

Alternate Ending - Bimbos at the Boardwalk (Bimbos TG)

By FoxFaceStories

What if Daniel and Jennifer ran into Zach and Ash before entering the carnival? Daniel is too cheap to buy his friends' Premium Passes and so Jennifer buys one herself out of spite. But as things progress and the only woman of the group begins to turn into an alpha male surrounded by three beautiful bimbo babes, perhaps a new harem arrangement will solve any lingering relationship tensions!

Alternate Ending - Bimbos at the Boardwalk

Daniel sighed as he walked with Jennifer along the seafront. It should have been a perfect romantic time, but Jennifer was annoyed as usual, and so was he. For some reason the couple had just become so toxic lately, even despite the great sex and their shared interests. He looked at his girlfriend's waifish figure, her long dark hair, her cute, short stature. He was still attracted to her, just like he could see her occasionally appreciating his tall, well-built form and sandy blond hair. But then comments like these happened:

"I just don't care about paintball, Daniel. It's not romantic. It's not passionate. It's not *us*. You play it with a whole bunch of other people, and we both know they'll all be *your* friends."

"What's wrong with my friends?" he said, unable to help himself from taking the bait.

Jen rolled her eyes. "Nothing, except that they're a bunch of lady-chasing bro-types who kill any sense of self-respect I have for myself."

"Oh, and your friends are better?"

She sighed. "At least they don't treat women like trash."

"No, but they bitch and moan forever, that's for sure."

She extended her hands out in frustration, stopping their movement on the boardwalk. "Well, fine! Both our friend groups suck, mine and yours both! That's why I want something intimate, something that's just us. Or if it is a crowd thing, then at least something we just do *together!*"

Daniel sighed. She wasn't wrong, but at the same time Jennifer had really changed lately. "I'm sorry," he said. "We'll try it. We'll find something, I promise. It's just . . . I feel like you make me be the one to suggest everything and then shoot it all down. I gotta be honest Jen, it's fucking hard sometimes."

She crossed her arms, harrumphing. "I'm trying too, Daniel. Trying to save our relationship. I know you hate how high-strung I get, but this is me, and it's not something I can change, any more than your friends can change who they are."

Silence fell between them, and they both stared out at the sea and the many people moving across the boardwalk.

"I'm sorry," Jennifer finally said. "That was too far."

"It's okay—"

"No, it's not. Daniel, I want to change. I want to not feel so high-strung and orderly and be able to be more spontaneous, but it's something I struggle with. How about . . . how about we just move on and try to find something fun together? Right now?"

He smiled. "I like the sound of that. In fact, look at that!"

He pointed, and Jennifer looked ahead to where a temporary carnival, complete with rollercoaster rides and all sorts of entertainments, had been set up.

"The *Changing Carnivale*," she read. "Okay, that could be fun."

"Right? A little couple's adventure, huh? Think you can relax and not be so high-strung?"

She elbowed him playfully. "Maybe if *you* can avoid trying to make this a party. C'mon, let's get in line."

They did so, checking out the prices. A sign nearby laid it out clearly:

Ten dollars only for adults - no minors allowed due to the mature themes of the Changing Carnivale! Men can pay an additional ten dollars for the Premium Men's Pass. This will make you immune to all effects and allow you to enjoy the changes of others without succumbing yourself! Your choice of enjoyment!

"Huh, that's weird," Jennifer said. "I guess you should by the Premium Men's Pass then, for some reason? Of course, you could always - oh shit. You've got to be fucking kidding me, Daniel."

Daniel looked up to see what she was talking about and understood immediately. Approaching were his two best friends, Zach and Ash. They were a pair of incredibly bro-type jocks. Ash was a huge football fanatic, while Zach was a party-going womanchaser, and a bit of a lunkhead to boot. Jennifer had never liked Zach in particular due to how he commented on her body; she called him a 'shaved ape' due to his lack of hair. Ash wasn't as bad, but could still be annoying as hell due to how he dominated sports conversations. He had flame red hair that marked him out on the football field, and he took far too much pride in it.

"Well, well, look who it is! The amazing couple themselves!" Ash declared.

"Looking good guys, especially you, Jen," Zach said.

This elicited a groan of annoyance from her. "Hi you two. Daniel and I are on a date right now, so—"

“Daniel! How goes it man? Are you going to the carnivale too? We should make this a foursome! Not in that way, obviously, ha! But we’ve been looking for good company and here it is!”

Daniel knew that he should turn his friends away. He knew it. But the fact was that he had always been terrible at turning people away, especially his best mates. So, much to Jennifer’s obvious irritation, he relented.

“Great idea, guys! I’m sure we’d love that, right Jen?”

She gave him a glare. “Sure,” she said. “If we don’t mind the *consequences*.”

Daniel ignored her. She was probably overreacting.

“Well, that’s awesome,” Zach said. “Say, do you mind spotting us? Sorry dude, but we spent a bit on beer before coming here, and you know how it is . . .”

Jennifer could barely take this anymore. She wanted to save her relationship, wanted the passion again, but Daniel was letting it spoil at every turn. When he looked to her for permission she just threw up her hands.

“Fine, pay for them if you want! I’ll buy the Premium Pass for myself.” She whispered so that only he would hear the next bit. “*At least this way one of us can claim to have some balls.*”

“Way too far,” he muttered back. “You need to lighten up, Jen. It’s just my friends. We’ll have fun. We all will.”

She sighed. “I just . . . why can’t it ever be us, focusing on *us*?”

Daniel shrugged. “Like you said before, this is who we are. It’s not like we’re changing any time soon.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of,” she said to herself as he turned away.

Daniel moved to the booth to pay the woman at the counter. She was dressed up as a sort of sexy clown look. In fact, most of the workers were female, and those that were men were stunningly built. They were all dressed colourfully and somewhat scandalously, and Zach and Ash were already commenting on how they hoped to get ‘laid with the carnies,’ a fact that Jennifer found rather gross.

“Hey Jen, can you, uh, lend me a bit of extra?” Daniel asked. “I don’t have enough for a Premium Pass for all of us.”

“Then just buy the regular ones,” she replied wearily. “You’re the one that wanted to pay for your friends.”

She purchased herself the male pass just to make it all the more fitting, then proceeded into the carnival. Wincing, Daniel bought himself the regular ticket and the same for his friends.

“Dude, what’s, like, got into her?” Zach asked.

“Just woman stuff,” he replied, playing up his own alpha-maleness for his friends.
“You know how it is, right?”

They both chuckled. Jennifer overheard this, but said nothing. She had a feeling that the relationship wasn't going to last long, despite all the hopes she'd once pinned on it.

Inside, the Changing Carnivale was very impressive. It had numerous attractions, rides, stalls, and forms of entertainment, all set up across the seafront boardwalk area. Numerous people were in attendance, buzzing with excitement over the displays. The workers were, just like at the entrance, all quite attractive and zany, many of them impressively busty due to their largely female composition. Daniel's eyes wandered a little, and both Zach and Ash were happy to comment freely on the women, nudging Daniel with a wink and nod.

“Ugh, men,” Jennifer said to herself. “At least most of the people here are women.”

That was oddly true. Most of the people who had just entered with them to the carnival had a neutral gender composition, but those who had been longer seemed to be mostly women. Of course, Jen couldn't help but feel a little self-conscious. She'd always been flat-chested and had a boyish figure, and many of the women present were quite busty and curvaceous, all of them pretty and buoyant.

“Ugh, Daniel better not comment. I hate it when he does that. Even unintentionally.”

“Woah, look at the gallery,” he said, pulling alongside her and whistling.

“Don't even start,” she replied. “Let's just find something to do together.”

“And with Zach and Ash,” he reminded her.

“Sure, and with them. What a romantic date this turned out to be.”

The first stall they visited was one that sold all kinds of treats and the like. It was manned by a woman who wore a sexy harlequin outfit and had a high-pitched voice.

“Try the *Raspberry Gloss Lips!*” she suggested, pointing to lip-shaped treats. “Free samples before you purchase! And if you have a Premium Pass, try the *Gummy Cocks!*”

Jen snorted, as did the others. They were quickly realising just how ridiculously sexual and adult this carnival was, which explained the no-kids rules. Earlier, they'd passed a few claw machines and arcade devices, each with rewards that ranged from condoms to cock rings to even prize dildos. Naturally, Zach the lunkhead was still laughing over this.

“Mhmm, these are delicious!” Daniel declared, immediately purchasing some more to eat. He was devouring them and so were Zach and Ash.

“I thought you said you didn't have funds?” Jen said, crossing her arms suspiciously.

"I don't! I mean, I needed some money to keep aside for the actual festival, right?"

Jen said nothing, but instead at the ridiculous Gummy Cock she'd been given. It was exactly what it sounded like; a gummy sweet in the shape of a cock. But it was, surprisingly, quite tasty. She found herself eating more, buying a little bag. Her lips felt a little funny, as did the space between her thighs, and that was true of the boys too. They all made strange grunting noises as they left to find a proper attraction, never noticing that Daniel, Zach, and Ash's lips had slowly blown up, and were still blowing up. They smacked their lips together, never noticing how they were becoming full, like those of a rather attractive woman's. Jen was the only one that didn't change that way: her lips actually shrank, becoming thinner, while the skin around them became coarser.

"Helium tricks! Balloon displays! Come and challenge me!"

A very attractive redhead performer with a low v-neck was making balloons, twisting them into all sorts of animal configurations. Not that the guys cared: her huge bouncing tits which wobbled and jostled with each motion and wrangling of the balloons was what they were interested in.

"Sure, I'll look!" Zach said, giggling.

"This is officially better than football," said the football player himself, Ash.

The woman just grinned at them. "Come closer, and you can help me. Don't you all want to help?"

Jen didn't, but this entire thing was a wash anyway. She stepped into line behind her boyfriend and his buddies, but to their collective surprise the entertainer leapt forward and placed the helium dispenser against each of their mouths in lightning quick succession.

"There we are, have some of the magic! Now let me make you a rather illustrative prize!"

The four of them coughed, but as soon as they recovered the balloons were already being thrust into their hands. Daniel, Zach, and Ash all got surprisingly realistic vulvas, while Jen got a huge penis, balloon testicles and all. It made her laugh.

"Well, I didn't expect that!"

The boys chuckled, and Daniel looked at her with surprise. She also felt embarrassed: her voice was somehow very low, sounding like a man's!

"What's wrong with my voice?"

"Yeah, you sound like a dude!" Zach said, before grabbing his throat.

"Dude, sound like a chick!" Ash said.

"So do you! And so do I!" added Daniel.

They sounded, in fact, like rather attractive chicks at that, while Jen sounded like a brass baritone-voiced man.

"This is crazy," she said. "Can you undo this, please?"

“Sorry!” the entertainer said. “It should just be temporary - if your passes are right! If not, then simply enjoy them!”

She waved them off as others approached, and the quartet moved to the side.

“Great, now we sound like chicks,” Ash whined. “Can’t exactly pick up chicks sounded like them.”

“I don’t know, I don’t mind this so much,” Jen said. “Maybe now some of you will listen to me, particularly you Daniel.”

He blushed a little. He hadn’t noticed, but his cheeks were a bit softer now; all the boys were. “Look, let’s just enjoy what we can and it’ll wear off eventually.”

Jen agreed, though she did motion for him to approach. “Can we just split off from these guys? There’s a Tunnel of Love here. We could make it a proper date.”

“C’mon Jen, it’s just a little afternoon fun. We can have more fun with the guys around. Besides, I can’t exactly turn my back on them.”

She glared, but he was already turning away.

The changes continued, some subtle, some far more noticeable. The group played a whack-a-mole ripoff called ‘Whack-a-Butt’, in which they used bedroom paddles against plastic derrieres that rose up quickly and shot back down. Electronic moans were elicited for each one hit, and Jen worked out her frustration with how the evening was going by striking them relentlessly. She wasn’t all that good though, despite her muscles seeming stronger than usual. It was utterly typical that the ever-competitive Daniel and his friends were all in a flurry of whacks, hits, and strikes. Jen grunted, feeling her behind as she continued to play; it really did feel like her behind was firming up. For the men, however, the change was far less subtle: with each successful whack their asses grew, pushing against the fabric of their shorts. Daniel groaned as it became uncomfortable, but he couldn’t stop himself; he had to win!

“I’m coming first!” he declared as the counter ran down. His ass was inflated to bouncy and peachy proportions, and the more he continually shifted his hips the more they separated and spread wide too, making his ass even bigger and his hips all the more fertile-looking, like so many of the other bubbly, valley-girl like patrons here.

“Yes! I won! In your face, dudes!”

He bounced up and down, causing his ass to bounce too. It was a weird sensation, and it worried him. The three men looked back at themselves, and when Jen put down her paddle she gasped.

“What the hell? You look like you’ve all had butt lifts!” she exclaimed.

“The fuck? You’re right!” said Daniel. “My ass is huge, even bigger than theirs!”

“No fair, dude! This game did something!”

That was Zach. Ash was examining his rear in horror, and how his hips how sashayed in an impressive manner as he walked.

“Guys, we need to get out of here,” he said. “I feel weird. And - have you noticed our lips are kinda weird?”

Jen’s jaw fell again. How hadn’t she noticed? Was there something in the air of this place that made it hard to see such things? She put her hands on her hips and noticed that they had shrunk a little.

“Yeah,” she said. “We should go.”

The group moved, all of them feeling a bit shaky, but they only made it about twenty feet before they were enveloped in a bright purple mist that had them coughing and wheezing.

“Sorry!” came a sweet soprano voice. “We’re just testing the latest fine perfumes for our lovely customers! This one’s called *Memory Shade*. It puts all your worries behind you. Do you like it?”

Daniel went to yell at the busty women who had sprayed them all, but suddenly he couldn’t remember why he’d been worried at all. In fact, he felt strangely calm, and even oddly airheaded. He giggled, and so did Ash and Zach with him.

“I’m sorry, that’s, like, sooo funny,” he said. “I can’t remember why I was just annoyed right now.”

“Me either!” Zach added.

“Like, me too!” Ash agreed.

Only Jen was a little resistant to the perfume. She couldn’t quite recall the source of panic, but she knew that Daniel and his friends were not meant to be looking, sounding, or speaking like that. And yet . . . there was something amusing in it also. They hadn’t bought the men’s passes, right? And now the carnival was changing them to be more feminine without them realising it. Just as she was changing. Her worries may have disappeared thanks to the perfume, but her memory was largely intact. And so it was that she decided, in that moment, to see where this was going.

She got to see just how far reaching the carnival’s influence could be at the next game. It was a water spray competition, the kind you saw at every fair. But at this one, instead of filling up balloons from clown faces, you instead filled up condoms by firing water jets into the mouth of a gorgeous model who looked to be in mid-orgasm.

“Oh, I’m so going to win this one,” Daniel said in his high voice.

“No way, I’m sooooo going to win this one,” Ash added.

“No, me me!” Ash added.

Jen marvelled at their changes. They were starting to sound like total bimbos. But then again, they had been eating something called *Airhead Cotton Candy* just five minutes ago, and it seemed to be making a real dent in their ability to realise what was going on. She hadn't tried it, but had been a sucker for *Muscle Max Fries*, which had left her feeling weirdly strong. She tried to apply that strength again to this game, but her distraction at the other three meant that once more they won, filling up their condoms while cheering on their own prowess.

"You suck Jen!" Zach called.

"Dude, she doesn't suck, I hear she, like, blows as well, ha!"

She rolled her eyes, annoyed. Even worse, Daniel giggled with them.

"She does both, gentleman, and does it well!"

Their condoms popped, putting an end to the rising tension that was about to make her snap. The water gushed over them as the condoms exploded, leaving each of them saturated in it. But something strange happened in the aftermath, something only Jennifer noticed: their skin and muscularity changed, even their heights as well!

"Oh my God," she whispered to herself, staring at her skin as it began to slowly dry. The four of them moved away to let other people play, and Daniel proudly picked out a pink elephant plushie as a prize. He gave it to her, but she barely acknowledged it. She was far more concerned over the fact that she was, impossibly, taller than her boyfriend now. She had gained height and he had lost it. She had gained muscle too; an impressive amount of it. Her biceps, thighs, abs, pectorals, were all impressive. Meanwhile, Daniel and his annoying friends now had gorgeous cheekbones, skin without blemish, and no facial hair.

"Do you three notice anything different?" she asked in her booming voice.

"Like, what's there to notice?" Zach asked. "We're just having fun."

"You look weaker, Zach!"

"As if! I'm, like, the toughest one here. Except for Ash, of course."

The two fell into what sounded like an increasingly *bitchy* argument over this dispute, while Daniel approached Jen.

"Are you, like, alright?"

"Yeah," she said, looking down at him. His nose was button cute now, and his jaw smooth. "It's just . . . you're looking like a woman, Daniel."

"Ewww, so gross! Don't say that. I mean, ugh, why am I talking like this? I mean that that's totally impossible. I'm your boyfriend, remember?"

She raised an eyebrow. This was getting crazy, and yet she wanted to see what happened next. "Are you sure? You don't seem interested in having me to yourself."

"We can share you, right?"

"What?"

He clutched his head. His hair was longer, she noticed. "I don't know why I said that. I don't, like, know what that means. Can we just have this big argument later and just go to the next place?"

Jen was about to suggest they leave, but the fact that he was *still* fobbing her off and ignoring her needs only made her want to continue. Besides, she felt tough and strong and tall, all because she now *was*. A big part of her wanted to continue these changes . . . especially because the three guys were starting to look strangely attractive to her, somehow, and not for the usual manly reasons.

Jen vented her frustration and her excitement out at the bumper cars. They were called the *Big Boobie Bouncy Cars*, and the sheer amount of voluptuous and well-endowed women on the track were making it clear why: there were enough wobbles and bounces and jiggling of breasts to cause a minor earthquake. Jen felt jealous of these ladies, but oddly she also was appreciating the sight more than she ever would have done. The cleavage on display was actually quite . . . hot. Daniel and the others were the opposite; the three party boys were surprisingly nonchalant about all the boobage on display, instead commenting more from a weird place of seeming *jealousy*.

"Let's get on the tracks!" Ash said. "I really hope I don't look too flat in the chest out there. It'll be soooo embarrassing."

"Just make your top tighter like mine!" Zach suggested, tying his up like he was some bimbo trying to show off her bare midriff. And in fact, his midriff was quite flat and feminine, instead of muscular like it should have been.

"Please, I'll be the bounciest one out there," Daniel said, competing yet again. "Just you watch."

"This is insanity," Jen said, but they weren't paying attention to her, instead already moving to call 'dibs' on their chosen cars. It was especially ridiculous because after getting sprayed with water they'd felt a need to buy some new, not-so-wet clothes. The dye in the exploding condoms had been annoying, but Jen needed much bigger clothes for her increasingly expanding frame. She had bought from the male section in the end, while the guys all bought from the female section. So now they were not only wearing brightly coloured carnival-themed clothing, but said clothing was only revealing just how weirdly changed they were. It was making Jennifer think hard on just how strange and clearly magical this was, and how she needed to get the three men out of there - even if her boyfriend was annoying the shit out her and his two friends were the worst, especially Zach. But something new was also racing through her; a calmness and confidence, a cool sense of

control. When Daniel went to grab a bumper car nicknamed *The King Lover*, she actually thrust out her larger arm and stopped him.

“No, this one’s mine,” she declared in her low voice.

Daniel hesitated, then: “Of course! Like, you should totally have it, Jen! Whatever makes you happy works. But I’m still going to beat you when it starts . . . if that’s okay?”

She chuckled. “You can try.”

He did. Good lord he did. In fact, all four of them gave it their all, and Jen was quick to pick up on exactly what changes were occurring for the bumper cars: with each knock against another cart that individual’s breasts expanded dramatically, much to the delight of competing women and the complete ignorance of Daniel and the others. He didn’t even seem to realise how his chest ballooned outwards, growing to undeniably feminine proportions. They bounced and jiggled, causing him to gleefully laugh. She couldn’t help but laugh too, though that laughter ebbed a bit when she noticed her own chest deflating. It had always been meagre, but now it was becoming flat, merging into her strong pectoral muscles while the rest of her form became even more masculine.

“N-no! I didn’t want to lose my tits! I wanted them bigger!”

Daniel thumped into her, laughing. He didn’t even seem to realise he was looking far more female than male now. The impact caused his big D’s to swell into even more impressive Double-D’s. It was like his size was being partly sapped from hers, as her flat chest became non-existent, her nipples even shrinking down to stubby nipple equivalents.

“Shit, no!” she exclaimed, but then a rush of energy coursed through her, aided by that perfume gaze from earlier. “Oooh, but the *power!* Watch out, lovers!”

She smashed into Ash and Zach at the same time, causing their new bosoms to inflate further. Zach now looked like a brunette beauty, and Ash like a sexy redhead, cute freckled totos and all. For just a moment, when all four met in a competitive smash in the middle of the bumper car floor, something like a psychic backlash flooded over them. They each looked at one another, then at themselves. Daniel’s jaw fell as he beheld the now-double HH breasts that were absurdly huge on his chest. They were like giant fleshy pillows, dominating his form completely, each the size of his own head. They were ripe and sensitive and perfect and they were, unbelievably, somehow *his*.

“Oh God. Guys! Like, guys! What’s happening to . . .”

But then Jen beheld them shake their heads, as if the thoughts had simply flown away. Daniel’s eyes were even brighter blue than before, and with an excited giggle he exclaimed: “Oh, let’s go there!”

He was pointing to the Mystic Hall of Sexy Mirrors. Jen had a feeling of what she might expect to find changed in there, but something about her powerful new form

demanded further changes. She couldn't stop looking at the delightful breasts and butts of Daniel, and even of Ash and Zach.

And she could feel their gazes upon her as well.

She kinda liked it.

Loved it, even.

The mystic mirrors were weird, each one refracting and reflecting and altering the visitors. Jennifer was the only sane man in the bunch, and *man* was the operative word here. Though she had no doubt that the magic was keeping her a little more calm about the whole insanity, there was no doubt in her mind that she was one of the few who were totally aware of what was going on. All around her, men were slowly changing into sexy women of all kinds and races. Zach and Ash had gone from big, muscular brutish boys to deeply curvaceous women. Zach, formerly a lunkhead, was now a total bimbo type, complete with short skirt and enormous breasts. She wasn't sure if he had lost his manhood yet, but the pressure between her own legs was suggesting it would happen to them all soon - only she would be *getting* a member.

"And that seems weirdly kind of cool," she said to herself. "I never felt like much of a woman, but now I'll be an apex man."

The mirrors had helped with that. With each one that they passed, the stretchings they witnessed were accompanied by actual physical transformations of their own bodies. Daniel squeaked as one mirror showed him with a pinched waist and even wider hips, and suddenly it was so. Another mirror made him shorter, while one that Ash stood in front of him left him looking like a statuesque stunner of a woman. Jen was glad of it - it suited Ash, and she liked the idea of her former boyfriend being a cute little snack.

"I f-feel kinda weird. Like, I don't quite get it, but I'm, like, not super manly right now!"

"Oh Daniel, you have no idea."

"Daniel? Call me Dani, James! You know I love it!"

Jennifer was about to correct her changing boyfriend, but then another passing mirror showed her with short-cropped black hair and a square jaw, and suddenly it was so for her too.

"James huh? Sounds like a good name."

She stumbled for a moment, clutching her head, feeling a wave of strange change run through her. And then . . . James made perfect sense. It seemed the perfect name for *him*. It was hard, in fact, to think of himself as anything but a him.

“Now I just need the cock and balls to prove it,” he mumbled to himself, even as he witnessed Daniel’s hair grow out even longer and more luscious. Like that of a blonde bombshell’s. “Fuck, this carnival is making me want him. It’s making me want - holy shit - all three of them.”

From their gossipy giggles and the way the former men were looking at his biceps, the feeling was likewise returned.

The *Tongue Twister* was just as crude, lewd, and ridiculous as every other attraction at the Changing Carnivale. And just like so many of the other sex-based attractions, Jennifer found herself *loving* it. The rollercoaster dipped and rose and looped all around the boardwalk setup, its tongue-like ornamentation taking them straight to the G-spot. Soundtracks of men and women orgasming played as they soared across the track. Daniel wailed in terror, clutching his enormous breasts to stop them jiggling so much.

“Oh my God! My boobies! They won’t stop bouncing!”

“Tell me about it!” Ash added. “Mine won’t stop and you’re the biggest out of us all!”

“Oh God, I’m so jelly!” Zach called out.

Not that these were their names anymore. Daniel was going by Dani, Ash by Ashley, and Zach by Zari. The new names suited them as much as Jennifer found that *James* was her new name. *His* name, really. He tried to reassume his female identity multiple times and kept on failing completely, and he knew now why. As the rollercoaster continued and their dopamine foods reached maximum capacity, something much like the feel of a tongue was snaking between their legs. James groaned in his low, manly voice as the final change overcame him, and it was followed by the squealing delights of the three would-be women in the carriage with her.

“Ohhhhh, yes!” Daniel squealed. “I’m going to win! I’m gonna be a full girl first! It’s happening!”

“No, me!”

“I’ll have a pussy too! God, it f-feels s-so goooooood!”

James cackled with laughter. It was as if they both knew and did not know their changes. They understood they were transforming but it seemed totally normal to them. Now the two womanisers were becoming women, and her flaky boyfriend was becoming a whole lot more loyal. Dani continued to look to James beside her and cling to him as best as she could.

“James! I’m really scared! This ride is wild!”

“It’ll be okay! Trust me, I’m here!”

“Awww, I know you are! You’re the best! AAHHHHH!!!!”

They hit the loop, and it finished their transformation with a spectacular ending. James almost came as his cock pushed outwards, sliding forth from between his legs. It was massive and thick, and his balls were already itching for action. Meanwhile, Dani and Ashley and Zari all shivered as the coaster finally slid to a stop. All of them nearly fell over, walking awkwardly with the crowd - many others had clearly finished their transformation to femalehood.

“Ohhhhh, my p-pussy,” Dani said. “It’s - like - totally w-wet.”

“Mine too,” the other two added.

Now it was James’ turn to take the lead. For far too long as Jennifer, he’d been at the whims of what Daniel wanted to do, his lack of commitment, his obsession with letting his two friends ruining everything. Now, she’d turn it all on its head. Testosterone surged through her system, and it made her bold as brass.

“Let’s finish the afternoon, beautiful girls,” he said, and in such a way that they all swooned. “Let’s all grab a boat together in the tunnel of love.”

The Tunnel of Love was almost conventional, with a large swan-like boat with hearts, and a tunnel that had much romantic imagery. But the music, the colours, even the aphrodisiac-like scents in the air, it all made it something more enticing. Arousing. Sensual. Delightful.

The three new women practically *vibrated* as they looked over themselves and each other in the boat. James sat on the opposite side, marvelling at them, particularly their delightfully curvaceous assets. He was hard as hell, and letting them see the bulge in his pants; the ride gave them a lot of privacy, after all, with the other boats already far behind and ahead, and only the sensual sounds of moaning surrounding them.

“Oh God,” Dani said. “We’re girls. We’re, like, total bimbos.”

“I know,” Zari said. “I’m even, like, thinking of myself as a total girl. I can’t not. Why is my name, like, Zari? Why am I getting super wet just looking at James! I mean, James! Oh God . . .”

Ash licked her lips and tossed her flame-red hair. “F-fuuuuuck, he’s got a huge dick. Ohmigod, I totes want to suck it. It’s super, super wrong, but I really want to suck it, don’t you girls?”

They all moaned, because they all wanted it. James cracked a grin.

“So, the Memory Haze stuff has worn off a bit, I see?”

“It didn’t affect you?” Dani asked.

He shrugged, showing off his mighty shoulders. "A bit, but not as much for you three. I won't lie, I was trying to get us out of there at first, but I succumbed to the temptation of this place. It looks like the Premium Men's Pass helped me out there; too bad you chose to pay for your friends, Dani. But . . . I think I like you better this way."

Dani blushed, as humiliated as she was thankful, not to mention turned on. "You - you think so? But I'm a total girl now. I feel soooooo horny and stupid, and I can't stop looking at you, like I want to serve you and please you."

"Me too!" added Zari.

"Me, like, three!" Ash finished.

They looked to each other as if they were competition, but James just barked a low bellowing laugh and put up his hands. "Girls, girls, I think I've got a way to work this out. We were unhappy before, right? Dani and I were pulling apart, you two didn't like me, I didn't like you. But now . . . now this place has made it so we can all get along. You all want to please me, and I'm really, really fucking turned on by all three of you right now. It's only fair that Dani gets first go on my cock, of course, but why don't we all have a bit of experimentation with our new bodies before this ride takes us out of the carnival? After that, well, there'll be plenty of love to go around, right?"

A silence followed. The three former men looked at each other. For a moment, there was a sliver of resistance, but their new bimbo selves and their desire to fuck James' form, to follow him dutifully like the new harem they would most certainly be, were simply far too powerful factors when it came to their final decision.

"I'm willing to share," Dani said suddenly. "I hear it's a super long ride."

James began to unbuckle his pants. "Dani, you've already changed for the better. Just remember, it's not a competition."

But when his enormous, hard cock was revealed, and all three of them literally *salivated* at the sight of it, James had to sigh a little. Dani *surged* forward to be the first to touch it and the first to please him. She was still as competitive as ever, especially when it came to her friends-turned-harem-partners.

Some things never change, he supposed.

But others, such as the longevity of their relationship, certainly had. As James began to fuck each of his gorgeous women in turn, and they began to moan in submissive glee, he had the feelings that this was the beginnings of a long and beautiful arrangement.

The End