

## Lover's Dream

Jake stared at his girlfriend's body wash for a long moment, conflicting thoughts battling it out through his mind. He knew Hannah...he knew how she was with her bath products...and he knew he'd catch shit from her if he ever messed with them. The fact of the matter was though, that almost every bar of soap, shampoo, and body wash in there was made by her from scratch. Hannah often times would talk to great and rather boring lengths at how special they were. She claimed that they were her own special concoction of all the best stuff out there; at least that's what she told him. But it was their one year anniversary, and Jake had taken the night off from his position as a bouncer at the local night club to prepare a special dinner for Hannah at her apartment for when she got home. However, as much as he told himself otherwise, his main hope for the night involved the goings-on after dinner.

And thus, he was faced with this perhaps perilous choice. To help make ends meet, Jake had taken a job as a roofer, and by the end of the day he was often told by his girlfriend just how smelly he was. However, tonight he just didn't have the time to make the long trip back to his own apartment for a shower...so now there he stood, warm water from her shower washing the dirt off of his exceptionally built frame, while he stared dumbly at the variety of bottles placed with loving care in an intricate pattern along the bathroom wall.

His large, rough hands went over the line of bottles, trying to find the right one to scrub his body down with. Each simple, though colorful, glass bottle had a name etched into it. Some were labeled with simple things like a particular scent while others had complex names that Jake couldn't help but grin at. He could imagine Hannah agonizing hours on end to come up with poetic names like "Pearlescent Beauty" and "Essence of the Heart." Finally though, he realized he had to go with a rather small bottle etched with the name, "Lover's Dream" that he found by itself in the medicine cabinet. For one, it didn't have an overpowering odor like many of the other ones; and most importantly, being stored away by itself, Jake figured that she must not use it very often.

Carefully uncorking the bottle, Jake did his best to ease a small amount of the contents onto a wet washcloth. However, his hands were tired and worn out after a hard day's work on some suburbanite's roof and he let out a soft curse as the majority of the oily liquid poured out all over the washcloth. Jake let out a sigh of frustration, Hannah would definitely notice this; however, it was impossible now to rectify his mistake, and he knew he'd just have to live with it.

As Jake began to wash down his well muscled chest and abs, his mind began to drift as he thought about the bottle's name, "Lover's Dream." It was true that Jake wasn't entirely satisfied with Hannah's body. Sure, she had a beautiful face, perfectly proportioned with soft features and a cute, pert nose and luscious lips, but sadly the rest of her body never did match up to his expectations. Hannah's small breasts had always been an issue in the back of his mind, not that he would ever admit this to her. He had always dreamed of having a girlfriend who's breasts were just a little too large for the rest of her body, not fat looking, mind you...but perfectly round and perky that just begged to be confined under a blouse that was just a bit too small, the buttons having to strain at the seams. Hannah's breasts weren't

Jake's only issue either. Her waist wasn't slim enough to give definition to her rather wide hips, though her rear didn't seem to get the memo as she had always had a rather unremarkable ass. But despite all of this, he had stayed with Hannah because, well...they did enjoy each other quite a bit. That, and she was downright magical when it came to the bedroom.

Jake grinned to himself at these thoughts as he mind began to wander back to the present. The body wash he was using had begun to cause his rather rough skin to tingle quite a bit. This had always been a vocalized complaint from Hannah. His rough hands and skin had been forced upon him as he had taken up the manual labor of construction. Well, perhaps, he figured, Hannah wouldn't be too mad at him for using her body wash if it softened him up somewhat. As the tingling from the body wash continued to spread across his entire body, Jake blinked a few times, not totally against the sensation. However, despite these good feelings, time was running out and he still had to prepare dinner. Quickly, Jake washed off the suds covering his entire body and exited the shower.

Just about the time he had finished putting on a fresh muscle t-shirt and well fit jeans, the doorbell rang to her apartment.

"Perfect timing," he said to himself as he went to answer the door. He couldn't cook. Nor did he ever want to learn, so the delivery boy from the local Italian pizza shop was a welcome sight.

After setting up the small dinner table for a romantic meal, Hannah's decorative candles lit and placed strategically around the nice shrimp Alfredo dish he had ordered, Jake poured two glasses of white wine and waited for Hannah to come home from her job at the little occult book shop she ran downtown.

As he waited, Jake barely noticed that the tingling from the body wash had persisted even after the shower. Absently, he scratched at his t-shirt, the area feeling sensitive to the touch. He wasn't allowed the time to puzzle over this, however, as he heard the key turn in the lock of the front door, announcing Hannah's return.

And there she was. Raven black hair tied back in an effort to keep the thick mass from falling into her face, wearing a rather unflattering loose, black top with a dark gray skirt that hid the fishnet stockings and stopping just above her large, buckled boots. Sure, Jake was made fun of by his friends for dating a 'goth' girl, but all he had to do was describe her antics in the bedroom to them to make them shut up for good.

"Welcome home, beautiful," he said with a playful grin, despite the fact that he was pulling at his increasingly uncomfortable tight t-shirt that showed off every crease of his well built body. Hannah's dark eyes widened in surprise at this before a giddy school-girl giggle graced her otherwise dour appearance.

"Jake! You remembered," she laughed as she ran up to him, squishing her small breasts against his chest in a tight hug. At this, the tingling across his torso intensified greatly, and he was distracted in his responding hug, letting go too soon and stepping away.

"Y...yeah, just ah...yaknow...thought we could have dinner tonight," he said, stammering a bit as he tried to cover up his sudden uncomfortable expression. His mind wheeled in confusion, as her touch caused an immediate arousal within him.

Hannah's smile froze on her face as a frown suddenly creased her brow. She slowly stepped forward, her heavy boots audible on the wooden floor. "What's wrong?" she asked, more suspicious than worried. She came closer still, Jake forced to back pedal until his back hit a wall.

"What? Nothing...nothing, just thought you'd like a romantic dinner before we ah...heh, before we celebrated later on," he said, trying to lighten her suddenly darkening mood by hinting at what's to come later on in the night. As she pressed herself closer to him, her rather small frame forcing her to look up at him, the tingling along his torso spread to his groin and started to burn.

"Why do you smell like that," she said, more of a statement than anything.

"I...ah...I dunno what you mean," Jake replied, his blue eyed gaze looking anywhere but at Hannah.

"You smell like you just got out of my shower...you didn't use any of my potions, did you," she said, once more a statement than a question.

Jake laughed nervously, an unexpected fear coming over him. "What do you mean?" he stammered out once more, the burning across his entire body becoming almost unbearable now. Sweat dripped down clean cut sideburn. He knew Hannah liked to call of her home made body washes potions, and he had always just thought it was part of her goth girl routine. But the way she said it this time seemed much too serious. "So what if I did? I know you don't like it when I show up after work without showering," he tried to explain.

Hannah's eyes went wide at this. "You didn't!" she exclaimed before turning and running toward her bathroom. "Which one did you use!?" she called out, leaving Jake to scratch madly at his t-shirt as his unexplained arousal became much more apparent, almost hurting as it stretched out his jeans.

"Ah..." was all he said, this supposed to be romantic night shattering in an instant.

"Oh my goddess!" she yelled from the recently used bathroom.

*Dammit*, he thought to himself, realizing he had forgotten to put the bottle back. Soon enough though, Hannah marched back into the dining room with the evidence in her hand.

"You used *all* of it!" she screamed at him, her face a mask of fury as Jake was left standing there, gaping as his body began to tremble from the burning sensation. "Do you have any idea what you've done? I'm only supposed to use a drop of this. A *drop*!"

"Listen...ah...I'll pay for it, don't worry, baby," he stammered, trying to assuage his girlfriend's sudden fury.

All of a sudden though, Hannah's anger wracked face began to sooth into a mischievous grin. "Yes, I assume you will," she said, her new expression worrying Jake even more as she began looking over his trembling body. He didn't have time to respond though because she had quickly turned and gone into her bedroom, leaving the door open.

Jake just stood there dumbly for a moment, so engrossed in the current drama that he had unwittingly created that he had yet to notice that his once form-fitting t-shirt was suddenly a bit looser than he remembered. His arousal, however, still showed itself proudly in the newly erected tent of his tight jeans. Without thinking, he followed her into the bedroom.

"Hey baby, what was in that stuff anyway...I ah...I don't feel right," he said, unaccustomed fear seeping into his voice.

"My lover's dream, of course," she said with a smile, lying propped up on her elbows on the bed, just watching him, "You should've chosen better." Jake was suddenly afraid of the look in her eyes.

As he stood there under the gaze of the woman he thought he knew so well, the burning sensation in his torso shifted toward his chest. He felt anger beginning to bubble up in him, the thought that he had inadvertently poisoned himself causing Jake to stalk over to her and pull her up out of the bed forcefully.

Hannah gasped in pain as he jerked her a bit too roughly by the elbow. "What was in that shit!" he yelled in her face. Hannah though, still wincing from the tight grip on her elbow, just grinned at him once again.

"Why don't you tell me?" she purred, a hand stroking his arousal. This though only seemed to fuel his anger as he pulled her close to him, her small breasts once more pressing against his stomach.

"Tell me, now," he growled out. Though, this growl quickly became a whimper as a very alien feeling began to spread out over his chest. It was...stimulation, his nipples becoming erect through his form fitting t-shirt. Jake threw Hannah back onto the bed, as if burned. His eyes widened as he looked down at his once muscled chest. His pecks had seemed to have lost all definition, except for what looked to be perky nipples poking through the shirt, a trait he had always found slightly erotic when seen in random women walking down the street in the cold. Before his eyes, and the mirthful look of what he once thought of as his girlfriend, his chest began to swell against his shirt. At first, he thought it was just a trick of the dim light of the room; his mind wanting to think that he was just seeing his normal pecks defined through the tight fabric. However, he soon realized this was not the case as he heard a soft giggle come from Hannah on the bed.

The sensation of bare perky nipples rubbing against rough fabric almost caused Jake's knees to give out. They almost did, too, as the feeling intensified with the now clearly swelling flesh stretching his t-shirt out further and further.

“Ooooh...oh God,” he mumbled out, his large hands instinctively reaching up to grab at the offending mounds spilling out of his chest. He began pressing against them, his shirt squeezing through the cracks of his fingers as he tried to hold his swelling chest tight against his body.

“Lover’s Dream was supposed to be for me, you stupid, stupid man,” Hannah said with an obvious hint of malice in her voice. “I finally got tired of how you looked at all those sluts strutting their ridiculous bodies out of those night clubs that I actually thought I could make you happy if I looked like them. I’m glad I never got the chance to use it though. Vanity is for the weak...and I’ve been blind to think that you could ever change.”

Jake finally pried his eyes away from the two distinct breasts that were growing out of his still masculine frame to glare at Hannah.

“What’re you talking about!” he cried, his hands no longer able to contain the growing breasts under his shirt that had begun to tent under strain of the change. Quickly, he crossed his large arms over his chest to try and hide them from Hannah’s gaze. “I...I don’t care about them, I always liked the way you looked,” he said, though even he could hear the lie in his voice. “Please...stop this!”

“Even if I wanted to, there’s no stopping it now. It was supposed to be used over the course of a few months, but you used it all in one go,” she said, some of the malice lifting out of her voice, a hint of regret replacing it. “Though, now that you know what I do...I don’t think I can let you leave. At least, not as you are.” Her eyes continued to look over Jake, eyeing now that the perfect muscles on his arms seemed to be lessening in definition, becoming slimmer and softer.

“Please Hannah, baby...please, I won’t tell anybody, I still love you, just stop this,” he pleaded, his voice cracking up in octave as his neck began to thin along with the rest of his body. In fact, it seemed as if the only part of his upper body that was not slimming out seemed to be the now massive breasts that he still hugged tightly to his chest. He didn’t realize as his forearms started rubbing softly up and down his sensitive nipples. Meanwhile, his shirt continued to become looser and looser on his frame, the hem hitching up and exposing a hairless belly button as it continued to stretch tighter and tighter against his growing breasts.

“Do you really love me?” she asked simply and straightforward as she pulled a small box out of her nightstand.

“Yes! Baby, yes, please, can you help me?” he stammered, his change of voice becoming softer and higher pitched and...distinctly feminine.

“Of course I can,” she said as she removed what looked to be a small vial from the box. “If you truly love me, you’ll become my familiar.”

“Ah...familiar? Shh...sure! Anything, I’ll marry you. Just make it stop!” he cried, unfamiliar tears welling up on his softening features. His strong cheek bones and chin began to take on more supple and softer tones as a lock of dark brown hair fell into his eyes.

"Then prove it to me...and drink this," Hannah said softly, offering the vial of strange liquid up to Jake's now pouting lips.

Jake eagerly took the vial, his now unsupported breast hanging free and distorting the manly t-shirt further. "This shit'll make all of it go away?" he pleaded toward Hannah, gripping the vial tightly in a trembling fist, the bones in his hands giving off soft cracking noises as they shrank and softened. The look in her eyes though seemed to say that anything but will happen. Fear welled up on Jake's tear streaked face, "No...I'm not going to...you can't make me," he cried out, clutching the vial to his trembling breasts.

Jake didn't have it in him though to continue his protests as a moan welled up past his swollen lips and escaping out in a show of his pain. His waist began to press inward tightly, squeezing his innards into new positions. Dropping to his knees, Jake's now ample breasts bounced along with him. This unfamiliar and rather painful display was the least of Jake's concern though as his waist continued to thin out as his ass began to swell against his already tight jeans.

"Come now, it's not all that bad...just take a sip, I promise that I'll take care of you," Hannah murmured softly to Jake.

Jake didn't seem to hear her as his now dainty hands began fumbling with his belt, the waistline of his jeans sliding down his thinning waist but getting stuck at his burgeoning hips. "Oh...oh God, it hurts, my hips!" he cried out, falling onto his side, his breasts squishing against themselves even as his lengthening luscious dark brown hair continued to grow and fall over his face. "What did you do to me!"

"You silly man," she said pityingly, "You don't get it, do you? You did this to yourself. But don't worry though...you'll learn to accept it in time." Hannah knelt down beside him and began stroking his softening back as Jake continued to writhe on the floor.

"Oh...you fucking bitch!" he yelled out, his now soft and feminine hands trying to pull and push his painfully tight jeans down his thickening thighs and legs. Although his arousal still showed strong, its stature was significantly diminished.

"I'd watch your tongue, *baby*," Hannah said, a sudden chilliness overtaking her voice. "Since you agreed to be my familiar, you're gonna have to listen to me from now on," her voice warm against his ear as she leaned over him. "Now...why don't you take a sip?" she asked, moving a hand to the hand Jake was using to squish the vial against his chest. Hannah gave a small smile at his continued resistance, so instead, she grasped Jake's other hand tightly in her own and slowly forced it toward the diminishing arousal now prominently showing through his distorted and tight underwear. Her fingertips began pressing against it, feeling as his dick began to pull into his body. Jake let out a very feminine moan as a crease began to form above and below it, his balls pulling up with it. The moan became a cry, though not in pain, as he felt his individual testicles pull up into his body and spread an alien sensation inside his torso.

Hannah smiled as she pulled her hand away, wet with feminine juices as Jake's genitals pulled once more sharply upward into his body, completing its change into a rather smooth and hairless vagina. "Just what you always wanted in a woman," she whispered out, bringing her wet finger tips up to Jake's now pert, cute nose and letting him smell his own new juices.

Even as the now female Jake recoiled away from her hands, curling up into a fetal position, sobbing and hugging her new breasts against herself, she still cried out in denial "No, no..."

"Shhh..." Hannah cooed toward Jake, "we're not done yet...but trust me, you won't stay mad forever. Now that you know about me, I can show you *wonders*."

"Oh...God, just leave me alone, get away from me," Jake sobbed, unfamiliar emotions welling up in her breast as a strange heat began burning up through her new vagina. A shaking hand, tipped with polished feminine nails, made its way unconsciously down Jake's smooth stomach, past her cute navel, and down into her now wet male underwear. Jake began letting out a choked moan as the pleasure she began to feel shocked her again and again with each stroke down the length of her new cunt. Her middle finger slipped inside and Jake couldn't stop herself from stroking faster and faster.

"That's right, Jake...enjoy it...it's not so bad, is it?" Hannah taunted as she once again tried to remove the vial from Jake's hand. "Now...take a sip, and all will be better."

Jake's watering eyes looked up at Hannah, her hand slowing in its stroking of her new assets. "What will it do?" she asked shakily through new vocal chords.

"You'll become my familiar...and I'll take care of you, forever," she smiled, her face softening as she saw Jake becoming more responsive.

Jake eyed the vial in her hands for a brief moment, her feminine features wracked with indecision and confusion. She then locked gazes with her former girlfriend...and Jake nodded. Slowly, he brought the vial up to her own lips, drank the contents, and her throat convulsed showing Hannah she swallowed the contents.

"There, that wasn't so hard now, was it?" Hannah asked with a soft smile, swinging her leg over Jake's now perfectly thin waist so that she straddled her. There was a strange look in Jake's eyes though, an odd smile on her lips...Jake lifted her head, now heavy with a mass of thick, brown hair, toward Hannah. The goth girl gave a seductive grin and bent down to meet Jake's full, pouty lips.

And then, they kissed. At first, they only pressed their lips together. Then, Jake slid a slender arm behind Hannah's head and gripped a handful of her hair forcefully, causing Hannah's mouth to open in a startled yelp. The next thing Hannah knew, a warm, bitter liquid was spit into her mouth, causing Hannah to involuntarily swallow.

Jake dropped herself back on the ground, breasts jiggling as she began laughing. "There you go, you fucking bitch, you drink it!" she called out to Hannah.

Hannah's face became frozen in terror as she stumbled backward, her back slamming against the nearby wall before sliding down onto her rather flat rump. "No! You idiot! Why did you do that!? I...oh...oh fuck!" she called out as her entire body began to tremble. Jake herself followed suit as her skin began to tingle and warm as the contents of the vial began to take effect on them both.

"That's...right," Jake forced out as she sat up and began to stand on shaking legs. With one hand, she struggled to keep her now ill-fitting jeans from slipping down her thin waist. Her petite feet slid around her now oversized work boots, but still she slowly made her way toward Hannah. "I dunno what was in that shit...but you're in it with me now," she spat out, glaring hate at the goth girl who now trembled against the wall. However, despite his remark, Jake had yet to notice Hannah's skirt begin to tent up at the base of her ass, as her tail-bone began to distend and pop away from its normal resting place. In fact, this alien feeling was barely noticed by Hannah herself, as was too busy staring up at her former boy-friend and the odd-looking shadow that had begun to spread over Jake's entire body.

It was clear though, after only a few moments, that the shadow was indeed jet-black fur that was beginning to push out and spread like wild-fire all over Jake's body.

"Wha...?" Jake began, pausing to look at her thin arms and the black fur that was quickly growing out.

"You asshole! You really don't know what a familiar is?" Hannah shouted out as her tailbone popped and stretched further out, curling around her thigh to poke out from under her skirt.

"Ah...fuck, what's happening?" Jake screamed out in a high-pitched voice as her own tailbone began to work its way out from under her male underwear,

"A familiar is an *animal*, Jake! A fucking cat! Don't you know anything about witches!" Hannah screamed back at him, covering her eyes with the thickening digits of her hands. She could feel rough pads beginning to form on her palms and finger tips, pressing against her face which was beginning to hurt from some unseen pressure.

"How the hell was I supposed to know, Hannah! I thought you were just some ditzy goth!" Jake yelled back as her knees shook and threatened to give out once more. She was forced to hold onto the wall for support as her feet began to fill in her large work-boots and her arches cracked and popped longer and longer.

"Oh, that's so typical of you, Jake! You never listen! I can't believe it took you turning into a fucking chick to figure it out!

"Oh, and I was supposed to figure out that you were a gaddamn witch because you wore black all the time," Jake's voice trembled out before she was thrust forward as her shins shrunk and her thinning heels popped out of her boots. Jake yelped and stumbled onto her knees. Despite her best efforts, Jake landed face first onto Hannah's flat chest...which was beginning to swell outward and press against Jake's face. As if in response to this, Jake's jaw cracked forward, her nose flattening out as she gave out a mewling cry.



"Augh, get off of me!" Hannah tried to respond, but could only cry out herself as Jake accidentally kneeled on her former girlfriend's new tail that had now well grown out of her skirt.

Surprising them both, Jake's mewling cry turned into a soft moan as she sat back on her plump ass and clutched the area underneath her own breasts. Right underneath them, the area had suddenly become incredibly tender. The newly formed woman's clutching and thickening hands began caressing the two soft bumps that had formed underneath her breasts. Hannah, meanwhile, was cradling her sensitive new tail that was beginning to grow its own coat of black fur, her face cracking forward as tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Hannah," Jake gasped out, a strange smile on her new muzzle, pointed teeth pressing against her lips. "Oh, fuck, Hannah..." she said once more, one hand pressing and fondling her second set of breasts that had begun to strain her already ill-fitting shirt while the other sent a padded finger down into the crease of her nether regions.

Hannah's own loose top was quickly filling out as she herself began rubbing at her growing breasts as well as the added four spots of focused sensitivity where a line of nipples formed down her torso. "Jake...oh...goddess...Jake, hold me," she cried out, the tears now matting the fur on her swollen face.

Jake, however, was too busy pulling against his t-shirt that had begun to creak out a protest against the six mounds pressing tightly against the fabric. Hannah's former boyfriend let out a gasp of ecstasy as the pert nipples of her lowest set of breasts clung for dear life against the hem of her shirt before springing out of their confinements and bounding free against the cool air of their apartment.

Slowly, Jake crawled forward toward Hannah, her swollen feet kicking off her work boots, now much too thin and long for the confines of such clothing. The two changing woman let out gasping mewlings as they held each other, rubbing their furry muzzles against one another.

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It was sometime later that the two figures came out of their passion induced stupor. Both had lost their clothing throughout the encounter, and lay there, holding each other in a warm, furry embrace. For all intents and purposes, the two figures looked identical; two black furred women stuck in a form half-way between human and feline, each with long, flowing black hair that tickled the base of their twitching tails. A low rumble, indicative of a purr, escaped the cat-woman named Jake as she nuzzled against Hannah's rows of breasts. Hannah, in turn, lightly licked and cleaned at Jake's twitching ears.

"Hannah," Jake murred out.

"Mmmh?" she answered.

"Are we stuck like this?"

"Yes..."

"...good."