

Stuck as His Best Friend's Lover (Hot Cosplayer Girlfriend TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Dustin Cheng

Twenty years after the events of the Stuck as My Best Friend's Babymama, Christina's eldest son James has become chauvinistic and disrespectful to his mother, embarrassed by her openly sexual nature and the fact that she is still getting pregnant. But when the witch Juliana returns and witnesses his rude comments he makes in the presence of his much kinder friend Zack, she decides it's time for the next generation to experience a gender change. After all, like mother, like daughter.

Stuck as His Best Friend's Lover

James was always embarrassed by the presence of his mother. Christina was undeniably a gorgeous woman: she had a perfect hourglass body, wide hips, a sultry face, fiery red hair, and a way of moving and walking that made her husband Derek - James' father - still go gaga after all these years. The fact that she had an amazing ass and massive, round, yet perfectly pert breasts no doubt added massively to the appeal. Even at forty years old, she was still easily mistaken for a woman in her mid twenties, and this misconception was not helped by the fact that she most often dressed like one too. Even in winter, she wore articles that showed off her body, especially her deep cleavage. The resulting physical affection between her and Derek was obvious.

James hated it.

He was twenty years old, and had much to thank his mother and father for in terms of their fairly successful life, sizable home, and his own good looks. He had his father Derek's darker hair, and his darker eyes too, but while his father was a mere 5'6 in height, James was an impressive 5' 10, and had the clean jaw and pretty looks of his mother, albeit through a much more masculine lens. He was quite sporty, and tried to keep in good shape. He didn't consider himself a jock or anything though: he was studying to work in business and marketing after all - he loved the idea of branding, selling yourself, getting out there and becoming web famous with your own online business and such. His best friend was Zack, a total geek nerd who loved video games and comics and all manner of computer wizardry, and together they planned to go into business together . . . once they decided what business they were even creating after they finished their degrees. Logically, James should have been a happy young man with a bright future ahead of him, thankful for the opportunities his parents had given him.

Except he couldn't get past his issues with his mother. Those issues butted against not just her but also his wider family, and they came up again and again. When he was a child, James had thought the world of his mother. She was beautiful, and maternal, and though she could be strangely awkward and often red-cheeked times over the strangest things that should have been normal for a woman, she still cared for him deeply. But as he grew into teenagehood, he began to notice the way men looked at his mother. Began to hear the humiliating whispered jokes about how she was the *'resident hot MILF.'* Graffiti was scrawled on toilets about *'how much I wanna fuck James' sexy mom right between her big titties,'* and so on. It was shameful, and the fact that she was so physically affectionate and flirty with her husband, always showing off her figure in public, only made it worse.

Not only was his mother super inappropriate to the point of becoming known as the *'hottest older chick around'* all while he suffered through high school, but she also demonstrated that fact by having an absolute fuckton of kids. James sometimes wondered if his mother was addicted to pregnancy or something, because after getting pregnant out of wedlock at just the age of twenty, she'd practically given birth every other year. Now, she had literally twelve children: six boys and six girls, the youngest being four years old. She'd had several sets of twins, including his two oldest sisters who were just a year younger than him: Selina and Sarah. Growing up had been chaos - loving chaos, sure - but chaos all the same. Christina had literally almost gone into labor when he'd graduated from secondary school, at a time when everyone else's mothers were not far from, or had already hit, menopause. Their house had been renovated three times - this after an initial move - just to house the ever-expanding family. And James, to his utter misfortune and despite his parents sound-proofing their bedroom, had it on good authority that they had sex *constantly*, even right up until Christina was about to pop. Or 'Chrissy', as his father called her.

It sounded like the name of some bimbo, which was practically how his mother acted. Why couldn't she just be like a normal mother instead of embarrassing him to the point of his best friend even making jokes about her?

It was this frustration that he carried with him when his parents called a family meeting of the older kids during a cold Autumn night. That meant himself, Selina and Sarah, Brent, and Danielle. The rest were either upstairs, asleep, or organised to be at friend's houses. The fireplace was warm, and so as usual, his mother was wearing a tight dress - this one was white, and showed off more of her boobs than her eldest son was comfortable with. Hell, she even had her makeup done up as if she were about to go on a fancy, flirty date. Selina and Sarah were copying their mother's styles: they were redheads just like her, identical and very popular at school. Danielle had a darker appearance, and was quite nerdy, though like all of their parent's children, she had inherited very good looks, allowing her to snag the hottest girlfriend on campus as far as she was concerned. Like James, Brent had

inherited impressive masculine looks, though he had blonde hair, and was quite the jock. James' father Derek stood beside Christina smiling softly, gazing at her like she was a total goddess.

"What's this about?" James asked rather brusquely.

"Thanks for coming down," his father said. "James, everyone, we have an important announcement to make. It's a bit of a surprise to us both."

"An embarrassing one," Christina said, rolling her eyes.

"Yes, we, uh, though we were done."

"I thought I was done," she snipped back. It was playful, but with just an edge to her voice. "You take the blame for all this. Again."

Derek put up his hands in a placating gesture. "Yes, I know, it's my fault. Mea culpa. But it's exciting nonetheless."

"And full on," Christina said, folding her arms beneath her heavy chest. "But it's going to come out sooner or later so we might as well tell it now."

Selina and Sarah drew closer. Danielle smirked to Brent: they seemed to know what was going on. James just felt impatient.

"For God's sake, can someone just tell me what's going on?"

Christina sighed, blushed a little - she had a habit of that. "Well, we were meant to be done. *Actually* done, Derek." She side-eyed her husband before turning to them. She planted her hands on her wide, baby-making hips, and said the words James had been dreading to hear. "Your father and I were a little careless - again - the other night, and now I'm knocked up."

Derek flustered. "Chrissy! You don't have to put it that way."

"Oh please, honey, they're not stupid. They know the birds and the bees now."

As did they, James mused with irritation. He grit his teeth, nearly grinding them

"The point is," she continued, "I'm pregnant. I know our family is already very, *very* huge - trust me, I never expected to be a mother at all let alone to so many - but . . ."

"We have to see this as a blessing," Derek said. "We've got a new member of the family to join us, and we're going to love and raise them. We thought you older ones should be the first to know about your soon-to-be sibling."

Selina and Sarah were, of course, all over this news. They squealed a little and embraced their mother, a trio of redheads who looked more like siblings despite one being their mother. Brent slapped his father on the back, exchanged some joke that made Christina blush again, and Derek laugh a little. It was clear that everyone was enjoying the news.

Everyone except James.

He stood there, his arms crossed, his expression radiating fury. “Are you serious!?” he finally snapped. “Another freaking baby? Mom, you’re forty years old! This is so embarrassing!”

Selina and Sarah shot him dirty looks. Brent, who was sixteen years old, looked at him awkwardly - the two got along well, except on this subject.

“James, don’t speak like that to your mother,” Derek said evenly.

“I will!” he said. He jabbed a finger in her direction. “I’m sorry, but this has gone too far. Mom, you need to start acting your age.”

She put her hands on her hips, pushing carefully past her two daughters. “What does that mean?” she said. “You want me to hide my *lovely curves*? *Cover up my big chest*?” She looked somewhere between humiliated and angry.

“It means I’ve spent my entire teenage and adult life totally embarrassed because of you. Do you have any idea what they called you when I was in high school? Or about the boys that shared candid photos they’d taken of you? Or what it was like being picked up by a mom who have the grade wanted to fuck?”

“Language,” Derek warned. “James, we can have this conversation elsewhere. Your mother is your mother, and the way she acts-”

“Is just who she is and that can’t be changed. Yeah, I’ve heard the spiel.”

“Then you should know it’s a *lot* more true than you think,” Christina said. There was a warble in her voice, like she was grappling with something, but couldn’t quite communicate it. “How I dress, how I act, the fact that I have this big, overwhelming, and *wonderful* family, that’s something I won’t change. I can’t, James. *You know I love my wonderful hot hubby too much anyway.*”

James screwed up his face, irritated. Christina often said things like that, as if she needed to remind the world that she was a trophy wife who by some genetic lottery looked like she aged slower. Even going to the beach, she liked to tease her husband openly about how he liked her in bikinis enough to likely get her pregnant again. Ugh! It was annoying!

“Fine, stay like this. But don’t expect much of a relationship with me, or for me to care about your next baby. Or the next one. Or however many you’re going to pop out like an absolute *slut*.”

The air in the room suddenly turned cold. Even James realised he’d gone too far with that one. Christina’s expression went from angry to absolutely, utterly *wounded*. Tears bubbled in her eyes, and Derek went to hold her. She clutched to him like a life raft in a stormy sea.

“Get out,” Derek said.

“Look, Dad, I didn’t mean -”

“He said get out,” the twins said as one.

James looked to Brent, but his friendly brother just shook his head. Even for the teen jock who loved hanging out with his girlfriends, he'd gone too far.

"Well, fuck this anyway," James said. "I'll be moving out soon. Maybe one day I won't have to be embarrassed at having a mom who looks and acts like she's some frickin' bimbo."

There was an audible gasp from the group, followed by a sob from Christina.

"Y-you have no idea what I g-gave up to have you!" she cried. "You have no idea what I lost, what I had to accept, when I grew you inside me. What I had to come to terms with. But I loved you. I still do. And now you s-say this! You treat me this way!?"

James felt a stab of regret. He'd never seen his mother so raw, so hurt.

But he still turned his back, walked out the house, and slammed the door shut behind him.

Zack was reading his latest comic from an enormous stack of them when James came by. His friend rented a fairly nice apartment, and the plan was to move in with him soon now that his previous roommate had left. There was just a minor matter of approval. Zack had dark hair, a smart set of glasses, and a lithe body structure. He was roughly 5'7 in height, three inches shorter than the tall James, but while he wasn't winning any sports trophies anytime soon he was fairly successfully working a side gig in computing while he studied coding. The two of them had known each other for a long time, and while James was only casually into comicbooks and geek entertainment, he liked to play video games and engage with it all on a surface level with his friend.

Besides, he was a great listener, and good at venting to.

"Problems with your mom?" Zack asked as James walked in and slumped on the couch.

"How did you know?"

Zack smirked and turned the page on his comic. "It's always your mom."

"Well, she's a problem. All the time."

"She's pretty fucking hot."

"I know dude, that's *the* problem."

"Oh, yeah. Say, Selina or Sarah haven't said anything about me, have they?"

James rolled his eyes. "Stop trying to get with my sisters, dude."

"They're also hot."

"Yeah, which is why they're dating the college footballers. Danielle has a girlfriend, so don't expect anything there."

“Damn.” Zack put down his comic. James had to chuckle at the cover: his nerdy friend certainly loved his busty superheroines. He was reading another issue of the latest *Poison Ivy* comic, and the villainess’ proportions were just like one of his sisters. The thought made him shiver in discomfort. It would be just like Selina or Sarah to dress up like that, too.

“I see you still enjoy the usual fair,” James joked. He pointed also to a big poster on the wall of a *very* ample dark-haired cosplayer dressed up as what he thought was Raven from his *Teen Titans* comic. There was another that he wasn’t sure of.

“Black Canary,” Zack said. “Biker bombshell with screaming power.”

“Oh, I bet she screams.”

Zack chuckles. “I like the fishnets too.”

“Seems impractical.”

“Everything about superheroes is impractical, they’re just cool, dude. And hot. Especially the ladies. I’m happy to admit it.”

“Sometimes I worry we’re only friends because you want to get with my Mom or sisters.”

Zack snorted. “Nah dude, I got your back. We’re best buddies for life, right? But I can tell my jokes are hitting a sore spot today, so I’ll knock them down a peg. Do you want to tell me all about it while we go to the comics store? I’ve got a new issue of *Power Girl* to pick up.”

“Is that the one with the big boob window?”

Zack smiled. “Oh yeah, she’s my favourite. What? I’m a nerd, I can be a total perv about these things if I want to. Now let’s go and discuss your hot mom’s body.”

“Dude! What the fuck?”

“Last joke, I promise!”

“Fine, but you’re paying for some fast food as an apology.”

An hour later, and James had laid it all out. Zack, mischievous but good friend that he was, had purchased them some burgers and fries after picking up the latest issue of his comic. They were sitting and chatting in a booth in the burger place, and Zack’s comic sat in a plastic sleeve on the table. The cover, to James’ amusement, had the busty heroine practically pushing her boobs into the reader’s face while her speech bubble said ‘Hey, my eyes are up here!’ It was ridiculous, and her figure was somehow even more busty than his own mother’s.

“Don’t touch the issue while you’ve got grease on your fingers,” Zack said.

“Dude, I love Batman, and Superman, and Spider-Man. I’m not so big into comics and stuff that I’m going to start wanking off to Power-Girl there.”

“You wound me, my friend. I only read the comics for the articles.”

They laughed.

“But seriously, she’s actually fucking awesome. She’s the brawler of the Super family, and she takes no shit from people. And she’s nice to look at, I won’t lie about that.”

“You know women like that don’t really exist right?”

“Dude, we were just talking about your mom.”

“Yeah, but even Mom doesn’t dress up in spandex and wear a cape.”

“A lot of women actually do, though. It’s cosplay man. I keep trying to get you to come to comic-con with me. It’s tons of fun, and the girls there are really nice to look at, and pretty awesome besides.”

“I’ll take your word from it.”

“Well, it’s not like any of them are interested in me, anyway. They want the ‘sexy nerd guys’, and I guess I’m sort of average.”

“You’ll find someone. I’ll wingman you.”

“Yeah, but they’ll just go for you,” he said, smirking. “Look, I’m sorry about all this mom stuff, dude. I know I make a lot of jokes about it, but I never had siblings at all. I imagine it can be pretty overwhelming having so many siblings and also people making comments about your mom and sisters all the time.”

“That’s just it,” James said, taking a brief drink from his soda. “I don’t care that mom is attractive, or whatever. It’s just . . . the things she wears. The way she presents herself. How she always flirts with Dad in public. How she’s always getting pregnant. And the things she sometimes says! It’s like she just can’t help but act like a mix between a trophy wife, a party girl, and a goddamn college slut or something. It’s humiliating for me!”

“Is that really so, James Marin?” came a female voice.

James turned, as did Zack. In the booth opposite them was a gorgeous looking woman in her thirties. She wore casual clothing that still hinted at subtle curves, and her face had a mischievous expression that made her deeply attractive. She was tall by the looks of it, and had dark hair. And she was grinning at him.

“Sorry,” he said, “do I know you? I’d recognise a pretty face like yours anywhere.”

He was already thinking of ways to try and woo her, but she stopped it by raising her flat hand. “Oh no, don’t even try, big boy. Your Mom already tried to get with me back when she was your age, and that led to some . . . changes, for her.”

Zack was silent, but James forged on. “Wait, what? You know my Mom? What are you talking about?”

“Oh, I know her alright,” she said, standing up and moving to their booth. She sat opposite him and right next to Zack, who was clearly straining to avoid looking at her body. She seemed to derive some amusement from this. “Don’t worry kid, you’ll get your reward, just hang on a tick.” She leaned forward, enticing James with a hint of her breasts. C-cups, most likely. Not bad.

“I knew her back when she wasn’t even called Christina, or Chrissy, as I and Derek prefer it. Back then she was just some lame college wannabe stud who was flirting with me and making derogatory comments about women. Well, not *that* derogatory, as it turned out, but by the time I did I think the changes were worth keeping around.”

“Lady, who are you?”

“Yeah,” Zack said. “This is a little weird.”

She grinned at James’ nerdy friend. “Trust me, you’ll like this. It’s like right out of one of your comicbooks, and in this story, the less manly guy gets all the rewards. But then again, maybe it’s not really my story to tell. Suffice to say, I check up on your mother every so often, just to tease her a bit and see how Derek is going as well. I was actually heading over today, but imagine my surprise when I hear that her eldest son, her first born, is making horrible misogynistic comments about his own mother. You *really* have no idea what she sacrificed, what she became, and how she’s had to adapt, do you?”

James felt odd. This woman, while crazy, clearly knew things. “Wait, she said the same sort of thing this morning. What did she mean?”

“Oh, like I said, it’s not my story to tell. But she *literally* can’t tell you hers. The magic spell I cast ensured it. Only Derek and myself know. But given that despite all the love in the world, her son grew up to make such rude comments about women, maybe it’s high time you understood *exactly* what she went through, hmm? Yes, I think that would be best, and then dear Chrissy could finally be able to talk to her kids about why she is the way she is. Consider this a big gift in empathy, James.”

James had enough. “Listen, bitch. I don’t care how hot you are, you’re crazy. Get away from this table now and leave us alone. Take your ass elsewhere.”

She smirked, the mirth only increasing in her eyes. She stood, looked down at them both. “Not a bitch, James. A *witch*, and one that just decided to make your temporary punishment a permanent one.”

Zach murmured a small apology, which made her smile.

“Oh, don’t say sorry, Zack. Say ‘thank you’, because you’ve just secured yourself a very, *very* happy future with your friend. Zack is kind of like how your father once was, James, so I think history bears repeating itself.”

Before he could tell her to just outright fuck off, she began to whisper something in a language that was completely unrecognisable. She twirled her fingers in the air. An eerie

wind somehow cascaded through the burger joint, despite there being no open doors or windows. A few other denizens looked around, confused.

“There,” she said. “I like the hero on the cover. Power Girl, huh? Have fun playing dress up in your new life, James. You can expect to finally understand your Mom going forwards.”

And with that, she got up and walked away.

“That was really weird,” Zack said. “Like, she was hot, but weird as hell.”

“Crazy bitch,” James said. He winced for a moment, feeling a tension in his gut. “Goddamn, I think that burger did a number on me. Ngh! Shit. I think I really shouldn’t have had that much grease.”

“You okay?”

He took a heavy breath. It was like his body had a series of pressures running through it. There was a strong one in his belly, like organs were being shifted around and something new emerging, though he knew that was crazy.

“Yeah, I think I n-need to drive home. I’ll drop you off on the way.”

Zack gave him an uneasy smile. “Hope you’re alright dude. Make sure you’re not cursed!”

“Oh, quit it.”

“Nghhh . . . wh-what’s wrong with m-me!?”

James was driving home, and very thankful that the roads were largely empty, because his entire body was sweating. The pressures had only grown, and he was breathing heavily. His guts were twisting about, and he could swear it was like he’d lost weight in mere moments.

“J-just gotta get home. God, it’s like no f-food poisoning I’ve ever f-felt!”

Another twist of the gut, and he had to stop himself from wrenching the wheel.

“You know how your friend likes them, James. He likes them long-haired, and blonde.”

“What? Who was that?”

He looked around in the car but there was no one. And yet the voice had sounded exactly like the self-professed witch.

“I must have just heard - oh God! What the fuck?”

Without warning, his hair lengthened, growing down and down and nearly covering his vision as he swept it aside. It fell to just above his waist, strangely heavy on his scalp, and it now had a soft, shiny, almost silky quality with just a slight wave to it. Before his eyes,

the strands he could see turned a bright, almost platinum blonde. He adjusted the dash mirror and screamed.

“What the fuck!? I’ve got blonde hair! This isn’t - this can’t be happening!”

He hit the accelerator, speeding faster down the road. Home wasn’t too far away. Just one more turn further ahead to get to the suburb, then the third-last street on the right, at the end of the cul-de-sac.

“Zack likes his women tall, but not too tall. Let’s go about 5’8, so you’ve got a hot inch on him. And I’m thinking we get rid of all that nasty body hair.”

James began to hyperventilate. The pressure of his spine contracted him down one inch, then two, then three. He had to quickly adjust the seat as his legs reduce, arms too, in order to keep proportionally to the rest of him. An alien crawling feeling cascaded along his chest as his body hair retreated. The same was true of his five o’clock shadow: his face looked smooth!

“Watch where you’re going James, especially when you get those dainty hands and feet.”

The transforming man gasped, turned the wheel just in time to avoid going off the curve of the road. His fingers thinned, shortened, and his hands became slender and beautiful. A similar transformation was happening in his feet, leaving his shoes far too large, like lead weights upon them.

“Who are you? Why are you doing this to me!?”

“My name is Juliana. Like I said, I’m a wish. And I’m doing this for two reasons: because I can’t stand misogynistic men who disrespect their mothers and sisters, and because I want you to understand your mother, permanently. Nice shoulders, by the way.”

He groaned as they shrank, becoming as lithe as Zack’s, then even more so.

“What are you doing?” he cried.

“Oh, if you haven’t figured it out, I won’t spoil it. Now focus on the drive. I want you home in one piece. Chrissy will explain everything.”

He managed the turn, continued far too fast down the neighbourhood. His thighs softened, remaining powerful and athletic but having a bit more delicious meat on them, exactly like the pictures of Zack’s comic book bombshells in their outrageous costumes.

“G-get home!” he moaned. His voice cracked a little. In the mirror, he could see that his ears had become smaller, more feminine-looking. His chin too had lost its broadness, appearing softer. “Goddamnit! What is happening to m-me!?”

His home approached, and he slammed on the brakes. He stumbled out of the car, losing his shoes immediately. His legs continued to change, becoming more shapely. There was a pressure in his ass also, and his chest, but he ignored these and barrelled forward, pushing open the door.

Two of his youngest siblings - Jake and Polly - were wrestling in the hallway. They looked up at him with confusion, but he ran past them. It was late afternoon, which meant that his mother was either in the kitchen cooking or having a quick one with his Dad in their bedroom. They all knew what was going on.

“Sh-shit, not in the k-kitchen,” he said as he staggered in. Instead, Brent was helping cook with Selina while Sarah watched a couple of the kids with Julia.

“James, you’re finally back after - hey, why the hell are you wearing a wig? Are those contact lenses?”

“C-contacts?” he stammered.

“Remember that hot heroine? She had nice big blue eyes. I know for a fact Zack will like them.”

“Bro, is there something wrong with you?” Brent asked.

But James simply turned and ran upstairs. He couldn’t understand, but the voice was telling him to find his mother, and find her he would. He didn’t care that the door to his parents’ room was locked: he still possessed enough strength to snap it open, though it took more tries than he expected: he felt oddly weak, in fact. The result was that there was almost no sound from the effort.

He stumbled in, and sure enough his mother was pinned up against the wall by her father. She was in nothing but sexy lingerie, and he was shirtless while she worked at unbuckling his belt. Both were moaning, but her moans were utterly *sensual*, lost in pleasure.

“God Derek, after what James said I can’t help but f-feel - Oh, but I want this!”

“I know, but it’s not like we can change things, and I know you wouldn’t want to after two decades, Chrissy. You love this too much.”

He began to massage her breasts, causing her to whimper in bliss. Her eyes opened, rolling back . . . until they rolled in James’ horrified direction.

“Mmhm, you’re right. I c-can’t help it. I still love it sooo much. *I love that you got me pregnant with - James!*”

“With James? Oh shit! Son!”

They both turned to see him and immediately moved to hide their shame. Chrissy hid behind Derek, but both failed to put any clothes on - they were too busy looking at his hair and changed figure.

“James, what are you doing in here while *your hot Dad has his way with me?*” Chrissy said. “And is that a wig?”

James sobbed. “It’s not! It’s real. I met some weird woman with dark hair. I was talking about you, complaining about you Mom. And then she said some weird shit about

punishing me and making me understand you, and Zack getting rewarded for not being a dick or something, and then she left and I started changing. I'm still - NNGH!!"

"Let's give them a show, huh? Zack likes a nice big pair of baby-making hips. So much like your father, your friend is! Let's give you a real hourglass so your parents know the stakes."

His hips began to expand, pressing against his trousers. He had to unbuckle them just to accompany their expanded width, which had become not only womanly, but the kind of hips that would draw the eye of any man with blood in his veins.

"There. And a thin but fit waist to go with it, I think."

"S-stop talking to me!"

"I heard that," Chrissy said.

"Me too," Derek replied.

"You - you can?"

"It's her. Juliana."

Christina swore: "Fuck! Honey, go downstairs. I'll take care of this."

"What? He's my son, and-"

"Derek, I fucking love you. I goddamn still *want* you because of the *thing* we can't talk about, but I need to be here for him. Only I've been through this. Trust me, it'll be way worse with you here, okay?"

Derek looked to James, who groaned as his waist pinched in. His stomach lost much of its manly muscle, but remained toned and fit . . . for a woman. His shirt was now baggy on him, but his changes weren't done.

"Okay," he said. "If you need me, I'll be downstairs keeping others from coming up. I love you."

He kissed her on the lips, and in typical Mom-Dad fashion, they kissed for far longer than James' liking. Derek squeezed his son on the shoulder as he passed.

"We'll do our best with this son. I hope we can explain it."

"Explain wh-what!?"

But Derek left and shut the door, leaving just Christina and James in the room. She began dressing, covering her lingerie over with her dress. He was starting to feel strangely warm, almost aroused at his transformations. His dick began to harden.

"God, please not in front of my own mom!"

"It's okay," his mother said. She grabbed his slender hand and pulled him to the bed, urging him to sit. "I've been through this. Just focus on breathing, James. There may be some . . . pleasure."

"You've been through this? What are you s-saying? Ohhhhhh, there it is! The pleasure!"

It rippled through him. His legs fashioned to become even more gorgeous, and his arms followed suit. They lost most of their muscle mass, but much like with his thighs, his arms were still strong for a woman: toned and defined, but still oozing femininity.

“Time for the face! You’re gonna look so very, very hot. Zack will love it. And you will too . . . when he’s with you.”

“Stop it!” Christina called. “He’s my son! You did this to me but it’s not fair to him!”

“Oh please, Chrissy. He’s a total misogynist. You tried your best but he’s obviously got weird mother issues. Best for him to understand you. Besides, it’ll make him a better person!”

“How d-do you know each other?” he stuttered. He shifted, clutching his mother by her shoulders as his face warped. In the corner mirror, he could see his features become fully female. His lips were full and covered in red lipstick, and his eyes a brilliant bright blue. His face had a cute oval shape, and he even had sexy long eyelashes and perfect cheekbones, present but not too prominent. His Adam’s apple disappeared, causing him to splutter.

“Don’t worry, that’s just your new voice coming in,” his mom said. “Listen very closely, James. You’re about to become a woman.”

“No I’m not, I can’t be!” he cried, but his voice now *sounded* womanly. *Very* womanly, in fact: powerful yet seductive. “That’s impossible. This isn’t real.”

“You are, I’m sorry. Juliana is a witch. I used to be a man - I could never tell you but something has changed now that you’re cursed too. I hit on this hot lady in the club, and made some drunken comments, and she thought I was a total misogynist. Derek was my best friend, and because he was polite to her, she cursed me to become his perfect woman. And, well, this is what I’ve been ever since. Long red hair, hourglass body, peachy ass, huge fucking tits he loves to suck on - sorry, too much detail - the works.”

“The works indeed. Your Mom was a dude, and now she’s gotten knocked up like nine times. Pretty big turn around, huh? Looking forward to it?”

“This is crazy,” he exclaimed, voice still soft. His hips cracked a little wider, eliciting a moan of unwanted pleasure. His cock was so hard, and he couldn’t help but rub it right in the presence of his own mother. “I’m sorry! I can’t help it!”

“I know, it was the same for me. I still remember it all. Listen, James. I can’t stop it, but I can help you adjust. M-maybe you’ll even enjoy it? I sorta have! It’s been hard, but trust me when I say some parts are really, really good. Oh my God, some parts are good. Too much information, sorry.”

But James just squirmed as his chest pressurised. “N-no! This is all too much! You couldn’t change back?”

She shook her head. "Never. I was your father's dream woman, and I learned to accept that."

"Just like you'll be Zack's dream woman. And Zack's dream woman has a huge set of tits. Ready to make your own Mom look small by comparison?"

James' eyes widened, and he clutched his chest. "Oh God."

"Shit," Christina said. "I'm a double F-cup. They were bigger during pregnancy. Um, you may end up a bit 'blessed in the chest,' honey."

Her son could only squeak like a terrified mouse. The pressure gave way, and in moments his pectoral muscles swelled and bloated out, losing the actual 'muscle' part and gaining a lot of fat and tissue. He moaned in that newly sensual voice, overwhelmed by the pleasures of this latest change. His new breasts swelled and swelled, nipples expanding visibly against his shirt as they too grew in size. They stuck out, erect and arousing as they brushed against his increasingly tight shirt. Still his breasts grew.

"T-too big! Too tight!"

"I'll help! I remember when I grew my *big, sexy tits*. Ugh. Ignore that. It's the curse. God it feels good to finally tell someone else, though!"

She began unbuttoning her son's shirt, but wasn't fast enough. He now had the kind of cleavage he'd ogle happily, but on him the breasts creating it were full, pert, and increasingly plump, to the point of widening out to brush his upper arms.

"Ooohh! I h-hate how hot this feels!"

"Trust me, I know!" Christina said, fiddling with the buttons.

But James' tit growth outpaced her. The shirt buttons pinged off one by one, finally revealing a set of full, flushed breasts that were visibly bigger than Christina's own. They were heavy. Heavy and sensitive. And the moment they finished, a erotic tugging began between his thighs.

"Those are v-very big, James!" Christina coughed. "I'm - shit, I'm Stockholm'd. I'm actually jealous!"

"Mom! My d-dick! Ohhhh! I can't stop rubbing - Nfgghh!"

"Time to welcome you to womanhood, Jaimie!"

Chrissy staggered back as the last change overwhelmed her son. James was terrified, but his lust was stronger. He rubbed his hard cock even as it withdrew, sliding back into his body. His balls contracting, squeezing, shrinking, and the sensations were all too exciting.

"Oh God. I'm - I'm CUMMING! MMGH! AIIEEEEE!!!"

His voice reached new feminine heights as he orgasmed. His dick pumped the last of his semen out as it slid back into his body. Another orgasm rocked him, then another as his vulva and vaginal passage formed. As if by afterthought, his clothing changed, leaving him in

a dark blue leotard with an open top that was desperately trying to contain his cleavage. On top of it formed a black biker's jacket. His trousers shifted to become a pair of fishnet stockings, erasing any evidence that he'd just ejaculated, and his feet were suddenly in a pair of black high heeled boots. In no time at all, no evidence of his masculinity remained. *She* was a woman, and more specifically, a woman that James recognised.

"James, are you okay?" her mother asked. "I know it's a lot to take in. When I first changed, it was hard to get used to, and the compulsions - well, I know you're very good friends with Zack, like Derek and I were, but maybe it won't be like that. Maybe you can still be your own woman instead of a *sexy submissive wife* like I am."

But James just laughed, cackling madly, tears running down her face. Even as her father burst in, and several of her next oldest siblings peered in to look at the strange sight, she couldn't stop laughing at the maddening sight in the mirror.

"We'll b-be more than friends!" she laughed, emotion overwhelming her. "Look! Look! It's one of his favourites. I'm one of his favourites. I look just like that Black Canary all dressed up!"

The family had to be told, of course. Which also meant that James had to be sat down in the living room among all of them, even her youngest siblings, and find out about the new reality Juliana had cursed her to live in. Christina was shocked: she was finally able to speak openly about what had happened to her, not just to James, but to all twelve of her children. Most were confused as to who the new blonde woman was, and could scarcely believe that it was James, but magic was the only answer: all their photos depicting him had changed to include this new figure. Fridge notes and official documents that mentioned him now mentioned a *Jaimie* Marin, a twenty year old woman who was Christina Marin's first born. Selina and Sarah even had diary entries they wrote together complaining that Jamie had 'bigger boobs' than they did - they were just 'humble' Ds.

As their mother told the story - Derek chipping in occasionally when she became agitated, though she did shoo him at times - they all listened intently. Poor Jaimie sat near her parents, looking and feeling miserable. She was still wearing her Black Canary cosplay, feeling utterly ridiculous in her buxom blonde bombshell body, her heavy chest rising and falling so prominently that her younger brother could barely look at her. She was totally on display, and utterly humiliated, especially when it came time for her to give her portion of the story, which included more than a little karmic retribution.

"So, what," Selina said, "Mom used to be a guy, and she got cursed to be a trophy wife to her best friend-"

“Trophy girlfriend,” Christina corrected. “I was pregnant with Jaimie - James - pretty quickly though, so your father proposed. I felt . . . compelled to accept.”

“So you don’t love Dad? It’s all fake.”

“No,” she said quite adamantly. “Of course I love him. It was just . . . difficult to adjust to. And it took time. I was embarrassed for a long time about my body and what it made me do, but I got used to it. Resigned to it at times, but I also came to like parts of it. Even love parts. And I fell in love with your father over time, didn’t I, honey?”

“Oh yes. That you did.”

She snorted. “Trust me, your father wasn’t complaining at any point. And I don’t regret any of you, though perhaps you understand now why I, uh, keep having babies. It’s not always a choice. There are compulsions, and Jaimie here may feel compulsions too.”

“That’s not my name,” she said.

“It likely will be. Juliana said it was permanent, right? That makes it so.”

“Holy shit,” Sarah added. “We’ve got a new sister. Oh my God, this could be amazing, Selina! We could take her on date nights! She won’t be able to say all those gross things about us and women all the time, because she is one!”

It was too much for the new woman. She blushed a deep shade of red, ashamed of being transformed into her current state and how the rest of the family were treating her.

“That’s it, I’m outta here! I can’t handle this. I’m going to find this fucking wish and change back. I’m not being stuck as a blonde bimbo lookalike for the rest of my life. You may have accepted it, Mom, but I won’t!”

She stood quickly, only to nearly topple forwards due to not being used to the heavy weight on her chest. She recovered, refused to look anyone in the eye, and stormed out, her hips automatically sashaying from side to side in a foreign way that she just *knew* looked incredibly sexy.

“This fucking costume sucks!”

“Honey, don’t go! We still don’t know if you have compulsions that-”

“I don’t! I’m not getting any! You used to be a man, Mom, fine! But I refuse to accept that I won’t be one again!”

Just before the new woman slammed the door and headed for her car, she heard her mother’s sad murmur: “Yeah, I remember when I thought that way too.”

Derek appeared to be comforting her.

Nothing about Jaimie’s body felt right. She wasn’t meant to be a goddamned woman, and the fact that she was literally the sexiest one she’d ever seen just made it all the worse. Even

her movements as she got in the car were graceful and emphasised her body. When she dropped her keys and had to pick them up again, her boobs showed an enormous amount of cleavage, nearly spilling free of her top. If any male was looking from the neighbour's yard behind her, they were getting a full on show.

"Stupid bimbo body. I have to get back to that restaurant. It'll still be open. She might still be there."

She drove, wiping away stray tears. Without even meaning to, she got some spare lipstick that was somehow in her glove compartment and began applying it, correcting the areas where her tears had ruined it, and even adding a sexy smoky effect around her eyes that made her look like Zack's wet dream.

"Mhmm, Zack," she mumbled to herself. "He'd be fucking turned on by this. I bet his *big, thick cock would be just straining at the sight of me. I bet he'd love to cum all over these huge, soft tits while I scream just like the character I'm - shit!* No! I am *not* thinking about that slutty stuff! God!"

But it was too late. She felt a strong arousal between her thighs. There was no cock there anymore, and that was way too weird. Instead, her insides moistened, and she found herself rubbing her fishnet stocking'd thighs together, breathing heavily as she did so.

"Mhmmm, d-don't want to be turned on. Fuck!"

It was a relief when she came to a stop outside Zack's apartment, got out of the car, and strode sexily right up to his door. She knocked three times, leaned against the door frame in a way that pressed her big breasts together, and waited for him to hurry up and open the door.

It was only when he did just that and his eyes bulged at her form that she realised what she had just done. Without thinking, her body had automatically taken her to her friend's house, instead of the restaurant. And before she could correct herself, and explain what was going on, that compelling arousal hit her again.

And this time it hit her like a truck and didn't let her go.

"Um, hello," he said.

"*Hey,*" she breathed, chest rising and falling, nearly out of her top, "*I hear you like Black Canary. The look, I mean. And the comic. I thought I'd give you a look.*"

Zack swallowed. He was normally so quick-witted and mischievous with James, but now he just appeared like he was trying not to stare deeply into her cleavage. She tried to override her magical compulsions, but they wouldn't let her.

"Yeah, wow. You've done - holy shit, you've done a great job. Um, I'm sorry to be rude, but who are you? You look like - like . . .

The arousal was too strong. Her tits were too damn sensitive. She needed someone to squeeze them. To caress her body. To fuck her. Was this how it was for her mom, the night she became 'Chrissy'?

"Don't you remember your best friend, dummy?" she asked. "It's me, you fucking moron. It's James. Except that bitch of a witch made me *Jaimie, your super hot girlfriend who wants you to fuck her brains out like there's no tomorrow.*"

"Holy shit. Wait, what? Is this for real?"

But she pushed straight past him, right into his apartment, one step perfectly in front of the other in order to accentuate the way her wonderful heart-shaped ass wiggled. She took his hand, puppeteered by the magic, and planted it right on that perfect derriere.

"Does this *feel* 'for real' to you, hot stuff? Or have you had your head too buried in that dumb Power Girl comic to notice your best friend has been *turned into your fucking stacked girlfriend.*"

He swallowed again. "Fuck. It *is* you, isn't it? Wait, is this why my apartment suddenly has pictures of you all around the place? Is this why your number has been replaced with someone called 'Jaimie' in my phone?"

"Mmm-hmmm," she moaned, drawing out each sibilant syllable. She closed the door, and placed both her hands on the wall, right above his shoulders. She had him pinned, and in doing so pressed her enormous tits against his chest. He looked down, and it sent a burst of dopamine right to her brain. She had to stop. She simply *had* to. But her body was on some strange autopilot, and the lust she felt for her suddenly goddamn sexy best friend was undeniably real.

"The witch cursed me," she said, pursing her full lips right near his, grinding her stomach against his obviously hard cock. "The magic was all real. Now I'm stuck like this, and I couldn't help driving to your place because she turned me into *your* perfect sexy dream girl. And now I can't stop thinking about how much I want to *ride your cock until you cum in me, Zack.*"

He shuddered. "This is crazy, we shouldn't. We need to-"

He was right. Whatever plan he was about to suggest was right. Far better than what she did, anyway, which was to plant her lips on his and moan into his mouth as erotically as possibly, all while pulling his hands up to grab her ripe titties.

"I need you. I need you so fucking bad. Let me scream for you while you cum inside me. Let me be your Black Canary."

She shook her hair out as she said it, letting a curtain of it fall over one half of her face. She instantly knew she had him.

"If - only if you want that."

She leapt into his arms. He just managed to catch her, but she anticipated that he was stronger than he looked, and she lighter now - except in two prominent places. She held his face and kissed his lips, tonguing him as she moaned, all while he took her to his bedroom. She'd been on the bed many times when they'd played video games together, or watching a film, but now she was going to let him fuck her on it. It was so many shades of wrong, but far, far more right to her new hormones and compulsions.

It all happened so quickly. She stripped off her clothing, peeled off his shirt, and thrust her naked chest against his. He played with her heavy tits, eliciting gasps of delirious bliss from her. And then, even as she wanted to beg him to stop, she collapsed backwards, her thighs spread far apart, her leotard discarded. She only had her fishnet stockings on, and her high-heeled boots. She knew it was an image no man could resist, least of all Zack.

"Holy fuck, are we actually doing this? It's like I can't stop!"

"Me either!" she managed. "It's the curse. *But it makes me want your cock so bad. Get it in me and suck on my tits already!*"

Perhaps he was puppeteered, or compelled, just like her. Or perhaps he was simply more aroused than he'd ever been. Either way, her best friend gave her exactly what she asked for: in moments he was on top of her, drawing her large nipple into her mouth, a sensation that was better than receiving any blowjob. She cried out.

"In m-me! Please, I can't stand it!"

The words weren't even compelled that time. She grabbed Zack's dick - as she imagined her mother had done with her father on that first cursed night twenty years ago - and somehow guided it expertly between her legs. Her eyes went wide as he parted her folds and entered her.

"Oohhhhhhhh yes! YES! FILL ME!"

They were fucking in earnest, and she couldn't stop it. Neither of them could. He thrust in and out of her, grunting in pleasure, and occasionally saying things like: "You're so hot, Jaimie. Oh my God, you're so fucking hot!"

And she would reply with something like, "*And I'm all yours, Zack! All yours to fuck and play with! I'm your perfect girlfriend forever, and I want to dress up like your comic girls just to please you!*"

It was enough that soon he was pumping in and out of her so fast he was clearly about to cum. So was she. The feeling of being filled, of being *completed*, was too great to bear.

"S-stop, dude!" she managed. "You're g-gonna cum in me! *And it's gonna be so fucking hot!*"

"Oh God, I can't stop!" he said. "I can't. It's like I - oh fuck I'm cumming!"

He did. He *burst* inside of her, and in doing so bloomed her pleasure. It grew not immediately, like when she fucked a girl as a man, but instead increased in intensity like the heat of the sun, brightening more and more and more until she was lost in its burning heat, and all she could do was writhe and whine and cry in bliss beneath its scorching essence.

It was many minutes after that he managed to roll off of her, and the sensation of his cock leaving her made her feel an instinctual disappointment, as if it *belonged* in her. She cursed herself for those feelings.

"That was amazing," Zack said.

"That was *hell*," she replied, to his confusion. "Dude, you just fucked my *wet pussy*."

"I - you asked me to!"

"Because of the damn curse, dude! Ugh! I can't believe that just happened. I literally got fucked by a dude, by my best friend! I need to get out of here."

She gathered up her things, wore them with surprisingly expert ease, and moved away from the confused Zack. Her breasts bobbed, and something oozed down her thigh, reminding her of the brilliant and terrible act she'd just done.

But when she reached the handle, she couldn't turn it. It was impossible. Leaving . . . just wasn't something a good, loyal, and loving girlfriend did. To her horror, she turned around on the spot to see the still-naked Zack standing before her, confusion and shame on his features. It made her heart break to see him this way, as if her new hormones were wrestling back control.

"Jaimie. I mean, Jaimie. Sorry, I can't say your real name. Where are you going? I want to help you."

She smiled. "*I'm not going anywhere, hot stuff. In fact, I think I might make us up a nice dessert, and then I might fuck you all over again just so you know how sweet the real me is.*"

And despite their concern for one another, and Zack's own realisation that they were being subtly pushed and even strongly compelled at times, they couldn't keep their hands off of each other all night. Just like her mother, Jaimie found herself compelled to please her best friend-turned-boyfriend, acting out all of his fantasies and riding his cock throughout the night. Each time was more pleasurable than the last, and she received a hit of bliss whenever she acted her new part. They tried to keep separate, even just avoid fucking one another, but their bodies were not one hundred percent aroused by the other, and that lust overrode everything. When they went to sleep, she was curled up in his arms, his head resting against her magnificent soft tits.

When she woke up, she immediately felt the strong need to give him a blowjob.

So, to her eternal shame, she did.

It tastes delicious, and she knew he loved it too.

Jaimie moaned as her boyfriend fucked her from behind. They were in the living room, and something about being bent over the table while he thrust into her from behind really got them both going. She'd hoped to go the whole day without this humiliation just once. Just once. Except it was only 10am in the morning, and already they were on their second round.

"Ohhhh! Yes! *Fuck me! I love it! I love you! I love my tits pressed against this table! I love your hands on my ass! Squeeze it!*"

"F-fuck yeah. God, you're incredible!" Zack managed, before he grunted. His body seized, and she knew what was coming next. After two months of being Jaimie, she was more than used to her boyfriend cumming inside her vagina. His warm seed was wonderful, and it made her shudder. She groaned in her high, sweet, yet powerfully sonorous voice.

Afterwards, they cleaned up.

"Sorry," Zack said, embarrassed. "I keep trying not to, you know-"

"Fuck me," she said, putting her bra on. It was a G-cup. They were massive, but not so huge as to be outlandish. But a lot bigger than any woman she'd met with her frame, and more than enough to command the attention of any guy, especially her best friend.

"Yeah, fuck you."

She sighed. "It's not your fault. This stupid curse makes it . . . really damn good. God, that's so fucking embarrassing to admit."

"I guess that's how your Mom felt. Or feels."

"It's been twenty years. I guess she got used to it. I guess *I'll* have to get used to it. Not like that goddamned witch is around. Two months and nothing, just like Mom said. Instead, I waste my time searching in between giving you titty jobs *with my big, soft boobies.*"

"Curse?"

"Curse. Ugh. How did Mom ever get used to this?"

It was a question she asked herself, her 'boyfriend', her mother and her family every day. She had been Jaimie for sixty four days now, and still sometimes dreamed of being a man again. Of being James again. But instead, each morning, she woke with the desperate need to use her gorgeously voluptuous female body to please her nerdy best friend. She had sucked his cock, let him fuck her in the ass, even gone sixty-nine with him. But most of all, she simply rode him, or let him thrust into her on top, until both of them came explosively. If that was all, it would be too much for her fragmenting male ego, but she also had a body that just *commanded* attention, and just like her mother, she was compelled to wear outfits that showed off said body, especially her G-cup jugs.

At first, she had hidden herself away as much as possible, only meeting with the family as occasionally as she could. It was too embarrassing, and the fact that Sarah and Selina liked to ask her if she enjoyed sex as a woman more, or tried to guess her cup size and what not only made it worse. But her mother had drawn her out, in the end.

“I’m so sorry, honey,” she had said. “But you can’t hide in there forever - and no offence, but you’re only going to keep making Zack’s days brighter if you do, if you know what I mean.”

“God, Mom, yes! Of course I do! I am *very aware* that I am now getting fucked by my best friend.”

Christina had looked at her with admonishment for her swearing, only to pull short.

“Just take it one day at a time, okay. My door is always open. It’s hard for us too: your father never expected this. Your younger siblings are still adjusting. But we miss you.”

Jaimie had told her at the time that *she* needed time. And that time had expanded to become months of only occasionally seeing her family before fleeing in embarrassment. Instead, she went on ‘dates’ - actual dates! - with Zack, and always rewarding him at the end of them. She wore sexy clothing, tight minidresses, and was the envy of other women her age. Former friends looked at her with lust, even catcalled her, and Zack himself couldn’t stop looking at her in this new light. It was agony, but being seen in such a way was something her body was compelled to encourage regardless.

And Juliana was nowhere to be seen. No lead, no way of finding her. A ghost in the wind, with just the knowledge that the spells she left behind would remain. A fact that was incredibly obvious when Zack took Jaimie to the local indoor pool, and she wore a sexy blue bikini that showed off just how hot and busty her body was. She had secretly fucked him in the sauna afterwards, riding him, her sweaty naked body against him, his lips closing around her sensitive nipples.

“I I-love how hot you are n-now!” he’d groaned.

She’d never forgotten that. His words were genuine. She couldn’t even blame him: she’d feel the same in his position.

“So, are we still going to Comic-Con together?” he asked in the present.

She blinked, looked over at him. She was wearing a dress that hugged her figure in all the right ways, and had automatically posed so that her chest was thrust out as she sat.

“Sorry, I was . . . reminiscing.”

“I don’t blame you. I imagine you miss the whole penis thing.”

“Yeah, dude, you don’t have to remind me.”

“Must be pretty cool, having a vagina at times.”

“Dude, I literally had a period two weeks ago. It was fucking messy.”

“At least you weren’t pregnant.”

“God, don’t even say that. I am *not* doing that. You better not have a preggo fetish like your day. *Even though I’d be mega hot with a belly full of your babies.*”

Zack shivered. “Oh God, don’t say that, Jaimie. If I didn’t have that fetish before, you might give me it if you keep saying stuff like that, in that voice.”

She stopped moving as the thought hit her. The idea of having her boyfriend’s baby growing in her, of having his seed take root . . . it made her shiver.

“I’m going to see Mom,” she announced.

“Good idea. I’ll, uh, go watch some porn.”

“Like that ever stopped you from performing when I walk back in the door,” she said with an amused grin.

“To be fair, you’re super hot. Even hotter than your mom.”

She looked down at her body. “Yeah, I’m very aware, Zack. I’m very frickin’ aware.”

But her frustration meant nothing when her body insisted on showing itself off, and being so attracted to her best friend. No outsider could ever believe she had been a man, despite her frustrated insistence that she was. Not that she could tell anyone outside her family, of course.

After awkwardly greeting her siblings - including putting up with the amused looks of the twin sisters who were relishing Jaimie’s new existence a little *too* much - Jaimie caught up with her father. He had to head out on an errand, but the usual stilted conversation flowed.

“Hope you’re well.”

“Are you adjusting?”

“Your mother worries about you.”

“I know it’s awkward, but your mother ended up happy. I know you can too.”

“Is Zack treating you right?”

And her answers were short and awkward.

“Well, I’m still stuck as a lady, Dad.”

“Hard not to adjust, when your compulsions force you to do whatever. I’m getting used to some of it, I guess. The clothing I still don’t like.”

“Yeah, I know. It’s why I’m here to see her.”

“People keep telling me that. I just need time to figure out what the hell I’m even going to do with my life now. At least I’m able to work and not just be a trophy, no offence to Mom.”

“Zack is awesome. I mean, *he’s super hot and a great boyfriend*. Ignore that part. He’s still my best friend, and does what he can for me. It’s not his fault. At least we play

loads of video games and I can read his stack of comics now. They're pretty good, even if I, er, resemble some of the characters."

It was more conversation than they usually had. Slowly, that relationship was changing, but repairing. It was her mother she wanted to see though, and so she caught up with her upstairs in the master bedroom. The place where she had finished changing.

They were both wearing tight dresses that emphasised their figure, with low cuts to show an impressive amount of cleavage. Christina was, of course, looking a little pregnant by this point, being three months along. Jaimie looked at that stomach every so often, nervously thinking about what it would be like if Zack ever knocked her up. "Look, you're a woman now, and trust me that it sucks. At first. Honestly, there's still stuff I struggle with, like how I literally cannot stop showing off these."

She pointed at her chest, causing Jaimie to roll her eyes.

"God, yes! Nothing I have doesn't show off these tits. Ugh, I feel like such an idiot for everything I said, Mom. How did you do it?"

"One day at a time, honey," she said. "But hey, at least the family knows my secret now."

"I wish they didn't know mine. Selina and Sarah keeps wanting to do girly things with me. Danielle joked about my tits going through a doorway five minutes before the rest of me arrived. And Brent is . . . weird around me now. I tried to play basketball with him but I showed up in a goddamn miniskirt and sports bra."

Chrissy sighed. "I know. Trust me, I do. At least I didn't have to worry about siblings to your extent. But on the plus side, you've got a cool mom who's gone through all the 'learning womanhood' stuff, and can teach you a few tricks."

Jaimie blew air through her pursed mouth. She looked down, as she often did, at her heavy bustline. She couldn't blame Zack for always being aroused by her: she was an eleven out of ten. The kind of woman that came once in a generation - which made her mother the previous generation's example, she guessed. Certainly, they looked like a pair of sexy sisters next to one another. Though to Jaimie's embarrassment, *she* was probably the more desirable of the pair: a little taller, a little bustier, and younger (not that her mother aged normally, to hear her tell it).

"Okay, fine. I'll . . . try. God, this is pathetic. What can you teach me, Mom?"

Chrissy smiled. "You're sorry for calling me a bimbo?"

"Ugh, yes! I said I'm sorry."

"And for calling me a slut?"

"Mom, I am so humiliated right now! I have a fucking *pussy* now. Literally a pussy between my legs! I wear *costumes* for Zack now. He gets off on it, and . . . so do I! Do I have to apologise anymore?"

Christina folded her arms, gave a coy smile. “Just one more time.”

Jaimie sagged. “I’m sorry, okay. I was an idiot, and now I’m paying for it.”

“More than either of us deserved. But we have to carry on.”

“And you’ve got advice for that?”

“More than a little.”

She whispered in her daughter’s ear, as if sharing something conspiratorial.

“Next time you suck his dick, make sure to lick the underside of his penis head - it will make him cum way harder and you’ll get to swallow way more.”

Jaimie pulled away, horrified. “Mom, what the actual fuck?”

“Oh, sorry. I think the curse is also making me give sex advice. Okay, so that one was super embarrassing: but it’s also super true honey. I might as well give you some points on those matters: for instance, get him to go down on you. Trust me, it blew my mind when your father-”

“And stop talking! God, I’ll ask advice for that via *text* so I don’t kill myself out of embarrassment.”

“Just remember to use lubes during titty jobs. I learned that one the hard way.”

“Already done, it was soooo good done right. Fuck, this curse stuff is mental. That was-”

“Curse, I know.” Chrissy gave a sympathetic look, and her daughter actually appreciated it. As weird as the whole situation was, it was apparently permanent, and knowing that her mother went through this insanity on her own at least made her understand the woman more. “Okay,” she continued, “actual advice. Embrace the fun bits, work through the bits you hate, and have fun with cooking and cleaning. I invented a lot of little games in my head, and also convinced your father to, uh, *reward* me.”

“Like, how? Just sexual, ‘cause that’s still gross.”

Chrissy shook her head. “Sort of. Let’s just say I had a few costumes . . .”

“Too much information! I already wear enough amateur stuff. Hell, Zack wants me to wear a Power Girl costume for Comic-Con when I go with him, like a professional-”

“I know that one. I’ve got one of those!”

“You do? What!?”

Her mother giggled in that soft way she did sometimes, and moved to the corner of the room. She had one hand placed on her burgeoning belly, and again Jaimie had to ignore that. She’d had two periods so far, and both had sucked. A lot. But each time she was grateful, because it meant she wasn’t pregnant. The curse made the pair of them so enthusiastic in their lovemaking that sometimes they weren’t always the most careful about contraception.

“Here we are!” Christina said, dragging out a light chest from one of her cupboards. “God, I haven’t opened this one for a while. The second one, on the other hand . . .”

“The s-second one?” Jaimie asked, instantly regretting her question.

Her mother gave a sly grin. “The one with the French maid costume. And the naughty nurse outfit. Trust me, if you ever get them, use them. Zack’ll go wild.”

“Ugh, gross, Mom.”

But Christina just shrugged. “Hey, we’re in this together now, daughter. I’m just giving you the tips and tricks that gave *me* a happy marriage. Think of it like giving you the speedrun so you don’t go through all the awkwardness I did.”

“I am *not* getting married to Zack. It’s bad enough I have to, ugh, sleep with him.”

“Oh please, you love it. You’re just in the denial stage. It took me a long time to get out of it too. But it’s impossible to deny, the sex is great. Have you tried wiggling your butt from side to side when he takes you from behind?”

“Mom, I am about to throw up.”

Christina gave a sheepish smile. “Sorry, TMI. But let’s just say you might want to try it next time. Trust me, it’s a killer. Anyway, the box! You can take this one if you want. Your father used to be a bit of a dork too, though not as much as your Zack. But he liked his comics, and one of them he had me dressed up as was Power Girl. I won’t lie, I looked drop–dead in it.”

She opened the chest, and sure enough there were indeed a number of cosplay costumes in there, ranging from comics to video games to cartoon characters to live action adaptations. It made Jaimie feel repulsed by what she was going to dress up as, but at the same time she tingled with excitement about how he would react. Her mother pulled out the white Power Girl leotard with the tall blue boots and red half-cape. The big shield-shaped hole in the chest was where her prominent boobs would be displayed. Jaimie could just imagine how she’d look in it, and how Zack would look at her in it. It made her a little moist just thinking about it, and she hated that.

“This is my life now, isn’t it?” she said sadly. “Dressing up, fucking my best friend, living with him and being his perfect girlfriend?”

Christina hugged her daughter and held her tight. “It gets better, honey,” she said. “I’m sorry for being so full-on with all of this, I guess I’m just a little excited to have someone that finally understands what I’ve gone through, and I know that’s not fair to you.”

Jaimie returned the hug. She badly needed it. “It’s okay, Mom. I - I get it. This whole thing is so insane. It’s been over two months and I’m still not used to these tits.”

“Trust me, you get used to them. You even come to like them. It’s all about *using* them to get what you want.”

“Huh?”

Her mom winked. "Trust me, once you accept that you're a woman, then you start to notice patterns about men. And men can be easily manipulated with little more than a sway of your hips, a flutter of your eyelashes, and a bit of displayed cleavage."

"I'll, uh, keep that in mind."

"See that you do, honey. The curse is difficult, but Juliana isn't evil. Just . . . disproportionate. You can still have a great life. *Not to mention us men-turned-hottie girls have the best sex. We even cum from giving blowjobs.*"

"I know, right? I fucking love taking Zack's cock between my lubed-up tits while I suck him off. It makes him go wild."

There was an awkward pause.

"Curse."

"Yeah, curse. I'll take the chest now, please."

"This is utterly humiliating."

"Yeah, sorry dude."

"I'm literally dressed as Power Girl. I've got a fucking boob window."

"At least they're great boobs?"

Jamie looked down at the enormous G-cups that were straining against her costume. Her boobs looked ready to burst out of the window, the cleavage perfectly displayed. "Dude, I don't have boobs. I've got *tits*. You couldn't be into women with more regular chests?"

"Look, I can't help but like what I like. *You're* the one that got cursed. Let's just try to enjoy it. I promise you that Comic-Con is heaps of fun."

A few male nerds walked past, and they slowed immensely as they passed her, their eyes gravitating to her magnificent tits in the skin-tight superhero costume.

"Hey, my eyes are up here!" she exclaimed.

But instead of reacting with alarm or shame, the pair of them lit up.

"Holy this, she said the line!"

"The line?" she said to Zack.

"From the comic. It's sort of her thing."

The pair approached. "Can we get a photo? You're like, the best Power Girl we've seen. And you look, uh . . ."

"Mega hot, I know," she said automatically, a victim of the curse. *"I've definitely got a superpowered body, that's for sure."*

The two fans squeezed in for a photo, and she put her arms to either side of them, flexing her biceps. It meant that their cheeks were pressed right against her ripe bosom, a

fact she was painfully aware of and they would have immortalised in this selfie for the rest of their lives.

“That was pretty amazing,” Zack said.

“Dude, it was obviously the curse.”

“Yeah, but did you hear them as they walked away? They were expecting you to charge them. You could make money doing this!”

“Dude, I’m already stuck as your girlfriend, and I’m already *letting you do my brains out each night*. Do you really think I want to show off this ridiculous body I’ve been forced into any more than I have to? Especially wearing something like this?”

“Why, is it uncomfortable?”

She frowned, crossing her arms beneath her breasts. Without meaning to, she had even adopted a powerful - and sexy - superheroine pose. She pursed her lips to one side.

“No. It’s actually pretty damn comfortable. It lets my tits breathe, for one, and the leotard actually fits pretty well. It’s annoying how well it fits, actually. Damn Juliana.”

“So why not make money on the side? This could at least be a way to pay for rent this week?”

Jaimie sighed. She caught herself in the mirror. She really did look utterly enticing. No wonder half the nerds were circling her like vultures with their phones out. Might as well make them pay for the privilege, as humiliating as it was. Zack had practically gone gaga when she’d brought the chest of costumes home, after all, especially because they were of impressively high quality make rather than the cheap spandex stuff most people wore at these things. Jaimie never imagined that her first experience at Comic-Con would be as a hot, incredibly busty woman dressed up as Power-Girl, but here she was, and Zack was on her arm. He was dressed, appropriately, as Jimmy Olsen, complete with an old school camera hanging from his neck and a curly ginger wig. He looked cute, a fact that she had accidentally let slip far too many times. But she was the main show, and anyone could see that, particularly since she literally did indeed have the voluptuous figure of the famously buxom heroine.

“Fine,” she said, “we’ll give it a trial. But I better not feel like I’m being prostituted out. *You know I only want this suit to be unwrapped by you, sexy.*”

Zack grinned. She couldn’t blame him. “Yeah, well, let’s find a spot, and get excited about all the wild sex later.”

“You are such a horndog, dude.”

“Hey, you knew that *before* you were transformed, too. Can’t blame me for wanting to have sex with freakin’ Power Girl.”

“I guess not,” she said, swaggering forth. “But she can tell you to stop looking at her ass and hurry up with me.”

It didn't take long for them to find a spot, and even less long for more fans to approach asking for photos. Men especially were interested, but Jaimie was shocked that her character evidently had a very sizable female fanbase, because many female nerds - including some Supergirls, Batgirls, Miss Marvels, Zeldas, and so on were keen to have their photos taken with her. She even had a group of Star Trek cosplayers with her in the centre, with them scanning her. Most were free photos, but others who wanted more - or particular poses - had to pay, and pay well they surprisingly did. The pair had to be careful since they weren't an officially licensed booth or anything - there were actual professionally hired cosplayers who were part of the venue, after all - but she couldn't believe the money they were quickly making: dudes were going straight to the ATMs just to get personalised photos with her. It was oddly quite empowering for Jaimie. Sure, she was still sexualised - the most requested photo was the 'eyes are up here' pose, and the second most popular was being pulled against her chest while she flexed her bicep - but she actually felt useful for more than just craving sex with her man, and dressing up for him. Yes, this was another kind of dress up too, but it was giving her popularity, and not just with the men.

"This isn't, you know, actually too bad," she remarked after they'd finished another shot.

"You could do this professionally, you know."

"Get out of town, Zack. This is just a crazy one time stunt."

"I mean, no offence, but the curse will make you wear costumes like that pretty often, right? I'm a big nerd too, so I go to conventions like these a lot. So . . . why not take advantage of it?"

She looked at him funnily. For once, her 'boyfriend' wasn't staring at her chest, but his gaze was level at her eyes. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, maybe this is the business we've been looking for?"

"Me showing off my tits?"

"I'm not talking about starting a porn site, I mean professional cosplaying. It makes a lot of money, and you can get signed up with venues, and we can do photoshoots and stuff."

"Oh, you'd like that, wouldn't you?" she said, gesturing to her very voluptuous body. "Me in tight outfits, you getting to show the world how hot your girlfriend for life is?"

Zack coughed awkwardly. "Uh, I wouldn't *complain* about it, but you can't deny you're having a bit of fun, right?"

She halted, thinking on the words of her mother, about finding little ways to enjoy her new fate. Ways to come to terms with being a woman with magical compulsions, and how to use that to her advantage. Men were easily manipulated, she'd said. And from the last hour of being a technically-illegal paid cosplayer, she'd seen that her mother wasn't wrong.

Jaimie rolled her eyes. "Fiiiiiiiiine," she groaned. "I'll do it."

“You will?”

“My thighs are already on display, right? It’s not like I can hide what this body looks like in public anyway with what I wear, so I could at least get some success with it. And, I mean, I’m flagging in my business course due to all these crazy changes. I might need the money when it all goes pear-shaped.”

“At least Juliana let you stay at university? Your Mom got sucked into the role of housewife, right?”

“Yeah, I think that’s on you, actually.”

“Huh?”

She put her hands on her hips, affecting a superheroic stance. This time, she actually smiled, appreciating her man. “I love my Dad, but it’s clear that having a stay-at-home wife turned him on something fierce, so Mom was forced to basically be a hot trophy wife. You though, Zack, I think you like the idea of a girlfriend you can go into business with, especially a business you can show her off in.”

“Uh, guilty as charged.”

She pulled him towards her, unable to resist the compulsion, and not really wanting to in that moment. “I could kiss you for that. *So I will.*”

She kissed him deeply, her chest against his. She raised one foot in a feminine fashion, holding him fast against her. It was *wonderful*.

“It’s canon now!” someone shouted. “Power Girl and Jimmy Olsen!”

The pair parted and shared a laugh, even posed for a free photo while kissing again. It made Jaimie tingle inside. She couldn’t exactly say that she *loved* Zack in that romantic way, not yet at least. That would take time, just like it had with her Mom. But she still loved him as her best friend, and was thankful that she was more independent than her Mom had been.

“That was . . . a different kind of kiss,” Zack marvelled.

She scuffed up his wig and kissed him on the forehead. “Think of it as a thank you, for being into strong women. And for being a cool friend. And my future business partner on this crazy idea.”

“I’ll take it.”

“*Good, because I am to ‘overpower’ you in the nearest spare closet we can find.*”

She kept the costume on. It was hotter that way, especially for Zack. He’d lost the wig, thankfully: that would have been too corny by half, but kept her own short blonde one on with her longer hair hidden beneath: Zack wanted her ‘in-character.’ That was okay, she was

turned on all the same by having him plant his face in her boob window. She held him there, suffocating him in her cleavage, relishing the sensation of being motorboated.

“God, this body is so horny. *That* I do blame you for.”

“Sorry,” replied, coming up for air. He groped her ass, causing her to moan - a little too loudly.

“Shh! Security!”

“I kn-know - I’m just f-fucking aroused here, dude. Blame Juliana. It’s not my fault I need your big dick so goddamn bad.”

He unbuckled his belt, and she helped him. With a push, she shoved him to the ground. She posed like the superhero she was dressed as, emphasising her ample chest, and then straddled him like *she* was the one in control. That was the other thing she really appreciated about Zack: sure, she was forced to act like his perfect girl, but *he* liked his perfect girl to dominate him during sex most of the time, or at least to be aggressive in her sexuality. It helped salvage some of her lingering male pride.

“*Squeeze them already,*” she said, her voice oozing raw sexuality. “*I know you want to. Let me show you how super I am in this costume.*”

“Holy shit, I’m having sex with Power Girl. This is a dream come true. Jaimie, you’re the best. I know this is hard for you, but thank you for -”

She placed a gloved finger on his lips. “Dude, no mention of the curse, okay? I just want to fuck and not feel bad about it for once. Now hurry up *and get your big cock inside my dripping pussy.*”

He smiled eagerly, pulling back the waistband of his underwear to reveal his nicely sized dick. She lowered herself upon him, holding the crotch of her leotard to one side so that he could enter her. And as always, she gasped when he did just that. It was a feeling too wonderful to put into words. She’d never tell a living soul - at least not for a few years - but it was hard to imagine ever going back to pussy. Even after just two months, her feminised brain was all about getting that dick.

“MMhmm! Ohhhh! F-fuck me!”

She wasn’t even compelled to say that. It just made her feel sexy. She began bouncing on him, riding him quite aggressively, even as she grasped and caressed and squeezed her huge G-cup tits. Neither were going to last long - the taboo of what they were doing made it all the hotter.

“I I-love you, Jaimie!”

“I love you t-too, man! OOHhhh! YES! YES! YESSSS!!!”

He came inside her, and at the last second she remembered something her mother had inappropriately told her: to consciously *squeeze* her vaginal muscles while Zack came in order to make him cum even more explosively. She did so, and it worked a damn treat. His

eyes widened, and his fingers sunk into her sensitive chest, causing even more ripples of bliss through her body. His dick throbbed inside her even more than usual. She clung to him for dear life, clamping down on his magnificent dick until she had extracted as much of his issue as possible. Only then did she let go.

“Holy . . . holy shit,” Zack gasped. “What was that?”

She couldn’t help herself. It was too tempting to resist. Jaimie flexed her biceps in her suit and grinned. “Just me being super, of course.”

It was strange, really. It had taken Jaimie being unexpectedly turned into his best friend’s hot, busty blonde lover in order for them to finally stop kidding around and formulate a business together. Jaimie never could have suspected when she was a man that she’d start up a cosplaying business co-managed by her boyfriend, or that she’d be damned good at making suits and costumes and trinkets for other cosplayers as well. She had Zack’s idea of a ‘perfect girlfriend’ to thank for that, but she also worked damn hard to make it in a very oversaturated industry.

Not that being fucking hot as hell and with big, near-head sized tits to boot hurt her chances, as even she had to point out.

“You’ll get no argument from me, honey,” Zack said several months after they started. He kissed her on the lips as she readied to get photographed as a scantily clad Harley Quinn, complete with pigtails and baseball bat. As she sauntered past he patted her on the ass.

“Dude!”

“Sorry, it was right there!”

For a moment she had the urge to complain about it, but instead she just blew air through her lips. “Fuck, I’m sick of pretending. Slap my ass all you want. This body really likes it, which means now I do as well.”

“Really? Can I do it again?”

“After the photoshoot, and once it’s uploaded onto our site, *then you can do anything you want with your Harley.*”

“God, I know this is horrible to say, Jaimie, but sometimes I’m really, really glad you got changed.”

She suppressed her own smile. She wasn’t there yet, of course. It would take years, potentially, before she was totally down with being this flirty, hot, big-boobed woman who was hopelessly devoted to her best friend. But . . . it wasn’t all bad. And thanks to her Mom - lewd advice and all - she was adjusting faster than expected. Hell, she even thrust out her

chest a little when she visited home, just to make Selina and Sarah feel insecure when they tried to taunt her. Jaimie knew they were jealous of her big tits, and something about that made her proud.

“I’m not always glad, Zack” Jaime said, “but I don’t know if I’d change back given the chance. I don’t know, it’s super weird still, and I don’t always love being a woman, but there’s plenty I do enjoy, and I know being able to be with my best friend all the time is pretty damn awesome. Besides, I was going to move in with you anyway, right?”

“Right,” he replied, “though I don’t think spooning one another naked each night was the plan exactly.”

“Yeah,” she said, drawing closer to him, “but it’s hella comfy, isn’t it?”

“So comfy. Especially your big-”

“Tits, yeah. Can’t forget about the tits!”

They shared a laugh, and then a kiss.

“I love you, man. I don’t always know what that means, like romantic or whatever but-”

“I understand,” Zack said. “And I’m willing to wait, and help you sort it out, Jaimie. I love you too.”

And then, just for fun, he slapped her on the ass.

“You are such a perv, dude!”

“This is well established, Jaimie! Well established!”

It was over a year after she had changed, and Jaimie was visiting her mother. Christina had given birth a few months ago, and her newest daughter was utterly adorable. Little Susie slept, ate, and needed changing, but the sight of her against her mother’s chest, feeding away, somehow stirred Jaimie to feel a maternal cloying she knew she never would have felt as a man. It was humiliating, and Christina noticed.

“Don’t worry, I get it,” she said knowingly. “The hormone thing, it’s powerful!”

“More than you think,” Jaime muttered.

“Oh?”

“It’s hard to talk about.”

“You’re doing well though, honey? It’s almost exactly an anniversary since you changed. I imagine that’s a bit hard for you.”

Jaimie took a heavy breath. Her big boobs rose and fell in the revealing crop top she was wearing. She once would have felt very self-conscious about that fact, but she was used to it now, and her mother understood what it was like.

“Well, it’s not as hard as I thought, at least. I still miss being a man from time to time, but you were right that being a woman can be fun. *Plus Zack is so fucking hot, I can’t keep my hands off of him.*”

“Curse?”

“Yeah, but it’s also true,” she said a bit sheepishly. “And the business is going well. Super well, actually.”

“With a body like yours, I imagine so! I wish I’d done some model stuff, actually. Who knows, maybe I still will. I’ve got that ‘slow age’ thing so I stay *sexy and breedable for my hot hubby.*”

Jaimie ignored the words of the curse, but was a bit amused by them. God, how much made sense now that it turned out her mother was a man who’d been cursed!

“Well, it was fun going to the beach the other day with you. And those guys thought we were sisters!”

“I liked that! It’s nice to be forty one years old but still be seen as young. You’ll appreciate it too - we magical former-men don’t get saggy boobs, at least!”

“Small miracles,” Jaimie mused. “I’m glad we get along now, Mom. I wish I wasn’t such an idiot that I had to be turned into a hot busty blonde to get close to you again, but if it had to be that way . . . then I’m still glad it happened.”

Her mother took her hand and smiled gently. “Me too, honey. Plus, it’s good to have a daughter to ‘compare notes’ with.”

They shared a conspiratorial laugh.

“Well, that might be more true than you think actually,” Jaimie said awkwardly.

“Oh?”

“Yeah, it’s just . . . with all the business and success we’re seeing, and that Poison Ivy gig I had out of state, and our pinup calendar taking off, Zack and I have been really overworked. And when we get overworked, well, sex is a really nice way to blow off steam - it’s not even always compelled either, sometimes I just need to jump his bones.”

“That’s how it goes.”

“And, well, because we were so tired and exhausted, we weren’t always careful. And lately my boobs have been kind of tender, and I’ve been feeling nauseous and bloated . . .”

Christina’s eyes widened. “No! Really?”

Jaimie bit her lip, trying not to cringe at what she was admitting.

“Um, so this is humiliating as all hell, and it’ll be worse once Selina and Sarah find out, but it looks like Juliana was right. I really am going to come to understand what you’ve been through, Mom. And in eight months, I’ll *really* understand. I’m going to - fuck, this is so weird - I’m going to give birth to your first grandchild.”

There was a long pause. Then, Christina broke out into laughter.

“Mom! Are you serious!?”

“Sorry, it’s just - who’s the babymaking ‘slut’ now?”

“Ugh, you are the worst! I said I was sorry for that!”

But Christina simply hugged her daughter from the side, and Jaime embraced her back, mindful of little Susie still feeding away.

“Looks like your journey to womanhood has only just started, my little superhero.”

Jaimie chuckled. “Trust me, I know. I’ve got a lot of costumes that’ll need letting out in the middle soon enough. But at least Zack is happy.”

“You’ll both be happy,” Christina said, looking down at her baby. “Trust me.”

Jaimie looked at the little baby and smiled. She didn’t want to admit it, but she was already feeling that slight flutter of excitement in her stomach.

She’d tell Zack when she got home. And then she’d have her way with him. Not like there was any risk to it anymore, right?

The End