



*The Ring, the Wand
and the
The Bimbo*

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**place holder cover art*

2.

Real Magic

Nathan felt like a weight lifter had punched him in the gut. He doubled over, hands on his knees, wheezing and gasping for breath. “J-Jiles-” He mumbled, falling to the attic floor shivering in the darkness.

“Are you okay, man?” Jiles called out, waving the wand and his open hand in the air blindly trying to find his friend. “Careful where you step, the trap door is somewhere behind you. Power just had to die after I pulled all this junk out.”

Nathan could care less about all this trash, minus the ring burning on his finger. He tried to remove it but the hot metal bit down hard on his knuckle. Small cracks and pops could be heard coming from his hand and arm as surges of heat made their way up to his shoulders, and then down into his rib cage. The panicking man tried to stand, only to fall down again, dizzy and shivering as he felt his flesh quiver and shift. His body clenched, synching smaller and smaller as if some unseen crank was being used to tighten his body into a tinier form. He was on his hands and knees, beads of sweat rolling down his forehead and dripping off the tip of his nose. His hair was soaked and hung heavily on his face, clinging to his cheeks, feeling longer than it should.

The panting man stared down at the floorboards, lit sporadically by flashes of lightning through the window. He could feel a gurgling in his gut and building pressure in his nipples. They throbbed and hardened into two round little beads, the sensation spreading and rooting deep in his shrunken pecs. “G-gah! Help m-me.” Nathan wheezed, rocking on his palms and knees as unwanted pleasure rolled like waves through his body, pumping through his veins and collecting in his heated, sweaty flesh. With each rocking motion, a small, delayed movement could be felt on his chest, growing in weight and heft that gathered in his shirt. The more it swelled, the more it stretched his nipples wider, pushing them further from his body, till visible bulges of

nerve-filled fat hung and swayed from his ribcage. His friend was calling, but all Nathan could hear was his own voice, climbing in pitch and panic.

Hands shaking, he grabbed at the strange sensation swaying back and forth on his ribs, shocked when his fingers sank into a mound of flesh bigger than a softball and growing. His nipple, now big and sensitive like a hot angry marble, responded to his touch and pushed hard into his palm. “Waaaah, fuck, s-so sensssi-” He couldn’t even finish, falling to the ground in erogenous shock. The firm fat domes on his chest squashed into the wooden floorboards, sending euphoric pleasure rocketing through his tiny frame. Nate was lost in the feelings of his metamorphosis, like a wild tornado of sensual, erotic pleasure and terror. His mind was growing foggy; he could barely connect with the added pressure now building in his hips and thighs. It was like someone has shoved a water hose up his ass, and cranked on the flow. The size and heat gushed in more and more, stretching out the only parts of his body with any give, his ass, and chest. The insane pressure in his pelvis finally gave way with double *pop!* as his hips jutted out wider, sending his growing ass cheeks wobbling. The changing man’s head swam, and with a final orgasmic scream, Nathan clawed at the floor as his hardened dick slurped up into his body. He no longer felt the twitching of his erect, throbbing shaft that had been there seconds ago. Instead just a gooey emptiness and a fluttering shift in his abdomen. He found himself on the floor, drooling in the dark, not sure how many minutes had passed.

The outline of his friend Jiles in the restored attic light was the first thing Nathan noticed. Jiles was reaching down with his hand, and Nathan took it to help himself up. But something was terribly wrong. Nathan’s hand felt tiny in Jiles’ grip like he was being helped up by a gorilla. And when did Jiles get so strong? One easy tug and Nathan was up wobbling on his feet. “Woah” Jiles pulled back, confused. “Who the hell are you you?”

“What do you mean who am-” Nathan stopped to clear his throat. His voice seemed pitchy and off like he had been breathing helium and stopped halfway to chipmunk. ‘I

must have hit my head' He thought, 'My voice sounds all musical and high'. "What do you hrrrm, mean who am I? Hrrrrrm" he cleared his throat again and tried to walk but stumbled. His center of balance was off, and his hips swung widely when he moved. More disturbing was the weight jostling in his shirt when he faltered. A weight that he could feel. Nathan's hands reached up and grasped at the unfamiliar mounds.

"W-what the-" as Nathan's fingers sank into the plump mounds on his chest he felt a jolt run from his nipples down his spine to deep within his pubic area. The sensation was so overwhelming he had to shake himself just to get his hands to loosen their grip.

"Holy shit. Nathan?" Jiles had finally gotten a closer look at this surprising woman in his attic, standing there in Nathan's ill-fitting clothes, with a face disturbingly familiar. "What happened to you!?"

What had happened to him? His entire body was confusing and weird and... Jiles now towered above him for crying out loud. He had lost height. Lost a fricking foot in height or more. "Move. *Move Jiles!*" Nathan growled as he was pushed by his giant friend and made his way down the attic stairs. Each step sent the round bulges in his shirt bouncing wildly, nipples dragging against the material. It normally was his most comfortable t-shirt, but it might as well have been sandpaper the way it was setting off his aching nipples. The lights of the house flickered as thunder shook its walls, but they stayed on. That's why, when Nathan entered the bathroom, he saw the gorgeous woman in the mirror, well lit in every detail. From her cute upturned nose, thick lashes, and glossy, plump lips she had a gorgeous face by any standards, but within that face, in the eyes and traces of the shape, Nathan's own visage was staring back. Girly, beautiful, but him, if he had been born a woman, or had a very hot sister. He swept his lengthened, blonde hair out of his face so he could pinch his cheeks and pull at his feminine features hoping they would undo, or even that he would wake up, but nothing changed.

His breath quickened, drawing attention to the firm heavy pendulums of flesh packed in his top. As if he needed any further proof of the magic that had occurred, the panicking man reached for the hem of his shirt and slowly lifted it. Up over his shrunken waist and soft womanly stomach. Over his tightened ribs, and then... it got caught. The shirt, completely too big for him now, still got hung up on his 'protrusions', until with a frantic, frustrated tug, the shirt came up and the bulges flopped down. They were unmistakable, attached to Nate's shrunken ribcage were a fat, firm, gravity-defying pair of tits. Not man boobs. Not awkward droopy breast tissue. No, they were a pair of porn-star grade globes, topped with thick nipples that perked up hard in the cool air.

Grabbing them did nothing to dispel their reality. The way they defiantly jutted out, demanding to be accepted. How warm and squishy they were in the hands, and how he could feel his hands grope and prod them. It was undeniable. He had boobs. And so he screamed.

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It was hard for Nate to tell how much time had passed in the bathroom. In some regards, it felt like only seconds ago that his friend jokingly tried to use magic, and it had turned Nathan into a woman. In other ways, it felt like this moment had gone on forever. He sat shivering on the closed toilet seat, still horrified by how off his body felt, from the shape and the wobble, down to the positioning of his bones. The man couldn't believe how disconcerting it was to have different lengths of arms and legs, smaller shoulders, wider hips. Everything was just spacially off.

"Nathan, I'm sorry... can you hear me?" Jiles mumbled through the door.

"Sorry for what? The thick thighs? The bubble butt? Maybe it's my D cup tits you feel bad about? Or is it just the whole turning me into a woman in general, you're sorry about, Jiles?"

“D cup? Really?!”

Nathan couldn't handle it. He growled and marched towards the door trying to ignore how girly he sounded, how everything from his legs to his ass to his overly noticeable tits jiggled and swayed. With all the strength his anger could muster he swung the door open. “Fuck my D cups, you gave me a pussy!” Nathan's voice got even squeakier as his anger boiled over.

“P-please don't say fuck your tits.” Jiles covered his mouth, trying not to giggle.

“This isn't funny man, you turned me into a bimbo!” Nathan growled as he punched Jiles' arm to little effect.

“You're hardly as bimbo. As far as dream girls go, I think you're modest for what might have happened.”

His furry was starting to melt away into dear and embarrassment as his friend's eyes roved over the masses tenting his shirt. “Can you stop staring at me, perv!?” Nate covered his newly blossomed bosom, blushing as his arm squashed into his breasts making them even harder to ignore.

“I'm not checking you out, I'm just in shock. Magic is fucking real.” Jiles jaw hung open as he motioned at his friend's body.

“You think this is neat? You think your magic is amazing?!” That was it, he was going to beat Jiles' ass. With a flurry of fists, Nate bounded into his friend. Harder and faster he struck with each showing little to no damage.

“Hey, HEY!” Jiles who had no idea his stupid wish would work definitely didn't want to get beat up for this drunken mishap. Nor did he want his newly petite friend to hurt

themselves trying to hurt him. He had no choice but to grab Nate's tiny wrists and back him against the wall.

Nathan immediately went from aggressive to terrified. "Let me go" He squealed as his giant friend loomed over him, his pecs squashing into Nate's warm firm breasts.

"I will if you promise to stop hitting me." Jiles said in a deep commanding voice. Something was wrong. In his fear, his powerlessness, Nate's body was reacting in an unexpected way. The deep voice, how he towered over him. How fucking strong he was. Nathan had to swallow an involuntary moan as his belly grew warm and his replacement genitalia swelled and parted, hot sticky moisture dripping down his leg.

As he found his eyes locked with his friend's, he knew this wouldn't be how a normal woman, afraid for their life and of their friend would feel. But Nathan wasn't trapped in the body of a typical woman (not that he would even know what a typical woman would think) he was in the body of a dream girl. A Fantasy. And apparently, this fantasy sided with the submissive types. "P-please let go of me, Jiles." He asked softly, voice quavering. "I'm scared"

Jiles let go and backed away. "Sorry, you were just intense and emotional, and this is all really freaky-"

"I hope you know I'm emotional not because I'm a woman, but because you metamorphized me into a sex doll!" Oh god, Nate thought. I feel like I'm going to cry. The entire experience of a new body and a tripped-up brain was cracking him.

"Well I dunno know about that, but I do know it's time we fixed this." Jiles brandished the wand only to watch Nate scurry backwards away from it. Could he blame him after what had just happened in the attic?

"You think we can fix it?" Nate crossed his arms, trying to nonchalantly steady the

swaying of his breasts. Oh, how he wished his damn giant nipples weren't showing through his shirt.

"I didn't believe in magic an hour ago, now I'm pretty sure we can do anything."

"You better be damn careful with your words buddy. 'I wish Nathan was back in his original male form.' are the only words that better come out of your damn mouth." With some promises and reassurance from Jiles, he agreed to try.

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Nathan stood in the middle of the room, shivering as he braced to have his body rearranged in form and sex once again. It was uncomfortable the first time (both awkwardly and sensually) and he wasn't sure he was ready for it again, but it didn't matter. He couldn't be any more ready to be himself.

"Okay, are ya ready?" Jiles asked, raising the wand. Nathan could only nod his head and look down, blushing at the view of his breasts tenting his shirt. "Okay, I wish-" The minute the words left Jiles' lips, Nate could feel the metal band warming on his finger again. It faintly glowed pink, as the wand glowed purple "-That my friend Nathan was back in his original male form." The words fell flat, and the glow and heat immediately died away.

"You dummy you broke it!" Nate started to hyperventilate. He had felt that power, the magic crawling over his form, and then, nothing.

"I didn't break it, Nate." Jiles tried to calm him.

"No! Then what? Did you not really believe in that second wish? You want me to stay like this with tits, a vagina, and probably working ovaries and a uterus keen to show me the wonderful world of periods? Did you think I would just let you make me your

girlfriend? Let you trick me into a drunk fake magic party so you could wish me into your bombshell slut?!”

“I kinda wish you would chill for twenty minutes so I could figure this out!” Jiles yelled over the red-faced gorgeous blonde that he had to keep reminding himself was his good friend Nathan, but all of a sudden there was no need to yell. Nathan’s eyes fluttered and his breathing slowed till a dumb little smile spread across his face.

“Woah man, what did you just do?” Nathan looked over his feminine form with a look of confusion and amusement.

“I Wis- erm” Jiles put down the wand and changed his wording. “I said I wanted you to chill, and it appears, you have?”

“I mean, I’m still really mad at you, but also... insanely relaxed? I kinda feel, high.” Nate let out a small giggle. While the mood swing was better for figuring things out, it was also semi-creepy. To have so much power over a person, was a true mind fuck.

“Okay, I’m going to go look for the instruction booklet or grimoire or whatever the hell came with this, and try to figure out how to sort you out. Okay?”

“Sure dude, whatever.” Nate shrugged, absentmindedly twisting his hair into a braid. He watched Jiles run back to the attic, internally cursing at what a dumb ass his friend was, but also that at least for the moment he felt kinda good. Relaxed even, which was better than a panic attack. Nate walked back into the bathroom and surveyed himself in the wall mirror. “I will say, chill girl me is much hotter than upset girl me.” He giggled to himself, doing a slight turn to the side. “My boobs are way too big for my frame though, that frickin perv. Although-” He couldn’t tell if it was the constant stream of relaxing chemicals being pumped into his brain, or just how hot his body was at the moment, but it just occurred to him he could check himself out. Like fully. This wasn’t a stolen body or

freaky Friday thing, he wasn't crossing any boundaries but his own. And given his heart no longer felt like a racehorse trying to kick its way out of his chest, why not?

With a gentle spin, Nate aimed his new perky posterior at his reflection. "Well damn, as much as I was obsessing with the booba, I have quite the nice booty in the back as well." Looking around quickly, Nate undid his pants and let them drop down his smooth shapely legs. Hooking his thumbs into his boxers, he tugged down till his pale, perfectly rounded cheeks jiggled into the view. "Well Damn, Natalie, you got some cake!" He joked. "I bet I could clap these cheeks if I wanted, sure as heck ain't allowing anyone else too." He shifted from one foot to the other and back, then bounced on his heels. "If I knew how to clap them that is."

He continued to explore, his tiny fingers drifting over his hairless skin. The softness, the perfectly rounded curves. "Leave it to that douche to give me a super sensitive girl bod." Nate moaned as he squeezed his ass. He went to give a playful swat but in his drunken and "chilled" state went too hard, leaving a nice red hand print on his right butt cheek. "Gaaah, why did that feel so good." He whimpered. His mind drifted back to that feeling of helplessness pinned against the wall, how it made him tremble and yearn. It would make sense this body would enjoy spankings he grumbled, as much as his chill state would allow him to. Well, fuck it. He was going to be a man again the minute Jiles figured this crap out, time to go to town.

Nathan roughly tugged his shirt up over his head, sending his plump tits bounding around on his rib cage. "Hello, girls, nice to see you again." He gave his tits a rough squeeze, fingers digging into the breast tissue. He knew some girls he dated complained that men were too rough with boobs, but his boobs loved it apparently. The more aggressively he squeezed the more it felt like he was juicing endorphins and pleasure into his system. Each squeeze pushed body quaking euphoria from his breasts, down into his belly, where it would just gather behind the gate of his newly minted snatch. Oh, fuck it felt good. Nate's thighs mashed together, and the temptation to expose his new slit the same way his ass was hanging out grew and grew. Then he

would just be fully naked. A naked chick in the bathroom groping the hell out of herself, working up into a mind-blowing orgasm. The idea of it drove him harder, hotter. Where he used to feel his cock going rigid there was a buzz twenty times as sensitive in what he assumed was his clit, and instead of overly full balls, just an aching opening, dripping, begging to be filled. His fingers trembled as one hand sneakily wandered lower and lower, past his belly button, till it met the elastic of his boxers. A moan came out on its own, his head was swimming.

“Nate, you ok?” Called Jiles, his words like cold water dragged Nate from his heady stupor.

“Of course I’m not ok, I’m a woman still.” He huffed, trying to banish the last bit of erotic breathiness from his tone.

“Holy shit dude, where are your clothes!” Jiles has turned away. Apparently the bathroom door was left open due to Nate’s passive chillness. Even now, he could feel that unnatural calm sitting on his brain like a warm blanket.

“It’s not like we didn’t have gym class together for years Jiles, grow a pair.” Nathan giggled at the choice of words. He needed to grow himself a pair, literally. He shook his head at Jile’s childish reaction to a naked woman until he felt the very moment his “chill” ended. Twenty minutes were over, and the calm evaporated. His old, natural emotions came flooding back in. And his friend getting eyefuls of his sweaty, needy feminine form just seconds post gropefest, sent every anxiety alarm rocketing off in his brain. “Dude! Hnng rr P-privacy!” was the word he finally spat out as he rand to slam the door, tits swaying wildly, face redder than a beat.