

## Consequences of Hubris

For Killandra

By TheSpiralledEye

It really sucked being the awkward one; in all the movies the shy awkward guy got the girl in the end but real life never worked that way. When he was a teenager, his mother had assured him that as an adult he'd find 'his people', whatever that meant, and then he'd have more friends than he could count. Well, she was dead wrong. He'd been an adult almost half a decade now and he was still as lonely and awkward as he'd ever been.

What didn't help was that his sister had none of these issues. She was seemingly born popular even now that she had temporarily moved back in with him thanks to the housing market. He hardly ever saw her; she was always catching up with somebody or going to some party while he watched jealousy from the couch. Of course, that had all changed a few weeks ago when he had accidentally burst in on her coven and discovered that not only was his sister a social butterfly, she was a witch. How much one effected the other he was not sure yet but he was suspicious that perhaps she really had obtained a special, magical edge he had lacked. Ever since she turned him into a woman during that magic ceremony, they had been two peas in a pod, even after the spell wore off. Charlie made a big deal of acting relieved but the truth was, every night in the shower he thought about how it had felt while he gripped his cock and bit down on his lip to keep from moaning.

It had been so embarrassing, being fucked in front of all those people, having them watch while he moaned and writhed in ecstasy and that had made it all the hotter. He did not know how to feel about having a humiliation kink but it certainly wasn't going anywhere. Even as he did his best to stay silent in the shower, pumping furiously, he would imagine somebody inexplicably walking in while he was right on the edge when he'd be helpless and unable to stop before cumming right in front of them. The worst part was, having a humiliation kink was, in itself, embarrassing, which only fed his desire further.

He watched forlornly as a car pulled up and Nina's friend Kelly got out; a fellow witch from the coven, ready to head to the beach party Nina hadn't shut up about all weekend. All he had planned was watching tv, as always. Maybe it was the straw that broke the camel's back but just as Nina waved to him to head down to Kelly's car he spoke up.

"Can I come?"

"You want to come to a beach party?" Nina raised an eyebrow, "You hate big crowds."

"Yeah, I do but I uh, want to get out of my comfort zone."

“I’d have thought you got your fill of that at the library.” Nina teased and he blushed profusely. Maybe this was a mistake.

Nina placed a finger to her lips, humming in through before a wicked and familiar smile formed across her lips. She ran to the door, flinging it open and yelling to Kelly to come up and join them. Kelly was the opposite of what you would expect a witch to look like; tan, golden brunette with pretty green eyes; Nina whispered something to her and Charlie watched as those eyes turned wide with mischief.

“Nina says you want to come to my party.”

“O-oh it’s your party?”

“Yes, and I am very specific about my guest list,” Kelly crossed her arms, “I rented a whole private beach, you don’t do that if you are happy with just anybody turning up.”

“Oh…”

“I have a certain level of quality I want my guests to meet.”

Charlie felt like curling up into a ball, Kelly made it obvious an average guy like him wasn’t going to be making the cut.

“So, let’s improve you a little and you can come.”

“Wha-really?”

“Really, but you have to listen and do exactly as I say, okay? I won’t have you ruining my party.”

Charlie beamed; he was going to a high class beach party! Just like in all the films! Kelly reached into her bag and handed over a small bag.

“First things first, go change. I want you wearing this swimsuit.”

“You should see his regular one.” Nina giggled, “It’s just an old pair of camo shorts.”

“Oh gods, no way. You aren’t wearing those, now go change.”

That was it? All he had to do was wear a specific swimsuit? That was easy. Knowing Nina and her crowd it was probably floral print or otherwise embarrassing but he could deal with that. He’d roll with the punches, get into the ribbing as well maybe. If he did that, he was sure to fit in eventually. He rushed into his room and quickly stripped off before dumping the contents of the bag on his bed and freezing; he was right, the swimsuit was embarrassing but not for any of the reasons he’d been thinking. It wasn’t hot pink or flowery, it was actually a quite lovely shade of dark blue; a perfectly masculine colour except for one big problem.

It was a bikini.

A small one at that, the kind where the bottoms were just two triangles connected by some strings and the top was barely enough to cover even a small set of tits. It was the sort of thing worn on swimsuit covers and model runways, not actually used at the beach. Any woman wearing this could be liable to get done for indecent exposure! And Nina and Kelly expected him to wear this? Charlie felt his hopes dashed; this was clearly a joke. They were probably waiting out there for him to emerge with his tail between his legs, well, fuck them. Maybe it was emasculating but when he walked out there, dressed and acting as if he were ready to go they would be the ones blushing.

With a grin he stretched out the bikini bottoms and lifted them up his legs and chuckling a little. They looked ridiculous on his square hips; the entire front barely covered his cock at all. The bikini was surprisingly easy to put on considering he had no chest to fill it. With the help of his mirror, he tied the straps together and turned to face the glass. A snort of laughter escaped; he looked ridiculous. Still, the looks on their faces would be well worth it in a moment. He turned to leave but as he did so Charlie noticed something else in his reflection; his ass. It looked almost...round.

A familiar sense of dread and anticipation began to fill him as he froze, eyes glued to his rump as it slowly but surely began to swell in a now very familiar way. Square hips widening and becoming round to support a peach shaped ass. A feminine shaped ass. That odd feeling of suction appeared between his legs and he had to bite down on his knuckle to keep from moaning, his body subconsciously associating the sensation with getting fucked in the library. Slowly he turned back toward the mirror, the bulge in the front of the bikini bottoms now gone and replaced with smoothness as his cock disappeared, being replaced with his sweet pussy. He could feel it already, the soft lips resting against the slightly absorbent fabric of the swimsuit; a good thing too because he was already slightly damp.

Things were happening faster than they had back in the library; his chest was already tingling as the skin began to stretch and his hair was bleaching blonde before his eyes. Unlike last time though, he had a mirror, his eyes were glued to his reflection as it changed, watching long blonde

locks flow down his back, brushing against his hips until it was a solid curtain that reached half way down his thighs. His mouth formed a perfect O as his lips filled out, a pretty pink gloss somehow magically painting across his lips. The tip of his tongue darted out to taste them and was met with a sugary strawberry flavour.

The stretching at his chest increased, the whole area tingling like pins and needles as two round, perky breasts began to form. Charlie moaned, lifting his hands to cup them almost reverently. They were so soft and sensitive and he couldn't resist giving them a tight squeeze as they continued to swell beneath his fingers. Soon the bikini top was full but they didn't stop, the fabric stretched thin and sagged under the sheer weight and just when he was sure the strings would snap, they finally settled against his chest, a dusting of pink across the curves as blood rushed to the surface.

A knock at the door made him jump; tits and ass bouncing with the movement and drawing another soft sigh from his now full lips.

"Oh Charlotte, are you ready to go?"

Nina. The use of his 'sister' name told him this had been her and Kelly's plan the entire time. Charlie bit his lip; he really did want to make more friends and even more so, he wanted to wipe that smug look off his sister's face. If she expected him to be a flustered mess like last time, she'd better think again. Taking a deep breath he approached the door, enjoying the gentle sway of his hips as they made his ass jiggle.

"Ready." He announced as he opened the door, doing his best to appear nonperturbed by the change.

"Oh, Charlotte, you look amazing." Kelly cooed, "Nina was right, you really do suit being her sister."

"One last touch." Nina added, running to her room and returning with two pink scrunchies which she carefully used to tie Charlie's hair into two high pigtails. "Now she looks like a real beach party girl."

A beach party girl...like all those photos he'd scroll through on Instagram of beautiful women stretched out across the sand, cocktails in hand. He'd always secretly been jealous of them; they always looked like they were having so much fun so effortlessly. Suddenly, it occurred to him, unlike at the library, nobody at this party knew he was actually a guy. He could be as free and fun as he wanted with no consequences; he could create a whole new persona without fear of making a fool of his real self. A genuine smile split across his features and he and the girls ran, giggling to the car; today was shaping up to be pretty exciting after all.

Stepping out of the car onto the sand Charlie felt like he was walking on air; eyes turned to look at him and for the first time in his life, that made him smile. There was nothing but desire and appreciation in those looks; no judgment, no disdain, it was empowering.

“Now, don’t make a fool of yourself.” Kelly said as they approached, the crowd had already gathered and Charlie’s heart was beating.

It turned out that being fashionably late to your own party was expected and soon the other people flocked to Kelly’s side and subsequently Nina’s, leaving Charlie to his own devices. There was a bonfire set up as well as a volleyball net, the ocean was brilliant blue and inviting and he found himself at a loss as to where to go first.

The sound of pop music from a boombox buried halfway in the sand drew him in. A half dozen people were bopping to the sounds, bodies writhing to the music and after a moment Charlie found his foot tapping along. Charlie would never dance in public, let alone in a skimpy bikini; but he wasn’t Charlie right now, he was Charlotte and Charlotte was a party girl. He jumped in at the song change and soon had a can of cider in hand, taking sips while he jumped and danced to the music. Men and woman alike gave him smiles and stares and he lapped the attention up. Once the alcohol was in his blood his inhibitions vanished and he began to thrust and sway his curves with more abandon, enjoying the way they jiggled with each move. More than once, somebody help up a phone and he posed, sticking out his tongue playfully before descending into a fit of giggles.

A few other girls took his lead and soon they were all dirty dancing, breasts and hips rubbing up against one another for the entertainment of the guys on the side lines who egged them on. Charlie watched as in turn, each of them looked at him with eyes alive with desire. Once or twice, he was sure his nipple slipped out but he couldn’t bring himself to feel ashamed. An unknown amount of time passed before he stumbled away from the impromptu dance floor, adrenaline pumping as his breasts rose and fell with his heaving breaths. The afternoon sun warmed him and he was just looking around for another cooler of drinks when a body whizzed past, then another; other party goers all yelling and laughing as they ran into the waves. A random hand grabbed his and the choice was made for him as he had no choice but to run after them and into the ocean. With each step he felt his chest bounce, bikini threatening to snap off entirely as their weight pulled down with every leap. The girl who’d grabbed his hand glanced back at him and Charlie could see envy in her eyes at his bountiful chest. He’d never had a body anybody would be jealous of before; it felt good.

He squealed, high pitched and shrill as he hit the water. Laughing as one of the other girls splashed him. He returned the favour and soon an all out water fight had broken out. Beautiful bodies all wet and glistening in the setting sun; it looked like a dream. Charlie beamed; never in his life had he felt so free and sexy. He bumped butts with the other girls, jumped up and down to avoid the crash of the waves and when he failed and felt the current sweep him off his delicate feet, a pair of strong arms held him up.

“Careful now, can’t have you being swept away, can we?” The man who’d caught him winked; he was muscled and strong with a chiselled jawline that immediately reminded Charlie of Greg back at the library. His heart began to race.

“I’m Charlotte.” He said, wrapping his arms around the man’s neck and feeling those broad shoulders, they were solid and grounding.

“Darren.” He smiled; Charlie watched with pleasure as his eyes dipped to where his breasts rested against the man’s chest. “I haven’t seen you around here before, how do you know Kelly?”

“I’m Nina’s sister.” He replied without hesitation, it was basically true anyway.

“Did you uh, want to go play volleyball with me and the guys?”

Immediately Charlie’s mind was filled with images of his curves jiggling in front of the crowd as he leapt for the ball; all that attention was too tempting to ignore. He nodded enthusiastically, allowing Darren to take his hand and walk him back up the beach. Charlie could feel the drips of water sliding down his body, over the curves of his breasts and ass and gathering between his legs before running down his long legs. This skin seemed so hyper sensitive, he shivered.

“Alright, Charlotte’s on my team!” Darren yelled, grabbing the ball and yanking Charlie onto the makeshift court they’d drawn in the sand.

He tossed the ball high, hitting it over the net effortlessly to the other team who passed it right back. The ball was heading right for him and Charlie planted his feet before jumping into the air, his palm slapped it right back; heels bouncing off his ass as they curled instinctually. The crowd cheered, both for the game and his for his and Charlie smiled; this was the most fun he’d had in ages!

The game continued and he began jumping and diving more recklessly, wincing when he tripped and fell, crushing his new chest beneath him. Still, he laughed, allowing Darren to help him up and for a moment their faces were so close together it made his whole being burn with want. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, somebody yelled to get the game going again and they were forced to part, though his hands stayed sweaty with nerves. The ball came sailing over the net toward him and Charlie jumped, hitting in back fast and hard. For a moment he was weightless before he slammed back to the earth, the weight straining against his bikini top to the point that the knots finally failed.

There was a quiet snap and the bikini fell open, causing many in the crowd to wolf whistle and cheer. Flush with embarrassment Charlie held his hands to his tits, trying his best to cover himself. His breasts were just too big though, he needed both hands to even cover a fraction of them and that meant there was no way for him to retie his top.

“Don’t look so worried babe!” Came a voice from the crowd, “Ain’t nothing there for you to be ashamed of!”

Charlie blushed more deeply, looking around for help; why wasn’t anybody offering to pick up his top for him?

“I don’t know,” Came a familiar voice, “I think Charlotte here has at least one little something to be embarrassed by.”

It was Kelly, a cheeky grin on her face as she appeared through the crowd. Charlie felt as though icy water had been dumped over him. No, she couldn’t possibly mean to tell everybody here who he actually was, right?

“It’s very rude to upstage me at my own party, Charlie.” Kelly tsked, shaking her head like a disappointed teacher.

“It was an accident.” His voice came out small, “please, don’t tell them.”

“Tell them what?” Kelly asked loudly, “That you’re really Charlie? Nina’s *brother*?”

He could feel that familiar anxiety kicking in, whispered voices were all around, the crowd seemed to be tightening into a circle with no escape in sight.

“Or, did you mean for me not to tell them that you get off being turned into a woman and acting like a total slut for attention?”

The whispers grew louder, a few chuckles thrown in. Charlie’s heart began to pound hard against his rib cage as humiliation washed over him like the ocean’s waves, but not just that; arousal. His kink was haunting him; the more embarrassed he felt the more turned on he got by all those eyes and the more turned on he felt, the stronger his humiliation. It was a vicious cycle and within seconds he could feel his nipples hardening under his palms. He had to get out of here before he did something stupid like acting on these urges. Without thinking he reached down to collect his shirt and a sharp whistle made him freeze.

“He really is getting off on this! Check out his nipples, they look hard as diamonds!”

His whole body was flushing red now, face, ass and tits, hell even his legs were starting to turn pink. A hand appeared at his shoulder, spinning him round to face Darren. Charlie expected anger; fury at being flirted with when he was really a man under all the magic but instead Darren was grinning. There was a hungry look in his eyes that made Charlie's mouth part slightly and a soft moan escaped as the man grabbed hold of his chin and forced him to look into his eyes.

"Way I see it, Charlie here is woman in all the ways that count." He chuckled, "If he gets off on this, why don't we do him a favour?"

Oh Gods. He should say no, he had to step away, stop this before it started. He was standing on a beach surrounded by over a dozen people for crying out loud, he couldn't just debase himself by-

*Oh.*

Darren was holding his breasts now, thumbs pressing down on his delicate nipples. A delicious tingling sensation began growing as he moved them, stroking them gently and making Charlie's breath catch. Everybody was watching him stand there, mouth agape as this man played with his nipples; with one touch he had completely disarmed him. Warm wetness flowed between his legs and Charlie was infinity grateful he had jumped in the ocean so nobody could tell just how much was gathering there.

"Let's put these tits to good use, eh?" Darren rumbled, gently pulling Charlie to his knees in the sand.

People in the crowd were cheering, ohing and ahing as Darren stood back up and began to lower his swim shorts to reveal his already hard cock. He was even bigger than Greg; did he mean for Charlie to suck on it, he wasn't sure he could even fit it! But instead of stepping forward and placing the tip at his lips Darren grabbed Charlie's hands and placed them either side of his breasts before placing his cock between them. The order and implication clear.

Somebody in the crowd started to chant.

"Go on, Charlie, get him off, you know you want to!"

He'd never live this down; no matter what form he took in the future everybody now knew that Charlie and Charlotte were the same person and that person was a whore for attention and humiliation. His whole body shuddered as he pressed his tits together, trapping that hard cock between them. He could feel every inch of the hot length on his smooth skin and he couldn't help



but moan as Darren began to thrust. His cock slipping between his two mounds easily thanks to the dampness of the ocean that still clung to their skin. The crowd began to woop and cheer, egging the man on as his thrusts became wilder.

“Go Charlie!”

“Get him off!”

“You’re getting him close!”

Charlie began to rhythmically squeeze his tits together tighter, enjoying the sounds that Darren made as he got closer. His entire body was burning with arousal and humiliation; each thrust sending more of those pleasurable tingles through his being as his crotch thrust against the open air. He was getting close to coming just from the stimulation on his breasts. Then Darren groaned, whole body shuddering. Charlie felt his balls tighten against the underside of his tits and before he could react a spray of hot seed was hitting his chest and chin. He gasped, feeling it drip down his neck and gather in his cleavage. The crowd yelled and everything; the embarrassment, the arousal, the wonderful feeling of the cock between his tits; it all coalesced and Charlie threw back his head and came, a small jet of pussy juice spraying against the inside of his bikini.

He collapsed back in the sand, breathing heavily and face burning for a multitude of reasons. Darren appeared above him, satisfied smile on his face, holding his bikini top in one hand and offering a hand with the other. Charlie took it, standing groggily as finally, despite his degenerate state, the crowd began to disperse. Kelly appeared, helping him to retie the top before giving him a playful punch on the shoulder.

“I bet a lot of others are going off to canoodle after that little display.” She teased, “Well done, Charlotte.”

“You’re...not actually angry?” He blinked. “For upstaging you?”

“Hell no, I am inviting you along to every party I hold from now on, you can’t pay for entertainment this good.”

Charlie swallowed somewhat nervously, still looking around for a towel to clean himself up.

“You’d...want me to do something like that again.”

“Would you like to?”

Charlie’s face was already burning so much he felt faint and for a moment, he wared with himself.

Then nodded.