

## Best Friend's Fiancee (Hot Fiance TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A commission for dash666

*When David makes a wisecrack about his best friend Aaron getting dumped by his fiancee, he had no way of knowing that Aaron would discover a strange bottle cap that grants his following wish: that David should be his fiancee. To David's horror, he is rapidly changed into Danielle, and the whole world remembers him as a gorgeous curvy girl. Worse than that, the new woman is engaged to marry her former best friend, and her increasingly girly mind is starting to like it!*

### Best Friend's Fiancee

Aaron was down in the dumps, and everyone could see it, especially his best buddy, David. The group of friends were enjoying their time at a bar, trying to cheer up their friend who had hoped to be getting married that summer to the love of his life, a woman who they all agreed was henceforth never to be named. It was a shame, really. Aaron was a good 5'9 in height, with handsome features and dark hair. Sure, he was a bit of a videogame nerd, but he was also a champion hockey player, had a fit build, and could hold his beer. By all accounts, she-who-shall-not-be-named should have never betrayed him.

Instead, she'd decided to sleep around.

So it was up to 'The Gang' to keep him afloat at their favourite haunting ground. Zach was there, a typical guys' guy who was drinking beer by the barrel load and trying to discuss sports with Aaron. Unfortunately, this effort was undone by the presence of his own fiancee Morgan. With her bubbly personality, long blonde hair, and nice B-cup breasts which were slightly revealed in her dress, she only reminded Aaron of what he'd lost. Brock, the tanned giant of the group at 6'4, was going even further than Zach, getting drunk early and trying to start a party. It wasn't working.

And then there was David. He'd been Zach's best friend ever since they were little kids. He was of average height like Aaron, and he too loved hockey and videogames. With his dark hair, many people often assumed the pair were brothers, and they might as well have been: he and Aaron went way back to elementary school, and they had been best friends ever since. Which meant that the two had a long history of busting one another's balls, and taunting each other to raise their respective spirits. It was that approach that David went for.

“Like, I think she just wasn’t the right fit for you,” Morgan said. “She was a total slut, and as much as I liked gossiping and drinking wine with her, you totally needed someone who was more of a beer chick, ya know?”

“Yeah,” Aaron said, peering into his beer.

“Why don’t we turn up the jukebox!” Brock called from across the room. His girlfriend Marisa had arrived, and was starting to dance with him. Her clothes accentuated her body, and her pear-shaped body made her hips perfect for such flirty partying. It didn’t really help the poor man’s mood.

“Yeah,” Aaron repeated.

“Dude, why don’t we just watch the game?” Zach asked, putting his hand on Morgan’s shoulder at the same time.

“Yeah,” Aaron repeated, though he just drank more of his beer, and went to open the next casually with one hand.

David decided to try his different tact. “Dude, with that kind of attitude, no wonder she left you!”

The room fell silent. Morgan in particular looked shocked. For the first time, Aaron looked up. His eyes narrowed. “What did you just say?”

David grinned, doubling down. “I’m just saying, maybe she wanted one in the sack, not a *sad* sack. C’mon dude, everyone gets dumped! I’m pretty sure you’re just trying to beat my record now anyway. You’ve been dumped four times now, and me only three times. So congrats are in order, right? Why don’t we celebrate *that!?*”

“Dude,” Zach said.

“Not cool,” Morgan added.

But Aaron just eyed him before speaking.

“Now is not the time to be an asshole, David. Not even a friendly one.”

“I was just busting your balls, man! You know me, it’s what I do! I thought it would cheer you up. I mean, I know you pretty damn well.”

Aaron rolled his eyes angrily. He removed the cap of his next beer bottle, then paused to look at the underside.

“Huh,” he said. “It says *Make a Wish. See?*”

He showed off the bottle cap, and sure enough, it said just that. He chuckled bitterly to himself. “Well, how about this for a wish, since you know me so well, David: I wish *you* were my sexy fiancée who would never leave me and actually marry me. That way I’d actually have a partner who knew me as well as you apparently do.”

David snorted. “What a waste of a wish, dude! Should’ve wished for a million bucks. Besides, I’d make a pretty ugly girlfriend.”

That got a laugh from the friends group, and most importantly from Aaron himself, who seemed to lighten up. He chuckled softly.

“Yeah, yeah, dumb wish, I know. Look, thanks for cheering me up buddy. I know you didn’t mean to upset me. I just kinda want a woman who would be more like y-”

Time froze. Everything froze. David looked on in horror as a bartender carrying a tray of drinks stopped in mid motion, as a woman laughed only to halt in mid-guffaw.

“What the fuck!?”

He leapt to his feet, looking around. Had he died? Had some crazy experiment happened? Had his drink been spiked?

“What’s going on?”

And then he heard it. A voice in the air, that of his best friend’s, albeit one that rendered quite ethereal, double-layered like it wasn’t quite there, or was being used by someone else. Or *something* else.

*‘I wish you were my sexy fiancée who would never leave me and actually marry me.’*

“Who said that?” David cried, spinning on the spot. “That wasn’t my friend! Who are you?”

*‘That way I’d actually have a partner who knew me as well as you apparently do.’*

The voice was coming from everywhere and nowhere.

“What’s happening!?” David cried, half questioning, half demanding.

But then he felt it. A strange tugging sensation in his skin. A tensing in his belly. A squirming, rippling, redistribution of tissue and fat around his buttocks, hips, chest, and thighs. It made him writhe on the spot, and clutch onto the frozen table where his friends sat.

“Guys! P-please! Wake up! I d-don’t know - NGHH!!”

Before his eyes, his hair suddenly grew out longer, briefly obscuring his vision as it fell to his shoulders. It turned a gorgeous, vibrant brown.

“What? Why is my hair longer?”

He pulled the curtain of hair apart, but that only seemed to trigger further change. His lips expanded, becoming girlier, while his jaw cracked, reshaping to become more oval shapes.

“Nghh! Oh God, that f-felt weird! Holy shit, my eyes!”

He rubbed his big blues, followed by his nose and cheeks, as every part of his face seemed to warp and alter. The bar had mirrored sections for its walls, and he staggered towards one of them, only to pull up short.

“I look like a freakin’ girl!” he called. It was true. His face was still changing, but his eyebrows were becoming more defined, his nose a little more cute, and his skin was losing its obvious pores to become feminine smooth. His jaw cracked again, eliciting a gasp from him as it made his face look rounded and womanly.

*“My eyes are even different now. They’re brown!”*

He stopped speaking, clutched his throat just in time to feel his Adam’s apple wither away to nothing.

*“Holy shit, I don’t even sound like me anymore! I sound like a chick!”*

It was true. His voice was ladylike now. Not quite a soprano, but certainly a sexy alto tone that sounded like it could belt out a good tune given its impressive register. All in all, he looked like a dude with a woman’s face, and a pretty one at that. With her soft cheeks, she had the appearance of a woman who would normally have some nice curves on her body, instead of a man’s body from the shoulders down.

But that was about to change.

Before David could even properly respond to this insanity, his spine instantly contracted. There was a brief moment of pain, and then his body shrank vertically, inch by terrible inch.

*“No! This can’t be happening! My drink must be spiked! This is not real!”*

His voice still sounded like a woman’s, and now he had a woman’s height. Right before the section of mirrored wall, he watched his stature shrink from a respectable 5’9 just like his best friend to a meagre 5’3: shorter than average even for an ordinary woman!

*“Someone help me! I’m changing into a woman! God, what is even doing this!?”*

His shirt was overly baggy on him, and his trousers were almost falling off. But then, as if to signal to the shocked man that this was no mere hallucination, but actual magic, they too began to shift into new forms. David’s immediate concerns were on the various tensions running over his body, the subtle way his legs and arms were reforming, and the mighty pressure on his chest and ass and groin, but he couldn’t avoid seeing his shirt shortening, or how it seemed to turn into a cute purple colour. Wait, had he just thought of purple as ‘cute’? His trousers shrank far more, lifting up to become short, only for their legs to merge into one, becoming a . . .

*“A skirt? Why am I getting ah - oohhhhhh!!”*

The changes continued to discomfort him, but they turned distinctly pleasurable as well as his legs gained some tissue to make up for their shortened length. His thighs thickened, and any body hair upon them fell out until all that was left was the same fine hair that any woman had after shaving. His calves became more shapely, and his feet no longer fit in his shoes, having become small and dainty. But that was okay, for certain values of okay, because suddenly they reshaped into a cute purple heels to match his changed top, causing him to stumble forward and clutch a table for balance. There were two frozen patrons sharing a date at the table, but they didn’t seem to mind David’s panic.

*“Heels? Motherfucking heels? I can’t walk in the - NNGhh! Oh f-fuck, my waist! Agghhh!”*

It pinched in, shrinking inwards. He lifted his top to watch it happen. Just like a tube of toothpaste, squeezing one part only filled another with more mass, and so it was that his pelvic bones cracked. He nearly lost balance again as they shifted unnaturally wider.

“OOhhhhhh it h-hurts! But it f-feels good at the s-same time! Why does it f-feel so damn goood!?”

His cock turned hard, despite the fact that he was gaining a *very* womanly figure. He now had a set of babymakers wider than most women, even ones who'd already born a child. They felt all wrong, but the fabric of his smart black skirt widened to accommodate his new curves. He couldn't help but rub his erection just a little, and then a little more. The arousal was maddening.

“Why is th-this turning me on s-so damn m-much? OOhhhh!”

His arms slimmed, losing their masculine muscle. They retained a bit of chubbiness, particularly along the upper arm. David was no idiot, he was clearly turning into a full woman, and one who was what Aaron would call ‘thicc’ with a smile upon his face. In fact, it was exactly the kind of woman Aaron would be all over; his favourite kind of girl.

It was then that David realised what was happening.

“Oh God, the wish was r-real. I'm turning into his damn fiancee! His perfect girl! His goddamn fiancée!”

His hands became dainty and soft, and as if to confirm his thoughts, a gorgeous engagement ring with a diamond stud appeared on the ring finger of his left hand.

“No! I don't want to be engaged to Aaron! He meant it as a joke! Do you hear me!”

But the frozen bar could not respond, and he was too busy being overwhelmed and aroused by his many changes. He continued to rub his hard cock as it throbbed. He adjusted to his heels, still wobbly upon them, just in time for his ass to practically *explode* in size. He groaned in unwanted bliss as it expanded and expanded and *expanded*, until he had the kind of ‘junk in his trunk’ that Aaron would *definitely* appreciate. The man had always liked thicker girls with sexy curves in all the right places, and now David was becoming just that kind of woman!

“Please not tits, please not tits, please not - oh G-God! At least n-not big ones! Mmmhpphh! OOhhhhhh!!”

Pleasure overwhelmed the poor man as the pressure reached its absolute peak. His shoulders slimmed, his rib cage reduced in size, leaving him with a smaller frame more befitting a woman. It allowed him to breathe more easily, given the shirt had felt quite tight around his chest. But now he noticed that he had quite a lot of slack at the front, slack that was about to be filled.

“Oh fuck! They're going to be h-huge, aren't they! Aaron likes girls with big D-cups!”

A black bra manifested upon his chest, with two large cups to hold exactly that size. David knew instinctively that it was a D-cup bra. He tensed as his nipples throbbed, growing large and pink and highly sensitive.

“Ohhhh,” he moaned, trying to avoid touching them, but he couldn’t help himself. He rubbed his chest through his bra, urging his chest to grow. Some wonderfully large areolas grew around those nipples, and then the remaining fat and tissue of his old body that was remaining pooled into his chest. It was ecstasy-inducing.

“Mmhhh! OOhhhhhh God! Yes! I don’t want this, but - ahhhh! It f-feels right!”

Far too right for the changing man. His breasts bloomed, surging forth to fill both cups. They expanded into his palms, becoming much more than a handful each, and causing delirious jolts of pleasure as he rubbed them.

“S-so big! God, so big!”

Looking down, he could see a massive amount of cleavage produced by his new tits. They rose and fell with each breath, far larger than he could have believed, looking more like E’s or F’s from his point of view, though that was simply because they were literally now in his vision when he looked down.

“Mmhhh . . . no! I won’t like this! I’m not turning into a fucking woman! My friend made a bad wish! He didn’t mean it!”

But the universe, God, or whatever force that was changing David didn’t listen, because his manhood began to feel very strange indeed. He lowered his hands past the cute pooch of his thick waist, down to the black skirt.

“N-no,” he whimpered, all fight gone out of him. He held his penis and balls, as if simply touching them would prevent them from going. But it was a futile effort: he squirmed and moaned and groaned in pleasure as it withdrew into his body. His stomach churned, his stomach pooch growing just a little bit bigger, a little cuter as a womb formed. It shifted aside his existing organs. The sensation was unbelievably alien, utterly uncomfortable, and somehow made him orgasm as his testicles began to withdraw into the newly created opening upon his new venus mound.

“OOhh God! Nnggh! Uunghh! Yess! N-No! YESSS!!”

His balls expended all that was left of their manliness as his cock spurt stream after stream of cum into the air. It splattered on the mirror, on the floor, on one of the tables, but dissipated mere moments later. He clutched his penis, whining in an increasingly high tone as it slid back into his body, inverting and transforming into the inner walls of his, now *her* vagina. His balls withdrew into his body and turned into a pair of ovaries, finishing the orgasm.

“Mmhhmn . . . ah, ah, ahhhh.”

The newly-feminised David swallowed, trying to come to terms with all his changes. Not only was he now a woman, but he was also *dressed* like one too. Just when he thought it couldn't get any weirder, his mind was suddenly ablaze, as if it were being infected with whatever magic had changed his body.

"G-get out of m-my *mind!*" he cried, clutching his head, shaking it. His long brunette hair shook all over the place, and his breasts wobbled in an unfamiliar fashion, but it could not stop the strange mental changes that overtook him. His very thought patterns altered, including his very conception of his own pronouns. In mere seconds, he was now thinking as a *she*, and *her* name, she knew somehow, was Danielle, instead of David.

"Oh God," she cried. "I'm a fucking woman!"

"Yeah, we know, Dannie," Zach laughed, hand still over Morgan. "Is this news to you? I hope it's not news to your fiance!"

Danielle blinked. The time stop had ended. She wasn't even standing across the room anymore, she was sitting down again with her friends. Only now she was suddenly a woman with a nice thick body and impressive tits, and far, far shorter than she should have been. And no one seemed to think it was abnormal.

"What - what are you talking about, Zach?" she said. "Isn't there something weird about me?"

Zach exchanged a glance with Aaron, and Brock and Marisa in the background gave her an odd look.

"Uhhh, Aaron, why don't you take this one for me."

She turned, looked to Aaron. He was the shortest of the guys, well equal to her when she wasn't freakishly changed into a woman. Only now he looked so much taller, and weirdly handsome. He gave her an amused grin.

"I mean, your hair is a bit wild today, hun, but I like the look. Wild child, and all. But no, you look just as beautiful to me now as the day I proposed to you."

Her heart skipped a beat, and it was already on shaky ground. "P-proposed to me?"

She lifted her hand, saw that there was a ring on it. That was right. It had appeared before. It all felt like a dream, but she was absolutely certain now that this had been a result of the wish.

"I wish I wasn't a woman," she quickly said, hoping to seize on the opportunity. "No, wait. I need one of those bottle top thingies. Hang on a sec."

She stood and leaned over the table, accidentally giving Aaron a wonderful show of her tits in her top as she took each of their drinks and placemats and tried to find another one of those 'Make a Wish' tokens. But there wasn't one. Even Aaron's original had disappeared.

“Um, are you okay Dannie?” Morgan asked. “I don’t mean to be rude, but are you PMSing or something right now?”

“What? Oh shit, uh, no!” she declared. “I was just . . . Aaron made a wish, and . . .”

Aaron shrugged. “I don’t remember a wish. Honey, have you had a bit too much to drink? I know you like getting a little tipsy, but you’re acting a bit weird.”

Danny sagged back down into her seat, humiliated and unsure how to proceed. In mere seconds her life had changed, and she was still reeling from the insanity of it all. Everything about her body felt wrong, and she’d only just noticed that she now had golden hoop earrings in her ears, which shifted as she moved her head.

“I - I think I need to go home,” she mumbled. “I feel really weird.”

It wasn’t a lie at least, and whatever changes had come over her, her friends were still her friends. Even a distracted Brock in the background moved to help her up. Her legs were weak, and her mind overcome by it all. Aaron took her hand, touching it gently as he helped her take a step.

“Let’s get you to the car, my love,” he said. “I’ll take us to our home.”

“Our home . . . *our* home!?”

“Of course. We live together, remember?”

She looked at her best friend, the one she’d only just ribbed earlier for being dumped. To her astonishment and fear, she realised he looked very, *very* attractive. Her nipples stiffened at his touch. It was enough to make her go into shock: Danielle began to go even more lightheaded. Suddenly, her feet collapsed from under her, and the last thing she heard was the outburst of several of her friends rushing forward to help her.

But the last thing she *thought* of was how strong and wonderful Aaron’s arms were around her body. It was all wrong to think so, but it felt very right.

\*\*\*

Danielle woke, and for just a moment, she thought it had all been a dream. Then she realised her body was all wrong, with enticing curves and thick lines in all the right places, and long hair that was spilled over her back. She also realised that she was sleeping naked, something she *never* did. And worse, that she was sleeping *against* someone.

“Wakey wakey,” came a soothing, masculine voice.

She jolted back, but less than she should have. The fires of change that sparked in her mind were still burning, and she felt a strange compulsion to stay near to her best friend. They were at Aaron’s house, judging from the bedroom. Was this where she lived now, in this crazy new reality?



“Wow, you okay, Dannie? I didn’t mean to startle you,” Aaron said. He reached over and caressed her soft back, lowered his hand further to trace over her round hip. The sensation was lovely, despite how much she knew it shouldn’t be so.

“N-no, you didn’t startle me. I just feel . . . weird.”

“You’re not pregnant, right? We used protection the other night.”

She seemed to malfunction for just a moment, processing that information. “Oh God. No. No, I better not be. I just feel like . . . something weird has happened.”

“Yeah, you said that last night as I got you to the car. You were complaining about not being able to remember your favourite hockey team. Which is hilarious, because you don’t follow *any* sports team. I feel real bad honey, I had no idea you were *that* wasted.”

Another minor malfunction, but this one was somehow just as bad as the fact that apparently, in this new reality, they had sex. Because as gross and *hot* as that was to her new girly brain, the notion that she didn’t know sports anymore was equally confronting. She racked her brain, even as she drew her body further back away from Aaron, trying to remember her favourite team, her favourite players, the best games she’d been to.

She couldn’t remember a thing. Just half-formed little memories from her life as David, all of which were too vague to recall properly. It gave her the strength she needed to separate from Aaron entirely, and break the weird spell of attraction that had come over her.

“Oh, sorry,” he said, “I guess you’re still dealing with a hangover, huh? I won’t lie, you’re fucking hot right now, and I’d totally be down with getting frisky with you, but if you’ve got a headache-”

“I do!” she exclaimed, perhaps a little *too* readily. “I mean, I just feel shit, Aaron. Uh, honey. I don’t feel like sex with you. With dudes, I mean.”

“Weird way to put it, but okay.”

She looked again at Aaron, and thankfully she was able to see him just as a normal man again. A friend. Not someone she was attracted to. She took a sigh of relief, thankful that whatever mental change had led her to see a *man* as hot was gone, a minor glitch in her system. But she couldn’t ignore that the thin bed sheets were obviously tented by Aaron’s massive boner.

“Oh God, dude! Put it away, it’s me, for God’s sake!”

Aaron was startled. “Honey, you’re the one giving me the boner! I mean, your tits are right in my face right now!”

Danielle looked down, and was horrified to realised that was the case. She was next to her best friend, now fiance, and both of them were naked, and she had *tits*.

“Fuck!” she exclaimed. “I’m taking a shower. I need to get all this shit out of my head!”

“Fair enough. I’ll make us up some breakfast,” Aaron said. “And don’t forget to wear something cute. You said you were going to make one of your social media posts in an outfit this morning. You told me to remind you!”

She mumbled to herself, irritated, confused, and scared. Social media posts? Fuck, she better not be one of those women who feels the need to constantly post images of themselves online! She made her way to the bathroom, cursing that notion, all while getting used to her shorter stature, her large breasts, her bouncing ass and wobbling thighs, and general womanliness. The absence of a penis was already grating on her. It felt all wrong - when would she hurry up and turn back! This had to be temporary . . . right?

She turned the shower on, and found that her new body liked it real hot. *Real* hot.

“Of course, because I’m a woman,” she mumbled. “Girls like it hot. Ha!”

She washed her surprisingly sensitive body, doing her best to ignore it, all while trying to think of how to change back. When Aaron entered five minutes later, she almost jumped.

“Hey, you like showering with me,” he said, grinning. He wrapped his strong arms around her, and that sensation of attractiveness returned. “Plus you like me feeling these,” he said. He cupped her breasts, causing her to squeak.

“Not at this moment! PMSing!”

She extracted herself quickly, blushing *hard*. Her best friend was touching her new tits, and acting like they were in love. Aaron gave some embarrassed apologies, but it was her who was truly humiliated: she’d experienced another flicker of attraction. His fingers over her nipples, his manly jawline . . .

She dried her body off quickly, left her so-called ‘fiance’ in the shower, and turned to the wardrobe. More mental changes had obviously occurred, because she knew exactly where to look for her clothing, what to look for, and what would look good on her. Without even thinking, the former male put on a cute green professional dress that fit her figure nicely, flaring over her wide hips and having a low cut to show off her impressive chest. She donned it, making sure her towelled hair was not disturbed, and then went to adjust her makeup. By that point Aaron had gotten out of the shower and dressed for work. He kissed her on the cheek before she could pull her head out of the way, and was rewarded with another warm feeling that should not have existed.

“Gotta run, hope you sober up honey. Best of luck working for the man today!”

She nearly asked him what he meant by that - David was a university educated office manager who’d worked hard to be in a position of such power from a young age - but then Aaron was gone, and she was all the more thankful for it. She finished towelling her hair, fixed it up professionally, and sorted her makeup. Then, when she was perfectly satisfied, she took a couple of cute selfies and uploaded them. She was particularly proud of how they

made her figure look, especially her waist, which looked thick without being too pudgy in the dress.

It was at that point that she paused.

“What. The. Fuck. Am. I. Doing!?”

It had been like running on automatic. She hadn't *lost* control, per se, but simply did what felt totally natural in that moment, as if she'd done it all her life.

“I just posted photos of myself posing in a dress like a goddamn influencer!” she said. “Oh shit, is that my job now? Do I wear bikinis and hawk phoney medicines and MLM bullshit like Marisa keeps dipping her toes into?”

Mercifully, that was not the case, as she swiftly found out. Another fire of change swept through her mind, and the knowledge was present. Not the memories, for good and ill, but the knowledge.

“This is just ridiculous,” she said, realising what she was dressing up for. “I'm a goddamned *secretary!*”

She managed to calm her breathing. Somehow, a wish had changed her into a woman, one due to be married to her best friend, and with some mental changes to boot. There *had* to be a way out of this. But for now, she'd have to figure out her new life, and just . . . keep Aaron at bay. She knew her friend. He was not exactly sexually inactive when in a relationship. Brock and Zach often joked that despite all their strength, he evidently had the most stamina. It would be a challenge, but there was *no way* she'd be having sex with him. No, she'd get herself oriented, avoid telling the truth and be put in some mental institute, and once she had a handle on her new life, she'd find a way to turn back.

She had to. There was just no chance in hell she was ending up as her best friend's fiancée, that was for sure!

\*\*\*

Over the next week, Danielle began to learn more of her life. It was remarkably similar to male one, thank God - same parents, same basic upbringing, even some similar interests and past experiences - but it was still filtered through her new upbringing as a girl. Instead of being interested in sports, she liked fashion and makeup and styling herself. Instead of loving action movies and horror shows, she loved trashy reality shows, particularly ones that involved groups of women trying on dresses in preparation for their weddings, or couples competing against one another to win some great romantic prize. *Farmer Wants a Wife* was sadly at the top of her list of favourite shows now, and occasionally the former male felt a desire to actually watch it, instead of just having it be part of her new 'backstory.'

Part of that backstory involved her relationship with Aaron. Just like in the original pre-wish timeline, they had been the best of friends growing up, but now the tomboyish 'Dannie' had stopped growing vertically a lot earlier, and instead grew some quite impressive curves, ones that the teenage Aaron was quick to notice. The two of them, apparently, dated around a bit, but always returned to one another, and eventually became an item for good after Zach and Morgan basically forced them to hurry up and get together, much to the cheer of the rest of their friends. That was, supposedly, five years ago, and they had been living together for a year, and were set to be married in five months' time. And judging from Aaron's repeated comments, he indeed was very enamoured with her figure. He'd always preferred curvy girls with a little thickness on their waist over the overly-trim types. Right now, Danielle didn't appreciate that, though when he touched her, she found herself becoming a little overheated until she managed to pull away. At the very least, they were both still big into video games, and she could enjoy returning to that particular hobby to have 'romantic time' together in place of the sex Aaron clearly wanted. And while he flirted with her while they played, at least she could pretend it was just 'friendship' time.

Thankfully, she had a job to do; literally. Gone was David's university education. Gone was his impressive job running the office of a local law firm. Instead, Danielle was now the most stereotypical position imaginable: a sexy secretary appointed to an older man named Mr Burke who himself was a prestigious manager of the very law firm David was meant to be an up-and-comer in.

"This is a nightmare," she said on her first day, walking in. Several of her former employees and underlings now looked at her not as a boss, but as the 'girl of the office', or 'the lovely secretary', or in a few cases even an object of lust. After all, the mental changes meant that she felt a strong compulsion to dress up nicely in her feminine dresses and outfits, ones appropriate for work yet also just a little flirtatious. Mr Burke recommended it, in fact.

"Fantastic choice Danielle," he muttered, looking over her with his steely gaze. "We have a meeting with some big clients today, and I'd like you to be present to take notes and pass over the relevant folders, make the necessary appointments, et cetera. But importantly, I also want eyes on you: no one ever lost a client with a beautiful woman in the room.

"Y-yes, Mr Burke," she murmured demurely. Almost by instinct, she undid a single button on her dress, exposing a little more cleavage.

"Good girl," he replied.

To his credit, at least, he wasn't a terrible boss. Danielle was terrified that she'd be trapped with him coming on to her, but Mr Burke was happily in a relationship . . . with his husband. He was just a ruthless pragmatist when it came to scoring high class cases from wealthy clientele. It was a deeply strange thing, to go from being a powerful man in the office

who one day hoped to make partner in the next decade, to suddenly being nearly the lowest on the rung, a secretary who was expected to gossip with the other women during lunch and even fetch coffees at time for her boss and his clients. Worse, as the days passed, it began to feel more natural to the former male: after some brief stumbles in her 'first' days, which she attributed to sickness, she soon got into the rhythm of making calls, booking appointments, finding the right files for her boss, managing affairs in his absence for him to pick up on. There was almost a strange pleasure in the role: she was becoming a well-oiled machine, a professional who nevertheless looked gorgeous, and this only added to her increasing social media addiction: it was borderline impossible *not* to post images of her cute work dresses and hairstyles online, and every comment and like she received was like a rush of dopamine to her altered brain.

"God, I really am pathetic," she said a week and a half after her change, as she posed for another cute selfie in the mirror in the morning. "I just can't help myself."

"Well, I think you look hot as," Aaron replied, kissing her on the neck and placing his hands around her. "I can't wait to see what you look like as a sexy bridesmaid at Zach and Morgan's wedding."

She stiffened, feeling her nipples become a little erect. She was still attracted to women, she knew that - she'd experienced the alien sensation of her pussy going damp when watching a total knockout on one of her new trashy reality shows - but sometimes her brain veered towards men. It did so at that moment, and she couldn't help but let out a little moan of pleasure.

"Are you sure you don't want to have a quick fuck before work?" Aaron suggested. "I know you've recently adopted this whole 'waiting for marriage' thing, but maybe just once? I really, really want to cum inside you."

He whispered the last part in her ear, and it made her weak in the knees. She hurriedly extracted herself from him.

"Sorry, sorry! I just - it's important to me."

"It's just that it feels like it came out of nowhere. You're not even religious."

"Y-yeah, but I just want to. For now, okay? Please Aaron. You're my best friend, just trust me on this."

Aaron sighed. "Okay, I'll trust you. You know I love you."

"I love you too, man," she replied, before realising what she'd said. Aaron smirked, kissed her on the lips - she had to give at least *that* concession to keep up appearances - and left for work.

"God, this getting worse. It's like when he gets super near I go all gay for him. I *have* to find a way back already!"

But there wasn't one. Despite Danielle's initial optimism, no leads were turning up. She'd gone back to the bar several times, even inquired about the type of beer, the coasters, and so on that the place had, much to the owner's amusement. Internet research turned up nothing, and even consulting psychics and online kooks gave her nothing but vague predictions. No one had any idea what she was talking about, and she was starting to realise that she just may be trapped as Danielle for life. She tried to reassure herself that it would all be okay, but with Aaron's increasing appeal to her, that was hard.

It was a warm morning a week later when she finally gave in to a part of her that she'd been doing her best to deny. It was Saturday, and ordinarily her best friend would try to be clingy with her, spooning against her in a way that was temptingly luxurious, but he had hockey practice to get to. Danielle was jealous. Well, she wasn't, since she literally couldn't make herself care about hockey. But she was jealous that Aaron *could* care, while she instead felt more like cleaning their place up, dolling herself up nice, and relaxing with *Say Yes to the Dress* on television.

But this particular morning, her pussy and tits just wouldn't let her 'switch off.' Aaron had caressed her breasts enough, pressed his warmth against her enough, that her body was on fire. It had felt fucking hot, and while she'd certainly felt her womanly parts - and certainly her tits - many times over, she'd avoided 'bringing herself to her full' out of fear of giving in to her feminised side. Now, she had no choice.

"Think of hot chicks, think of hot chicks," she moaned as she lay in bed naked. She took her phone, and pulled up pictures of Marisa, Brock's girlfriend. They'd never been super close when she was David, but now they texted almost as much as she and Morgan did. The newest text read as follows:

*Hey gurrrrrl, wanna get some pumpkin spice lattes for morning tea? We can go shopping afterwards!*

"God, I'm such a basic bitch white girl now," Danielle sighed.

*That sounds hella wonderful, I'm in!*

She opened up Marisa's profile, looked at the various photos of the attractive, thinner woman. Her C-cup breasts were lovely, and her pear-shaped figure gave her a wild set of hips. It made Danielle feel even more aroused.

"Focus on *her*," she whispered to herself. "She's hot. Brock's a lucky dude. He has big muscles and probably a big cock - I mean, not that! Fuck! Focus on her tits! Those hips!"

She lowered a hand in bed to begin playing with herself. She'd tested the waters before, but two weeks of slowly becoming a quite hormonal creature had left her agonised to finally experience the female orgasm. She gasped as she felt herself, the tender folds that were so deeply sensitive. Her tunnel was moist, but in moments it became *damp*, then *wet*.

“Mmhmmm, Marisa,” she moaned. She slid her hand over the slight pooch of her belly, began squeezing her tits. Her nipples were on fire, and it felt so, so damn good to pinch and squeeze them. She could just imagine someone sucking on them.

“Oohhhhhh, that’s g-good, how did I wait to l-long for th-this!?”

Soon she was rubbing her opening with a lot more impatience. She discovered her clit, and it was like taking the whole experience to another level. It was, she knew, the vestigial remains of her former penis turned into a hot button that activated female pleasure. She rubbed it in a counter-clockwise fashion as she slipped two slender fingers inside her opening.

“Mmhmm, f-fuck! Yes! Marisa! I want to f-fuck you!”

It was a fantasy. She’d never betray Brock like that, but it was a fantasy she needed. She simply *had* to confirm that she was not really into men. She could handle the rest, but actually *desiring* Aaron and his cock? His big, meaty, girthy cock? The one that strained in his pants, looking so ready to slide between her thighs and enter her? God, what would that feel like? Him on top of her, grunting in that wonderful low voice of his while she spread her legs and clung on for dear life? She could almost *feel* his cock throbbing in her depths, before finally ejaculating its warm substance into her tunnel, causing her to moan with ecstasy. Even better if he was licking and sucking on her big pink nipples at the same time.

“Ohhh, Aaron! Get your d-dick inside me! I want it inside m-meeeeee! YESSSSS! YES! YES YES YES!!! AAAIIIEEEEE!!!!”

She let loose a high scream, the likes of which she’d never heard before, as finally she sent herself over the edge. The first of three female orgasms rocked through her body, and she took the moment to squeeze her left tit, just to extend the incredible bliss. In her mind’s eye, she was not on her back anymore, but on all fours, being fucked doggy style by Aaron, her tits shaking with each thrust, his hands upon her wide hips.

“Mmhmmm, yesssssss.”

When the pleasure finally ended, and the post-coital confused haze ended, she realised what she’d just done.

“Oh, shit. I imagined *him*,” she said. “This isn’t right. I’ve got to fight this!”

She got out of bed, still reeling from the thoughts she’d allowed herself to experience, and walked over to where the calendar was on the wall.

“Not long until Morgan and Zach’s wedding. I need to get my shit together by then. Otherwise, all that romance, all that attraction in one room . . .”

It made her heart skip a beat. She wasn’t sure if it was from terror or excitement.

\*\*\*

It was the day of the wedding. Morgan and Zach were due to be married, and both Danielle and Aaron were part of the bridal party. She was nervous: she knew she looked beautiful in the lush forest green bridesmaid dress she wore, and could only hope the beautiful Morgan could steal the spotlight enough that Aaron didn't get too frisky on the dance floor. Fat chance there, given how much Morgan and Marisa were teasing her about 'the next big wedding,' which made her blush something fierce.

There were still no clues on how to change back, but she had no exit strategy either. Could she just dump Aaron? Become a single woman and try to navigate her new life, maybe even go back to university and ace all those former gruelling tests? Not exactly, given that despite how hard she fought against it, she felt increasingly comfortable and happy in Aaron's presence - he was her best friend, after all. Besides, her university history wasn't just gone, but all of her knowledge from it too. She'd be starting from scratch entirely.

No, she wasn't sure what to do. It didn't seem like her actual personality was being destroyed and overwritten, like she'd once feared, at least. Yes, the mental changes continued, but they seemed to have slowed, affecting only little feminine touches to her life. For example, and quite embarrassingly, she found that she just *adored* wearing thongs. And when she fantasised about men instead of women, that obsession with being fucked doggy style didn't go away. But she seemed to have reached a kind of 'synthesis' state between the old her and the new her, and she was hoping that she might just be able to cope with that. It still raised red flags - the bachelorette party had been predictably wild, and getting a surprise dance from a male stripper had awoken something in her that she really would have preferred to stay asleep. But she'd made her way through it, and was considering the possibility that maybe, just maybe she could pull apart from Aaron, remain his best friend (more of a long shot, given his attraction and love to her) and have something of a return to normalcy.

"Ready to get me married girls?" Morgan asked, grinning in her white dress. She looked utterly resplendent, and Danielle couldn't help but be a little jealous of her being the bride, while she was just the bridesmaid.

"Fuck yeah, girl!" Marisa exclaimed. The other bridesmaids cheered too, including Tara, her maid of honour. Danielle joined in.

"Good," Morgan said, "because today is gonna be a day of romance, wine, and fine cheese! And maybe not even in that order!"

She wasn't kidding. The wedding was set to be lavish at the outdoor venue, with the nearby reception at a wonderful mountain retreat that would be stacked with guests, and the finest food. Morgan loved her gossip chambers, and even on her special day was looking forward to checking in on all one-hundred and fifty guests of hers.



“And don’t worry if you girls need to slip away for some ‘private time’ during the reception,” she said with a smirk. “Just be present for the speeches, the dance, and the cake cutting. You all look *too* good to not let those handsome groomsmen have their way with you. I doubt you’ll even be able to hold out, Danielle, even with that new chastity vow of yours.”

Danielle went red as the girls tittered. “I th-think I’ll wait.”

“Gonna be a wild night then when you do get married. I have it on good authority from Zach that Aaron is about to blow he’s aching for you that badly. If this is just a ploy to extract the best sex ever . . . tell me how it goes.”

Again, that terrible blush, but at least there was no time to make it a full discussion, as the girls had to head out to the wedding venue to arrive. Danielle helped Morgan with her dress, never expecting to have that role in a wedding, and soon they were on their way.

They arrived on time, Morgan practically bouncing in excitement to be marrying her tall, sporty husband-to-be. They all looked gorgeous, and Danielle was increasingly aware that she stood out with her larger bust and different build, particularly once they began their walks down the aisle. Aaron was in his groomsman suit, looking utterly dashing. Brock elbowed him, whispered something in his ear, and whatever it was it made Aaron wink in Danielle’s direction.

‘*You look hot,*’ he mouthed subtly as she took her position on the other side of the altar. It took every ounce of willpower not to beam in response to the compliment, and so she settled for a small, reluctant smile instead. The dress certainly outlined her wider hips, and her bust was the most impressive of the girls. Her hair had been done up, and so it was no surprise that a few eyes were going her way.

Thankfully, Morgan stole the show, as any bride should. She was utterly radiant as she walked down the aisle upon her father’s arm, and it made Danielle pleased as punch to see Zach’s jaw drop. Good, a man should appreciate how much work it takes for a woman to get her appearance done, as she’d well learned these past few weeks!

And so it was that the ceremony began. Thankfully, she didn’t have too much to do, though there was a minor speech to give later. She simply had to be there as support for her friend, which she was certainly capable of being. The only question was how the reception would go. After all, Morgan liked her events lavish and romantic and for couples to dance together to classic eighties tunes. What would happen then?

She resigned herself to not getting too worked up over it. After all, she was still David, deep down, even if she liked reality shows and manicures and girl talk now. She could handle Aaron, surely.

“You may now kiss the bride!”

She snapped back to attention as Zach and Morgan kissed, and like the rest of the crowd, she gave her applause and cheer as her friends’ marriage was cemented. But she

couldn't escape the lingering eye of Aaron either, whose expression was full of love and desire, as if telling her, *'We're next!'*

\*\*\*

The reception was in full swing, and Danielle was doing her best to cope. A number of people - mostly women but certainly a few dudes - had already complimented her on her dress (read: tits), and she was seated alongside her best friend-turned-fiance at the bridal party table.

"That was a great speech, love," Aaron said, squeezing her arm gently. His other hand was around her waist, and she'd decided not to remove it, for now. Best to keep up appearances. And it *did* feel nice.

"Thanks," she said. "I didn't think it felt genuine. You know, all that stuff about being good friends and enjoying girly nights, and the jokes about our gossipping."

"What do you mean? It's all true. You kicked it out of the park, love. It was short, sweet, funny, and heartfelt. All the things that a good speech should be."

His words put a nice warmth in her belly. "Thanks, love," she said, not even realising until after that she'd used the 'L-word'. "That means a lot."

"Hey, you mean a lot to me. It's why I'm so in love with you. And why I can't wait to make you my own wife in a few months time. You'll look even more gorgeous than Morgan, I just know it. Don't tell her though. Or Marisa, she'll spill the beans on that while drunk tonight, ha!"

She giggled lightly. At least the friendship group dynamic hadn't changed *that* much. "Listen Aaron," she said. "About our wedding. I mean, I'm very keen for it, but -"

She was cut off by the sudden appearance of slow dance music of the quite romantic kind. It was evident that the first dance was about to begin. Zach stood, helped Morgan up in his gentlemanly way, and the newlyweds made their way to the dance floor at the other end of the reception hall as numerous individuals took photos. They held each other as they slow danced, and it was a sight so romantic that it made Danielle's new hormones go into overload. To her embarrassment, she actually started *tearing up*, and it was Aaron that got her a tissue.

"They're just so beautiful," she said. "Together, I mean."

It was a truly wonderful sight, but her surprisingly heartfelt reaction left her open to Aaron's next move. Her best friend stood, put down his beer, and smirked in his confident way as he extended a hand.

"Okay, by tradition, this is where the other bridal party couples start to step in. Shall we?"

She tried to search for some excuse, but before she could even think of one, Danielle was suddenly overwhelmed by another surprise round of mental changes. Her neurons reconfigured, and a set of compulsions grew even stronger. Her eyes went wide as she realised that she simply *had* to dance with this man. Not only had the attraction to him returned, but it had grown far stronger, and the desire to press her body against him rose once more.

“Okay,” she said. “Maybe just one dance. Two at most.”

He took her to the dance floor. Brock joined, led forward by Marisa, and so did several other couples, until finally the floor moved with a good number of romantic pairs. Danielle allowed Aaron to hold her around the waist, and they slowly danced together. She slipped her head comfortably against his firm chest and enjoyed the protective feel of his presence. She tried desperately not to think impure thoughts, but the mental changes were too powerful: there was romance in the air now, and it was hard not to see her best friend as much more than that especially when he spoke.

“I know you’ve been going through hard times lately, Dannie,” he said. “I don’t know what it is, and I know for whatever reason that you don’t want to tell me. But I just want you to know how beautiful you are, inside and out, and how lucky I am to have you. You’re the perfect fiancée for me, and I can’t wait for you to be my perfect bride too.”

The warm, fluttery feeling returned, and this time she didn’t even bother fighting it. Her large chest heaved with every breath, and the feeling of it against her friend-turned-fiancee was too much to bear.

“Kiss me,” she said.

He did so, and while she had *put up* with him kissing her before, now she returned the kiss with gusto, transforming it into an act of deep passion that lasted for many seconds. When they parted, a number of guests laughed.

“Wait your turn!” someone chuckled.

The pair giggled, but continued to hold one another. God, it felt good.

With that threshold passed, Danielle relaxed a little. That warmth did not go away, and her attraction to Aaron rose greater and greater. But it didn’t feel so wrong anymore. She was stuck as a woman, after all. Didn’t it make sense to see her best buddy in a new light? And he was very kind and caring, and very handsome to her new perspective. With a couple of drinks in her, she began to feel positively free, in fact. With the cake cut, and a lovely dinner served, her fears slowly evaporated as she gave in to the mental changes. It was too hard to fight them, and not nearly rewarding enough. She wanted to be close to Aaron again, to rib him a little, to chat video games and movies, and to be just as close to him, or even closer, in their new dynamic. By the time the actual party dance music got started, she was feeling wonderfully silly and tipsy and excited.

“Come on, Aaron!” she cried, tugging on his arm. “Dance with me! Dance with your best friend!”

Aaron took to the floor with her, beaming all the while. “Has my Danielle finally returned to me?” he asked.

“I have no idea!” she admitted, chuckling. “Everything is totally crazy right now. It’s all changed, and my life is so different, and you can’t understand it all, but when we were slow dancing earlier it all just felt so right, and you’re soooooo handsome right now, and I’m a total cutie in this dress!”

“Fuck yes, you are,” he replied, pulling her in for a kiss. “Now show me your moves in it, honey. We can practice for our own wedding night.”

Should she resist? Leave this as far as it should go? These were the thoughts that thrummed through her head as they danced excitedly to the music. Somehow, thanks to the magic, her body knew exactly how to move. How to gyrate, how to grind up against her man. Brock and Marisa danced beside them, practically competing for who could be the most flirty couple at the wedding. In some ways, it stirred further determination in Danielle. She’d already changed so much, but one thing that remained the same was her competitive streak. She and Aaron were a wonderful co-op team when playing their console, now they simply had to beat *this* pairing.

“Dance up on me!” she cried, not believing what she was saying. “And don’t be afraid to get handsy!”

Aaron wasted no time doing exactly that. He caressed her wonderful curves, ran his hands over her belly and thick thighs, before rising to just briefly cup her breasts, long enough to be sensual, but not so long as to cause a public fuss. She turned her head back, overcome with a lust that was spreading over her, and kissed him passionately.

“I think they win, big guy,” Marisa said, chuckling. She kissed her own boyfriend, but the other two bowed out of the competition graciously, leaving Aaron and Danielle to continue grinding up against one another.

“I think we may be going too far,” Aaron said. She could feel his erection against her big butt, and it was making her horny as hell. “We should stop.”

But she didn’t want to stop. With this last mental change, she no longer had the will nor the want to fight. She wanted her best friend. She wanted him *bad*.

“Come with me,” she said, taking his hand. “I’ve got a really stupid idea I might regret, but I’m so fucking aroused right now I can’t think about anything else.”

“Well, this I *have* to see,” Aaron replied.

She took him upstairs, to the lesser used bathrooms. It was silly, and taboo, and naughty, but obviously some part of the mental changes for Danielle felt that was a package deal.

“Fuck me,” she breathed, unable to contain herself any longer.

“Oh thank God, finally,” he said. “Are you sure? I mean, you were pretty serious the last few weeks about this ‘saving yourself’ thing.”

“I don’t care anymore,” she moaned. “I need you in me. I’m only a little tipsy, Aaron, as much as you are. I look so hot and you look so hot and I want your big dick to fuck me in this stall *right fucking now.*”

Who could blame him for instantly jumping her bones? She certainly didn’t. Soon they were kissing again, groping one another, caressing their forms. He pulled up her bridesmaid’s dress as she worked quickly to unbuckle his belt. They closed the stall behind them, and somehow the claustrophobic space only made the sensations all the more intoxicating. She was getting ready to fuck her best friend, and she wanted that outcome so badly that any objects she might have had were in the wind now.

She freed his cock, and gasped at its size.

“So big,” she marvelled.

“Still surprised after five years of dating?” he asked.

“Y-yeah, I guess I am. Wow.”

It was big. It was hard and erect. And it was clearly aching to enter her. In her new life, she’d clearly had sex before, but this would be the first *actual* time she’d have sex as a woman.

“Lift me,” she begged, and he did so easily, her 5’3 figure light even with her curvier shape. She spread her legs around him, clutching him tight. Her dress was raised, and true to her new fashion desires she was wearing a sexy thong underneath, just for him.

“Ooh, sexy,” he marvelled.

“Sexier with it off and you in me,” she moaned. “I can’t believe I want this so badly. Fuck me already before I can regret it!”

He pressed her against the stall wall for support, and just like that, he entered her as she demanded. His cock parted her tight entrance, and slid inside her slickly thanks to how wet her tunnel was. She held him, pulling his face into her cleavage as she moaned.

“D-deeper! Deeper! I want all of it!”

He inserted himself to his greatest extent. It was alien. It was foreign. It was fucking fantastic. It made her wish she’d stopped fighting her desires for him from the very start, and embraced her attraction to men right away.

But the pleasure really took off once he started bouncing her on his cock, thrusting up into her, and licking at her nipples as she pulled her dress sleeves off to unleash her chest boulders.

“Mmmmm!” she moaned, overcome with pleasure. “This is the b-best f-fucking feeling! I love you!”

“I love you too, honey!”

“I fucking love you! I want to m-marry you! Ahhh!”

“I can’t wait to m-make you my wife, Dannie!”

“I want to *be* your wife! I accept it! I accept this! I don’t ever want - nnggh! - this to end!

Oh my G-God I don’t want it to end!”

He thrust faster and faster, stretching her passage wide, and stimulating every sensual nerve. Her breasts tingled with delight as he motorboated her, and the cramped space of the stall made her feel like they were the only two people in the universe.

Finally, the ecstasy became all too much. She could no longer talk, and could only gasp and moan in her high, sexy voice, while he made manly grunts like a primal animal, a look which drove her absolutely wild.

“G-gonna c-cum!” he managed.

“MMhmmn! NNghh! Yes!” she responded, only capable of that one word. “Yes! Yes!”

Another three thrusts, and then his entire body shuddered, seizing up. She squirmed as his cock throbbed inside of her, his shaft streaming length after length of his cum into her womb. She shoved his face into her cleavage again, suffocating him in her prodigious flesh, as she too was rocked by orgasms. She’d thought masturbation as a woman had been good, but it was eclipsed by these current feelings.

She was in heaven.

“OOOHHhhhhhhhhhhhh,” she whined, taking in his entire issue, feeling the warmth of his seed inside her. She’d just fucked her best friend, done her duties as his sexy fiancée.

And she’d loved every moment of it.

After a time, he managed to let her down. The two were still gasping, and had a little cleanup to do, but first they shared a loving kiss, one that was suffused with that post-coital glow.

“That was amazing,” Aaron said.

“You’re amazing,” Danielle replied, and she meant every word of it. “I can’t wait to do that again. Especially on our wedding night.”

She had accepted her fate, and there was no going back even if she wanted to.

\*\*\*

Just a few months later, Danielle and Aaron were married. She had utterly embraced her new, feminine life. She loved her social media blogging, her selfies, her silly shows, her love of shopping and dressing up. And, of course, she loved fucking her sexy fiancé, letting him take her from behind as she positioned herself on all fours on the living room floor. She’d gone from being her own man to a sexy submissive woman, a secretary to boot, but she still

had her own competitive streak, and never passed up a chance to stir her best friend. For Aaron was still her best friend, but as she walked down the aisle in her cute dress, one that outlined her voluptuous figure, she couldn't imagine life any other way. Morgan was her maid of honour, and Marisa her other bridesmaid, while Zach and Brock served as the groomsmen. Her family were present, having always remembered her as a woman now, and her other friends too. But most importantly was her husband-to-be waiting at the altar, looking handsome, and never knowing just how lucky he truly was. He didn't remember that in another timeline he'd been dumped by his fiancée, and been afraid of being alone.

Now, she'd make sure he'd never be alone again. And just to make sure she knew that, she had a little special surprise for him. Underneath her glamorous, sexy wedding dress, she wore a sexy thong just for him to enjoy, and she aimed to make sure they barely slept at all on their wedding night. After all, following her initial change she'd conjured that 'saving yourself' excuse and missed out on a lot of fun with his wonderful cock.

Danielle had a lot of catching up to do with her soon-to-be husband.

She couldn't wait.

**The End**