

Dressed in a new loose-fitting polo and husky calf length shorts, Jeff leaned against the bar at the back of *Masamune's*. The smell of tex-mex asian fusion dishes flooded the same restaurant.

He tried to look cool while waiting for Basa to arrive and felt like he was half accomplishing that. His legs were bouncing on the stool, his energy level high on expectations. Not just of dinner, but the approaching evening. This was going to be their third time going out, they were even going to go back to Basa's place after eating. Maybe they would get further than second base.

"What'll you have, friend?"

He turned to face a dusky voice and was faced with an elf dressed in the staff uniform of black t-shirts and khaki shorts. They were willowy, but kind of solid at the same time. Their build said they probably had some training as a fighter.

Affixing him with eyes that glowed a brilliant purple, the elf raised a pale blue eyebrow. "Well? Want a drink, or were you just going to drink me?"

"Oh! Sorry...Yeah, I'm meeting my date here for dinner. I'm just a little early."

In the half light of the bar, he could not help but notice that the elf was covered in intricate, curving tattoos. The vine-like lines glowed the same hue as their eyes and with enough power to show through the t-shirt. It was then Jeff realized both that the elf was a woman and that she was also not wearing a bra since every inch of tattoo was visible.

"Well, I'm Ambrin," she said, putting a coaster down on the polished wood with a clack that pulled his attention to it. "Can I get you something while you wait for your date?"

“Um...” He scratched at his recently trimmed beard. “What do you have on tap?”

She turned and walked towards the far end of the bar. As she stepped under one of the overhead lights, he felt himself gulp involuntarily. He had never seen an elf with even close to the same skin tone. It was like her flesh was sandstone from the way the ruddy red sparkled. She had to be part fire drake to have that kind of complexion.

Although she did not seem to have a tail, her butt was pretty nice in the shorts.

She returned a moment later. “Okay, I’ve got Dogshead Pale, Dogshead Black, Fire and Spice, and...Ellerift Twilight is still on from last month since there is a little left.”

He ordered a glass of Ellerift and handed her more than enough. He was sipping foam over the curved lip of the glass when he saw Basa walking towards him with a smile on his long, pointed face. Like last time, his hair was cut very tight to his scalp.

A self-proclaimed chimera, Basa was mostly human with a couple other things mixed in. Some of it was parentage. Some were experiments. The only sure thing was that his deep brown skin shimmered with a touch of silver, pretty much confirming some amount of Shadowkin in his background.

The small, dish-like antlers were probably the biggest outlier to all of it. While the left one had been snapped off because of an accident in his youth, the other held up a brilliant golden halo. Jeff was not sure if the ring of light was real or just an accessory. Asking seemed rude, but there was a certain excitement about his partner potentially being the son of an angel.

When the conversation had turned to Basa’s appearance on their first date, he had joked about being an orc in the sheets to sort of break the ice. Jeff had not understood.

Sure, the mage was statuesque in his build, but that level of athleticism was hardly limited to one race. His genes might give him a boost, but anyone with the dedication could get built.

However, after getting to second base last time, Jeff now had a pretty good idea what being an orc in the sheets meant. His date was hung. So very, very hung. It had felt like a zucchini was stuffed in Basa's boxer briefs when he had slipped his hand down his date's pants while they made out in the bathroom of some club. The feeling of that huge dong pushing against his hand through straining cotton had stuck with Jeff all week.

Jeff stood and stooped slightly to hug his date. "Damn if you aren't a sight for sore eyes!"

"Hey there, handsome," Basa said as he pulled out the next stool over. "This seat taken?"

"It is now." As he caught the very evident shadow that went down to the mid-point of Basa's thigh, he gulped and sipped his beer.

The mage leaned over and nuzzled his shoulder. "While I know you're craving dessert nearly as much as I am," he whispered. "Do try to enjoy the main course as well, okay?"

Jeff felt a heat spread over his face. "Am I really that obvious?"

"Yes, but it's super cute and I appreciate your adoration," Basa kissed him and then sat forward at the bar. "Ah, Ambrin! I see my dragonscale amulet is working as expected."

“Not quite, there are a few glitches,” she said lifting a small pewter dragon out of her shirt. The moment it stopped touching her skin, the red hue seemed to melt away. Her skin underneath was a very pale gray overlaid with pink, like she was recovering from sunburn. “For one, the scales amplify the effects of the sun on my skin instead of lessening them. Which to me, was the whole point, but there are other issues as well.”

“Noted, come by later this week and we’ll talk. I’m off the clock as of right now. Which table should we grab?”

“Any of them are fine, really,” Ambrin said as she tucked the necklace back into her shirt and the shimmering scales regrew. “It’s early so the dinner rush hasn’t hit yet.”

“Excellent. Come on, handsome, let’s get a booth and get tonight rolling!”

Their server turned out to be a pixie named Fitz. Though a bit shy, his suggestions for appetizers sounded wonderful and they had a hard time picking just one. Eventually Jeff suggested he bring a half order of everything. Once Fitz had flitted off, Basa slumped down, his head in his hands and his halo jingling on his horns. “I can’t believe I probably made things worse for her.”

“You tried right?” Jeff reached out and brushed Basa’s arm. “I mean, I have no idea how magic works, but turning someone partially into a dragon seems difficult.”

“It’s all in the formula really. After the initial spark, the world’s latent energy does the work...most of the time at least.”

“What do you mean?” Jeff loved hearing about magic. It was ubiquitous, but also inscrutable. Jeff knew how to browse the web or play games and there were programs

he knew about for work. On the whole though, it was not like he really knew how it all worked.

“Well, just like anything mechanical, a spell gets worn down after being used for so long...”

Jeff continued to ask questions about magic, drawing Basa more and more out of his shell as he tapped into the mage’s intense passion for his craft. It had nearly two hours by time they left. Two Lev stops and half a block later they walked through Basa’s door into his loft apartment. The far wall was two floors of nothing but solid glass looking back east to downtown. A pair of broad curtains hung to either side.

“It’s so much bigger than my place and this view! I’ve never seen the skyline from this end of town before.”

Basa laughed and pulled him into a hug. “Come on, there’s more. Just make sure to take your shoes off.”

The first floor was dominated by a huge kitchen and a decadent bathroom. The loft was much more spartan, with a simple queen sized mattress on an unfinished wood frame, a bookshelf stuffed with paperbacks, and a chest of drawers. The wall to the left of the stairs had a door drawn onto it with shimmering ink.

“Is your lab not here?”

“Oh it is, you’re looking at it.” Basa reached for the painted door and his hand gripped the two dimensional door handle. Pulling back, an actual door rose out of the wall, beyond it was a large space filled with wooden benches and half-opened shipping

crates. The mage stepped through, hanging his halo on a coat-tree hook like it was a hat.

“Well? What are you waiting for? Welcome to my sanctum.”

Jeff felt a rush like he was traveling a great distance when he stepped through.

“Whoa,” he said as he he stumbled and leaned on a workbench.

“Oh my gods! I’m so sorry, I completely forgot you had probably never traveled like that before.”

“I’m okay. Just give me a sec.” He focused on the workbench to stop the world from spinning. The surface was covered in scraps of paper with complex circles scrawled on them. The same one, over and over again. Finally, Jeff felt like he could stand up again.

“There’s a lot here...”

“Much of it is stuff I mean to come back to. That’s the nature of things, really. I come up with a neat idea, work on it, but it just never pans out because I end up working on something I can get out the door right now to pay the bills.”

“I suppose that’s one thing my desk job has going for it. I always have projects to track and talk about in frankly meaningless meetings, but it’s a consistency you don’t have the luxury of enjoying.”

“That won’t be the case soon. Here, come look.”

A mass of glass and rubber tubing sat on a nearby table. A stone that seemed to be bleeding from etchings on its surface hung at one end. A clear but blue liquid pulsed through the system between that and the bulbous ending chamber. “What is all this?”

“This is my attempt at a liquid enchantment. It utilizes the user’s conceptual ideals to cast a slight beautification spell. When rubbed on the skin like lotion, its effects could last for days.”

“Is it an illusion?”

“Not at all. In its full form the spell allows the user to transform into someone or something else. It was the basis for the same spell embedded in Ambrin’s necklace.”

“How the hell can a couple drops do all that?”

“Are you familiar with holograms?”

“Those cards that you can tilt back and forth to make an image move?”

“Exactly those. Now, every angle of that tilt motion is actually a slice, a single image of that animation. Each slice, taken on its own, is still mostly the whole image, or at least a discernable version of it. This spell is sort of like that.”

“Magic is so cool! Can I try it out?”

“Well, I haven’t figured out a good base for it yet, so...”

“...would it be safe to mix into a drink?”

“You know, I’m not really sure...”

A few moments later they were pouring drops of the liquid spell into a fruit punch wine cooler. Instead of the blue vanishing into the red wine, the entire drink became a reddish purple that emitted a light blue glow.

Jeff shuddered with anticipation as he lifted the beverage to his lips. The magical additive was sickeningly sweet, overpowering even the cheap alcohol. Despite that, he found himself still drinking after the first swig. The more he drank, the better the taste

became. Simply gulping it down was suddenly too slow. He leaned back, putting his hand on the counter to balance as he began to loudly chug the contents of the bottle. A single rivulet rolled down his cheek and neck to get soaked up by his shirt.

In what felt like an instant the bottle was empty and he slammed it on the counter with a gasp that turned into a burp. Aside from being out of breath, he did not feel any different. How did the spell work again? Something about the user's conception of beauty, right? He had never really thought about being different. Sure, he was a little husky, but that had never been something he disliked about himself.

Unbidden, Basa's massive schlong crossed his mind. What would it feel like to be that hung? A chill rose from the pit of his stomach and the almost minty tingle spread through his body. His dick began to thicken as the tip slid down his leg. Amazed, his mind went to the massive, masculine balls of the minotaur he went down on at the gym that one time in college. A shudder gripped him while his own testes began to expand down his thighs.

Basa's hands on his expanding sex made him groan. Already big enough to loom over his lover, he carried the mage to the couch as the chill of the spell intertwined with the ever increasing burn of testosterone. He could feel himself hardening and widening as he sprouted up at the same time. His clothing never stood a chance as he went from six-one and husky to six-nine and absolutely massive as more than three hundred pounds of mass swelled into being. He had been a bear before. Now, he was a super bear.



Vaguely aware of the sense of wonder on Basa's face, his mind focused on one thing. The massive log in his date's pants. He could not get Basa's pants off fast enough. Freed of its denim prison, his date's inhumanly large cock rose to half mast as he leaned back on the sofa. So dark it was almost black, the semi-hard dick looked more like a monolith come to bring him enlightenment than a mundane sex organ.

Kissing the underside, a salty tang danced over his tongue and mixed with his date's surprisingly light and airy musk. His grip slid back and forth along what had to be nearly ten inches as all the while his mind told him that there was more length just waiting for him to discover it.

As veins began to rise against his fingers, he had never felt so turned on. It was getting hard just to hold on with one hand. The desire to grow more filled him. The drive to show just how effective the spell could be melded with wanting to have a body worthy of that cock. He wanted that monster inside him.

Already his hands and feet were changing as his extremities began to tingle. His forearms did not get smaller per se, but they did take on a more tapered shape. It sort of felt like pulling on a pair of very tight gloves.

His large, but mostly untoned biceps and shoulders twitched several times as their shape grew more defined but their overall size shrank. All of that mass seemed to just be burning off from how overheated he was starting to feel. Sweat was pouring off his mountainous pecs now, the flow washing down his thick muscley-chubby tummy and his throbbing, churning balls.

Meanwhile, his legs were changing in much the same way as his arms with the thickness of his limbs migrating. Unlike his biceps, his calves grew thicker and more defined. So much that it made the skin around the back of his leg burn. Once the migrating mass hit his thighs, he could feel a lot of it seeping into his quads.

As his mind focused on that, a gurgle in his tummy preceded the feeling of much of his muscle-chub sliding down his body. Hips that had once been straight swelled outwards into a flared, pear-like shape. His swelling butt pushed against the coffee table, then began to flow over it as his cheeks plumped with fat and muscle alike.

A stretching feeling spread over his chest. Bit by bit his soft pecs became firm and very warm. With each twitch of his absurd fantasy cock, they spread down his chest and tummy until they were more than handfuls.

Sure that the increased sex drive was somehow the cause for the apparent reversal of his sex, he dialed back his balls and dick to try and cut down on the testosterone's craving for thickness.

Oddly his last girlfriend popped into his mind as he did so. Suddenly it felt like he was between her legs once more. The memories of her fat, needy pussy flooded his awareness. The taste, the feel, the wetness, the way it twitched when she came. Every little thing bubbled up.

His entire crotch was throbbing as the flesh began to rise and his masculine sex shrank until it was withdrawing inside of him. The chill grip of the potion grew all encompassing. He made a sound that was somewhere between a moan and a groan as bubbles of pleasure began to burst in his mind.

Much plumper lips pressed against Basa's head. A much more accepting throat swallowed an astonishing amount of girthy shaft. A much more dexterous tongue caressed the raised underside. A much more feminine moan vibrated his chest while he enjoyed the feeling of his date's twitching cock.

Despite this, he continued his blowjob like his life depended on him doing it perfectly. It was not until Basa pulled him close as he began to cum, that Jeff's mind could think about something else.

A string of spit and cum connected him and his lover as she sat back and reached for his phone. Holding it up, he hardly recognized himself. Gone was the chinstrap beard and the wide jaw. In its place was a tapered jaw line that ended in a narrow chin. It seemed that the spell had turned him into one hell of a woman.

"Jeff? You okay?"

"I guess? I feel great honestly." He found himself caressing Basa's cock once more, his new, more nimble fingers kneading the hot skin and bringing the mage back to fully hard in no time flat.

"For now, I'm going to enjoy this," he said, pushing his hair behind his ear. "Just call me Jaya until I change back, k?" (3066)