

# Consequences of Envy

For Killandra

By TheSpiralledEye

It had been a week since the beach party and Charlie could not stop thinking about it. The rest of the night, after that tussle in the sand had become a blur. He'd danced, drunk and done plenty of other humiliating and wonderfully sexy things only to tumble into his bed that night, sticky and covered in sweat and God knows what else to sleep. When he'd awoken the next morning, he'd been male again and instantly he mourned the change. Logically he knew there was nothing stopping him from acting like that confident, sexy person he'd been down in the sand but no matter how hard he tried, both alone in front of the mirror or in public, he just couldn't do it. Charlotte was buried deep inside him and no matter what he did, that fun, ditzy party girl would not come out while his body looked this way.

As turned on as the humiliation made him, he still could not bring himself to ask his sister Nina or any of her witch friends to change him back. At first he just hung around the apartment's communal areas when Nina had friends over. Hoping one of them might spot him and start to tease or at the very least mention his behaviour at the beach. But they didn't. When Nina and he got bored and watched movies he would joke;

“Hey, that girl looks sort of like I did when you changed me.” He chuckled, “That was so wild.”

“Yeah, I guess.”

Nothing.

When Nina came home with a new dress he tried hinting at it again.

“That's pretty, though I think pink is more of a Charlotte colour. Purple is more you.” He rubbed at his neck uncomfortably, secretly praying she agreed but once again his sister ignored the implication.

“I can be girly too. I think this will fit me just fine.”

Dammit.

After three weeks of being solely male Charlie was beginning to feel desperate. Each night he would dream of how it felt to have beautiful round curves, how good it felt to have his nipples touched by the rough pads on a man's fingers. He'd wake up hard and look down at his length with disdain; it just looked so ugly compared to his pretty pink pussy. Not to mention inferior when it came to pleasure; there was none of the primal gratification that came with being filled. His hand gripped his cock tight and pumped but no matter how hard he tried, he simply couldn't cum. Not when he knew such exquisite pleasure was being denied to him. He desperately wished he had taken advantage of his time at the beach better and found a man to properly fuck him; he'd only had sex as a woman once and now that seemed like such a painfully long time ago. There was nothing that could quite replicate the feel of being entered.

He could always ask. Instead of dancing around the issue with Nina now, he just couldn't bring himself to do it. The thrill of being changed almost against his will was part of the appeal, not knowing if it was coming and then when it started to happen the elation and ecstasy that came was second to none. No, he couldn't just come straight out and ask and even if he did, Nina loved teasing him, there was just no way she would indulge him if she knew how much he truly enjoyed it.

He was stuck, unable to find fulfilment. One night when Nina left for yet another party his chest had ached in jealousy so much he became desperate. Sneaking into her room to try and find her magical items and books. Perhaps he could find the spell here and convince somebody to cast it, or even learn it himself. It would take some of the thrill away of course but maybe he could set some sort of random magical timer? Such plans matter not though as he found nothing; Nina evidently stored all her magic things at the library room the coven met at; and there was no way he could get in there without being spotted.

He sat in the middle of the room feeling defeated and sorry for himself; he just wanted Charlotte's confidence, her beautiful body; he had almost forgotten what it felt like. No, he could not wait anymore; filled with determination he got to his feet and marched for the front door; he was going to make sure Nina and her ilk could not ignore him anymore.

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It was a good thing Nina was a blabbermouth extrovert; even if you didn't want to know her social calendar you did because she never shut up about it. So it was easy to remember the name of the friend hosting the party; a guy named Daniel. Finding the address scribbled on an old sticky note in the bin by her desk took a bit but soon he was on his way. A strange mix of emotions made Charlie's stomach churn; part of him was screaming to turn around and go home, just try to jack off like he had every other night. The other half was yelling at him to

drive faster. When he pulled up outside the house; every light on and windows filled with silhouettes he hesitated; was this really the path he wanted to go down? Shouldn't he be feeling more shame as his yearning to be in a sexy woman's body? To act like a whore? He was a man and while he'd never been a particularly manly guy, shouldn't he be more hesitant to throw away all his masculinity?

Laughter and music echoed out into the street as a couple stumbled out the front door holding red solo cups. The guy had his arm around her waist, pulling the woman to him and kissing her drunkenly. Charlie could almost feel it; the slight tickle of stubble, the firm lips forcing his own apart, the pleasure of yielding to a man's rough tongue. Watching them made up his mind and he got out of the car, not even bothering to lock it as he walked up the steps. Nobody took any notice as he entered, why would they? He was just another unmemorable face in the drunken crowd.

Charlie found the punch bowl and dipped a cup inside, downing the drink so fast he barely felt the alcohol burn his throat. It took a moment but once it hit his blood stream he sighed in relief; he needed the confidence boost for what he was about to do. Half filling his cup again he began to walk through the house, making sure to stumble slightly every now and then to make it look like he was drunker than he was. A goofy, yet genuine smile of anticipation on his face. Finally, he spotted her, Nina and her friend Kelly, the one who hosted the beach party. She had been very particular about her guests and while this was not her party, Charlie knew she hated gatecrashing.

"Keeeeeeelly!" He cried moving forward through the crowd and throwing his arm around her shoulder, "It's so good to see you!"

"Charlie? What the hell are you doing here?" Nina scolded, "You don't even know Daniel so don't pretend you were invited."

"Pfffft, it's a house party." He grinned, "You don't need to be invited, besides, I was bored at home. Do you have any idea how much it sucks to listen to you go on and on about these fun parties while being invited to none of them?"

"Still, you can't just invite yourself." Kelly added, picking his arm off her, "Not only is that rude but now you're getting drunk on other people's alcohol."

She looked pissed, excitement began to build in Charlie's chest; he just had to push her a little further.

"It's just punch." He shrugged, taking a swig, "Nobody owns punch."

"Daniel does." Kelly glowered, "Stop acting like an ass."

There it was, his opening.

Charlie downed the rest of his drink and did his best approximation of an arrogant smile before leaning in close.

"Make me."

Kelly looked at Nina, some sort of silent conversation passing between them and then, to his absolute shock, pain burst across his cheek. The slap was hard, he had watched Kelly play beach volleyball before but damn, he was not expecting that. He stumbled backwards, tripping over the coffee table and ending up sprawled on the floor holding his cheek and it stung. Disappointment washed over him like a wave, this was the exact opposite to what he wanted.

Somebody had turned the music off and now the whole room was staring at him, they probably thought he was some creep hitting on them and not taking no for an answer. His cheeks burned with shame. What the hell had he been thinking? He should have just bloody asked instead of acting like an idiot. Somewhat awkwardly he got to his feet, rubbing at his cheek still and giving both women an apologetic look.

"I'm sorry-"

The rest of his apology froze in his throat; his voice, that wasn't his voice that just came out of his mouth; it was *Charlottes*. With a mixture of shock and delight he looked down to see his body shifting under his clothes, warm tingling spreading down from his slightly sore cheek to spread across his entire form. He looked at Nina and Kelly and watched as they grinned.

"I don't need to watch this." Nina shook her head, "I'll be in the garden, have fun with him."

"Oh we will." Kelly called, waving goodbye.

Charlie barely noticed his sister leaving, he was already absorbed with the wonderful stretch that came from his tits forming. Round and bouncy, hard nipples already tenting his thin shirt. God it was so tempting to rip it off and see them in full, unconstrained by fabric but the snickering of the crowd made him hesitate.

He had no such luxury when it came to his jeans though. As his butt began to inflate it quickly became apparent his pants could not contain them. What started as a pleasurable stretch soon became uncomfortable as the jeans began to fray and tear at the seams. The whole room was looking now, eyes on him from every angle. A now familiar mix of humiliation and horniness began to fill him and he reached for the waistband, struggling them down as he wiggled his hips free. Somebody wolf whistled as he finally forced his fat rump out for the world to see.

“Somebody came prepared!” Yelled a teasing voice, obviously referring to his lacy white panties.

He'd taken to wearing women's underwear under his clothes in the hopes it could bring him some modicum of satisfaction. It hadn't worked but at least now, as his cock shrivelled and disappeared he could admire the mound that took its place. Charlie moaned as a familiar ache formed almost immediately in his empty passage, wetness coating his lower lips as they formed. God, he had missed it so much; were he just a little bit more drunk he would have reached inside those panties and started stroking his fingers along his folds. His hands were already dainty, fingers long, they would be sure to feel wonderful touching down there. Charlie closed his eyes, focusing solely on the wonderful sensation of his true body taking form; legs turning smooth and long, shoulders sloping, his full feminine figure taking hold. His beloved blonde waves cascaded down his back and Charlie's whole body shivered as Charlotte was finally freed.

He was standing in the middle of a crowded party, wearing nothing but panties and a shirt that was struggling to contain his tits. Everybody was staring at him.

He'd never been so turned on in his life.

Hands came to rest at his shoulders, warm breath caressed the shell of his ear as Kelly whispered.

“Time to get dressed, Charlotte. Then we can have some fun.”