

A Beach, a Bully, and a Goth Girlfriend (Bully to Big Titty Goth GF)

By FoxFaceStories

An anonymous commission

Alex is a young man in his twenties who has been invited by his rival and high school bully Jackson to the beach, on the pretence of making up and burying the hatchet. Little does he know that Jackson has come into possession of a magical artefact, but while Jackson plans to make Alex his bimbo slut, the trinket backfires, and soon the bully finds himself turning into a cute, busty goth GF.

A Beach, a Bully, and a Goth Girlfriend

Alex arrived at the beach and began searching for his old bully. It was an odd thing to do, really, but then it had been an odd message he'd received from his rival. Jackson was everything Alex wasn't. Where Alex was lithe and somewhat scrawny, Jackson was tough and muscular. Where Alex was sensitive and introverted, Jackson was aggressively macho and liked to lead. And while both men were Caucasian and brown-haired, Jackson had a sun tan from his constant days surfing and roaming the beach for hot chicks, while Alex was more of a homebody who preferred the shaded parts of the seaside for reading and relaxation..

Naturally, their circles should never have overlapped, except that they had gone to school together years back, and Jackson had latched onto him as a target. Those had been terrible years of beatings, rumour-spreading, mockery, and cruel pranks. Alex had held out that things would simmer down after school, and they did . . . a little. But their beach town wasn't big, and so he still saw the other man often even as they entered their early twenties. But something had changed, and it took Alex a while to realise what. Their dynamic had altered: Jackson's taunts weren't as pointed, and lacked power. His physical attempts at domination were only half-hearted, no longer accepted outside of a high school setting. And cruel pranks were hard to do when they only occasionally interacted at someone else's birthday party or a chance meeting on the beach. But most of all, it was clear to Alex in their interactions that Jackson, his alpha male rival, was actually *jealous* of Alex's life, or at least his earning power. It turns out that studying hard gave him a good future, because he was a highly paid accountant already, and had purchased a house and was far ahead on the payments, driving down the interest rate on his mortgage. Meanwhile, Jackson still lived with his parents, and earned a much lower amount of money working on cars.

Which was why Alex had been intrigued when he received the message he got from Jackson on his phone. It read simply:

Hey Alex, want to bury the hatchet. I've got a lot to apologise for and make up to you. If you're willing to meet me on the beach on the far west show at 7am tomorrow, I've got something that'll help patch up what I've done wrong. I know it's a crazy time to be up, but I want to truly show how bad I feel, especially for all those terrible times back in high school.

Alex was initially suspicious, but Jackson had always had his pride. He would never debase himself like this for a simple prank. Besides, the message carried a kind of genuine appeal that was uncharacteristic of his old bully, and must have been genuine. At least he hoped it was.

And so there he was, on the beach in the early morning, and not a soul in sight yet. The area he'd been directed to was on the far wing of the beach, which was much less popular due to the lack of good waves or expansive sand, though it was still quite lovely. And while it was very early in the day, the rising summer sun was already making the air wonderfully warm and luxurious. He could tell it was going to be a lovely day. To his surprise, there were too long foldout beach deck chairs positioned in the sand, the kind you lay down upon and let yourself tan in the sun. They even had drink holders, and a section you could raise for your upper body if you wanted to read or watch the waves.

"Pretty cool, right?" came a voice. "Got them cheap, and they'll be perfect for weather like this."

Alex turned and saw Jackson emerging from the shadows between two breach trees. He had a smirk on his face, and looked a bit too smug for his liking, though he was obviously trying to look a bit nervous.

"Jackson," Alex said. "You said you wanted to meet."

The other man was big, roughly 6'2, with broad shoulders and a strong frame. He had his shirt off, revealing his tan skin and obvious pectoral and abdominal muscles. A handsome surfer's look, really, though he kept his hair short rather than shaggy. Against Alex's 5'9 height, he was easily the larger man, and that wasn't even counting how scrawny the more introverted man was.

"I did want to meet," Jackson said. "I wasn't sure you'd come this early, though it's really nice out. But I'm real glad you did, Alex."

Alex folded his arms. He was always a bit nervous in the presence of Jackson, but he tried not to show it. "Yeah, well I'm here. You said you wanted to show me something, part of burying the hatchet or whatever?"

Jackson nodded eagerly, and scooped something from his pocket. "I did! I did! I want to show you this thing I picked up at a store. It's sym-bol-ic, or whatever the word is."

He presented a strange device made of cardboard and wood with intricate inscriptions upon it. It looked like it was foreign in make, but Alex didn't recognise the language, despite being a very learned individual from all his cultural readings.

“Umm, what is it?”

Jackson practically giggled, which was not like him. “It’s an old mystic Bond-Maker. It thought it was cool or whatever. Basically, it works like a Christmas bon bon. The person asking to, uh, bury the hatchet takes one end, and the victim - *their* victim, I mean - takes the other, and then you both just hold firm and pull back and it breaks! It, like, represents letting go of the past, or whatever.”

Alex raised an eyebrow. “This isn’t one of your infamous pranks, Jackson? I’ve got bad memories of falling for stuff like that.”

But Jackson just stepped forward and thrust out the strange-looking device. “I’m serious, this is no prank. I really am sorry for being such a douchebag for so long, Alex. I had issues or whatever. I just thought - you know - you’re such a bookworm that this way would appeal to you or something.”

Alex was surprised to find himself a little touched. Perhaps this really was Jackson trying his best, and if so, then he was showing much more empathy than he had ever shown to the introvert before.

“Okay, fine. But this better not be a prank.”

“It’s not. It’s way better than that - it’s a bond-making thing, like I said.”

Alex sighed and extended his hand to grab his side of the device. “Okay then. So long as we can just put all this behind us, and you’re sorry.”

“Real sorry. The most. I was way too mean for now reason. And this is my way of showing it.”

Alex gave a half-smile, feeling more confident of this meeting now.

“So when do we break it?”

“In three. Two. One. now!”

They both pulled back, and just like a Christmas bon bon, the ‘Bond-Maker’s cracked open in the middle, the cardboard part of its construction tearing apart. But instead of releasing a shoddy paper crown, a worthless toy, and a piece of paper with a bad joke on it, instead it seemed to release a surprising flash of pink colour.

“Wow, that does look weird, what with the -”

“Shut up! I have to think hard for the next bit!”

Alex halted, confused. He became even more confused when he saw Jackson through the pink mist, clenching his eyes shut and in deep concentration, his fingers on his temple. He was murmuring.

“Sexy hourglass . . . long blonde hair . . . tan summer skim . . . big, fat tits . . . juicy ass . . . always hot for me . . . dumb and submissive . . .”

Alex didn’t even know what to say for a moment, until he finally found his words.

“Jackson, what the heck is going on? What are you talking about?”

“Big wide hips . . . long legs . . . thin waist . . .”

“Jackson? Are you alright?”

“And always acting like *my* girl.”

Jackson opened his eyes, and gave a malicious grin. He sucked in a breath, then blew. To Alex's surprise the pink mist in the air surged forth all over him, settling on his skin, on his clothes, and even invading his lungs as he breathed it through his mouth and nostrils.

“What the -!? I knew this was a damn prank!”

Jackson chuckled. “Don't worry, don't worry, it's not. It's part of the ritual. It's just a little fun.”

But Alex was already shaking it off. He was annoyed at himself. How could he believe that moron would change?

“I'm going!”

“Don't go! We've only just started our reunion.”

But he was already moving. “No way. I'm not sticking around. You were a dumb dickhead back in high school, and you're even dumber now. What was the point of all this?”

Jackson grinned, but his words were at odds with that expression. “I'm sorry, seriously Alex. I didn't mean to tick you off. You just seemed so . . . well put together this morning.”

It was such a strange sentence, and Alex just raised his eyebrow.

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“Oh, nothing. I'm just wondering if you're noticing how much I've been working out, *hot stuff*. What do you think?”

He flexed a muscular arm, and Alex found the muscles not that impressive. In fact, they looked smaller than they should have been.

“Jackson, you're a freaking narcissist. Are you flirting with me or something?”

The other man frowned. “Aren't you feeling a little woozy? Does your skin feel weird?”

“If that pink mist had some kind of drug, I'm going to be pressing charges. But no, I don't feel weird, Jackson. Except about how weird *you* are being right now.”

Jackson looked at his half of the device. “But the Bond-Maker! It should have worked! You should be becoming my dream girl right now!” He coughed on some pink mist that was still near him as he looked over the weird antique. “I did so much damn research! I looked at that strange shop online! It belonged to the Wandering Witch, and her stuff is supposed to work! The online boards said so!”

Alex couldn't help himself. He laughed out loud. “Are you for real, Jackson? You thought I'd be turning into your dream girl? This is crazy nonsense! Let me look at that!”

He was riding a wave of confidence, particularly since Jackson was looking incredibly embarrassed. He even appeared shorter, somehow. He snatched the device from his old bully, and looked at it.

“Dude, even if you think magic is real, you haven’t even used this right. This is in Latin! I don’t know what instructions you read, but *Domini* obviously means *Master*, and you gave me that end. You’ve got the end that says *Servus*. Three guesses as to what that means, asshole. I’m going!”

But Jackson seemed to panic. “No! There has to be a way to fix it! Whatever you do, don’t describe your perfect woman. Just - just go dude! Don’t talk to anyone for twenty four hours, please!”

His voice cracked as he begged, and Alex was shocked. He didn’t believe in magic, but clearly Jackson had gone down the rabbit hole. It was rare for him in his new life to get one over such an awful person that had made his life a living hell, so he figured why not have a little fun now, right?

“Fine, Jackson, fine,” he said, and for just a moment his abusive bully breathed a sigh of relief, looking almost smug about what he’d gotten away with. That was, until Alex kept talking. “I *won’t* say that my ideal girlfriend is an incredibly sexy shortstack goth hottie with pale skin, black chin-length hair, and dark makeup. Or that she would be ultra curvy with huge F-cup tits that she loves me sucking on, or that she would be literally addicted to my cock. Hell, she’d be addicted to *me* in general, being a total freak in the sheets who loves to be dominated, even while being a hot ditz out of the bed who needs her big strong boyfriend Alex to make all the decisions for her. How about that?”

Jackson’s jaw fell. “N-no! You can’t -”

But Alex just burst out laughing. “Dude, it’s not the end of the world, it’s not like you’re actually going to - holy shit, your hair!”

Jackson’s eyes went wide. He grabbed his hair, and could feel it suddenly growing longer, and turned midnight black.

“Holy shit,” Alex marvelled, watching as his bully’s skin began to alter from its summer bronze tan to an incredible pale porcelain white. “It’s real! The bond-maker is real!”

“That’s what I was - oohhhh! Telling you! There’s got to be a way to - AGGGHH!!!”

There were suddenly two *explosions* of flesh that pushed out from Jackson’s chest. He gasped, and Alex gaped, as a pair of breasts grew rapidly from his chest, overtaking his developed pecs to become large pale melons that looked lovely and soft. Jackson grabbed them, even as his hands altered to become more dainty, but he could only moan in unwanted ecstasy as his nipples flared much larger, now a pale pink, and unbelievably sensitive at that.

“Oh f-fuck! I’ve got tits! Look what you’ve given me! They’re - ahh! They’re still growing! You asshole, I’ll kill you!”

He tried to take a step forward, but simply couldn’t, because the breasts were still growing. They were already a big pair of Double-D’s that stretched his top, revealing his unfitting cleavage where the loose fabric of the collar pulled down, but then they expanded further to E-cups, then EE-cups, then all the way past the next two letters to become a full ripe pair of melons that were nearly the size of his own head. No, somehow *even bigger*. Easily HH-cups, if not bigger! His huge nipples pressed against the fabric, making them obvious, and for some reason it was beginning to turn Alex on, likely because of the other changes to Jackson’s figure.

The bully didn’t realise it, but his face was softening, changing configuration so that it had a cute heart shape to it. He cringed, trying to hold his breasts, even though each boob was so colossal that it would easily need two hands to hold just one fully without the flesh ‘spilling’, a fact that Alex found incredibly sexy. They had stretched his top enough that it now bared his midriff and a hell of a lot of cleavage, and with his face gaining a set of adorable cheeks, full lips and long eyelashes, he was starting to look a lot more like a *she* in some important places.

“Change me back!” he cried, only for his voice to crack and turn into a husky female voice, the kind that would absolutely suit a cute goth chick with big tits. It sounded petulant and adorable, and Alex found himself getting even more turned on, especially since Jackson’s lips turned black with glossy lipstick, and dark eyeshadow came into being around his eyes.

“Dude, you were trying to change *me* into some busty blonde slut of a bimbo. Even if I could change you back - which I definitely can’t - why would I? You’re turning into exactly what you deserve!”

The man who now looked partially like a woman simply gaped, not knowing what to say. He was still holding his huge tits, practically drooling in response to the reluctant pleasure they were producing as he accidentally fondled them, but there were still plenty of changes to go.

“You - you fucking nerd! This was meant to be you, for being such a pussy! I don’t deserve to - oh God, my spine! My arms! My fucking legs, man!”

He choked back a feminine sob as his entire form shrunk: his limbs first, then his torso. He was now a total shortie, going from his impressive six feet plus to easily a tiny little flat five feet. At best.

“This is fucking wrong and you know it, Alex!” Jackson screeched, his husky voice making him sound threatening and cute at the same time. “I’ll kick your fucking ass if you don’t solve it! Figure that Latin shit out, now!”

But Alex could only laugh again. "I'm sorry, but can your legs even reach my ass?"

The changing man tried to kick Alex anyway, but he easily backed away, still laughing. "I'm sorry, but this is just so insane, Jackson! Magic is real, and by a twist of fate you were too book dumb to even bully me right! You wanted to make me a sex slave, and now you're going to become the woman of my dreams. I kinda want to see the finished product!"

"You asshole! You fucking asshole! OHhhh! You can't - ahhh! Why does it f-feel so g-good!?"

It did. Jackson was trying to fight it, but it was clear that a strong bliss was radiating from his body and spreading all across it. The rest of his skin turned that same alabaster, and his muscles shrunk, deflating like balloons and leaving his shortened limbs now longer freakish but instead remarkably slim. He cringed as his body hair fell away, legs and arms now perfectly smooth, with his underarms freshly shaved.

"No! I'm a goddamn man! I'm - AHH!!"

His waist pulled in, his now far-too big top flowing loose around him. But it too was changing, conforming to his new dimensions. It was altering to become a black leather corset that pulled around his shrinking waist. His hips cracked, causing the bully to gasp, stroking them quickly as if to put out a fire. But the fire was all pleasure, and he could only sway those impressive hips from side to side as his boardshorts reconfigured into a very, very short dark pleated miniskirt.

"N-nooooooo! NOO!!!"

His hips cracked out again, and then again, and then again. He was positively voluptuous. Utterly curvaceous. Except, Alex noticed, in one particular place. Thankfully, Jackson then grabbed his ass with both dainty hands and literally *squealed*.

"My ass! My f-fucking ass! Oh God, it's s-soooooo hoooooot!!"

It must have been goddamn *orgasmic* judging from Jackson's reaction, because his sexy new goth girl face was in lip-biting ecstasy while his ass blew up, doubling in size and becoming a very pert peach that the tight miniskirt did a great job of outlining. As if to complete the gothic look, the corset top pushed up his mountainous breasts, forming a mammoth cleavage that Alex could not believe the depth of. They were like full melons, wobbling in Jackson's top. A dark purple streak appeared in his hair, and his pale thighs were suddenly wearing sexy fishnet stockings that ended with big black boots with feminine heels. His arms were totally bare, but he had fingerless black gloves on now too - Alex had always found them sexy.

There was very little about the former jock that wasn't female now, but still the changing figure squealed and gasped and groaned and shuddered, twisting his sexy body around on the spot, trying to fight off the final change.

“Can’t do it! Can’t b-become a woman! You’re not taking my c-cock, Alex! Not matter how much I *really want your big cock inside my wet pussy!*”

Alex coughed, unbelieving what he’d just heard.

“I mean, not that, you pathetic dweeb! I’m not a pussy like you! You’re meant to b-be the pussy!”

But already he was starting to squirm, lowering his hands to his skirt where a set of feminine panties were forming. Where his cock and balls were pulling in.

“I don’t think I’m the one getting a pussy, Jackson,” Alex teased, now having no regrets about this turn of events. “*You are*. And I think the magic is going to make you like it, what with me being your Domini - your master - after all. What does my future goth girlfriend think about that?”

Jackson glared at him, eyes full of hate. “What do I th-think? I think *I can’t wait to wrap my big sexy lips around your cock and give you the best blowjob you’ve ever had!*”

He shook his head again. His balls pulled in further. His dick shrunk just a little more.

“N-no!” he gasped. “That was the magic. I meant to say that *I hope my big sexy nerd boyfriend can stay in charge. You know how much it turns on your Raven when you’re the dom to her sexy sub.*”

He found his own body was getting turned on by his own words. His huge nipples throbbed in his bra, and his breasts yearned to be touched by the man he’d mistreated all his life. Just looking at Alex, he could see how handsome he was. A cute nerd type that was now driving him *wild* somehow. It was all kinds of wrong, and it was paired with his penis nearly disappearing, his balls squeezing against a newly formed tunnel that was swallowing his manhood whole.

“F-fuck you! I’m not doing any of that. I’m certainly not *going to let you smother your face in my massive white melons every day, and let you fuck your goth girl whenever you want. Because I don’t ‘let’ you do anything. You’re in charge of me, big boy. I want to beg to be allowed to have your dick in me. I want to go mad with frustration until you finally fuck my sexy brains out, just like how I know you’d like it, hot stuff.*”

By this point, Alex couldn’t help himself. He had an erection that was tenting his pants visibly, and it was throbbing, rock hard.

“Holy shit,” he gasped. “That sounds - that was the hottest thing I’ve ever heard, Jackson. Like, seriously the fucking hottest sentence uttered by a woman.”

“I’m not Jackson, honey. *I’m Raven. Your big tiddy goth girlfriend. Short and sweet and loving, with fishnet stockings so you can always perv on my legs. And a skirt for easy access. You know I love it when you take me from behind. When you take me in the ass. Ohhhh, it makes me feel so fuckking submissive to you.*”

Jackson was overwhelmed. He didn't know what to do. It had gone all wrong for him. He'd turned the tables on himself! And at the moment of realisation of just how much he'd screwed himself - and how likely Alex was to screw him more literally - his transformation finished. His once-proudly big member slid back into his body, followed by his shrinking balls, and they all dissolved within him, unfurling to become a functioning womb and ovary sacs. Left behind was a very wet, highly aroused pussy.

Jackson had become Raven, an unbelievably hot *and* cute little goth chick, with a set of tits that stuck out impressively, counterbalanced by her plump, peachy behind. Her makeup was perfect, styled dark against her alabaster features, and when she automatically grinned despite every wish not to, she revealed an adorable set of dimples that made Alex's heart swoon at the sight of her. She was the whole package. His dream girl. And for all that Jackson wished he could tear out Alex's throat for doing this to him (despite Jackson being the one at fault), it was clear that his compulsions were driving him to be Raven in full now, because he was getting more and more aroused at the sight of his former victim, and it was unbearable.

"Holy shit, I'm a chick," she said. "I'm not meant to be a chick. I'm meant to be Raven. I mean, I'm meant to be *a woman*. I'm a *goth hottie!* I mean, *I'm a total snack of a goth girlfriend, right?*"

"Right," Alex said, totally bewildered. "You are. Oh my God, Jackson-"

"*Raven*," she corrected, though she certainly didn't want to.

"Raven. You're perfect. You're the most perfect thing I've ever seen."

She grinned. The words made her feel so good. She didn't want them to, but anything Alex said made her feel wonderful. She wanted to please him, to thank him. To be *dominated* by him. She was split down the middle between these personality compulsions and her original Jackson mind. She didn't want to, but she went down on her knees in the sand before him, and reached out her hands to his shorts.

"Woah," Alex said, "what the hell are you doing?"

"*I'm pleasing my sexy dom of a boyfriend, dummy,*" she found herself saying. "*I want to show you how thankful I am for turning me into Raven. With my mouth.*"

Raven tried to stop herself, but within moments she had freed Alex's cock. It was mid-sized at best, but that didn't matter to her. It was her *boyfriend's* cock, and her body craved its taste. She tried to pull herself away from it but failed, and instead she took it in her mouth, moaning against her will as she did so. It was heaven and hell at once, and she rose up a little, pressing her body against him so he could easily reach and squeeze her tits.

"Holy shit," Alex said, gasping. "That's amazing. I've never had - I've never had a blowjob before. Oh my G-God."

She moaned, tasting his approval as much as his hard dick. She wanted to spit it out, but she couldn't: the feel of it in her mouth was too amazing. She pumped him with her fingers, all while he felt her pale globes, and in moments he came: it was inevitable once she started playing with his balls. He exploded in her mouth, and she swallowed every drop of his hot, white liquid. It was delicious, and it made her cum just from the taste.

"Mhmmmmhm! Mmhmm . . ."

She finally got it out of her mouth. Alex was astonished, barely able to say anything. It had taken him a moment to realise they were still on a public beach, the sun shining, and people in view, though thankfully far away enough that they couldn't see the highly suspicious public blowjob he'd been given.

"That. Was. Incredible," he uttered. "Holy crap. I'm so glad your stupid magic Bond-Maker backfired, Jackson. Or should I say Raven? Are you still in there, my old bully?"

Jackson/Raven stood. She balled her fists, a grimace suddenly on her face.

"Of course I'm still in here . . . *sweetie*. I'm stuck as your goddamn *sexy goth girlfriend*. You need to change me back! Please! I don't want to *give you a titty job between my big white fleshy gloves next time so you can cum all over my face.*"

She looked horrified at what she'd said. Alex might have been sympathetic, if she hadn't brought it on herself and been trying to turn him into a sex slave. Instead, he simply smiled, and pulled her in for a huge, wet kiss. She embraced him, cooing and purring as he kissed her lips and her neck. Several onlookers passing nearer by this point simply rolled their eyes at this display of PDA, though a couple seemed to stare at her, finding a new fetish in short, curvy goth girls.

"You bastard," she said when Alex finally pulled away. "*That made me so goddamn horny*. Oh God, it really did. Alex, I'm super turned on by you! It's not even the compulsions, man, this body is fucking horny! It's not fair! *I want to be your hot, big titty girlfriend for life.*"

Alex placed a hand around her waist, and the two began walking down the beach, both looking so different, her way out of his league. She couldn't help but shiver in response to his wonderful touch.

"Well, Jackson - Raven - I guess you'll just have to get used to your new life. I love your new look - much better than your old one - and frankly after what you tried to pull I think it's only fair that you be exactly what you just said: my sexy goth girlfriend for life."

She shivered. "No! Oh fuck, but I want that. Why do I want that? This isn't fair! *I want to make you cum so bad. I want you to dominate me like you're my master, Alex.*"

"Then that's just what I'll do. Every day of our new lives together. How does that sound?"

He squeezed her ass, causing her to squeal. Against her will, she fucking *loved it*. And the fact that she loved it horrified her, but still not enough to make her want him to actually stop.

“Ohhhhh,” she moaned, as they walked beneath the sun. There were so many other girls on the beach in bikinis, but she stood out as totally different in her goth gear, and somehow sexier for it. “This isn’t how it was meant to go . . .”

“Maybe not,” Alex said, feeling ever more confident. “But I’m looking forward to having my former bully be my hot girlfriend. You used to kick my ass all the time, Jackson. But now that you’re Raven, why don’t we go for a nice beach walk, talk about our feelings, make out a little . . . and then go back to *our* place so I can fuck *you* in the ass?”

She trembled, biting her lip.

“That sounds like the hottest thing in the world, Alex. I can barely wait! I want you to do me so fucking hard.”

And, as they walked together down the beach, sticking out from the crowd, Raven realised it was true. She couldn’t wait for it. She was doomed to a life of being a short, cute, sexy goth girlfriend for life, and it was all her fault. It would take a long time for her to accept that, but for now, as much as she mentally fought it, she wanted nothing more than to let her new boyfriend fuck her brains out. Over and over again.

The End