

# Diversifying Campus

For Waaghan

By TheSpiralledEye

*Life starts to take a strange turn for Jack when one of his new college friends reveals herself to be a witch who has made it her mission to not only right any wrongs she sees but also diversify their very white, male dominated campus.*

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Jack could feel the tension in the car as he and Nancy drove through the campus streets toward the dorms. Nancy's knuckles were white as they gripped the steering wheel and Jack was doing his best not to bounce his leg too much just to burn the nervous energy coursing through his veins.

Today was a momentous day; their first day as students at the prestigious Hollyman College; an ivy league school mostly attended by the rich, elite or even semi-famous with a small population of gifted scholarship students. It meant their cohort would be either rich, brilliant or related to somebody famous in some way.

His friend Neil, who was off pledging to a fraternity, was in the latter category; having gotten in on a volleyball scholarship. Jack wished he were here now; Neil was so casual and friendly he had a way of making any tense situation dissipate with his mere presence alone.

Nancy on the other hand fell into the first category; having worked her butt off all throughout her schooling career in the hopes of finally climbing out of the poverty hole she'd been born into. Jack looked to his girlfriend with sympathy as they pulled into the parking lot; her old early 2000's honda stood out painfully against a sea of mercedes and sports cars and her cheeks were already red with shame.

"It's going to be fine, Nancy." Jack tried to reassure her. "You had the highest GPA in the whole state!"

"So does half our class no doubt." She bit her lip, "I'm going to have to work my ass off to keep my scholarship, if I get stuck with student loans..."

"Then I'll help you."

She shot him a grateful but sad smile; Jack may have come from more than her, but not by much. Honestly, he was still trying to figure out what got him into the college in the first place; he was neither rich, famous or brilliant. In fact, he was downright plain; it was the thing Jack hated the most about himself. Sometimes he darkly joked that if it were a category, he'd still not get voted 'Most Forgettable' because nobody would remember to nominate him.

"What if my roommate is some sort of super genius." Nancy bit her nails nervously, "What if I'm just a big fish in a small pond and I end up falling all the way to the bottom of the class before-"

"Nancy, you're catastrophizing again."

She took a deep breath and let it out sharply.

"You're right," she pulled out her room assignment and tapped the name. "I just hope this Ramona girl isn't a late night party girl, I'm going to need every wink of sleep possible to try and keep up with work and study here."

Jack bit his tongue; it wasn't fair that Nancy's family still needed her to work two jobs while here just to stay afloat back home. Nancy brightened suddenly, clearly determined, like he was, to not get bogged down in stress.

"Alright, let's grab our stuff and I'll see you at English Introduction tomorrow?"

Jack nodded, they had already agreed that sticking too close together on the first day was a bad idea. They didn't want to be that couple who didn't have any other friends after all. With Nancy working two jobs, plus studying the amount she did, they didn't have much of a social life back home. Moving to a new state, a new college; it was their fresh start.

They were going to work hard of course, but Jack also intended to remake himself. He refused to fade into the background anymore; plus, this was the sort of college where connections were made. If he made friends with the right people now it could set him and Nancy up for life; he'd be a fool to miss out.

Which is why he was determined to make a good impression on whoever was his assigned room mate. Backpack and suitcase trailing behind him he nervously made his way to room 305 wondering who would be there to greet him. A rich kid with daddy's credit card? Another workaholic like Nancy? Maybe a foreign exchange student? He shouldered open the door and was met with the usual set up; a room that mirrored itself, two beds, two desks

and two cupboards. The only difference being the frankly ludicrous amount of clothing and comic books littered across one of the beds. There were so many Jack almost didn't see the man laying across it.

“Yo!”

The guy was about his age with shaggy brown hair that looked like it was badly in need of a brush and his smile was slightly lopsided in an oddly charming way.

“Charlie!” He introduced, “sorry if I don't get up, I'm at a really good bit.”

He then stuck his head back in his graphic novel leaving Jack a moment to come to terms with everything. After a few awkward moments he set about unpacking only for Charlie to slam down the comic and finally get to his feet.

“Bah, predictable ending as always, anyway, nice to meet you.”

“You too.” Jack offered his hand which Charlie shook enthusiastically, “I'm Jack. Business major.”

“Yo! Same!” Charlie grinned, “What a score! We can help each other out on assignments and shit, and we have somebody to sit with in class already.”

“My friend Neil and girlfriend Nancy will be with us too.” Jack smiled, some of the tension melting away as he realised he'd already secured himself a little group of friends, not all of them old.

“Girlfriend?” Charlie cocked his head to the side looking disappointed. “Man, what a bummer.”

Jack felt his face turn scarlet; he'd heard people were more forward away from the south but that was a bit much even for him. Charlie raised an eyebrow then burst into laughter.

“Oh gee, sorry man, I just meant I was hoping for a trawling buddy, y'know? Somebody to hit the town with and pick up chicks, then again, I suppose having a girlfriend doesn't stop you from being a good wingman.”

Jack felt his face heat up even more; suddenly he felt very arrogant for assuming anybody would be interested in somebody as boring as him. Part of him was sure Nancy was only with him because he was convenient for her hectic schedule. A sudden snapping sound made him jump and Jack realised he'd been lost in his own head again.

"You okay, man?"

"Yeah fine." so much for a good first impression, "just thinking about where to put my textbooks."

Charlie smacked himself on the forehead and groaned.

"I knew I forgot to buy something!"

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Charlie, as it turned out, also forgot to buy notebooks, pencils and basically everything else one would typically need for class. At first Jack had put it down to anxiety the man was somehow keeping hidden but as the weeks progressed it became increasingly clear that Charlie was just a coaster. The classes he did attend he barely paid attention to and Jack was sure he'd be getting a new roommate any day now once their first set of tests came back.

To his shock though, Charlie was near the top of the class. He shrugged and grinned, explaining that he never had to try too hard. School work just came naturally to him. If he weren't so friendly Jack might have been tempted to throttle him out of jealousy. Nancy looked like she had been just about ready to kill him herself out of pure spite, especially when he admitted to never studying.

Despite that he managed to fit right in and he and Neil got on like a house on fire. Mostly because of their love of partying; in Neil Charlie found his trawling partner that was for sure. Even if Neil let him down once or twice because he actually decided to study.

"I'm telling you man, you'll clean up if you come along." Charlie insisted as they made their way to the square where they often ate lunch. "The Beta Sorority is full of babes and with you at my side I might even get in! Chicks love a star athlete."

Neil blushed a little but shook his head.

“The mid term is only a few weeks away, and I have that big essay due soon.”

“The same essay you have due, Charlie.” Nancy reminded him. “We should be studying as a group, not going out.”

“You’re just saying that because you never go out.” Charlie groaned, “Come on Nance, you’ll have fun! One night isn’t going to cost you your scholarship I guarantee it. With that big brain of yours you could skip studying for a week and be fine.”

Nancy looked like she didn’t know whether to feel flattered or insulted; Jack got the feeling a lot of what came out of Charlie’s mouth left her feeling that way. She opened her mouth but whatever retort she had died on her tongue as a voice rang out.

“Nancy! Is this the little group you’ve been telling me so much about?”

A woman with dark hair and the brightest blue eyes Jack had ever seen was waving at them. She had almond eyes but pale skin and full lips; a striking set of features that gave her a distinctly Eurasian appearance.

“Ah, everybody, this is my roommate, Ramona. I forgot, she asked if she could join us for lunch.”

Jack had seen her in class, she’d spent a lot of time with a sour look on her face and unlike the rest of them, had no issue biting back at lecturers when they said something she didn’t agree with. Which was often. Ramona was one of those people that radiated a certain aura, Jack got the distinct impression she was not one to be fucked with.

“Sure, come on over, we usually sit over there by the tree.”

“It’s so good to meet you all.” Ramona smiled, “if you’re friends with Nancy I know you must be the sort who deserves to be here.”

“What do you mean by that?” Charlie asked.

“Well, this whole Ivy League business, it’s all rich kids who don’t deserve a good education, or care.” Ramona rolled her eyes. “Nancy here at least works hard. More people like her, not to mention minorities, deserve a place here.”

Jack shuffled uncomfortably on the grass, Ramona was just as white as the rest of them. Having her talk with such authority came off as a little uncomfortable, especially considering they just met less than five minutes ago. There was none of the subtle nervousness or holding back that came with meeting people for the first time.

“I am sure we’re all going to be the best of friends.” She smiled, there was an edge to her voice though that set Jack’s hair on end.

She said it almost forcefully, as if they had no choice in the matter; she had decided they would be friends, so they would. It was that simple. Again he was hit by that strange aura, the one that told him not to question her. So Ramona was a little pushy, a tad too domineering when it came to conversation; she was probably just nervous, trying to act confident and over compensating. That had to be it right? There was no harm in letting her hang out with them once in a while.

Right?

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Once in a while turned into every day and before long Ramona was a central part of their little group. While she was quite charming, Jack even found himself growing fond of her, she still put him on edge. She seemed to inspire confidence in Nancy though, which he appreciated and of course neither Neil or Charlie were going to complain about having a hot girl in the group, even if she wasn’t on the table romance wise. Still, something about her still rubbed Jack the wrong way but he couldn’t put his finger on quite what it was. At least not until a few weeks later in their English class.

Professor Hastings was a tenured teacher at Hollyman and as such, could get away with a lot. Like yelling at his class for not following his archaic requirements. How the hell the man could tell that handwritten assignments were done in the wrong type of pencil Jack had no idea but it was beginning to grate on him as he finished up their lecture on the subject.

“And none of this silly typed stuff. In my day, pencil was good enough for my professors and they will be good enough for me!” He scolded, “If I receive one more assignment not written in 4B you will all be docked a full letter grade you what!”

The man ran his hand over his shiny bald head. Idly, Jack wondered if at one time he had hair but rubbed it all away doing that very same gesture. The hall lapsed into silence as he turned back to the board to begin their actual lesson and Ramona leaned over.

“God, what an ass. I have had it up to here with him.”

“Shhh!” Nancy squeaked, glancing between Ramona and the professor only to look confused when he didn't turn around.

“Oh don't worry, he can't hear us, in fact nobody in the hall can!” She yelled the last few words but once again nobody batted an eye.

“What the hell?” Charlie's jaw dropped.

“Look, I wanted to keep it a secret for a bit longer till I was sure you guys were on the level but Hastings has pushed me too far.” Ramona cracked her knuckles, “time for that old fogey to change his ways.”

Jack opened his mouth to ask what the hell she was talking about when Ramona pointed at their professors, turned back and a small spark of light shot from her fingers, directly into the back of the man's head. A second later Jack watched in amazement as their old, white professor began to change before his very eyes.

His slacks began to stretch as his ass swelled, gradually shifting to become a tight pencil skirt which showed off a pair of dark olive toned legs. His loafers gave way to a pair of heels and that bald head began to spring hair, long, dark brown locks that covered his entire back.

Sensible slacks turned to a tight pencil skirt that showed off a pair of long, dark brown legs with ultra smooth skin. Jack felt his mouth go dry as his eyes continued to widen; he always tried to not stare when it came to women's bodies but who could blame him now.

With a start, the professor turned a soft smile on his plump red lips as he explained something to the class; but the words went in one ear and out the other for Jack and his friends. All he registered was the tone; soft, sensual, with a hint of an accent. Despite himself Jack felt his cock twitch in his pants; he'd always had a thing for accents, not that he would ever admit it.

All the group could do was stare at the sexy Latina woman in front of them; complete with blouse unbuttoned just a little too far. She cleared her throat expectantly and Jack realised she was staring right at him.

“Well?” She asked expectantly.

“Um, sorry I...I wasn't paying attention.” he stammered, looking around at his fellow classmates in disbelief. Unlike him and his friends, nobody seemed to have noticed anything amiss.

“Well I suggest you pay attention, young man.” The woman who had been Hastings grinned wryly, “I won't be going easy on your tests next week.”

Oh God that accent; husky and deep. It seemed to burrow into him and it took all of Jack's self control not to pop a boner right there. How was he going to concentrate the rest of the year with that going into his ears? Nancy was looking at him with the same bewildered look as the others and they silently got through the rest of class. When they finally left Ramona burst into giggles as they were out of sight.

“Oh my gosh, your faces!” She wiped a tear from her eyes, “I'm sorry, it's just too funny!”

“What did you do?” Charlie gaped, “and why did nobody notice? Hastings is...”

“A woman?” Ramona smiled, “Yes, and a diverse one at that. Did you know the staff and student body of this college is almost entirely white? In this day and age that's just not acceptable.”

“I feel like we are dancing around the issue of how the hell you changed him!” Charlie said, trying and failing to hide the awe in his voice. “How?”

“Magic.” Ramona shrugged, “I'm a witch you see, it's in my blood.”

“You've got to be joking.” Nancy snorted, “there is no such thing as magic.”

“Hastings would beg to differ.” Jack muttered quietly and Nancy bit her cheek.

“It's not as rare as you might think, we tend to keep it secret though, easier to use that way. In fact, my mother using magic was how I got into this school and it struck me, that's not fair. So I have decided to use mine for good.” Ramona replied. “I changed



everybody's memories as part of the spell, so now everybody, including Hastings, always thinks he was a Latina woman. We get a nicer lecturer, he gets a second youth and the school gets a little more diverse. It's win, win, win."

Jack's stomach churned; while she had a point, changing somebody and their memories so drastically without their consent felt a little off to him. Ramona's eyes slid over to meet his and his heart stuttered; there was that coldness again. That feeling that he really didn't want to mess with her and now he knew why.

"Don't worry, I only transform people who deserve it." Ramona continued arrogantly, "by the time I get my degree this school will be one of the most diverse and friendly places, with all the assholes gone."

Jack wanted to ask if she really thought it was morally right for her to be judge, jury and executioner when it came to that choice but honestly, he was worried about crossing her himself.

"What's got you all looking so serious?"

Jack turned to see Neil, still sweaty from practice approaching with an irritated look on his face.

"There you are, why weren't you in class?" Romana asked, "you really missed something special."

"Really? Well, shit." Neil groaned, "my asshole captain decided to drill us into the ground. Just because he has a free period now doesn't mean the rest of us do but that doesn't stop him."

"That's not fair at all." Ramona said innocently.

"Yeah, but if we leave 'early' he benches us. Dick."

"Why don't I come to the next practice to support you." Ramona offered sweetly and Jack felt his stomach begin to tie in knots. "In fact we will all come, won't we gang?"

Charlie grinned; clearly seeing where she was going with this and Nancy looked curious at the very least before nodding. Eyes turned to Jack, how could he say no?

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Jack watched from the side of the court as the volleyball team practised, their captain was a senior who looked like he'd just stepped out of an old episode of BayWatch and he was yelling so hard it was a shock he still had a voice. Jack kept glancing nervously at Ramona who had a determined look on her face and a coy smile that made Jack nervous. He'd warned Neil, of course he had but without the proof they had all seen first hand he was sceptical. Even now Jack was sure the other man thought they were playing a joke on him.

They team was split in half, playing against one another when the captain yelled at Neil for the third time to jump higher and Ramona squared her shoulders and extended her finger. Jack held his breath as not one but several shards of light flew from her fingers and slammed into the various members of the team; Neil included.

"What are you doing? I thought you were just changing assholes?" Jack gaped but Romana giggled.

"Oh what's the harm in a few extra changes here and there? I'm expanding the lesbian dating pool is all."

"Lesbian? You're changing their sexualities too?" Nancy asked uneasily.

"Not really." Ramona shrugged, "After all, they all like girls now and they will after the change too, what's changed? Anyway, let's watch! It's starting to set in!"

Jack could hear his heartbeat in his ears; he should say something but he was too nervous. That and the changes taking place on the court were pretty distracting. Jack watched as Neil jumped into the air; his thick muscled legs thinning as he rose and his pecs turning round and bouncy as they became breasts. It almost seemed to happen in slow motion; Jack could see every jiggle as the cup size increased from A all the way to D. His long hair got even longer and flowed out behind him dramatically; reminding Jack of all those sports commercials with people moving in slow motion while intense music played. His skin deepened in colour, turning a warm olive and despite his new curves, his athletic body shape remained.

His ass turned peachy, stretching his shorts without becoming the absurd bubble butt of their professor and his top cropped itself to show off his cinched midriff. Jack could see his abs clearly still; he was the model of the perfect female athlete.

When he'd jumped, Neil had been a white sports star, as he landed an athletic, curvaceous woman stood in his place. A woman with high cheekbones and a distinctly Polynesian look. Her uniform fitted her new body tightly but that didn't stop her new peachy ass and breasts from bouncing as she moved. In shock Jack watched as Neil stood in place, at first examining his perfectly manicured hands and then twisting on his toes to try and get a good look at the rest of his body.

Apparently though, only Neil seemed aware of his transformation as the rest of the now women on his team, including the captain, seemed oblivious to their changing bodies. Or indeed, the changing court. The ball disappeared and in each lady's hands appeared a set of pom poms. Their running and jumping changed to a rhythmic sort of dance as the entire volleyball team transformed into hot cheerleaders.

Neil stood amazed as two silver pom poms formed out of thin air in his hands and he looked at them with wonder. For a moment, Jack swore he could see the gears turning in his head before he began to move in tandem with the other women. Somehow, he instinctively knew how to cheer. Soon they were all watching, totally amazed as a short skirt formed over those booty shorts and Neil was flipping and kicking as his squad tossed him into the air effortlessly.

"Holy shit." Charlie whispered, leaning forward on his seat. He was practically drooling.

Jack squirmed a little, watching a bunch of cheerleaders practice was, admittedly, pretty hot, but he couldn't get rid of the guilt in his stomach. To his surprise, Neil stopped and seemed to examine himself in confusion before running over to them despite the shouts of his team mates.

"It's okay girls!" The former captain smiled sweetly, "She just needs a breather, let's keep it up!"

Neil, or the woman who used to be Neil ran up to them out of breath from pure shock.

"What the hell just happened?" He panted, "I...I'm all bouncy!"

Jack couldn't help it, he snorted; of all the words Neil could have used, he went with bouncy?

“Well I couldn’t just change one person, I figured the whole team could use some work.” Ramona grinned, “believe me about the magic now?”

“Kinda.” Neil blinked, pouting slightly. “It’s like, so weird. I can sorta remember who I am? Like, I know I am Neil but I am also Alena?”

“Yeah, I gave you a whole new identity, cool right? Now you’re a hot bimbo cheerleader here on scholarship! And you have a rich heritage you can share with this way too white campus.”

Ramona sounded so proud of herself, like she’d just done the world a great service. Nancy and Jack exchanged uneasy glances and Ramona laughed.

“Oh come on, it’s just a little fun. I’ll turn Neil back in a few days, deal?”

Neil seemed to think about it for a moment, a long moment really; Jack was sure Ramona had lowered his IQ a few points as well.

“I guess that could be fun.” Neil shrugged after a moment before turning back to the practice happening behind him and grinning. “I guess I should go see what this body can do then!”

“Enjoy!” Ramona smiled, waving as she skipped off to join his teammates. “I made him a little dumber too, he’s here on a sports scholarship after all, he doesn’t need to be so smart.”

“That’s a little...mean isn't it?” Nancy asked timidly but as usual Ramona waved it off.

“It’s only temporary, remember? Besides, this school is so elitist, they could stand to let a few more people of average intelligence in.”

Jack looked over at Neil, giggling and tripping over her own feet while struggling to walk and text at the same time and bit his lip. If that was what Ramona considered ‘average’ intelligence, he really didn’t want to see what he would consider dumb.

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It turned out to be very much not temporary after all. Neil was having an absolute ball with his new body and seemingly enjoying cheerleading even more than he had volleyball. Jack had expected him to show up to class in a hoodie and baggy pants the next morning but instead, he strolled in with his head held high in full cheer uniform.

“It looks so good on me it would be a shame not to get the most out of wearing it while I can.” He’d explained, but Jack got the distinct impression that was just an excuse.

Neil seemed...happy. He even started going by a female name.

“People will give me weird looks if I go around looking like this being called ‘Neil’.” He giggled. “Alena is cute, right?”

“I think it’s perfect.” Ramona beamed and Alena grinned widely pulling her hands up to her chin in an expression so sweet and cutesy it almost gave Jack diabetes.

“Don’t you think we should say something?” Nancy whispered, watching Ramona and Alena giggling away.

“Why? He, uh, she seems happy enough.” Charlie shrugged, “I mean, she’s hot, what’s not to like?”

“The fact that she’s dumb as bricks?” Jack pointed out but Charlie just shrugged.

“Girls that hot don’t need smarts, no offence Nancy.”

“Some offence taken.” She deadpanned but Charlie kept right on going.

“Let’s just enjoy having her around, yeah? She doesn’t even have to worry about getting bad grades because of her sports scholarship. And if she was really miserable I think we could tell, she can’t lie very well.”

That was a good point, when asked by one of the professors why she’d been late to class Alena had gotten so flustered she couldn’t even think of a basic lie to cover her tracks and ended up blurting out that she’d been fixing her lip gloss. For five straight minutes; how that

was even possible Jack had no idea. Still, he took Charlie's advice and tried to just get used to it and found himself shocked by just how easy it was.

Jack expected to miss Neil, the real Neil, but Alena seemed to have the same ability to put him at ease. She chatted happily about her new roommate, the former captain, and how nice she was now. They even stayed up late at night comparing lip glosses and talking boys.

"Doesn't that feel weird, considering..." Jack trailed off and Alena shook her head.

"Nah, being like this is like, totally fun!" She smiled brightly, "omigosh, and cheerleading is so much fun. I can't believe people don't respect it more. It's hard. All those hard jumps and flips, I am fitter than I ever was playing volleyball!"

"Really?" Nancy sounded impressed, "you do seem less stressed."

"Totes! You should give it a try Nance, you look like a coiled spring."

Nancy pouted; Jack stayed silent, not wanting to admit that Alena was right. Her stress levels had been through the charts lately, not that he could blame her. Apparently the fridge back home had stopped working and now she was working double shifts to afford the repairs and replace the food that had spoiled for her parents.

"Why are you talking like that?" Jack asked, in an attempt to change the subject. "You sound like a total bimbo."

"It just feels right, y'know?" Alena replied before bursting into giggles. "I should totally thank Ramona. Oh look! There's the lady of the hour!"

Ramona was waiting for them near class, staring at the vending machine with a look of intense concentration.

"Hard time deciding on a snack?" Jack teased and Ramona sighed.

"I left my card at home." She sighed, "and I really want a chocolate, Nancy, can you spot me?"

Jack winced; Nancy hated when people, especially people with more means than her, asked for money or favours like that. Especially right now when her stress levels were at their highest as exams approached and final assignments for the term were mounting.

“You know I can't afford it.” Nancy blushed, looking at the measly few dollars on the price tag that were still beyond her right now.

“Oh come on, it's just two dollars.”

“Two dollars I need.” Nancy bit back, “Not all of us can come from money or magic you know.”

Jack reached for his back pocket, ready to offer the money himself if it got Ramona off Nancy's back but it was too late; Ramona got that glint in her eye. The one that meant mischief and magic were about to follow.

“You know what?” Ramona said thoughtfully, “you're right. You work so hard Nancy, you don't deserve all that stress your family puts on you.”

Nancy blinked, confused for a moment before understanding washed over her features. Ramona was smiling and Jack's stomach dropped.

“So let's change that.” Ramona finished.

A flash of light and Jack's hand went to his mouth in shock as he watched his girlfriend transform right in front of him. Her sensible, bargain basement blouse began to stretch, the buttons pulling painfully in an effort to stay done up as her breasts expanded. Nancy stumbled forward thanks to the surprise of the new weight and the fact that her shoes had suddenly grown six inch heels. She stumbled and caught herself against the vending machine, splaying open her hands to show off the delicate, expensive looking nail art, complete with precious stones, painting itself across her finger tips.

The sensible bun atop her head fell apart, hair growing and spilling as it turned a luxurious shade of ice blonde, coiffed and styled so that not a hair was out of place. Nancy groaned as she bent double and her butt grew to compliment her new bust size, and her skirt changed to a hot, tight leather number that showed it off perfectly.

Jack felt his mouth go dry; torn between shock, indignant rage and utter arousal as he looked at the woman before him. Taking in her new high cheekbones and sharp features.

His plain jane girlfriend with her mousy brown hair and flat chest disappeared before his eyes; replaced with a curvaceous platinum blonde in designer clothes with high cheekbones and a massive chest. Nancy cried out in shock, running a hand over her new European features.

“Vat?” She whispered only to cover her mouth in shock, “vat has happened to my voice?”

A thick, frankly erotic, Scandinavian accent coated her every word. Jack did his best to hide just how much of a turn on he found it; between this and his new Latina professor Jack was beginning to suspect he had a fetish for accents; what did that say about him? Nancy was staring at herself in the reflective glass that covered the front of the machine with a mixture of wonder and shock.

“I made you a rich heiress! Cool right?” Ramona threw an arm around her shoulder.

“My mother and father...”

“Rich as now! They’ll never be cold in the winter or go without again!”

“But...but...”

“Come on, do you really want to go back to being poor and boring looking.”

“She wasn’t that plain looking.” Jack spoke up only for Nancy to turn to him with hard eyes.

“Vat do you mean, not *that* plain?”

“uh...uhhh...Nothing i just-hey I am on your side here.”

Nancy pouted, looking herself up and down again as her cheeks turned red.

“Turn me back! I didn’t ask you to turn me into...this!”

“What’s wrong with it?” Ramona asked, seeming genuinely confused, “You’re beautiful, rich and I let you keep your intellect. Or would you rather be a bimbo like Alena.”



“Hey!” Alena pouted, “you’re making it sound like that’s a bad thing. I’m not that dumb.”

“Of course you’re not sweetie.” Ramona placated, giving Alena a pat on the shoulder without even looking at her.

Alena beamed and Jack’s stomach formed a knot. How could she be so happy so easily? He was almost jealous; when you were too dumb to worry life must be pretty easy, he supposed.

“Check out your wallet.” Ramona was bouncing on her toes now, like a kid in a candy store as Nancy dug out her designer leather wallet and produced a platinum card.

“There is more money on here than I have ever earned.” Nancy whispered in wonder, seemingly possessing knowledge of her new life as well as the old just like Neil had. “This...I don't even know what to say.”

“No thanks necessary, but...could you spot me the chocolate now?” Ramona asked slyly and to Jack’s surprise, Nancy laughed and swiped the card without hesitation.

Jack watched on awkwardly; if Ramona was capable of doing that, couldn’t she have just magiced up some funds herself? Somehow he figured asking wasn’t a smart idea. Nancy handed Ramona the chocolate a little too harshly and grabbed Jack’s arm.

“Come on, let’s go on a date.”

“Right now?”

“Yes!”

Ramona gave them a cheeky wave.

“Have fun, Jack. I am sure you’ll enjoy my work!”

Jack felt his neck turn red; unable to think of anything that wouldn’t anger either Ramona or Nancy he opted to stay silent.

The coffee shop was one they passed all the time, it was a boutique sort of place with beans from all over the world and a thousand different fancy flavours. A cup cost twice what it would anywhere else and Jack had often spotted Nancy eyeing the menu through the window with envy.

“You want to have a date here?”

“I can afford it now.” Nancy grumbled, sounding both irritated and elated at the same time somehow.

They bought their coffee and Jack watched as Nancy sipped at the fancy hazelnut infused drink and sighed with happiness.

“I never realised you liked fancy coffee.” He said awkwardly after a few moments, “I would have treated you if I knew.”

“I don’t want charity.” Nancy shot back, before draining her cup entirely and waving over the barista to order another with a gleeful smile.

“I am sure we can convince Ramona to change you back.” Jack lied, “I feel like she’s on a bit of a power trip right now but if we explain that you at least want your old body back if not your old life, surely she’ll listen.”

Nancy pressed her lips into a thin line, eyes glazing over her perfectly manicured nails and soft blonde locks.

“Do you think I look better this way?”

Jack almost choked on his drink. How the hell was he supposed to get out of this minefield?

Jack sipped at his drink awkwardly before whispering.

“I like your accent.”

Nany looked up from the drinks menu and smiled genuinely.

“You know vat? Me too.”

~

Almost overnight, Nancy came out of a shell Jack never knew she'd been trapped in. Just as brilliant as ever, now she had all the time she needed to study without the need to work, she even had free time to start attending the college parties she had insisted weren't for her. At first Jack was happy for her; it was nice to see his girlfriend having fun. Especially now that the added pressure of being her family's provider was gone.

Her new body though, was a point of contention. Not because he disliked it, but rather the opposite. He loved it. Their sex had never been more passionate; his wallflower of a girlfriend not only had more time for love making but her confidence had shot through the roof. Any lingering resentment she had about being transformed against her will seemed to melt away within a matter of days and Jack honestly couldn't blame her. Now people's heads turned when she walked by and they hung off her every word when she spoke. The only downside was that his own plainness was now more obvious than ever.

He could see the way other guys looked at him now, asking themselves how the hell he managed to get such a bombshell on his arm, a rich one at that! Jack was starting to miss being ignored entirely as his own feelings of inadequacy began to rise with each passing day. It didn't help that now Nancy paid for everything; from meals to books to well, anything. She seemed obsessed with flashing that platinum card and was always the first to offer gifts.

So when she picked Jack up in a slick purple sports car one day he didn't need to question where it came from.

“This party is going to be so much fun!” Nancy smiled, her accent making him shiver as always.

“I feel like we should be working on our assignments.” Jack demurred and Nancy waved him off.

“I know that shit inside and out, I'll get it done in a day, no sweat. Besides, wait till you see where we are going!”

They drove far from campus, through the gilded gates of a private community and up a long driveway at the zenith of which sat a huge mansion. It reminded Jack of those Barbie dream

house mansions he used to see on tv as a kid; all columns and far more levels than seemed strictly necessary.

“Woah.” he breathed, “Who’s place is this? Ramona’s family?”

“It’s mine!” Nancy squealed gleefully, “my mother said her ‘little princess’ shouldn’t be slumming it in dorms and she just bought it for me!”

Jack’s jaw almost hit the floor.

“It’s nowhere near as big as the family home back in Europe of course.” Nancy continued, “But it’s more than enough.”

“I’ll say...” Jack whispered, looking up at the fancy stonework. His own modest home back in their backwater city in the south seemed suddenly shabbier in his memory.

“Come on, Ramona already has things started by the sound of it!”

“She’s here too?”

“Yeah, it didn’t seem right to move out without her.” Nancy admitted, “and if I am honest...I didn’t want to upset her, you know how she gets if she thinks things are unfair.”

Jack swallowed; yeah he did.

They pushed open the doors and the music volume almost knocked him off his feet. What had sounded like a quiet hum from outside was blaring; thick walls, doors and glass that could only come from expensive construction must have muffled it. It was a party to end all parties; he could see people doing shots, others slide down the polished wooden bannisters and judging by the sounds coming from the room at the side, somebody was doing a keg stand.

“Isn’t it great!” Nancy grinned, “Ramona and I planned everything!”

“This isn’t the sort of party I ever imagined you throwing.” Jack admitted after a moment and Nancy shrugged.

“If I am honest...money was always such a worry I never bothered to ask myself what sort of party I would throw if I could. I didn't have anywhere to host and I could barely afford a single bottle of vodka but now that cost isn't an issue...” She threw her arms out, “I can do whatever the hell I want!”

A few people in the crowd cheered, and Jack realised Alena, Ramona and Charlie were also present, grinning like mad. Alena flew across the room and tackle hugged Nancy.

“Giiiiirl, did you tell him yet?”

“Tell me what?” Jack asked, there was *more*?

“Nancy made the cheerleading squad!” Alena grinned, “Her mama gave some big donation too, so we are getting all new uniforms and this girl is going to be our new captain!”

Jack blinked in surprise.

“You bought your way into being captain?” He asked and Nancy shook her head.

“Nah, turns out Ramona gave me some incredible gymnastic skills to go with my new body.”

Ramona raised her red solo cup and grinned, looking proud of herself. Then, without any provocation, Nancy took a step backwards and elegantly cartwheeled into the centre of the room.

“Hey, hey everybody, who wants a sneak peek of the new cheer that the girls and I will be performing at next week's game?”

A roar from the crowd and a circle gathered as Nancy began to move. Jumping and flipping right there on the marble floor of her mansion. Jack tried not to perv, but it was hard; her bust was so large now it was sort of hard not to stare. Especially when it was being thrust back and forth like that. Apparently he wasn't the only one who thought so either because several of the guys in the crowd began to wolf whistle and jeer.

“Shake it babe!”

“Come over there a little!”

“Take it off!”

Sparks flew from beside him and Jack felt his stomach twist once more as Ramona targeted every sexist comment made. He and Charlie exchanged looks but said nothing; what more was there to say anyway?

As the night went on the gender ratio at the party began to skew; women of all shapes, sizes and ethnicities began to appear to replace their previously white cohort. Alena and Nancy didn't seem to mind, neither did Charlie honestly, nor did he have a problem with flirting with all the new babes available. Not that he had any luck, it seemed, by some mad coincidence, that they were all gay.

Jack tried to enjoy the party, but somehow he felt something was shifting. Where Ramona had been subtle before, changing one person at a time over a matter of weeks now she seemed to be taking great pleasure at turning people for the slightest 'infringement'. Even after the party was finished and the weeks began to pass Jack stood by and watched as almost half their classes were transformed into sexy, lesbian bimbos.

That knot in his stomach got tighter and tighter but every time he thought about speaking up he stopped himself. The last thing he wanted to do was earn Ramona's ire; he knew exactly what fate awaited him down that road.

~

“And done, one powerpoint presentation completed.” Jack sighed in relief.

“And one verbal script finished.” Nancy smiled right back.

They had been paired up for one of their class assignments and it was honestly a dream. Ramona hadn't been lying when she said she let Nancy keep her wit and intellect, with ehr as if they'd finished with over a week to spare.

“Now what shall we do?” Nancy asked with a flirtatious smile, leaning over the desk so that her breasts rested against the hard wood.

Jack gave a wobbly smile; he was still getting used to this more forward, sexual person that was his girlfriend but he couldn't say he wasn't enjoying it. Before getting Nancy to agree to

a date was like pulling teeth; when one assignment was finished she always wanted to do extra credit 'just in case'.

Now every time they studied their sessions turned into impromptu dates; last week they had almost gotten themselves banned from the library entirely for indecent behaviour. It was thrilling in a way; it made Jack feel like a hormonal young teenager again, looking for any excuse to start making out. He leaned over the desk, eager to claim those full lips when a yell made them both startle.

"Are you serious! You haven't done anything!?"

Nancy and Jack exchanged worried looks; they both recognised Ramona's voice and she was *pissed*. They darted through the shelves and found her standing over a desk where Charlie was looking bashful, an empty notepad open before him.

"This assignment is worth thirty percent of our grade and you've left it a week before it was due to even start?" Ramona continued, "You know that if you fuck up you drag me down too, right?"

"Cs get degrees." Charlie shrugged with a nervous laugh. "It's just a presentation, I am sure we can pull something together quickly."

"No, you mean I will. You're just going to make me do everything!" Ramona bit back.

"You're just better at this sort of thing than me. I'm just not the intellectual type, y'know?" Charlie replied and Ramona slammed her hand down on the desk.

"Bullshit! But, if that's how you truly feel?"

"Oh boy..." Jack breathed, here it comes.

Sparks flew and Charlie barely had time to get out a single cry before his body began to warp and change. His pasty skin turned a warm light olive and his shaggy hair became silken smooth and long as it flowered down his back like water. Charlie's hands went to his mouth in shock and Jack watched as his hands and fingers became thinner, a layer of red polish applying itself to each nail in sequence.

Unlike the others Ramona had transformed, Charlie seemed to be...enjoying the process. The soft moans that escaped his mouth tracked the change in his voice in real time.

Starting with his awkward male one and slowly becoming something higher pitched but also gentle, with a melodic edge. Jack found himself blushing; he knew this was a unique experience but he'd never heard moans like that outside of porn. Did Charlie have no dignity at all?

Apparently not because he kept going as his blue eyes went wide as they changed to a pretty almond shape and darkened to match his new complexion, complete with thick eyelashes and a pretty, pert mouth.

His ill fitting shirt and jeans suddenly cinched to his body, shifting with him as his flat chest turned round and bouncy and his hips grew into a willowy hourglass figure. A dainty pair of feet at the end of short, but curvy legs formed and a pair of delicate fabric slippers wove themselves around Charlie's toes.

The outfit that formed around him was bright red with golden edges and embroidery; a Chinese style dress Jack was sure had a specific name that escaped him right now. Charlie shot to his feet and wobbled, immediately falling backwards onto his newly fat ass as he struggled to stand in heels.

"What the hell?" He yelled, "Ramona, what didja-hey, what even is this thing?"

He picked at the dress with mild interest and disbelief.

"It's a cheongsam." Nancy answered for him, "which makes sense considering you're...well, Chinese now."

"No way, really?" Charlie's jaw dropped, "Gimme a mirror, I gotta check this shit out?"

Ramona just rolled her eyes, storming past them clearly still furious.

"I barely had to change anything about his mind to turn him into a bimbo." She muttered as she passed Jack. "Asshat."

"But...if you made him dumber he's probably going to be an even worse work partner." Jack muttered, low enough that Ramona didn't hear.

Nancy was pulling Charlie to his feet only for him to immediately fall again while trying to twist and turn to examine himself. This time he ended up in a fit of giggles on the floor.



“You’re taking this...well.” Nancy said with some surprise. “Not many guys would be so chill about being transformed into a woman.”

“Aw, it was bound to happen with Ramona around.” Charlie said in a weirdly calm voice, “at least she made me hoooooot! She did make me hot right?” He jumped to his feet with a little less wobble and suddenly grabbed hold of Jack’s shirt with a desperate look in his eye.

“Tell me I’m sexy, Jack.”

“Uh...I mean, you’re not ugly.” Jack stammered, looking at Nancy pleadingly.

“You’re hot to trot.” Nancy rolled her eyes before chuckling a little. “You can stop sweating now, Jack.”

Charlie gave a sigh of relief.

“In that case, all is chill.” He smiled, “she offered to change you and Alena back after all, I am sure she’ll do the same for me in a few days. So I basically just get access to a hot Asian girl for a few days. Score!”

Jack remembered just how furious Ramona had been as she stormed past.

“I wouldn’t be so sure about that...”

“She is getting a lot more liberal with her magic, isn’t she?” Nancy said worriedly. “At this rate there won’t be any straight men left on campus at all!”

“I know.” Jack chewed his lip. “But what can we do? If we try to stop her, she’ll probably just transform us but not let us keep our memories.”

“You’re the last man standing!” Charlie pointed out with a giggle. “I wonder how long you’ll last.”

*‘Me too.’* thought Jack darkly.

Ramona She did not, in fact, offer to turn Charlie back any time soon. A fact that Jack hoped would grate on him enough that somebody else would stand up to the witch and say something but of course, that didn't happen. In fact, Charlie started going by Chu and seemed tickled pink by the whole experience. Especially by the fact that somehow, she and Jack were still roommates.

“Mixed gender dorms are more progressive.” Ramona told him when he'd brought it up. “And you and Nancy have a good relationship, she knows you'd never cheat on her with Chu.”

“Yeah and it feels kinda naughty riiiiight?” Chu teased, “what's the word....? Tubey?”

“Taboo.” Nancy snorted. “Only if you say so though, I know Jack likes his girls with a little more brains than boobs.”

“You're one to talk.” Alena teased, poking at Nancy's chest while the Scandinavian woman gasped and batted her hand away pretending to feel scandalised..

Jack was suddenly struck with the surrealness of it all; he was the only guy in a group of friends that were all stunningly hot women. Half of them had been men not long ago too. It almost made his head spin; how was this his life? How had things gotten so mixed up so fast?

Jack glanced to the side, looking at his reflection in the shop windows he passed as he and the girls walked through the shopping centre. They used to spend their weekends just hanging out, watching movies and studying but now they were here every other week. Nancy was still riding high on being able to buy whatever she wanted and Alena, Ramona and Chu weren't going to say no to being treated to whatever took their fancy.

“Oh! Let's go to this one!” Alena suggested, pointing to a boutique and dragging the others in the open door.

Inside was a room of pink, black and silver; the word 'Curves' in fancy writing atop the doorway.

“Clothes for the modern busty woman.” Nancy read off the sign and grinned. “Wonderful, finding clothes that fit my chest and waist at the same time is such a pain at the moment. Did you have to give me such an exaggerated hourglass?”

Ramona just smirked.

“You love it.”

“That doesn't make finding clothes easy.”

Jack's stomach cramped, it was such a common occurrence now he barely noticed.

“I'll just wait outside.” Jack shuffled awkwardly, he didn't want to spend his afternoon sitting on a bench holding everybody's bags like last week.

Knowing the girls they would be in there for ages, plenty of time for him to swing over to the food court or game shop. It was such an innocuous comment but when Ramona turned she had a thoughtful look in her eye; one that made his heart turn to ice. He didn't like the look in her eye.

“You know, it does suck you're the only one who misses out on all this fun.” She said thoughtfully. “I think I can fix that.”

“Wait, don't-!”

It was too late, the witch's finger reached out and Jack shivered as a small ball of light shot from her pointer right into his chest. He expected it to hurt, but instead he felt nothing...followed by everything.

Jack shivered as a tingle moved down his spine, changing the shape of his torso as it went. He felt himself grow heavier in the behind and he twisted to see his ass swelling in his jeans. It went beyond even Alena's, a true bubble butt and he cried out in shock as he pressed his palms into the soft flesh there out of shock more than anything.

Unfortunately, that meant his chest was thrust out just in time to feel his new tits growing. They ballooned out, even more than his ass had, but still, a decent set of D cups, then E cups soon rested on his formerly flat chest and his clothing stretched and changed to match. He could feel all manner of smaller changes happening all over his body; his eyelashes lengthening, lips filling and most shocking of all, his cock beginning to shrink.

What surprised him most of all though, was that his new pussy forming wasn't foremost on his mind. Instead it was his hair, dark brown locks that were rapidly growing out of his skull. For some reason, that change out of all of them, filled him with the most shame. The idea that people could see his hair suddenly made him feel so self conscious.

His jeans and shirt were replaced with a long sleeve loose fitting top and long skirt but he found himself desperately wishing for a hat, anything to cover his head and hide that hair. As if summoned by the thought a tasteful headscarf formed around him and Jack sighed in relief as the rapid change came to an end.

"There, now you can shop with us." Ramona smiled.

"You...but I didn't do anything wrong!" Jack cried.

"I never said you had." Ramona blinked innocently, "but now you can enjoy shopping with the rest of us, and you get to be a hot lady too. Plus, I know Nancy is a boob girl so it's a win-win for you guys."

"Ramona! That was a secret!" Nancy blushed and Jack turned to his girlfriend in confusion.

"You're...not angry about this? What does she mean 'boob woman'?"

"Well, obviously I wish she'd asked you." Nancy replied nervously, "but I am not going to break up with you because you're a woman now...I'm bi.

Jack felt like he was learning so much about Nancy lately he may as well consider their relationship brand new. His head was spinning as Chu put her arm around him.

"Girl, you look so cute! The darker complexion suits you."

It was then Jack realised he had no idea what he looked like. With a mixture of curiosity and panic in his chest he ran into the shop, looking for a mirror. It took him a moment to realise when he'd even spotted one, as the person staring back at him was a total stranger.

A dark skinned Arab woman blinked back at him with doe brown eyes and wide lashes. Even her conservative dress sense couldn't hide the absolutely massive curves beneath the flowing clothing and Jack felt his cheeks begin to heat. It felt oddly shameful having those curves showing and for the first time he was glad they were at the mall, maybe

he could find a more conservative outfit to hide them. Jack's ears pricked as he looked miserably at his reflection, trying to come to terms with what he was seeing.

"Ramona, this isn't fair." Nancy complained, "Jack didn't do anything wrong! Look at him, he's miserable! You change him back right now."

"Why should I?" Ramona replied defensively, "I just did you both a favour! Not to mention our school, our college is now one of the most diverse campuses in the country. Imagine how amazing it will be for women the world over if Jack graduates near the top of the class. Muslim women need that inspiration."

Jack felt his blood boil.

"Quit it with the white knight shit. You don't get to just turn people into other races and genders because you think it's more fair!"

"It is more fair." Ramona said stubbornly. "I am making the world a better place! I was going to offer to turn you back but now I am not sure."

She stormed off and Jack found himself pouting. Alena and Chu each put an arm around his now delicately sloped shoulders and pulled him into a hug.

"Aw, don't cry. It'll be okay." Chu insisted, "looks like you're still a smartie pants unlike us anyway, that's gotta make you happy?"

"And you're pretty, like, totally gorgeous." Alena added, "you could join the cheerleading squad with me and Nancy if you like. It's not so bad being a girl, in fact, it's really fun! Trust me."

"This is so embarrassing..." Jack groaned, what was he going to do?"

"She's just righteous and pissed off right now." Nancy said, "I am sure if we give her a few days to cool off we can convince her to change you back."

Jack doubted it. Experience told him otherwise.

Jack stared down at the liquid filling his solo cup; it was weak punch, the sort of stuff totally green twenty one year olds drank their first time on the town. It was the kind of alcohol he could down like water only a few weeks ago but now he couldn't even bring it to his lips. Drinking alcohol just felt...wrong. As did showing off his hair and flirting. He'd never been the most forward guy, even with Nancy but now he was downright demure. When he'd bought it up with Ramona she had used some excuse about making sure his new persona was a 'good example' of Muslim ideals. The entire conversation left a sour taste in his mouth worse than any cheap alcohol.

Nancy's mansion was filled with people; another party, this one held in his honour in an attempt to cheer him up. It was failing miserably though; everybody was having a great time doing all the wild shit young people got up to at college parties but Jack couldn't bring himself to join in. Alena and Chu had spent some time trying to get him dancing, then when that failed they'd tried to think up a new, more suitable name but that just brought the mood down further.

Eventually they'd given up and had left him by the window to sulk with just Nancy for company. Well, Nancy and a long line of men who seemed to enjoy trying to pick up a busty Arab woman. Explaining that he was a 'lesbian' didn't help either, if anything that egged them on. Which of course, brought Ramona out of the woodworks.

Neither he nor Nancy batted an eye as yet another male party goer turned into a blonde headed bimbo; it was almost cliché by this point.

"I couldn't kick her out." Nancy sighed, "she might have turned me back and then I'd probably be in even worse debt."

"At least I have my old memories as well as new ones."

Memories of a new life as an immigrant who worked her way up to the most prestigious college in the state. It wasn't that the life was bad or anything, it just didn't quite feel like his yet.

"How are you feeling?" Nancy asked, "physically I mean?"

"Showering feels awkward." Jack admitted, "I feel like I am perving on some strange woman."

"I get that, even I felt it a little and I was a woman from the start."

Jack squirmed a little in his seat.

“If I am honest...I feel so guilty about it but looking at my own body sort of...turns me on?”

“You’re not alone in that.”

Jack blinked and Nancy snickered.

“Come on, you can’t blame me for checking out my ‘girlfriend’ once in a while, you wear such loose clothes it makes me wonder what you really look like.”

Jack felt his panties moisten beneath the long skirt and was hit with a strange wave of shame. arousal was nothing to be ashamed of, logically he knew that, but it didn’t stop him feeling that way all the same.

“This party is sort of boring anyway, did you want to go up to my room?” Nancy asked, pressing their legs together. “I don’t think I can stomach watching Ramona transform anybody else.”

It was a pretence, an obvious one at that and Jack swallowed. That heat between his legs was begging for relief after so many weeks of nothing. He’d not been able to bring himself to masturbate, it felt too naughty. So did a tryst with his lesbian lover but it was so much harder to resist the temptation of the latter.

He let Nancy drag him upstairs, each step he took he felt keenly aware of his own body and just how turned on he was. His nipples were brushing against the inside of his bra, his panties growing damp and sticky as they pressed against his mound. By the time Nancy closed the door to her bedroom he was a hot mess; one his girlfriend was happy to clean up.

Her hands pulled at Jack’s long, conservative skirt and hiked it up around his waist before delving a soft finger into his folds. Jack immediately felt overwhelmed with the intensity of the sensation. Nancy gently thrust the finger in and out of his hole, dragging her manicured nails along his inner walls just enough to burn and add to the pleasure.

“Vat do you think?” She whispered, making her accent all the thicker knowing full well how crazy it drove him.

“D-don’t stop.”

“Then touch me as vell.”

He obeyed, desperate to keep the pleasure that was building between his legs. They fingered and scissored one another hard and fast, drinking in the gasps and moans between kisses as they both raced to the edge. This felt so taboo and it only added to his ecstasy as Jack came as a woman for the first time.

It felt stronger than cumming as a man and seemed to last twice as long. His body throbbed with bliss as he desperately brought Nancy to completion as well and the two busty women shivered against one another until the pleasure finally dimmed to a dull, constantly bliss. Jack could have stayed like that forever, with his fingers still in Nancy’s pussy as they basked in the afterglow but the universe had other plans.

Voices carried up the stairs; yells that seemed angry and familiar. One of those voices was without a doubt Ramona’s; Nancy pulled back and looked at Jack with a mixture of concern and reservation.

“We should probably go check that out.”

“Yeah.”

Still, it took them several minutes to untangle themselves and clean up before deciding back into the party. Alena was waiting for them at the bottom of the stairs with a nervous expression on her face.

“A cop showed up about the noise.” She reported, “So...”

She gestured to the middle of the room where a sexy female stripper in a cop outfit was grinding up against some of the other women at the party; her tongue lolling out of her wide smiling mouth. Her outfit was nothing but a pair of booty shorts and crop top, a golden badge the only thing keeping the shirt from flying open.

“Ramona?” Nancy sighed.

“Ramona.” Alena confirmed.



“But for some reason the other cop lady who was with the guy she changed noticed! She dragged Ramona off to the other room.”

Nancy and Jack exchanged looks; nobody had ever been able to tell things had changed but them and Ramona before, had the witch finally slipped up and made a serious mistake? One way to find out; they shrugged before heading to the small sitting room Alena was pointing to. They walked in just in time to see the show.

A policewoman with red hair and green eyes to rival Ramona’s was standing, glaring at the witch who actually looked a little nervous for the first time Jack could recall.

“I should have known you were the one changing everybody on campus. I’ve been trying to figure out what the surges in magic were being caused by; I assumed it was a young, horny warlock, what with all the bimbos. That was my fault for assuming I suppose.” The strange policewoman sneered. “I was just going to give you a warning when I found you but, now I’ve decided what you really need is a taste of your own medicine, changing my boyfriend was one step too far!”

Ramona actually looked worried and Jack realised the cop woman in front of them had the same aura around her that she did. Another magic user, she had to be, no wonder Ramona wasn't walking all over her with her trademark confidence. He watched, with no small amount of satisfaction as the woman reached out and light flew from her fingers, slipping right into Ramona’s chest and instantly beginning to transform her.

Ramona only had a second before she was stumbling back, half panicked, half confused as her body began to change. Her white skin began to darken turning a rich warm shade of brown and those distinctive, frightening green eyes followed suit, turning a warm shade of brown.

Ramona’s features began to sharpen to suit her new complexion, her lips filling slightly and her cupid's bow accentuating. She managed a soft ‘oh’ of surprise as her hair formed itself into a long, beautiful braid decorated with beads and Jack shivered. Another accent, this one far thicker than everybody else's. Jack recognised it instantly, Indian.

Glints of gold appeared as a ring pierced Ramona’s nose and golden earrings formed in her lobes. The new witch looked on with satisfaction and within a matter of seconds an Indian beauty was standing before them where Ramona had once been. Her knees wobbled and she fell to the ground, eyes wide in shock as she took in her new appearance with a combination of awe and surprise. The new witch turned to both him and Nancy and looked them up and down.

“She did this to you, yes?”

They nodded.

“Could you change us back?” Jack asked, not daring to hope.

“Not me.” Nancy said quickly, “I uh, I quite like this new life actually.”

Jack wasn't surprised, who wouldn't want to be a rich, European beauty? But things were different for Alena, Chu and him. Unfortunately, the cop shook her head sadly.

“I can't undo another witch's magic unfortunately.” She sighed, “but I have done you a favour. She can't transform anybody else without their permission now, and she'll be as servile and loyal to you as you please.”

Jack wasn't sure how he felt about that but he couldn't deny that Ramona did deserve to know what it felt like to have her mind and body changed.

“It'll bring her pleasure.” The other witch added, “I am not a total monster, give her orders and she'll obey just to feel good.”

Jack wasn't sure how he felt about all this; conditioning Ramona to be their lapdog but then he remembered the look of glee in her eyes when she transformed people. How much pleasure she took from totally changing people's lives and memories with no thought or recourse. The other witch had said she would feel good at least, perhaps this was the best of both worlds. Things would finally be under control and Ramona got to be happy, at least in some capacity. Nancy looked thoughtful for a moment before standing before Ramona who was still on the ground in a state of shock.

“Turn everybody back.”

Ramona shivered.

“I...I can't.” She whimpered, “I'm sorry. I can only change guys to girls, not the other way around...”

“Seriously? You told us you'd change people back if they wanted!” Jack felt his blood boil and Ramona bowed her head with a look of genuine remorse.

“I lied.” She whispered.

“Can you make it so most of them still have their smarts?” Nancy suggested, “less...bimbos.”

“Oh yes, I can do that!” Ramona jumped to her feet and ran to the open door, several lights flying from her fingers and into the party goers.

A second later she shivered and gave a small moan before turning back to them. She looked embarrassed but after a few seconds whispered.

“Can you ask me to do something else? Please? That felt...really nice.”

It was a total one eighty personality wise and Jack wasn't sure how to feel about it. Yes, it sucked he was stuck in this body forever but...there were worse bodies he supposed. Ever since that orgasm he was feeling better and better about it. At least now he didn't need to worry about Ramona transforming any more people.

“I'll let you get to it.” the other witch smiled, “I've got to go find my former boyfriend and see if I can jog his old memories at the very least.”

Nancy and Jack looked to one another, then to the desperate looking Ramona who was still awaiting orders. Jack still couldn't believe this was his life now, but at least he had a bit more control to look forward to.

~

“Farah! What is that? Did Nancy forget to tell you this was a pool party?”

Farah scoffed, Chu was wearing a bikini that was barely more than three scraps of fabric held together with string. She looked one wrong turn away from totally exposing herself to the world; then again, knowing Chu perhaps that was the point. In comparison, she had found a good, conservative bathing suit that still covered her almost entirely and even came with a matching headscarf made of porous material that dried quickly.

They were all gathered around Nancy's pool in the July heat; finally on holiday after their first gruelling year at university. It was hard to believe it was already over after all the insanity. Nancy had come out on top in everything of course and she had not been far behind.

"Here, Farah." Ramona smiled demurely, handing her a glass of alcohol free punch.

"Thanks, Ramona. Go set some aside for me before Chu tries to 'help me' by spiking my share."

Ramona nodded happily, eager to please. Chu had tried to sneak her alcohol multiple times in the last few months; Farah understood it didn't come from a place of malice though, she simply...didn't know any better. She thought Farah was uptight and in need of alcohol's plying touch but the truth was, Farah was quite happy as she was. She'd even gotten used to that new name.

At first she'd tried names closer to her original; Jaquiline, Jackie etc but in the end none of them felt right. She needed a name that suited her new body and personality and Farah seemed to fit just right.

"Don't let Chu get to you." Nancy smiled, sitting herself down on the pool lounge next to Farah, "I think you look beautiful."

She leaned over and pressed a chaste kiss to Farah's lips; even that chaste kiss made her blush. No matter how much she tried she could never quite shake the feeling that public displays of affection, especially between two women like them, was taboo. She'd gotten better though, she even held hands with Nancy in public occasionally now.

"Cannonball!" Alena cried, jumping high into the air and performing a perfect split before diving gracefully into the deep end.

"Show off." Chu rolled her eyes before following suit, with about half as much grace.

The two of them devolved into a splashing match that looked like something out of a music video; perfect silver bubbles splashing against bare skin while they giggled and chased one another around the pool. There was no trace of their former masculine selves left by this point and Farah knew they were happier for it. Chu especially seemed to thrive being a

bimbo; now she had the beauty to just bat her eyes and get whatever she needed, she didn't have to work hard to provide for herself; a litany of suitors and boyfriends took care of that.

Alena was enjoying herself as the new captain of the cheerleading squad; Nancy having stepped down to just a regular athlete so she would have more free time. It was honestly heavenly, having Nancy so carefree now, they got to go on dates all the time.

As for Ramona, she seemed to have made peace with her new punishment; though she still complained that it wasn't just. Her fever disappeared swiftly though after a few orders from Nancy each day. Farah knew it was wrong but she couldn't help but get a bit turned on watching Ramona try to hide her moans each time she was rewarded for good behaviour. Like now for instance as she returned with an alcoholic punch for everybody else.

"Thank you Ramona." Nancy said before taking a sip and pursing her lips. "Make it a little sweeter with some magic please."

Without hesitation the witch wiggled her fingers and the glass glowed for a moment, Nancy took another sip and sighed happily.

"Very good, well done."

Nancy had fully embraced her new rich girl lifestyle and had adopted the persona to go with it. While she was still as clever and kind as ever, she had certainly gotten used to ordering people around, especially Ramona. Ramona gave a shiver and hurried off to give out the rest of her drinks, her gait slightly odd as she tried to hide her arousal. Farah bit her lip and tried not to watch.

"You know, we could always ask her to join us one day." Nancy whispered with a wry smile.

Farah's face turned beet red as her cheeks burned; sex with a woman already made her feel so naughty but two at the same time? A threesome? It would be so improper...Nancy laughed and threw back her head, flipping down her designer shade and taking another sip of her drink.

"You are so adorable." She teased, "my flustered Farah."

A finger ran along her hot cheek and Farah squirmed a little on her pool lounge.

“Did you want to go upstairs for a bit, I am sure Alena and Chu won’t miss us...”  
Nancy whispered, leaning in close, “I’ll tell Ramona to keep them from bothering us...”

Farah giggled.

“It’s your fault you know, all those layers.” Nancy continued, “knowing that such a sexy body is hidden beneath all that fabric...you have no idea how much fun it is to slowly undress you.”

“Nancy!” Farah blushed, “the others will hear.”

“Then we’d better go to my room...unless you’re not in the mood.”

Farah demurred.

“You know I am.” Farah admitted.

“You always are these days.”

The two of them laughed before Nancy got to her feet and offered her girlfriend a hand. Nobody questioned them when they walked off, it was an everyday occurrence. Farah squeezed Nancy’s hand softly as they went, she would never say it to her face but she was actually grateful for the new life Ramona had given her and her friends. She intended to live it to the fullest.

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