

Performance-Enhancing Spell (Man to Stud, Friend to GF TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Ralph and Cole are two ordinary nerds looking to become a lot more impressive when it comes to getting women's attention. But when Ralph convinces Cole to try a 'performance-enhancing spell' that will supposedly make him a lot larger 'down there,' the pair are shocked to find that it works . . . for Ralph. Cole, on the other hand, finds himself feminising as his best friend's body begins to sap away his masculinity!

Performance-Enhancing Spell

"This better work," Cole said.

"Trust me, it will! At least, I hope it will. Worst case scenario, it just fizzles and I'm out thirty bucks, right?"

Cole frowned, gesturing to the bath they were both in. The bath that he and his best friend were both completely stark *naked* in.

"I guess, but on the other hand, this is really awkward dude. Like, no offence, but this feels pretty gay."

"It says it's a requirement of the spell. Just don't look down and don't make it weird."

"How can I not make it weird," Cole continued, "we're naked in a tub together! If anyone finds out, getting girls will be the *least* of our problems! Everyone on campus will consider us a laughing stock."

"Please, they'd just think we were a couple. It's a modern world, Cole."

"That's not the point! This is kinda humiliating!"

It was humiliating, and despite trying to put on a brave face, Ralph was clearly feeling a bit embarrassed as well. The two had known each other since *literally* growing up next door to one another. Ralph had always been the go-getter, the one willing to take risks and try new things, while Cole had always been a bit more of a follower, a bit more cautious, more willing to let the status quo sit than try anything radical. The pair had been absolute nerds together, being obsessed with spacecraft and dinosaurs as kids, and then later getting top marks in the programming unit of their computing class. They had never been particularly sporty, though Ralph did at least enjoy watching football. Appropriately enough, he had always been a little bit more muscular, with dark hair and a slightly more square jaw, though his face was often ravaged by acne and he was actually shorter than Cole by an inch. His friend, on the other hand, had pale blonde hair and blue eyes, and was obviously much more scrawny, which only made him self-conscious because his features and figure

came across as a little lanky. Consequently, neither really had experienced much success with women, Cole especially. But it was Ralph that had done his research, had pinned his hopes on esoteric formulas and devices and gels and now *spells* to solve his problem.

Chiefly, that neither of them were particularly 'well-endowed' when it came to their manhoods. In fact, while neither were virgins, both had been laughed out of bedrooms due to their small members, a fact that galled Cole so deeply that he'd never had an actual girlfriend since he'd turned eighteen: three entire years ago. His campus life was solitary, while Ralph's own attempts to wingman with his friend continually failed. The fact was, the handsome sporty types got all the hot girls, and Ralph couldn't stop wanting one himself.

Which was how he'd come across a strange woman named the Wandering Witch one morning, after seeing a poster for her services in town. She was only in the city for three days, but he remembered seeing online that this woman - whose name was Tila, at least according to her when she met him - was in fact the real deal. That was, if you believed in magic, and the people who espoused it on the internet. Ralph chose to believe. He loved fantasy, and wanted to make his own fantasies come true.

And she had claimed to have the item that would supply that very thing: a spell scroll that, when uttered under the right conditions, would give one 'the essence of surrounding manhood and make it your own.' Ralph was more than okay with that prospect, and after a bit of hefty convincing of his best friend to take part in it with him (the spell required two people at a minimum), the scene was set.

"So why does it have to be in a bath?" Cole asked. "And why do we both have to be naked?"

Ralph shrugged. "No idea, but the spell requires the speaker to be in warm water with at least one other grown man, each participant bereft of clothing, and for all members to be willing participants to the spell. Ha, 'members.' We'll both have some nice performance enhancement on that end soon, buddy!"

Cole raised an eyebrow. He was more sceptical, and didn't really believe in magic. In fact, he could barely believe he'd been convinced to take part in this strange experiment as it was.

"Fine, let's get it started," he said. "I already feel, you know, kind of gay just sitting naked in the tub here with you. For God's sake, your legs keep brushing up against mine."

Ralph just chuckled as he withdrew the scroll carefully. "Better than something else brushing up against one another, eh?"

"Don't even joke about that. It's mortifying."

"Well, it might happen, if we end up endowed enough. Trust me, if this works, you'll be thanking me for the rest of your life. We'll be picking up the hottest chicks, and it won't

matter that we're still nerds at heart, since we'll have the bodies and looks of total hunky jocks."

"Please don't use the word 'hunky' to describe men while we're both in the bath together," Cole whined. "Just hurry up with the spell already."

Ralph shrugged, and opened the scroll. He coughed dramatically, giving a silent motion for Cole to listen up and stop talking. The language on the scroll was brief and to the point.

"*Da viruum tuum,*" he said aloud, focusing his concentration on the paper just as Tila had told him to.

For a moment nothing happened. Cole opened his mouth to complain about something, and presumably to get out of the bath, but then the paper of the spell scroll began to *glow*.

"Whoa," Ralph said.

"Holy shit," Cole added. "That can't - that can't be real!"

"It is! It's getting warm!"

The paper *burst* into flame, causing Ralph and Cole to shriek. Both scrambled to get out of the bath, but had barely moved an inch before the paper was entirely engulfed and the spell scroll - handles and all - were utterly disintegrated. It hadn't even lightly burned Ralph at all. Instead, the remnants like little ember glows as they fell into the bath. Both men paused, sensing the thrum of magic and the supernatural swirling in the tank they were sitting in.

"It's happening," Ralph marvelled. "It's actually happening. See? This is why you have to be in water! We're going to bathe in manliness and soak it all up!"

"Explains the Latin," said a suddenly enthusiastic Cole. "*Da viruum tuum* means 'give me your strength. We're going to gain strength and power.'"

"And big damn cocks, finally!" Ralph added, grinning from ear to ear.

As if in answer to his statement, the water of the bath glowed a deep, volcanic orange. The water became even warmer, but thankfully not too hot, though the suffusion of magic was obvious because both young men squirmed a little, shivering from the strange sensations.

"It's like it's reaching into me," Cole said.

"S-same. I can f-feel it entering me. We're going to change, Cole!"

But their feelings were a little bit different. Ralph felt more powerful, his muscles flexing, his body rippling with raw energy. He felt like a vortex, sucking up power from his surroundings, draining it from unknown sources around him to heighten his own dominance. He breathed in a bear-like fashion, great gulps of air as his cock stiffened, the very symbol of

his manhood. It had not yet grown, but the raw power of what he was experiencing made him certain that such a change was coming.

“I’m going to be s-such a fucking alpha male,” he groaned in a low voice.

“We b-both are!” Cole said, though his voice didn’t have nearly the same dominance, power, or confidence in it. In fact, he was wincing a little at the strange sensations he was undergoing. Instead of being saturated in masculine energy as his best friend was, he was actually feeling oddly *drained*. Instead of intaking the power of manliness and experiencing a strong male arousal, his cock remained limp and shrunken in the water, as if the water had turned bitterly cold. His breathing came short and sharp, quickened with a weakness that even his scrawny figure wasn’t used to.

“Um,” he managed. “I f-feel kinda w-weak.”

“Really?” Ralph asked. “I feel super fucking s-strong right now! God, my d-dick is so hard. I think I need to . . .”

He placed his hand on his cock and started masturbating, slowly at first and then more furiously.

“Dude! Stop it, this is getting weird. Why don’t I f-feel the same things as you? Stop playing with your damn c-cock!”

“I can’t help myself!” Ralph replied, grunting low again as he continued to masturbate. His balls were on fire; he *needed* to expel his manliness. “Don’t you f-feel it too?”

Cole was getting concerned that he wasn’t, until he looked at Ralph’s dick just above the waterline and found himself getting erect too. The sight of it was strangely entrancing, but he took it as a sign that as the one that *didn’t* speak from the scroll, his effect was just delayed.

“Ah, there it is!” he stammered, his penis getting hard, even if it was still small. He began to jack off as well, and soon both friends were masturbating in the bath together, and act that neither of them could have believed they would be indulging in just a few minutes earlier.

“God, this is s-so gay!” Cole said, voice cracking a little.

“Shut up! I need this!”

“M-me too! I need to - Ohhhh!”

“Ughhhh!”

Miraculously, almost impossibly, both men came at the *exact same time*. Their semen shot out into the bath, mixing into the water, linking together. Both grunted, their eyes rolling back into their heads even as the white, sticky trails submerged into the orange, magical waters. For a brief moment, both men felt a strange connection. A tether. This thread connected Ralph to Cole, and Cole to Ralph, and in that moment Ralph felt a strong sense

of empowerment, while Cole felt something altogether different, something he couldn't quite define.

"Mhmmmm," the scrawny blonde moaned, leaning back against the bath.

"Ahh," Ralph groaned.

For a long time, both men were utterly silent.

"Did it work?" Cole finally said. "I don't feel any stronger. My dick is still the same length."

"Mine too," Ralph said, expression turning to disappointment. "And while I felt super powerful for a moment there, like I was gaining strength, I don't feel it now. I don't even have a four-pack, let alone a six-pack or an eight-pack or whatever."

Both men inspected themselves, even as the water turned back to its usual, non-magical properties. The semen trails were gone, at least, but it just left them back at square one.

"Maybe it takes time to go into effect?" Cole suggested, now fully hoping.

"Yeah . . . yeah! Whatever just happened was totally magical, and there was no sign of anything going wrong, right? So let's just see how things go over the next day or so. It's like in the movies and books, magic always happens a little later, when everyone thinks it hasn't worked, right?"

"Right!" Cole exclaimed, despite him not being as big of a fantasy nerd and previously having been so sceptical. "That has to be it. I can't believe I was so wrong about this Ralph. I really think this is going to work."

"See? That's why you gotta take risks, buddy. Take a chance, and it may just pay off. Let's see how it all goes tomorrow."

Cole grinned. "Absolutely. But, um, we should probably get out of the bath and get changed now, right?"

"Oh. Yeah. Right."

That night, both men had strange, incredibly vivid dreams. When they awoke in their respective beds (they rented an apartment together), it took some time for them to come down from just how real they had seemed. To make matters a little more messy, both Ralph and Cole had experienced wet dreams, something neither had gone through since their awkward years of puberty.

"Jesus, that really was one good dream," Ralph said, cleaning up the mess with tissues and moving to the shower.

Once he emerged, he awkwardly swapped places with Cole, who had a guilty look on his face.

“Did you, um, have a dream too?” he asked Cole.

His friend turned a deep shade of red. “Y-yeah. I’ll tell you about it after.”

Ralph just shrugged. He had a good feeling about the day. He wished he’d measured his dick the previous night before the spell, because he was certain he’d grown a little in the night, but it was hard to be sure. Certainly, he felt more energy than usual, more confident and powerful. Perhaps it was just a psychological thing, but he took it as a good thing. Unfortunately, Cole was clearly not feeling the same way, because he emerged out of the shower to have breakfast looking a bit pale and awkward.

“So,” Ralph said as his friend sat down to eat, “we both had sex dreams, right?”

“Y-yeah,” Cole said. “Um, was yours kind of . . . weird?”

“Weird how?”

“Weird as in . . . fuck it, I’ll just say it. Mine was kinda gay.”

“Gay?”

“Yeah, you were in it. With me.”

Ralph chuckled. “Seriously? You had a gay dream about *me*?”

Cole sagged. “I knew this was a mistake. I shouldn’t be telling you.”

“No, no! It’s just . . . man, I got the way better end of the deal. I had a dream that I was fucking this hot blonde chick. She was smoking man, seriously. Remember that hot guest star from *Galactic Chronicles*, season two?”

Cole nodded. “Who could forget?”

“She looked a bit like her, only she had the sexiest fucking lips, all full. And her tits were, like, twice as big. And her voice . . . she was moaning as I went into her. I was this big strong alpha male and she couldn’t get enough of me. It was the shit.”

Cole sighed. “Damn it, why was my dream so garbage?”

“Did you enjoy it at the time?” Ralph teased, only to pause when he saw his friend’s expression. “Wait, no. Really?”

Cole frowned. “Dude, just shut up. It was a dumb dream. It doesn’t mean anything. It’s just because of the magic. We can stop talking about it and focus on how - hopefully - we become total alpha males with big dicks by the end of the day.”

“Yeah, I think mine is already bigger.”

“I couldn’t tell any difference. I just feel kind of sapped, to be honest.”

“Really? I feel so full of energy.”

“Lucky you. I wish I’d read from the scroll. Clearly, everything happens for you first, like last night with the erections and stuff.”

“You been thinking about erections, from what I hear.”

Cole threw a piece of toast his way. "Douchebag," he said. "We've got way different courses today, right? Keep me updated on if you change, so I know what to expect. I don't know, I'm feeling less confident about this now."

"Always too sceptical. Trust me, man something is happening."

And it was, in a big, big way. But neither man realised exactly how those changes were about to start manifesting, or just how opposing said changes were going to be.

The first change happened during a lecture. Ralph was in his advanced programming class, while Cole was intently listening to his course on electrical engineering across campus. Ralph was barely able to pay attention despite his usual enthusiasm for the subject, and soon he had good reason why. He was sat alone in the theatre, which was nearly entirely male. The few girls present had no interest in him, and even among the guys he was pretty unimpressive, barring some of the overweight gentlemen who knew nothing about hygiene.

"C'mon, when am I going to feel something?" he asked himself. He looked over to Gabriella Harkin in the third row, easily the most attractive girl in the class. He loved her olive skin, the way she styled her hair, her fit figure. She was way too hot to be in a programming class, at least compared to those around her. She'd turned him down when he'd asked her out and it still stung, not that he could blame her. But now, appreciating his college peer, he felt a stirring between his legs, in his abs, across his shoulders. The same warmth that had enveloped him in the bath the previous night was now upon him.

"Ahhhh," he breathed quietly. "I can f-feel it. Yessss."

He tried to keep calm. He was near the back of the theatre, but it was important not to draw attention to himself. He managed to grunt almost silently as his cock throbbed, hardening and most certainly extending. He kept his face still, willing it not to smile too deeply as the first of the changes flowed through him. Ralph gripped the edges of the seat, squirming just slightly as his thigh muscles expanded. These changes rippled up to his midsection. He'd always had a bit of a pasty, flabby kind of stomach. Not fat, but certainly it was obvious that even with the occasional sports involvement, he was not a physically fit specimen. Only Cole looked worse, but at least he was quite thin so it didn't carry the same flabby look.

But now the flab was pulling inwards, and there was a slight pain as the abdominal muscles developed rapidly. He breathed through gritted teeth, absorbing the pain and relishing in it. It was a good pain, he decided. No pain, no gain, after all. And he was making serious gains all across his body, as the spell's magic cascaded up to his arms and even to

his shoulders, which widened a little, gaining a broadness to them. Then that same extension travelled to his spine and limbs, taking him by surprise.

“Ngh!” he exclaimed.

The professor briefly paused. “Something the matter, Mr Johnson?”

“N-nothing s-sir!” he exclaimed, getting a little embarrassed. A few other student eyes looked his way, making him grin sheepishly. “Just hit my foot on the chair ahead.”

The professor raised his eyebrows and continued. Most of the rest of the students looked back to the front as well. But Ralph couldn’t help but notice that a few female eyes lingered on him with interest and surprise. Gabriella in particular was viewing him quite quizzically, as if seeing him again for the first time. He smiled back at her, confidence surging through him.

“Hell yeah,” he said under his breath as the changes finally slowed down . . . for now. “It’s finally happening. Me and Cole are becoming *men*.”

Cole groaned under his breath. This was frustrating, as his engineering course always captured his imagination. Sure, he loved programming and was annoyed not to be in the same class as his best friend, but the idea of applying complex physical equations to real-life structures and operations was massively appealing, and showed the brilliance of science in action.

Only he couldn’t focus on it right now, because that warmth was returning. That sapping feeling. All at once and out of nowhere, Cole was suddenly being drained. There was no other way to describe it. He squirmed and writhed awkwardly in his chair as these feelings came upon him, as his balls and penis numbed, as his arms and legs shook with weakness. Similar to Ralph, he was likewise separated from much of the student body as an awkward loner, though this class had more women in it than the other one. He had, foolishly he realised, imagined some of the prettier ones like Sophia Jenks and Madeline Carson looking his way and seeing him become a total alpha male. Instead, he was starting to get worried: far from gaining impressive bulk, it was like his testosterone was being sucked from his body and sent elsewhere.

“Wh-what’s happening? Why is the m-magic doing this?” he stammered to himself under his breath. He examined his hands, and sure enough a change was occurring, just not one he actually wanted: his fingers were slimming, smoothing out. He had a terrible habit of biting his fingernails, but now they were becoming longer and finer, delicate and perfectly kept.

“The fuck? Is that a good thing? It’s healthy, right?”

But then more changes occurred. He gasped as flesh began to pool beneath his skin, filling out his form so that his lankiness eroded away. For a moment this was a good thing - hell, a great thing! He always hated how thin-boned he was, and now his thighs, his hips, his chest all seemed softer. He placed a hand at his stomach, anticipating the growth of muscle there too, but while *some* development did occur, it was not nearly as much as he had hoped. Instead, the skin became smooth, even gaining a very small pooch as his belly. His hips became too snug in his pants, spreading an inch or so wider, while his thighs plumpened. Where was the damn muscle? Where was the cock growth? Surreptitiously, he placed his hand on his groin (the notation desks over the chairs and his own seating at the back obscured what he was doing) and felt any changes.

That was when his eyes went wide and he knew something was wrong.

“Smaller. I’m fucking *smaller*?”

He felt one more time just to be sure, but there was no denying it. Far from gaining manliness, far from getting the promised magical performance-enhancement, he had actually gotten *smaller*.

Ralph had texted Cole immediately after the lecture, telling them they had to meet.

‘It’s fucking awesome dude,’ he wrote. *‘I’ve got muscles! My thing is bigger! Seriously, the magic worked!’*

He had to wait a while for a response, which was unlike Cole. Finally, the text came through.

‘Meet me during your free period. Behind the physics building by the big willow tree.’

Ralph found that confusing. It was a strangely secretive spot. Had Cole transformed even further? He found himself feeling a little bit jealous at the prospect of it. Sure, they’d done it together, but it had been *his* idea. He shrugged the idea off and decided to strut around for a bit, enjoying his newfound height and masculinity. He had gone from a short five-foot-six to a more respectable five-foot-eight, and he had a feeling there was a lot more to come: the low level of magic thrummed in his core, and even as he grabbed himself some food from the cafeteria and smiled a bit too much at his passing peers he could feel more changes slowly unfolded.

“Ahhhh,” he breathed as he made his way to the park area of the campus. “Whew! That f-felt like a big one. This is fucking awesome.”

Indeed, in a single step he’d grown another inch, causing himself to nearly stumble. It got a giggle from some passing girls, but he noticed that a few of them were appraising him

with interest. His shirt, normally too loose, was now tight around his chest, and said chest was gaining *pectorals*. Visible pectoral muscles.

Fuck. Yeah.

His thighs burned, so did his biceps. They swelled up further at odd moments, and sometimes a greater whole-body change came over him. It took him a while to notice the pattern, but when he did, he took full advantage of it.

“I change more when I’m checking out hot girls,” he realised, saying it aloud. “Holy shit, I need to pass this on to Cole!”

‘Hey C-man, I’m getting more and more buff. Make sure you indulge in that new manliness by checking out hot chicks. Seriously, the more time you spend around them, even looking at them, you get more ‘packed’, in more ways than one, lol!’

He sent it off, and then, rising a testosterone-filled wave of confidence, approached a couple of cute chicks who were on their phones outside the Arts Wing. He recognised one as Sabrina Stanley, who was recently single, at least so he’d heard. She had a cute ginger pixie cut and adorable cheeks, and her tank top was looking very nice on her. Once, Ralph would have approached her but known all along that he had no chance.

Now, he was willing to at least believe in himself.

“Hey,” he said, as he approached, his voice now lower and having a brass tone to it. “Mind if I join you?”

She smiled at him. Cole would have to wait just a little longer.

Cole was relieved by the text. Clearly, he’d been doing something wrong! If the spell was working for Ralph then no doubt he was just having a delayed effect, like last time seemed to be. He was certain that was it, otherwise . . . why was his penis shrinking? Why were his features so soft and smooth? Why was his body hair pulling back inside his body, but the hair on top of his head getting longer? It only made sense that he needed to fulfil the proper conditions of the curse, or else it would go the other way. Or something. He had originally thought to catch up with Ralph immediately, but the sheer embarrassment over the way his body had changed made him want to postpone it until he’d had time to go over his bodily transformation in front of a bathroom mirror, had time to mentally absorb it, and then had some food just to calm himself.

After having done all that, he now had little excuse to actually procrastinate any further. Poor Cole had nearly shed tears in the bathroom while looking at his reflection. His jaw seemed smoother, rounder. His nipples were weirdly large. His eyebrows were more defined and his nose a little smaller. His hips had widened, his thighs swelled, and even his

shoulders had shrunk down a little. In fact, he actually looked kind of . . . womanly. It was a thought that made him shudder. It simply couldn't be: why would he be looking even *less* like a man?

"This has to be it. Just find some of the popular girls. The ones who'll get my, you know, transformation back on track."

He walked awkwardly, not liking how his hips were oddly sore, swinging a little from side to side. His chest ached too, and he had to keep brushing his hair behind his ears as it had grown so long. His heart fluttered in his chest, nervous as ever.

"Why is it working for him and not me? Goddammit, this better work."

Cole found exactly what he was looking for in front of the little campus laneway with the coffeeshops and outside study space. Amanda Hopkinds, the head cheerleader of the local Raging Bulls football team, was with her entourage sipping pumpkin spiced latte and laughing over something she was showing them on her phone, likely an exchange on social media. Cole had never dared approach such a woman before; she was completely out of his league, with long dark brunette hair framing a face that was once delicately beautiful and yet devilishly mischievous. She had an hourglass figure she was always showing off in her short skirts and crop tops, and she was doing so now. Her friends were almost as good looking, and most were also on the team. They looked up at him as he approached.

"Um, h-hi," he said.

"Hey," Amanda said. "Do you need something?"

"Oh, uh, nothing really," he continued, sweat starting to appear on his forehead. He hadn't thought too far ahead, and his gut was starting to twist from the nervousness. But he had to be confident. He *had* to be *dominant*. He placed his arm against a nearby pillar and tried to look as casual as possible. "I was just wondering what you lovely ladies were up to?"

There was a little giggle from one of them, a quiet "*is this guy serious?*"

Amanda gave an awkward smile. "We're just having a little girl's time," she said, as if to let him down easy. "No offence, but we don't really know you. But go enjoy a coffee; the pumpkin spice is really nice here!"

The thought of it was lovely to his taste buds, despite the fact that he had never before been interested in such. He looked at the beautiful women before him with their drinks, and something about their busty forms, their hourglass figures, their perfect hair . . . it all made him feel strangely jealous. Not just of their popularity but also their very figures. Their refinement. Their sexiness.

"Are you sure?" he said, trying to keep up the confident act, psyching himself up for the changes to come, the ones that would make him irresistible to these women. "Because a few hot chicks like you might find yourselves pretty lucky to be in the company of a guy like me."

Amanda snickered, covering her mouth so as not to mock him. Somehow, that was even more deflating. “Suuuuuure,” she said. “But I think we’ll pass. We’re pretty good on our own, right girls?”

They each affirmed her words, posing with their hands on their hips and forming a sort of attractive shield wall to bar him out. Another knot twisted in Cole’s stomach, but this one went much further, the ripple and itch going all the way up to his scalp. Suddenly, Amanda’s eyes went wide.

“Um, are you okay? Your hair-”

Cole gasped. “OHhhhhh! NGHH!!”

He clutched his midsection as something filled out within him, a new organ setting aside the others, though he had no idea of this just yet. His hair trickled further down, filling his vision, and as it did so he experienced a further softening of his features: a shrinking of shoulders, a widening of hips, a growth of his rear that pressed against his clothing. Worse, his already sore chest pushed forwards quite dramatically.

“No! What!?! I don’t understand! I did everything r-riggghhhhaaahh!!”

He thrust his chest out as if by instinct, causing the girls’ eyes to go completely wide. His nipples were pushing outwards, distending and retreating, distending and retreating, throbbing with such intensity that he almost thought he might faint! The feelings were extraordinarily, discomfoting and painful and erotic all at the same time. Cole squeezed his eyes shut, gritted his teeth, and let out a strangely high-pitched whine as the pressure built and built and damn well *built*, even as his hands and feet slimmed down, even as the very fabric of his clothing seemed to alter to pull tighter against his form.

And then it happened.

Slowly at first, and then like an advancing and implacable avalanche, Cole’s chest pushed forwards in two particular places, a surge of fat and tissue forming to give a deeply womanly impression. He moaned and groaned before the utterly startled cheerleaders as he developed a pair of breasts much like theirs, albeit not quite so big. Yey. They gained a noticeable weight and heft though, a fullness that not even a bigger man could have possessed, and they were topped by erect nipples that rubbed unbearable against the soft material of his tighter shirt.

“This. Can’t. Be. Happeningggggg!!”

But it was. He shuddered, more changes occurring, his calves slimming, his hips cracking wider, his pelvis changing shape. His testicles shrunk as if totally sapped of their power, and his penis downsized even further, despite the fact that the awful change was also making him ultra-hard and achingly aroused.

“What the actual fuck,” one of Amanda’s girlfriend’s said. “Someone - someone call an ambulance! He needs help!”

They scrambled to action, Amanda quickly getting her phone out. But no sooner was it by her face when the panicking Cole saw her eyes flicker. The rest of them had the same reaction, and one by one they lowered their phones and ended their panic. Amanda blinked a couple of times while Cole tried to collect himself. His hair was now down almost to his shoulders, soft and wavy and even blonder than ever.

“Oh, hi Collete,” Amanda said, shaking her head. “Sorry, my head was in the clouds. “How are you doing? Where’s that sexy boyfriend of yours?”

Cole gaped, his mouth operating like that of a goldfish’s. When he spoke, his voice sounded far more on the female side than male. “M-my boyfriend?”

He touched his throat, now bereft of an Adam’s apple. Even his jawline was now completely soft, and utterly smooth too, as if it had never grown hair before.

“Um, yeah? Ralph? You two usually can’t keep your hands off of each other!”

By this point, Cole’s fears were going absolutely ballistic. He managed to keep himself from hyperventilating and instead took several steps backwards. “I’ve got - I’ve got to find him! I need him!”

One of the girls chuckled. “Yeah, I bet you two.” Even as Cole scrambled and ran the other way, he could just barely hear Amanda giggle.

“God, that girl. I *wish* I had her stamina. Those two are insatiable!”

Cole ran all the faster. He was trying not to imagine the change happening between his legs. Worse, he was trying not to think too deeply about Ralph, who he knew was getting incredibly manly.

“Oh fuck, this is all wrong. Oh fuck, I’m turning into a chick. Oh fuck, why can’t I stop thinking about his goddamn big dick?”

It stuck in his mind, those and Ralph’s potential muscles, as he ran to their meeting place. He needed to change back, fast.

Ralph could barely believe it; he was a goddamn Adonis! Well, nearly so. He wasn’t quite on the level of some of the jocks at the school, but he was looking damn well impressive regardless. Various women were actually looking at him now, and thanks to the magic it seemed like Tila had ensured he would always be seen this way, present, future, *and* past. People were acting like Ralph had always been a powerfully built and attractive man, and it didn’t hurt that his jeans and shirt were now sized to match him, and quite well-styled as well.

“Goddamn, this is the best day of my life,” he said to himself, grinning from ear to ear. “I’ve even got a beard. I could never grow a beard!”

That too was well-styled, not too long but not too short, giving him yet another aspect of manliness. He had a swagger to his walk, an energy to his whole being, and his muscles had grown dramatically. He was six feet in height now, towering above people he used to look up to, and even as he moved to meet Cole behind the physics building by the old willow tree as they'd agreed he could feel the swell of more muscles developing.

'This is fucking awesome,' he texted Cole on the go. 'Everyone remembers me as always having been a big hunk, and I can still feel myself draining all the manliness from my surroundings or whatever! Dude, we are so going to get laid!'

The reply was almost immediate.

'Dude! Don't word it like that! And stop draining all the manliness! You've got to fucking stop! NOW! NOW FUCKING NOW!'

Ralph halted, confused. "Um, okay. That's weird."

But there was no stopping it. He relished the feeling too much and couldn't control it besides. His cock had become huge - not grotesquely so, of course, but enough to make any woman not just satisfied but goddamn catatonic from pleasure - and his balls were almost aching to make a deposit in a woman. God knows enough were now looking at him with desire, and at a campus like this, that meant he wasn't long for a score. Him and Cole both, he was sure, because when he reached the back of the physics building he was already planning out the clubs they could hit that night: his manliness had reached such a point that there was no lack of confidence, no hesitation. He was ready to be an alpha male.

Which made it all the weirder to see a small, hunched over figure covering himself with a hoodie jacket by the shade of the willow tree.

"Um, hello?" he called. "Cole, don't tell me that's you?"

"Oh God, you're voice," came a soft tone. "Why does your v-voice sound like that? It's so - ohhhh - so f-fucking deep!"

Ralph stepped forward, confused but intrigued. "I'm sorry, do I know you? I'm trying to meet my friend here."

"It's m-me, you idiot! I'm sorry, I shouldn't call you that. Shit, why does that make me so guilty? Dude, don't get any closer! I can almost fucking s-smell your musk! You reek of testosterone! My testosterone!"

Again, Ralph paused. His eyebrows shot up. "Wait, Cole? No way. Is this - what's happened to you, man? Why do you sound weird? Why haven't you changed?"

"Changed? *Changed!?* I *have* changed!"

At that, the figure tore back his hoodie and unzipped his jacket, leaving Ralph even further startled. Before him was not his friend, but someone who could have been his friend's sister. His friend's sexy sister, complete with a nice pair of breasts clearly pushing against his shirt, topped by obvious nipples that pressed against the fabric. Her lips were soft, her eyes

bright and blue, her hair down to her shoulders and a lovely light blonde. She was so much shorter than him, perhaps five-foot-six or seven at best, and it was obvious that her entire figure was female now that she was gesturing to herself. He couldn't help but look at her delightful curves and feel a stiffening of his cock. In fact, it was a more powerful stiffening than even he was used to; that sensation of connection he had felt in the bath the previous night ignited between them, causing both to moan and clutch themselves.

"Stop it!" the woman who was apparently Cole cried. "You're stealing it all from m-me! It's not f-fair! You're t-taking my f-fucking manhood, dude! You're making me a d-damn hot chick!"

"I'm wha - oh no! Oh God, no!"

There was nothing to stop it though. Ralph couldn't control the spell's effects except try to avoid the company of attractive women. The only problem was, even if Cole wasn't *technically* a full woman just yet, he certainly appeared so from the outside, with tight denim jeans and a hot tee that left little of his new figure to the imagination. Their shared connection was making Ralph incredibly turned on, and the sight of his enormous cock tenting hard against his pants made Cole feel much the same, only in a totally new way: the transforming individual was warm and flushed, and his nipples stiffened, desiring to be touched.

"Mhmmm," he moaned in his womanly voice, one that was only sounding more sweet and sensual by the second. "It's t-too much, Ralph! I called you here to s-stop it, not keep it g-going! The spell made me a t-target; it's f-fucking draining me! You're draining me!"

Ralph knew it was true: being so close to Cole and seeing what was happening to his friend made it obvious. With every inch in height he gained, with every new muscle that bulged forth, the inverse effect was occurring on Cole. His best friend was already a total cutie, but now he - or she - was on the trip to total buxom babehood.

"P-please, stop it!"

"I - I don't know how!"

"We have to get back to the b-bath maybe? Undo the spell? I c-can't keep - nngh! - changing! I won't be a dude anymore, soon!"

Cole gestured to his chest, which was now easily a full C-cup, if not a D-cup. A bra had formed beneath his shirt now, cupping his breasts and pushing them up. A dip in his shirt had also appeared, giving a look at the cleavage that had resulted. Ralph swallowed as he stared at it.

"Holy fuck, that's actually happening. Cole, you look hot as fuck. I mean no offence, but *goddamn*."

Cole rubbed his soft thighs together - his denim jeans had become denim shorts all of a sudden - and whimpered a little at Ralph's words. It was getting harder to look at him

without experiencing all that . . . warm rush. That strange intoxicating connection. Ralph was draining away his manhood, but his friend's own throbbing member was impossible to not think about, it was so big and . . . alluring. Cole had to catch a breath and refocus his mind just to avoid drinking in the sight of Ralph's muscles. The man was so . . . so dominating. So alpha male. Everything he had wanted to be was now before him, and it was drawing him in.

"Ralph, p-please. I'm becoming all submissive! It's me in here, man. Your nerdy friend. We play *Galaxy Wonders* together, for God's sake. I need you to help reverse the spell before it's too late!"

Ralph blinked. "Of course. Shit. I'm sorry. I never meant for this to happen, Colette. I mean Cole. Shit, is that your new name now?"

"I think so. It's what some of the girls called me. We need to undo this. I don't want - shit, I don't want a vagina!"

The trip back to their apartment was awkward as hell. Ralph was finding it harder to keep his eyes off of Cole, while Cole was breathing heavily, feeling his breasts slowly expand and his cock withdraw. He kept checking the passenger seat mirror and looking with astonishment at himself. He was so damn pretty already, and only getting more attractive by the minute. He urged Ralph to go faster, but when he took a corner that was too fast he found himself gripping his friend's muscular thigh, a fact that made Ralph go hard again.

"Goddamnit," she whined. "This is a nightmare! Why do I keep touching you?"

"I don't know, but I feel this weird connection, Colette. I mean, Cole."

He looked up at Ralph. He was even bigger now, easily six-foot-two. He had a footballer's frame.

"Me too," Cole admitted. "This is too weird. I feel so warm."

"It's okay, we're here."

Cole hadn't even noticed. He'd felt an overwhelming urge to touch her friend's beard, to stroke it manliness. He stumbled out of the car and followed Ralph into the apartment. Inside, so much had changed: the area that had been his was still nerdy as hell, thank God, but now it also was clearly a *shared* space, with a bigger bed. Half the closet had bras and panties and dresses and the like, the other half were bigger clothes for Ralph.

"N-no," Cole said, focusing his mind on the fact that he was Cole, not Colette.

"Everything is changing. Reality is changing. In this world, you and me, we're . . ."

"Together," Ralph said. "Damn."

They shared a look, that connection growing again. Cole groaned, thrusting out his chest as it grew once more, his breasts leaving Amanda the cheerleader's in the dust as

they expanded to E-cups, then whopping F-cups. They were each half as big as his head and divinely shaped, perfect teardrops that were barely restrained by a shirt that quickly shifted into a crop top configuration.

“Ohhhhh, f-fuck! My - my dick! Ralph, get the bath running!”

“What will that do?”

“I don’t know! But we h-have to try s-something! You’re meant to be m-my wingman, not my *super sexy boyfriend*.”

He clutched his mouth in shock at what he’d just said, and Ralph hesitated, not knowing what to say.

“I’ll get it running,” he said, and dashed to do so. Cole admired his back muscles as he left, and then followed after him, hips swaying thanks to their new configuration. His heavy breasts bounced with each step, and once Ralph started the warm water going his eyes fell upon them, taking in the sight.

“Dude! Stop doing that! It’s - it’s *turning me on!*”

“Sorry! Wait, really?”

Cole blushed, trying and failing to cover his chest. It was a little too impressively buxom by this point to succeed in that venture and it only made him look all the hotter to Ralph, because his body was automatically posing in a *very* feminine way.

“No! Well, yes! I can’t explain it, this stupid connection is m-making me f-feel all sorts of weird things. It’s like one of our shows where an alien bug or possession happens and - ohhhhh!!!”

His member slid in further. In a feverish rush, barely controlling his body, he began to pull his clothes off.

“What are you doing?”

“Getting naked! You need to, too! I want to see you naked! Fuck, I didn’t meant to say that. I mean, I *want* to see you naked. I want to see you in the bath so you can give me my c-cock back before I do something I’ll regret!”

“Do what?”

Cole looked at Ralph and he immediately understood. The connection was drawing them both together. Cole’s body was increasingly attracted to Ralph, and the vice-versa was true as well. Already, he wanted to fuck this would-be woman badly, and his new testosterone-fuelled alpha male senses were making it all the more appealing.

“You are so fucking hot,” he said.

“Dude!”

“I can’t help it. My new instincts, I say what I want. God, I’d love to suck on your big tits!”

Cole threw off his bra, letting his heavy tits jiggle. He clutched his head, moaning softly as his hair extended, growing down to below his shoulders. His cock was on display, barely visible, closer to becoming a clitoris than anything. His body was about to develop an emptiness, and due to losing all his manliness, he was almost meekly submitting to it.

“Mhmmm, don’t s-say stuff like that!”

The bath was full. Ralph turned off the tap. He stepped forward. “I can’t help it. I have all your masculinity, or at least most of it. I feel so hyped up, man. I know you feel a lot of the opposite, but look at you! You’re a goddamn smokeshow.”

“We need to get in the bath! This isn’t you! And this isn’t - ahhh - this isn’t me!”

Cole nearly stumbled backwards, but it was Ralph that caught him. Cole’s hand flung to his chest, accidentally stroking his abs. He removed his shirt, then his pants, revealing his incredible alpha male form.

“I swear I didn’t mean for this to happen, Colette,” he said, stepping forward. Cole - Colette, as he was now thinking of himself - stepped back, right up to the bath’s edge. “I didn’t want this. But - oh God - I’m so fucking hard. I want you so bad. Don’t you want this too?”

“I - I - I -”

Colette never got to answer the question, because he or she tipped over backwards and fell into the bath, squealing in a very feminine manner. Ralph quickled stepped into the bath, moving to grab his friend and check if he was alright.

“Shit, Colette! Are you okay?”

His arms enveloped the near-woman, and the connection flared. He pulled Colette up, but in their struggle he too fell into the bath, the pair of them twisting around so that Colette was on top of Ralph and he lying back. Her heavy tits brushed against his hairy chest, and his hands were on her delightful hips.

“Ohhhhhh, noooooooooo!!!” she cried, realising what they were doing. “No, it has to help ch-change us back! I don’t want to be - MMHPHH!!”

She screwed up her face as the last change occurred. Ralph grunted in reluctant, guilty satisfaction as his cock pumped up even larger, while his friend finally crossed the threshold into womanhood. Colette moaned as her tunnel formed, and again when it became wet almost immediately, and not just from the water. Her mind was sapped of any remaining maleness, with only a vestigial male pride remaining, aghast at what she had become. Her breasts were huge, her hips wide, her figure a perfect hourglass. She had a tight, wet pussy, a deeply sexy face with an pair of lips just made for kissing - among other things - and her perfect form was lying on top of Ralph’s powerful male body in the bath, a setting that was obscenely intimate.

“Ohhhhhh,” she moaned. “Nooooo! You’re s-so fucking hard!”

Ralph nodded, his mind in a panic. He was still himself enough to know that this was his friend and he should feel guilty, but he was also intensely aware of the fact that his huge cock was right at her entrance, throbbing with the need to enter her.

“Colette,” he managed. “I’m trying to fight it.”

“Ralph, m-me too.”

Ultimately, for both of them, their new instinctive impulses won out. Colette was all estrogen, submissive and needy, and Ralph was now all testosterone, powerful and hungry for sex. His thick penishead pressed at her entrance, causing Colette to whimper as it parted her folds. Water splashed in the bath as he gripped her hips and inserted himself deep, deep, *deep* inside her.

“Ohhhhhh f-fuck! This is happening. This is really - ahhhh - happening!”

She shuddered, breasts wobbling and squashing against him. He squeezed them with his hands, before lowering one hand to squeeze her ass as well. He was already pumping, his massive dick working within her. Colette was putty in her friend’s hands, and couldn’t stop herself from continuing if she tried. Water was starting to be splashed everywhere as they fucked in the bath where it had all started, their bodies and lives now so deeply different from how they had been.

But, even as strange and wrong as it was to be penetrated, to have big sensitive boobs that were being sucked on, to cry out in a sexy soprano voice as a series of female orgasms drew near, it wasn’t all bad for the new woman. Her maleness had drained away, sure, but it was being put to good use, and her friend was so goddamn sexy and powerful that being fucked and dominated by him was feeling more appealing every passing second.

“I’m g-going to c-cum!” she cried, as half the water made its way to the bathroom tile floor. “You’re g-going to fuck me into orgasm, R-Ralph! I can’t b-bear it!”

“Me either! Holy shit, this is the b-best thing ever! No offence, Colette, but this f-feels all worth it. I get to be the man I always wanted to be, and you - you still get laid, and with the hottest guy on campus too! How does it feel!”

Her cheeks burned with embarrassment, but the worst part was how right her best friend was. He *was* the hottest guy on campus now, and it made her weirdly proud to be *his*. To be owned by *him*. To be his buxom, busty blonde bombshell of a girlfriend who could hang off of his arm and look pretty and sexy and let him do everything he wanted to her, all while they still stayed a pair of hot nerds together.

“Ohhhh, ahhh! Yes! Yess!” she shrieked. “It f-feels good! Make it happen! Make me yours, Ralph! I want to be your girl! You drained me b-before, now fill me up already!”

It was the hottest thing Ralph had ever heard, from the hottest woman he’d ever seen or been with. He erupted within her, grasping her hips as she lowered down on him one final time. She too exploded into orgasm, sitting up and splashing yet more water, her huge

breasts wobbling and trembling for what seemed like *minutes* on end as she was held captive by the delirious pleasure. She gave no words, only long moans and cries of purest ecstasy. The last vestigial remains of anything male left in her flowed into Ralph, and his cock expanded just that little more within her, causing her to seize up.

“Oh God,” she stammered, before falling down against him. The water line was now barely nonexistent, but the bath had managed to survive the onslaught not only of their changes but a very vigorous lovemaking session. After several minutes of their breathing together, of her magnificent breasts squashing against his fantastic pectorals, she raised her head slightly to look at him.

“This is g-going to be us from now on, isn’t it?” she asked him.

“I certainly hope so,” Ralph replied. “Sorry, I know that’s bad, but with how I am now, I can be completely honest. I really, really want you to stay like this, Colette, and I’ve got a good feeling this can’t be reversed anyway.”

She thought of that for a long time, the post-coital haze of joy still lingering in her mind. Nothing about the spell had gone as planned, at least for her, but feeling this titan of a man against her soft, demure, voluptuous body, she could think of worse outcomes. Besides, she’d always been the more cautious one, prone to letting Ralph take charge. Their new dynamic was just an extension of the old one, their new roles appropriate. He was her man now, the one who could protect her and be daring, all while she could be more careful and shy and . . . and also goddamn sexy, now. All these thoughts swirled in her head.

“What are you thinking about?” Ralph asked.

“I guess,” she said, trying not to grin and failing badly, “I was just thinking about the spell. It wasn’t totally wrong, was it? I mean, we did put on a good performance, right?”

“Indeed,” Ralph said. “A very, very enhanced one, I’d say.”

And with that thought in mind, she kissed him again, her arousal returning very quickly, and his to match it. Soon, whatever was left of the water in the bath was splashing out of it once again. But then, bathrooms always were a little steamy.

The End