

TRANSFORMATION PARTY

A story by JohnManTD

Part 1: A Night To Remember

The first lie of the night was the invitation itself. It had spread through campus like a digital wildfire, a simple, elegant e-vite with a minimalist design: a single gold leaf on a black background, an address that made everyone's eyes pop, and the name "River Devereaux." No one really knew him. He was a campus myth, a ghost story whispered in dorm rooms and cafeterias. The impossibly rich kid who'd transferred in from somewhere in Europe, lived in the old Devereaux mansion on the cliffs overlooking the town, and was never, ever seen in class. He was a rumor, a legend. And he was throwing a party. For everyone.

"This is either going to be the greatest night of our lives or the start of a very weird cult," Jaz said, her voice a dry murmur from the passenger seat of my beat-up Jeep. She was scrolling through the endless stream of hype on her phone, the screen illuminating her sharp, intelligent features.

I just grinned, my knuckles white on the steering wheel, my foot a little too heavy on the gas. "Either way, it's not gonna be boring." I glanced over at her. Even in the dim glow of the dashboard lights, she looked good. Her runner's body was poured into a simple, elegant black dress that highlighted the lean muscle in her arms, her dark hair pulled back in a sleek ponytail that showed off the elegant line of her neck. We'd been best friends since we were kids, a comfortable, platonic orbit that had survived high school, puberty, and three years of college. She was the only person who could call me on my bullshit and get away with it, and she did so with a regularity that was both infuriating and, if I was being honest, probably necessary.

In the back, Hailey was practically vibrating with excitement, a human champagne bubble in a sequined dress. "Oh my god, you guys, did you see the pictures of the inside? It's like, a real-life castle! Do you think he has a moat? I bet he has a moat."

Chris, her boyfriend, just sighed, his lanky six-foot-six basketballer frame folded uncomfortably into the back seat. "I don't think modern mansions have moats, babe. It's

probably not great for the property value." His voice was soft, hesitant, his usual state when not on the court.

"Well, they should," Hailey replied, completely serious. "Moats are, like, the ultimate status symbol. Way better than a stupid sports car."

Beside him, Josh and Ryan were already pre-gaming, the metallic glint of a flask passing between them. "Dude, forget the moat, I heard he has an actual vintage arcade in the basement," Ryan said, his voice full of reverent awe, as if speaking of a holy site. "Like, with original Pac-Man and Donkey Kong cabinets."

"And a home theater," Josh added, taking a swig. "With, like, reclining leather seats and one of those butter machines for the popcorn. The real deal."

Lauren, the last to pile in, her bookish-cute aesthetic a stark contrast to Hailey's glitter bomb, just shook her head, a small, amused smile on her face. "The property records indicate the estate was built in 1888, and the architectural style is primarily Gothic Revival, though there are clear Neoclassical elements in the east wing. A moat would be historically incongruous with the period."

We all just stared at her in the rearview mirror.

"What?" she asked, adjusting her glasses. "I was curious. It's a historically significant building."

That was our crew. A perfect cross-section of collegiate chaos, heading towards a party that was already legendary before it had even begun. For my part, I was just excited about the possibilities. A party this big, hosted by some enigmatic rich guy, was bound to be crawling with new faces. New opportunities. I was single, popular enough, and, I'd been told more than once, not terrible to look at. I worked out, kept myself in decent shape. The night was young and full of potential conquests. The hunt was on.

The mansion was even more absurd in person. It wasn't just a house; it was an estate. A long, winding driveway cut through acres of perfectly manicured lawns, leading up to a sprawling stone structure that looked like it had been teleported directly from the English countryside and dropped onto the California coast. Lights blazed from dozens of gothic-arched windows, and the thumping bass of a surprisingly good DJ echoed through the

night air, a modern heartbeat in an ancient chest. Valets, actual valets in crisp, black-and-white uniforms, were directing the flow of student clunkers and faculty sedans with an efficiency that was borderline military.

"Holy shit," was all I could manage as a handsome, stoic man who looked far too old to be a student took my keys with a polite nod.

The inside was a collision of worlds. The architecture was all soaring ceilings, dark, polished wood paneling, and massive, gold-framed ancestral portraits with eyes that seemed to follow you with unnerving focus. But the vibe was pure, unadulterated college party, just amplified to an insane degree. Students in jeans and party dresses mingled on priceless oriental rugs, grabbing expertly crafted cocktails from butlers in white gloves who didn't so much as flinch when a drunken freshman spilled a neon-green concoction on the floor. In the grand ballroom, our own Marcus, a local kid who usually spun in a sticky-floored dive bar downtown, was set up on a makeshift stage, his decks and laptop looking tiny and anachronistic beneath a crystal chandelier the size of my Jeep.

It was glorious. The usual shabby, desperate energy of a college party had been replaced by a sense of awe and decadent luxury. Everyone was on their best behavior, intimidated and thrilled in equal measure. My friends and I grabbed drinks from a passing silver tray – champagne, in actual, honest-to-god glass flutes – and just stood there for a moment, trying to process the sheer scale of it all.

The first hour was a blur of exploration and giddy disbelief. We wandered through rooms that looked like museum exhibits, found a library with two stories of floor-to-ceiling shelves and a rolling ladder, and yes, discovered the basement arcade, which was every bit as glorious as Josh had dreamed. I, of course, was in my element. The sheer number of beautiful women in one place was staggering. I found myself in a conversation with a trio of art history majors near a massive, roaring fireplace, charming them with a combination of feigned interest in Renaissance portraiture and what Jaz would call my "signature dumb-guy smile." It was working. One of them, a redhead named Sandy with eyes the color of whiskey and a laugh that made me want to do stupid things just to hear it again, was definitely reciprocating.

"You have a really... intense way of looking at people, Alex," she said, a playful, knowing smile on her lips.

"I'm just trying to appreciate the artistry," I replied smoothly, my gaze flicking meaningfully from her eyes to her lips and back again.

From across the room, I saw Jaz catch my eye. She took a slow sip of her drink and gave me an exaggerated, withering eye-roll before turning back to her conversation with Lauren. I just smirked and turned my full attention back to Sandy. The night was shaping up perfectly.

And then, the music cut out. A sudden, jarring silence fell over the massive house, the abrupt absence of the thumping bass creating a physical void. The low murmur of a few hundred confused partygoers rose to fill it. On the makeshift stage in the ballroom, near Marcus's DJ booth, a figure appeared, stepping into a single, perfectly focused spotlight.

He was tall and slender, with an easy, aristocratic grace that commanded attention. His dark hair was artfully messy, his features almost too perfect, like a statue carved from pale marble. He was wearing a simple, impeccably tailored velvet jacket over a silk shirt, looking less like a college student and more like a rock star or a runaway prince. River Devereaux. In the flesh.

He smiled, a slow, charismatic curve of his lips that seemed to draw all the light in the room towards him. "Good evening, everyone," he said, his voice a smooth, cultured baritone with an accent that was impossible to place. It resonated through the hall with a strange, unnatural clarity, no microphone needed. "I'm so glad you could all make it."

A smattering of applause and a few drunken whoops echoed through the hall.

"I trust you're all enjoying the amenities?" he continued, his smile widening. "Good. Because the night is just getting started. I've gathered you all here tonight not just for a simple party, but for a... unique social experience. A game, if you will."

A new murmur rippled through the crowd, a mixture of intrigue and confusion. I felt Sandyshift beside me. "A game?" she whispered.

I leaned in closer. "Sounds fun," I whispered back, my arm brushing against hers.

"Definitely a cult," Jaz's voice said, suddenly right beside my ear, making me jump. She had materialized out of nowhere, her expression a mask of deep suspicion. "He's going to make us all drink Kool-Aid and ascend to the next cosmic plane."

"Don't be so dramatic," I muttered, though a flicker of unease went through me.

The butlers, moving with silent, unnerving efficiency, began to circulate through the crowd again, but this time, they weren't carrying drinks. They were carrying ornate wooden boxes. One was presented to each guest.

I took one, my curiosity piqued. Inside, nestled on a bed of black velvet, was a sleek, matte black band, like a high-end fitness tracker, but with no visible buttons and a small, dark, circular screen in the center.

"In a moment, I will ask you all to put on the bracelet you now hold," River announced from the stage. "It is the key to tonight's entertainment."

A few people, myself included, immediately clipped the band around our wrists. It was surprisingly light, the buckle clicking into place with a satisfying, magnetic snap. It felt expensive, futuristic. "Cool party favor," Ryan said from somewhere behind me. Most of the room followed suit, a collective wave of clicks echoing through the hall.

River, however, seemed to be watching something we couldn't see. He looked down, as if at an invisible screen in front of him. "I see a few of you are hesitant," he said, his voice losing some of its warmth, taking on a sharper, more authoritative edge. His eyes scanned the crowd. "Ashley Peterson. Michael Chen. David Miller. And a few others. Please. Put on the bracelet. The game cannot begin until everyone is participating. Either you put it on, or the party is over. For everyone."

A wave of peer pressure, potent and immediate, washed over the holdouts. Groans and shouts of "Come on, dude!" and "Don't be a dick!" erupted from the crowd. Josh was one of the loudest. "Just put the damn thing on so we can get back to the free booze!" he yelled. Grudgingly, the last few resisters clipped the bracelets onto their wrists.

River smiled again, his warmth returning. "Excellent. Thank you." He looked down at his own wrist, and with a flourish, clipped on his own bracelet. "Now," he said, his voice taking on a theatrical, almost hypnotic tone. "A small disclaimer. Please do not be alarmed, but for the duration of the game, the bracelets cannot be removed. They will unlock automatically at four AM."

That sent a jolt through the room. The playful atmosphere curdled instantly into one of

alarm. "What the hell?" someone yelled from the back. A girl near me shrieked, "I can't get it off!"

Everyone started trying, fumbling with the seamless buckles, pulling at the unyielding bands. It was true. They were locked tight. I felt a cold knot tighten in my stomach. "Jaz," I said, my voice low, "what the fuck is this?"

"I told you," she hissed back, her own fingers uselessly picking at the buckle on her wrist. "Cult."

Panic began to bubble, a palpable, rising tide of fear. "Let's get out of here," I muttered to my friends, their faces pale with alarm. We turned to leave.

And found that we couldn't. My legs, my strong, reliable legs that could squat three hundred pounds, simply wouldn't obey. I tried to take a step, and it was like my brain was sending a signal down a severed wire. My feet felt like they were encased in concrete. I looked around and saw everyone else in the same predicament, a room full of panicked, immobile statues, their eyes wide with terror.

Someone in the crowd finally voiced the thought that was screaming in everyone's mind. "This is insane! Magic isn't real!"

River chuckled, a low, patronizing sound that grated on my nerves. "On the contrary," he said, his voice resonating with an ancient power that sent a shiver down my spine. "It is very, very real. And I, as it happens, am a wizard." He gestured expansively with one hand. "The reason you cannot move your legs at this moment is because of a simple binding spell I have just cast. A temporary measure, I assure you, just to ensure I have your undivided attention while I explain the rules."

Wizard. The word hung in the air, absurd and yet, given the fact that my legs had been remotely disabled, terrifyingly plausible.

"In a moment," he continued, his voice smooth and reassuring, "the screen on your bracelet will illuminate with a message. This message will describe a transformation, one of thousands I have curated. The bracelet will then... enact that transformation upon your body. The effect will be tailored to you, drawing from your own personality to provide a unique experience. This will last until precisely four AM, at which point you will all revert to your normal selves. I

give you my word."

As he spoke those last words, a strange, calming certainty washed over me, over everyone in the room. It was not a thought, but a feeling, an innate, unshakeable knowledge that settled deep in my bones. He was telling the truth. We would be safe. We would be changed back. The panic in the room subsided, replaced by a stunned, wide-eyed disbelief.

"The purpose of this," River explained, his tone now that of a benevolent, slightly eccentric professor, "is twofold. Firstly, I confess, it is to alleviate a profound, centuries-long boredom." A wry smile touched his lips. He looked impossibly young to be saying something like that, but in the wake of his pronouncement, I suddenly noticed the ancient, weary wisdom in his eyes. "But more importantly, it is to teach. To offer you a new perspective. The idea is for you to experience something new, to walk, for a few hours, in a different skin, a different mind. To grow as individuals. And, of course," his smile widened into a brilliant grin, "to make this one hell of a party."

He raised his hands in a placating gesture. "I assure you, no permanent harm will come to anyone. My staff has been fully briefed and are here to support you in any way you may need. And you will find yourselves magically incapable of leaving the grounds of this estate until four AM. My intention is not to frighten or to harm, but to give each of you a night you will never, ever forget. As a small bonus, part of the enchantment of the evening ensures that no matter how late we stay up, you will all wake up tomorrow morning feeling as if you've had a full nine hours of perfect, restful sleep. So please, do not hold back."

He looked down at his own bracelet. "Now, to show you that I am not merely a cruel puppeteer, I too shall be participating. It is only fair." He tapped the dark screen on his wrist. It glowed to life, displaying two lines of elegant, cursive script, which he read aloud, a note of genuine surprise in his voice.

*"The master of the house, with guests to please,
must now become the hostess, serving with ease."*

He laughed, a rich, genuine sound. "Well, isn't that fitting?" he said. And then, he began to change.

We all watched, transfixed, a collective gasp rippling through the hall. It was not a sudden,

violent shift, but a smooth, fluid, and utterly impossible cascade of transformation. His body softened, his shoulders narrowing, his waist cinching inwards. His velvet jacket and silk shirt seemed to melt away, flowing and reforming into a stunning, floor-length, strapless gown of deep crimson silk that clung to his new, graceful curves. His handsome, masculine features softened, his jawline becoming more delicate, his lips fuller, his dark hair lengthening, twisting itself into an elegant updo adorned with a single, glittering pin. His chest swelled, pressing against the silk of the gown, forming a pair of full, perfect breasts that strained the bodice of the strapless dress.

In the space of thirty seconds, River Devereaux, the enigmatic wizard, was gone. In his place stood a breathtakingly beautiful woman, a hostess of impossible elegance and grace, her eyes holding the same ancient intelligence, but now tempered with a new, warm, and distinctly feminine charm.

She – for she was undeniably a she now – smoothed down the front of her dress, looking down at her new body with a mixture of amusement and objective appreciation. "My god," she breathed, her voice now a smooth, melodic contralto that was as captivating as her previous baritone. "This form is... exquisite. The feel of this silk against my skin... the weight of these breasts..." She cupped one of them, a look of genuine fascination on her face.

"I would love nothing more than to retire to my boudoir and explore... every inch of this magnificent new body. For hours." Then, her expression shifted, the personal desire visibly warring with something else. A warm, professional smile took over, her eyes gaining a new focus. "But," she sighed, a note of genuine regret in her voice, "it appears part of my transformation is a new need to serve you all, to be the best hostess imaginable. It seems the lesson I am to learn is how to be a better host. Fitting. The canapés aren't going to serve themselves, and I see a few empty glasses. Your comfort is my only priority." She clasped her hands before her, the perfect picture of a gracious hostess. "Now, your own transformations will be revealed in precisely ten minutes. I suggest you all disperse, grab a fresh drink, and prepare yourselves. The binding spell on your legs is now lifted. Please, enjoy the party."

And just like that, I could move my legs again. The room erupted, not with panic this time, but with a cacophony of nervous, excited, terrified chatter. The spell was broken, but the trap was sprung. We were here until four AM. And we were all about to change.

My friends and I found each other in the chaos, our faces a mixture of shock and

adrenaline. "Did you see that?" Hailey whispered, her eyes wide as saucers. "He... she... holy shit!"

"Wizard," was all Josh could manage to say, his face pale.

"We need a drink," Jaz said, her voice surprisingly steady, though I could see a faint tremor in her hand. "A strong one. And we need to find a quiet corner to figure out what the hell is about to happen to us."

We found a small, wood-paneled study off the main hall, miraculously empty. We raided a nearby butler's tray for fresh drinks and huddled together, the ten-minute countdown a ticking time bomb in our minds.

"Okay," Jaz said, taking a large gulp of her champagne. "So. Magic is real. Our host is an ancient, gender-fluid wizard. And we are all about to be forcibly transformed into god knows what. How's everyone feeling?"

"I think I'm gonna be sick," Chris muttered, looking greener than River's new dress.

"This is the coolest thing that has ever happened!" Ryan countered, his eyes shining with a gamer's thrill at seeing a fantasy world come to life. "I hope I get to be, like, a super-soldier!"

"I just hope it doesn't mess up my hair," Hailey said, clutching her blonde locks. "Or, like, turn me into something ugly."

I, for my part, was a strange cocktail of terrified and intensely, undeniably excited. The power on display was staggering, and the promise of a unique, personal transformation... it was like the ultimate trip. "Whatever happens," I said, trying to project a confidence I didn't feel, "we stick together. We get through this as a group."

They all nodded, a silent pact made in the face of the oncoming unknown. We spent the last few minutes in a flurry of nervous, wild speculation, our guesses tinged with our own personalities. Hailey was still convinced she might become a unicorn. Ryan was hoping for a Viking. Lauren was quietly hoping for a heightened intelligence that would allow her to finally solve a particularly vexing paradox in quantum mechanics.

Then, a soft, synchronized chime emanated from all of our wrists. We all looked down. The dark screens of our bracelets were glowing. The time had come.

I stared at my own wrist, my heart hammering against my ribs. A rhyming couplet, just like River's, was materializing on the screen in elegant, glowing gold script:

*You see the prize, but not the soul within,
so walk a mile inside a woman's skin.*

Before the full meaning of the words could even register, it began. A strange, tingling sensation, like carbonated electricity, started in my toes and fingertips and rushed inwards, towards my core. It wasn't painful, but it was profoundly, deeply unsettling, a feeling of my very cells being unwritten and then rewritten.

I gasped, looking down at my body. My muscles, hard-earned from years in the gym, seemed to be melting away, softening, the definition dissolving like sugar in water. My shoulders, broad and strong, narrowed, my entire frame seeming to contract, to become more delicate. My skin, which had been rough and tanned, was becoming paler, smoother, the light dusting of hair on my arms and legs vanishing as if it had never been there. The jeans and button-down shirt I was wearing seemed to flow and shimmer, the coarse denim softening into a silky, black fabric, the cotton of my shirt becoming something more delicate, clinging to my changing torso.

"Alex!" Jaz's voice, sharp with alarm, cut through the haze of my own transformation. I looked up and saw my friends all staring at me, their faces a mask of shock, even as their own bodies began to twist and change.

I tried to respond, to ask what was happening, but my voice came out wrong. It was higher, lighter, a smooth, melodic alto that felt utterly alien in my chest. A wave of vertigo washed over me. I felt my height decreasing, the world shifting upwards by a few inches. My waist cinched inwards with an almost painful tightness, while my hips flared outwards, creating a dramatic, unfamiliar curve. The sensation was dizzying, a total remapping of my physical self.

And then, the two most profound changes hit, one after the other. I felt a strange, blossoming pressure in my chest. I looked down, my eyes wide with horrified fascination, as my flat, masculine chest began to swell. Soft mounds of flesh pushed outwards, rounding, growing, straining against the fabric of my newly formed dress. They grew with impossible speed, from nothing, to small buds, to full, heavy breasts that jiggled with a disconcerting weight on my new, slender torso. A strangled moan escaped my new, softer lips.

At the same time, I felt the most fundamental part of my male identity, the part that had defined my gender my entire life, begin to... retract. It was the most bizarre, violating sensation imaginable, a feeling of dissolving, of being hollowed out, of my own anatomy turning inwards on itself. The feeling of my penis and testicles shrinking into nothingness was replaced by a strange, new configuration – a soft, sensitive cleft, hidden folds of skin, a deep, internal ache that was both an absence and an entirely new, terrifying presence.

In less than a minute, it was over. I stood there, trembling, in the skin of a complete stranger. A woman. My familiar clothes were gone, replaced by a slinky, form-fitting black dress that ended mid-thigh. My comfortable boots had morphed into a pair of strappy, impossibly high heels that forced me onto the balls of my feet. I tentatively reached up and touched my face. My jaw was softer, my cheeks fuller, my lips plump. My short hair now cascaded around my shoulders in soft, dark waves. I brought my hands down, my fingers brushing against the full, soft weight of my new breasts, and a jolt of pure, sensory shock shot through me. They were real. They were mine.

I was a woman. And not just any woman. I looked at my reflection in the dark glass of a bookshelf. The woman staring back was stunning. The kind of woman I would have spent my entire night trying to hit on, trying to conquer. The irony was a bitter, metallic taste in my mouth.

"Huh," Jaz's voice said, though it sounded strained. I turned to look at her, my new balance on the heels precarious.

My own shock was forgotten as I took in her own transformation. A strangled gasp came from beside me. Jaz was staring down at her own chest, her face pale, her eyes wide with terror. Her simple black dress was straining, groaning at the seams. Where her usual, modest B-cups had been, two enormous, colossal globes of flesh were swelling at a terrifying rate, pushing outwards like twin airbags inflating.

"Oh my god," she whimpered, her hands flying up to cup the burgeoning weight. "They're... they're not stopping! Alex, they're so heavy!" We watched, transfixed, as her breasts grew, and grew, and grew, far beyond the realm of what seemed possible, her lean runner's frame looking utterly overwhelmed by their sheer, obscene size. When they finally stopped, they were magnificent, monstrous, at least a G-cup, spilling from the now-ruined neckline of her dress, their weight making her stagger forward, her back arching painfully.

At the same time, a pained groan came from Hailey. We turned to see her clutching her stomach, her pretty face contorted in a mask of confusion and discomfort. Her flat belly was pushing outwards, swelling at an alarming rate, stretching the fabric of her sequined party dress. "What's happening?!" she cried, as her stomach rounded, grew, and became the unmistakable, undeniable belly of a woman in her third trimester. Her own breasts swelled, becoming heavy and full, her face flushing. In seconds, she had gone from a carefree party girl to a heavily pregnant woman on the verge of giving birth.

"Hailey!" Chris yelled, his own face a mask of panic. He rushed towards her, then stopped dead, a strange, blank look on his face. "Oh, wow," he said, his voice flat and devoid of its usual shyness. "So you finally got what you wanted, huh? A baby bump. Guess this means no more tequila shots for you tonight. Which is probably for the best, because honestly, you're kind of a nightmare when you're drunk, and I've been wanting to tell you that for months but was too scared you'd cry."

Hailey stared at him, her pregnant form trembling, tears welling in her eyes. "Chris! What the hell?!"

Chris just blinked, looking as surprised by his own words as she was. "... I don't know why I said that. It just... came out. But it felt... really good, actually. To just say it." It must be his own transformation, whatever it is.

Then it was Josh and Ryan's turn. Ryan let out a roar that was half pain, half exhilaration, as his body seemed to contort and expand. His soft, gamer's physique was being forcibly reshaped, fat melting away as thick, hard muscle swelled into its place. His shirt ripped at the seams, revealing a chiseled, powerful torso, his arms becoming thick as tree trunks. He stood there, panting, a veritable adonis, looking down at his new, powerful body in stunned amazement.

Josh, however, had gone completely still. His face was pale, his eyes darting around the room, landing on Ryan's new, godlike physique. And I saw something in his eyes I'd never seen before: raw, unadulterated, and utterly terrified hunger. "Dude," Josh whispered, his voice trembling as he stared at his best friend's muscular form. "You're... you're so fucking hot." He clapped a hand over his own mouth, his eyes wide with self-revulsion.

Finally, we all turned to Lauren. She was just standing there, a look of profound, academic

confusion on her face. Physically, she looked the same. "I... I don't feel any different," she said, her voice puzzled. "Except... there's something... extra." She shifted her weight uncomfortably. "Down there. I think... I think I've grown a... a penis... above my vagina?"

Josh and Ryan, even in the midst of their own transformations, both blurted out, "Holy shit, you're a futa!"

Lauren just stared at them. "A what? Is that the correct scientific term for a hermaphroditic state?"

We all stood there for a moment, in the quiet, wood-paneled study, a collection of freaks and monsters. "Okay," Jaz said, her voice strained as she tried to adjust the straps of her dress to better support her new, colossal weight. "So, River said these were personalized. Lessons. So what are we guessing?"

"Maybe mine is to make Chris finally commit?" Hailey said hopefully, rubbing her belly.

"Or maybe," Chris blurted out, wincing, "it's to show you how much work a baby actually is and to get you to stop drinking three nights a week? Just a thought."

"My lesson is definitely that I should hit the gym," Ryan said, still admiring his new bicep.

Josh just shook his head, looking miserable. "I got no idea what my lesson is, it just turned me gay!"

They all looked at me next. "I don't know," I said, my new voice soft. "Maybe... maybe it's not a lesson. Maybe he's just a sick fuck who's getting off on this." I couldn't accept the idea that this violation had some noble purpose. Not yet.

The party, which had seemed like a distant, muffled roar, was suddenly audible again, a wave of noise and music from the other rooms. A new, strange sound was mixed in with it now – gasps of shock, screams of laughter, cries of disbelief. The transformations were happening all over the house.

Jaz looked at me, her face a mixture of her own panic and a strange, protective instinct. "Okay, Alex," she said, her voice firm despite the way she kept unconsciously adjusting her new, massive bust. "Let's go get another drink."

I nodded, grateful for the anchor in this sea of madness.

We ventured out of the study, a strange, mismatched pair. Me, teetering unsteadily on my new heels, acutely aware of the sway of my hips, the feel of my new breasts bouncing softly with each step, the way men's eyes now lingered on me with a predatory interest I had always taken for granted from the other side. And Jaz, walking stiffly, her back ramrod straight, trying to manage the sheer, unwieldy mass on her chest, which drew every single eye in the room, male and female alike.

We saw River almost immediately. Or, the hostess he now was. She was gliding through the crowd, a silver tray of intricate-looking canapés held perfectly level in one hand. Her red silk dress was a slash of color in the throng, and she moved with an impossible grace. She saw us and her face lit up with a warm, genuine smile that was utterly at odds with the chaos she had unleashed.

"Ah, you two!" she said, her melodic contralto cutting through the noise. "Your transformations are simply divine. That dress looks exquisite on you, my dear," she said to me, "and Jasmine, your... newfound assets are truly a sight to behold." There was a faint, distant look in her eyes, a flicker of her original self watching from behind the mask of the perfect hostess. "Please, have a bite. And do let me know if there's anything at all you need. Your happiness is my only concern." She offered the tray, and we numbly took a canapé each before she glided away to attend to other guests.

We made our way towards the ballroom, towards the music. We needed a distraction. Marcus was still at the DJ booth, but he looked... different. His face was flushed, his eyes a little glazed, and he was dancing with an uninhibited, fluid energy he'd never had before. He saw us and grinned, waving us over.

"You guys!" he yelled over the beat. "This is wild, right?!"

"What happened to you, Marcus?" Jaz shouted back, gesturing to his bracelet.

He laughed, running a hand through his sweaty hair. "I have no idea, man! Check it out!" He pointed to his glowing screen.

*"Your rhythm is infectious, your beats make bodies sway,
now every time the bass drops, you'll become a little more gay."*

"Every time the bass drops?" I asked, my new voice sounding thin.

"Yeah! Watch!" He cranked a knob on his mixer, and a heavy, pounding bass drop hit, the floor vibrating with it. As the beat slammed in, a visible shudder went through Marcus. His eyes unfocused for a second, then snapped back, and his gaze immediately found the newly-muscled Ryan, who was awkwardly trying to get a drink at the bar. Marcus licked his lips, his eyes full of a new, intense appreciation. "Whoa," he breathed. "Okay, yup. Just got a little gayer. It's like a dial turning up, slowly. It's weird as hell, but the music's never been better!" He turned back to his decks, his hips swaying to the beat in a way they never had before.

Jaz and I just stared at each other, then slowly backed away. We found a spot near a pillar to catch our breath. Before we could even speak, a girl we vaguely knew from a lit class, Tiffany, stumbled over to us. Her eyes were wide, manic.

"Oh my god, you guys," she said breathlessly, her gaze not on our faces, but fixed somewhere around my waist level. "Do you realize how amazing vaginas are?"

Jaz and I exchanged another look. "Uh..."

"No, I'm serious!" she insisted. "The architecture of them? The potential? The sheer, elegant functionality? I can't stop thinking about it." We glanced at her wrist.

*"You take for granted what you have down there,
now you'll be obsessed, beyond compare."*

She looked up at me, her eyes intense and deeply unsettling. "Who are you by the way? I don't recognize you. Yours is probably amazing. So... perfect. Can I see it?"

"NO!" I shrieked, grabbing Jaz's arm and pulling her away, my heart pounding. We found a slightly quieter hallway, trying to escape the madness. But it was everywhere.

Jaz suddenly stopped, grabbing my new, slender arm. "Oh my god. Look." She pointed towards a small, crowded lounge. A woman stood in the center of a small group of guys,

holding court, laughing, a glass of wine in her hand. She was stunning, probably in her early forties, with a confidence and a knowing smile that was incredibly alluring. She was wearing a sophisticated, tailored dress that hugged a figure that was curvy, mature, and undeniably sexy.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"That's Brenda," Jaz whispered, her voice full of disbelief. "From my sociology class. She's twenty. She spends half of every seminar complaining about how she's terrified of turning thirty."

As if hearing her, Brenda looked over and gave us a slow, deliberate wink. We could just make out the golden script on her bracelet.

*"You fear the years that lie ahead,
so live a night as a sexy MILF instead."*

She looked... happy. More than happy. She looked powerful.

The tour of oddities continued. We saw a guy we recognized from the chess club, normally a scrawny, awkward kid, now built like a linebacker, a crowd of impressed girls hanging on his every word. Not far away, a known quarterback from the football team was sitting miserably on a couch, his face a mask of pure despair as he tried to explain his predicament to his equally confused girlfriend. "I don't get it, babe," he was saying, his voice a low, desperate whisper. "I went to take a leak and... there's nothing there. It's just... a pussy? How am I supposed to pee?!"

Jaz and I just looked at each other, our own transformations suddenly feeling a little less unique, a little less personal, just one flavor of chaos in a house-wide buffet of magical madness. We finally escaped to a small, deserted balcony, the cool night air a welcome relief on my new, flushed skin. Below us, the party raged, a chaotic, beautiful, terrifying human experiment.

I looked at Jaz. She was leaning against the railing, her arms crossed uncomfortably over her colossal chest, trying to take some of the weight off her back. I looked down at myself, at the strange, beautiful, female body I was trapped in. We were two strangers in our own skin, looking out over a gilded cage full of beautiful monsters. The clock on a nearby church tower

began to chime. Ten PM. Six more hours to go. And the night was only just beginning.