

Vamp Witch (Man to Vampire MILF TG AP)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Templarknight1234567

Kyle is astonished to find out his best friend Jane is secretly a witch after she uses a hex to turn a jock jerk into a sexy woman. After confronting her about it, Kyle tries to manoeuvre the conversation so that he will become a woman too, having desired that all of his life. But Jane knows that Kyle is big into fantasy settings, and one female archetype in particular, and decides to tweak his final form a little . . .

Vamp Witch

Kyle could barely believe his luck, or even his eyes! He had just been trying to catch up with his friend Jane on campus in order to work out the next date for their shared Dungeons and Dragons game, when he happened upon that awful jock asshole Brent hitting on her. Kyle was no athlete himself, being a pretty scrawny nerdy guy, glasses and all, but he was readying to stand up for his friend, especially when Brent had the sheer audacity to reach out and try to grope one of Jane's breasts. She was quite an attractive, red-haired beauty, and a guy like Brent clearly only wanted one thing from her.

Except suddenly, she raised her hands, spoke some strange eldritch words, and suddenly Brent was forced backwards, frozen in place.

"You're going to treat women like that just because we're in private and you think you can get away with it!?" she sneered, moving her hands in strange directions. "Then how about *you* get a taste of it, Brent! But from now on, you'll be Ashley, and trust me, you're not going to enjoy how often you get hit on!"

Kyle was about to emerge from hiding and ask Jane just what the hell she was doing when suddenly green tendrils of light enveloped the sexist jock, before being sucked in by his body.

"What the!?! What did you do to -MEEEEEEggghh!"

Brent's body began to twist and change and alter right before Kyle's very eyes. To his shock, the man literally changed into a woman in a process that took less than thirty seconds or so. His biceps shrank, his limbs became shorter and blemish free, his figure gained a perfect hourglass. Brent's hair become a luxurious blonde, and his chest developed a very fine set of breasts, easily DD-cups, if not larger. Worse, the man squeaked, voice changing as a vagina formed; Kyle could tell from the way the man winced and placed his hands on his crotch. *Her* crotch now, because in moments Brent was standing there as a sexy lady in a cute pink summer dress, one that showed off all her best features.

“What the hell have you done to me!?” she cried, voice a Valley-Girl whine.

“Oh, just given you a whole new life, Ashley,” Jane taunted. “And by the way, no one except witnesses to this event remember the old you, and I’m pretty sure that’s just me. Everyone knows you as Ashley now, and the mental changes I’ve put on you ensure that you’ll never be able to tell anyone who you are. In fact, while you’re around other people - especially hot boys - you literally won’t be able to stop acting like a hot slut, including when people catcall and grope you. Now get running and enjoy your new life, or else I’ll be really mean!”

Ashley spluttered, then took off, her large breasts bouncing as she ran past Kyle. He could scarcely believe what had just happened, but an instant jealousy filled him all the same. Not for Jane’s magic, but for what her power had done to the bully. All his life, Kyle had wanted to be a woman. Part of the appeal of playing tabletop games was in getting to voice female characters as the DM or play them as a player, though he couldn’t do the latter too much or arouse suspicion. Still, he adored his player character Bethony, a powerful vampire in sexy corsets and with a hot MILF vibe. It was utterly empowering to let himself go into that role. And now, here was a *chance* to enter the true role that had always been denied to him: that of a woman. Hell, a cute and sexy one if he could!

With a trembling and nervous heart, Kyle stepped out from the bushes he was hidden behind, and coughed. Jane spun on the spot, her expression surprised.

“Kyle! Kyle? How - how long have you been standing there?”

Kyle nervously scratched the back of his head. “Um, long enough? I saw what you did to Brent. You never told me you had freaking magic, Jane!”

The witch frowned, her body language a little hostile, still. “You weren’t meant to see that, Kyle. I’m sorry, but I’ll have to make it so you don’t remember anything.”

She began to incant a new spell, but Kyle ran closer to her, waving his arms.

“Wait, wait! I promise I won’t tell anyone! Please, I just want you to do for me what you just did to Brent! Or something like that, at least!”

Jane paused, clearly a little confused. “What did you just say?”

Kyle gulped. He’d never told anyone his true desires before, but now he positively *had* to. “Look, I’m not . . . a man. Not really, down deep. I know I have the body of one, Jane, but I’ve always felt like I was a woman. I guess you could say I’m trans because, well, I am. Even if you’re the only person I’ve ever told. It’s why I like playing all the female NPCs in our campaign, and why-”

Jane interrupted, realisation flashing through her. “Why you often play female characters. You told me you just thought it was funny! And sexy!”

Kyle blushed, barely able to meet his witchy friend's eyes. "Well, the sexy part is right, but for different reasons. Why do you think I spent so long designing what Bethony's outfit would look like? And talking about her body shape."

Jane actually chuckled. "God, you're right, how did I not see it? You've been a transwoman in hiding all this time, Kyle."

"That's why I'm asking - no, *begging* you to help me, Jane. I've always been afraid to take the first step to becoming a woman, but if you really are magic, then you could change me entirely. Please, I'll do anything."

Jane narrowed her eyes. "You watched that entire thing from the bushes huh? Even the groping bit?"

Kyle swallowed again. "Yeah. I should have acted sooner."

"Well, I'll make sure the new you is a lot more confident and powerful."

Her words took a moment to cycle through Kyle's brain. "You'll do it? You'll change me into a woman? I was thinking a blonde as well, or maybe-"

But Jane put up a hand. "Trust me, you'll get what you want, Kyle, and more. You'll also totally owe me. And when the spell is done, you won't be able to tell anyone but me about it, just like you won't be able to tell anyone else I'm a witch. Got it?"

Kyle nodded eagerly. Jane checked around for onlookers, more thoroughly this time. "Okay, let's do this, let's make a woman - a willing one, this time. Stand perfectly still, and be ready, Kyle. Trust me, you're going to nerd out at this."

The secret transwoman wasn't entirely sure what Jane was getting at there, but any question over her own secret intentions was delayed as she prepared the spell. As she had done with Brent, Jane began to wave her arms in a strange, circular motion, erratically at times, slowly at others, all while chanting eldritch words that Kyle did not recognise, but seemed to be ancient and imbued with some great power. He stood still, trying to calm his heartbeat, but it suddenly pounding in his chest as tendrils of green light once more erupted from Jane's hands and poured outwards, this time into him.

Immediately, Kyle felt the changes sweep over and through his form. His heart beat ever faster as the light glowed from within, before spreading out across his veins and arteries. The man shivered, anticipating the change, welcoming it.

And then . . . the transformation began.

There was nothing that could have prepared Kyle for it. Estrogen and XX chromosomes swept through his system, causing his hairs to retract into his skin. All blemishes disappeared, and a series of pressures immediately became known, like hundreds of hands massaging and stretching and pulling and pushing his body parts all in different directions, moulding him like putty into his ideal form. To his surprise, he actually grew taller, his spine extending, followed by his arms and legs. This was followed by an

increase in stoutness: tissue and fat and bone all expanded to fill him out, eliminating all scrawniness.

“Ohhhhh,” he moaned. “It f-feels so weird, but good!”

“Trust me, I’m just getting started,” Jane said, grinning, before reciting her eldritch words again.

Once more, the power of the witch entered Kyle. He whimpered, trying not to sound too overcome by pleasure. His nipples distended and grew, and a mighty pressure began in his chest. Soon, his pectoral muscles were swelling up, growing into full blown breasts, expanding moment by moment. At first, they were little more than A-cups, but soon they had a discernible weight and jiggle, pressing against his shirt and growing, growing until -

“Ughhh!!!” Kyle groaned, as his shirt literally ripped open at the front, the collar forming a vertical tear to make room for his new, prodigious bosom. Still they swelled, until they were easily the size of his head each, two enormous overgrown cantaloupe, fleshy and full, round globes that wobbled with every shift of his shoulders. He grabbed them, but his fingers sunk into the flesh and caused him to become instantly aroused, his enormous nipples stiffening.

“What a lovely pair!” Jane said. “Feel familiar?”

Kyle didn’t know what she was referring to, and couldn’t concentrate on it anyway, not with his hips jutting out wider. They seemed to almost dislocate from the way they sort of popped out, and this was accompanied by a huge swelling in his thighs. Fat poured into his rear, and soon he was bending over, his breasts perilously close to falling out of his ripped top as he now gripped his rear. Once more, fingers sunk into flesh, and once more, the pleasure immediately hit him.

“Mhmmm! Ohhhh, God! God, it’s s-soooo much!”

“I’m not done yet!”

How could she not be? But then, there was so much more yet to change. Kyle shuddered as his face began to rearrange, his jawline cracking as it took on a much more feminine curve. High cheekbones took prominence, and his eyebrows became dark and arched. Hair spooled out from his scalp, reeling down over his shoulders. It was curly and luscious in nature, full and thick and beautiful.

“Finally,” he breathed, voice becoming an incredibly sensual female tone. “I’m becoming a woman. Beautiful face, full body, and - ears? Teeth!?”

Something was changing, something very different. Even as *her* body became yet more full-figured and curvaceous, complete with her member withdrawing to form a new womanly tunnel, there were more inhuman changes occurring. Kyle’s ears extended, becoming elven and pointed, golden earrings appearing in them. That was nothing

compared to her teeth though: her canines extended to sharp points on the upper and lower jaw, and her tongue seemed just a little too long.

“What are you - my skin!”

It lightened in tone, becoming positively pale. For a few moments her skin seemed to burn a little beneath the sunlight, and then a wide-brim black hat materialised upon her head. Other clothing changes manifested too: a red dress much like that of a gothic burlesque dancer, complete with naked thighs and a very tantalising bosom to reveal her canyonesque cleavage. Dark, see-through stockings likewise appeared, as well as black travelling boots. Her outfit hugged her rear, but thankfully this was hidden just a little by a flowing dress that opened up at the front, revealing the womanhood she now possessed. Kyle orgasmed at the very moment of realisation, her cock retracting and reforming as vagina, one that was already wet with arousal.

“I’m - oh God, I’m a v-vampire? You made me Bethony, my DnD character!?”

Jane giggled, the magic finally falling away.

“Yep! It seemed to be a nice touch. Think of it as a little bit of fun, a bit of a punishment for not acting for me sooner, as well as a bit of a surprise present. How do you feel, *Bethony*?”

The name was instantly familiar to the new vampire in a way it never had been before. It was . . . her. Her in her curvaceous, MILFy glory. She felt over her body, admiring her maternal curves and impressive figure. She was indeed older now, perhaps in her mid-thirties, but then what was time for a vampire? She wasn’t sure if she was ageless, but she felt a well of power within her that was certainly inhuman: a desire for blood in a lovely wine cup, for instance, and perhaps the desire to turn into a bat or cast a minor spell herself. What would her life be like now? Could she live like this? She wanted to be a woman, but an intensely voluptuous vampire woman who wore outfits that would turn a head *anywhere*?

The new vampire licked her lips, savouring the sensation of her tongue running along her sharp teeth. The power was there, but even more than that, she was a woman, and unmistakably so at that. Yes, she could get used to this indeed.

“Well?” Jane asked. “Do you like it?”

Bethony gave a toothy grin, one that revealed her new fangs.

“Like it?” she said, her voice sensual and appropriately vampy. “I *love* it.;;

The End