

# **Bully to Babe (Man to Submissive Girlfriend TG)**

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commission for Allenquid**

*Grayson loves picking on Hunter. Despite both being college-aged men, he just can't let go of making the nerdy Hunter's life miserable. But everything changes when Hunter manages to find a wishing bell to turn the tables on his tormentor, and instead turn him into exactly the kind of voluptuous and submissive babe that Grayson always lusted after. Soon, the new female Grayson can't resist her dominant nerd lover, no matter how much she hates her new role.*

## **Bully to Babe**

Grayson was pleased to see that Hunter was walking home, and even more pleased to see that he was taking the trail through the park forest. His prey was a skinny, nerdy type: longer dark hair, glasses, slim frame and all that - which wasn't even getting into the fact that he was studying to become a damn historian or something. Meanwhile, Grayson was a macho alpha male: over six feet in height with packed muscle, the star of the college football team, and not to mention very good with the ladies. He was the very image of masculinity, and it amused him to bully the shit out of pathetic, dorky Hunter. He'd done it all throughout high school, and now that they were in their early twenties and going through college, he enjoyed letting him know what was what all the more.

"Fucking twerp," he muttered to himself as he got closer and closer to Hunter, who was walking along the forest trail back to his home without any seeming recognition that he was being followed. "He should know that I can always get him here. Some brilliant mind he's got."

"Actually," Hunter said, turning around suddenly to face him in a private clearing. "I knew you were following me, Grayson. In fact, I was counting on it."

Grayson furrowed his brow only briefly, but then advanced with a smug grin on his face. "Well, if you know that, then you also know I'm going to beat the shit out of you until you learn how to man up, you little bitch boy."

Hunter took a step back, slightly nervous. "That won't be happening anymore. You've punched me, insulted me, spread rumours about me, called me gay - not an insult, by the way, but definitely a lie intended to prevent me finding a girlfriend, and generally made my life hell for years now."

Grayson just grinned. He fixed up his brown hair, then cracked his knuckles together, looming over Hunter. "You deserve hell, you pathetic little bitch. You're not even a man."

You're more like a chick with that skinny frame and no muscles. Every time you try to stand up for yourself I always end up delivering more pain and fucking up your life. What makes you think this'll be any different, twerp?"

Hunter took a cautious step back, held up a hand to gesture for Grayson to pause. The bully did, but only out of an amused interest, because Hunter retrieved what looked like an old, slightly worn, brass bell.

"*This* is what's going to make it different, Grayson."

Grayson sneered. He lowered a hand to his backpocket and retrieved a switchblade. "You want to play with weapons, you little shit? I think mine is gonna be a bit more dangerous than your little bell. No one can hear you scream out here, Hunter, but if you want to go that way, I can't wait to use 'self defence' on you."

To his surprise, Hunter didn't look as fearful anymore. In fact, it almost looked like, in response to Grayson's comments, he'd decided on something. Had chosen to continue down whatever path he was taking. He retrieved a little brass wand, or stick, like what you would use to play the triangle in a music band.

"I don't plan to fight you, Grayson, just the opposite. In fact, I was just planning to make you less tough, and me a bit more so, and then that would be your punishment."

"Please, like a girly bitch like you could punish me, especially with a damn bell."

Hunter cringed, then continued. "But then you decided to threaten me with far more violence than ever before, and now you keep calling me a 'girl', a 'woman,' a 'bitch.' So why don't we have a little fun reversing the roles, shall we?"

Grayson grew tired of what dumb prank Hunter thought he was playing. He advanced on the little man, ready to snap him like a twig and let him know the score, but then Hunter dinged the metal wand against the bell, producing a loud tonal ring that seemed to literally ripple visibly through the air. Grayson clutched his ears.

"Ughhh, what the he-"

"*I wish Grayson was unable to move from that spot until I'm finished making my wishes,*" Hunter said, the shimmering air seeming to warble his voice.

Grayson tried to move, but found he couldn't. He could lift his legs individually, turn a little on the spot, but he was unable to advance, retreat, or go anywhere.

"What the - what the actual fuck have you done to me!?"

Hunter folded his arms victoriously, shifting backwards as Grayson reached for his knife. It was useless though, and when he went to toss it Hunter just ducked aside.

"Wow," he said, "straight to using the knife, huh? That makes me feel waaaay less guilty for what I'm about to do to you."

Grayson scowled. He didn't know what science bullshit his victim had used, but as soon as he found a way around it, the kid was mincemeat. "Oh yeah, what the hell are you

gonna do even now? Fight me from afar? You're not a man, Hunter. You're a chick. A girl. A total *woman*. A bitch. And when I'm finished with you, you'll be *my* bitch."

Hunter sighed, raising the wand again. "No, Grayson, not anymore. You don't even realise it, but your words have just secured your fate as far as I'm concerned. You see, from now on, you're going to be *my* bitch."

He rang the bell with the wand again, causing Grayson to grit his teeth from the waves of strange energy, even as Hunter continued to speak.

*"I wish that Grayson's body - but not his mind - would transform into my ultimate dream girl. She would have sexy brunette hair that fell to just above her shoulders, and big green eyes that are just captivating to look at."*

Grayson whimpered as his hair began to change, elongating and becoming shiny, like he was in a shampoo commercial. He blinked, feeling his eyes change shape, becoming larger, his very irises burning for a moment as they changed from brown to green.

"No - you can't - what the fuck!?"

But Hunter wasn't finished: *"She would have big full lips, the kind just made for sucking my cock, and high cheekbones too; I've always liked that look. Oh, and she would have cute eyelashes and eyebrows that were thick but perfectly maintained."*

Grayson's face bubbled and shifted, altering to become female. He grabbed his face, feeling it in shock, but even as he did, other changes were occurring thanks to Hunter's wishes.

*"Her neck would be slender and feminine, and her body would be peak woman. Shorter than me - maybe around five-five in height. And as for the shape, I'm talking wide, breedable hips with an itty bitty waist, and long legs with hot thighs."*

The bigger changes began, Grayson's body warping to take on a perfect hourglass figure, his bones and flesh and very form all giving in to the pressure, particularly around his hips.

"Nngh! Oh God! You can't d-do this! Stop this r-right f-fucking noowww!"

Hunter grinned. *"She would have a big, peachy ass, and it would be super sensitive to my touch. And her tits would be big, ripe E-cups. No, F-cups! Heavy and wobbling and always pert and full no matter her age. The kind I can bury my face in, and even more sensitive than her ass, topped with big pink nipples."*

Grayson screamed. "No! No! Dude, I'm sorry, stop this now, stop this right - NGHH!!"

He stuck out his chest and rear at the same time as both swelled. He was briefly without breath as a huge pair of heavy, jiggling tits pushed against his shirt, raising it up and revealing a womanly midriff. His ass strained his shorts, bubbly and sexy.

*“And, of course, she would be a complete woman down there, pussy and womb and ovaries and all. And her voice would just ooze sex, no matter what she says or what mood she’s in.”*

Grayson’s voice took on a high-pitched wail as his big, proud cock withdrew into his body. The discomfort was unbelievable, but even worse was the pleasure. It rocked him to his core, causing him to cup his new breasts in disbelief, which only had the effect of heightening his pleasure accidentally. His nipples stiffened, and his new pussy began to moisten almost immediately.

“Oh God! Oh f-fuck! What’s happening to m-meeeeeee!?!?!”

The orgasm that hit him - *her* - was unbelievable, causing him to shake on the spot.

*“Oh, and that’s the other thing; her orgasms would be out of this world whenever I make her cum.”*

Grayson stood there as the ripple ended, struggling to understand what had just occurred. He pinched his arm through his now very-loose top - loose everywhere except where it was very tight around his new buxom chest - but his body refused to wake.

“Not a dream, not a dream! What the fuck is happening, you little asshole? What did you do?”

Hunter gestured to the bell in his hand. It was starting to look a little cracked around the edges.

“I purchased this from a wandering witch who came through town. I was looking for an unorthodox solution to the troubles you’ve been giving me, and she said this bell could change the people it was rung in front of, including myself or a rival or both.”

“Magic isn’t real!” Grayson cried, but the wish meant that he somehow said it in a breathy, sultry way, his new soprano sweet voice making it sound like a come-on.

“Really? Then I guess if I make another wish, nothing will happen, right?”

Grayson was about to plead for him to stop, but it was too late: the nerd hit the bell, causing the air to ripple once more.

*“I wish that Grayson was now Grace - everyone recognises her as such from now on. She is twenty years old - just two years younger than Grayson was - and she’s studying cosmetics and beauty instead. Everyone knows she’s my loving and loyal girlfriend.”*

“You fucker, I’ll-”

*“And I also wish that Grace would only ever wear the sexiest outfits, even in public. Nothing too naughty - that’s for private - but she always dresses in ways to show off her big tits and sexy figure, and she is even compelled to walk and move sexy as well, particularly for my amusement.”*

Grayson squeaked - actually squeaked! - as the next round of changes hit the former male. His clothes melded together, shifting about and changing in fabric and colour. He tried

to paw at his clothing, pulling and tugging at it, but it was utterly useless, and soon he was standing there, his incredibly voluptuous body now shown off in a pair of short and tight yoga pants that left his thighs uncovered, and a sexy crop top with a low cut that simultaneously showed off a deep line of his fulsome new cleavage, as well as leaving his midriff entirely exposed. He gazed down in shock, alarmed at how huge his tits were; he couldn't even see his feet. Worse, a new compulsion through him, and his body moved of its own volition, thrusting out his huge rack while placing a hand on his cocked hip to emphasise how utterly fuckable his new body was.

More cracks appeared along the bell. Hunter paid it no mind.

"Holy shit," he said. "You're even fucking hotter than I imagined, Grace."

"I'm not Grace," she said, in a voice that oozed sex. "I'm Grayson. You can't do this to me, you little freak!"

"You're smaller than I am, now. Don't worry, my wishes are nearly done. The bell will slowly crack apart, and when it does so, the wishes will be permanent and set."

"Then wish me back, fucker! I'll leave you alone, alright?"

But Hunter just shook his head. "Sorry, Grayson. Grace. I think I just gave the wrong impression. I don't mean my 'wishes are nearly done' in the sense that I'll be turning you back. I mean, 'don't' worry, my wishes are nearly done' in the sense that you're nearly my perfect babe. From bully to babe, quite a transition to make for the rest of your life, huh?"

Grayson's big green eyes widened. He tried to leap at Hunter, but could only jump on the spot, causing his chest to wobble in a strange and heavy fashion, taking what felt like ten seconds to calm down. He was so goddamn busty it was ridiculous, even bigger in the chest than Amy Sekaris, and she was the most stacked chick he'd ever fucked. Now, he was terrified at the prospect of making Sekaris look like a seven out of ten at best.

"You - you can't do this. That's too weird, dude. That's fucked!"

Hunter just shrugged. "Maybe. But you've fucked me over plenty across the years, Grayson. I figure I'm owed a lifetime of just desserts. Oh, and speaking of, now that you're the sexy woman of *my* dreams, I'm thinking we should make a few mental adjustments as well.

He toned the bell, letting it ring out, its warbles seeming to ripple the air magically once more. Grayson cringed, wanting to lash out and beat this pathetic nerd up, but helpless to even move his suddenly very female and very busty body.

*"I wish,"* Hunter said, the bell making his voice ethereally powerful. *"That from now on Grayson will be compelled to be totally attracted to men, but me most of all, and totally loyal to me as well. She will be compelled to dress up sexy in ways that always show off her tits and her curves, and she will only ever be able to talk like her old self when we're in private. She'll be addicted to my cock, and feel an impossibly strong need to be submissive and*

*dutiful. Her thoughts will remain hers, but she will be forced to follow my orders like they were mind control, and no matter how much she hates me, she will always feel a huge desire to fuck me whenever I'm in the mood."*

Grayson moaned in her new sultry tone, clutching her head as the pathways of her mind shifted, the magic taking hold to mould her exactly as Hunter desired. She could feel the thoughts pouring over her, singing like little notes in her brain.

*'Always look sexy for him'*

*'Wake him up with blowjobs'*

*'Let him take you in the ass'*

*'You love big dicks'*

Grayson grabbed his head, trying to struggle against these new thoughts, and images of how much he suddenly wanted Hunter's dick. But still the mental commands kept on coming.

*'Cook meals for him always'*

*'Share his bed'*

*'Give him babies when he wants them'*

*'You're just an object for him - it turns you on'*

*'Clean the house'*

*'Always wear makeup'*

More and more mental alterations, running through him like wildfire. Grayson struggled, collapsing against the tidal wave of new compulsions.

*"Please n-no! I don't deserve this! I'm m-meant to be an alpha m-male!"*

*'Never tell anyone who you really are'*

*'You love it when he gropes you'*

*'Act feminine, be a total girl'*

*'Be his girl - you belong to him now'*

*'It makes you wet when he gropes you'*

*'Don't forget to talk dirty with him'*

She cringed, struggling against all these new imperatives and failing to deflect them. She gasped, becoming quickly overrun. "N-no! Oh God, f-fuck you! You can't d-do this to me you *sexy cute nerd with a big, hard dick!*"

She placed her hand over her mouth, shocked at what she had said. Indeed, looking at Hunter, she couldn't help thinking his glasses were sexy, that his face was cute, that his slim build was turning her on, and that his member - hard in his pants - was impressively and seductively big in its outline.

*"Oh God, no! Fuck, fuck! I don't want to be attracted to you, you jumbo-sized hottie!"*

Hunter just laughed, clearly loving the transformation of their dynamic. He clanged the bell again, even though it had started to crack even further. It devastated Grayson, who was trying to move closer so she could snatch it and turn the tables.

*"I also wish,"* Hunter continued, *"that I can be in the mood whenever I want, with a refractory period as long as I want. And that in doing so, neither of us are ever in a position where sex is impossible, whether by disease, poor health, or whatever. We can always do it, and I'll always be ready to fill her up."*

Another ripple, another few cracks in the bell. Grayson moaned, trying to come to terms with everything.

"Please, before you crack it open! You can still-"

Another ding of the bell.

*"And I wish that I do have a big cock that always pleases her, and nice muscles she can hold onto and that turn her own to see."*

He swelled up, not becoming a giant like Grayson had been, but certainly looking fit and handsome. More than that, his member was now obviously very big, straining against his pants at the sight of her. She was almost salivating as she stared at it, horrified and turned on in equal measure.

*"Wish me back! Please! I'll kill you if you don't, you sexy fit nerd, I just want to let you fuck me back at our house."*

With that, Grayson grinned. He tapped the bell again.

*"Very well, I wish that we had a great house together in a nice neighbourhood with lots of space and a very big bed for us to fuck in. And I wish we were there right now, totally naked and ready to fuck for the rest of the day."*

Grayson cried out, but it was too late: the bell shattered into a million pieces, exploding into a brilliant light.

And suddenly they were elsewhere, on a big double-King bed in an unfamiliar and very nice house, both totally naked.

Hunter exhaled. "Woah, that was awesome. How awesome was that, Grayson?"

He looked at her, and his pervy gaze was making her nipples hard and her womanhood moist. She tried to fight it, but she was breathing more heavily.

"You d-dick. I mean, I *want your dick*. No, that's not what I-"

"Great idea," he said, moving to his side so she could see his dick, long and hard and throbbing. "Why don't you take my dick?"

He reached out and squeezed one of her massive tits, and she moaned with delirious joy at the feel of his touch. Her mind was racing, forcing her to be submissive. She extended a hand and began stroking his cock, and the feel of it was pure ecstasy.

“Noooooo,” she groaned, but she was too far gone. The mind control was taking charge, and Hunter was taking advantage of it.

“Yeah, you want my big dick, don’t you, my sexy *bitch*? My lady, my girl, my woman? My girlfriend?”

She trembled, impossibly turned on. She wanted to kill him. She wanted to fuck him up. But she also just straight wanted to fuck him, and her body began moving on autopilot without any ability to stop it.

“I’m not your girlfriend,” she managed, but then the programming took over, “*not until you fuck my brains out with your huge cock and make me cum while you suck on my big titties.*”

Hunter slowly crawled up on top of her, squeezing those titties and making her moan. “Well, spread your legs and let me fuck you then, *Grace*. I can’t wait to make you my woman, for the rest of my life. This is you now, and I’m going to make you enjoy it as much as I know you hate it.”

She gasped. “I hate you! God, I hate you! I hate that *you don’t have your big cock in my wet pussy right now. Fuck me already, please!*”

“Very well, if you insist.”

She took his cock and guided it in, just as he sucked on her nipples and caused her to cum almost immediately, though not enormously . . . yet. Her eyes went wide as he entered her, and then somehow even wider as his true new girth and length was revealed. She spread her legs wider and wider to receive him, his member stretching her wet walls wide. It was pain and pleasure all in one, but then there was a slight twinge of agony, followed by a release that signalled Grayson’s female virginity was already on its way out, and nothing but bliss followed.

“Yeah, you like that, don’t you?” Hunter taunted. “Start bucking your hips, and make sure to play with your tits when I’m not. I love that image..”

She followed the mind control, the compulsions pushing her along even as he began to thrust into her. It was entirely alien, entirely *wrong*. She was meant to *have* a dick, not *be* fucked. She was meant to penetrate, not *be* penetrated. Instead, she was now bucking her hips in time with his, crying and gasping and moaning as he filled her again and again, sending ripples of pleasure throughout her form. Her huge tits bounced and wobbled heavily on her chest, and she cupped them together, pushing them into her new lover’s face so that he motorboated them.

“Ohhhhhh God! I can’t b-believe I’m f-fucking your huge cock! I can’t believe I’m *your naughty, sexy girl with big, sensitive tits! Make me cum, Hunter! I want you to cum inside your submissive girlfriend so damn much!*”



The worst part was that it was true. With every thrust, ever *ram* of his huge member inside of her, with every suck upon her sensitive nipples and grope of her tits and feel of her ass, she felt more and more like she was owned by him. Like she was *his* object. And it was turning her on, making her *want* his jizz inside her. To please him was everything, it was the command she had to follow, and following it *rewarded* her.

"You're so fucking hot, Grace," Hunter managed, picking up speed as he fondled her ass and kissed her pouty lips. "I'm going to c-cum! I can't hold off m-much longer! You hear that? I'm going to cum inside you and make you a woman - my woman!"

She wanted to curse him. To scream at him. To fling him off her.

Instead, her new base instincts and need to be submissive took control.

"DO IT!" she cried. "CUM IN MY WET PUSSY!"

He grunted, groaned, and then . . . released. His huge cock throbbed inside her, and she was hit by an explosive female orgasm as his hot seed flooded her tunnel again and again and again, stream after stream causing her to wail and thrash with multiple climaxes. She clung to him, savouring how her big tits pressed against his chest, and only when he collapsed against her, the two of them breathing together for several minutes, did Grayson realise all that she had just done.

"Like, what the fuck?" she gasped as he rolled off of her, his cock pulling out of her pussy in a way that made her grunt in unexpected after-bliss. "Dude, this is too much. You've got to change me back from this *hot, stacked chick who loves to do everything for you.*"

But Hunter just rested his head back in his hands, looking happier than his bully had ever seen him.

"Nah, I don't think I will. I've got my perfect woman under my control, and I can enjoy her for the rest of my life all while punishing my psychotic bully. I'd call that a win. Besides, the bell is gone and so is the witch. I can't reverse it. Looks like you'll just have to learn to accept being my naughty girl, right?"

Just the words 'naughty girl' seemed to send dopamine to her brain. She covered her breasts, still alarmed by how huge and round and heavy and sensitive they were, and got up to leave the bed.

"Good idea," Hunter said. "I'm feeling thirsty and starved too. Can you make us both up a quick eat lunch and drink, and put on something really sex before you come back in. That way I can perv on you, and then we can right back to it. I want your pussy to aching from all the love I'm giving it today."

"I fucking hate you," Grayson said, "*to go so hungry. I'll grab us a bite, then just wait until I seduce my man. I'm going to make you cum twice as hard next time.*"

"I'm counting on it."

And with that, Grayson left the room, compelled to follow her latest orders. And she knew right where they would always lead her; back to Hunter, and back to the bedroom. It was the start of a whole new life as his sexy, submissive, and endlessly fuckable girlfriend.

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Grayson moaned as she deep-throated Hunter's cock. She couldn't resist it, no matter how much she hated the fact that she was now a cock-sucking bimbo. She wanted nothing more than to be an alpha male again, the kind of guy who could beat the shit out of nerds like Hunter. Instead, here she was, on her knees in their shared bedroom, giving him the time of her life and even feeling him pull on her hair. The pain was sweet, and the fact that it made her all the more turned on just made her all the more frustrated.

"Ohhh, fuck yeah," Hunter said. "Yeah, keep deep-throating me, Grayson. Give me a tittyfuck too. I fucking love when you swallow it all, so make sure you do that. And then I want you to orgasm too when I cum down your throat. I want you to feel all submissive to me as you do it, like you'd do anything for me, babe."

"Mhmmmmpph," she mumbled, trying to say something, anything, back at him. But she was compelled to suck him off until he finished down her throat, and so she continued, even lifting her heavy, perfect tits up to sandwich the stem of his cock between and give him a good titty fuck. It was so damn hot that mere seconds later he grunted, gripping her hair tightly, painfully, and *wonderfully* before blowing a hot load of his salty seed down her throat. She swallowed it eagerly, furious the whole time, only for that fury to be washed away for a couple of minutes by an onrush of pleasure. She moaned, drinking his endless torrent of jizz, before finally collapsing against him, his dick popping out of her mouth with an audible slurp and resting against her sharp right cheekbone.

"Ohhhh," she moaned, clinging to his leg like a scantily dressed star of some old Hollywood flick clung to the action hero on the poster. "I can't believe I just sucked your yummy cock *again*. I hate you so goddamn much, Hunter."

He just patted her head, before gesturing to her to stand. As always, she couldn't fight the mind control, and did as he ordered, pressing her body against his so that her breasts squished on his chest, her nipples rubbing in such a way as to make her moan in arousal again. She detested how fucking sensitive her body was; his wishes and his mind control meant she *always* got turned on so easily by him, to the point where she ended begging him to fuck her like she was his naughty, sexy bitch.

"I know you hate me, Grayson," he said. "And I hope you know that it makes me so fucking hard to know it's really you in there, trying to fight this, but always succumbing to it

and *wanting* it and *begging* for it, following my every command and showing off your body and those big, divine tits just as I order you to.”

Grayson. He'd called her Grayson. She was Grace now, and always would be thanks to his wishes, but he used her original name in private to continually remind her of who she really was, deep down, but also who she'd never really be again.

“Ugh, you're so the worst,” she said, even as he cupped her breasts and rubbed his thumbs over her nipples. Already, despite literally having just orgasmed from giving her former victim a blowjob, she was getting wet once more between her thighs, her pussy hungry for her master's cock. “If I ever become a man again, I am so beating the crap out of your *sexy body*.”

“I've no doubt you will,” he said, lowering one hand to sink his hand into the flesh of her peachy ass, causing her to groan in unwanted ecstasy. God, he'd even made her ass so damn sensitive. “But you won't ever be a man again, Grayson. You're my hot, busty girlfriend for the rest of our lives. Well, until I marry you and make you my hot trophy wife. Maybe knock you up with a few kids when I want a family.”

“Mhmmm, f-fuck you,” she managed, writhing her naked body against him, practically humping up against his hard cock. “Why does that t-turn me on so m-much, getting knocked up by you?”

He just chuckled. “Because your mind is mine, Grayson, no matter how much you disagree. No matter how much the jock bully in you wants to fight me, your body wants to be mine, and that would be the ultimate submission. Don't worry, though, that's still a while off. For now, I want to fuck you in the ass right up against the couch.”

“Oh, I f-fucking hate you!” she cried, bending over as he took her from behind. “But having your c-cock in my ass is t-too good! MMMPH!!!”

He thrust into her from behind, and soon she was moaning in unbelievable pleasure, lost once more in the body she no longer controlled and the whims that were determined entirely by her boyfriend. After ten whole minutes of thrusting, she finally couldn't hold off anymore. She came, moaning out loud in her sensual voice as he emptied his load inside of her yet again. She even squirted, and he wasn't even taking her in the pussy that time.

“Fuck yeah, you're so goddamn hot, Grayson,” Hunter said. “I know it's only been a few months, but you make a way better hottie girlfriend than you ever did an alpha male douchebag. I'm glad I changed you, and while you may not agree, I know a part of you loves it when I make you cum.”

Grayson managed to get her breath back. “I hate you,” she managed.

“Good,” he said. “I hope you always do, even just a little bit. It turns me on all the more.” He pulled her up, grabbing her hair which only made her more submissive to his actions. He then kissed her on the neck, eliciting a gasp from her.

“D-don’t you ever stop?” she asked.

“Keep your sexy panties on, for now. Let’s go have a shower. Maybe I’ll fuck you in there too, but then I want you to put on that sexy green dress of yours. You know the one; it shows off your back and your big perfect tits and it has the thigh slits. I want to take you round campus so everyone can be reminded that I’ve got the hottest and most devoted chick by my side. I’ll even buy you a nice lunch. You can have whatever you want, since my wishes means your figure will never go out of style. Then you can go to your beautician lecture and we can meet up after. We’ll go to the club tonight; wear that hot pink cocktail dress of yours, the one that *really* shows off your perfect tits. I’m thinking we get drunk and frisky and you can dance up on me, and then afterwards we come back here and fuck like rabbits all over again. I reckon we start off with me banging you against the wall, then blowjob, missionary, cowgirl, then doggy style to finish up. And then tomorrow we’ve got my friend’s wedding to go to, and I want you to catch that bouquet while looking hot as fuck. Sounds like a plan?”

Hunter grinned, knowing how much Grayson still tried to fight her new fate, and the controls set upon her. But she knew she couldn’t fight it. She could never win, and when she fought hardest she always ended up saying something incredibly hot in that breathy voice of hers, and then still acting like the most desirable, slutty girlfriend possible anyway. He had told her the day’s events, and so she would follow them. She would look hot, show off her tits, and even get turned on by how many men looked at her with lust, all while knowing she belonged entirely to Hunter forever. She would be his, forever. His girl, his bitch, his fucktoy. And he would love her for it, and all the more because he knew she hated it.

She rose, gesturing to the shower, knowing the inevitable was coming.

“Come on then,” she said. “Let’s get this over with. Come fuck me in the shower or whatever, and then I can *dress up so fucking hot in that green outfit that you won’t be able to leave the house without pumping me full of your cum at least one more time.*”

Hunter grinned, and - despite herself - so did she.

She hated how much just the thought of that scenario turned her on. Which meant, of course, that it was definitely going to happen.

“I can’t stand how much I fucking want you,” she murmured.

And then she removed her clothing, caressing her voluptuous form and cupping her big breasts as she entered the bathroom and started it up the shower. Hunter followed her in, grinning from ear to ear. He was already hard.

And before she’d even hit the water, she was already wet.

**The End**