

CHANGING BRACELET

An artifact-fueled gender bender story by JohnManTD

Chapter 4

It was the afternoon of Mark's seventh and final day as a woman. He was propped up against a mountain of pillows on the couch, a half-empty mug of coffee cooling on the end table beside him. He wore one of Saffron's oversized band t-shirts and a pair of soft, loose pajama shorts that did little to hide the generous swell of his hips and ass. The weight of his D-cup breasts was a familiar pressure against his ribs, a constant, heavy reminder of the week's sentence. Six days down, one to go. Freedom was so close he could almost taste it.

Saffron padded into the living room, fresh from her afternoon run, her skin flushed and glowing with a healthy sheen. She was in her 'running configuration,' the tiny A-cup bra and form-fitting leggings that gave her those ridiculously toned runner's legs. She stretched, her arms reaching for the ceiling, her lean torso on full display. Seeing her like that, so comfortable and powerful in her own skin, even a temporarily modified version of it, only twisted the knife of his own discomfort deeper.

"Hello, sunshine," she chirped, her voice obnoxiously cheerful. She flopped onto the other end of the couch, curling her legs under her. "Last day of your sentence. You gonna miss these?" She reached over without ceremony, her hand closing over one of his breasts, squeezing it with a practiced familiarity that was both intimate and maddening. The soft flesh yielded under her grip, his nipple hardening instantly against the thin cotton of the t-shirt.

He batted her hand away, but without any real force. "Don't start, Saff. I'm counting the hours." He took a sip of his lukewarm coffee, the bitterness a welcome distraction. "You know who won't be counting the hours? Cam. I swear, the guy is having the time of his life."

Saffron laughed, a bright, musical sound that filled the quiet room. "He's definitely leaning into it. He texted me last night. Sent me a picture of the free cocktail he got just by pouting at some finance bro at that rooftop bar downtown."

Mark snorted, shaking his head in disbelief. "See? That's exactly what I'm talking about. He's not getting the real experience. He's playing on easy mode. He thinks being a woman is just

about having fun, fucking himself senseless with a dildo, and using his tits to get free drinks. It's a goddamn vacation for him." Mark's voice was laced with a genuine, simmering frustration. "He hasn't had to deal with any of the actual bullshit. He hasn't gotten his period, has he?"

Saffron tilted her head, a smirk playing on her lips. "Oh, and you have, Mark? When did you get your period? I must have missed the part where you were curled up in a ball with a heating pad."

He scowled, realizing he'd walked right into that one. "No, fine, I haven't either," he admitted, his voice dropping. "But I've at least gotten a taste of the other stuff. The constant, low-level annoyance. The way guys' eyes drop to your chest before they even meet your gaze. The way you have to plan your route home at night. The sheer, exhausting performance of it all. He just sees the perks. He's not learning the lesson."

Saffron's expression softened, her teasing demeanor giving way to a flicker of genuine understanding. She scooted closer, her voice losing its playful edge. "No, you're right," she said quietly, her hand coming to rest on his knee. "He's not. He's treating it like a video game where he unlocked the cheat codes. But you..." she trailed off, her gaze searching his. "You actually got it, didn't you?"

He let out a long sigh, the tension in his shoulders easing slightly. "Yeah," he said, the word heavy with the weight of the last six days. "I get it. It's not about being mad that guys look. It's about... how they look. Like you're not a person. Like you're just a collection of parts on display for their consumption. It's dehumanizing." He looked down at his own chest, at the two large, soft mounds that had been the source of so much unwanted attention. "Even when someone's just trying to be nice, there's this undercurrent... like you owe them something for the attention. It's fucked up."

Saffron nodded slowly. "It is." She gave his knee a gentle squeeze. "It's not all bad, obviously. There are parts of being a woman I wouldn't trade for anything. But that part... the objectification... it's a constant battle. You learn to build walls, to deflect, to ignore. It becomes second nature." She sighed, her gaze dropping to his chest again, this time with a hint of nostalgic sympathy. "And I'll admit, I don't miss lugging around a big rack like that every day. My back is eternally grateful for this bracelet." Her hand drifted up from his knee, tracing the curve of his breast over the t-shirt, her touch now gentle, almost consoling. "It's a lot to carry, in more ways than one."

The moment was surprisingly sweet, a genuine connection forged in the fires of his week-long hell. He found himself leaning into her touch, a small, reluctant smile gracing his lips. “So, you’re saying I learned my lesson? That I’ve suffered enough and can be officially rehabilitated into a non-ogling boyfriend?”

Her smirk returned, full force. “Let’s not get ahead of ourselves,” she teased. “But you get a gold star for effort. You’re officially forgiven for the beach incident.” She leaned in and gave him a quick, soft kiss. “I’m proud of you for seeing it.”

He felt a warmth spread through his chest that had nothing to do with arousal. “Thanks, Saff.” He took a deep breath, ready to change the subject before things got too heavy. “So, about tonight. The Halloween party. I figure I’ll just throw on that oversized hoodie and my baggiest sweatpants. I can go as a ‘tired student who couldn’t be bothered’. It’s my last night, I just want to get through it.”

Saffron’s eyes lit up with a familiar, terrifying glint of mischief. She pulled back, shaking her head with theatrical slowness. “Oh, nuh-uh, mister. Not a chance. The challenge isn’t over until the clock strikes midnight. Your body is mine for one more night. And the rules state that I get to pick what you wear, right?”

Mark’s stomach dropped. “Saffron, no...”

“Saffron, yes,” she chirped, her grin widening. “In fact, Cam and I have been planning some outfits for tonight.”

“Of course you have,” he groaned, burying his face in his hands. “Let me guess, Cam wants to wear some microscopic piece of dental floss and call it a costume, and you want me to match.”

“Close!” she said, completely undeterred by his misery. “He is wearing something sexy and revealing, because as you’ve pointed out, he’s loving every second of this. But this isn’t just for punishment, my dear. This is for profit.” She hopped off the couch and snatched a flyer from the kitchen counter, waving it in front of his face. It was for the university’s annual Halloween Bash. In big, bold letters, it read: **COSTUME CONTEST! GRAND PRIZE: \$5,000!**

Mark stared at the flyer, then back at her. “You’re kidding.”

“Deadly serious,” she said, her eyes gleaming. “Runner-up gets a thousand bucks. Cam and I figured, with the bracelet, we’re a shoo-in. We can use it to create costumes so realistic, so jaw-dropping, that nobody else will stand a chance. We take the top two spots, we split the six grand three ways. Two thousand dollars each for one night of playing dress-up. You in, or are you going to whine about it?”

The lure of two thousand dollars was a powerful anesthetic for his wounded pride. He sighed, rubbing his temples. “How would it even work?”

“That’s the beauty of it,” she explained, leaning against the counter, fully in her element as the mastermind. “We use the bracelet to selectively enhance parts of our bodies. Nobody knows this version of you or Cam, so you guys can fully transform, but for me, I can change all parts of me except my face. If anyone asks, we just say it’s Hollywood-level prosthetics and special effects makeup. Everyone will be drunk off cheap punch anyway. It’s fool-proof.”

“Why do you even need me, then?” he asked, a final, desperate plea. “You and Cam can take the top two spots yourselves.”

Saffron fixed him with a look that was part playful, part non-negotiable. “Stop whining. I need you for two reasons. One: I want one more night of watching sexy, curvy Mark experience life as a woman in all its glory. And two,” she ticked a finger in the air, “it gives us three chances to win instead of two. It’s strategy, babe. We’re covering all our bases.”

He knew he was beaten. The combination of her iron will and the promise of easy money was too much to fight. “Fine,” he grumbled. “What fresh hell have you cooked up for me? What are the costumes?”

Her face split into a triumphant grin. “So glad you asked! We decided to go for variety to appeal to a wide range of judges. I,” she declared, striking a dramatic pose, “am going as Catwoman. The classic comic book version. Skin-tight catsuit, whip, the whole nine yards. Sleek, sexy, athletic, with just enough cleavage to keep things interesting.”

Mark could already picture it. Saffron, with her natural confidence and the bracelet’s enhancements, would be a perfect Catwoman. “Okay. And Cam?”

“Cam,” she said, her grin turning wicked, “is going as a succubus.”

Mark blinked. "A what?"

"A succubus," she repeated, savoring the word. "You know, a sexy demoness from folklore? They supposedly feast on the life force of men by having sex with them. The sex gives them power and leaves the man... drained." She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

Mark stared at her, half-horrified, half-impressed. "Who the hell came up with that idea?"

"It was a joint effort!" she laughed. "We saw the costume in the shop and Cam thought it was, and I quote, 'super fucking hot'. It's got this tiny leather outfit, little demonic wings, horns, the works. He was practically vibrating with excitement."

Mark just shook his head, a reluctant chuckle escaping him. Of course Cam would choose that. "Okay, I'm almost afraid to ask. Let me guess, I don't get a say in mine?"

"Bingo!" Saffron clapped her hands together. "You, my dear Mark, are going to be Hermione Granger."

He stared at her, waiting for the punchline. "Hermione? Like, from Harry Potter? The frizzy-haired bookworm?"

"The very same," she confirmed. "But think of it as Hermione, all grown up, squeezing back into her old Hogwarts uniform for a reunion. If the judges aren't comic book nerds or fantasy geeks, they're bound to be millennials who grew up with Harry Potter. We'll use the bracelet to make you a dead ringer for Emma Watson, or close enough, anyway. Just, you know, with your current... assets." She gestured vaguely at his chest. "It'll be uncanny. And if the wings on the succubus and the body on Catwoman don't win, an impossibly curvy, real-life Hermione Granger definitely will."

He had to hand it to her. The logic was sound. "So you've got the comic book vote, the fantasy vote, and the pop culture vote," he said, a slow smile spreading across his face despite himself.

"Exactly," she said, beaming. "Plus, let's be honest, we're all going to look so unbelievably hot with our magically enhanced bodies, we'll be the talk of the party before the contest even starts. We can't lose."

He had no choice. He was trapped in a web of her brilliant, insane logic. "Alright," he

conceded, throwing his hands up in surrender. "I'm in."

As if on cue, the apartment door burst open, and Cam strutted in, a vision of unadulterated female confidence. He was wearing a ridiculously tight crop top that showcased his flat, toned stomach, and a pair of high-waisted Lululemon leggings that hugged every single curve of his magnificent ass and strong thighs. His C-cup breasts were prominent under the thin fabric, bouncing slightly with his energetic entrance. His long blonde hair was tied up in a messy, effortless ponytail. He looked incredible, and he knew it.

"Alright, ladies!" he announced, his voice the now-familiar sultry purr. "Who's ready to win some fucking money?"

An hour later, the living room was a chaotic whirlwind of discarded clothes, costume packaging, and naked bodies. Saffron, true to her word, had stripped down first without a hint of self-consciousness, her lean, athletic runner's body on full display. Cam had followed suit immediately, eagerly shedding his leggings and crop top to reveal the bombshell figure he'd grown to adore, his C-cups full and perky, his hips wide and curving dramatically from his narrow waist.

Mark had hesitated for a moment, an instinctual protest rising in his throat. "Saff, come on, Cam can see you naked..."

She'd just laughed, the sound echoing in the room. "Oh, please. He's been in a girl's body for four days, I'm pretty sure he can handle seeing my tits. Besides," she winked, gesturing to her own flat chest and muscled legs, "this isn't even the real me, remember? The real me is still reserved for you, big guy."

Mark had just shrugged, muttering "whatever," and stripped off his own clothes, revealing the D-cup body he was still trying to come to terms with. The three of them stood there for a moment, three different bodies, two of them female, one housing a man's mind, the other housing another man's mind, and the third housing the brilliant, chaotic mind of the woman in charge of it all.

"Okay, who's first?" Cam asked, practically bouncing on the balls of his feet.

"Me," Saffron declared, snatching the silver bracelet from the coffee table and slipping it onto her wrist. She picked up the black catsuit. It looked impossibly small. "Here we go."

She started with her feet, shoving them into the suit's boots. As she began to pull the suit up her legs, Mark and Cam watched, mesmerized. The material, which should have strained, seemed to melt over her skin, and as it did, her body began to change. Her runner's calves and thighs elongated, becoming leaner, sleeker, muscles shifting into a dancer's powerful grace. She wiggled her hips to pull the suit up over her ass, and the curve of it reshaped, becoming higher, tighter, more heart-shaped under the clinging black material. As she pulled it up over her torso, her waist cinched, and her shoulders and arms morphed into a form that was both slender and strong. It was like watching an artist sculpt clay in real-time.

She reached the front zipper, which stopped just below her chest. "And now for the grand finale," she murmured. As she began to pull the zipper up, her flat chest started to swell. The flesh expanded rapidly, pushing forward into two perfect, round orbs of flesh that filled the costume's bodice. She stopped the zipper just low enough to create a breathtaking canyon of cleavage. The transformation was seamless, shockingly realistic.

"Almost there," she said, her voice a low purr. She picked up the iconic cowl with its pointed cat ears, placed it on her head for a brief second, and then lifted it off. In that instant, her practical ponytail vanished, replaced by a chic, short black bob that framed her face perfectly. From the neck up, she was still Saffron, but the rest of her was pure Selina Kyle.

Mark stared, dumbfounded. "Holy shit, Saff. That's... people are going to lose their minds. How are we going to pass that off as prosthetics?"

"They'll be drunk," she said with a dismissive wave of her hand, admiring her new form in the reflection of the TV screen. "Trust me." She did a slow, sinuous turn, the catsuit glinting under the lights. "Your turn, demon-boy."

Cam's eyes were wide with excitement. Saffron tossed him the bracelet, and he fumbled it for a second before slipping it onto his wrist. He eagerly grabbed the pieces of his succubus costume—a tiny leather bralette, a matching thong with a devilish pointed tail attached, and some thigh-high boots. As he put them on, he frowned slightly. "It fits pretty well already," he said, looking down at his body. "What's the bracelet going to do? I've already got a banging body."

"Let's see," Saffron said, crossing her arms.

The change was sudden and far more unsettling than Saffron's. Cam's physical curves didn't alter much, but a strange energy seemed to ripple through him. He gasped, his eyes widening, and when he looked at them, his irises were no longer their normal blue. They were a glowing, demonic red. The small, plastic-looking wings attached to the back of his bralette began to twitch. They unfolded, the membrane stretching, veins appearing under the leathery skin until they were fully-formed, lifelike bat wings, catching the air with a soft thwump.

"Whoa!" Cam yelped, twisting to look at them. He flexed a muscle in his back, and the wings moved in response. "This is unreal! I can feel them! It's like they're part of me!" He then opened his mouth, and to Mark's utter horror, his tongue was no longer pink and rounded. It was long, slender, and distinctly forked at the tip. "This is so freaky," he hissed, the 's' sound lingering unnaturally.

The room was silent for a beat. The bracelet could do more than just copy human forms. It could create something else entirely. The implications were staggering.

Saffron was the first to recover, a slow, predatory smile spreading across her face. "Even better than I imagined." She turned her attention to Mark. "Alright, bookworm. You're up."

Feeling a new sense of trepidation, Mark took the bracelet from Cam. He put on the Hogwarts uniform, the grey skirt, the white button-down, the Gryffindor tie. Saffron made him keep on the same bra and panties he'd been wearing all week to maintain his D-cup curves beneath the schoolgirl outfit. He slipped the bracelet on, and felt a subtle shift as his body smoothed out, becoming slightly softer, younger, though his prominent curves remained.

"What about my head?" he asked, his voice feeling strange in the stuffy uniform.

Saffron tossed him a wig from the costume bag. It was Hermione's classic, bushy brown hair. "Put this on."

He lifted the wig and settled it onto his head. The moment the synthetic fibers touched his scalp, a bizarre tingling sensation spread over his entire head. It felt like every follicle was being rewired. He felt the bones of his face subtly shift—his jaw softening, his nose becoming more delicate, his cheekbones shifting slightly. He lifted the wig off, and his own hair was gone, replaced by a real, thick mane of messy brown curls. He looked in the mirror. It was

uncanny. It wasn't him. It wasn't Emma Watson, either, but a strange, beautiful fusion of the two, exactly as Saffron had described.

Saffron handed him the red-and-gold Gryffindor scarf, and he wrapped it around his neck, the costume complete. The three of them stood before the mirror, a bizarre and potent trinity. Catwoman, sleek and dangerous. The Succubus, demonic and hyper-sexual. And Hermione Granger, the clever witch, but with a body that would make Ron Weasley faint dead away.

"Group photo," Saffron commanded, pulling out her phone. They squeezed together, striking poses. Saffron smiled, whip in hand. Cam arched his back, showing off his wings. And Mark, feeling strange, just rolled his eyes.



There was no way they could lose. For the first time all week, seeing himself in the reflection, absurd, magical, and undeniably powerful, Mark felt a genuine thrill. The annoyance of his breasts, still heavy and prominent under the white shirt, faded into the background, replaced by the intoxicating buzz of the game.

"Let's go win some money," he said, and his voice was steady, clear, and ready.

The moment they stepped through the doors of the university gymnasium, the party swallowed them whole. The vast space had been transformed into a cavern of organized chaos, bathed in the strobing purples and greens of laser lights that sliced through thick clouds of fog machine smoke. A thunderous bass line pulsed from a mountain of speakers, a physical force that vibrated up through the soles of their shoes and into their bones. The air was thick with the smell of cheap punch, sweat, and a hundred competing perfumes. It was a writhing, pulsing sea of bodies clad in every costume imaginable, from lazy, low-effort jokes to elaborate, professional-grade creations.

And yet, the moment the three of them entered, they cut through the noise like a blade. A ripple of silence followed them, heads turning, conversations faltering. They were on another level entirely. Saffron, as Catwoman, moved with a liquid grace that was mesmerizing, the skin-tight catsuit glinting under the shifting lights, her every step a perfect, predatory saunter. Mark, as the impossibly curvy Hermione, felt a strange disconnect as he walked; the male students stared with slack-jawed awe, their eyes glued to the D-cups straining the buttons of his white school shirt, while the female students looked on with a mixture of envy and admiration at how perfectly he embodied the beloved character.

But it was Cam who truly commanded the room. As the succubus, he was a vision of dark, erotic power. His demonic red eyes seemed to glow in the dim light, and his lifelike wings shifted with a subtle, leathery rustle that was both terrifying and alluring. He moved with a newfound, deliberate slowness, his hips swaying in a hypnotic rhythm, his forked tongue occasionally flicking out to wet his lips. He wasn't just wearing a costume; he was the creature.

They separated almost immediately, a silent agreement to work the room on their own. Saffron melted into the shadows at the edge of the dance floor, a predator surveying her domain. Mark, feeling a wave of social anxiety, retreated to the relative safety of the drinks table, clutching his prop wand like a lifeline. And Cam... Cam waded directly into the heart of the crowd, a shark gliding into a school of fish.

He felt it almost instantly. A strange, primal pull he'd never experienced before. His gaze swept over the men in the room, and for the first time, he wasn't seeing them as rivals or friends or obstacles. He was seeing them as... food. He felt a deep, coiling hunger in the pit of

his stomach, a desire that was entirely separate from the intellectual knowledge that he was a straight guy. This was a physical, instinctual need. His eyes landed on a handsome, muscular guy dressed as Thor, laughing with his friends. The sight of the thick column of his neck, the bulge of his biceps, sent a jolt of pure, ravenous lust through him. He needed to be near him. What the fuck?

The thought was jarring, alien, but the compulsion was overwhelming. He drifted towards the group, his red eyes fixed on Thor. The man's laughter died in his throat as he noticed Cam approaching. "Whoa," he breathed, his eyes wide. "Awesome costume."

Cam smiled, a slow, predatory curve of his lips. "Thank you," he purred, his voice a low, vibrating thrum. He reached out, tracing a single finger down the man's bare arm. "You're not so bad yourself." The man shivered at his touch, his friends forgotten. He felt a strange power bloom in his chest, a heady cocktail of control and desire. This was better than getting free drinks. This was god-tier. He leaned in closer, his lips near the man's ear, the scent of his sweat and cologne intoxicating. "Why don't you buy a girl a drink?" he whispered, and he knew, with absolute certainty, that this man would do anything he asked.

A few hours and several cups of suspiciously strong punch later, Mark found Saffron leaning against a wall near the back of the gym, observing the chaos with an amused detachment.

"Having fun?" he asked, his voice slightly slurred. The sheer volume of stares had started to wear on him, but the alcohol was helping to numb the edges.

"Always," she replied, her eyes sparkling. "This is fascinating. But you'll never guess what I just discovered." She didn't wait for him to guess. "The suit. It's not just for show." She straightened up, a glint in her eye. "Watch this."

Without any warm-up, she bent backwards, her spine curving into an impossible arc until her hands were flat on the floor behind her, her body forming a perfect, graceful bridge. It was a move that would have been impressive for a professional gymnast; for Saffron, who was athletic but not a contortionist, it should have been impossible. She then fluidly pushed herself back to a standing position as if it were nothing.

Mark's jaw dropped. "How did you...?"

“It’s the suit,” she said, her voice giddy with excitement. “It gave me her flexibility, her balance, her agility. It’s like how Cam got real wings! The bracelet... it’s doing more than just changing our shape. It’s giving us the attributes of what we’re wearing.”

The implication hit Mark like a physical blow. He felt a sudden, cold dread mix with a spark of unbelievable curiosity. He looked down at the polished wooden wand clutched in his hand. It was just a prop. A piece of plastic. It couldn’t be... could it?

He swallowed hard, his heart hammering against his ribs. He felt foolish, but he had to know. He raised the wand, pointing it at the darkened ceiling, his voice a nervous whisper. “Lumos.”

A brilliant, pure white light erupted from the tip of his wand, casting their corner of the gym in a stark, magical glow.

Saffron gasped, her eyes wide with utter shock. “No fucking way.”

Mark stared at the light, his hand trembling. It was real. The light was real. The magic was real. “Holy shit,” he breathed. “I’m... I’m a witch.”

“We need privacy. Now,” Saffron hissed, grabbing his arm and pulling him through the crowd towards a hallway lined with doors to empty classrooms. She found one that was unlocked and dragged him inside, shutting the door behind them.

The room was a standard lecture hall, dark and silent. The only light was the unwavering magical glow from Mark’s wand. “Try another one,” Saffron urged, pulling out her phone. “I’m looking up spells.”

Her fingers flew across the screen. “Okay, try... try this one. Wingardium Leviosa.” She pointed at a stray pencil on a desk.

Mark took a deep breath, focused on the pencil, and with a swish and a flick, he recited the spell. The pencil wobbled, lifted an inch off the desk, hovered for a moment, and then clattered back down.

“It worked!” they both shouted at once. He tried again, concentrating harder, and this time the pencil shot into the air, hovering obediently. He was a wizard. A real, fucking wizard. They spent the next ten minutes in a state of feverish discovery, testing simple spells Saffron found

online. He unlocked the classroom door with Alohomora. He made a stack of papers duplicate with Geminio. It was the most insane, exhilarating experience of his life.

Then Saffron got a wicked look in her eye. “Try this one,” she said, pointing to her phone. “Engorgio.”

“What does it do?” Mark asked, still high on his newfound power.

“It’s a swelling charm,” she said with a devilish grin. “Let’s see what it does to these.” She pointed at her own Catwoman-enhanced breasts.

“Saffron, I don’t think that’s a good idea...”

“Do it,” she commanded.

He sighed, aimed the wand at her chest, and muttered, “Engorgio.” Instantly, her already impressive cleavage began to swell. The black fabric of her catsuit strained as her breasts expanded, growing fuller, heavier, pushing up and out until they were cartoonishly large, spilling from the top of her costume. She looked down, a flicker of genuine frustration crossing her face as the new weight pulled at her. Then, she let out a peal of laughter. “Okay, maybe a bit much. But we can change it back later! This is incredible!”

They started talking at once, the implications crashing down on them. The bracelet wasn’t just a tool for disguise; it was a key. A key to unlocking abilities, powers, things they couldn’t even imagine. Every costume in a shop, every piece of clothing with a history, was a potential gateway to a new reality.

And then, a cold thought hit them both at the same time.

“Cam,” Mark said, the magic light on his wand flickering.

“The succubus,” Saffron finished, her face paling.

They sprinted out of the classroom and back into the party, their eyes scanning the writhing crowd. They found him almost immediately, not by sight, but by the wake he left. He was striding out of a darkened hallway, a smirk of pure, sated pleasure on his face. He looked... different. More powerful. His red eyes glowed brighter, and his skin seemed to have a vibrant, healthy sheen it lacked before.

“Cam!” Saffron called out, but he didn’t seem to hear her. He was already zeroing in on a new target, a skinny guy in a nerd costume near the edge of the dance floor.

A sense of dread washed over Mark. He and Saffron ran to the hallway Cam had just exited. Peeking into the first door, they saw him. The guy dressed as Thor. He was sprawled naked on a pile of gym mats, fast asleep, an empty, blissed-out expression on his face. Mark rushed over, shaking his shoulder. “Hey! Hey, man, wake up!”

The guy wouldn’t stir. He was completely, unnaturally unconscious.

“Holy shit,” Saffron breathed from the doorway. “Cam’s not just playing a part. He’s a real succubus. He’s draining them. This guy will probably out for hours!”

They ran back out, spotting Cam leading the nerdy guy back towards the same hallway. They had to stop him.

Cam couldn’t believe how good it felt. The power that had surged through him when the man dressed as Thor had come inside him was indescribable. It was a rush of pure energy, a life force that filled him up, making him feel stronger, more alive than he had ever felt. He couldn’t believe he’d spent four days in this incredible body and hadn’t penetrative sex sooner. The memory of fingering himself in the shower, which had seemed so revelatory at the time, now felt like child’s play. This was the main event. This was what this body was for. A hunger, deep and insatiable, now drove him. He was obsessed, completely unaware that it was the succubus part of him, the costume’s magic, that had taken the driver’s seat.

He had his new target cornered in another empty equipment room. He pushed the guy against a wall, kissing him deeply, his forked tongue exploring the man’s mouth. He could feel the guy’s life force, a sweet, vibrant energy just waiting to be consumed. He was about to pull him to the floor when the door burst open.

“Cam, stop!” Mark yelled, his Hermione costume looking utterly absurd in the serious moment.

Cam whirled around, his red eyes flashing with annoyance. “What the hell? Get out! You’re ruining my fun.”

“You don’t understand what you’re doing,” Saffron said, stepping into the room, her

massive, magically-engorged breasts bouncing with the movement. “The costumes are real. You’re actually draining these guys.”

Cam just laughed, a cruel, sharp sound. “I know! It feels incredible! I’ve never felt so powerful in my life!” To prove his point, he pushed off the ground, and with a powerful flap of his leathery wings, he hovered a few feet in the air. The sight was terrifying.

Mark and Saffron exchanged a panicked look. They had to stop him.

“Cam, you need to change back,” Mark said, raising his glowing wand.

“Make me,” Cam snarled, his eyes narrowing.

“I’m sorry about this,” Mark said, and with a clear, steady voice, he shouted, “Petrificus Totalus!”

A jet of light shot from his wand and hit Cam square in the chest. He froze mid-air, his wings locked in place, an expression of pure fury on his face. He dropped to the floor with a heavy thud, his body rigid as a board.

The nerdy guy, seeing his chance, scrambled out of the room. Saffron quickly shut and locked the door. “Okay, what now?” she panted.

“We have to change him back,” Mark said. “The magic is tied to the costume.” He looked around the room, which was being used as a lost and found. He spotted a pile of women’s clothing. He grabbed a simple pair of jeans and a university sweatshirt. “Help me get these on him.”

Wrestling the clothes onto the magically frozen Cam was an awkward, clumsy affair, but they managed. Then, Saffron gently took the silver bracelet from Mark’s wrist and slid it onto Cam’s.

The effect was instantaneous. A pained groan escaped Cam’s frozen lips. The demonic red faded from his eyes, returning to their normal blue. His leathery wings seemed to deflate, shrinking and turning back into cheap, shiny plastic before detaching from his back and clattering to the floor. His entire body convulsed once, and then the magical paralysis wore off. He crumpled to the ground, gasping. His body had changed. The succubus’s lean curves were gone, replaced by the softer, slightly thicker build of whoever owned the jeans and

sweatshirt.

Cam looked down at himself, then at the discarded wings, his face a mask of confusion and horror. “What... what happened?” he stammered. “I felt... I wanted to...” He looked at Mark and Saffron, his eyes filled with genuine fear. “I’m sorry. I don’t know what came over me, it was just sooooo good. In my pussy, being filled...”

“It’s okay,” Saffron said softly, her own fear giving way to relief. “We’re all a little spooked.”

It was at that moment that a muffled voice came from the speakers outside. “And now, the moment you’ve all been waiting for! The winner of our costume contest!”

The three of them froze.

“In third place, winning a gift certificate... Hermione Granger!”

Mark and Saffron stared at each other.

“And in second place, winning one thousand dollars... Catwoman!”

Saffron let out a choked laugh.

“And the grand prize winner of five thousand dollars, for the most realistic and terrifying costume of the night... the Succubus!”

A wave of applause erupted from outside. The announcer called out, “Succubus, come on up and claim your prize!” They waited in the silent room. “Uh... is the Succubus here?” After another moment of silence, the announcer sighed. “Okay, then... in that case, the grand prize goes to our runner-up, Catwoman! And the thousand-dollar prize goes to... uh, Hermione!”

Saffron and Mark burst into hysterical laughter. They stumbled out of the room, leaving a bewildered Cam behind who was still getting used to the woman’s body he now possessed, and made their way to the stage. They were handed envelopes of cash, the announcer praising their commitment. “We don’t know how you did those tricks,” he said, shaking his head at Mark’s wand, “and your flexibility Saffron,” he nodded at Saffron, “is seriously impressive. Great character work! I had no idea you were capable of that, I don’t think any of us did...” He then turned to Mark. “We don’t know who you are, though...”

“She’s my cousin from out of town!” Saffron improvised smoothly. “I told her she looked just

like Hermione!" The crowd applauded, and the two of them, flush with victory and adrenaline, escaped the stage.

They retrieved a very subdued Cam and snuck him out a side door. They walked out into the cool night air, the sounds of the party fading behind them, clutching their prize money.

They walked in silence for a while, the sheer insanity of the night settling over them.

"Well," Mark said finally, looking down at the front of his schoolgirl uniform. "At least I can finally get rid of these tits in the morning."

Cam looked over at him, a flicker of his old self returning. "Hey, I've still got three days left. You better give me my hot body back, this one doesn't cut it."

Saffron laughed, slinging an arm around each of them. "It's not your body, Cam. It's a patchwork quilt of strangers, remember? But yes," she said, her voice filled with warmth and exhaustion. "Let's go home and get you back to your sexy self for the last three days."

They drifted off into the quiet, lamp-lit evening, three friends bound by a secret that was getting more powerful, more dangerous, and more unbelievably fun with every passing day.