

## Witch at Work

For Waarghan

By TheSpiralledEye

*Being an FBI agent was hard enough; having a witch with a habit of transforming people as roommate at the same time only made things more complicated.*

~

Jennifer straightened her uniform jacket one last time, no matter how she adjusted it the blazer always seemed to have a crease somewhere. Even though she'd ironed and hung it perfectly. She had tied her long dark hair into a tight, professional topknot, her make up was minimal, but flattering and her new FBI uniform was perfect. Well, except for that damn crease.

"You look fine, Jenny." Carmen sighed from the couch where she was lounging, "Stop fussing."

"Jennifer." Jennifer corrected, "Jenny is a little girl's name. Nobody is going to take 'FBI Agent Jenny' seriously."

"Officer Jenny didn't seem to have a problem." Carmen pointed out and Jennifer sighed.

"This isn't the local precinct. Do you have any idea how serious the training was to get accepted into the FBI? No more small-time crimes, like ticketing witches practising without a magic permit."

She added that last one with some sharpness and mirth to her tongue; half joking, half serious and Carmen laughed, sounding utterly delighted.

"But then we would never have met!"

“And I wouldn’t have spent a week as a frog at your whim and used up half my vacation time!”

“You had a grand old time and you know it, besides, having a witch as a roommate has its advantages does it not?”

Carmen wiggled her fingers and the crease in her jacket vanished. Jennifer sighed and smiled, shaking her head. There was no reasoning with Carmen, like most witches she lived her life by her own set of rules; not really caring for the practical laws. Most officers hated them; Jennifer had as well when they first met.

Carmen had been telling fortunes and collecting payments for transformations without registering with the Department of Magical Affairs, which meant she collected and paid no taxes. It had taken her over two years to pay back the fines and somehow convinced the officer that caught her to share an apartment so they could both save money. It had taken some adjusting but Carmen was actually a pretty good roommate and friend, most of the time. Once she’d learned to stop transforming people at random for no reason other than that she was bored.

“Today is my first case.” Jennifer bit her lip, “An international missing persons case is a big deal, I expected to be on desk duty or dragon egg smuggling or...I don’t know, something a bit more lowkey.”

“Jenny, you’ll do just fine.” Carmen said seriously, finally getting up from the couch and taking her by the shoulders, “You always do this, you let your nerves get the better of you and that’s when you mess up.”

“I know.” Jennifer sighed, “How can I stop it though! I always get so frazzled. This is going to be a disaster, I can just feel it.”

“Come on, practice with me, pretend I am a witness you need to interview.” Carmen smiled, taking a step back and clearing her throat ready to be interviewed.

“Okay.”

Jennifer took a deep breath and stepped forward, taking out her pen and notepad and flipping it open...only to fumble and drop it straight on the ground.

“Oh no, uh sorry ma’am just one moment.”

She jammed the pen back in her pocket and reached for the notepad only to feel something wet against her chest. The pen! She hadn't clicked it closed! With horror she stood up, forgetting the pad and turned back to the mirror to see a dark blue ink stain spreading across her shirt.

“Oh...”

Carmen pulled a face; Jennifer could tell she was trying to be supportive but even she could see the looming disaster that was her first day looming closer.

“Why don’t you bring me along?” Carmen suggested, “I always bring out the best in you!”

“What, no! I can’t bring a civilian along on a case, that’s completely against the rules.” Jennifer replied distractedly, more focused on trying to wipe off the pen ink.

Carmen sighed, snapping her fingers so that the ink vanished and Jennifer turned back to thank her only to freeze when she saw ‘that’ look on Carmen’s face. The expression that always meant she was up to no good.

“I am only doing this because I know what’s best, alright?”

“What?”

The whole world lurched to the side, well, the whole world minus Carmen who somehow stayed perfectly in place as their surroundings turned to a swirl of colours and light. Jennifer felt her sides stretching and her skin turn tingly; it was a familiar

sensation, one she hadn't felt for a long while. Not since that week she spent as a frog.

Instead of her skin turning slimy though she felt it become soft and small; her weight seemed to disappear and she felt herself flutter in the air for a moment before an invisible force pulled her forward, right against Carmen's chest.

For a second she was pressing against the woman's shirt, then she was melding into it and finally, Jennifer found herself beneath the clothing, right up against Carmen's naked skin. Jennifer tried to blink in shock but found she had no eyes, or limbs at all. She could feel her whole body, or rather, her form, stretching tightly around hot skin but no matter where she focused her vision all she could see was skin and the fabric of...hang on...that was her work blouse!

*'Are you wearing my clothes?'* She cried out, the words bouncing around in her mind since she no longer had a mouth.

"Yup! Carmen popped the P on her word, "Phew, that was a big spell, a transformation and a reality swap is a lot to ask for, that'll be all the magic I can do for the next few hours."

*'Realty swap!?!'*

"Yeah, I changed it so that I am the FBI agent, fun huh? Now you can watch from there and get a feel for the job and then when I switch you back, you'll be less nervous!"

*'...You cannot be serious.'*

"As a heart attack." Carmen giggled, "Speaking of hearts, I thought it would be nice to keep you close to mine..."

Jennifer felt something pressing against her, squashing her between that hot skin and the fabric of her work shirt. She could feel something poking into her inner lining, something that felt like skin but it was much stiffer than all the softness that surrounded it. Wait...no way, it couldn't be...a nipple?

*'Did you turn me into a bra?!'*

"Yeah, clever right?"

*'How am I supposed to get a feel for the job if I can't even see?'*

She was also tempted to mention how she was getting a feel for something very different but managed to hold her proverbial tongue.

"Here," Carmen adjusted the buttons slightly so that they sat slightly open, allowing Jennifer to swivel her vision a bit and see out into the world. "Now, let's get going, this is sort of exciting, playing detective."

'You can't just take my life!' Jennifer whined, trying not to feel relieved that she no longer had all that pressure on her shoulders.

"Don't be so dramatic, I am swapping reality around for one day. That is powerful magic, I can't keep it up for more than twelve hours or so before reality changes back anyway, even if I wanted to."

She was already skipping out of the apartment, the spring in her step causing her breasts to bounce slightly and take Jennifer for the ride. The bra was so tight Jennifer couldn't believe Carmen was comfortable at all, it felt like she was one step away from fusing with her skin!

'Aren't I a little...tight?'

Carmen just laughed.

"Jenny darling, with a bust my size support is everything, the tighter the better or you'd be bouncing all over the place every time I went down the stairs."

As she spoke those words she began to descend down to the ground floor and Jennifer felt confused, among other things; she certainly felt like she was bouncing a lot. If this was what it felt like when she was supporting those heavy tits, maybe Carmen was right. If she was any looser it would be an earthquake every time she moved!

Loathe as she was to admit it, this new position did make experiencing the mundane journey to work a lot less stressful. Nobody had eyes on her, and she was free to look where she willed. Well, almost nobody was looking at her, she did catch the occasional wandering eye finding her but they were obviously more interested in what was hidden beneath. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad, at first she had been worried Carmen had transformed into her, to do her first day in her stead. While they had traded places, at least she didn't need to worry about Carmen flirting using her body. Again, that had been a whole other nightmare after the frog incident she would rather forget. It took Jennifer weeks to stop getting sexy DMs from strange men in bars who thought they'd met her the night before.

She watched through the tiny hole left by the loosened buttons as Carmen entered the glittering, state of the art FBI building. She had to go through several layers of security, being checked in at the desk, swiping her keycard to use the elevator and then again when she reached the offices on the main floor. In her mind's eye, Jennifer saw herself doing these tasks and fumbling at every turn. Maybe this wasn't such a bad thing after all; at least now she knew exactly what to expect on her 'real' first day, tomorrow.

She tried to pay attention to everything she could see and hear but one of her other senses was making that quite difficult. Every subtle move Carmen made caused her to move and stretch. The simple swing of an arm had her straps growing tighter for a moment before loosening again, all without ever leaving contact with her skin. No matter how Carmen held herself, all of Jennifer's form was pressed to her skin, that's how tight she was. She could feel her underwire supporting the heft of Carmen's chest as well as the stiffness right in the middle of her cups where her nipples were.

She knew it was wrong but...well, who could resist? She was basically being forced to feel up her roommate, her very hot, dominant roommate. She was trying hard not to focus on how lovely her skin felt but it was hard; she indulged herself a little here and there, or at least she only meant to indulge a little, she must have lost

track of time because before she knew it, the voices of the office disappeared and Jennifer realised they were back in the elevator.

'Wha- why are we leaving? Did you get yourself fired already? Please tell me when reality changes back I wont be fired as well!'

Carmen giggled and it was only then that Jennifer realised they were not alone in the elevator.

"Something funny?"

The voice belonged to a man, older by the sound of it.

"Oh I was just thinking about something funny my roommate said this morning, that's all." Carmen replied in a sing-song voice, "Do you mind if I duck to the ladies room before we go?"

"Be my guest."

The door dinged and Carmen stepped out, this time Jennifer made sure not to get distracted by how lovely it felt to have her warm skin moving beneath her fabric. The second they were alone in a toilet cubicle Carmen unbuttoned the shirt more and giggled again.

"Were you seriously not listening?"

*'Well...I got distracted, what's going on?'*

"Agent Farnsworth and I are heading to talk to some suspects." Carmen replied, "The last people to see the victim when she arrived in the states. We went through the whole brief and everything."

'Oh.'

“You’re going to have to be less of an airhead when it’s your turn tomorrow.” Carmen chided, “What could have distracted you from something this important.”

If she could have, Jennifer would have scowled. She hated when Carmen did this, asked questions she damn well knew the answers to. She loved playing games and teasing like this, seeing how fast she could make Jennifer go red in the face from embarrassment was a personal favourite game of hers. There was no winning either, either she admitted it or she stayed silent and Carmen would give her that knowing smile that was just as bad.

‘I’ve been turned into a bra! That’s pretty distracting!’ Jennifer tried, ‘I am still getting used to it.’

“Oh? Is there anything in particular that’s making your brain all foggy?” Carmen asked teasingly, “Did I make you too loose?”

She pressed a hand to the side of her breast, sandwiching Jennifer between two layers of warm skin. Even Carmen’s fingers were soft and dainty and Jennifer felt her mind short out for a moment or two.

“Anything I can do to help?” Carmen continued, smoothing her other hand across Jennifer’s fabric.

For the first time she became aware of the delicate lace that was attached to her front, there was even a tiny gemstone resting where the two cups met, which Carmen flicked playfully.

*‘Just go to work, Carmen.’*

“Fiiiine, you’re no fun.”

~

Jennifer had imagined how her first case as an FBI agent would go for years. When she had been assigned such an important case as her first one, she'd gone through every possibility; at least that's what she'd thought. Carmen, wearing her as a bra while she handcuffed the first man she interviewed within twenty minutes of arriving on scene, was not one of them.

Magic, while a known quantity in the world, was a gift bestowed on very few. Which meant the kidnapers were not at all prepared for the agents interviewing them to have an innate magical sense and notice the enchanted, hidden compartment in the wall where the victim was being forced to hide.

All of Jennifer's dreams of using her wit and intelligence to track down the perpetrators were dashed when Carmen simply twigged to the enchantment, opened it up and revealed undeniable proof of their guilt. She tried not to feel salty about it; after all, the important thing was that the victim was safe but...well, she'd wanted to be the one to save them.

It wounded her to the core to know that had she been in Carmen's place, that poor person would probably still be trapped in that tiny room behind the stairs of the kidnapers' apartment building. She was sure she would have cracked the case, but would she have done it in time? Probably not. It wasn't fair.

"Excellent work, Carmen!" Agent Farnsworth grinned, "I can't believe you solved your first case on the morning of your very first day!"

"Oh it was nothing." Carmen demurred. "You go get the cops over here, I'll watch the perps."

Jennifer felt a bolt of fear pass over her, the perpetrators were caught, the victim safely escorted outside, but that didn't mean the situation was safe. The two kidnapers were burly men in their thirties, their muscular builds would have no trouble holding down a woman, let alone fighting their way out of here; what was Carmen thinking? Agent Farnsworth seemed to be on the same page because his brow furrowed.

"Are you sure?" He checked.

“Absolutely.” Carmen replied in a bubbly, upbeat tone. Not a single shred of fear to be found.

‘*Carmen...*’ Jennifer tried to warn but a quick, slightly painful twist of her spine disguised as a stretch made Jennifer cut off.

Agent Farnsworth stepped out, leaving Carmen, ostensibly, alone with the two thugs. Jennifer could see them eyeing one another through the gap in Carmen’s shirt fabric, they were planning something.

‘*Carmen, this is dangerous.*’

“Trust me.”

“What was that?” one of the thugs asked gruffly.

“I said trust me,” Carmen replied casually, “I can see you two are planning on trying to overpower me and escape. I wouldn’t do that, it’s a bad idea, trust me on that.”

“Oh yeah? You think just because you have a little sparkle in your fingers you could best us both in a fight.”

“Yes.” Carmen grinned, “I could.”

She sounded so confident, normally Jennifer was jealous of that confidence, it was something she would kill to have. Though right now she was worried having it was going to get *Carmen* killed.

The two men stood suddenly, rushing forward as if they were both making to tackle her. Carmen sighed, sounding like a disappointed school teacher, then flicked her fingers forward. Jennifer had seen Carmen use magic plenty of times, but when it came to transformations she had always been on the receiving end. Watching from the outside was fascinating. The men seemed to stumble as their legs gave way,

their bodies turning thin and soft as the human features melted into fabric and small metal zips.

Within a matter of seconds the hulking men were nothing more than two dresses, fluttering through the air with the old momentum of their movements. Carmen reached out and plucked them from the air with a happy smile.

“There now, I did warn you.”

*‘Are they...’*

“Relax Jenny darling, of course they're not dead. They are like you.” Carmen laughed before her eyebrow twitched in irritation, “Though a lot more vocal.”

Jennifer was glad she couldn't hear them.

“I'll keep them like this for a few weeks, then I'll drop them off at a local police station and change them back.” Carmen smiled, “A suitable punishment for kidnappers don't you think?”

*‘B-but I thought you said you didn't have enough magic left to do anything today!’*

“I lied, obviously.” Carmen shrugged and Jennifer felt his temper flare.

When Agent Farnsworth came back he didn't seem worried that the kidnappers were gone, in fact, he seemed to be under the impression that the kidnappers hadn't been home at all when they found the victim.

*‘Did you change reality...again?’*

“Maybe.” Carmen whispered mischievously.

Jennifer felt as if today had knocked her whole world for a loop; she'd known Carmen for years by this point as all she'd ever done was transform things here and

there or use her magic to complete jobs when she was feeling lazy and yet; it seemed that she could change reality to her whims whenever she pleased. Just how powerful was she?

The rest of the day went by in a blur; Jennifer found herself constantly distracted by her roommate's hot body and irritated by the ease in which she completed the job Jennifer had been working so hard to earn.

*'You could do so much good with that magic and all you do is play with people.'* She pouted as they walked home, the accolades and cheers from the office still ringing around in her head, proverbially at least.

"I use my magic for the greatest good." Carmen argued, "I use it to give people confidence and a new lease on life, think about how much you learned today."

*'When we met you were turning people into clothes and bimbos for a pittance.'*

"They say to do what you love..."

*'I just don't understand, you changed reality, twice! In one day! Why not make the world a better place?'*

"Honey, I changed reality in one city, even I can't change how the entire world functions. Besides, it'll wear off soon enough unless I keep recasting and as strong as I am, it does take a lot of mental energy and I am tired."

*'I guess...'*

"Hey, you had fun today didn't you?"

*'Yes.'* She admitted sheepishly as Carmen finally took her off when they reached the apartment.

Her cups felt cold; she surprised herself with the strength with which she longed to be worn again. After today she knew Carmen's breasts better than anybody, more than that, she knew that whenever Carmen got excited, her nipples hardened a little. So as she looked up at the witches smiling face, she couldn't help but mentally shiver, knowing that was happening right now and she was missing it.

"I'll turn you back now, I'm going to need to sleep for a week after this." Carmen giggled, snapping her fingers and allowing Jennifer to take human form once more.

She blinked, having grown unused to having eyes and then felt her skin go hot and pink.

"I'm naked!" She squealed, desperately trying to cover herself up.

"Well I am in your clothes still, it was going to be one of us." Carmen laughed as Jennifer ran past to her room, humiliated and only slightly turned on after an entire day of teasing.

~

The day she spent as a bra in that warped reality of Carmen's was, if Jennifer was honest, quite helpful. Having a leg up on what to expect really helped her the next few weeks as she actually got started as an FBI agent. Somehow, the warped reality of Agent Carmen seemed to have imprinted onto her and so she was still considered the whiz kid who had magically solved her first case before lunch on her starting day.

It felt good, to have already established herself even if it hadn't really been her. She worked hard, she made sure her paperwork was immaculate, her notebooks clear and concise and she was always punctual. In the next three months she solved a handful of cases and earned herself a commendation, all with Carmen cheering from the sidelines.

Simply doing her job wasn't enough though; Jennifer was never one to do anything by halves. So in her spare time she began picking up dusty old cases and trying to pick up potential leads. Which was how she stumbled across 'Mei'. A

woman who seemed to be frequenting the bars and gambling dens that Chinese triads used in the city. She always entered, sat at the bar and spoke to a number of people before leaving. Nothing overly suspicious or nefarious but something about it pulled at Jennifer.

Could this woman be a broker of some kind? An Information trader? She always wore thick Chinese style opera makeup and clothes; making her stand out but also making it impossible to identify her. What possible reason could she have for acting that way? And spending almost all her nights alone sitting at a bar in a seedy part of town.

“Sounds intriguing.” Carmen whispered as she leaned over Jennifer’s shoulders to read her notes.

“Hey! This is confidential!”

“It’s not an actual assignment, just a little hunch of yours.” Carmen argued, “So it’s not actually confidential. Yet.”

“Still, stop snooping. This is going to be something big I can tell.”

“I don’t know.” Carmen pouted, “She looks pretty young to be some kind of super spy.”

“Maybe she’s using a glamour, or was trained from birth, you don’t know. Never discount somebody!”

“I suppose...” Carmen replied before a wide smile formed across her features. “Hey, why don’t I help?”

Jennifer felt a shiver go up her spine, a strange mixture of dread, fear and arousal. The last time Carmen had helped she’d been a bra all day and even now she would dream about it, about being sandwiched against those firm, beautiful breasts.

“What did you have in mind?” She asked, trying hard to keep her voice even, even so Carmen’s eyes lit up with mischief.

“What’s this? No arguments? No push back?” She grinned, “Do you want me to help you out? If you do, you have to say pretty please.”

Jennifer scoffed, turning away to give her cheeks time to cool off.

“No way.”

“Aw, I thought you wanted me to use my magic to help people. Catching a Chinese spy sounds like just that, not to mention fun!”

There was a snapping sound and Jennifer flinched, expecting to suddenly find herself pressing against naked skin only to open her eyes to find nothing had changed; she was still human. She did her best to deny the disappointment swirling in her stomach. She turned to ask what exactly Carmen’s plan was only to stop dead with shock; Carmen was gone and in her place was...another Jennifer.

Well, almost. This Jennifer has darker olive skin and almond shaped eyes framed with long lashes. And she was almost totally naked.

“Is that...supposed to be an Asian version of me?” Jennifer baulked.

“Yeah, fun eh? But I neglected to make myself an outfit soo...”

Jennifer knew what was happening before Carmen had even snapped her fingers. She felt herself unspool into thin, soft threads. She silently hoped Carmen hadn’t noticed the soft smile that flitted across her face before it disappeared. Unlike last time though, she didn’t shrink, instead she seemed to spread out becoming a full dress that fit itself snugly around Carmen’s new frame.

For the first few moments she was enraptured by the feeling of being filled by Carmen’s sexy body. She could feel her breasts, the curve of her ass and hips as well as the smooth planes of her back and neck. Then, she did her best to get acquainted with her new form and figure out exactly what she was. She could feel a

stir, high neck and long flowing fabric made from some sort of silk. As Carmen walked to the mirror she could even feel the intricate embroidered stitching that covered her front.

When she finally saw her reflection she felt the urge to gasp, something that was impossible now of course. She was a beautiful cheongsam; red with gold embroidery and handmade cloth loops and buttons. On this new Asian version of her body she looked positively stunning.

“Perfect for a little undercover work, right?” Carmen smiled, Jennifer had never noticed she had a dimple, then again, she rarely smiled that widely. “Let’s go!”

~

It was almost a stereotype really, a tiny, slightly smokey bar at the edge of Chinatown. The walls were dusty and the man behind the bar didn't so much as give them a smile as they entered. It was an unwelcoming place, the sort of place that must have either had a dedicated set of patrons keeping it afloat, or it was a front.

Several older men with weathered skin sat at the booth in the corner playing cards. Out back she could hear the telltale yells of private games going on and she couldn't help but wonder what the people back there were betting. That wasn't her focus right now though; the woman at the bar was.

*‘There she is.’* Jennifer said, *‘In the green dress with the heavy makeup and jade jewellery.’*

Jennifer had seen this woman, Mei, on camera footage but now that she was up close and personal she couldn't help but get the feeling something was...wrong. The dress she wore looked slightly frayed and cheap and the make up was a perfect copy of something from an old Chinese opera; nothing close to what somebody would wear off the stage.

*‘Alright, we want to play this cool.’* Jennifer said as Carmen slid into the seat next to Mei at the bar. *‘Ease into it, start by just chatting casually, see if any strange phrases come up or-’*

“So are you a spy?”

*‘Or you could just go in like a bulldozer.’*

“What an odd thing to ask somebody,” Mei laughed, “What a strange thing to say to somebody.”

She had a hint of an accent to her voice but there was something...wrong about it. The inflection was slightly off, could that be some sort of sign? She tried to think, had she heard of any secret signs in voice inflection? She didn't think so, then again it was really hard to think with Carmen's ass crushing her into the stool.

“It's just I see you here every night, talking to people, acting all mysterious.” Carmen smiled charmingly, “I think something sketchy is happening.”

“Oh of course not, I am just a mysterious person.” Mei replied, looking off into the distance with a wistful look. Something was definitely up.

“You're playing dumb.” Carmen teased, “Maybe I should make it less of an act, huh?”

*‘Carmen no!’*

It was too late, a finger snap later and Jennifer felt the telltale buzz of magic in the air. Nothing seemed to change but she knew better than to think that; Carmen had done something, she was sure.

“Wha' was that?” Mei asked, her Chinese accent disappearing entirely, replaced with a thick midwestern one.

She squeaked in shock, hand going to her mouth.

“Why can't ah use ma accent? I spent ages practin' tha'!”

“Practising huh?” Carmen purred, “So it was an act.”

Jennifer felt humiliation beginning to build inside her; her grand idea that Mei was some sort of spy was seeming less likely by the second.

“Wha’ no! I mean uh...”

“You’ve been playing spy, haven’t you?”

“No! I am totes a spy! I just was uh, born here, yeah, I’m a plant by the Chinese triads!”

“Oh really, because I was sent by them to exchange information.” Carmen lied, it was a bad lie, anybody with half a brain cell would be able to figure that out, it made no sense for a real spy to speak the way Carmen did, but Mei’s eyes lit up.

“Really?” She whispered.

“Oh yes, come with me, I want to see if you’re really spy material.” She smiled and Jennifer felt heat beginning to gather around Carmen’s legs where she was tucked.

‘Carmen what are you doing?’ She asked nervously, very much aware of how hard the other woman’s nipples were even through the bra.

“We’re going to have fun.” Carmen replied, appearing to address Mei but Jennifer knew the reply was for her.

Mei walked with a spring in her step and an excited, slightly off tune hum on her lips. She had a blissful smile on her face and eyes that was basically devoid of even the smallest spark of intelligence.

‘You turned her into a bimbo.’

“I barely had to change a thing, girl wasn't that bright to begin with.” Carmen whispered, leading Mei back into the alley behind the bar.

‘There is no way she’s a spy, I was wrong, we can just go home.’

“No way, I want to find out who she really is, what her deal is, dressing up in a wig and weird outfit.”

“How’d ya know I was wearing a wig?” Mei asked, “and who ya talking to?”

“My handler. On my ear piece.” Carmen lied smoothly and Mei’s eyes filled with wild excitement again, apparently the fact that Carmen was clearly not wearing an earpiece hadn’t occurred to her. Poor dumb girl.

“Anyway, let’s have a look here.” Carmen purred, stalking towards the woman until she was pinned between the wall and Carmen, Jennifer couldn’t tell through the thick white makeup but she was sure Mei was blushing. “Better check you for bugs.”

“B-bugs?”

“Listening devices, all secret agents wear them, shouldn’t you know that? Searching for them is standard procedure.”

“Of course I know tha’!” Mei insisted, she was such a bad liar.

Jennifer could feel her fabric getting warm as Carmen knelt down and began slowly feeling up Mei’s legs, sliding those soft fingers up the girl's dress and down again; each time her digits reached Mei’s inner thighs her legs would tremble a little.

“Nothing here...” Carmen said quietly, “Let’s check in here.”

She unbuttoned Mei’s qipao and began feeling around, making the woman gasp and shiver as her fingers probed, even slipping inside her bra once or twice. Carmen’s fingers slipped to the woman’s hair and easily lifted off her black wig, revealing

bright, dyed blonde hair. Another snape of the witch's fingers revealed a clean face, full of sun kissed skin and freckles.

'No way her name is actually Mei.' Jennifer said, trying hard not to think about how wet Carmen was getting.

"So darling, what's your name, really?" Carmen asked, fingers pressing into the side of the blonde's breasts.

"Tha's c-classified." She whispered. "Are you almost done?"

"Almost." Carmen smirked, "Aren't you going to check me as well?"

"I uh, sure..."

"It's easy, just copy what I am doing..."

Mei's shaky fingers came up to Jennifer's front and began to undo the ties. The fingers felt so lovely against her silky material and Jennifer could feel herself getting turned on; it wasn't her fault, she was sandwiched between two sexy women feeling each other up! How could she not get horny, especially now that she could feel warm hands against her inner layers, brushing back and forth along Carmen's chest.

"I think you're enjoying this." Carmen smirked, leaning in close so that Mei had to wrap her arms around her back to avoid them being crushed between them.

"A little." Mei admitted, "But I won't tell you my name. It's a secret"

"I think I can seduce it out of you." Carmen purred, "After all, I still need to check one hidden place, don't I?"

Mei whimpered.

Carmen's fingers travelled southwards, hiking up the long dress Mei wore and slipping into the woman's panties. Jennifer was rocked back and forth slowly as Carmen moved, gently stroking along Mei's folds while humming thoughtfully.

"I don't feel anything yet, but you could have hidden it deeper like a naughty girl."

Mei squeaked, her whole body was rigid, she had reached around to Carmen's back and grabbed great handfuls of Jennifer's fabric, clinging to it for dear life. Jennifer could feel her stitches and embroidery stretching, the tight grip felt almost painful, yet deliciously good all at once.

"Ooooh tha's t-tha's..."

"Nice? I think you'd better tell me your name if you want it to feel even better." Carmen ordered, Jennifer could feel her sleeve pressing against the hairs between Mei's legs now as Carmen's finger slipped inside her.

"I...I..."

"You're so close, I can feel it." Carmen teased breathily, "I'm right there with you girl, all I need to do is press here a few more times."

Mei wailed, her hips rocking desperately trying to get Carmen's fingers back against whatever spot she'd just touched.

"Again, please!"

"Only if you tell me your name and why you come here."

Mei was red in the face now from more than just arousal. She moaned and writhed against the fingers teasing her, Carmen kept her pace slow and deliberate though; enough to feel good but never enough to get her over the edge. Jennifer burned; how she wished to feel those fingers in her when she was human again. She was

absorbing the warmth from both bodies and she desperately wished she could cum as well. In this moment she was as helpless as Mei; unable to find satisfaction and loving the torture of it.

“M...Ma...Muh... uhhhh!”

“Spit it out dear, all I need is the name.”

“Mary!” She wailed, “Oh please, I just love old kung fu movies, I wanted to be like the cool women in those movies!”

Carmen giggled.

“So you’re some sort of Chinese theatre geek?”

“Yes! Yes!” Mary wailed, “Now please!”

Carmen must have done something, Jennifer could feel her wrist twist slightly and her pace pick up and a moment later Mary’s grip on her back tightened even further as she came. Wetness seeped into the hem of her sleeve and Jennifer was sure if she could cum, she would have. Judging by the shiver that ran down Carmen’s spine; she just had.

“Ohhhh...that was...so good but ah’m so embarrassed.” Mary flushed as Carmen finally pulled away. “Did ya ever really think I was a spy?”

“No of course not, you nerd.” Carmen teased, but her voice had an affectionate edge to it, like she was congratulating her for at least trying. “Keep at it, maybe one day you will actually get recruited.”

Mary’s face fell.

“So ah failed the test?”

Carmen threw back her head and laughed.

“Darling...I’m not a spy either.”

“Oh.” Mary’s cheeks went bright red.

“You’ll have what little smarts you possessed before back tomorrow darling.”  
Carmen waved, “In the meantime, use that body to your advantage, it’s delicious.”

Jennifer was burning with humiliation and lust; how could she have ever seriously thought that dumb bimbo was a spy? Carmen must have known from the beginning and just used it as an excuse to play with a new toy. And her.

The walk home was nothing special, yet every step Carmen took teased her further. She was so turned on after watching that display, not to mention feeling a decent part of it; she felt desperately horny. There was no way Carmen didn’t know, and even if she didn’t, the moment she turned back it would be obvious, especially if she was naked like last time.

Each step she took those long legs rubbed against Jennifer’s inner lining. It was what she imagined it felt like having fingers inside her pussy; only not nearly as good. God she wanted that, she wanted Carmen, she wasn’t even sure she had enough pride to deny it anymore. Silently she waited, each step towards their apartment seeming like an age.

Jennifer felt ready to burst by the time they finally arrived and Carmen slipped out of her. Judging by the smug smile on Carmen’s face; she knew it too. She waited for the snap; preparing herself for the humiliation that would be cumming from just the touch of cool air against her folds; but it didn’t come. Instead, something thin and cool slipped inside her and Jennifer realised, to her shock and horror, that it was a coat hanger.

‘Uh, Carmen, I’m me, remember? Not actually a dress.’

“Oh I know.” Carmen grinned, “I just love teasing you.”

‘Wh-what?’

“Fuck, feeling all your emotions while I was fingering that girl was intense. So hot, it got me off more than she did.”

Embarrassment flooded Jennifer like white hot dread.

‘You can feel my emotions? My thoughts?’

“Oh yes, which is why I know you’re about ready to blow.” Carmen giggled, “A night hanging in my closet should be enough to cool you down.”

‘You wouldn’t!’

“Already have, sweetie!”

Jennifer realised the coathanger was already on the hook; she didn't have a chance to say anything before Carmen gave her a flirty wave and closed the cupboard, leaving her in darkness to stew in her own lust.

~

Sleeping wasn't an option when your form is a dress, so Jennifer had no escape from her own desire until early the next morning when the spell wore off. One moment she was hanging there, still and daydreaming and the next she was human, naked and tumbling out of the cupboard as she shivered with the delayed orgasm that had been building all night.

“Morning, darling.” Carmen greeted with a wry smile, “Sleep well.”

“You know I didn’t.” Jennifer scowled.

“Oh come on, we both know you get off on teasing.”

“Sh-shut up.” Jennifer blushed scrambling for her clothes.

“Playing FBI agent has actually been pretty fun.” Carmen smiled, “And it’s earning you a bunch of accolades.”

“Yeah but I’m not earning them.” Jennifer pouted as she pulled her pyjamas on. “You are. I’m glad we’re putting the bad guys away but you were the one who made me the whiz kid in the office.”

Carmen looked genuinely confused.

“Isn’t that what you wanted?”

“Yeah but I wanted to earn it myself.”

Carmen looked away and Jennifer realised she looked guilty; she'd never seen Carmen look sad or even irritated before, let alone guilty.

“I’m going to get some sleep. Since y’know, I couldn’t as a dress.”

Carmen just nodded and Jennifer walked away with a strange twisting sensation in her stomach. She’d assumed Carmen was just messing with her, using her like a plaything but maybe, in her own weird way, she really had been trying to help. She was right about the teasing too, it did get her off. She couldn’t really blame her for thinking she was enjoying it when...to a certain degree she was.

Exhausted from the night before and her swirling emotions Jennifer fell asleep in an instant and dreamed of that coy smile.

~

When she finally woke Jennifer could see the sun setting out the window as dusk arrived.

“My sleeping schedule is going to be totally ruined.” She sighed.

She'd barely gotten out of bed when there was a knock at the door; that in itself almost made her do a double take, Carmen *never* knocked.

"Come in?"

Carmen's face peered around the door then split into her trademark smile.

"You're awake, good! I was thinking, you're right I have been a little too forceful lately."

Jennifer looked out the window just to make sure the world wasn't ending; Carmen, admitting fault? It was absurd!

"So I am going to make it up to you! We're going out on the town! Right now! Magic outfits on me!" She announced delightedly, sweeping her hands over her form and putting herself in a crop top and skirt that showed off her midriff.

"You know I am not great at dancing..." Jennifer demurred but Carmen grabbed her shoulders and gave them a confident squeeze.

"Because you worry too much darling, stress is your biggest enemy don't I always say that? What you need is to lose some of those inhibitions. Like Mary last night."

Jennifer felt a thrill pass through her and warmth coiled in her gut.

"You mean...act like a bimbo?"

Carmen grinned like the Cheshire cat.

"Exactly."

A snap of her fingers and Jennifer was in a hot pink mini dress with hoop earrings and strappy heels. She looked like a harlot; but before she could start to stress about

the revealing nature of the outfit something else began to change. Her hair lightened, her bust expanded and she couldn't help but groan as she felt her butt swelling beneath the short skirt of her dress.

Her vision blurred from the pleasure and when it cleared she saw Carmen had transformed her own body in much the same way.

“Ready, girl?”

“You know it!” Jennifer giggled before she could think, her shock must have shown on her face because Carmen wrapped an arm around her shoulder and laughed.

“Bimbo's don't think, they just do as their body wants. Ready to get wild Jennifer?”

“Oh just call me Jenny, Jennifer is an old lady with a stick up her butt. I want to have some fun!”

Carmen whooped, taking Jenny's hand and the two of them practically skipped downstairs into a taxi. Jenny's skin felt like it was buzzing with excitement; she'd never felt so free in her life. Having the confidence and freedom to simply act on her desires without spending an age stressing over what other people might think, or possible repercussions; it was glorious! She should have asked Carmen to do this for her years ago!

They descended into the seedy part of town where the clubs were loud, cheap and most importantly *fun*. Jenny had never been able to enjoy clubs before; getting drunk in public was too risky for her professional persona but now, she couldn't care less. She did shot after shot; accepted fruity cocktails on the house and boldly showed off her cleavage to get discounts. She even allowed one handsome young man to feel her up in exchange for a quick kiss and a free mojito.

It felt wild, kissing a random stranger, letting him feel her up. Even wilder still to slip back into the night with Carmen, laughing wildly with glee as they went from club to club.

They danced; their bodies pressed together, heavy curves rubbing against one another. That tingling in Jenny's skin moved from excitement to something deeper. That same lust she'd felt, the desire to have Carmen's fingers in her from the other night was back but this time, she had a human body and no inhibitions holding her back.

So when they finally decided it was time to call it quits and go home; she wasn't disappointed; she was eager. The second the door closed Jenny was on her, pressing Carmen back into the door and claiming her lips. The moan the witch made was beautiful; Jenny could listen to it all night; and she intended to.

"Bout time." She groaned.

"Shut up and kiss me."

With a snap of Carmen's fingers their clothing was gone, leaving nothing but their naked bimbo bodies. Nipple to nipple, their hands free to roam. Jenny was so excited she couldn't figure out where to touch first. Her hands explored Carmen's body, experimenting with the feel of her breasts, tweaking nipples and gently exploring her folds. Carmen returned the touches in kind and Jenny let her eyes flutter closed as the fingers she'd been dreaming of finally began to pump in and out of her.

She lost track of the orgasms after the first earth shattering one. It seemed that at each point when one of them tired, the other got a second wind and was happy to service. Jenny did wicked things with her tongue and hands, things she'd never dreamed herself capable of. And hearing Carmen moan made it all worth it.

Finally, just as the sky began to turn a lighter shade of black, they finished for the last time and collapsed into bed together. The witch curled around Jenny's naked form and she positively hummed with happiness.

"I've been wanting to do that for ages." Carmen sighed.

"Why didn't you ever say anything?"

“I thought it was obvious.” Carmen snorted, “Making you jealous with that Mary girl last night was my last ditch effort.”

“Well it worked.” Jenny snickered, “No more other women though, you’re my witch now.”

“Oooohh, dominant Jenny, I like it.”

Carmen laid a kiss at the nape of Jenny’s neck and they both relaxed back into sleep. Jenny felt as though she were floating on clouds; she’d never dreamed she’d have a witch for a girlfriend but now that she’d experienced it, there was no going back.

~

When Jenny woke the next morning she was sore but in the best way. The way that reminded her of the pleasure she’d felt last night. Her body was still in its bimbo form but she felt her mind returning; her intelligence and wit settling back where they belonged. Carmen snuggled against her, laying soft kissing against her shoulders blades and Jenny resisted the urge to melt back into sleep. Somehow she forced herself to look at the clock and realised, to her horror, that it was almost nine.

“I’m late!” She cursed. “Quick, Carmen, wake up.”

“Whyyyyy.” She groaned.

“I need you to clean me up and dress me for work with magic!”

Carmen chuckled.

“Even if I do, you’ll never get there on time.”

“Well I won’t be as late at least!”

The witch stretched, flexing her fingers a few times before snapping them. The world turned to blurs and for a second Jenny was worried she'd come back to herself and discover she was clothing again but instead she found herself in the FBI lobby.

"There, done and dusted." Carmen smiled, dressed and on time."

"Oh you're the best!"

Jenny jumped into her new girlfriend's arms and winced as her chest ached. She looked down to see that while her mind was her own again, her body was still bimbofied, all tits and ass.

She met Carmen's eyes and could see expectation sparkling there; Jenny smiled. This was going to be her new normal now, she could feel it.

"Thanks!" She said brightly, "I'd better get going!"

Carmen threw back her head and laughed before disappearing with a snap of her fingers, leaving Jenny alone to boldly walk into work, brimming with confidence.