

A girl with a flat chest slowly steals her ex best friend's large boobs over time using enchanted bras. The friend, noticing the slow, unexplained drain on her chest tries to gain weight to boost her chest size as they are still slowly sapped away from her. -Anon

“So what did you want to talk with me about? Is it about the hair? Because I love that you've grown it out.”

They were sitting on Aaron's bed, a bed they had shared several times before, and it had Kelly reminiscing of the summer only a few months prior, before she went off to college. Spacing out, she drank in his dark eyes and hair, along with his light brown complexion. She still wished she had confessed to him sooner, before they graduated. They could have had so much more fun then.

“Actually, that is good place to start.”

While not the square-jawed and stubbly masculine of a typical hunk, Aaron's height and athletic build made him very enjoyable to look at. By no means huge or bulky, it simply looked like he could run forever. Even at a glance it was plainly evident he was still spending several hours at the gym multiple times a week. His clothes, as usual, were just a hair too small, letting them cling to him in just the right places to highlight his fit body.

“Okay, then lay it on me. Did you get picked up to be a pro footballer?”

By contrast, Kelly was on the short side with bright brown hair and a light complexion kissed with freckles. What she lacked in height, she made up for in thickness, especially in her breasts and hips. It was a ratio that had only grown more defined since leaving for college. Her once pudgy core had tightened, giving her a slight hourglass silhouette. It was as if she was wearing an invisible corset that had gently squeezed her frame into shape. Aaron had not said anything about her shape beyond that she was looking healthy. It reminded her how dating him felt completely different than anything before or since.

“That's not it, no. I need you to do me a favor.”

“Sure,” she said, flipping her hair back and making a pair of black plastic bracelets clack.

“Though, to be honest, you are starting to freak me out.”

“Sorry, just freaking out a bit myself. I can trust you to keep this quiet, right?”

Kelly toyed with the black choker around her neck. “Just lay it on me, I’m ready.”

With having been friends forever, he had not just dated her for her body. Really, for the most part, their relationship had not changed over the summer beyond them becoming more physical with each other. They still mostly just hung out and played video games, now with a lot of touching and teasing as well. Even most of their sex had involved him going down on her or them in sixty-nine with her on top.

Back then, she had thought it odd he never fucked her, but thought it was awkward for him to be having full-on sex with a girl he had acted like a brother to for so long. She figured he was working himself up to it and just happened to move away before that time arrived. Not that she minded too much in the meantime, he was surprisingly good at eating her out and no one since had been able to make her orgasm as consistently.

“Even if no one else does it, I want you to call me Sharon going forward.”

“Wait, what? Aar-Sharon, are you telling me you’re trans?”

Her friend shrank away, shoulders rising defensively. “Yeah. It’s something I have been struggling with for a long time, ever since middle school, but wasn’t sure how to come to grips with it. When we started dating a few months ago, was right when I really started to grab hold of my feelings.”

“You were so different back in Middle School.”

“Let’s be honest, I was fat, but I misunderstood that discomfort with my body and started working out and playing sports.”

He, no she, raised her hands, “Don’t get me wrong, I enjoyed being an athlete and intend on continuing to be one. However, I always felt a little tingle in the back of my head that something was

wrong, even when I was in top form. It wasn't until I started seeing a therapist after you moved away that I even thought I might be, you know, in the wrong body to put it one way.”

“And no one else knows?”

“Besides my therapist? No. She told me to tell someone I trusted first so I would have support when I started coming out.”

“Oh, Sharon, I...” In that moment, Kelly's life unfolded before her eyes. All the times Aaron stood up to jerks who did not get they were no longer her boyfriend. All the times he covered for her when she was out of school for the divorce hearings. All the times he pushed her to succeed despite her situation. All the times he was the most comforting thing in the world. “I'm with you the whole way, okay?”

“You mean it?” There was surprise on a face that was both familiar and yet new.

“Yeah, you're my best friend and you had my back all those years, so it would be pretty shitty of me if I couldn't do the same for you when you are in an even more difficult place.” She put her hand over her friend's. “I know you didn't know, but I wish you had told me sooner.”

“I sort of knew while we were dating, but it felt so different-”

“-Because it was like fucking your sister, right?” she said with a grin.

Sharon flinched then chuckled. “Not quite where I was going, but sure, that was a reason. Foremost however was that when I was with you, I didn't feel like I had to be this macho guy people expected.”

“Oh, I thought you were talking about how you never really shoved your dick into me.” She was still grinning and then frowned. “Wait, I'm sorry. That was terrible of me, wasn't it?”

“Sort of, but I know you're being playful. This is a lot to take in. To be honest, I didn't want to put it in for a number of reasons. Our existing relationship was one, but it was most because I had already reached a point where I could admit I was unhappy about my junk. Though, also being honest, I really

enjoyed you going down on me and sixty-nining was the best, it was the closest I ever felt to being a lesbian.”

Kelly leaned over into Sharon's toned arm. “I'm glad, I suppose, that I made you feel comfortable with yourself for once.”

They sat in silence for a moment, their lives rewinding to a simpler time when they would just lounge around. Even if it was only a few months since the last time they had shared space like this, it felt like a lifetime after what had just transpired. Finally, Sharon laid down in a ball and Kelly hugged her as best she could.

“I know it is early to ask this,” Kelly said as she smoothed Sharon's long, curly brown hair, “but what are your plans now? Do you plan to transition? Does this change your goal of playing pro soccer?”

“I am not sure really, part of me wants to change right away and as fast as possible so I can start a new life, the other wants to try and find if I can marry who I was with who I want to be.”

“I can't tell you which of those is right, but I can likely help with the first one.”

“What do you mean?”

Kelly sat back on the bed and switched one of her bracelets to her other wrist. She reached back and pulled off her bra then tossed the surprisingly large garment on the bed. Hanging loose under the plain t-shirt she was wearing, her girls curved just outside her shoulders and came to rest on her bent arms. She cupped one boob and the jiggling flesh overflowed her hand as it spread out. She put the other hand on her tummy and there was a soft green light. Bit by bit, her tummy shrank and her boob swelled until the flesh really began to spill over her palm and fingers.

She tilted her hand sideways, letting her mam roll off her fingers to fall to her stomach. The curve was noticeably larger than her other.

“That's amazing!”

“They fell on my head,” Kelly said as she balanced her growth out with more of her stomach, leaving her with just the slightest amount of pudge and boobs easily larger than her head. “The bracelets I mean. They let me redistribute mass. The choker seems to do something to the food I take in. I am always full after having just a little to eat when I am wearing it, but have not really toyed with it.”

“Here.” Kelly handed over one of the bracelets, on it was a green seven pointed star. Around her wrist was the sister piece, one with a red star. Sharon put the bracelet on and gasped.

“It tingles!”

“Yup! Now, put your hands on my chest.” Sharon did so and there was a jolt.

“Think about drinking. That's how I got it to work the first time.”

“Got what to work?” Sharon asked before she gasped as her shirt began to fill out and Kelly's bust line shrank an equal amount, back to the size they were before. Jumping back, Sharon grabbed her new breasts that filled her closely cupped hands.

“How's that?”

“Feels amazing!” Sharon grinned and dove at Kelly, pushing her hands against boob once more. This time she did not jump back as more mass pumped up her arms and into her chest. Her toned arms became less defined as the curve of her breasts approached the crook of her elbows. She leaned back to let go, but Kelly held her hands in place.

“Keep going, I can take it back if I need it.”

Sharon pushed down and the exchange sped up until she was the one who had tits the size of her head and her fingers were pressing against Kelly's ribs. A feeling like hunger washed over her and she dragged her hands down to her friend's hips.

Like with their busts, second by second Kelly's mass was passed over to Sharon through the bracelets. Hips, butt, and legs swelled against athletic pants that were quickly becoming capris. The

sound of straining seams only egged the growing woman on. She did not stop draining until her toned, masculine frame had been consumed by the body of a tall, plus sized model.

Kelly was very thin now, beyond even super model levels. Sharon was starting to panic when there was a snap and a flare of red light. A feeling of weakness went down her arms as the barely visible curves of her muscles began to fade. Against her hands, Kelly's legs swelled as new muscle knit itself into existence. Within moments she looked like she had always spent her afternoons at the gym and her mornings running.

The red light flared again and both women were hit with the conflicting feelings of being stretched and squashed. Sharon wrenched her hands away and the light faded. She collapsed on her much fitter friend's chest gasping. They were the same height now, as if the foot difference in height had been split between them.

“I didn't know it could do that,” Kelly said between panting breaths.

Sharon flopped over to her back, setting off a boobquake that made her shirt ride up until there was a bounty of underboob on display. “You didn't? You told me it could exchange mass!”

“I had only really moved a few pounds around on my body before this, I did not expect it to completely change both our physiques.”

“Speaking of,” Sharon sat up, her shirt hem jiggling up another couple of inches so that it squeezed her tits near the middle of their curve. “Could I see the other one, I love these and all, but they are a bit much for me.”

Slipping on the other bracelet, she began to grope herself with one hand as the other rubbed her already ample ass. The green light flared once more as several inches of bust became butt in a few seconds. Running both hands around her lower half, Sharon sculpted all that weight into a wide core and pair of hips along with the kind of booty all those Instagram fitness models seemed to sport. For Kelly, it was hard to believe the woman on the bed with her was ever anything but.

“Did you want some of this back?” Sharon asked, hefting a boob that was still larger than her hand.

“If you don't want all of it, yeah.”

Bracelets were exchanged and there was another flare of green light. Groping more than she probably needed to, Kelly drew some of her weight back. Instead of going directly to her bust, the mass seemed to distribute evenly, thickening her into being just slightly chubby over all with moderate curves and a stomach that rose and fell with abs nestled in fat.

Sharon was blushing and panting when Kelly let go of her rack, now just slightly above average. Kelly sat back and let out a sigh. “How do you fee-”

Without warning, Kelly was being kissed. Again and again Sharon's lips pushed against her's until the pair tumbled backwards. Not wanting to accidentally swap, she made sure her bracelet ended up on the bedside table then attacked in earnest. She pushed back on Sharon, rolling and pinning her to the bed as she returned the affections. The pair rolled back and forth, each trying to have the other on top until they ended up on their sides and staring into each others eyes. Hands roamed under shirts as teeth met lip, tongue, chin, and neck. Fingers dragged across warming flesh, teasing and begging at the same time. When they broke apart, each was panting and starting to sweat.

“Kelly, can we...I mean, do you want to-?”

“Yes, I came over wanting to fuck you, but this is beyond my wildest dreams.”

“What do you mean?”

“My best friend just became a bombshell and I made that happen. You were hot before and you still are now—maybe even more so since I know how well you could use that tongue.”

“Oh,” Sharon looked away and blushed even harder. “Right, this is all so new. I did not expect to be so...well, hot.”

“Magic is a wonderful thing.” Kelly pulled her much too large shirt over her head. “Now, lets see that new you naked.”

Kelly pressed her lips to Sharon's once more, biting gently on the bottom one. A hand tightened on her arm as a moan escaped. With kisses down a neck she had loved before, Kelly slipped her tongue between the collar of Sharon's shirt and her skin, making the tan woman arch her back. Cupping a boob through the cotton shirt, her thumb sought out nipple and then dragged circles around it.

Unable to wait any longer, Sharon lifted the soft cotton shirt over her head and tossed it over Kelly's shoulder. Her hands moved slowly over her half naked body, taking in curves she was really seeing for the first time. She tweaked her nipple and gasped at the new found level of sensation. Her other hand moved down into the taut waistband.

Kelly could only bite her lip and moan as she drank in her friend's knockout body. Sharon's complexion had brightened to the color of salted caramel, her nickel sized aureole were a bit paler, a bit pinker, as were her cute little nipples. Her new boobs hung halfway to her waist as perfect tear drops. There were hints of stretchmarks from the rapid expansion becoming her reality on her sides going down her wide hips, but that only increased the feeling that Sharon had always been a woman.

Withdrawing her hand from her pants, Sharon draped her arms around Kelly's shoulders and more moans rose from her throat at the new sensation of boob pressing against boob. Hungrily she nipped at Kelly's chin until the other woman pinned her to the bed once more.

A string of kisses down a toned body that was also still plush, lead to the hem of the athletic pants. Through all of this they had been pushed down and Sharon's bush was peeking out. Lifting her lover, Kelly pulled the pants around her ass. They and a pair of boxers joined the shirts on the floor.

Despite all of the very wonderful transformation, her friend still had a male set between her curvy bright brown thighs. Her cock was about the same size Kelly remembered it being, but it was also somehow more feminine. The veins were less prominent than before and, like her nipples, the skin had a pink tinge to it that made it seem all the softer. A couple licks had Sharon's already aroused shaft throbbing and Kelly grinned before sliding her mouth over it.

Sharon gripped the blanket with both hands as Kelly swallowed her whole length in one go.



Working back up slowly, her tongue caressing the bottom side, Kelly moaned at having her favorite dick once more in her mouth. Gripping the base, she bobbed on the tip, her lips caressing the soft, springy skin. Already Sharon was leaking pre-cum, the taste much sweeter than Kelly remembered.

“Not that it's my—ah!—business, but just how much—mmm—cock have you sucked since mine?”

Kelly let go with a pop and laughed. “A few, why?”

“You are SO much better than before.”

A blush spread as Kelly grinned. “All for you. You know that, right?”

It was Sharon's turn to blush. “What?”

“When we first hooked up, it was like a damn broke inside me. I had never thought of you sexually until that night we kissed and now? I cant get you out of my head. I thought about you every day I was waiting for the day you'd be inside me, so I kept getting better at all the coaxing, encouraging things. Now though, it seems sort of silly.”

“No, not at all.” Sharon shifted so that she could lean over, her hands moving to cup Kelly's face. “There is a reason I told you first, I really do love you, Kelly and I'm happy you feel the same.”

“Oh, um...” She bounced up to kiss Sharon again to cover for not knowing what to say. The contact was still hungry, but there was a depth there now. A connection finally forged in shared feelings. A bitten tongue, a deep moan accompanied with bodies pushing closer.

Once more Sharon was on her back, Kelly swung around and planted herself on the other woman's face as she resumed her enthused fellatio. Sharon pulled her open and caressed skin warm and slick with a tongue that was even more dexterous than before. Both women began to rock against the others face as their lust for each other began to boil.

Kelly was watching when Sharon's cute little sack twitched and pulled tight. She anticipated the feeling of warm and sticky in her mouth and pulled back just as the first throbbing pulse hit her in the

back of the throat. Eyes closed in bliss, she gulped it down without thought as another pulse coated her tongue.

The choker began to get warm and the room filled with a pulsing blue light, but neither woman noticed. With each shot she swallowed, the light got brighter. A heat she thought was building towards an orgasm spread to Kelly's fingers and toes. Every inch of her felt tingly, her body starting to hitch with each pass of Sharon's tongue until she was vibrating.

Sharon realized something was happening first as Kelly's thighs began to thicken around her. Within moments Kelly's lower half was back to how big it had been before. The feeling of boob growing against her stomach made her lie back.

“Kelly. Kelly! You're growing!”

Kelly's eyes popped open and she rolled off Sharon. There was noticeably more of her than there had been a moment ago. The hourglass build she had before had returned as if she had never given it up and had just happened to get taller instead. Her armful of tit-flesh rested on the gentle slope of a stomach with the shadows of abs that hinted at a growing work out routine. The curve spread to wide hips, each braced with a handful of faded pale ridges.

Sharon did not hesitate in attacking her lover's larger boobs, her lips pressed to puffy aureole and tongue wrapped around a fat nipple. Kelly pulled the choker off over her head and set it next to the bracelets. Looking at the plastic rings, she felt an idea dawn.

Palming both she slid the red one around Sharon's still hard sex and pressed the green one into her own. Sharon looked up at her in surprise and bit her lip, but did not say no. The telltale tingle washed over her as there was a flash of green light as they were swapped.

Unlike how it looked on Sharon, Kelly's cock was unquestionably manly. It was also bigger than it had ever been while attached to Aaron. Wrapping her hand around it felt different from before, and not just because she could feel her grip. Foremost, it was half again as long as her palm when it had just

barely outside her grasp a moment ago. It was definitely thicker as well, her thumb just over her finger tips instead of her knuckles. Then there was the weight!

Her new balls, too, were larger than they had been on Sharon based on how the soft skin rubbed against the middle of her plush thighs. It occurred to her it was because she had likely absorbed much of Sharon's testosterone in the first exchange and the organs had responded to that, but felt that there had to be other contributing factors.

Not surprisingly Sharon's new pussy was also a bit exaggerated with a prominent clit and labia that rose just above her mons. Like her nipples, the sensitive flesh was bright tan overlaid with pink to create a soft blush. Kelly felt her new manhood throb as her heart skipped a beat upon realizing her friend was now completely a woman and the hottest she had ever seen at that.

“Why...why did you?”

“Because this cock needs to fuck someone and you weren't going to do me so I might as well do you.”

Sharon laughed, high and clear like crystal. “I suppose that's fair,” her gaze moved over Kelly's almost hedonistic combination of curves and cock.

“I didn't expect it to be so...so big.” Kelly said as she ran her hand over its vein covered length.

“I have a theory about that. I think I made it happen.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, spend as many years around so many hyper masculine guys as I do, not comfortable in your body and you'd start to develop a taste for a certain look. That was part of what took me so long to come to terms. I thought perhaps I was gay, I even experimented, but it didn't quite feel right.”

Kelly nodded, still absently stroking her new growth as she watched Sharon's eyes follow her hand. The tan woman licked her lips and continued. “When you moved away, I started fantasizing about you, even more than I did when we were seeing each other. I woke up quite a few times from a

dream where you had somehow grown a cock and fucked me. It got to the point that I would jack off to thoughts of you—something I had never done.”

She blushed and looked down before glancing up through her lashes. “I guess what I'm trying to say is that, looking at you now, I have never seen someone so hot.”

It did make a certain amount of sense. The whole process was based around desire. Kelly moaned as her cock throbbed as if in confirmation. “You aren't too bad yourself there, love. I can't wait to feel you around me.”

“Oh? You aren't the only one who wants to fuck, you know.” With that she pushed her lover back and straddled her. Unfamiliar with the movement, she fumbled a bit until Kelly reached up to spread her open. Sharon bit her lip as she slowly lowered down over a cock that looked way better on Kelly than it ever had on her. The tip pushing against her walls was beyond even her wildest expectations and the feeling of the cleft slipping inside suddenly made her fall forward into Kelly's cleavage.

“Oh fuck that feels good,” they said it nearly as the same time and laughed. Sharon's hands pushed into Kelly's massive mams as she tried to get up and push down at the same time. The sensation of penetration for the first time, even though she could feel that her body was somehow built to handle the shaft she was sliding down, was surprisingly intense. Only a few inches in, she was clenching already from the stimulation. She tried to force herself further, but Kelly held her up by her hips.

“Don't try to take all of me while you're having an orgasm like that. You'll hurt yourself. Enjoy the high, then relax and we'll continue.”

Sharon nodded vehemently and began to rock against the shaft as she got control of her legs back. Kelly's name became a constant moan as her movements hastened. With all the movement from sliding back and forth, she was slowly slipping down. With each gyration, she was further filled.

Finally, her crotch was against Kelly's.

“Okay. Now I'm going to thrust.”

“Yes please.”

Kelly's slow thrust raised Sharon up off the bed. The feeling of her sliding out as she pulled back was nearly as mind numbing as sliding down. Wanting to feel even more, Sharon lowered her hips as Kelly thrust up a second time. The twin sensation made her collapse onto Kelly's chest gasping and moaning, her fingers buried in the other woman's pliable flesh as her body twitched.

Kelly continued her slow cycles, reveling in the feeling. She was going to miss being fucked, sure, but this connection was really wonderful. Feeling Sharon melt around her, the two of them breathing as one, was better than any sex she had ever had, man or woman. As she smoothed Sharon's hair, something about the situation, the sudden but enjoyable reversal of their roles crashed over Kelly like a wave.

Her thrusts began to speed up and their shared moans became a constant. Sharon's eyes rolled into the back of her head, even as her body responded to its lust and began to move against Kelly's shaft once more. The sensation of their flesh finally crashing together after all this time drove both women to fuck even harder. Years of relationship crystallized into a pure, primal need. Kelly's nails dug into Sharon's back as hers dug into her shoulders.

Out of no where, Kelly felt her balls tightening and she was suddenly throbbing and cumming and groaning. Sharon slammed down against her crotch, gasping at the feeling of ever more cum pumping inside of her before she, too, began to clench and groan.

They woke hours later in each others arms. It was dark out and they felt no need to get up and go out. After a short discussion, Kelly dialed for takeout. Pulling on the pants that once belonged to Aaron, she felt a thrill as the stretchy fabric clung to her new sex and her bubble butt. The soft shirt she had worn over was tight around her shoulders, but felt wonderful against her boobs. The delivery guy could not decide what to look at was she answered the door. Something about that thrilled her.

They ate while watching TV. They did not speak, lost in the moment and enjoying the feeling of being next to each other under a blanket. What was supposed to be a quick shower turned into a bath and fooling around. Sex the second time felt even better.

There was more playing and eager laughter as they got into bed. Finally, Sharon snuggled into Kelly as they went to sleep. The pair content and happy at the new chapter dawning in their lives.