

Lesbian Disaster  
-A Sapphic Short -  
By Razmagurk

"There you are!" The girl's sultry voice rang out through the halls behind me. "I've been looking everywhere for you!"

"It wasn't me!" I put up my arms. "The class was full of porn when I got there!"

"Huh?"

"Wait" - I squinted, wiping the hair out of my eyes. There was something familiar about that voice. "Morgan?"

But no. I turned to look. My eyes boggled. That was definitely not Morgan. Morgan didn't have proudly displayed E-cups. Morgan wasn't 5'7' of mathematically-perfect feminine curves. Morgan didn't have wavy curls that cascaded down his back like a waterfall. Morgan was a guy.

This was - Wow! Who was *this*? My ears perked up, my heart was racing. It took the full weight of my psyche not to start drooling there and then. Keep it together.

"Mary? Are you alright?"

She knew my name!

Wait, shit, say something. Be cool!

"Hi! Um. Do we- name? I, um. Mary."

I slapped a hand to my forehead. Wow, I was making a complete idiot of myself. Smooth. Real smooth. Well, now the pretty girl thinks I'm a total weirdo. What else is new?

I braced for the inevitable rejection. The judgemental stare, the horrified recoil that would burned itself into my brain.

But then, it was the damndest thing. She smiled. She didn't sneer or roll her eyes or run horrified from the awkward little creature that I was. She laughed. A giggle like the jingling of bells. Her perfect white teeth peeping from her perfect pink lips, a smile as perfect as the rest of her. The way her whole face lit up! What a laugh.

"Come on Mary," she said, "It's me, Morgan. We've only been BFFs since, like, grade school."

"Wait. Morgan?" A lump rose up in my throat. I couldn't breathe. My eyes went wide as I gave her a better look. "Oh no."

It had worked. The spell worked! And it chose *Morgan*? I flushed at the implications.

“Morgan!?” My eyes bulged. I ran over to him. “Oh my god, this is all my fault! I didn’t mean for you to turn into a, um. A, uh - “ I skidded to a halt.

I’d made the mistake of looking, of taking in the full course of his newfound beauty. Wow! Did he have to be so... so - *hot*? I held back a whimper. Blood was starting to boil in my brain. Look at him!

Long legs and thick thighs well on display in those tall black gladiator heels and flippy knee-length lilac skirt. His white, off-the-shoulder top clung tightly to his high rising orbs, laying bare every contour. And god, there was so much contour! I wrenched my eyes up, but his face gave little relief. His creamy cleavage was vast and deep, but so were the sea-blue pools of his big expressive eyes. His plump lips. His button nose.

Yet for all that, something familiar remained. It was like looking at my best friend’s sister. My best friend’s stupidly hot, scantily clad sister.

Squeezed into that top!

God! That wasn’t even fair!

“Mary?” he smirked.

“What!?” I pulled my eyes from his tits.

“Are you okay?” His eyes were big and expressive and beautiful.

“I- I’m fine! I’m okay. It’s just. Uh.” I closed my eyes. I turned around. I couldn’t speak like this. He’d turned him into a girl and *I* was the one freaking out?

I hated this! Why did I have to be this way?

Deep breaths. Focus. This isn’t the time to lez out over my best friend. It’s not my fault I get that way around girls! It’s not my fault they’re so pretty! It’s not my fault I get all wet and gooey! Focus on what matters - Morgan’s in trouble.

“Sorry, sorry.” I rubbed the bridge of my nose. “I’m surprised you’re not freaking out more about this.”

“About what?”

“You’re -” I turned back around. Deep breaths. “You’re, you’re a - a - you know” I looked down at his body and had to suppress a whimper. “Y-you’ve got *boobs!*”

He smirked, looking down at his vast expanses of cleavage.

“What about them?”

“What about them!? Bro, are you seeing these things?” I tried and failed to play it cool. “Look at ‘em! You’ve got big fat gravity-defying gazongas!” I made a groping gesture in the air for emphasis. “I’m

surprised you can keep your hands off 'em! First thing I figured you'd do is run off somewhere and enjoy the show."

Christ, what the hell was I saying? Why was I like this?

He laughed. I blushed harder. This was a disaster. I was making a complete idiot of myself!

But no, get a grip! What did that matter? It's just Morgan! He was supposed to be the one always getting nervous around me, not the other way around. God, how many times had he asked me out? If he'd looked like this, those conversations would have been very different!

"This is a weird way to pay a girl a compliment, Mar." He gave a playful smirk. "But you like what you see?" She bounced to send them jiggling. They had the anime physics and everything! Mesmerizing me for long, long seconds before they settled down and stopped!

God help my gay little heart, I couldn't help but stare. His whole body was hypnotic! Here he was with a serious problem and I was drooling all over him.

"I know it's horrible, I – wait, what?"

"I was going to wear a bra today but I decided 'where's the fun in that?'" He put a hand on either side and pressed them together, leaning forward to playfully present the resulting mass. "You're so cute when you blush, you know that?"

I blushed all the harder.

"Morgan! What are you -?"

"And honestly? Thanks." His smile glowed like the sun. "I really needed the compliment today. You know how self conscious a flat girl like me can get."

"Flat!?"

"You wanna see them?" He smirked. "I've got really perky nipples, they're super cute! You're going to totally love them!" He started lifting up his top, letting the bounty within spill out like a gift from god.

I did want to see them! Very much so. I just wanted to bury my face in them forever. I wanted to put them on pedestals in an art gallery. I wanted to paint a landscape so every day I could see those perfect mountain peaks.

But no!

This was *Morgan*.

"No!" I turned. "No no no. Hold on!" I couldn't just ogle someone's tits right here in the hall where anyone could see! Not that there was anyone around. But no, still! I wasn't going to ogle my best friend, was I? "Wait, what the hell is happening? You are Morgan, aren't you?"

“What kind of a question is that?” He stopped and tugged his shirt back down. “Morganna Hendricks, yeah. Come on, Mary, we’ve known each other since grade school.”

Oh no. Oh no.

He - she! - didn’t know.

“And if I uh - if I told you that I just used dark magic to summon a beast from beyond reality to warp the world according to my wishes, and that he may have turned you into a - a girl? With a porny stripper’s body and the face of a supermodel and those *ridiculous* boobs, you’d say..?”

“Aw, Marmar, sweetheart, you really think I have the body for stripping?” She struck a seductive pose. “That’s the nicest thing anyone’s said to me all week!”

She pulled me into an embrace, burying my face in her cleavage. It was a marshmallow hell - warm and soft and threatening to drown me. It was better than anything I could ever have imagined.

Just my fucking luck, I finally get into another girl’s shirt and it was my cursed BFF.

Crap.

“No, listen!” I struggled to free myself from the wet heat pounding through me. “Morgan, you’re a guy! This isn’t right, I’ve turned you into some crazy big-titty bimbo. But look, I can turn you back, I can make you a dude again.”

“Are you sure you’re feeling alright?” She pulled me free from her cleavage and took a look deep in my eyes. Those perfect blue eyes. Playful and precocious and deep like the sea. So damn pretty! I couldn’t meet the gaze. “What’s a guy? What are you talking about?” She ran a sensuous hand down her curvaceous form. “I’ve always had these boobs. I know they’re below average, but I’m still proud of them. Come on, you were there that year I had that growth spurt right before summer camp, right? And none of my clothes fit and I was either exploding out of what I’d brought or running around naked the whole time?”

My eyes boggled further. That was not how I remembered that story, but now the image of her nude form running around the woods was all I could see.

Dammit, of all my fucking friends, why him? She was so close I could just reach out and...

“What is this!?” came another voice. I heard the door to the stairwell open at the end of the hall.

Again my hands went up. I could explain!

“You two aren’t having fun without me are you?” The voice was playful, sensually coy. And it was backed up by the sharply erotic click-click-click of high-heeled footsteps.

The next thing I knew, something warm and soft and round was pressing into my back as I was embraced from behind. In animal-instinct panic I flailed to extricate myself, almost falling over.

“Michelle!” Morgan held open his arms and the two girls embraced, their lips teasing in greeting like old lovers. “We still on for tonight?”

If I wasn't blushing so hard I'd have gone white as a sheet.

Michael!?

Michael was 6'4" and awkward twig the whole way. Untamed hair and glasses. The kind of guy who'd probably clean up well if he'd applied himself, but never bothered. He was a consummate nerd. He was the GM in our weekly DnD game for god's sake.

This girl was... Wow. She still had the glasses, but now they framed smoldering bedroom eyes as they peeped out from a rusty red mess of freshly fucked curls. Her wide hips swayed tantalizingly as she presented her juicy peach of an ass. Her playful tartan skirt completely failed to hide the fact she wasn't wearing any underwear. Perhaps most amazingly, she had boobs that put Morgan's to shame. Some just... damn fine titties. Wow.

She was still tall, but now the height was thanks to her sky-high open-toe platform heels, one raised daintily as she pressed herself into Morgan. Have I mentioned how much I love girls in heels? I let out a dreamy sigh. I'd roll her d20s, if you know what I mean...

God! No! I slapped a hand to my head. Focus! This was worse than I thought. Him too?

I tried to say something, but I was a deer in headlights. All I could do was gasp like an idiot.

“Of course.” Morgan giggled. “A solo session for your bimbofied elf rogue while the rest of the party does the succubus queen's trials. I've got lots of fun planned. I know how much you like tentacles...”

The hello hug between Morgan and Michelle continued, growing less wholesome by the second. A big soft sapphic hug, chest to chest, breast to breast, but their hands were lingering overly long, their touches too soft, too sensual. They didn't pull away. Instead, they gave each other a coy grin before their lips met again. Flashes of tongue and nibbling teeth peeked out from those cherry red lips.

“Mmm.. I'll be sure to stock up on oil of slipperiness.”

I let out a breath I didn't realize I'd been holding as I stared at the two girls making out in front of me, gentle moans and soft gasps playing perfectly in my ear. The only thing hotter than two girls making out is them talking about DnD while doing so!

(Oh how wrong I was about to be!)

The greeting grew all the more intense. Soft gentle moans echoed in the hallway as their tongues danced performatively, breasts docked symmetrically. It was almost shot for shot something I'd seen in a porno once.

Not that I - ahem - not that I watched porn or anything. Oh, who was I kidding?

Well, I was watching it now, if nothing else.

Blood pounded in my ears. I had to look away, but my heart wouldn't let me! I knew I was staring, slack jawed, but it was like watching myself watching a movie. I had no control, only able to gawk and gape and drip and yearn.

Why did I have to be so awkward around pretty girls!? Get it together!

"What's wrong, Marykins?" Michelle finally turned to me and licked his lips. "Not going to give a friend a kiss hello?"

"Huh?" Again I flushed with humiliation. Like I'd just been caught in the act.

"Normally you're the first to get in on this." She licked her glossy lips. "I'm wearing your favorite flavor and everything."

I opened my mouth to respond but then the implication hit me and my throat tensed up and it was all I could do to not babble like an idiot.

"I think she's sick or something, actually." Morgan gave an adorable pout. "She's been acting like she's never seen my boobs before. Mmm..." she smiled. "It's actually really fucking cute. You know how Mar gets."

"Oh, I do." Michael gave me a predatory grin. "Do you want to see my boobs too? Or my butt maybe?" She wiggled. "Come on, Morgan, let's cheer poor Mary up."

"Ooh yeah," Morgan laughed again. That beautiful confident giggling like she hadn't a care in the world. "Good idea. Let's give her a show!"

They started to reach down and playfully tug at each other's clothing, eager hands gliding across flesh to free those final parts of each other's supple curvaceous bodies not yet exposed by their scanty clothing.

My eyes bulged as my panties flooded.

Bad idea! Bad idea!

I panicked. I turned. I ran. This was too much! Flight or flight had kicked into to overdrive. I had to get out of here before I had a heart attack.

"S-sorry!" I managed to squeak out as ran panting for the staircase. "I can fix this! I promise!"

"Wait, Mary? Fix what?"

Morgan shrugged, but I was already gone.

What the hell was going on? Those two going at it like porn stars right out in the hall? What had that demon's spell done?

Just my fucking luck. My two best friends get turned into slutty lesbians and I'm too fucking awkward to do anything about it. No wonder I'd never had a girlfriend. I was a complete wreck.

How hard would it have been just to talk to them? Let them know I liked the way they looked, invited them back to my dormroom to get to know them better...

Not that I would! Not that I should! Right? They were still my best friends under all that, weren't they?

I needed to think. I needed to get my mind off the sight of those two perfect creatures. Don't think about how much I wanted to join them! How much I wanted to lick every inch of their bodies, to discover the flowering depths of the spell's changes. Hands reaching between each other's legs, caressing up and down each other's bodies. Finding out what made each other tick. Soft velvety skin and hot pounding blood and wet frothing pussies eager to be licked and plunged and played with. God how great would they taste?

I let out another breath.

What had I been doing?

And what was it Michelle had said? About not knowing what guys were?

My heart pounded as my feet rushed down the flight of stairs. My brain was going a mile a minute.

I ran through the lower halls. Up there on the third story of the soc building things were quiet, no one was around at this time of day unless there was class. I'd needed that empty classroom to cast the spell, to summon that thing. But down below, there was a student commons on the first floor and that meant...

I pushed out into the main hall expecting bored students and collegiate-gothic architecture - the banal normality I so desperately craved.

But what I got instead was a glimpse of heaven.

That was it. I must have been too late. My heart must have exploded between Morgan's creamy melons and now here I was at my eternal reward.

Everywhere I looked, I saw angels. Girls. Tall girls, small girls, curvy girls, thin girls. A whole panoply of beautiful women. A smorgasbord of every shade and color and type and shape and every single one of them was 12/10 hot. There wasn't a guy in sight, nor a single girl who didn't look like she'd stepped right out of some magazine.

And the more I gawked, the worse (better?) it got. Bold outfits and tight clothing and sexy nothings ranging from cute to fashionable to pornographic. Flawless makeup and sparkling nails and impossibly perfect hair.

And... wow! I let out a soft whimper. Did I mention the boobs? Big bra-less boobs bouncing and bobbing! I had a thing for boobs, okay? Maybe it was because my scrawny tomboy body was so lacking in that department. These girls though, had them in spades!

But the part that hit me the hardest was how they were all just carrying on.

They didn't even try to hide the way they were checking out each other's jumbo-stuffed cleavage. Appreciative smiles flashed from ruby-red lip as a short skirt caught the breeze to reveal the honking booty beneath. Flirty body language flowed from those who were talking, suggestive licking of the lips and horny glances that made it so obvious that what they'd rather be doing was bending each other over a chair and finding out what each other's pussies tasted like. They were all acting like being a horny slutty lesbian was the most normal thing in the world!

And god, they were all so confident in it! None of them struggled with their gayness. None of them froze up like an awkward gremlin. None of them were struggling like I had my entire life.

And to top it all off, they couldn't keep their hands off one another! There was giggling and kissing and tender caresses. Their everyday life just as hot and sapphic sweet as the kiss between Morgan and Michelle.

Not a guy in sight. But - somehow my heart beat faster - a lot of familiar faces. How many of these divine dreamboats had been men just minutes ago? How many girls had been reforged, body and soul, in this pornographic mold?

I gulped. That stupid demon had turned the whole school into a lesbian sex fantasy!?

No. Into */my/* lesbian sex fantasy.

Oh no.

It clicked. These weren't just any girls. The spell! The creature! The porn! It had pulled this out of the deepest recesses of my hard drive. Maybe even literally. There was no other explaining it.

Why else would there be a girl in a nurse's outfit just walking about, her thick thighs bulging around the absolute territory of her stockings? Why else would the cheer team be hanging out, ponpons in hand, ready to bounce and dance at a moment's notice? Or those other girls just walking around with strap-ons at the ready? The kissing, the touching, the glistening, perfectly made-up lips! Some were innocent and tender, some wicked and eager.

And it was all designed specifically to inflame my heart.

My whole body locked up. Did they know? How was I going to explain this? All my deepest dirtiest desires on full humiliating display!

I blushed all the harder as a girl with a vibrator taped to her clit was led past on a leash.

"Come on, Mar, why've you got us running down stairs?" Morgan stood behind me. The two had apparently followed me, still just as topless, their tits still swaying from the journey.

"What's the problem?" Michelle waved a hand in front of my face. "Mary, come on, speak to us."



"G-girls!" I pointed dumbly.

"Oh my god, right?" the two giggled. "Did you see Prof Millers today? She was wearing that grey pencil skirt. Every time she bent down to write on the board I totally lost the thread. The girl next to me was so wet she had a pencil buried in her twat the whole time."

"Mmm." Michelle's nipples throbbed. "God, I just want to bury my face in those jugs of hers forever. Still can't believe Kendra managed to convince her to teach topless all semester. Absolute heroine. Giving us all a reason to be up for a 9am class."

"What do you think, Mar?" Morgan traced an idle finger around her own turgid nipple. She'd been right, it *was* cute and perky.

I gulped. The heat was too much. My life had become a porno. Visions flashed through me of great big honka-donk tonkers and fat jiggling butts and beautiful doe like faces with wet ruby lips smiling knowingly. Eager faces and hot exploring hands. An entire world of *girls*.

"Breathe, Mary. You don't look so good. Do you want to go see the nurse? I'm sure she has a few tools that can help deal with hysterics..."

I forced a gulp of air through my nose. Honey and flowers and wet, ready pussies.

This was it. This was how I was going to die. An awkward horny mess. My heart was going to explode watching the cheer team playfully tickle-fighting as they stripped out of their uniforms, laughingly sucking and playing with each other's perfect nipples.

"Ah!" came a voice, as petulant as it was hot. "Just the losers I wanted to see."

"Madison." Morgan scowled.

Madison? I turned to look. Michelle's older sister, and only the hottest girl in the school. God, I'd had such a crush on her in high school and now -

And now there were two of her! Not fair! Not fair one bit! My eyes widened. Like someone had copy-pasted her. Like she was twins. As though standing next to Michelle wasn't hot enough. How were there two of her!?

But of course: twins! I'd spent that whole summer fine tuning that little fantasy, hadn't I? Hands buried deep below the blankets as I dreamt of a pair of her pressing into me from either end. Now that dream was before me, larger than life. The two stood side by side, a sensuous hand on each other's hips, their cleavage pressing together. Somehow they managed to leave everybody else here in the dust.

"Sapha Sapha Ki is hosting a big party tonight," cooed one.

"All the hottest girls are going to be there," purred the other.

"It's pretty exclusive, but we all agree, we think you're pretty cute, Mary."

“You do?” Oh my god, she did!?

“Of course.” She gave a little bite of her lip as she brushed a strand of hair behind my ear. “And we want to get to know you better.”

“Lots better,” winked the other. “What do you think?”

I could hear the pounding of blood in my ears. I tried to relax my jaw, to be cool, to live up to that praise, to not fuck this up for myself like I’d done so many times before, but it was like a vice on my brain.

And god, everybody was looking at me!

“Are we invited too?” Morgan came to my rescue, crossing her arms under her chest.

The two of them gave Morgan a long appraisal.

“If that’s what it takes,” sighed one. “I guess?”

“That is,” smirked the other, playfully scooping a hand under Morgan’s breasts and making them bounce as she rolled her shoulders back to accentuate her much larger boulders. “if you’re not embarrassed by these mosquito-bite melons of yours.”

Morgan rolled his eyes.

“It’s not a big event or anything.” A Madison waved a hand in the air. “Just us sorority girls and the cheer team. We’re going to shave each other’s pussies and swap vibrators. Maybe play around with the massage oil. And like, we totally have a hot tub, so bring a bikini.” She gave a naughty smirk. “Or not.”

I was trying to focus, trying to be here and now and present and a functioning human being, but it was no use - More fantasies flooded forth. Removing her panties with my teeth. Glistening flesh rubbing together, seated side by side in the tub, fingering each other in a slick steamy mess as we practised kissing and discussed the finer points of pussy eating. God, I had so much to learn, and I’d be such an eager student...

My mouth was beyond watering at this point. I was downright drooling, and that wasn’t the only part of me that was dribbling.

Yes! I wanted to cry out. A thousand times yes! I’d only been dreaming about it since puberty.

I struggled to say the words, but for all my enthusiasm, all that came out as an awkward lesbian gasp, and then I almost fell over.

The Madisons raised their eyebrows.

God, just shoot me now.

It was too much. I was watching this whole thing from an out of body experience. All I could do was watch myself be an idiot in slow-motion. I didn't even have an auto-pilot to divert to. My brain had shut down. Nothing in my life had prepared me for this.

"We'll think about it." Morgan put a merciful hand on my shoulder and started to lead me away like a tow truck dragging a wreck off the highway.

"Well don't think too hard, we know it's not your strong suit." The two Madisons stuck out their tongues.

Even with everything all hot lesbians, those two still didn't get along. The more things changed the more they stayed the same.

Though I supposed now they were more likely to resolve it with a tickle fight now than a real one. Mmm... Morgan putting up a valiant effort as the twins ganged up on her, their breasts flying beneath their skimpy shirts, hands probing, finding the former guy's most vulnerable spots. Bodies writhing as they forgot the whole reason they were fighting and just gave in to their passion and -

"Mary!"

"Eh?"

It was too much. I'd fainted dead away.

I woke in one of the first aid offices. Morgan was fanning me with her hand as a top-heavy girl in lingerie and a nurse's cap took my blood pressure. At least, one of her hands was. The other was stuffed down her red-crossed panties.

God it had all happened so fast, I couldn't even process it.

"I'm just glad you're okay." Morgan smiled. "If something happened to you, I don't know what I'd do."

I gave another blush. Morgan was always saying stuff like that. When he was a guy it had just been playful flirting but now - God, why did my chest feel so tight?

"Such a shame," Michelle said.

"Huh?"

"The Madisons. They used to be so nice. Remember we 'd all just turned eighteen? They took us all along when her barely legal milky-titted step-mom taught us how to take a strap?"

"Ooh right? She was so wise. Knowledgeable. A lifetime of experience at making girls scream and squirt in a trembling mess."

We all sighed wistfully.

“They were so giving back then, so sweet. They wanted everybody happy, eating us out for hours just making sure we were good and wet enough to -”

“Okay, no.” I put up my hands. “I give up!” I cried out. “I give up! Too much!”

The nurse girl apologized and quickly undid the blood pressure cuff, swinging her cleavage away.

“No, I mean...” I shut my eyes tight, not looking at her impossibly perfect body, not looking at my STILL TOPLESS former guy friends. “I have to - I have to fix this! I’m sorry.”

I did have to fix this, right? I couldn’t just let this porn, this filth, take over the world. This was some kind of deep inner expression I was ill-prepared to confront in myself, let alone writ large over the world.

I had to fix that.

Right?

Even if for no other reason than I’d never be able to hold a proper conversation with anyone on campus ever again at this rate.

“Oh no, I know that look.”

“What?”

“It’s the look you get before your sorceress runs out into the trap-lined hallway.” She gave me a charmingly wry smile. “You’re about to do something dangerous.”

“No! Maybe?” I turned away. I could manage to speak as long as I didn’t have their fat tits bouncing around in my vision. I just had to stay focused. “Look, there’s something big going on, but you wouldn’t believe me. I don’t even know how to explain it! But I have to go.”

The two exchanged a glance.

“Whatever this is about, Mar,” Morgan put a warm hand on my shoulder. It was so present! “We’re going with you.”

I gulped. It was just Morgan’s hand. Why was I getting this way?

“It’s something that I have to do on my own.” I squeezed my first.

“All the more reason for us to be there,” Morgan nodded. “We’ll be the Sammy to your Frodina, licking your cunt the whole way to Mordor.”

“O-okay” I rubbed at my forehead. “Whatever you say.” Just so long as I didn’t have to parse that ridiculous statement. Besides, I knew better than to argue. Their characters had followed me through all those spike traps too.

“Then lead on,” Michelle smiled. “We’ve got your back.”

My heart swelled. I'd have given them an appreciate look, told them how incredibly grateful I was for their support, but that would involve actually looking at them and they still hadn't gotten the hint and put their tops back on.

I could do this. I just had to stay focused. Eyes locked on things that weren't pretty girls. Pretend my friends were still their boring male selves. How hard could it be?

Squinting to avoid seeing too much at once, I rushed back out into the hallway. If I could just get to that classroom, if I could just talk to that thing, then I still had a chance. I could fix this messed up lesbian school.

A handful of girls wearing little more than football jerseys were gathered around the big screen TV in the front hall. They were munching popcorn and cuddling in a quivering pile of sapphic girl flesh. Some were just enjoying the skinship, others were masturbating with the kind of faux subtlety you'd see in a porno.

On the screen, an athletic blonde wearing nothing but shoulder pads and running shoes was running down the field as a team of equally-undressed opponents chased her down. God, look at her abs! Look at the way she clutched the ball to her enthusiastically bounding breasts. There was a cheer as she crossed into the end zone.

There, In the corner of the screen as she pole-danced in celebration, was the word "LIVE".

Wait, hold on.

I skidded to a halt.

I grabbed the remote and changed the channel, much to the outcry of the horny girl pile. But I had to know. I had to see.

Click.

Slutty Captain America was getting her cunt licked by slutty big-boob Iron Man.

Click.

Nude mud wrestling as a stadium full of people cheered them on.

Click.

A public service announcement talking about the health benefits of a proper scissoring position, complete with demonstration.

I let out a strained breath.

"Oh god, it's everywhere."

I thought it had just been around here. An all-girl's school or something. But this... this was big. Bigger than I'd ever imagined. Not fair!

One of the jersey-girls grabbed the remote back and turned the TV back to the game. She stuck it between her tits for safe keeping as she rejoined the girl pile.

"What's everywhere?" Morgan put a hand on my shoulder as we made our way to the stairs. "Mary, why won't you tell us what this is all about?"

"Listen." Panic and tears pushed through the arousal. "I did something. Something magical and wrong and -" I had to force myself not to stare at her boobs and she didn't even seem to appreciate the gesture. She'd probably love me staring at her boobs! *Not helping, Morgan!* "Now the whole world's full of, of... *girls!* Horny, perverted, super fucking hot girls."

"As opposed to?" the two gave each other another look.

"You were boys! Men!" I gestured fruitlessly with my hands.

"Sorry, what's a men?" Michelle raised an eyebrow, clearly humoring me. "Is this a DnD thing?"

"It's not a game! You were guys. Guys! Proper guys! With hairy chests and dicks." I tried for the life of me to describe their old forms, but it was a struggle. Who paid attention to what *guys* looked like?

"Wait, what's a dick?"

I buried my face in my palms and let out a scream. "It's like a strap-on," I flushed. "But flesh and blood!"

"Isn't that just futa?"

"How do you have futa but no guys!?" I froze mid step. I don't know if my blush was frustration or more arousal.

"I don't know, girl," Michelle gave a shrug. "Ask Japan."

More like ask my own twisted libido.

"So what, hold on." Morgan at least was trying. "You're saying that we all used to be different. That you used that magic book you found to turn us into this?"

"Yes!"

"So before all this, we all used to be..."

"Yes!"

"Futanari?"

"No!"

“Really?” Michelle gave a sultry grin. “Cause the idea of everybody being futa? That’s kinda hot.”

“Mmmm,” Morgan grinned. “Right?”

“Oh my god.” I let out a defeated sigh. “No! You were guys. You were gross hairy apes. They’re dirty and violent and loud and everywhere and they think they know everything.”

The two looked at each other, then back at me.

“Why would you want that?” Michelle squinted at the visual.

“Yeah, honestly Mary, that sounds kinda gross? Imagine it. Hairy boobs? I think maybe you dodged a bullet on this one.”

I let out a whimper. I was just thinking the same thing.

“But we need guys! How does this even work without them? How do people reproduce?”

“Well you see, Mar” Michelle began slowly, “When two girls love each other very much...”

I let out another frustrated sigh.

Maybe they were right. Maybe the world was better off?

But no, I couldn’t leave the world like this! Even if girls were pretty and kind and smooth and smelled so damn nice. Even if I never had to worry about hitting on a straight girl again. No matter how many girls waved their big bouncy boobs in my face. No matter how many girls were just randomly kissing. No matter how fun that party sounded!

Not like I’d be able to enjoy any of it anyway.

Why me?

I led us through the empty halls to the classroom, eyes shut to any further distractions. It was time to end this.

Inside, things had taken a turn for the disastrous. A strange energy pervaded the air so heavily I could feel it with all of my senses. Strange and arcane, like the taste of ozone and a dry chill. It crackled, it coalesced. It formed glittering pink sparks and bolts of purple light.

Candles flickered in the strange wind, struggling, but never dimming, magically bound until they were dismissed. All the tables had been pushed out of the center to make room for a crudely drawn chalk circle.

All around the room were girly magazines and print outs and tablets and phones playing lesbian porn. Bimbo porn, fetish porn, slutty girls of all makes and models, eager for more. All my desires laid bare,

just like the demon had demanded. There was more here than I'd brought for my initial offering. I was looking at scenes pulled right out of my head.

And in the middle of that, the thing waited invisibly.

When I'd summoned it, it had been a flickering circle floating in the air, a glimpse into a reality at odds with this one, jutting itself into our world. A voice in the wind.

"Oh my god, Mary," Morgan gasped, the truth of the situation was starting to get through to those two at the undeniable demonstration of the supernatural. "What did you do?"

"I told you." I clenched a fist. "I made a mistake. And I'm going to fix it."

How was I supposed to know the stupid spell was going to work?

"Demon!" I called. "Show yourself!"

Where was that confidence when I needed it?

The flickering circle reformed, twisting, into the shape of woman. A curvaceous, corset-clad woman.

Oh come on! The demon was hot now too? That wasn't fair! Stern lips and a steely confident gaze that just made me want to curl up and do anything she said.

But no, what had the book said? I was in charge here.

"Turn it back!" I cried to her, trying with all my might not to turn back into the quivering little puddle I'd been downstairs. "Turn it all back. Undo everything!"

"Want." The voice boomed, full of it. The word slammed into me, sending me shivering with arousal, my knees so weak I fell to them.

"What?"

"You must yield to your want! Those were the terms." She raised her lips in a smouldering sneer. "Want denied, denies want. No more bargains until the first is fulfilled."

"What is it saying?" Michelle had run over to the lectern and was flipping through the spell book I'd left there.

"I have granted your greatest wish!" The demon spoke slowly now, as though to children or disobedient little sluts who deserved a thorough spanking. "And all you've done is reject it. You don't get to order more until the goods are claimed. Those are the terms."

"Wish?" Morgan turned to me. "What did you wish for?"

Somehow, despite everything that had happened, this was the hardest I'd ever blushed in my life.



“Mary?”

“A... GF...” I mumbled.

“A what!?”

“A girlfriend!”

“You bent all of reality into your perverted fantasy just to get a girlfriend?” Morgan’s eyes were soft and sympathetic. She threw her arms around me. “Oh, Mary, you poor thing!”

“Sh- shush! This isn’t what I wanted! I just wanted one girl!”

“You had no idea what you wanted.” The demon intoned, dark and sultry. “Fantasy after fantasy. Lust after lust. Bouncing from one half-formed vision to the next. Incoherent drivel.” She slapped a riding crop that hadn’t been there a moment ago against her hand. “You wanted a girl to live out your greatest fantasies? Now you have all the girls you could ever ask for!” Her voice rose, roaring with the rising wind. “Take your pick!”

“This - isn’t what I wanted.”

“You’re right.” She sneered. “It isn’t. All the options available to you, and what have you done with the opportunity? Trapped yourself in your own head. Afraid to act, to claim. Want denying want.”

Was that what this was? A curse? A betrayal? I was too awkward to fulfill my deepest desires and now I was going to be tortured forever in my own heaven because I can’t talk to girls without making an idiot of myself?

“You’re telling me I have to accept all this? I have to give up and let this play out? No, no! I refuse. There has to be some kind of solution.” If DnD had taught me anything it was that there was always another way. “I just... I just wanted one girl who I can talk to. One girl I could be myself with without being judged. Without having to worry about what she might think.”

“Mary, what are you saying?” There was a twinge of sadness to Morgan’s voice. “You have us, don’t you?”

“You’re guys! I love you to death Morgan, but you don’t count.”

“Do I look like a guy to you?” She put a hand on her hip.

I stared right at her juicy tits.

No. I let out a soft sigh. She didn’t. God, why couldn’t she have just been born this way? Growing up together, crushing on each other, all those times Morgan had asked me out. We could have been happy!

Oh my god, that was it.

“There’s that look again...” Michelle shook her head.

"I know how to stop it. How to accept the wish." I turned and locked eyes with Morgan. I'd have lost myself in those pools if not for the urgency of the situation. "I need a girlfriend."

"What are you -"

I looked pleadingly at her.

"Oh!" Her face lit up in a big grin. "You need a girlfriend. And you want *me*?"

I forced through the faintest nod.

I felt completely naked, and not in a good way. This was the biggest risk I'd ever taken.

"Yes! Mary, absolutely yes!" Her grin widened. "You have no idea how happy that makes me."

A smile gushed across my own lips despite myself.

"What are you guys saying?"

"Please forgive me if this doesn't work." I strode across the room, working up the courage to take each step, unbuttoning my top as I went. It was hardly the suave seductive statement I'd intended it to be. I'm sure I looked like an absolute idiot.

But she was right. I had them. There's no in this whole world I'd rather make an idiot of myself around.

Maybe sometimes you just had to be an idiot. Maybe sometimes you had to trust that they wouldn't hurt you.

I let out a hot breath as I approached. Easier said than done.

"Morgan... Do you - I uh -" I took another breath, I shook my head, and I tried again. "Do you want to go to the party with me?"

"I thought you'd never ask." She gave that golden smile.

Thunder crashed, energy roiled.

I kissed her so hard the lights went out.

"Eeeeeeh?" Michelle giggled scandalously.

"Mary, I've had a crush on you since we were eleven. I just... I love the way you move. I love your mind. I love the way you clam up when you're feeling awkward, I think it's the cutest thing in the world."

"I know. Every time you ask me out, Morgan, I - I have to remind you I'm not into guys. I love you too. You're courageous and strong and you always stand up me. It's only been as a friend until today, but

honestly?" I couldn't help but give a big goofy smile. "The tits are really helping. I think we could give this a shot."

What was I saying? I'd mean it as a joke, but I'd put so much of myself in it. I flinched internally, anticipating the pain.

But there was no pain.

She laughed. No judgement. She pulled me into a hug, pressing our soft bodies together.

Tears welled in my eyes.

"What's wrong?" She held her hand to my cheek.

"I'm just... I'm going to miss this when I turn you back."

"So don't." She winked.

As though it were so simple.

"No, I have to fix this!"

"Mar, do I look like someone who wants to be a guy?" she raised a coy eyebrow. "If I have to choose between you and being a hairy lonely ape? I'll choose you every time. "

"You'd do that for me?"

"I'd do anything for you." She smiled. That damn smile. Like the whole sun was shining behind it. Hot and sweet and bold and bright. She was the most beautiful creature I'd ever seen.

"Morgan!" I threw my arms around her. I leaned up to kiss those perfect lips. So warm and red and soft!

"Hey, no fair." Michelle gave a playful pout as she playfully swung his half naked body over our way. "If we're making out, I want in on it too!"

"Yeah!" Morgan giggled. "Come on bestie, get in here."

I laughed despite myself. It felt good, it felt judgement-free. Why the fuck not?

Earlier I thought I'd found heaven. How wrong I was. Pressed up between my friends? Morgan's beautiful smile? This had it beat by a mile. And for the first time in my life, I let myself just enjoy the moment.

Not that it was easy. Inside of me, alarm bells were ringing. All the tension, all the fear and awkward screaming doubt. But this time I didn't give in. I didn't let it control me. I let out a breath. What was I afraid of? I didn't need to impress these two. I didn't need to be suave and under control. I could just be me. Them, I trusted to be gentle.

This was all I wanted.

But ah, kissing leads to other things...

The tingling of their lips on my neck, working their way down my body sent me shivering. Red lips plucking red lips. Insistent tongues. Warm hands seeking across my body. Soft silky skin. My mind was on fire in anticipation, my body melting in this heat. Lips upon my breasts, teeth upon my sweet sensitive nipples.

They wanted me to feel good. But as sweet as it was, as tender as it was, my body ached for more. I was still a virginal bomb of lesbian desire, having her greatest fantasy brought to life. And for all the sweetness of the moment, I was really, *really*, horny.

Arousal! All my blood-pumping tit-jumping clit-thrumming arousal! I'd been so god damn worked up ever since I'd laid eyes on Morgan. To be able to act on it was this great liberation and god, I couldn't have held back if I wanted.

They giggled as they indulged. I bucked my hips against their hands, my own grip squeezing tight against something soft and squishy. My fumbling virgin hands doing no wrong, discovering one wonder after another. They weren't even wearing underwear! Their hot, steaming, fragrant pussies. Pink and soft and swollen and wet as their lips. It was such easy access.

Morgan's own gasps rang in my ears, just as sweet as her laughter.

I was hypersensitive. I was over-eager. I wasn't going to last more than a minute, but Morgan and Michelle, as much pornstars in deed and skill as in appearance, just giggled and cooed and moaned – music to my ears! - as they kept me and each other on the blissful edge.

Position after position, hotter and hotter: Michelle's fingers inside me as I kissed Morgan. Morgan rubbing her slick cunt against my thighs as Michelle and I sucked on her tits. The three of us locked into a horny moaning sixty-nine, it was a tantalizing spiral, building upon itself with every shift in position.

It was all my horniest dreams come true.

And then the dam fucking burst. The best orgasm of my life, screaming as my two best friends carried me through the loss of my virginity. As Morgan wrapped her gentle arms around me.

The next thing I remember was falling dizzily on her chest, using her boob as a pillow as I lay there in a daze. I'd lost my top somewhere in there, but I never wanted to leave. She was running her hands gently through my hair. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd been touched like this.

I rose to take a look at her. She was resting on Michelle's lap in turn, both of them completely naked. God, I just wanted to bury my head between my new girlfriend's thighs and make her scream. I wanted to lick every inch of her. I wanted to give her hickies everywhere. I never wanted to give her up.

But ah, there'd be time for that later, wouldn't there?

"The pact is complete. Want has been claimed." The demon girl pursed her lips into the faintest smile. "What is your next desire? What else do you wish to be writ large into the fabric of this world?"

Oh right.

“Are you going to turn everyone back into men?” Michelle was idly playing with Morgan’s ridiculous titties.

“Well - mmm” I looked at the two horny lesbian sluts. My friends. “I was, but now I’m not so sure.”

“Oh?” Michelle gave me a flirtatious glance.

After that little session of lovemaking, I was thinking more clearly. The horny edge had fallen off. For now, anyway.

“D-don’t get me wrong!” I straightened up “I’m still going to. I’m not just going to leave the world like this.”

“But?”

“But -” I blushed again. “Maybe I really want to go with you to this party?” My heart raced at just the thought. “And didn’t you say you were running the group through the succubus’ queen’s lair?”

They laughed. The jingling of bells.

“As for you.” I turned to the demon. “No one’s going to be in here till Monday. I’ll be back.”

“Good.” It grinned. “I’ll be waiting.”

“So um...” I wrapped my hands around my friends’ waists as we sauntered for the door, the perfume of their lust still a heady aroma. “Tell me more about these futanari?”

Maybe this world wasn’t so bad after all.

The End.