it dodged and weaved around me unnaturally, bending to hit her square in the chest. She gasped as if the wind had been knocked out of her.

“Jesus, Matilda? Are you alright!? We need to get out of here!”

I could see other students trying to leave, but even as they scrambled, those bolts hit them, locking them in place as they gasped and groaned. I turned on the spot to face the professor, who was raising her voice ever louder as she made her strange incantations. And that's when I saw it: a violet bolt of crackling energy heading straight for me. I jumped to the side, blocking my eyes with arms in terror,

And then it entered me.

I fell to my knees, unable to hold up my weight as a series of strange tremors rippled throughout my body. It was like nothing I'd ever felt before, as if a dozen invisible hands were massaging and pulling and pressing my flesh. I looked around, trying to find an exit, a way out, when the strangest sight greeted my eyes. Matilda was panicking, breathing heavily and trying to get up. She locked eyes with me in a panic.

And I saw that they had *changed colour*.

They were no longer their gorgeous sky blue. They had become a dark hazel.

"Matilda! Your eyes - they're changing!"

"What? What are you talking about - NGH!"

She clutched her body, squirming on the spot, and I looked on in horror as more of my girlfriend changed. Her skin darkened to a deep olive tone, causing her to scream in terror as she held up her hands before her. Matilda's muscles swelled, her entire frame expanding. Her clothes shifted, the material altering to become a dark top with modest jeans, and to my shock her hair also darkened to jet black, before being covered over in a forest green hijab that materialised out of thin air.

"What the f-f-f - what the heck!?" she said.

Somehow, that was just as surprising as Matilda's ongoing bodily transformation: my girlfriend never had any hesitation about swearing! I recoiled as her body continued to alter, becoming that of a much more muscular woman. She grew over a foot in height, ending at what must have been 6'2, with long legs and muscular arms, and a set of breasts that were more heavily outlined against her top.

"Oh God! Oh Allah! What's happening to me!?" she screamed, running her larger hands over her more athletic body.

*Allah? What the hell?* I thought. *You're not religious, Matilda!*

But then I heard other screams and cries of shock as well. I gazed around the room, unbelieving my eyes as I saw that my girlfriend's transformation was not in any way isolated: seemingly *everyone* was changing, all at different stages, some just recently hit by bolts like me, but *all of them* changing in some way. Across the theatre, the collective body of students were reacting in terror as their skin darkened to varying shades of brown, black, olive, and tan-yellow, while their bodies thinned and altered, becoming increasingly feminine. The numerous guys in the room panicked, begging for the professor to stop as their hips

expanded, their waists thinned, their hair grew longer, and their faces softened. A number of them were already growing breasts, and I could see Kamal Sukip frozen as his race altered to that of a cute Japanese girl, while Parker Endham was actually *crying* as he developed a huge bustline, his skin turning ebony black, an afro growing from his head. He was becoming an incredibly voluptuous woman of African descent with curvy features and a cute pudgy belly, emphasised by the tight clothing she was suddenly wearing.

"They're all - holy shit they're all changing!" I said, even as Matilda increasingly took on the look of a muscular Arabic woman.

That was when my own changes began. It began as a continuation of that original series of pressures and tuggings, only now they became far more pronounced. I panted, breathing heavily as my flesh began to shift. My skin darkened, and it felt like pin pricks all over my skin.

"Lucas, you're getting darker!" Matilda said, her voice now having a Middle-Eastern accent to it, along with a deeper husk.

"Oh God," I moaned, rubbing my arms even as they continued to lose their Caucasian tone. I felt my face alter as well, my nose thinning and extending, becoming long and prominent yet refined. My eyebrows lifted, as if being pulled upwards, and I scratched at them as numerous hairs developed, rendering them thicker. My lips plumped up, feeling like they were injected with something, and they became much softer as well. My whole face became softer, in fact. My jaw lost its masculine roughness, becoming more oval-shaped, and my cheekbones lifted. I grabbed my new chin only to feel my facial hair evaporate around my fingers.

"I'm becoming a g-girl! Ohhhhh - ahhh! I'm even s-sounding like one!"

My voice was rising in timber. I clutched my Adam's apple, but it was already melding back into my throat. The rest of me was changing also, and I couldn't ignore the building pressure upon my hips and chest. I writhed in my seat, trying to run a third time, but I collapsed back into it, feeling my waistline thin. It was like an invisible corset was crushing my waist inwards, even as my hips popped outwards. Fat poured into my ass and thighs, and while it was not an incredible amount, it left me with a softer figure that struggled to fit in my jeans. I felt my spine crack a little, and suddenly I reduced in height by an inch. And then another. And then another. I was shrinking, and all I could do was moan and groan and grunt in an increasingly high, lilting voice as my body feminised.

"Please - stop! I d-don't deserve *this!*"

The last word jumped up yet another octave, and the weirdest thing was it sounded like I was developing a strange accent, from where I couldn't quite tell from just one word. I went to speak again to find out, but then the pressure in my chest finally bloomed, and the flesh began to expand outward. I arched my back, as if trying to avoid what was happening,

and instead only gave prominence to the fact that I was rapidly developing a set of breasts. My nipples tensed, obviously expanding, and I could feel the little pin prick sensation of female areola extending in a circular pattern around them. My chest grew, no longer a set of masculine pectoral muscles but now obviously a pair of boobs: they gained a discernible weight quickly, before becoming heavier and more prominent and even started to jiggle in an alien fashion as I squirmed.

“No! I don’t want to grow tits!” I cried. I put a dark hand over my mouth, astonished. I was talking in what had to be an *Indian* accent. The realisation came at the same time as black spools of hair unfurled from my scalp, covering my vision. By the time I pulled them aside my breasts had expanded another cup size, now feeling a little heavy on my chest.

“No! No, this isn’t right! This isn’t fair!”

As if answering the problem of my still-growing boobs, my clothes glowed briefly, shifting and becoming a gorgeous red *sari* that bared part of my midriff and outlined my figure perfectly. Beneath, a bra cupped my finished breasts. I had no way of knowing how big they were, but they were definitely bigger than Matilda’s B-cups. Maybe a full D-cup, if I had to guess. The *sari* was gorgeous. It had a gold pattern along it, but was casual enough, I supposed, that it did me justice.

*Did me justice? What the hell are these thoughts!?*

I clenched my eyes shut as something was applied to my face, and when I opened them, I felt some kind of product on my features. Makeup? Matilda also had some dark eyeshadow she never would have worn before, so I had to assume that was it.

“*Allahu Ackbar!*” she said in her strange new accent. “Saanvi, you look like an Indian girl!”

“What? My name isn’t Saanvi!” I said in my cute Indian accent, “it’s Saanvi! What the -!?”

*What the fuck!? I can’t even say my own name now?*

I looked over my changed body. I was all female - except in one particular place I could feel between my legs. But even that was changing. I could feel my penis drawing back into my body, becoming smaller and smaller even as a strange emptiness grew from within, like I was being tunnelled through. My stomach lurched as organs were shifted to the side, accommodating the growth of something new within me.

*Oh fuck, it’s a womb isn’t it!* I thought.

I grabbed my crotch through my gorgeous *sari*, and tried to contain the strange change going on there. I desperately fumbled with my new, daintier hands, trying to hold onto the shrinking vestigial remnants of my penis and balls. But it was too late: my penis shrunk and became incredibly sensitive, causing me to whimper in surprise. My balls pulled back into my body with a *PLOPI PLOP!* My genitals altered, a new opening forming, and

then it was all over. I was now, apparently, an Indian girl with an ample chest, sexy midriff, and a *definitely* female set of genitalia.

“Oh my God,” I groaned, still unused to my new voice.

Matilda groaned as well, then gritted her teeth, hissing through them in sharp breaths.

“My-my mind! It’s ch-changing!”

I felt it too: like fingers descending down into the fabric of my brain and changing the connections. I felt my confidence warp and change - I had never been shy or anything, but suddenly I experienced an incredible boost to my confidence. It was like a switch had been flipped, taking me from a somewhat introverted individual to a total extravert. I wanted to stand and show off my body, bear my midriff a little more, do a little dance in public if I was feeling particularly daring. The need to visit night clubs, go on dates with beautiful women (*thank the Gods I’m still straight at least. Wait, Gods plural?*) and party like crazy overwhelmed my brain. Dancing in particular felt natural to my bones - I stood and wiggled on the spot, flexing muscles that were not as strong as before but certainly more flexible. Somehow, I knew in that moment that Saanvi, this woman I had been transformed into, was a natural cheerleader, even with my diminutive stature.

“Oh my Gods, I’m a total party girl,” I said, and despite my every desire to remain horrified, a wide smile came over my face as I imagined what it would be like to show off this body. I immediately blushed with embarrassment at the thought. Out the corner of my eye, I could see Adira flexing. Matilda. Her name was Matilda.

“Adira, what are you doing?”

“I’m Adira!” she tried to correct me. “And - I feel like some sort of footballer! What the heck!”

Others were coming to similar revelations. Parker was apparently a Swahili woman named Thula, who was now wearing an outfit that showed off her absurd figure. Connie Masters, the only other girl in the class, had gone from Caucasian to just Asian, almost Mongolian looking. Her figure was model-beautiful, a sharp contrast to her tomboy looks, and she was even dressed elegantly as well.

“What is happening to us!?” someone cried.

“*HGUONE!*”

Suddenly, the room fell silent, and not by choice. I tried to scream, call for help, even just run away, but no action was possible. My body was rigid, and I couldn’t speak either. My form turned, automatically sitting back down to pay attention to the front of the class. Professor Fatima Hamdan was standing expectantly with her arms crossed, staring at each of us.



“Good,” she said. “That’s much better. I’m sure you all have many questions, but you’ll have to wait until the end. Yes, you have all now changed bodies. Yes, you have also changed *lives*. Most of you have also changed gender, and even sexual orientation. Certainly, many have also experienced an alteration of culture. I didn’t want it to get this far: as a sorceress - yes, magic is *real* Matilda, or should I say *Adira* - I have a responsibility to avoid using magic for petty reasons. But after an entire semester of rowdy behaviour, outright rudeness, and now flagrant *racism*, *sexism*, and *homophobia*, I feel that my reasons for unleashing magic upon you all are no longer petty.”

She composed herself. It was strange, it wasn’t like some grand villainous reveal or anything, she just looked tired and sad. She took a breath and continued.

“It is saddening that a woman of colour is so distrusted in STEM *still* that it has come to this. Don’t worry, your change isn’t permanent.”

Despite none of us being able to move, I could feel a palpable release of tension in the air.

“But you will occupy your new lives until graduation of this course at the end of the year.”

The tension returned. *The rest of the year? I’m stuck as an Indian party girl named Saanvi until the end of the freakin’ year!?*

“That’s right,” she said calmly. “After all the bigotry you have displayed this lesson and throughout the year, it’s time you learned what it’s actually like to live a less privileged life. That means experiencing life as a woman, as a minority, as someone from a different culture, from an immigrant family, and with minority beliefs. If you can learn from this experience, and graduated with changed minds and hearts, and still manage a passing great with all the new hurdles and personalities traits I’ve given you, then you can change back.”

She arched her eyebrow.

“But *if* you fail to graduate, or fall back on your bad behaviours and outmoded beliefs, then you will be stuck with your new lives . . . *permanently*.”

She clicked her fingers, and each of us gasped as we were released from her grip. We gazed about at each other, unbelieving how different we all were now.

“Any questions?” the professor asked.

There was a prolonged, awkward silence. Finally, a hand went up. It came from a sexy latina girl in a tight pink crop top and tight denim shorts that barely contained her outrageous hips. She was sitting in Mason Gerald’s spot - a pasty nerd type who was pretty loud about his view that ‘girls can’t be engineers.’ I’d nearly come to blows with him several times over comments he’d made to Adira. *I mean Matilda!*

“Are we . . . are we still attracted to girls?” she said awkwardly, her South American accent lush and gorgeous.

Fatima Hamdan smiled. "You *all* are," she said, "even those that weren't before."

I felt Adira's eyes upon me. The middle-eastern woman my girlfriend had become suddenly blushed.

"Sh-shoot," she said, clearly trying to say something more strong than that. "You look . . . hot."

I felt the same about her.

*So we're all . . .*

"Yes, for those of you still thinking enough to figure it out, it means you're now all officially lesbians. Pretty good looking ones too, if I might add. For one, it gives you perspective on what it's like to experience that side of life, something you sorely all need given your disrespectful comments. Also, and this is just a personal bias, but I think the world needs more beautifully diverse lesbians in it! We're a proud community, and perhaps you'll learn that too. Consider it part punishment, part dangled carrot."

"Please, won't you turn us back!?" called a deep-voiced woman. It was Parker, though I now thought of her as Thula. "We'll apologise! I'll make amends! I'll - I'll wash your car!"

"No," Fatima replied flatly, "I don't think I will. My conditions stay. And my car is very clean, thank you. Though you may notice when you leave that not all of you *have* cars anymore, I'm sorry to say. Like I've said, my spell has given you new lives, and underprivileged ones at that. I give you leave now to go find out what those new lives are, so you can adjust to them as quickly as possible and prepare to pass this subject."

A silent pause followed, and then she made a shooing motion.

"Go on! Get out of here! Before I cast another spell!"

The crowd of newly diverse women fled, all of them choking back tears, sobs, gushing rumours and questioning what had just happened. I made to go as well and comfort my tearful and guilty girlfriend, when suddenly the professor's voice rang out.

"Lucas Johnson - now Saanvi Ghosh - a moment please. I'd like you to stay behind."

I gave Adria a look that said 'I'll meet you outside,' and went and saw the professor. She gave me a sympathetic look, the kind she usually gave, rather than the display I'd just seen.

"Lucas, I feel a little bad."

"Because you turned us all into lesbian women?" I asked in my cute new accent.

"No, not that," she said, a little wryly amused. "I feel a little bit bad because I changed you as well, and you are the one student who never expressed such views."

"You'll change me back?"

"No," she continued, "I'm sorry to say I won't. You still didn't do much to stick up for me - we should always call out bigotry when we see it, shouldn't we?"

I sagged. I wanted to be angry, but she was right. The fact that Matilda, who said those awful things, was my girlfriend, was further evidence of that fact that I could have spoken up.

“So instead, I’m going to cast a minor spell to help you. You’re already quite clever, but I think your new extraverted party girl aesthetic will make things more difficult.”

*I do feel like going out drinking with girls tonight, and dressing up sexy. Gods, this is so weird! And again, Gods? Am I Hindu or something now?*

Yes,” I agreed, “it will.”

“I thought so, though I’m sure you’ll have plenty of fun. Lots of girls will be into you, Adira most of all. But to help you out for being the better student in my class, I will boost your knowledge of the subject, and your work ethic, so you aren’t afraid of flunking out - don’t think this doesn’t mean you have to try though.”

She flung her hands out and enchanted a quick spell, speaking in that strange reverse speak of hers. I felt a change in my mind as further understanding of mechanical and electrical engineering flowed into me, and then a second change as the desire and will to study independently - even more than usual - came over me.

“Wow,” I said. “Thanks, um, I guess. Despite turning me into this. What am I meant to do professor?”

Fatima Hamdan just placed a hand on my little shoulder like I was a little girl and she was my mother.

“Go enjoy your new live, Saanvi,” she said. “And try to learn a lesson from it. Adira too.”

And with that, she turned around and left, leaving me standing all alone in a new body and life.

“This is so weird,” I said to myself.

*But at least I’ll get to feel up my new boobs?*

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I looked at myself in the mirror. Cliche, I know, but I had to do it. I had spent the entire previous day coming to terms with the fact that I was now an actual woman. A woman. Just thinking about it was crazy. I had boobs, and a vagina, and all the slim proportions. My voice sounded like honey, and when I moved I couldn’t help but sway my hips from side to side. It was bad enough that I was now Indian, and was spending half my time thinking in Hindi, but I also possessed a desire to go out and socialise with friends who now would see me in a totally different way.

So naturally I went back to my apartment and hid under the covers and tried to wake up from this crazy dream. Except there was no crazy dream to wake up from, only a crazy reality to become used to. One in which I had changed race, sex, culture, and even orientation (in a roundabout way, since I was still attractive to girls, thank the Gods).

But when I woke the next morning, my petite stomach grumbling with hunger and my body in need of a shower, I had to confront myself. And my, had I changed. For moments, it seemed like it was all made up, a dream I'd had. But when I felt my large tits wobble I realised it was real.

*So now I'm looking in the mirror, and seeing a beautiful Indian woman stare back.*

Yes, I was indeed beautiful. I was much shorter, maybe 5'5 or 5'4, certainly a little under average for a woman. Naked before the mirror, I could see everything. My skin was a gorgeous dark olive tone all over, smooth and hairless but for the empty space between my thighs. I had thicker thighs than I was used to, and a cushier butt, and certainly my hips had a wonderful width and sway to them. My waist was narrow, though not ridiculously so. Really, it was my torso and face that made me utterly gorgeous though. I had a pair of heavy, perfect tits - a D-cup, I quickly learned from the bras in my changed closet - and they were topped by large, dark nipples. I couldn't help but brush my fingers over them and shiver at their sensitivity. Certainly, they were eye catchers, though I could feel their weight upon my petite shoulders. My face was beautiful, yet also intensely cute. I had large eyes that had grey-green irises, and my long nose perfectly suited my changed face and new race. My cheekbones were not overtly prominent, but were raised, and there was a cute oval shape to my face. My eyebrows were lush and thick, and my hair equally so, a wavy curtain of black that swayed with my every motion.

"Holy shit," I said to myself, grateful I could still swear, unlike my girlfriend. "I'm hot as hell."

*And I feel such a strong need to show it.*

I was midway through readying to have a shower when I got a text message. Even on my phone it said it was from *Adira*.

*Saanvi, I just did a freaking morning prayer! We've changed! It was real! Meet me by the college oval in an hour!*

The exclamation marks were not a good sign. Matilda - Adira now - only used them when she was stressing. I looked over myself one more time, and felt the urge to pose. I did so, placing my hands on my hips and thrusting out my ample chest with a smile. I quickly put a stop to it.

"Oh Gods, what is wrong with me?"

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Adira was furious, and I couldn't help but find the look adorable, despite her larger frame and more athletic figure.

"This sucks! This really f-f-freakin' sucks!"

I patted her on the shoulder. We were sitting on the seats that faced the oval, and I realised why she had called me to this spot: my formerly sports-uninterested girlfriend was now a member of the women's football team, just as she had alluded to the day before. She was even wearing the uniform with a modified hijab, and filling it out lovely in the top. I was feeling unexpectedly randy, and was doing my best to stealthily check her out.

"I know, it's crazy!" I said, even as I looked at her wonderful ass. "After all, I'm apparently a member of the cheer squad! But we have to put up with it, or who knows what else Fatima will do!"

She groaned, placing her head in her hands. "It's all her fault. I wasn't being rude, just factual, Saanvi. You've got to believe me."

I gave her a sympathetic grin, but couldn't agree. "Adira, let's be honest, you were being pretty phobic on a number of levels. It wasn't just you, but you did insult her sexual orientation and call her a diversity hire."

"But I didn't mean - darn it!"

She groaned again.

"Darn it! It's still her fault!"

"Well, whose fault it is doesn't really matter, does it? We just need to get through to the end of October, right?"

She sighed. "Yeah. Get past the Halloween celebrations and then graduation is just around the corner. God, that's still a couple of months, though. Stuck as a gigantic muscle jock! I'm struggling to wear this darn thing, but I have a strong compulsion not to fight it, you know?"

I nodded, looking down at my own costume: I was wearing a cute green dress that pulled tight against my bust and showed a tasteful hint of cleavage. I hadn't wanted to wear it, but it just felt *right*. I also had it on good authority that there was a sexy white and red two-piece cheerleading costume in my new closet, one that desperately wanted to be worn the following morning for cheer squad practice. I told Adira as much, and she chuckled.

"Well, you're getting a first hand understanding of what it's like to be a woman, and part of that is being ogled at by sports creeps. Though being a cheerleader will put you on the spotlight, especially looking like you do. You always did wish I had slightly bigger t-t-boobs."

"No I didn't!"

“Please, all guys like girls with bigger chests. And I saw you occasionally look at Connie because of her C-cups.”

I flushed red - though could you even tell with my darker features?

“Still, it’s weird to have them.”

“I imagine so: they’re a lot bigger than mine were! Lots of bounce.”

And with that, she placed her hands on my chest and jiggled them a little. I moaned softly, not expecting the action, and finding it highly arousing.

“Ohhhhh, Gods, s-stop! That f-feels really good!”

She pulled her hands back. My nipples had hardened, and instantly the new emptiness between my legs felt quite moist indeed.

“F-fuck,” I mumbled. “That happened fast.”

Adira looked at me with the same expression she had when I turned her on as Matilda, albeit tempered with some shock.

“Wow, I think the spell also made you pretty horny, Saanvi.”

I took a heavy breath, my large chest rising and falling in my dress.

“You think? This is what I have to get used to! Imagine what I’ll look like as a cheerleader! Or in a cocktail dress while partying!”

She blushed, clearly imagining it. But the thought was interrupted when a whistle blew, and a coach called for Adira to join them.

“Darn, I have practice now. Stupid football, and yet these compulsions are making me want to enjoy the hell out of it.”

I placed my hand on her shoulder, admiring its muscle definition. “We’ll just have to try,” I said. “Besides, I’ll be cheering you on at the end of the week.”

She placed her hand over mine. “Yeah. Thanks Saanvi. I really, really hate that professor. That darn b-b-b-bad person,” she finished weakly.

And with that, she ran down to the field to begin running practice, leaving me alone. I normally loved being alone, but now as Saanvi, it made me anxious. I needed company, I needed gossip.

I needed a bunch of girlfriends to talk shop with.

“Just have to try,” I repeated in my cute accent. “Just have to try.”

I turned and ran off, intent on finding some new friends to talk to. And perhaps even to party later with.

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Our new lives quickly unfolded before us. Adira already hated her new existence: her family had changed to become a family of poor refugee immigrants who had fled from the Middle

East. They were all the same people, they had simply altered race and become Muslim, not that they even knew it. It drove her round the bend that she was suddenly expected to act modestly, wear her hijab, and say her five daily prayers to Mecca. I felt sorry for her, but I couldn't help but think she looked cute in her new dress sense: not that she could take it off, she told me she had a strange inner compulsion never to do that in public, only around other women in private spaces. Not only that, but she had gone from a tech geek to a total jock! Suddenly, not only was my girlfriend enlisted in the women's football league, but she also did morning jobs, went to the gym, and liked to watch sports on television.

"This is so stupid!" she whined over a week following our supernatural transformation. "I have to take public transport! My house is three times smaller! I worship a God I don't believe in - please forgive me Great God Above - and I also play football!? It's too much! Not to mention I'm gay now."

We all were, and it was one thing I could at least cling to as a form of normalcy. I was having just as much trouble adapting to my new life as Matilda/Adira, if not far more so. After all, she had changed her race and orientation and culture, but I had changed gender as well, and that altered a lot of the way I was going about life. Suddenly, I was dealing with feminine hygiene, makeup, dress sense (my Saanvi self liked to use Indian styles in a modern, showy way) and of course the attention from boys who only ever remembered Saanvi Ghosh and not Lucas Johnson. This attention-seeking and love of the spotlight was most emphasised by my new cheerleading role. I felt that compulsion to turn up to practise with the other girls - the ones from popular and pretty sororities that I was now apparently considered a peer of. I was expected to wear a revealing costume that bared a huge portion of my toned stomach, my gorgeous thighs, and certainly allowed my boobs to jostle around noticeably. It was awkward as hell, and yet strangely enticing. The dancing with pom poms while giving the football squad song cheer was just so damn stereotypical, and yet it was oddly freeing. To my surprise, the girls weren't bitchy at all, but instead really supportive. It made it more easy to get started with, and once I did, it was impossible to stop.

"Nice look, babe!" Adira called as she ran out to play on her first game, as we danced to support their team.

I giggled and kept dancing, the two of us momentarily lost in our roles of footballer and cheerleader.

"Go get 'em, hotstuff!"

Unlike Adira, I wasn't cursed with a poor background, but neither was it exactly privileged either. I don't like to brag, but I certainly came from an upper middle class background, and so finding out that I would have to go to work in my new job as a supermarket worker to pay my university debt was galling.

There were other aspects of life that were difficult too. Suddenly finding myself brown-skinned and female, I had already been harassed and catcalled numerous times over just a week and a few days into my new existence. I felt an unnatural urge to show off my body, let others see it and praise it, and to dance and drink and laugh in large groups where I could be the centre of attention. In short, I was a total attention whore, though not an ill-nature one. So suddenly I was walking the tightrope of wanting to introduce myself to everyone, complement others' looks, invite them out to party, and yet also having to push back against aggressive boys, racist morons, and sexist douchebags who called me things like "slut" and "bimbo." The cheerleading thing only enhanced that reputation, despite the fact that as far as I could tell, I was a one-woman type of gal - and that woman was Adira.

The last comment insulted me the most. As the days continued on to a week after the change, I found that what Professor Hamdan had said was true: despite going out for drinks with Adira (something she did not want to do, and certainly could not drink at) on the weekend, I still had the energy on Monday to study hard and get my work prepped for our electrical engineering unit. It was like my new body was a never-ending source of energy, constantly capable of talking to others, going out on activities, and yet able to deal with the demands of an intensive tertiary education.

Others were not so lucky. Beyond poor Adira, there was also Connie Masters, who was now Oyuun, a Mongolian beautician who was now as far from the former tomboy's style as possible. Where she had once mocked 'girly girls' and done her best to fit into the boy crowd of the engineering unit by being as much of one as possible, now she was refined and stylish, wearing elegant dresses and lots of careful makeup. She moved like a dancer, and apparently had that as her new hobby. She too was dealing with the occasional experience of racism, but more than that, was not being taken seriously in her other subjects simply because she had a need to look beautiful.

"Ridiculous," I heard her snapping as I expanded my girls' group of friends to include some of the engineering class transformees. "I can't believe Professor Smalt didn't give me an A! He even commented on my makeup! It's unfair - it has nothing to do with my intelligence!"

I coughed, perhaps a little too loudly.

*If only you put two and two together on that one, Connie,* I thought.

Parker Endham was likewise reduced to a big, beautiful black woman, and one that was often judged for her loudness and forthrightness, rather than praised as she had been as a man. Thula was even more full of energy than me, and when she spoke, it was in the kind of accent that Parker would have once mocked: full Bronx. She was constantly trying to think of ways of worming out of her current state, particularly since part of her compulsions



was that she felt a need to hit on numerous women in the hopes of scoring a date. Rumour was she already had one.

I didn't want to voice out loud how well I was still doing in my studies, as suddenly a lot of the others were having difficulty, including Adira. With new responsibilities and a whole lot less privilege, they had stumbling blocks that they'd never experienced, and they were shocked that other classes were going downhill too, their opinions not taken as seriously and their rude jokes being frowned upon. Their former alpha status as white guys in STEM had been ripped from them, and even I found it hard to deal with.

"I can't believe this is my new life!" I whined to my girlfriend as we made our way out of another lecture. "I can't stop thinking about giving in to these compulsions and just having a party already."

"She seems to have gotten what she wanted," Adira said sourly, crossing her muscular arms. "I've got a strong desire to win the football cup, which is taking time away from study. Plus, with all the troubles at home, I have to take public transport, which is killing my study time! I've fallen down - she stole that from me!"

"At least the lectures can be heard now."

"Of course they are. After all, we're all silent and attentive now. No one wants to get turned into a snail or whatever. Thank Allah she didn't go that far."

I gave her a sympathetic smile. "Still coming to terms with being Muslim?"

She sighed, looking over her body. "I'm coming to terms with a lot of things. Maybe a party wouldn't be such a bad thing. It would give us a chance to cut loose a little."

It was like a firework had gone off in my body. I had been doing my best to resist my outgoing traits - the desire to dance, to flirt, to have wild sex with my athletic girlfriend, and just generally go out drinking and having a good time. But with those simple words, a floodgate had opened, and there was no stopping the flood of enthusiasm that followed. I literally bounced on my feet in excitement, as I often did by habit now, and my large boobs wobbled in my cute top.

"Yes! YES! A party! Let's just do it and have a party, Adira! You're the best!"

I hugged her around her powerful shoulders and leapt into her arms. She looked shocked, but caught me, and with both of us carried by instinct she twirled us round, lifted me up, and kissed me deeply on the lips. I returned the kiss with equal passion, enjoying the fullness of her lips.

"Allahu Akbar, what are we doing?" she asked, still easily holding me as I grabbed her with my thighs. I felt turned on again.

"Kissing, I think," I said awkwardly. "I guess . . . I guess I'm a little more submissive in this new relationship of ours."

She chuckled. "Well, that's not *all* bad, at least. Boy, you really want to party in this new body."

"So bad," I said, almost sounding like an Indian valley girl. "And you've just given me permission, cutie!"

A sigh. "Well done me."

"Too late! Look, we're stuck like this, so maybe we should stop fighting so much - at least relax with a bit of a party, then get back to business. I'll tell all the other girls. Maybe Thula will even come."

"Good luck. God, what are you getting us into, Saanvi?"

I couldn't help but smile. "Something to take our minds off of all these terrible new realities we're dealing with. I'll organise it - you just show up. And wear something sexy."

"So long as you do too. I'm not passing up an opportunity to see my boyfriend-turned-girlfriend dressed up all hot, especially with that chest of yours."

I smiled, feeling inwardly gleeful.

*Gods, the Professor really did a number on us, didn't she?*

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Just four days later, the party was on. My extraverted energy pushed me to prepare everything, talking with all the girls to determine the best location. Oyuun's house provided the best option - it was in the suburbs and was two stories tall, with a backyard pool and everything. She was one of the few of us who hadn't been downgraded in socio-economic class - in fact, she'd taken an upgrade, but been saddled with all the high expectations of family. As such, she wanted to break that particular mould to prove to herself she could. I wasn't totally convinced she wouldn't revert to her new personality of elegance and feminine grace, but hers was the best location, so I made do.

From there, I went to work organising the drinks, the alcohol, the food - nibbles and pizza orders - the music, the in-house dance floor, the ridiculous floaties for the pool and whatnot. I was an absolute whiz at this stuff, evidently, and just as Professor Fatima had said, I was imbued with all the energy to handle it and *still* keep on top of my engineering work.

I could barely contain my excitement. I gave in to my compulsions and picked a new outfit and everything: a cute and sexy red cocktail dress that lifted my boobs perfectly with its low v-neck and pulled in tight at my waist. I let my hair down too, using my new haircare expertise guide me in getting it shiny and wavy. Red lipstick and dark eyeshadow gave me a sexy visage, and a pair of red heels completed the look. I was shocked at how natural they felt to walk in once I had given in to my feminine side: they caused my hips and ass to

sashay hypnotically as I walked, and I knew when I strutted my stuff at the party that Adira would be all over me.

*Man, it's actually pretty empowering to show off your body like this,* I thought to myself as I made poses in the mirror. I couldn't stop smiling in anticipation.

I was shocked when the party started how many turned up. Evidently, while Lucas Johnson generally kept his head down, Saanvi Ghosh was a popular party animal, because cars lined the suburb and people from college I'd never met greeted me like my party hosting was normal. Even some of their dates waved hello. Things got started quickly, the DJ turning the music and everyone hitting the alcohol. More and more people arrived, causing Oyuun some anxiety, and I admit I felt anxious too: I wanted to see Adira turn up, even if she couldn't drink alcohol anymore, much to her chagrin. This party was partly for her, after all.

And then she arrived.

I was chatting with two boys from the history department, laughing and giggling and ignoring their awkward flirting as they checked out my boobs, when suddenly out of the corner of my eye I spied her. She was wearing a black dress with a hijab that looked devastatingly gorgeous, clinging to her muscular frame in a way that *did things* to me. Her, and numerous other transformed members of our engineering class.

"Adira!" I called, my accent getting stronger in my excitement. "You made it!"

She gave a nervous smile, clutching her muscular arm. It was devastatingly cute: the athletic footballer nervous to embrace her new self

"Thought I'd show up," she mumbled. "You have soft drink?"

I nodded eagerly. "Abd a dance floor."

"Jury's still out on that one. Saanvi, as crazy as this is to say, you look really, really hot. Beautiful, even."

I smiled from ear to ear. Compliments on my body were like a drug to the new me. I took her hand, pulled her close, and kissed her.

"Thank you," I said. "Now let's party. All of us! Let's just embrace our new selves for one night, huh?"

The rest of the transformees gave an awkward look, especially Thula, but I just welcomed them in.

"Trust me, you'll love it!" I said. "And tomorrow we'll begin prepping for the next test - together!"

They didn't look too convinced, especially Thula. She hated her new life, and wanted to be Parker again, and yet I could tell that the magical compulsions were pushing her to get excited for the party, because she was practically bouncing on the spot much like I was, and wearing a really sexy get up that showed off her curvaceous features.

"Just give it a shot, girls!"

“It’s almost like you’re enjoying this Saanvi,” someone said. It looked like it Kazuki, the cute Japanese girl who was previously Kamal Sukip. She was regarding me with surprise.

“Maybe I am,” I said a little defensively. “Why not at least enjoy it while it lasts? What good is fighting doing for us?”

There was nothing but silence in response to that. It was clear that all of them had failed at fighting their convincing compulsions, and moreover received a wonderful rush when they did ‘play their part.’

“It’s not like we’re doing anything horrible! Most of you loved partying as dudes!” I said. “Now we’re just doing it as gal pals. C’mon, just come in and loosen up with some alcohol at least!”

I bounced, swaying my dress a little, before turning and heading off into the party. Just as I thought would happen, they trickled in after me, huffing and puffing to themselves, and yet slowly all joining in. Adira even came to my side, trying not to smirk.

“Good speech,” she said.

“I’m a party girl after all,” I replied, “good at getting people’s attention.”

“I’ll say. I still hate this, but you made a convincing argument.”

“Well, I’m starting to realise that the Professor had a real point. She shouldn’t have turned us maybe, but we were a horrible class. And no offence Adira, but you were up there with the worst.”

She sagged a little. “Fine, maybe I can admit that.”

“And maybe, just maybe you can relax the ‘no drinking’ rule tonight?”

I gave her a hard stare as I passed her a sweet drink, one that was flooded with alcohol. She looked at it with lust, the same kind of look she gave my new body.

“Fine,” she said. “Just one. This stupid new religion I’ve got makes me want to be super strict. It’s irrational and *awful*.”

“Just one,” I said with a grin.

She took it, suppressed a smile, and took a sip.

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Adira giggled as she strutted her stuff on the makeshift dance floor. She was absolutely tipsy by that point, and so was I. We were dancing right up against one another, our bodies pressing together as we raised our arms and danced. Others joined us and cheered us on - despite her initial reluctance, Thula was swaying her wide hips as well. The party was raging, and people had split off into different social groups, with a number laughing and drinking by the pool. Oyuun, poor thing, had taken it upon herself to ensure that everything

went okay, and so was more stressed than carefree. The former tomboy was doing her best to keep a level of respectability to the house.

I didn't care, selfish as perhaps that was. I was captivated by my gorgeous girlfriend, her muscles and height, and the way she held me.

"You were right!" she said in her gorgeous Arabic accent, "this is a lot of fun! I feel so bad for drinking though! I hope I am forgiven!"

I laughed at how affected she was by her new religion. "I'm sure one night won't hurt!" I replied. "Besides, doesn't it feel good to give into the music?"

"I can tell you enjoy it! You haven't stopped dancing and drinking since we arrived! Half the boys can't stop looking at you!"

I laughed over the loud bass of the music. "Yes! I like the attention for some reason! But you're the only one I want, Adira. You look pretty hot as a 'diversity girl.'"

She cringed a little, even as we continued to dance and hold one another.

"That's not fair. I didn't really mean what I said to the Professor."

"But you still said it!"

She cringed again. "I did, didn't I? I thought it was true! But I didn't realise how hard it was when you're . . . I get your point. Let's just dance though, okay? I can't keep focus on *you* and this whole craziness at the same time."

I pulled back and took a pose, emphasising my chest. "I look that good, do I?"

"*Really* darn good," she said.

I grinned, drew closer, and kissed her passionately. We kissed for a long time, and soon others were clearly noticing, because when we finally parted there was a big cheer, from boys and girls alike, including members of the transformed class. We both giggled, stepping away from the dance floor.

But it was Adira that redirected me away from the drinks at the kitchen.

"What's up?" I said.

She blushed, clearly turned on. "Is there a spare bedroom?"

I got the message, smiling so much it almost hurt. I too was in the mood, and part of me was very curious what it felt like to do girl on girl with my new lesbian instincts. If it was anything as good as masturbating as a woman, then it was no doubt amazing. I took a deep breath, just imagining it, and took her hand.

"Follow me."

I led her excitedly up the stairs, past an unaware Oyuun who was dealing with an overly-drunk Kazuki and boisterous Thula, among others. I took Adira to the spare bedroom Oyuun told me about. I felt bad about using it this way - but wasn't it a house party? These things happened! I slammed the door shut with my back, locked it, and before I could even turn around I was suddenly enveloped in Adira's arms and being kissed all over.

“You look so hot in that red dress!” she declared as she nibbled on my neck and carried me to the bed.

“Why don’t you see me without it?” I teased.

I removed it, letting my boobs wobble dramatically and deliberately, and thrusting my chest against her. She in turn removed her clothing, releasing her hair before me for the first time. It was dark and straight and gorgeous, and I spent a moment just feeling it before she used her greater strength to shove me onto my back.

And then she was upon me, her own impressive chest freed from confinement. Our panties were next as we made out, and soon both of us were naked and writhing, our sensitive skin against one another. I giggled and laughed as she teased at my nipples, sucking on them and groping the flesh around them. It was intensely pleasurable, unlike anything I’d felt, and it made me grow incredibly damp.

“T-tongue!” I pleaded. “Use your t-tongue!”

She grinned, obviously feeling more confident now that she’d been loosened up by the drink. Previously, I’d always been the initiator of sex - Matilda didn’t have the biggest libido. But now, even still a woman, her athletic instincts clearly came with a higher . . . stamina. She drew back, and suddenly I felt a wonderful wet flickering at my clit. I groaned aloud as she played with it, and soon my pussy was incredibly wet - not just from her tongue but my own feminine arousal.

“OOohhhh! Y-yes! F-fuck me! M-make me c-c-cum! Yes, right there!”

She found a perfect rhythm, and with each perfect stroke of her tongue against my clit I was brought to further heights. With her longer reach, she grabbed hold of my big round tits and began squeezing them, rubbing my large brown nipples with her thumbs. It only enhanced the pleasure, and soon I was crying out for relief as I was driven closer and closer to pure ecstasy.

“Yes! Yes! YES YES YES YES!!!”

And then I exploded. Not literally, of course, but it felt as much. I arched my back as multiple orgasms crashed over and through me.

It took me entire minutes to recover from my frantic breathing and post-coital pleasure. Adira was smiling, cradling my smaller body, and I felt safe in her arms.

“Good?”

“Mh-hm!” I replied, nodding excitedly.

“Excellent. Because while I’m a bit t-tipsy, I won’t you to return the favour.”

I did so eagerly. Several times that night, in fact.

*I never want this feeling to end*, I thought at one point. At many points, in fact.

\*\*\*

Professor Fatima was smirking the next day at our numerous hangovers. The entire class was wearing dark sunglasses, and more than a few of us were slumped against one another - clearly we were not the only couple to have sex or make out last night. Thula and Kazuki, for instance, were apparently a thing now. Only Oyuun could pay full attention, though she was clearly overly tired from her efforts last night. As for Adira and me? Well, we were holding hands, exchanging cute little looks, and doing our best to pay respect to the professor.

She continued through her lecture, and to my surprise I was able to still take extensive notes, thanks to the additional blessing she'd given me. I passed these on to Adira, and I formulated a plan in my mind, one that would also have the dual benefit of keeping me popular as well. As the best study student in the class, I would drag the rest over the line by starting a study group where I could tutor them. I quickly wrote a note.

*Starting a study group for all us les engineering girls after lecture, it read, who's in? Sign if you want to join up. Let's beat this thing together! - Saanvi*

It made its rounds, and I felt elated as I saw each and every one of the girls sign it as it went around. Something about last night had changed us. Maybe it was the party, maybe it was the finally cutting loose, but maybe also - just a little - it was what I had said to them, and my own taking the lead in getting them to open up to their new bodies. Either way, I noticed that the professor was giving us an amused look as the note was passed around, as if she was perfectly aware what was happening, and was okay with it.

"Now with the official unit material over for today," she said, turning off her slideshow, "I want to address the *other* major matter in the room. Today is the first lesson where someone hadn't begged me to turn them back, and from the rumours I hear, there was even quite the celebration last night."

There was a groan of embarrassment from across the class, particularly from Parker.

"It's good to hear you're learning to embrace your new forms," she said. "Just as, from what I can see and hear of your discussions, you're also coming to understand the difficulties people face outside your own situations."

There was a reluctant series of agreements and nodding of heads. That part was certainly true, much as people like the former Parker didn't want to admit it.

"So, with that in mind," she said, "I'm thinking that come the end of our last semester in October, I might even prepare a Halloween surprise for you all. A nice little additional spell, just to celebrate when you graduate. *If you graduate.*"

On that mysterious note, she dismissed us.

“Please don’t make us even more changed,” one of the girls complained. She was holding hands with another - another new couple. “Saanvi, Janie and I will be at this study group.”

Several others told me the same.

*Good*, I thought. I felt utterly wonderful.

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It’s true that change - real change, I mean - happens slowly. The study group was not an instant success. With our loss of privilege and status, and all sorts of new challenges we were facing, our study rate was less than stellar to start with. Adira in particular had more of a jock’s mind before, and engineering concepts that came so naturally to her before were now not so easy. But as the group leader, I endeavoured. Soon all of the class was attending our after-lecture sessions, and I was having to book out the tutorial room adjacent to the university library just to cope. We studied hard, intensively, and I did my best to keep us all together.

The last part was not as difficult as I’d thought it would be. After all, despite our attempts to fight our new natures and attractions, the engineering students were pairing off like the world was ending tomorrow. Not only were some holding hands, and kissing, but over the next couple of months they were even *moving in together*, it was that serious. I couldn’t escape it: Matilda and I had lived separately, but it was true what was said about ‘nesting lesbians’, because only three weeks into our change Adira was living with me at my apartment, and we were making love as often as we could. I won’t lie, sex as a woman is *fantastic*, and I was becoming increasingly hesitant over the idea of turning back. As strange as it was to have boobs, to have to deal with periods, and also the occasional catcall or racist moment, I was actually enjoying being a cute Indian woman. I liked being extraverted, being in the spotlight, and having the confidence to cheerlead and party and dance, dance, dance. And so I made the best of my time as a woman as time passed. I went clubbing, dragging many of the other girls - including Oyuun - with me. I threw myself into cheerleading, showing off my body and celebrating Adira’s wins. She too was finding solace in sports. For all her new money struggles and faith issues, she clearly was enjoying her new athleticism, just as I enjoyed it too . . . in the bedroom.

Others were perhaps also getting used to their new lives. I was not the only one to apologise to Professor Fatima Hamdan, others did too. I saw Thula/Parker in tears while crying sorry, and the professor even had to give her a reassuring hug. Oyuun was the same, and Kazuki apparently wrote a longer letter. I wasn’t exactly sure what Adira did, but she



booked an entire hour's meeting with the sorceress, and afterwards seemed much more calm and collected.

"I ate crow," she told me. "A lot of it. I was wrong. An idiot. I told her if I got stuck like this it would be just desserts, and I swore on Allah's name I wouldn't be like that again."

"Good," I said, proud of her. "I'm glad you've changed. I think we might have drifted apart, you know, if we both hadn't changed in this way, and I don't mean the new bodies."

She hugged me. "Well, in that case, crazy as it is to say little Saanvi, but I'm glad this happened.

*Me too, I thought, me too. Maybe too glad.*

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Later October rolled around. Halloween was upon us, and the Professor was impressed with our progress. Some of us had even improved our work ethic and scores, me among them. I had a big halloween party at Oyuun's planned again that night, and gely enough we were all excited at the prospect of wearing sexy costumes and having a good time. We'd all come a long way. just about everyone was planning to attend. The idea of dressing up in sexy Halloween costumes and dancing the night away with our partners was very enticing indeed, and not just for me, apparently. It was the last lecture before our exams were upon us, the thing that would determine our success or failure in changing back, so we were determined to kick back and enjoy ourselves that night before we got hard into preparing for the exams.

"Well done everyone," Fatima said from the front of the lecture theatre. It was the last lecture of the day, before we all were planning to go home and get changed in preparation for the party. "It's been a long semester, for you more than me this time! But it seems you have finally learned a bit of respect, and even more importantly, perspective. In fact, without naming names, I've been surprised and elated to hear that one of you at the least wishes to stay in your current form and life. No doubt there are new challenges awaiting your new life, but now that you've changed for the better, who knows what other *changes* life might bring."

We all looked at each other, wondering who it was. I instantly felt a strange jealousy coming over me. Someone else had possessed the courage to do the very thing I had been considering. In truth, I was loving my new life, and the idea of going back was starting to scare me.

"But speaking of *changes*," Fatima said meaningfully, a little smile upon her lips, "I figured you are all due for some reward given your remarkable adaptation to your new lives and hard work, not to mention your turn around in behaviour. It is Halloween, after all, and I hear there is a party tonight that many of you will be attending."

I smiled, and others looked a little embarrassed that the sorceress knew this.

“As such,” she continued, “I figure one additional change might be in order, just for the night! It is trick or treat after all. Emphasis on trick! And don’t worry - this is just for the night. Think of it as a bit of magical fun!”

She began to move her arms as if casting yet another spell.

“Um, Professor! What are you doing?” Adira asked, clearly alarmed.

“Just spicing up your life a little more, Adira!” she said, and then she began speak in that strange reverse speech she had done before.

*“Ssendam lacihtym fo thgin a yojne meht tel! Gnineve siht slrig retsnom yxes fo mrof eht ekat nemow lufituaeb eseht tel!”*

Instantly, those same purple bolts of energy cascaded out from her form. I considered running, as did everyone else I imagine, but what was the point? I had learned to trust Fatima, and she had already given me a gift without intending to. As she cast the bolts of magic out, she caught my eye and gave me a wink.

*She knows*, I thought. *Somehow she knows I like this life.*

And with that, I let the bolt hit me square in the chest. As did, I noticed, many others, including my gorgeous Arabic girlfriend. But still, my heart beat rapidly in my chest.

*What is she changing us to now?*

I soon received my answer. An itchiness erupted all over my skin, along with a renewed series of pressures. I gasped as what appeared to be *scales* pushed from my skin, a golden red that seemed to glow slightly. I coughed, wheezing as a smokey feeling inhabited my chest. Beside me, Adira was also growing scales, only hers were a dark forest green, and only concentrated around her legs, her forearms, and at the corners of her eyes. Her hair was shifting and changing also.

“Oh my God!” someone cried. “I think we’re becoming monsters!”

“Monster *girls*,” Professor Fatima corrected, “and quite cute ones too! Enough to spice up any party, I’m sure!”

My mind raced, trying to figure out what kind of monster girl I could possibly be turning into. The scales continued to cover my body, even over my face, until I had a smooth, somewhat beautiful golden red exterior. My feet twisted, my hands too. My nails extended, turning pure gold to become almost claw-like - no! Definitely claw-like! My feet extended, shoes disappearing into thin air as I went bare-toed, not that they could be called toes anymore with their extending golden talons. They pushed outwards with only a little discomfort, giving me a naturally arched heel, and a *rear toe* developed out the back of my heel, giving me a bird-like grasp upon the ground.

“Oohhhhhh,” I moaned, “R-r-raaaarrgh!”

I clutched my mouth. Had I just roared? Adira looked to me in astonishment, and I saw with equal astonishment that her eyes had shifted and changed to become bright

glowing green. Her hair was clumping together, writhing more and more, and her clothing was changing to become a tight leather bra of sorts that held up her increasingly green-coloured breasts. All of her was green, in fact, even the parts that were smooth human skin.

“What the hell is happening to ussssss?” she hissed. Actually *hissed*. She looked in astonishment at her own tongue, which was now exceedingly long and had become forked like a snake. “What’ssssss thissssss!?”

I went to reply, only to cough once more, and this time actual *smoke* belched from my nostrils. I felt them swell, and then my jaw also. My entire face pushed forward, my skull changing shape even as my teeth became edged and sharp. I clutched it with my reptilian hands in shock as I gazed at not only Adira’s changing body, but everyone else’s.

“By all the Gods,” I muttered, my accent still the same cute Indian, albeit now in a lower, more sultry voice. It was odd speaking through a snout, that was for sure.

But not as odd as the sight of an entire class of twenty five transformed women becoming even more transformed into monster girls. Kazuki screamed as her body became slightly transparent, her clothes shifting to become a kimono even as her makeup became much more elaborate, like a geisha’s. Her legs disappeared from view entirely, and in moments she was floating and flying, trying to get control of herself.

“Oh God oh God oh God I’m a ghost I’m a ghost!”

She proved her own statement when she accidentally flew *through* a series of chairs and landed on the either side a moment later. She scared the hell out of Thula, and *hell* was an appropriate word, for she was becoming a villainous looking succubus with dark red skin. Black horns sprouted from her scalp, and her clothing shrank to become a sexy black nightdress that revealed more than it concealed. She was gasping in surprise at the great leathery bat wings that had sprouted from her back, trying to control their flapping in order to see them.

“And I’m a devil, I think!” she shouted. “I’ve got a set of - AIIIEE!!”

She shrieked in response to the rapid growth of a long red tail with a forked end, one that had practically exploded out of her backside.

There were other changes going on. Oyuun was, fittingly for her elegance, becoming a regal elven queen with purple skin, long ears, and luminescent platinum silver hair that seemed to wave almost mysteriously on its own. Another student burst out of their seat and onto the adjacent lecture theatre steps: their lower half had expanded rapidly to become that of a horse, leaving them a sexy centaur with even further expanded breasts. Another had become a Frankenstein’s monster-style mashup with another student: two heads sharing the same body with four arms and three legs, and three tits as well. They argued as they tried to control their body.

And all this time my own changes were continually occurring. My nostrils expanded, breathing little goutts of flame, and my vision altered to become sharp and hawk-like. My hips spread a little and ridges developed along my spine. An enormous pressure began in my tailbone, and I couldn't help but squeal just like Thula had as a large red-scaled tail pushed out of me. It was long and weighty, much thicker than hers, and had a gorgeous golden fan along its ridge.

"Am I b-becoming a d-dragon!?" I stuttered between moans.

As if confirming that very supposition, my shoulder blades began to ache. The flesh and bone pushed outwards with a bit of discomfort and a lot of pressure. Exploding forth from my body were two great scaled wings with red frames and golden spans. They felt surprisingly light and agile, and they flexed automatically. My boobs grew a little in size as if by afterthought, and then a medieval style tavern wench costume appeared over the top of me, replacing my clothes.

"Holy shit I'm a dragon. A busty tavern wench dragoness," I said.

"A hot one t-too!" Adira groaned, still in the final act of changing. Her hair was in the midst of becoming a writhing pile of green snakes, and she had developed a cute set of short fangs as well. Her beauty - somehow - had only enhanced, and she had lost none of her athleticism, as attested by her impressive abs which were now shown by her threadbare costume. Her lower half was now a great snake tail, one she was having trouble controlling, and yet somehow only enhanced her athletically feminine beauty.

Once again that urge to belch, to cough, came over me. A rumble in my draconic belly spilled upwards into my oesophagus, and I was powerless to hold it in.

"W-watch out, I'm about to - to - BRAAARRGGGGHGHHHH!!!"

An enormous gout of flame burst into the air, pouring from my stomach, up my through, and out from my vicious draconic maw. It ended as quickly as it had begun, but it was enough to quieten the panicked, confused room, which the professor was quick to take advantage of.

"Well everyone, I hope you are happy with your new forms!" she declared with a smile on her face. "I must admit, I was testing my magic to the limits with this one. A good way to improve my arts while also providing you with an amusing evening of fun!"

We all looked around at one another, taking in our strange changes. I had become some sort of anthro-dragoness, and Adira was obviously a very sensual looking medusa, complete with an undulating form and stylish living hair. But there were numerous others as well, ranging from the cliché to the esoteric to the absolutely absurd. Connie/Oyuun had become an elf, of course, and now had an elaborate *Lord of the Rings*-style dress to go with it, and a glowing magical staff of her own. Kamal/Kazuki was a Japanese ghost, one who was learning how to phase and unphase through solid objects, And Thula was a seductive

succubi, one who I could already see was biting her lip, nipples straining through her thin dress as she stared at the other monster girls in the room. Others were looking back at her with equal lust. But there were numerous other creatures and types too. Mason, the misogynist who had become a sexy, busty latina, had turned into an incredibly busty vampiress with pale skin and red eyes, who looked as ready to seduce Thula's succubi as Thula was to seduce her. I also saw a sexy plant-based woman with large pumpkins right about where you would expect them, as well as a sexy werewolf, a cute mummy, and even a superhero and supervillain pairing complete with elaborate costumes and freeze and electricity powers.

I grabbed my snout, feeling its strangeness - it was odd indeed to suddenly have your skull change shape, and moreover to have the rest of you be covered in scales! I hadn't even realised I was wearing a medieval-style knight costume, albeit a sexy variant that showed off my tits (apparently anthro-dragons still had those, I guess?) and thighs. I felt weirdly sexy, despite not even being human anymore!"

"How do you all like it?"

No one knew what to say. I stood up, feeling the need to take charge, as I had with leading us to party, as I had in setting out our study group.

"Well, I'm just speaking for myself professor, but I think if it's just for one night, it's going to be the wildest Halloween I've ever had!"

There were murmurs across the group, and some others pitched in.

"Can I be a vampiress instead of a mummy?"

"I can't believe I can fly, this is so rad!"

"I'm going to run soooo fast as a centaur!"

"Finally, bigger boobs! Can I keep them when I go back - I mean, until graduation, obviously."

I couldn't help but smirk, curling back my strange reptilian lips. I looked over my body, unbelieving still that I had become a cute dragoness, and my girlfriend a sexy medusa. I swished my tail a few times, and the centaur behind me complained that I was almost hitting her. It almost made me spit fire in laughter at the ridiculousness of it all.

"Well, it sounds like you're all on board then!" laughed the Professor. "A little magical reward for a greatly improved cohort. I'm sure you'll have all sorts of 'fun' with your new bodies. But then, I feel a little like the odd one out now, even if I *am* your teacher. Very well then, I might as well get in on the show."

And with that, she twirled a purple magical field around herself, and spoke in that eldritch backwards tongue. Her form shifted, much as ours had, her clothes reweaving and her figure reshaping, though not as dramatically as I or my girlfriend. Still, I was gripped, gazing entranced as her clothing became silks of purple and violet, separating and reforming

to become a revealing and quite sexy costume. A pink veil settled over her eyes while her hijab became elaborate and covered in golden trinkets and rings. Her arms were revealed as the clothing shrank back, but her pants ballooned, becoming pillowy and slightly transparent. Her shoes became pointed, curling upwards at the toe, and her perfect olive midriff was revealed. Finally, her changes finished with the growth of a set of pointed ears.

There, standing before us, was a gorgeous Arabian Nights-style genie, complete with poofy pants, a revealing bustline, and a soft yet supple stomach bared to the world. She curled her legs underneath her, floating on the spot as if she actually were a genie, and she smiled, her lips now a dark purple thanks to heavy makeup, which was also matched by her thick and dark eyeshadow.

"Well, it seems my wish is my *own* command," she joked lightly. "I think I'll enjoy a bit of Halloween fun myself now that we've reached the end of the semester! Have fun all of you! And make sure not to spook *too* many people around the college! The spell ends at midnight, and then if you all pass the class, you can return to your old lives when you come to graduate!"

Her gaze shifted, seeming to narrow in on me specifically. She gave a knowing wink to match her smirk, and paused for a few seconds meaningfully.

"That is, if you *want* to change back at all," she said. "But for now, go have fun."

She clicked her fingers, and disappeared in a bright puff of purple smoke, leaving a room full of monster girls behind.

"This jusst keepsss getting weirder and weirder!" proclaimed Adira, looking over her body. She twisted her great snake tail, turning over herself to inspect her beautiful and exotic form, mythic as it was.

I laughed, breathing a few more little harmless embers of fire. I rubbed my hands over my scaled form, loving how smooth and yet powerful it felt. I was able to inspect my own reflection in the perfectly polished mirror surface of a Death Huntress' armour, and my draconic jaw dropped.

"Oh em gee!" I said, placing my talons on my cheeks. "I'm so cute!"

And really, I was. I was just human enough to have all the benefits of still looking like a cute anthro-dragoness, complete with large feminine eyes and dark black hair - I was glad not to have to lose that. My tail was thick and proud, and yet able to coil about me, and my wings had an elegance and beauty about them that could have matched Oyuun's style. I turned again, posing as I often did these days.

"Who hasn't wanted to be a dragon?" I said with a giggle. There was an awesome power I felt in my form, cute as I was, just as much as I could tell Adira was finding an unexpected sensual nature in her own changes.

"This tail is going to take some getting used to," she grumbled.

I chuckled, reaching out a scaled arm to pull her beautiful serpentine form against mine. “Well, why don’t we help each other, you sexy snake?”

That got me a fanged smile, at least.

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It was the Halloween night to end all Halloween nights. Between my sexy dragoness form on the dance floor and Adira’s own serpentine skills, we were the centre of the spotlight. Over and over those who were not in our engineering class continued to ask how we had such ‘hyper realistic’ costumes, but something about Professor Fatima’s magic clearly made it so that they didn’t question too deeply and realise the rather terrifying truth. As such, we were able to have centaurs, succubi, undead mummies and sexy huntresses and elves all out on the town, visiting clubs and drinking like monsters - which we were. I even took to the sky a couple of times, laughing like a maniac as I flew all about, attracting cheers from the normal people below. Likewise, Adira used her athletic prowess to slide with great speed across the streets. She even managed to outdo me on the dance floor simply by being able to undulate and shake her snake body better than I ever could, even her hair joined in!

“I love thisssss!” she cried in her cute accent, as she coiled around me, our scales sliding against one another.

“HA!” I exclaimed, shooting up a flame as we danced. “I *knew* you liked it!”

“I jussst admitted it!” she retorted.

“And I *knew* you would!” I laughed.

We were both pretty tipsy at that point, though me much more so. Adira still found it difficult to drink her spirits as part of her new faith, and while she didn’t truly believe it deep down, it was nevertheless important to her not to overdo it. So it wasn’t common for her to drink, but a Halloween party while being turned into a literal *freakin’ Medusa* was certainly enough.

*And she does look so fucking sexy like that. Seriously, this has totally awakened something in me.*

She seemed to sense it, because she slid like a snake down to eye level, rubbed her own talons against my wings, and then squeezed my tail in a way that made me roar with pleasure.

“Oh, you can’t do that and *not* suggest we go back to our place,” I said.

“Exactly what I was thinking. If we hurry, we can get back with still half an hour to spare.”

We left the club, waving goodbye to an ecstatic demoness Thula and dancing elf Oyuun.

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Turns out, we had more than an hour remaining by the time we got back. After all, a flying dragoness and speedy serpent woman can travel much faster than regular people, even those taking a vehicle if you know your way around the city. We had hardly flown and slithered back into my apartment and we were already all over each other again. Our world had turned upside down in the best way, and we embraced it. It wasn't long and we were both fingering one another, sucking at our scaled tits and rubbing each other in all our most sensitive places.

"Yes, ohhhh! Yes! Right there!" Adira moaned as I suckled at her green breast. Her long snake tail coiled right around me, squeezing me lovingly tight as I cradled her. She in turn used the tip of her new appendage to stroke my tail and probe at my womanly depths. I flapped my draconic wings in pleasure at the ensuing sensations, and every so often I had to pull my cute little dragon snout away just to spit embers harmlessly into the air. A heat rose in my belly that felt like it was about to blow, and it was made all the better as I placed my fingers inside her wet depths and began to rub her clitoris.

"Yesssssss," she hissed, "don't ssssstop! It feelsssss too good!"

The pleasure rose and rose, and the feeling of our scales rubbing against each other was wonderfully sensual. Soon I was unable to contain myself, and neither could she. We both moaned loudly as we reached out crescendo, collapsing heavily back upon the bed and causing it to nearly break from our increased weight. After several minutes of painting, we managed to drag ourselves closer and hold one another, embracing the feeling of our monster girl status.

"That'ssssss my lover," Adira joked.

"I blew a little smoke ring from my natural flame into the air, and we giggled together.

We lay there until the stroke of twelve, and part of me was actually dreading it, wanting to experience flight one last time. But all good things have to come to an end, and our bodies slowly reverted until we were human again: just Saanvi and Adira, curled up naked together in bed.

It felt natural. It felt right. It felt like something I had always wanted without even knowing it. The only reason I did know it was because of the Professor and her unexpected magic. I lay in silence for a while pondering that, enjoying the touch of my gorgeous girlfriend on my female body.

"It's okay," Adira finally said. "You can stay like this. I won't leave you."

I looked to her shocked. "How did you know?"



She rolled her eyes. "Because you took to it the quickest. Because you enjoy it. Because I've never seen you so happy, Saanvi. It's okay. Ask the professor to make you stay like this. She'll go along with it. I'll ask her if I can keep my orientation, or at least be bisexual. We've gone through this crazy thing together, and I couldn't imagine not having you by my side after it, just like you were with me before."

I won't lie, I shed a tear. I wiped it away, a smile taking over my face completely.

"And you'll change back?"

She shrugged. "Mostly. I'm thinking I'll keep the muscles and height. I know you rather like them."

I grinned further, feeling up her bicep. "I really, really do."

She shifted, moving so that her strong naked form was over me. Dominating me.

"Well, before we go to sleep, why don't you convince me to keep them?"

"Only if you can convince me to stay as Saanvi."

She kissed me deeply, and my body felt ready for me.

"Challenge accepted," she said.

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She passed with flying colours that night, just as we all passed with flying colours at graduation. Of course, a good number of us stayed as women, or with other changes. I embraced my new life as Saanvi Ghosh, and grinned like a madwoman as I took to the stage to accept my degree. Professor Fatima Hamdan gave me a knowing wink as she handed me my certificate.

I winked right back.

**The End**