

## The Consequences of Impatience

Commission for Charlotte-TG

While being single sucked, Charlie had always taken solace in the fact that he never had to spend his weekends following around some woman holding her shopping. He never had to sit for hours only to be nagged at to hurry up and pay for overpriced dresses. Or at least, that was the idea. The universe was a cruel and unusual place sometimes so here he was, wasting a perfectly good summer day being dragged from shop to shop, all because he was the unfortunate soul who had Nina for a sister. At twenty-six, he was far too old to be bullied into driving her around town while her car was in the shop and yet, here he was.

“Pull up here.” She ordered, “I need to go to the library.”

“The library?” He balked, “You do know the internet exists right? It’s not the 90’s anymore.”

“Some things can only be found in books.” Nina smiled as they pulled up, “You can wait here. I’ll only be a few minutes.”

“That’s what you said at the shoe shop.” He mumbled; his ass still hurt from sitting in one of those uncomfortable chairs while Nina tried on heels for an hour.

Nina stuck her tongue out at him as she slammed the door shut and he returned the gesture. He watched her as she bounced her way up the stairs, both men she passed on her way up turning to watch her go. He didn’t dislike his sister, not really, but the fact they were even related was hard to believe sometimes. With her slim figure and bright green eyes, she’d won the genetic lottery; Charlie on the other hand had won the *generic* lottery. With his pudgy figure and dull brown hair, nobody turned as he passed, he did get those same bright green eyes but as Nina loved to point out when they were younger; with his fat face they just made him look like a toad.

He sighed, settling back in his seat to idly browse on his phone. See, even if he did want to read a book right now, he could download one rather than walking through a bunch of musty shelves that smelt of mothballs. As he scrolled his eyes flicked to the car’s clock with increasing frequency; five minutes became ten, then fifteen, the twenty. With a frustrated groan put away his phone and he hefted himself out of the car. At this rate he was going to slowly roast to death in that hot box before she came out.

A gust of cool air greeted him as the doors slid open and he sighed in relief before glancing around for Nina. As he expected, the library was mostly abandoned save an ancient looking librarian and a man whose scent heavily implied he was homeless. Wanting to get home as soon as possible he started checking each of the aisles, expecting to find Nina curled up in one of the reading nooks with some trashy romance novel but he didn’t. In fact, there was no sign of her at all. Concern

began to sink in as he continued to walk the shelves, surely nothing bad could have happened to her here of all places.

He was just about to call her when a muffled voice reached his ears, he couldn't make out what it was saying but it definitely belonged to a woman. Following it he was blocked by a heavy door simply marked 'Storeroom, Library Personnel Only'. He pressed his ear to the door; there were definitely voices on the other side, he couldn't be sure but one of them sounded like Nina. Knowing she was safe and likely in some boring book club meeting, his concern returned to irritation and he didn't hesitate to ignore the sign and push open the door.

"Nina, you said a few min--"

The words froze in his throat; he'd expected a gaggle of women all sitting in a circle talking about how dreamy Mr. Darcy was not...this. He couldn't have imagined an area that looked *less* like a storeroom; it was large with dark painted walls covered in strange symbols, paraphernalia and bookshelves filled the tomes that looked ancient. The floor was open, covered in chalk dust of a dozen colours all swirling together in a pattern of circles and strange letters he couldn't recognise. He stood in the doorway, mouth agape as half a dozen woman, including his sister, turned to face him. In this dark room filled with all kinds of obvious arcane objects straight out of a fantasy novel they looked almost comically out of place in modern jeans and blouses.

"Charlie!" Nina admonished, walking toward him with a thunderous expression, "I said to wait outside!"

"Y-You said five minutes-what is all this?"

His gaze lowered to Nina's hand where a gnarled stick was gripped tight between her fingers, a wand. Nina just sighed, with a flick of her wrist the door behind him slammed closed, a mechanical clunk told him that this time it was locked.

"This," She said full of exacerbation, "Is why you should just do as you are told. Now we're both in trouble."

Charlie was suddenly very much aware of several sets of eyes boring into him from across the room. The other woman were looking at him like a piece of meat and he felt his stomach flip. This had to be some sort of LARPing group, right? As crazy as it would be to find out his sister was a complete dork it would make more sense than her being an actual, real life witch.

“What are we to do?” Mused the red head, stepping forward, “We can’t have him telling anybody about these secret meetings; this modern age still isn’t ready for the reveal of magic and witches.”

“Okay, look. I am sorry I disturbed your game or whatever. I won’t judge or tell anybody you’re into make believe-“

“Make believe!” Nina and the others flinched as the red-haired woman yelled, Charlie got the distinct impression he had just royally fucked up.

“I think a demonstration is in order.” She continued, eyes ablaze, “I believe I have just the spell to ensure he doesn’t spill the beans. Nina, didn’t you say once you wished you had a sister?”

Nina’s eyes filled with glee, taking him by the shoulders and shoving him forward to the centre of one of their chalk circles. This was too much, if he had to play along to get out of here fine but he was *not* pretending to be a woman! He turned to tell his sister as much but was silenced as she placed that wand against his forehead.

“I’m going to enjoy this.” She giggled, “You’ll be so much more fun!”

She poked him hard in the forehead causing him to stumble back into the magic circle which, much to his surprise was starting to glow. The red-haired woman stepped forward, producing her own wand, waving it back and forth as she and the others chanted in a low monotone. Charlie felt his mouth go dry as a pink ribbon slowly materialised from the wands tip, floating and dancing through the air before darting toward him like a snake. He flinched, expecting some sort of whip but instead the ribbon circled his neck, tying itself in a neat bow. As soon as it was in place he felt something inside him shift. His skin began to hum as if an electrical current was moving through it and he gasped, doubling over in shock. As his hands came to rest on his knees he could only gape as the material melted away, the fabric of his clothing seeming to dissipate into dust that flowed around him in a vortex of invisible wind. His only covering that pretty pink bow around his neck.

“Wha-what are you doing?” He cried, “Nina!”

Embarrassed he tried to hide his increasing nakedness but soon it was impossible; he was surrounded by the witches on all sides and he had bigger problems to deal with. That electrical current was getting stronger, rather than being evenly spread across his entire body it was beginning to gather in several very private places. His lower stomach flipped again, it felt like the moment before a great drop on a rollercoaster except it wasn’t going away after a few seconds, just the opposite in fact. He felt what he could only describe as a suction between his legs and watched,

horrified as his cock began to shrink before his eyes, being pulled back inside him by some invisible force. A sudden burst of pleasure took him off guard as it disappeared completely, being replaced with an aching emptiness that was desperate to be filled.

He wanted to cry out, to yell at Nina to stop what was happening but he couldn't. His voice was sealed in his throat and he could only watch as wet lips and a gentle warmth replaced his cock. A hot, wanting pussy was now between his legs.

"Time to move those curves!" One of the witch's laughed, flicking her wand upwards.

As she did so Charlie felt a different kind of pressure, one moving outwards rather than in. His round stomach was moving, the fat rolling up his body to his chest as the skin stretched to accommodate it. He gave a silent groan watching his nipples pop out with the force as his new breasts swelled. He could feel their weight already and yet they were still growing. Desperate, he brought his hands up to cup them for support only to be immediately overwhelmed with how sensitive that new skin was. His nipples hardened against his palms almost painfully as he gripped onto the flesh but no matter how hard he tried they just kept growing.

"Stop!" He begged, "They're too big already!"

"All the ladies in our family have big boobs, Charlie." Nina laughed, "Don't worry, you'll get used to it!"

A moan escaped him, hands dropping his heavy breasts and flying to his ass as that began to grow in tandem. He could feel his hips widening to accommodate its full roundness. He couldn't keep up with the changes, they were all happening so fast; legs smoothing, lips plumping, eyelashes and hair growing. That dull brown hair was now spilling down his face and shoulders in warm waves until finally they came to rest against his breasts, tickling the sensitive skin.

"Now, he's got the body, let's get him dressed, eh?" Nina teased and Charlie felt the ribbon at his neck pulse.

This was all too much, he felt dizzy as the vortex of particles began to enclose him, stitching themselves back into a new outfit to fit his new busty form.

"How about we make him our maid?" One suggested, "As punishment for interrupting us!"

The particles turned black and white, forming into a frilly dress and matching apron. Layers upon layers of ruffles waved their way into existence beneath his skirt and he could feel the lace tickling at the hair between his legs. A tiny, doily style headband appeared atop his head and Charlie felt himself blush. The dress was so low cut the outfit was almost pornographic!

“No, no, I want to see him in something cute!” Nina argued, waving her own wand, making the maids outfit disintegrate before his eyes.

This was all too much, he just...he just needed a moment to breathe, to take in this new body on its own without being made into a dress up doll.

“Nina, this is humiliating!” He complained as a pink, ruffled dress began to shape itself around him, the ballgown ballooning to ridiculous proportions.

“Relax, you look beautiful!”

How could he relax when he was wearing a tiara like a Disney princess? Stiff, scratchy lace from the puffed sleeves irritated his skin but the bodice was so tight he couldn't even bring up a hand to scratch.

“We need something that shows off that new bod!” The red-haired witch grinned, “You can't see anything under all those ruffles and glitter.”

Charlie winced, not again.

This time the outfit melted away and was barely replaced with anything; a skimpy purple skirt and a tight strapless bralette made from black lace. The articles covered so little of his body there was still plenty of fabric dust floating in the air, it closed in and he watched as it slowly formed whorls on his skin; body glitter. That combined with his skimpy clothes and frankly incredible curves make him look ready to hop on a pole and Charlie felt himself flush crimson.

He let out a shaky breath, breasts shuddering, as the magic circle lost its glow. For a few blissful seconds he thought the ordeal was over...but then he didn't change back. He was still a busty woman, wearing basically nothing at the mercy of these witches.

“Now what?” He asked filled with trepidation, “Are you going to make me your slave or something?”

“God, no.” Nina scoffed, “You’ve been punished, after all that you get a reward.”

“Can the reward be turning me back?”

“No, something even better.” Nina’s eyes were alight with mischief as the red-haired witch unlocked the door and snuck out.

He was forced to stand, waiting as the other witches all sat themselves down along the far wall watching him like a hawk. He shifted, that ache between his legs was still present and no matter how he stood he couldn’t quite get comfortable. Every time he moved his arms they would bump against his new tits, sending a jiggle across the flesh and a tingling sensation through his body. Part of him would have been tempted to explore the body somewhat, if the gaggle of witches wasn’t watching him. They may have delt him a heavy blow today but he still had some dignity and he refused to give it up.

After a few minutes the witch returned with a man in tow and Charlie felt the blush that had only just receded come back in full force. Before he could stop them, his eyes roamed the length of his body, taking in the strong muscles and square jaw. Such things had never stood out to him before but now they made strange butterflies take flight in his stomach.

“This is our new friend, Charlotte.” The witch waved a hand over at him, “She’s going through some body confidence issues, do you think you could make her feel loved, Greg?”

Wait, *what?*

“Don’t worry.” She gave him a warm smile, “Greg and I have an understanding. I don’t mind sharing him.”

She gave the man’s shoulder a squeeze. The implication was clear and Charlie, now Charlotte, felt her heart beginning to thump in her chest, that emptiness between her legs seemed to pulse, it was impossible to ignore the ache that was growing there. Nor the fact that she was indeed, a *she* now.

“How can a girl who looks like you could have confidence issues is beyond me.” Greg smiled, the expression somehow made him even more handsome and more butterflies started to form.

“I...I um...”

She couldn't think straight, the ache in her legs was being joined by a subtle dampness that she couldn't ignore. Self consciously she tugged on the short skirt, trying to pull it down to cover more of her bare legs but all that resulted in was the back raising enough that her bare ass was exposed. One of the witch's wolf-whistled and she felt her cheeks burn. It felt like all the blood in her body was localised to her face and new pussy.

This had to be a spell as well, right? The fact that her eyes couldn't stop dipping down to the growing tent in Greg's pants as he approached. The fact that she could feel her nipples pressing against the thin fabric of the bralette, hard with want. Nina had poked her in the forehead before, yes, that must be it. This need inside, the desperate desire for cock had to be another spell.

Greg was standing right before her now, firm hands reaching out to grip her shoulders. Warmth flowed down through Charlotte's new body from the touch making her shiver. If this really was a spell, then there was no harm in indulging it, if she was under a magical effect that meant she wasn't fully in control, so there was no harm in...enjoying herself.

Filled with trepidation and excitement she reached out, resting her hands on Greg's hips and then sliding them up into his shirt. She ran her fingers over the defined muscle and a quiver went through her. Charlotte let herself be pulled close, whimpering as her new, oh so sensitive, breasts came to rest against Greg's chest. It was the meeting of two opposites, hard and soft, and already she could feel another hardness resting against her thigh. A soft 'oh' escaped her lips as Greg brought his mouth down to kiss and suck along her bare neck. Slowly working his way down the slope of Charlotte's shoulder, smearing the body glitter as he went. As he pulled back Charlotte couldn't help but notice how erotic it was to see that sparkling dust spreading across each place their bodies touched.

With deft hands Greg removed the bralette, seemingly unfazed as it melted into more sparkling dust when he tossed it to the side. Charlotte groaned as her heavy breasts sagged with weight against her chest, they were so big they almost hurt. Greg came to her rescue, cupping them in his firm hands and sending delicious waves of pleasure down into her core as he massaged the skin. Charlotte felt her knees go weak with the sensations such a simple touch was emitting. She moaned with the loss as Greg removed a single hand, placing it at the small of her back and gently lowering them to the floor.

"Man, look at these things." Greg squeezed her tits hard enough to make Charlotte gasp, "I have never seen a set so big."

Roughly he ran his thumbs across Charlotte's nipples, pressing them in and tweaking them this way and that. Sparks of pleasure were flying through her system, she felt as though her brain were short circuiting; each time she tried to form a thought another bolt of pleasure shot through her and she could only give a breathy moan. Almost instinctually she leaned back on her knees, bracing herself on her palms and thrusting out her chest so Greg could have further access. Somewhere, through the fog of desire slowly overtaking her senses, she was aware of the witches cheering in the background.

She didn't care about any audience right now, all she cared about was the feeling of Greg's hands on her breasts; cupping them, lifting, pushing, squeezing, each new action bought a different wave of pleasure. She watched with baited breath as Greg lowered his face to them. Charlotte felt

her eyes roll back and flutter closed as a tongue licked a stripe right between her tits, that one touch seemed to light a fire within her and she moaned aloud as it started to burn. The heat inside was growing, she could feel juices dripping beneath the swatch of fabric they'd called a skirt; the subtle dampness had turned to a flood. She wanted to be touched there so badly; she opened her mouth to beg for it but the words turned to primal sounds as Greg's tongue found her nipple.

He started gently, running the flat of his tongue against the sensitive nub before taking it fully in his mouth and sucking gently.

"Ah...ahh...ahhhh!"

Charlotte couldn't do anything but gasp and moan, the ecstasy that suckling was creating was indescribable. With each suck Greg's tongue would swipe over her until she was an oversensitive mess. Her legs spasmed, juice leaking out onto the floor as her inner walls clenched, desperate for friction themselves. When Greg finally switched to the other nipple Charlotte wailed; from both pleasure and need. It felt so good but it wasn't enough, she needed more but Greg didn't speed up. He kept slowly teasing the pleasure out of her until he was sure he was going to explode.

"Please!" She finally begged, "I need-I n-need..."

What did she need? To be touched more, to feel Greg inside her? At this stage she couldn't even string two thoughts together let alone articulate a proper sentence. Greg chuckled, mouth still on her breast, the deep baritone sending vibrations across her skin. Once again that tongue traced its way across the curve of her breasts and then pulled away.

"Don't worry doll, I know what you need."

His hand bunched into the skirt, tearing it into shimmering dust that joined the vortex swirling around them. She was now naked, save the pink ribbon around her neck. The glitter continued to swirl through the air, making it come alive as Charlotte watched with eyes blown wide with lust. Obediently she spread his legs, keening as Greg slipped a finger into her wet folds. If she thought her breasts were sensitive, they had nothing on her new pussy. A single, simple stroke sent not just sparks but full bolts of lightning through her system, making her whole body shudder involuntarily.

"More." She begged, "Please, more."

Greg acquiesced, stoking up and down her folds as he slowly leaned back in to kiss at her oversensitive tits for a moment. It didn't take long before those fingers were slick with her juices, circling around her clit and pressing down on it causing Charlotte to jump with the intensity of the pleasure.



Despite that, it still wasn't quite enough. No matter how wonderful Greg's touch felt there was still a need inside that couldn't be fulfilled with fingers alone. Even as they pressed into her wet hole, gently rubbing at her inner walls, that need remained.

With trembling hands, she reached forward and in a haze of need, unbuckling Greg's belt. Taking his manhood in her palm almost reverently, gently forming a fist and beginning to pump. The cock felt so warm and solid in her hands, her pussy tightened around Greg's fingers in anticipation only for them to withdraw.

Greg placed one hand at the small of her back, gently lowering her to lie on the ground but to her surprise he climbed up her body till his cock was resting in the cleft between her tits. Instinctually, almost as if in a trance Charlotte cupped her new breasts, pressing them together and marvelling at the feeling of the hard cock sliding between them as Greg began to thrust slowly. The friction against her oversensitive skin was incredible and her imagination went wild imagining what it would feel like to have this happening between her legs.

"Please, I can't wait anymore." She groaned, still holding her chest and allowing him to fuck her tits.

"Your wish is my command." His voice was husky with desire and Charlotte felt her whole body quiver in anticipation.

Charlotte let her hands fall back and Greg moved down her body till his tip was resting against her hole. She was so wet and needy there was barely any resistance as he slowly slid inside. Charlotte was thankful for Greg's muscular frame and it held her down, unable to control her pleased writhing as the cock slowly parted her. Even in her frenzy, she expected some pain to come from being impaled this way but none came, only rapture and a sense of gratification as that primal need to be filled was finally met. Met, but not sated. Even as she felt the tip of Greg's cock brushing against the deepest part of her, fully sheathed, that need was still there.

Unable to wait, she rolled her hips, moaning as that deep pleasure began to spread through her entire body. She wrapped her legs around Greg's hips and ass, pulling him closer as they began to move in tandem. Each time he pulled out Charlotte would pull him back in, perfectly in sync. Greg's mouth found her neck once more and he bit down on it, thrusts becoming hard and fast as he too gave in to his lust. Charlotte knew what was coming, she could feel it building deep inside her as all her muscles began to coil and tighten, squeezing the cock inside as hard as she could. She pushed back, feeling Greg's balls slapping hard against her entrance until finally, the pleasure seemed to crest. For a moment she was suspended in space, right on the edge before plunging down deep into an ocean of pure pleasure. Her whole body spasmed as she came, she could feel juices squirting out of her between each of Greg's thrusts.

She was so lost in the overwhelming sensations she barely felt Greg pulse inside her as he came. Her mind only really returning a few moments later when he pulled out, that primal need finally sated. That glittering dust that surrounded them during their love making finally began to coalesce again, covering Charlotte's sweat soaked body in a warm blanket that actually protected her modesty somewhat.

“You felt amazing, doll.” Greg grinned before turning to face his girlfriend, “You let me know if she ever needs a refresher, she’s fab babe.”

Despite everything, Charlotte blushed, this time with flattery rather than embarrassment. The body glitter slowly faded from both their skin, re-joining the blanket around her shoulders as Greg redressed. Awkwardly, she walked over to Nina who looked as if all her Christmas’ had come early.

“That was amazing!” She squealed with a teasing smile, “If I’d known you were so kinky I’d have done this years ago.”

“Are you going to change me back?” She shuffled self-consciously, remnants of her wetness still leaking down her legs.

“Why, didn’t you have fun?”

“Well...yes but only because of your spell.” She blushed, “You made me want his cock, didn’t you?”

“Nope.” Nina replied, popping the P on the word with a satisfied grin. “That was all you, *sis*.”

Charlotte felt as though she’d been struck by thunder. All that lust, that craving for a man’s touch...it had all been her? Charlotte’s face must have looked hilarious because Nina descended into a fit of giggles and she found herself chuckling too. Being a busty woman wasn’t exactly the direction she’d imagined his life taking but...there were worse fates.

“Oh, don’t worry Charlotte.” Nina threw an arm around her new sister’s shoulder, “You’ll be used to this in no time.”

