

Be Careful What You Ask For...

"There we go...how does it feel to be a winner hm? Thanks for that by the way my dear knight, you've just saved me a lot of trouble~"

"You?! B-But I won fair and square! You said you'd turn my friends back, you backstabbing bitch!"

"And I did...you see, i've split my powers with you now...that means you've got what it takes to turn your friends back...but while it's super easy to strip a man of what makes them...well, a man, you'll find that giving it back is gonna be one heck of an undertaking."

"N-No! You've gotta-"

SNAP

Interrupting her protests with a blinding flash of the camera, the gothic lady turns the dark brooding shell of her smartphone around to face the screen towards them, leaving the dumbfounded raven maned girl staring slack jawed at her own reflection as if it was completely alien to her, stammering while indecisive hands hover over her eye catching figure clad in ill fitting mens wear.



"And this sort of magic doesn't come cheap by the way, nor is it a temporary thing either, so if you're really serious about undoing the spell? I suggest you'd best get practicing right away if you and your buddy over there want your dicks back...but yknow? Having a vag ain't all that bad either, who knows? Maybe you'll come to love it as much as I do~ See you when I see you *Michelle!*"

"Wait! You're not planning to...she's gone...shes gone?!"

Before the girl can say anything in response, the goth vanishes in the blink of an eye after a final dismissive wave of her hand and a taunting look on her face, leaving nothing but empty air for

her victim to grasp at as her desperation gives way to panic, not acting quite like the man she thought she was while regretting her decision to poke her nose in places where they shouldn't be.

While she had won with her own wit and cunning against a worthy opponent in a match of classic Street Fighter still running strong in the neon lit arcade, something was lost. And for now, the status quo remained unchanged.

"Ahhh this is so totally not happening to me right now!"

When Michelle had first heard of a 'Mankilling Witch' that had suddenly turned up one day at the local arcade downtown with the ability to turn men she won games against into women hence her title, the dainty damsel had still been a sensible man, laughing it off alongside his buddies who all thought it was simply a really bad joke a bored nutjob had come up with, a tall tale totally dislocated from reality and nothing more. Going by the name of Michael, he was your typical college boy with an outgoing personality and a childish, lax outlook on life. He took things slow and by the books, but when no one was looking, the well built man loved to drown himself in video games and other forms of entertainment media, a closet gamer if you would.

A few weeks would pass without incident. Until one day, an ebony babe with cutesy twintails claiming to be Jacob, one of Michael's closest friends, runs up to him while he was out training for track and field on college grounds. Although he wasn't planning to let himself be caught off guard so easily, the skeptical man gives the bumbling stranger a chance, asking her questions only the real Jacob would know the answers to, only to end up with much more evidence than necessary and certain proof that magic was very much real...unless his friend had somehow underwent convincing plastic surgery overnight all for a prank, then there was no other explanation; the waifish girl before him was indeed his former hunk of a friend.

By the time she was done recounting the very private and very embarrassing tale of a horrendously botched blind date setup by Michael himself, the man was at a loss for words, unsure of what to even do to help his friend besides comfort her as she leaned against his shoulders...but as awkward as the situation was for Michael, he began to take notice of the subtle cues Jacob was giving off as if her sudden 180 in demeanor wasn't enough; she looked more like a shy girlfriend rubbing up to her boyfriend than a man who had just had his manhood taken from him. He was beginning to suspect the term 'Mankiller' meant that the changes were more than just skin deep. A suspicion that proved to be true when he had questioned Jacob, asking if she even knew how she was behaving around him.

"I-I swear I'm not doing this on purpose! M-Maybe...I think...I dunno...it...it feels...good? Not in a gay way but...comfortable, like I don't feel all down when I've got you close Mich. Hey, do you think Jane sounds like a good name? I'm kinda not feeling 'Jacob' anymore."

That was when he knew he had to act fast before Jacob and anyone else succumbed to the Mankiller Witch, moving towards the arcade all while realizing why some of his friends hadn't been turning up for the past few days when he sent a message to their group warning them to stay away from the arcade, only to end up with more than handful of responses that sounded like they came from ditzy highschoolers and shy flowers in the library than the testosterone pumping men he knew along with more than enough images of brandspanking new women he wouldn't have minded accompanying his little pal down under to bed...if they weren't his former friends that is.

Supposedly the Mankiller Witch operated under a simple set of rules; participate in a true, heartfelt competitive game with her in the arcade. And either stand a chance to have a wish granted or have every last drop of manliness in you extracted. While the effects were obviously more pronounced on men, Jacob had claimed to see a tomboy before her, totally reduced into a nervous wreck that could barely look anyone in the eyes without shying away and with a totally new look to match. At least it gave Michael a good idea of what would happen if he were to ever lose what could arguably be called the greatest game of his life.

"I mean...she was still a looker...but I liked her bod before it became all round and soft y'know?"

With Jacob leading the way, it wasn't long till Michael would soon have his first encounter with the fabled witch in the flesh, tapping her boots on the multicolored pad of a dancing game installation in a rapid blur of dark purples and exotic neon flare. A stunning goth girl that was probably 2 to 3 years his senior, displaying a vibrant aura that layers the spritely and energetic mask of an innocent girl over an unknown face as she hops off the dance pad with a beaming smile that escalates into a knowing grin the moment her eyes drift from Jacob to Michael.

"Oh hoh~ What do we have here? Are you here to try and turn your friend back to normal? How brave! Endearing even...see Jane? I told you he'd be a perfect fit...well, not for long anyway!"

Staring down the sneering witch, Michael would make his intentions clear to her; that he wanted her to change everyone back if he won.

"Sure sure~ And I guess you already know what happens if I win right? You'll be the girliest girl ever to walk the streets, and I'll get my quota up by one more for today~ C'mon then, let's get started!"

With the two of them deciding on a fighting game cabinet loaded up with Street Fighter, it only took a few seconds for Michael to realize he was dealing with a professional. For every advanced combo he pulled off, the Mankiller counters before launching an offensive. It was hard to adapt to her habit of attacking right in the middle of his own moves but eventually, a noticeable pattern emerged. And once he had gotten it down, a vulnerability would leave the Witch ripe for a straight knockout. Unlike Michael who was seasoned enough to react and co-opt new strategies, his opponent was left flustered and confused, unable to adapt to

Michael's sudden comeback to the tactics she had used to beat everyone else when it came to Street Fighter. And before they knew it, the two were staring at a game over screen announcing Michael to be the rightful winner.

But instead of disappointment, the Mankiller seemed nonchalant about her defeat, smiling all while her unchanging leer focuses on him, sending a chill down Michael's spine.

"Aww shucks...never thought I'd see the day I lose! And to someone like you no less...well done! But...you might wanna find something to hold on to cuz this next part's gonna be a doozy! You shoulda just wished em back to normal stupid!"

Before he could even ask, a strange sensation assaults his body, warping flesh and stirring bones like putty before reshaping them into new lithe shapes outlined by gentle curves and slow falling dips. From slender arms, a cinched in waistline between wide set hips and a voluptuous torso, it was clear for all to see that Michael was quickly becoming a girl as his immense 7 foot tall stature drops to a waifish 4 foot 9, tenting his clothes as voluminous C cup breasts balloon under his jacket while a toned navel bloats into a soft rotund belly. And beneath all that, down between tight, curvy legs where a man's proud pecker should've been was an empty void; a tantalizing window framed by pert thighs, the overhanging sag of hearty ass cheeks and the hairless curvature of plump labia busying themselves as they devour Michael's dick, reforming testes into fresh ovaries while the head of his pecker takes its new spot atop a moist blanket of pink flesh. Finalizing Michael's transformation into Michelle right as her crew cut explodes into a long flowing mane of lustrous raven black with extensions and hair bands tying bits of it into a cute, lopsided ear of sorts. Hanging down over the gorgeous face of a naive young woman whose expression of victory soon turns into one of shock after dainty hands stripped of their muscle run over her soft cheeks and pillowy bosom.

It was all so sudden, so...quick. She hadn't even felt anything until after the magic was done altering her form. From the cold of the arcade caressing her hairless skin to the loose fabric of her pants rubbing up and against the salacious thigh gap she now sported, all of it came rushing to her alongside the witch's cackle gracing her ears as she saunters up to her, leading to current events as the Mankiller vanishes from existence after explaining her twisted wish granting...which technically wasn't a lie; she had her magical abilities, but all of them revolved around draining men of their essence. And while it was possible to return said essence, the Mankillers lack of expertise in that field meant that her resulting protégé Michelle had no clue how to do so either.

While her brain tingled with newfound information related to her new affinity for the arcane, Michelle had no clue as to how to utilize them. But with a little bit of curious wordplay alongside getting accustomed to her new form, she would soon realize that games weren't the only way with which she could take the man out of someone. From simple spells that simply feminized to vindictive hexes that could 'disfigure' one's very soul, a darker variant that could turn upstanding men into vapid bimbos Michelle could feel even the

Mankiller had doubts on using thanks to her residual emotions being split and shared with her...and alongside those emotions came the joy of partaking in games with men just so she could sap them of it all. To become the very girls they fancied like trophies, just like Jane...but not her. Even though she knew it wasn't right, just experiencing the Mankiller's joy was enough to make her feel the same way, it was an intoxicating sensation that left little room for thought and resistance. But ultimately she would, with her goal to return to her original body in mind, Michelle would begin to practice and refine her newfound power, even if it meant femininity the occasional man or two, but that was something she reserved for the lowest of the low; scumbags, thugs, bullies, she reduced them all into bumbling women and snobby highschool girls who would gradually lose sight of their want to return to their old selves after the gaping hole left inside their being was filled with their resulting joy for feminine ideals, just like Jane and a handful of her feminized friends had. After months without progress, they had all moved on with their lives, with some entering into budding lives of romance with significant others who made sure to shower their girls with plenty of love and attention. All except Michelle, who remained confident that she still had a grasp of her old self, that it was salvageable...that she hadn't given in completely to the fact that she was one hundred percent female.



Unbeknownst to her however, the essence of the men she subjected to her tests had accumulated over the passing months had stored up in her body. And unlike the Mankiller who was funnelling it all elsewhere for purposes unknown, Michelle had kept it all bottled up, resulting in her already well endowed form becoming more voluptuous as a result when it all started to assimilate into her magically altered form, gaining in mass and raw sex appeal, evident in the way her breasts outgrew their C cup bras into burgeoning double D's while her modest hips expanded into handlebars perfect for birthing many a child. Along with her naive young face gaining a sultry, mature shine, it was as if she had become someone else. Altogether by the time her first year as a girl was up. Even her fashion senses had changed from pants to skirts, blazers to blouses and underwear into lingerie. It wasn't as if she disliked them but rather, took it as a method of coping with the sudden inversion of her gender. If she started to fret about every little thing, she would have broken long ago.

Sitting lazily under a tree before waving farewell to Jane who had left her side to meet up with her boyfriend, Michelle sighs as she watches the two lovebirds stroll off out of the campus, entertaining the thought of hooking up with another guy and getting to know them...

"Yeah right...I ain't gay...am I? Right, not gay...just gotta keep practicing and then one day I'll be back to normal!"

But as much as she liked to delude herself into thinking she disliked being a girl, Michelle had subconsciously become aware of the many eyes that clung to her appealing figure wherever she went. And while she was loath to admit it, the staring; the envy from the girls and the lust of the boys, was getting to her. Making it hard to think at times and even driving her to do things no man would ever do...like the strip tease she was putting on for a stud that had caught her fancy midway through her daydreaming, spreading her legs gradually while hiking up her skirt just enough to show off her lace panties...before snapping back to reality and shutting that idea down with a sneer.

Whatever fate awaited her; whether her efforts would bear fruit or she remained stuck as a girl, Michelle didn't seem to mind anymore. While she did occasionally play it off as a matter of import whenever Jane brought it up, in truth, she loved this life of hers just as much as she did her old. Fulfilling this manliness spell just seemed like a hobby to her at this point...and maybe as a middle finger of sorts to the Mankiller and her annoying grin...

THE END