

Knowing the Witch (TG RC, Inanimate TFs)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Waaaghan

Dustin is a typical white male college student whose life is turned upside down when fellow student Indira, student of a sorceress professor, curses him to become a submissive Arabic Muslim woman as punishment for his racism. Except that the curse was intended for Dustin's roommate, and Dustin is now stuck in this form. The new Arabic woman must try to steer her new witch friend to be a lot kinder, and fast, because it turns out she has a habit of disproportionate punishments . . .

Knowing the Witch

Dustin was neck deep in his business assignment for university. He was twenty years old, but sometimes felt like he was pushing a lot older, given all the stress his business major was putting on him. He didn't even know what kind of business he even wanted to open one day, and he was already having to think in terms of budgets, overhead, tax breaks, council proposals, zoning permits, and so on and so forth. He sighed, ruffled his short blonde hair, and moved to grab himself a coffee.

"I'm grabbing some caffeine," he called out to his roommate Greg. "You want one too? Coffee?"

"Nah, I'm heading out. Got a hot date tonight."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," Greg said. "She's real hot." He was a taller man, more traditionally masculine than the fairly average Dustin. "She's a fucking Asian too bro. Asian girls are, like, super submissive and stuff. I bet she's going to be wild between the sheets."

"That's kind of racist, man," Dustin replied as he boiled the kettle.

"Eh, better an Asian, I'd say. I still can't believe I got kicked off that course just because I made a few comments about that Muslim professor."

Dustin rolled his eyes. "You literally called her a 'hot Muslim' and said you'd 'like to see what's hiding under that veil.' You were lucky you weren't expelled. Or turned."

Greg chuckled. It was a common rumour that the attractive Professor Fatima had the magical power to alter people's bodies, and that she was some sort of witch. This was only aided by the fact that she had a close circle of female students who learned from her; 'the Coven', people liked to call them, as if they were a gaggle of young witches learning from their master. Of course, no one believed it, including Dustin and Greg, but it was still funny to mention.

“Eh, she did make a weird hand gesture, but seemed to decide against it. Who knows? Maybe she could have used her magical Islam powers to make me not a fucking bigot, or whatever that Arab thinks I am.”

Dustin frowned, annoyed once again by his roommate’s racism. He was applying to leave for another apartment placement, though he hadn’t told Greg yet, since his reaction would be unpredictable. It was annoying too, because they could get along well up until Greg showed his true colours.

“Well, that’s my phone going off,” Greg said with a grin. “I’ve given her a few minutes of waiting. Chicks dig it when you assert control like that. Now to go fuck an Asian hottie. Me love that long time.”

“She’s Chinese, not Vietnamese, and even if she was I don’t think she’d appreciate that.”

Greg slapped him firmly on the back - a little *too* firmly - and stepped out the door.

“What she don’t hear won’t kill her. Enjoy your night alone, you total beta!”

The door slammed shut, leaving Dustin alone again, and annoyed. “Goddamn, he can be annoying when he wants to be. Can’t wait to be out of here.”

He finished making his coffee, took a few steps as he contemplated how to finish this business assignment. Hell, what business to even propose? It was *literally* the core of his assignment!

He was pulled from his conundrum by a series of rapid knocks upon the door.

“Ugh, what did you forget this time,” he muttered as he strode over and opened the door. “Let me guess, it’s the condoms isn’t . . . it!?”

His words faltered as he saw who it was at the door. It wasn’t Greg. It *certainly* wasn’t Greg, nor his date. The woman on the other side of the door clearly claimed heritage from the Indian subcontinent: she had a long, fine nose, and mesmerising dark eyes. Her skin was a rich brown, and her hair was jet black, pulled into a smart ponytail. She wore a smart sari, one that showed her sensual midriff. It was coloured a rich red with a golden trim covered in what Dustin could only assume was Sanskrit writing. She was tall, roughly 5’9, which was a little higher than his own 5’8, and she was leaning against the frame, her fingers tapping on the wood almost suggestively.

“Er, can I help you?” he asked.

She grinned, and there was something perhaps a little sadistic in the expression. “Oh, you can *absolutely* help me,” she said, in a sophisticated Indian accent. “You don’t know me, so let me introduce myself. I’m Indira, one of Professor Fatima’s students. And I’m very, *very* angry.”

Dustin felt more than a little confused. “Uh, I don’t even take one of that professor’s classes. My focus is in-”

“You don’t take her classes because you were *expelled* from them, due to a very nasty comment you made. Mrs Hamdan is a wonderful human being, and she’s on break now for a much deserved holiday. Which means that I can take what she taught me . . . and act out a little.”

Dustin sighed. “Look, I’m sorry - Indira, was it? But you have me confused for my roommate, and -”

“The only person confused is going to be *you*, Greg Thompson, when you get justice for the awful bigotry you have displayed. I was thinking about making you into clothing like I do for everyone else, but why give you the style? I think you should become the very thing you hate!”

Dustin was about to explain everything, when suddenly her dark eyes lit up a vibrant, glowing green. The tattoos along her arms, which formed a complex pattern of vines down to her fingers, lit up from their faint, barely perceptible shadows to also glow that same green.

“What the -!?”

But then she began speaking, her voice taking on an ethereal double-tone that left him rooted to the spot in awe, horror, and perhaps even magical binding.

“Ti fo lleh eht rof tsuj slrig ot detcartta reh ekam dna, htiaf milsum fo namow cibara evissimbus a nam siht ekam!”

Suddenly, the tattoos on her arms came alive, and like the vines they were inked as, they grew outwards to stretch around them both, caging them together.

“Holy shit!” Dustin exclaimed. “What the hell are you doing? What is this?”

“MAGIC!” she cried, and her alien voice silenced him completely. *‘ENJOY YOUR NEW FORM, FOR IT IS MOST DESERVED!’*

The tendrils weaved around him, before plunging *into* him. Dustin cried out at the foreign sensation of having literal magic energy pouring through his body, infected and altering every cell of his formerly innate form. His body began to glow, and it too turned a bright green, suffused with the light of the magic that proceeded with transforming him.

“This c-can’t be real! This can’t be - NGHH!!”

He writhed, rooted to the spot - quite literally, given they were vines - as the tendrils began to suck away his mass, and pump some parts of it elsewhere. His arms shrank, thinning down impossibly to become slender, almost dainty. The same was true of his fingers: several magic vines attached to the ends of each, shrinking them until their green profile was akin to a woman’s.

“N-no! This f-feels funny! Whatever j-joke this is, or whatever you’ve d-dosed me with, you’ve got to stop! Please!”

The woman chuckled. *“Not until you’ve learned your lesson, bigot!”*

“What the f-fuck are you talk - oh no! Ughhh!!”

He groaned as the process repeated in his legs, though the change was perhaps even more dramatic. His thighs actually *plumpened*, becoming larger and softer, while his calves noticeably shrank. His shoes did not fall off his daintified feet, but seemed to shift and transform to fit them. They glowed a brilliant green like the rest of his body, so it was impossible to tell exactly *what* they were, but he could have sworn they were *women's shoes*.

"That's impossible! None of this is - aahhh - possible!"

"To you! But you will soon find the impossible is your new reality, Gregg!"

"I'm n-not - oh God!"

His waist and hips were next, shrinking for the former and widening for the latter. The vines tightened around his middle, crushing it inwards. For a moment, he was terribly afraid that he was going to die when his organs and bones were crushed in, but instead the magic simply softened his form like putty, reorganising it into what was increasingly a feminine shape. That much was obvious when the vines gripped his waist and pulled it wider. He grunted, struggling for breath as his ordinary male hips expanded until he had what would be an impressive set of hips even for a woman, let alone a man. A slap on his ass by another magical vine caused it to swell up as if through a rapid bruise. He managed to grip it with his released hands.

"Holy shit, my ass! My hips! You're m-making me a woman, aren't you!?"

"Clever boy, or should I say clever girl? Don't worry, you'll make a cute little Arabic woman. Very faithful. Very submissive. And a total lesbo, just for that other comment you made about Professor Hamdan's inclinations!"

"That was fucking Greg! I'm Dustin!"

"Sure you are. Enjoy your titties, Greg!"

The pressure grew upon his chest, and to his horror, he knew what was coming. Pushing out from his pectoral muscles was a pair of breasts that should not belong to him, and yet were now surging forth to become very noticeably his. He grabbed them as they stretched his shirt, though even that was changing, extending to become what looked like a dress.

"Oh God, oh shit, oh f-f-phooey!"

Phooey? Why the heck was she saying 'phooey'?

"My m-mind! It's changing my f-f-freakin' mind as well!"

"Well, it wouldn't do for a good Muslim girl to swear and cuss now, would it?"

She railed against this, groaning even as her breasts grew and grew. They became round, full, and surprisingly round and pert. They must have been double-D cups, if not bigger! They seemed huge on her, particularly since the fabric was tight. Her nipples

expanded, blooming to become large and perfectly feminine, dealing yet further humiliation to the male's ego. To *her* ego.

"I'm thinking of myself as a woman!" she exclaimed to the Indian-American witch.

"Duh! Don't worry, the faith will kick in in a moment. Enjoy being a cute little submissive girl with a great set of hooters!"

"Nnggh! Great God above, spare me!"

Her eyes went wide again, even as her face reconfigured. The sorceress was right, the faith really *had* kicked in. She was suddenly feeling *very* devout to the God of her new faith. It was as if she had always been a Muslim, belonging to the Islamic faith, and never knowing it. God, if Gregg was in her position, he would really deserve this punishment for all the Islamophobic things he had spoken over the months, but Dustin certainly didn't deserve this.

Or, as she now thought of herself, Layla.

"My name is Layla! No, it's Laya! Why can't I s-say my n-name!?"

"Because Layla is your name, now. Layla Al-Abadi. You know this, don't you?"

She did. It *was* her name. Of course, she *knew* intellectually that it was Dustin James, but that name seemed across an ocean to her, far out of reach. Layla was what she recognised, impossible as it was. She clutched her breasts, which had finished growing, and now pressed firmly against her hands, her fingers sinking slightly into the feminine flesh.

"S-so sensitive!"

"Just you wait," the smiling sorceress replied. *"You're not finished yet!"*

Another vine wrapped around Layla's face, briefly obscuring her vision. Her screams were muffled as those features altered, becoming soft, her jaw cracked and reshaping until her face had a cute oval shape. Her hair was pulled out at the same time by numerous smaller tendrils, extending down past her shoulders. The hair became wavy and yet silky at the same time. And while it was currently green, she got the very real sense that it was actually jet black in colour now. Her eyes warbled, her nose became longer and more defined, though not as much as Indira's. Her lips plumped up until they were no doubt delightful kissable, and her cheekbones lifted, becoming more prominent.

Finally, just as she was about to run out of air, the vine pulled back, leaving her gasping in what was now undeniably a high, almost mousey woman's voice.

"M-my voice! Oh great God above all things, you've changed my voice! Allahu Akbar, and let him help me!"

The words tumbled automatically from her mouth, and yet they felt so pious and genuine. They were compelled words, but a dopamine rush accompanied her use of them, as if instructing her that they were 'right.' She looked down at her breasts, at her widened hips, at her slender arms and legs. Even her height was reduced: she couldn't be more than

a cute little 5'2 at best, at least four inches shorter than the average woman! As her clothing extended, leaving her with a semi-tight yet body-covering dress, and a veil that was quickly covering most of her hair, it was becoming increasingly clear that only one change remained: and it was the one that she dreaded the most.

“Please, not my penis. I’m not Gregg. You have to believe me! I’m Dustin James, his roommate!”

The vines writhed their way down to her crotch, which contained the last possible essence of her manhood. The last part of her that was Dustin. She shivered in horror, which made her large breasts wobble in an unfamiliar and alien fashion in her dress. All of it was wrong, but there was a sliver of hope it could be stopped. Layla looked into Indira’s eyes, and for the first time since this crazy interaction started, some of the fire seemed to dim in them, and they lost their bright green glow. Even her voice lost its ethereal echo.

“Oh my God. Wait. Fuck! You’re not joking, are you?”

“That’s what I’ve been telling you!” Layla screeched, as the vines began to wrap around her penis, caress her balls. “Now please stop this before I lose my - ohhhh!”

It began, her penis being pushed back into her body. It was the most foreign sensation yet, even stranger than growing a pair of large and noticeable breasts. She squirmed on the spot, causing those double-D jugs to jiggle as her testicles began to withdraw.

“Oohhhhh Great G-God! Why d-does it f-feel sooooo goooood!? Make it s-stop! I don’t w-want to be Layla!”

But Indira was silent, her brown features turning a little pale. “I - I can’t.”

Her penis withdrew yet further, becoming little more than a nub. A tunnelling sensation burrowed through her from the other side, an internal chasm forming a soon-to-be vaginal tunnel.

“Wh-what do you mean? OOhhhhh . . .”

“I mean it’s a permanent spell! I wanted to make sure that even Professor Hamdan couldn’t change it back! That way, she’d be forced to accept that you were stuck like this. I used so many runes, holy shit. I didn’t mean to get his roommate, I didn’t realise he even had one! I’m sorry!”

Her voice had changed completely from the formerly taunting, victorious tone. But only one thing mattered to Layla.

“P-permanent? H-how permanent!?”

Indira was silent. Layla’s penis was now forming into a cute little clitoris, her testes pulling against a new opening that was expanding like quicksand as a pair of lower lips formed. It was unbelievably pleasurable, despite the innate wrongness of it all.

“Like, forever permanent. Can’t-get-turned-back permanent.”

“Oh, God!”

She wanted to fall down onto her knees and pray to Allah, but she couldn't, and even if she could the impulse to do so was a result of her transformation in the first place. She'd never been religious before, and now she found herself utterly devout. It was appropriate, really, because like a true miracle, her testicals sucked up into her body, withdrawing courtesy of the vines pushing them through. They altered within her, even as her womb expanded into existence and a venus mound formed in full. The last remnants of her maleness bloomed into fallopian tubes, followed by a pair of ovaries.

“Eep!” was all she could manage. A tide of ecstasy flooded over her, leaving her cross-eyed with orgasm. The green glow began to fade from her form as she followed it up with a low moan, and in doing so it revealed her true colours; literally. Her skin had become a mid-tone olive, and her hair was indeed yet black. Her clothing was white; a gorgeous white dress with a green pattern and a veil that offset it perfectly. With one last flood of mental changes, she found her sexuality altering. She was still attracted to women - the bombshell of a witch transforming her was evidence of that, given how gorgeous she looked - but now it was through an undeniably lesbian lens, including all the sex acts and lover's positions that would follow. More than that, she felt not just a fear at this woman who had changed her life, but a strange devotion as well. A sort of submissiveness.

“I - I feel so meek!”

“That's part of the curse,” Indira admitted, looking embarrassed as the vines withdrew back into her form and slowly dissipated. “You're going to be a lot more submissive from now on. The perfect punishment for a bigot who couldn't take no for an answer.”

Layla whimpered. The other woman was taller, more commanding. Even embarrassed by her mistake, she seemed powerful, and Layla wanted to comfort her and apologise to Indira for *her* mistake. That was, until sense came back over her.

“You - you turned me into a woman! I'm stuck like this!”

Her voice didn't sound firm at all. Rather high and whiny, in fact. The voice of a wilting flower.

“I'm very sorry,” Indira said, stepping forward. “It was a huge mistake! This is so embarrassing. I knew I should have just used a clothing spell like I always do.”

“What am I going to do?” Layla weeped. She stepped forward, and to her shock, her hips swayed in a feminine manner. Her breasts wobbled too, but not as much before. It was obvious she was now wearing a bra, though it had the effect of outlining her impressive chest against her tight, yet modest dress. She went to remove her veil and decided against it. She had a compulsion to remain modest, after all.

“Hmm,” Indira said, stepping forward. “What are my options?”

She circled around Layla's body like a shark, inspecting the morsel of prey that was helpless before it. And she did feel helpless; her new submissiveness was already kicking in. That, and her new arousal: she was also feeling a little horny for the gorgeous female body in front of her.

"I can't just leave you like this, with this whole other life," she said. "This is sorta my fault."

"It is," Layla said, but she could only say it to the floor, nervous as she was. "I mean, sorry, but it is."

Indira gave a soft smile. "I'll have to get Greg some other way. This clearly was a bad decision. I'll just have to make things as good as possible for you." Suddenly, and in Layla's opinion far too quickly, she perked up and snapped her fingers. "That's it! You can become my new roommate, and I can introduce you to the pleasures of being a woman! It's foolproof!"

"What? I don't - what!?"

Indira chuckled. "I understand your confusion, but it makes perfect sense. You'll still be a student here, still with the same major, whatever it is."

"Business."

"Brilliant! A business major, then. But you'll need to *major* in being a woman first, and I can help you, since I was the one who got you stuck like this for life. Sorry again, by the way."

Layla wanted to say 'I don't forgive you', but that submissiveness kicked in again. Her heart pounded heavily just as the *idea* of talking back to someone.

"So, how about it, Layal Al-Abadi, do you want to become my roommate? I'll teach you everything you need to know about your new life. It'll be a blast: who knows, you may even come to prefer his life. Not like you have a choice, of course."

With every fibre of her being she wanted to curse, but Layla simply couldn't. She was now compelled to be modest, and faithful, and to defer to others in authority. And as such, she failed to speak up, instead giving a meek nod.

"S-sure. That sounds really great, Indira."

"Fantastic!" Indira exclaimed, placing her arm around Layla's shoulder and guiding her out of the apartment. "We'll head to mine right away. Well, *ours* now, huh? And from there, we can start having all the real fun. Just wait till you see how I change other people who grind my gears. Stick with me, kid, and I bet you won't even remember being Dustin!"

Layla wasn't so sure. Her entire life had been changed in mere minutes, and she was still reeling, still coming to grips with it all. But she had no choice, and no willpower left to fight against this sorceress.

And what's more, despite all her anger, she couldn't help but shiver in delight as Indira's arm hugged her waist, and how her smile flashed so confidently, so powerfully.

The lesbian part was also definitely true. And she was obviously a horny one at that!

In the following weeks, Layla became gradually accustomed to her crazy new life. Each day, she felt the need to do her five prayers towards Mecca, and to observe the eating of only clean food. No *haram*, only *halal*. She knew her religious faith had been foisted upon her, but it seemed so real, and so in many ways it truly was. In moments of struggle with her new female identity, and her new race, she prayed for guidance without thinking, and it did indeed give her peace.

She certainly needed it too, because Indira wasn't the type to let up. After the initial flood of apologies, it was soon clear to Layla that Indira was a sociopath. Or, if not a sociopath, then a deeply damaged and thoughtless person. She operated on her own morality that seemed so different from that of general society's. For one, she seemed to feel truly bad for changing Layla not because it was a bad thing to do in the first place, but simply because she had got the wrong target.

"I'm very sorry about changing you," she had said on the second day as Layla descended the stairs of their little apartment, her hair unveiled in the presence of the other woman. "I always get my targets right, so this is super embarrassing. Once you're used to this new body we'll go out and change rude people who deserve it, and that can be a bit of fun together."

"I - I don't really want that," Layla managed to say.

"Nonsense! You'll love it. My whole life, people have mistreated me and the people I care about, so this is just a way of getting just desserts. Also, a new wardrobe."

Layla wasn't sure what she meant by that, at least not at the time. She had her suspicions, but was afraid to have them confirmed. Instead, she worked on trying to familiarise herself with being suddenly female, a journey that Indira forced herself into at every turn, and often quite dramatically.

"Let's teach you makeup! You have such a lovely face for eyeshadow!"

"High heels aren't your first stop, but you'll need to know how to use them and entice a nice man. Well, a nice lady, in our cases. I'm a bit of a lesbo too, you know."

"You should naturally do this a little, but make sure to cross your legs when sitting, especially when wearing skirts. And I know those ripe boobies are all new for you, but try to avoid touching them in public. People make impressions about that sort of thing."

“Sexual hygiene is important, especially since I made you incredibly randy, as no doubt you’re aware. But you *will* get periods, so here’s how to use a tampon.”

Layla didn’t like the phrase ‘sexual hygiene’, since it reminded her that not only was her equipment different, but that it had a different use as well. She could literally make babies with her body now, though thankfully the idea of being penetrated by a man repulsed her. She was still straight. Well, gay as a girl, at least. But despite her discomfort, her newly submissive nature meant that she deferred to Indira, taking her advice and absorbing it passively, and often doing what she was told.

Her studies continued, but there was definitely a changed vibe to her life, now. Her class was mostly men, and whereas before she would put her hand up to answer a lecturer’s notes, now she felt more comfortable letting other people do that. Whereas before she could chat and joke with the guys, now she had to be cautious. She even overheard one individual making a comment about the ‘cute Arab chick. Too bad she’s a Muslim. And gay! How does that work?’ She felt the need to pray for guidance on how to handle such circumstances, that was for sure. And while Indira had not lied - her major hadn’t changed from business - her overall *course* had. For reasons that utterly escaped her, she was now also a culinary student, double-majoring in studies in that area.

“All the better for Greg to learn the value of other cultures,” Indira claimed while eating one of Layla’s creations. “Food is the gateway to culture, after all!”

Layla wasn’t so certain she was telling the truth. The witch or sorceress or whatever she was seemed to really enjoy the meals she made, so it was likely more just to get a fringe benefit after enacting her wrath on Greg. Too bad it had hit Dustin instead.

Other parts of her life had altered too. While she had the same parents - she was adopted now, and raised with access to her culture through their tolerant understanding and care - she also had a job. She worked part-time as a coffee shop barista, which was a job she’d actually tried for when she’d been a man and knocked back on. It gave her mixed feelings to finally have it as a woman, particularly since lots of guys liked to make comments . . . and some cute women too. At least it paid, and gave her experience with their bakery and cooking section too, which helped her other studies. She was also a member of the track team now. Dustin hadn’t been immensely athletic, but despite her quite short stature, she was astonished at the speed with which she could run. Despite her initial hesitation, she actually came to enjoy the running: her team was immensely supportive, and one time when her veil flew off when a gust of strong wind got it, they immediately encircled her to protect her from male view while one of them went to get it.

“Here you are!” the woman said. Her name was Sadie, and she was gorgeous. She was a strong, tall, amazonian Polynesian woman who also served on the cheerleading

squad. She was also a regular customer at the coffee place. "Hope you didn't get too worried about that. Are you okay?"

"Y-yeah," Layla said, trying hard not to focus on the other woman's supple brown skin, her impressive muscles, her wide, friendly smile. She had thick, impressive thighs that served her well on the track team and on the cheer squad, and it was hard not to think very impure thoughts about them. "Th-thank you so much, Sadie."

"That's okay. If you don't mind me saying, you have real pretty hair."

Layla felt herself blush red as she adjusted the veil. "Thank you. That means a lot. You look pretty too. I mean, your hair looks pretty. The rest of you looks pretty too, though."

The woman laughed, but it was a good-hearted one.

"Maybe we can talk more at the coffee shop, huh? Mind if I stop by later?"

Layla didn't, not at all. But she was demure and modest now, so her enthusiasm - while obvious - was not as verbal. "That would be appreciated," she said, trying not to grin too widely.

"Too easy. Let's get back to the running then! I can't believe a pint-size thing like you can go so fast. It's awesome!"

But the coffee date would have to coffee *wait*, because Indira continued to enjoy meddling in Layla's life, teaching and instructing her on all sorts of things. It escalated to finally taking the new Muslim Arabic woman out on 'girl dates', as she called them.

"We're going to the beach. It's time you enjoyed the sun as a woman. It can be such a relaxing experience, being in a bikini."

"B-but that would be immodest! I can't show off that much skin!" Layla cried.

"Oh, don't worry. We can just go as we are then."

Layla was a little curious about her immediate about-face, but it soon became obvious as to why that was the case. They visited the beach, and it was indeed a warm and sunny day. The wind was a little harsh, but she knew how to tuck her veil now to avoid a repeat of the track team incident. All across the beach women were in bathing suits and bikinis, and men in boarding shorts. It was a popular place for young people to swim and suntan and enjoy themselves. It almost - *almost* - made Layla wish she could wear a bathing suit. She was stuck like this after all, and while she was still grappling with that fact, it was inevitable that she would have to wear more than simple veils and dresses in the future.

"Well, isn't this lovely?" Indira said.

"It is. Thanks for bringing me out here."

The Indian-American witch put her arm around the smaller Layla. It made her tingle a little bit from the attractive woman's touch. "Consider it another apology. Like I've said so many times before, I only change people who deserve it."

"Like Greg."

“Exactly. Have you seen him lately?”

“N-no. Come to think of it, I actually haven’t.” It took a moment for the pin to drop.
“Wait, did you - you didn’t!”

Indira chuckled. “Don’t worry, there’s not another you running around, Layla. I’ve learned my lesson there. Besides, you’re one of a kind. No, I had an altogether different punishment in mind for him. Sure, a bit less ironic, but then I did need a new beach bag.”

She gestured to the bag she was carrying that had their towels, drinks, and other minor things in. It was a cute, expensive looking item, but Layla could only look at it in horror.

“You - you killed him!”

“Nah, he’s alive. Don’t worry, he’s perfectly conscious.”

“That’s worse!”

“Relax, Layla. When someone gets turned inanimate, I always give them properties to enjoy it a little, even if it’s a punishment. Trust me, Greg is getting utterly humiliated by this right now: he can hear us, even see us, and feel his new form, and he’s getting a lovely rush of endorphins every time he’s used, or carried, or worn, or opened, or zipped closed.”

“But what about when you’re not using him?”

“It’s sort of like a conscious sleep, or meditation. It’s a punishment, but I’m not leaving him to languish in some horrible sensory deprivation to go insane in. He might just get a bit bored occasionally. But trust me, they all deserve it.”

“Th-they?”

Layla was becoming a bit horrified. Indira looked at her with confusion, as if surprised at this reaction.

“Hey, I’d never turn *you* into a handbag, or a dress or anything, okay? I only do it to horrible people. To punish them.”

Layla tried to say something, but her submissive personality was overpowered by the presence of Indira’s own forceful presence, and her seeming lack of awareness.

“How many have you turned?” she asked.

“Oh, I lost count. A couple of dozen. Professor Hamdan doesn’t know, but what she doesn’t know won’t hurt her. She says we just have to put up with some ill comments and only dish out light punishments where necessary, where the line in the sand gets broken. But my line of the sand is a lot easier to break, I guess. And speaking of lines . . .”

Layla looked up to where Indira was casually gesturing too. A couple of blonde women, roughly in their mid-thirties or so, were walking past. They had their faces screwed up in disgust as they stepped past the pair, with their attention particularly on Layla’s veil.

“I guess they just let anyone go to the beach these days,” one said.

“Jessica, you can’t just say that!” her friend replied, though she did giggle a little.

Immediately, Layla was hit by a wave of shame, and felt embarrassed to be at the beach. She looked at the sand as the women passed, trying to ignore them, and terrified to confront them. She gave a silent prayer to her God to be of some guidance.

Indira, on the other hand, took action.

"Let's follow them," she said.

"I want to go. I don't belong here," Layla responded.

"No, *they* don't belong here. Them and their bigoted mindset. C'mon!"

They followed the two women, who were heading to the car park, evidently done for the day. Indira looked around to see that no one was watching, then practically *jumped* out in front of the women.

"You were right before, you *can't* just say what you said. You owe me and my best friend an apology."

Layla looked up at Indira. Best friend? Where had *that* come from? This was the woman who had turned her life upside down, who she'd only know for two weeks, and yet this witch considered her victim to be her *best friend!*?

"Yeah, no way," one of the blondes said.

"Jess, just say sorry. Let's not make a scene and just get out of here."

But the other friend was obstinate. "As if. There's no way I'm apologising just because of something you *think* you heard. Besides, it's a beach. You wear local, you don't dress yourself up in a burka or whatever it is."

"A hijab," Layla corrected quietly.

"Whatever. No apology. No move so I can get out of here."

But Indira was already muttering an incantation, and sweeping her arms about, sending out the glowing green vines. "Oh, you'll get out of here alright. But when you do, it'll be as the kind of clothing that perhaps will make us both fit in a little better. Since you enjoy the beach so much, maybe it's time you became a little more aware of what *other* people wear to it, hmm?"

The two women shrieked in horror as their bodies twisted and turned and reshaped. Layla was horrified also. She gasped, covered her mouth as she beheld the transformation before her. It was much quicker than the one that happened to her: evidently, Indira was a *lot* more practised in this one. Still, it was a terrible thing to witness. The two women moaned and groaned in shock, then in what seemed to be reluctant pleasure as their bodies shrank, as their flesh turned to fabric, as they flattened out. Their facial features disappeared, their limbs absorbed into their main 'body', and they emptied out as well.

"They're - they're becoming clothes!"

"Bathing suits just for you and me," Indira said with a smile. She gestured with a hand as the transformations finished, and the new living clothing shifted over to her and Layla.

There was a moment of contact, a blinding green light, and suddenly the two of them were actually *wearing* the former women. Indira was dressed in a revealing blue bikini that highlighted her gorgeous form, including her impressive chest. Layla, thankfully, had a much more modest outfit, a 'burkini' that showed off her thighs and left her arms bare, but thankfully covered the rest. Still, it did outline her rather impressive chest as well.

"You - why did you do that?" she said.

"So we can have a nice summer beach scene without bigots," Indira replied, smiling. "C'mon, let's not dwell."

"They're alive?"

"Oh yes, and can hear every word. Hope they enjoy being stuck as clothing."

"But people will look for them!"

"Nah, I alter reality so they kind of just . . . vanish. Trust me, they are enjoying the rush of being worn and shown off right now, I can feel it with my arcane senses. Doesn't mean they aren't full of rage at this, or highly embarrassed. But that's what they get. Now c'mon, let's forget about them and enjoy a solid beach day!"

She dragged Layla back to the beach, and she went submissively along with it. But despite her difficulty in making a stand against Indira, she was secretly saddened about what had occurred. The two women were awful, true, but they didn't deserve that! It was painting a scary picture of Indira, that she turned people so easily. She could almost write her off as a monster, but for just a fleeting moment she witnessed the sorceress wiping away a stray set of tears.

What was her deal? Why was she like this?

She ruminated on those questions as they spent their day at the beach. And even in those moments where she lost herself in the fun, and was able to enjoy it, she kept coming back to them. That, and the living woman who was now her very own bathing suit.

The pattern repeated itself in the coming weeks. As Layla became increasingly used to her body, and her new life in general, she was also more and more confronted by Indira's behaviour. She just wanted her own life now, free of magic and interference - hadn't enough damage been done, after all? But instead, Indira kept calling her 'bestie' and 'best friend' and 'BFF', and seemed to meet it. She dragged Layla to the mall, to the cinema, to the beauty salon, to nice walks on the city outskirts. And each time, Layla would start to see a softer side to the woman. She liked fashion, that much was obvious, and she hated injustice, which should have been a good quality, and often was. She also, surprisingly, had a really good knowledge of film, which endeared Layla greatly, since she was still a total film nut. Indira's

own major was engineering, hence Professor Hamdan's class, but she was also fascinated by ancient societies, and loved to bring up interesting facts about them. In truth, Layla was coming to really enjoy their 'dates'.

Except that each time, it was ruined by another transformation of an unsuspecting and unwilling victim into an inanimate article of clothing or some other useful item Indira wanted, or thought Layla wanted. Sometimes they were bigots, other times it was people that cut in line, one time it was just a server who was a little curt due to how busy the restaurant was at the time, and was clearly just a bit tired from a long shift. Each time Layla made her initial horror clear, but after Indira asserted control over the situation, the Muslim woman just nodded along, compelled to avoid confrontation, which now seemed so much harder and scarier than it had been as a man.

It turned out that a not small percentage of Indira's wardrobe was actually made of people who she felt had slighted her, insulted her, been bigoted against her, or unfairly bullied her. The last she was particularly strongly opinionated on.

"I hate bullies," she said, after converting a horrid older woman who'd made some unsavoury comments into a new bra for Layla. Despite the shock, she felt incredibly comfortable on the former man's large bust, giving her mixed feelings about it. "I hate them. Detest them. The worst thing in the world is to be a bully."

Layla had simply nodded along. She felt like she was getting closer to some kind of truth about the woman, though it was coming at a rising cost. Already, some of her favourite new veils, outfits, comfortable underwear, and even her new earrings were literally people turned inanimate. It had to be stopped, particularly since Indira was clearly under the impression that Layla actually *liked* it. Well, a small part of her appreciated the gifts, and the cute dresses that her female brain was programmed to like, and the way other girls now viewed her with attraction among the lesbians on campus. It was almost enough to make her want to ask one of them out . . . or at least hope *she* would be asked out. But she was afraid to indulge in such things. What if Indira turned some poor victim into a gorgeous date dress just for the occasion? Or insisted on 'evaluating' this new date for her? How would that end!? When she stared into the closet at their shared apartment, she couldn't help but wonder how many poor people were trapped as clothing, even if they were sort of 'asleep' in a sense. The only good thing was the knowledge that Indira hadn't been a magic practitioner for long, by her own admission, so there could still be time to repair the damage. It was just a shame that Layla didn't have the courage to call her sorceress roommate out on it.

Which is why she was spending so much time taking extra shifts at the barista bar, and spending her time talking to Sadie. Not only was the woman gorgeous, and funny, and utterly carefree - a big contrast to Indira - but Layla was increasingly suspect that the tall Polynesian athlete was a lesbian as well. There was something about the way she smiled at

Layla that set her all ablush, and the fact that she always came by under some excuse or another made all the more endearing. On the track team, she was the first to cheer for Layla, and by far the loudest too. She truly was larger than life, and something about that made the new modest woman want to be held and protected by her.

“Hey there, Layla,” she said as she came by on the sixth week of Layla’s transformation. “You got my usual?”

“One double-strength espresso coming up,” she said with a smile back.

“You really are a cutie, Layla,” Sadie teased. “Say, there’s a bit of a club scene going on this week in town, on the beach side. I was wondering if you wanted to come with me.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that,” she replied, trying not to linger her gaze on the Polynesian woman’s chest. “I’m not big into clubs. They’re pretty overwhelming.”

“It’s not a rager, don’t worry. I know you well enough to get a sense of what you can take. It’s more of a kind of casual ‘fires by the beach with dancing’ kinda jig. Oh sure, there’ll be some drunks, but I figure I’ll only have one or two since you obviously don’t drink, being Muslim and all.”

Layla suppressed the urge to groan. She really, *really* missed the taste of alcohol, but it was all wrong to drink. It was the subject of many of her daily prayers to Allah, and she’d become a coffee fiend - even more of one - just to cope with its absence. Still, the consideration Sadie showed made her feel all warm and gooey inside.

“I - I guess I could come,” she said. “Are we going as friends?”

Sadie leaned over the counter, seemed to frown just briefly as she battled an internal thought. “I thought maybe we could go, well, as dates. If you want to, that is. My gaydar is pinging for you, and I won’t lie, you’re very beautiful, Layla. So, if you want to go on a date-”

“I will!” she exclaimed back, before realising how loud she had been; a number of patrons turned her way. “I mean, I will,” she said much more softly. “I’d really like that, actually.”

She adjusted her veil nervously, trying not to smile too widely. But Sadie didn’t have such cares. She beamed with that broad beautiful grin of hers and slapped the table.

“Fuck yeah! Uh, excuse the language.”

“It’s no problem. I don’t care if other people swear.”

“Then fuck yeah, twice! I know where your apartment is. What say I come pick you this Friday night? We’ll have a hell of a time. I might even break out a cute dress just for you.”

If Layla wasn’t blushing before, she was red as a tomato now. The former man rapidly finished preparing the espresso and passed it over. She wished it was a cappuccino so she could draw a love heart on it, but perhaps that was too on the nose. Sadie took it, paid in full, then took Layla’s hand, just briefly.

“I’ll see you about,” she said before leaving. “Can’t wait for the date!”

“Me either,” Layla said, and she realised at that moment that she truly meant it. She was still getting used to the knowledge that she was stuck as a woman for the rest of her life, not to mention one of a different race and religion, but this felt like perhaps the first big major step towards acceptance. She was going on a date with another woman. A lesbian date, but it couldn’t be that much different from a guy dating a girl, right? The only major difference, apart from more sexual matters that were certainly not likely to come up just yet, was that now Layla was the one that was all submissive, and wanted a big, strong woman to take the lead instead. Just the thought of being held by Sadie as they danced on the beach made her heart flutter. More than that, it made her body feel quite aroused.

“Darn horniness,” she muttered to herself. After all, she still had quite a bit of her shift to go.

Layla moaned in pleasure as she rubbed her clitoris. It was not the first time she had pleased her new body, not by far. Thanks to Indira’s magic, she had been left an awful combination of modest, shy, and yet unbearably horny. Which meant that masturbation, in those few times she was completely alone, was practically a necessity. Her body was incredibly attracted to gorgeous women, including Indira, but now also Sadie as well, and for all of her mixed feelings about her new state, there was nothing better than pleasuring herself to the thought of being with them.

“Mmhmm,” she moaned, as she rubbed her lower lips. She gasped briefly as she slipped two of her fingers into her entrance. It had felt so strange when she’d first done it, but now it was the most regular part of her new life. She raised one hand to caress and squeeze her naked breasts.

“Ahhhh - so d-darn sensitive. Praise God, this feels wonderful! OOhhhh!!”

She pinched her dark brown nipples little, pulled them, ran her fingers over them. The undersides of her breasts were also surprisingly sensitive, and so she set them wobbling with her ministrations. On her back in the bed, her ample chest flattened a little under the weight of gravity, but were no less small for it.

“Ahhh - y-yes! S-so close. So darn close!”

She rubbed her womanhood harder, faster, but still gently enough to draw the maximum amount of sensation out. It was incredible, and so different from being a man. Rather than the quick strokes and short ‘lead up’ time, a woman’s body needed foreplay and patience to bring it to its full. But when it started to arrive, it arrived in a big fashion.

Layla spread her legs wider as the climax approached. She imagined Indira. For all that the woman had changed her life so completely, and was cruelly turning people into clothing, her body was incredibly attracted to her. There was a mystery to the sorceress, a piece of the puzzle that the Muslim woman was missing, and it only made her feel all the more desirous to know her. She imagined what those bare breasts would be like against her, how the taller woman would feel. How she would dress to impress her.

“Ahhhh - Indira. Mmhm!”

But then another figure took over in her mind. Sadie. The strong, empowered figure of that amazonian beauty was something to behold. Her thick, muscled thighs, her broad smile, her short yet wild black hair. She could have been sculpted by the gods in some ancient epic poem, and her personality was certainly big enough to be from some great historical saga. It wasn't hard to imagine her tall, athletic form naked, positioned over Layla and holding her tight. Their chests pressing together. Her lips at Layla's womanhood, her tongue upon her clit.

“Ohhhh yes! YES! YES, SADIE, YESSSSS!!!”

The orgasm arrived, and it was more impressive than most she'd felt. She kept the image of Sadie in her mind, and the gorgeous track runner was in her cheerleading outfit this time, her toned midriff on display. Layla could practically *taste* her lips, and it sent her quivering as another orgasm rolled through her like a peal of wondrous thunder. Her breasts bounced on her chest, wobbled a little as she shook her shoulders.

“MMhhmmm, yes. Yes! Ohhhhhh . . .”

Finally, the pleasure died away, and Layla was left in rapturous delight at the thought of being with this woman. She lay there, breathing gently, longing for next Friday night to come. It would be a break from everything, a break from Indira's constant adventures, and even a break from the stress of her studies.

After the last of the post-coital warmth had ceased, and her legs were no longer like jelly, she managed to get herself together and clean up, shower, and get into her silk bathrobe. She tried not to think about the fact that a person was currently having the time of their life being worn, when they could in fact be having a real life outside of existing as an article of clothing.

“I'll find a way to save you,” she murmured, “I promise. Please, great God, help me do this.”

She moved down the stairs. She was a little snackish, and decided to make some nice baklava to sate herself. That was when she heard it. A slight, low sobbing. She halted on the stairs - she'd not made a sound - and peered over to see Indira sitting in the living room, her face in her hands, and tears clearly pouring down.

‘I'm s-such a fuck up,’ Indira said. “God fucking damn it.”

She leaned back, wiped her eyes again, but didn't catch Layla looking. The former male felt an overwhelming pity, a wave of empathy for whatever this woman was going through. But she didn't dare to pry. Instead, she went back up the stairs, and then went down them again, this time quite loudly so that Indira knew she was coming. The other woman quickly cleaned her eyes up.

"Layla! Great to see you!" she said a little too enthusiastically. "How are you going?"

"I thought I would make some baklava. Did you want some?"

"I'd love some. God, you're cute. I swear, you're the only thing keeping me together, sometimes."

"Did you want to talk about it?" she asked, hesitantly.

For a moment it looked like Indira was about to, but then she backed off.

"It's not a problem. You know, I was thinking we should go on another date. You've done so well as a woman, and you're pretty cute, you know. I don't normally do this, but did you want to go on a date that's, well, more than us being friends?"

Layla halted, not entirely sure what to say. Indira's expression was hopeful, but to her surprise, it wasn't confident either. In fact, there was a strong degree of concern on her features, a kind of terrified nervousness. It made no sense, given all she knew of Indira!

"Um, I'd love to Indira-"

"Great, I've got a wonderful idea lined up, where we could-"

"-but I'm already going on a date this Friday, with Sadie."

Indira's expression suddenly went blank. Her skin even turned a little pale. "The woman on the cheerleading team."

"Yes."

"You asked her out?"

"She asked me out. I . . . accepted. I wanted to accept."

Indira took a long moment where she was completely silent. In fact, she didn't even appear to *breathe* during that time, she was so struck.

"Well, I hope you have fun," she said coldly.

"You could join us," Layla said.

"No, you go. I see how things stand between us."

It was a cold response, and not a fair one.

"You made me into this," Layla said, "don't blame me." But her voice was too quiet for Indira to hear her: the witch was back to watching television, and was obviously trying not to get emotional. Layla let her be.

The beach was beautiful at night, and the little fires along its stretch only added to the atmosphere. Pop music played loudly, and a number of fellow college students were drinking, but just as Sadie had said would be the case, most were simply having light fun. It was the perfect atmosphere for her new modest, demure self. She had picked out a cute blue dress with matching veil for Sadie to see, and the Polynesian woman had remarked immediately on how cute it was when she came to pick her up. Indira didn't say a word as she left. She was clearly emotionally disturbed or something, but let Layla go, thankfully. She had been giving the silent treatment for a few days now.

"Sorry about your roommate being such a craw," Sadie said as the two of them walked together down the beach. She lifted her beer up and drank a little. "She seems pretty stuck up, no offence."

"Whatever you do, don't tell her that."

"I'm not afraid of her. What makes her think she's the top bitch? She doesn't have muscle, and she doesn't have much in the way of curves either, and she's not one of the popular ones. Why be afraid?"

But Layla was insistent. "Please, just . . . don't."

"Okay, I won't. Still, let's not let her spoil the night. Want to dance?"

With a gentle smile, Layla nodded. They joined several other couples and groups who were dancing on the sand, laughing and giggling, some more tipsy than others. Her heart fluttered as the larger, stronger woman began to dance with her. It was a classic pop song, *By My Beating Heart*, and its kinetic rhythm washed over them like the waves of the beach itself as they jumped around, twirled, held one another. Sadie's impressive chest, even bigger than Layla's own double-D cups, bounced aggressively in her tight top as they carried away into the night. After just twenty minutes, they were both flat out exhausted, and had to take a brief respite. They walked further up the beach and found a nice spot where it was just the two of them beneath the brightness of the full moon.

"That was awesome," Sadie said. "You're awesome."

Layla smiled. "You're pretty cool too. And pretty, in general."

"Awww, thanks. Date going well?"

"Date is going well."

"Let me make it go even better then."

Sadie leaned over and gave her a light kiss on the lips. Suddenly taken by the attraction, Layla held her there, and the kiss turned from a brief foray to something much longer, more passionate, and with a lot more tongue. When they finally withdraw, both were clearly quite turned on.

"Wow," Sadie said, "that sure was something."

"Yeah," she said back with a giggle. "It sure was."

"I'll say it was too," came a voice.

The two quickly turned, only to see that Indira was before them, dressed in a sexy red sari two-piece. Her arms were folded, and her expression was one of righteous anger.

"Having fun, you two?"

"Indira, what are you doing here?" Layla exclaimed.

"I was just going to see the party, it's a free country, isn't it. Besides, I-lots of people who can wrong me here, including a couple right before - before me. Hic!"

She swayed for a moment, just managing to catch her balance. But it was certainly revealing enough for Layla and Sadie to notice.

"God in heaven! Indira, are you drunk?" the Muslim girl asked.

"N-no! I'm - *BWAAP!*" Indira burped quite loudly, and she was clearly a little shocked at it. "M-maybe just one or two. Hard not to, when your roommate stabs you in the back!"

She shuffled forward, and it was clear she'd had more than a few, judging from the smell. Closer, it was also clear to see that she had tears in her eyes, and an almost manic look. It made Layla afraid.

"Get behind me," Sadie said, motioning her.

"No, you can't-"

"Layla, this woman looks feral. Get back. I'll keep you safe."

Indira laughed. "Oh, I get it! Look at this tall drink of water. So strong. So tall. So *busty*. Jesus, are you smuggling watermelons in that top, Sadie?"

Sadie narrowed her eyes. "I'm here with my date, and you're disturbing us. And yeah, I'm woman enough. What, jealous because you've got a flat chest?"

Indira snorted. "This is what you want, Layla? I thought you were my friend! But all you wanted was a big pair of boobs from the popular cheerleader. Well, maybe you'd like me more if I had a pair like that. Maybe your friend can help m-me, huh!?"

Layla rushed forward, shouting "NO!", but it was too late. Already, the mad witch was weaving her hands about in the air, and those spectral, glowing green vines were shooting out to ensnare Sadie.

"What the fuck!?" the woman called, but it was too late. The vines were spreading through her, and as strong as she was, she couldn't fend off actual magic. "What the hell are you doing!?"

"Taking what Layla here finds so attractive," the witch said. "Maybe then everyone won't - hic! - leave me!"

Layla ran to Indira's side. "Stop! Stop this! You're going crazy!"

"I'm crazy!? Have you seen how the world is? It's all - hic! - mad! At least now I'll get to keep the one good thing in my life!"

Sadie cried out, her moans becoming orgasmic as she shrunk. Her clothes withered away to nothingness, and she herself compressed to become little more than a blob of living flesh, which then separated into two parts. Indira grinned madly as the two blobs shot into her chest. Suddenly, where she had only a somewhat modest, yet enticing chest before, now she had enormous F-cups that strained the very fabric of her sari top.

“Oh my God,” Layla exclaimed. “You turned her into breasts?”

“*M-my breasts,*” Indira emphasised, hiccuping again. She cast her tendrils out to Layla. “And now you can be my cheerleader! We can have a similar dynamic!”

The vines reached out, and though Layla stood finally determined to end this madness, they still overcame her. Her cute dress altered until she was wearing a sexy cheerleader outfit, complete with pom poms suddenly in her hands. Her midriff was bare, and she had to give a mental prayer for strength in the face of all this change - even her mind was flooded with new skills, and her body with new flexibilities. In this new changed reality, she clearly had been a cheerleader for some time.

“Here, you can have some of Sadie’s curves too!” the sorceress exclaimed.

More vines, and more changes. Layla found her already attractive form becoming equivalent to that of a total bombshell. Her hourglass figure became more exaggerated, and her shapely ass rounded out to become positively peachy. Even her breasts expanded, becoming nearly as large as Indira’s own living pair. No doubt Sadie was finding it very confusing suddenly being a pair of breasts on another woman’s figure.

“Th-there!” Indira exclaimed. “We’re the perfect pair! We can be together now, Layla. And we can turn anyone that gets in our way into sexy clothing! No one can stop us!”

Layla was silent. It took all of her willpower to say what she had to say.

“I think you can go *fuck yourself*, Indira. **FUCK YOU!!**”

Indira looked as if she’d been physically attacked. Layla turned on the spot and walked away.

“I’m going to the apartment. You can sober up and then talk to me. And don’t *dare* change me again.”

Indira remained silent as she walked away. Layla’s heart beat a thousand times a minute, terrified of what she’d just done, but it had felt good to assert herself once more. She could only hope she could sway Indira back towards the light.

Layla was nervous. She’d waited nearly two hours. Indira wasn’t yet here, and poor Sadie was still trapped as her breasts. Had she made the right choice? She’d been enjoying the night until Indira ruined it. And yet despite the other woman’s capriciousness and lack of

awareness and occasional cruelty, she felt like there was something missing about her that didn't track. Something that needed healing and understanding, perhaps. Or maybe that was just Layla's new nurturing personality.

Finally, the front door opened, and Indira staggered back in. Tears were streaming down her face, and she was sobbing uncontrollably.

"I'm s-sorry!" she cried. "I'm so sorry. I've been a fucking idiot. I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm -"

Layla shot to her feet and pulled her into a hug, helping her to the couch. The woman was distraught, overcome with a mixture of guilt and something approaching self-hatred.

"Indira? What is it? Are you sorry for turning Sadie?"

"I'm sorry for e-everything," she stammered, pressing herself against Layla's exaggerated form. "I fucked up. I always fuck up and lash out. It's why the Professor dumped me. Fatima Hamdan dumped me as a student."

Things began to click into place for Layla. "Wait, she stopped teaching you?"

"S-said I was danger to m-myself and others. Said I had f-fucking anger issues! That I had unresolved stuff to work through. And she right, goddamn it. I was so eager to change Greg, and all those people pissed me off so much. I hated how they looked at me. I've always h-hated how they looked at me."

Layla held her closer. She prayed she could crack this nut, and figure out what was going on. She needed the strength of her new faith more than ever, and her own womanly compassion too.

"Indira, I don't know what you're going through, but I'd like to understand. You changed me, and I'm stuck like this, but maybe right now, I'm exactly the person I need to be to understand you. But if you really are my friend - or if we really are to *become* friends - then I need you to tell me why you are this way. Why did you change Sadie? Why do you change everyone?"

Indira sobbed, managed to clear her throat. She raised her head, and kept her gaze just below Layla's own eyes. She seemed to gather her thoughts for a minute before responding.

"Everyone leaves me in the end," she said. "When I had magical talent, when it came out when I was young, my Mom and Dad abandoned me. I couldn't control it. Kids made fun of me. I was ugly, and brown-skinned in a white area. They made fun of my long nose. They threw shit at me. All my life people wandered away. My best friend in high school stole the only guy willing to go out with me. I've been so f-fucking angry my whole life at the injustice of it, and so when the Professor saw I could do a little magic - all just stupid little light shows - I thought my life would finally change. I - I had this big vision of being this hot, smart, sexy woman who could take on the world. And my talent is in transformation, too, which meant I

could *be* that. But then, I got real good at doing inanimate stuff, and some people pissed me off again, and my vision just went fucking *red*. A student in one of my classes called me a fucking slur and I just lost it. I turned her into a pair of panties, just to teach her a lesson. I thought she was my friend, and then she turns around and does *that!* I didn't intend to keep her that way, but I'm wearing her right now. That was five months ago, Layla."

"Wow," was all she could say. "This is why you keep changing people?"

"The Professor saw me do it once, turned back the person instantly. Kicked me out and made me promise never to do it again. But she doesn't know that I just can't help it. I get so angry, and it's like this addiction that makes me feel better. Feel powerful.

"And then you came along, and I felt so bad. And you were so calm and nurturing and modest and cute, and I thought, 'hey, maybe I finally have a friend.' And then I fucking ruined it by freaking you out and blowing it at random people. I thought I could impress you, how fucked up is that? But I was just pushing you away. It got even worse when . . ."

Layla knew it was time to push. "When?"

"When I developed a crush on you. Feelings. I wanted more than just a date. It's why I wanted to turn Sadie after I got all drunk and hateful. I thought if I made you a popular cheerleader you'd appreciate it, but I wasn't thinking clearly. I threw up after you left. Twice."

Layla looked at the woman's chest. Sadie was hearing all of this, one way or another.

"Indira, it's not too late to change. But I'm never, ever going to be with someone who lashes out at others and is callous with their lives. I like spending time with you - you've taught me so much, and crazy as it is, I think I actually prefer being Layla to being . . . that other person I can't name. But while I'll always be thankful for what you did to me, I can't be romantically involved with you - ever - so long as you ruin the lives of fellow human beings."

Indira nodded sadly, almost pathetically. For the first time perhaps, Layla was seeing the real her. The woman behind the confident, powerful mask of a capricious sorceress. The tortured woman who was simply heartbroken from a lifetime of being bullied, pushed aside, neglected, and betrayed. She nodded again, clearly heartbroken at the revelation, but recognising its truth.

"You're right. Of course you're right. This is just some stupid coping mechanism. And the worst part is, I'm really good at inanimate transformations. It's pretty much my thing, ha! Jesus, I've been a total monster, haven't I?"

She looked to Layla for reassurance, but the former man couldn't give any. In truth, she really had been. But she immediately regretted her lack of response, because the pain in Indira's eyes were obvious. The tears flowed again, and this time they did not stop. The woman jumped to her feet.

"Oh God. Oh *God*. I need to go. I n-need to get out of here."

She moved for the door.

“Indira, wait! We need to talk about -”

But then the door slammed shut, and Indira was gone off into the night.

Layla spent the whole night worrying. Her sorceress roommate did not return, but Layla stayed up as late as she could just in case she did and needed comfort. The Arabic woman felt as if she had failed her roommate. She could have become a friend, a genuine one. She was a deeply hurt, even traumatised woman who needed comforting, and with her new personality and compulsions, Layla should have been the perfect one for that role. Instead, a moment’s hesitation may have cost them everything. Eventually, the call to sleep became too overpowering. She left a couple more messages for Indira to return - *please* - and then went to bed.

When Layla woke, she nearly jumped right out of her skin. Indira was sitting in the chair opposite her bed, and was looking very contemplative.

“By great God! You terrified me!” Layla exclaimed, getting out of bed. She parted her hair, trying to wake fully from the grogginess of sleep.

“I’m sorry,” Indira said. “I wanted to talk to you, but you must have stayed late for me, because you have slept in far more than normally.”

“I was worried about you, Indira. Really, I was.”

The other woman nodded, still glum. Something was different, and it took some moments for Layla to realise what it was.

“Your chest!” Layla exclaimed. “It’s smaller again.”

“And your body is back to normal too. Well, as normal as I could make it. You’re still how you were after I accidentally changed you.”

Layla confirmed this was indeed the case. She was still attractive, and still had a nice chest, but she didn’t have the exaggerated bombshell figure that she’d been ‘gifted’ the night before. She also didn’t have cheerleading knowledge bouncing around in her head either.

“So, Sadie . . .”

“I turned her back,” Indira said, confirming what Layla suspected. “She wasn’t happy with me. Almost gave me a shiner in fact, but I warned her that while I was going to try to be better, I still prioritised self-defence. I think she’s just glad to be human again.”

Layla took a calm breath. She was still quite cautious, but had to push past that natural submissiveness to check on something important.

“And me? Are you going to transform me any further?”

Indira's eyes went wide with shock, and her features twisted into an expression of guilt. "No! Of course not! I never planned . . . but I suppose I did change you a second time, didn't I?"

"You did."

"I won't do so again. I promise. Sadie is back to normal. I doubt she'll ever like me, and I may have torpedoed your potential romance . . . but she's back to normal."

Layla sighed. And she'd really liked Sadie, too.

"What about the people who you changed into inanimate objects? Into clothing and bras and dresses and watches and all sorts of things?"

"I'll change them back to. I hadn't realised how problematic I was being until you blew up at me. You had every right to do so. I think . . . I think I should start looking at non-magical ways to deal with my anxiety and anger issues."

They both chuckled lightly at that.

"You could try religion?" Layla suggested lightly. She moved closer to the witch, sitting next to her. It felt sort of . . . right.

"Oh, I don't think so. Not for me. But I think therapy might be nice."

"Just don't turn your therapist into a cuckoo clock or something."

"Can you imagine?" Indira replied with a laugh. "How appropriate would it be though, right?"

They shared a laugh again, and this one was more comforting. Enough so, in fact, that Layla put a hand around the other woman's waist.

"It'll be okay, Indira. I'm your friend, right?"

"Yeah, you are. Thanks Layla. I guess I was just hoping we could be more than that. But I guess I'm just too fucked up at the moment, huh?"

Layla was quiet for a few seconds. "I am attracted to you, you know."

"You are?"

"Yes."

"Oh, okay. But Sadie-"

"She was nice to me. And she didn't transform people against their will. She *listened* to me."

"I could listen to you! I mean, I could learn to. And I'll stop transforming people against their will. I promise. Just give me a chance, Layla. I'm not saying stick around with me forever, I'm just asking that you date me for a bit. You make me want to be a better person."

Layla bit her lip, smiling a little. "Okay, okay, I'll go out with you. I doubt Sadie will even want to see me again anyway."

"Sorry."

"But we can try. It'll be my first relationship with a woman, as a woman."

"And this will be my first relationship."

It was a big admittance, but made sense in the light of everything else Indira had admitted. Layla's heart broke for the poor woman, and she wanted to help mend her. It was, after all, part of her nature to do that now. Their hands briefly intertwined, before a shiver of anticipation came over Layla and she had to pull back.

"But I won't go on a first date until you transform everyone back immediately."

Indira blinked. "Right now?"

"R-right now. I'm trying very, *very* hard to be assertive right now."

Indira chuckled. "You're very cute when you do that."

"And you're very . . . cute. But everyone needs to go back. Please."

India sighed, planted her face in her hands. "God, you're right. This'll be a nightmare.

You do realise most of our clothes . . . ?"

"Yes."

"And most of our furniture . . . ?"

"Yes."

"And most of my ordinary possessions . . . ?"

"We can get new ones, Indira."

"I know," she said, lying back and sighing again. "I was just hoping to sort of . . . stagger them. I'll barely have any clothes."

Layla giggled.

"What?"

She giggled some more. "It's just, you want to be a more ordinary person. Well, buying clothes and furniture is the most ordinary sh-sh-stuff there is."

"I always hated it," Indira said. "So much interaction and judgement. It makes me anxious. And angry. And then I start changing people."

Layla took her hand. "I'll go with you," she said soothingly. Then, she gave her dainty, adoring kiss on the cheek. Indira blushed. It was good to see some further warmth return to her.

"Okay, I'll transform them back. Hold on, this'll take time and be *very* busy. Remember, you wanted this straight away, not me."

Layla just smiled sweetly, giving her most adorable expression. It caused Indira to shield her eyes.

"Agh! It's too cute! How did you turn being submissive and shy into a tool of manipulation?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Layla said knowingly, still giving that sweet expression.

"Bah! Fine! I'll get to work. Get ready to hear a *lot* of angry complaints. Can I at least threaten them to leave?"

"Hmmm, nothing too mean."

"Fine, fine. Here we go then."

She raised her arms, and began incanting her spell. Her eyes glowed, her hair raised as if underwater. Dozens of green vines exploded from her back to reach through every corner of the apartment and touch almost every object within it. It was a strangely beautiful sight, and made Layla surprisingly aroused to see Indira so powerful, so in her element. Just as the magic began its work, she realised she *finally* had an idea for her business.

Layla breathed sharply as Indira tongue danced upon her most sensitive folds. The sorceress had learned quickly about relationships in the last few months, particularly the *sexual* parts. It had been a journey for both of them in the time since, but this particular part was one that neither regretted.

"OOhhhh . . . that f-feels nice."

"Just nice?" Indira asked, withdrawing to speak for a moment.

"Very nice. Please. I want you to keep doing it. Please."

"I love how gorgeously submissive and needy you are in bed," the other woman laughed. "It's only beaten by how easily I can make you *moan*, particularly when I play with *these*."

The Indian beauty used her longer reach to caress Layla's sensitive tits even as she returned to licking her wet pussy. Layla was in heaven, so much so that she could barely take it.

"Oh Great God in heaven! Oohhhhh! Yesssss! Mmhmmm - don't s-stop! I'm s-s-s-so sooooo close! OHhhhhh!"

Her girlfriend changed the pattern of her tongue, flickering it in and out of her vaginal entrance before rotating it counterclockwise around her edge. She rested it on Layla's clitoris and proceeded to teaser it, almost nibbling it just gently enough to supercharge the sensation of the already deeply aroused area.

"Yes! OHHHHhhhh! Indira, d-don't s-stop! YES!!"

She came, shuddering. As usual when Indira brought her to such a climax, she was literally incapable of sound, her body trembling, her mouth agape, her eyes rolling back into her head as she was overcome by the throes of such bliss. It was like the 'OFF' part of her 'ON/OFF' switch had been pressed, and she was literally shutting down from the sheer delirium inflicted upon her. Indira seemed to recognise this, because just for fun, she

squeezed Layla's breasts one last time, sending another ripple of an orgasm through her body.

In the aftermath of that joy, she lay breathing heavily, breasts rising and falling on her chest. She was still getting used to them being bigger. Full, round E-cups, a cup size larger than she was used to.

"Mhmmmm," Indira moaned, drawing her own elegant, naked body alongside hers. "So, are you happy with the upgrade, honey?"

Layla nodded breathlessly. "Uh-huh," she managed to say. "G-good."

"I'll say," the woman replied, running her fingers over her form. "To say nothing of this new ass of yours." She groped Layla's enlarged, peachy behind, causing the woman to stiffen. How could her body get so aroused even immediately *after* she'd just climaxed? The answer was obvious, really.

"S-still can't believe you convinced me to go b-back to the cheerleader's body," she moaned, though not at all in a frustrated voice. Rather the opposite.

"Well, I was able to advance my magic, and not need to use *other* people to do it."

"Appreciated," Layla said, finally managing to open her eyes.

"Well, I just wanted to see you keep being a cheerleader."

"I d-don't mind that. It's fun. Plus, it lets me make things up with S-Sadie. Ahhh, God, that was a big orgasm. I think I made a prayer out loud at one point there. A very happy, joyous one."

Indira giggled. "C'mon, we better get up, my gorgeous cheerleader. Get showered - together, obviously - and dressed for the day. You can wear that cute purple veil I like. We've got a full day of business ahead of us today."

"Five more minutes. Please?"

Indira smirked. "Well, if we're getting five more minutes, then I *demand* some attention to my body too, my submissive little beauty."

Layla took a heavy breath, causing her chest to wobble. Yeah, she still definitely wasn't used to her body being even more gorgeous. But it gave her a surprising amount of secret joy, to be so deeply curvaceous and attractive, but to know that only Indira, only her girlfriend, would get to see - and feel, and kiss, and suck, and grope, and so on - the *whole package*.

"Okay," she said, feeling wonderfully submissive. "How do you want it, honey?"

Indira considered for a moment. "Maybe . . . let's just make out and see what you enjoy doing to me, hmm?"

Moments later they were going at it, hard. They pressed their bare, naked chests against each other, and Layla delighted in the sensations her nipples produced. Indira's body was warm, gorgeous, and her dark skin was beautiful, a wonderful contrast to her own olive

tone. She lowered her slender fingers to Indira's womanly entrance, and found the area already moist and ready to receive her.

"Start slow," Indira demanded. "Then don't let up, babe."

Layla bit her lip, grinning. She loved pleasing this sorceress. This witch. Now that she knew what kind of person she was, and what she needed to be complete, it brought her great happiness to bring her to her full, and help her each day.

"Mmhhh," the witch moaned as Layla played with her sensitive folds. "That's good."

"Just good?" Layla said, calling back to earlier.

"Very good. Keen - ahhh - going. Suck on my nipples. I love it wh-when you do that."

Layla did so, and soon the two were passionately making out as the former male continued to pleasure her girlfriend. Indira always started slow, as if still cautious and afraid to show intimacy, but Layla always knew how to draw it out in the end, and help her accept that it was okay to be vulnerable and open. And when she became so, she moaned and cried out far louder than Layla ever did, lost in ecstasy in a way that almost made the Muslim woman jealous.

"OOHhhh! NNGGHH!! AAAHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She cried out in repeated orgasm as Layla finished rubbing her clitoris. Just as Indira had teased her though, she decided to get one back over her girlfriend. So she gave her sensitive parts a few last gentle caresses just to make her Indian girlfriend orgasm a few more times.

They collapsed together, cradling each others' forms. As was their usual arrangement, the taller woman encircled her arms around the smaller one, comforting the more submissive of the pair.

"That was absolutely worth it," she said. "Now let's shower and get changed. There's an annoying couple next door that I absolutely *have* to turn into a cute sweater for this colder weather."

"You wouldn't dare!" Layla exclaimed, shocked.

"Kidding, kidding!" Indira said, chuckling. "You know I only transform people who ask for it these days. That's our business after all, right?"

"Right," Layla said, turning her head to kiss Indira one more time. They got up, and holding hands, they moved to the shower together. "And business is booming!"

It was no silly joke, business was truly booming. It was only getting started, but after Layla formed the idea that one agitated night several months ago, they had worked together to put it into action. It was clear that Indira's witchy powers were somewhat of a crutch for her, an addiction. Something she would have to break one day, but couldn't let up immediately. When she changed everyone back to their proper selves in the apartment, it had been one of the busiest and craziest nights of both their lives. Suddenly there were

dozens and dozens of people cramming the apartment up, many of them utterly stupefied, angry, frustrated, or terrified. Layla helped Indira calm them as best as she could, but couldn't blame their reactions: they had been cast into the role of clothing, ornaments, furniture and so on for months. One woman in particular didn't really appreciate that the two women had been having sex on her 'surface' for several months now. She'd been turned into a couch.

"Bad enough I had potato chips down my crevices!" she cried.

"S-sorry," Indira managed, despite clenching her fists. Layla had to be there to calm her in particular when Jessica and her friend - apparently she was called Brie - were turned back. No longer a burkini and blue bikini, the two were utterly terrified, practically tripping over themselves in apologies and promises not to be like they were again. It was pathetic and fake and desperate enough that even Layla was tempted to ask that they be turned back again, but she knew better. Indira said it plainly:

"Get out of here before I change my mind."

They did exactly that, as did many others. And slowly, over time, the apartment entered. Reality re-oriented to account for their absences, and Indira helped it along with Layla's suggestion. Those who had been gone for months or weeks suddenly had always been 'on holiday', or in a few more deserving cases for poor victims, had been awarded grant money, achieved greatness in some way. Because of lack of experience, Indira couldn't give them actual monetary compensation, but she could leave them with such great reputations that their futures were looking bright.

And perhaps that would have been the end of it, if not for Layla's own business sense rising back up. She talked to the transformees, hearing their complaints and grievances and stories, and because she was such a demure thing, they genuinely told her everything.

Including some of those who, just as she suspected, had actually come to *enjoy* their experiences. After all, Indira had been very clear on letting them have lovely meditative states and even sexual pleasure when they fulfilled some of their roles. Soon, the stories began piling in, and they were more common than even she suspected they might be.

One man had been relishing the experience of being a woman's panties, despite his immense embarrassment. Another woman had been an alarm clock, orgasming each time she went off, and spending the rest of the time building in bliss until that moment. A woman had been turned into a bikini set, and now wanted to see if being a lingerie set was even better, particularly if she had crotchless panties. A particularly deviant-minded man was curious about being a vibrator, or even a fleshlight once he built up the courage. An older gentleman had a terminal disease, and revealed that he so enjoyed the meditative state of being a sofa chair that he'd prefer to stay that way if possible, and was even willing to pay for

it. Layla smiled, took their names and numbers, and heard their desires. Some wanted to be body parts - one man had briefly enhanced Indira's chest, and wanted to do it all over again on a girl he was interested in, with her permission, of course. It seemed that the former investor yuppie type had discovered his ultimate kink: being a helpless set of tits that bounced and wobbled and jiggled outside of his control, and was groped and squeezed by their owner, and their owner's lovers.

"What can I say? I want more of it," he said, clearly shocked at his own words. "I want to be a pair of big, ripe, juicy tits again! I'll pay as much as you want, particularly if I can do it for a year. Hell, for years, plural!"

Layla grinned, took his name and number.

"Don't worry. I'll call you. I think we might have a business open soon. Do you happen to like coffee and pastries, too?"

The answer was, near uniformly, yes.

It was thanks to that man, one Jared Spade, that they were able to start their business venture together: *The Witch You Know*. He paid in a whole lot of digits, enough for them to rent a good space near the university campus and adjacent to a good number of popular stores. Currently, the decor was very simple - though with the amount of people paying to be chairs for a few weeks, they at least didn't have to pay much for furniture. They didn't serve the best coffee, or the most wonderful pastries, though Layla was working on getting a lot better at those. Her culinary talents were only getting better, and some people were so enthusiastic about the business that they were even paying to become a good coffee machine, or working oven, and so on. But all that was just to get people into the door.

No, the real focus of the business was transformations galore. It had to be secretly advertised, of course. And word-of-mouth spread was crucial. But slowly, the customers had trickled in, starting with those who had originally been maliciously transformed, that ten percent or so who wished to experience it again. For a fee, one negotiated depending on the length of transformation, the effort involved, and the utility of the transformation, they could become what they desired. It was immensely therapeutic for Indira. She could use and practice her magical talents, and with Layla's constant, calming presence, she was able to push back against her own anger and use her magic for good.

To Layla's surprise, Sadie even stopped around.

"I'm must here for a coffee!" she said, holding up her hands. "Please don't witch me." Indira turned red. "I won't. I'm changed. Don't worry!"

"I think I always will a little, but it's all good. I'm just here to grab a coffee from my best friend. Right, Layla?"

The Muslim girl thanked God that Sadie had remained her friend, now her closest friend. While the attraction was still there, it was clear she was welded at the hip to Indira

now, and was happy for it. As nice as Sadie was, perhaps she was a little *too* nice for the submissive woman, who on some level needed someone who could be a bit naughtier at times, and dominate her comfortably. And now that she was on her healing journey and doing good with her transformations, Indira was exactly that.

“Are you cheerleading with us this afternoon?” Sadie asked.

“Absolutely. We just have a couple of transformations to go.”

“Nice paying ones?”

“A couple are free actually.”

“Really? Why?”

Layla gave a sheepish look at Indira, who shrugged.

“We needed a new fridge at the apartment. And my laptop broke. Some curious souls were happy to stand in while our new orders take time to get here.”

Sadie chuckled. “I still can’t believe it. Utterly crazy. But you two seem happy at least. I’ll see you this afternoon, Layla. Don’t let your veil fly off.”

Layla chuckled. “Don’t worry, *he* won’t.”

Sadie gave a puzzled look before leaving, but Layla and Indira knew what was up. After all, it was very important that they work to do good, and not victimise others. And Layla was deeply proud of Indira for her efforts, and how far she had come.

But sometimes people deserved just a *little*, always *temporary* punishment.

“Oh Greg, maybe *this* time you’ll learn to not be so ignorant,” she said, adjusting her veil. She could almost feel it thrum with reluctant satisfaction.

The End