A Strangeness at the Frathouse

by Bill Hart

The Curse Begins

Terry Jenkins and Chris Wagner, for reasons unknown, had been 'invited' to the weekly council session. They'd arrived early and, as they waited in the hall, watched the frat's BMOC's arrive. The last to arrive was the President, a spoiled brat with old money named Dennis Reilly.

"Jenkins. Wagner. Glad to see you could make it. And on time for once in your lives. Amazing." said Reilly. "We've some business to take care of first. Have a seat. We'll call you in, when we're ready for you. It shouldn't be long."

Terry and Chris sat down in the chairs along the wall, as Reilly entered the meeting room and closed the door behind him.

"I wonder what Carrot Top wants from us," said Terry. "Wanna bet he's come up with another plan to get us kicked out of the frat."

"I wouldn't be surprised." replied Chris, "You know he doesn't like us. And I'm sure he knows you call him Carrot Top behind his back. He hates that."

"Tough. He doesn't like us; we don't like him. In my book, we're even. And I'll call him anything I want, he's just jealous because I'm a natural blonde."

After laughing at the obvious joke, Chris said simply, "I guess we'll just have to wait and see what he wants."

And so they waited.

And waited.

After nearly three hours, the door finally opened, and they were summoned inside.

"Wagner! Jenkins! We're ready for you. C'mon inside."

"About fucking time," mumbled Terry in voice only Chris could hear.

They rose from their chairs, walked over the door, and were led to the dais where Dennis presided.

"Wagner. Jenkins. I hope we haven't inconvenienced you too much, but the pressing business of the house took a little longer than we expected. But then, I'm sure you've been wondering why you were asked here today." said Dennis.

"Well," replied Chris as he looked over at Terry, "Yeah, uh.., we were, uh.., sort of."

"As you know, we're having a party here Saturday night. The council and I have decided to give you two the honor of inviting all of the girls to the party. We're sure you'll have no trouble filling the house with girls for the party. Just as we know you wouldn't want to disappoint the rest of your brothers. However, if the house isn't filled with girls Saturday night, you will be expelled from this fraternity."

Chris and Terry were too stunned to reply. It was already Thursday night. They had less than 48 hours. How would they ever get enough girls to fill the house? What they didn't know was that no sorority girl would accept an invitation from them. Dennis had already taken care of that detail.

"You're dismissed," smirked Dennis.

Not surprisingly...

Not surprisingly, Terry and Chris had no luck inviting girls from the campus. Not one of them accepted an invitation to the party. They'd heard every excuse ever used to say no at least a dozen times.

It was early Saturday afternoon, when a very dejected Terry turned to Chris and said, "Looks like old Carrot Top has beaten us. There isn't going to be one girl at the party, let alone a house full. Looks like our days in the frat are done."

"Why don't we try the mall?" replied Chris. "We certainly can't do any worse then we're doing here. Maybe we can satisfy Dennis and the council by getting a few mall rats to come to the party."

"I doubt mall rats are what they had in mind, Chris. But hell, its worth a shot, and I certainly can't think of anything else."

So they set off for the mall, disappointed and with little hope.

They entered the mall...

They entered the mall at one of the lesser used side doors. Over in a corner suite, but seemingly all by itself, was a small shop that neither boy had seen before - "Spells 'R Us."

"Maybe we should go in and find out if they have a spell to help us out." said Chris jokingly.

"Yeah, right."

They began to laugh.

They were still laughing as they entered the store, and heard the tinkle of bells announcing their entry. From the back room came a little old man wearing, what looked like, a bathrobe.

"Ah. Terry Jenkins and Chris Wagner, come in. Come in, and be welcome. I've been expecting you."

Their laughter stopped.

"How'd you know who we were?" questioned both boys at almost the same time.

"Simple, my boys. Simplicity itself. I'm a wizard. I know lots of things. You'd probably be surprised at some of the things I know."

The boys were speechless, but their expressions told the old man they didn't believe him.

"Need some proof that I'm a wizard, don't you." said the old man. "Hmmm, let me think. I know. This ought to convince you. Your fraternity council decided it was your responsibility to fill the house with girls for the party tonight."

Terry and Chris looked stunned.

"And," he continued, "All of them have turned you down. How's that."

"How?"

"I'm a wizard. Remember? Oh yeah, ... another thing you guys really need to know. The answer to 'why you haven't had any luck getting girls' so far. Dennis Reilly. He bribed them all to stay away."

"That bastard," exclaimed Terry, "I'll find a way to get even with ..."

"That's where I come in, my young friends." said the wizard. "I have a spell that will fill your house with girls for the party. Won't Dennis be pissed?"

"What's in it for you?" asked Chris. "What's it going to cost? Our souls?"

"I gain very little," replied the wizard, "Except the satisfaction of seeing you outwit that pompous bastard Dennis Reilly. As to cost, what would I want with your souls? Chris, I'm a wizard, not a demon. I don't do souls. And payment can be discussed the next time we meet. So how about it. Do we have an agreement?"

Chris looked over at Terry, who shrugged his shoulders and gave a small nod. "I suppose so," he said. "We really don't have any other options."

"Excellent. I'll get you guys a copy of the spell and the instructions from the backroom. I'll be right back."

"Gee, Terry. I don't know about this. Buying a spell from an old man in the mall sounds really stupid to me. And what is it really going to cost."

"Well, as you said, we don't have any other choices, do we? No spell means NO girls. Provided it works, and I'm still not sure I buy that wizard crap. I don't know about you, but I'm never coming back to this store. To get paid, he's gonna have to find me."

"Me either. That old man gives me the creeps."

The wizard returned carrying two small scrolls. Handing one of the scrolls to Chris, he said "These are the instructions for the spell. Everything necessary for the casting can be found in your room. They are fairly self-explanatory. Do everything they tell you to do, EXACTLY as they're written. Make no deviations."

He then turned to Terry and handed him the other scroll. "This is the spell. The last of the instructions requires the spell to be read aloud. Since there are two of you, the best possible results will be achieved by alternating the lines between you.

"And now my young friends, time marches on. You had best be on your way."

An hour before the party...

An hour before the party was to start, Terry and Chris had collected everything necessary for the conjuration. The old man had been right again. Everything had been found in their room. It was spooky.

Chris had already read the instructions several times. The old man had told them not to deviate from them, and he wanted to make absolutely sure he didn't, even accidentally.

"The first thing we need to do," said Chris, "is draw a circle on the floor. Then a square must inscribed within the circle. We have to make sure there are no breaks in either the circle or the square."

Chris watched Terry draw a circle on the hardwood floor using a piece of chalk. He was glad now that they hadn't picked a carpeted room. This ritual would have been a lot more complicated on a rug.

After completing the circle, Terry inscribed the square.

Both boys checked each figure for breaks. The square was all right, but the circle had a small, almost unnoticeable, break that Terry quickly filled in.

Chris went back to the instructions. "The next thing we have to do is fill out four slips of paper and put them at each of the four corners of the square at each of its corners. On the slips, we need to write, one per slip and in this order, write the place, day, and time of invocation and the spell duration length. The first slip is to be put in the upper-right corner of the square as it appears from the spellcaster. The other slips are to be put into the corners in counterclockwise order."

"The party is going to be here," said Terry. "The place of invocation is obviously here."

Terry wrote "HERE" on the first slip of paper.

"Chris, what should we write for the day of invocation? The party is tonight. Does that mean we should we write Saturday on the slip? Or should we put today's date on it?"

"I don't know," replied Chris. "The old man said everything was self-explanatory..."

"Wait just a minute." interrupted Terry. "It's obvious. When is the party? Today. Therefore the 'day of invocation' must be today."

"Of course, but didn't we already know that." said a confused Chris. "I still don't know what you're going to write on the slip?"

"The obvious, of course."

Terry wrote "TODAY" on the slip and held it up for Chris to read.

"The 'time of invocation' was also obvious. The party started at 7. Terry wrote "7PM" on the paper.

"How long to do we want this spell to last?" asked Terry. "I know I want to party 'til I drop. How many hours is it from 7 to dawn anyway?"

"I was thinking more like midnight." said Chris. "That's five hours."

"God, you're a nerd! Midnight? Give me a break!"

"We don't really have a lot of time to argue about this, Terry. We still need to read the spell. The campus curfew is 2am. Why don't we use it. That'll give us seven hours to party, and no one should get into any trouble."

"I guess, that will be all right."

Terry wrote "7 HOURS" on the slip.

He then took the four slips and put them in the proper order onto the proper corners of the square. Terry and Chris then positioned themselves outside the circle, so that the slip of paper with the place of invocation was in the upper-right corner of the square relative to the place they stood.

They had made no mistakes. Or so they thought.

They were finally ready to read the spell.

Terry opened the scroll with the spell. It was all of four lines long, much shorter than either of the boys had imagined it would be. It appeared to be written phonetically. There would be no errors in pronunciation. And no mistakes.

Terry read the first line, then Chris read the second, alternating just as the old man had suggested. Nothing happened. Was this what was supposed to happen?

Terry read the third line. Chris read the fourth. As the final syllable was spoken, the first slip of paper, then each of the others in turn, vanished in a puff of smoke.

They were done, but nothing looked different. Had the spell been cast? The only results they'd seen so far were four puffs of smoke. They hadn't even been enough to set off the smoke alarm.

Terry and Chris, not knowing what else to do, went downstairs to join the rest of their frat brothers waiting for the girls to arrive. They still hoped the spell would work as the old man had told them..

"Well," asked Dennis as he saw them, "Where are the girls you promised. I knew we couldn't trust you wimps to deliver. You're history."

Just then, the doorbell rang. It was just before seven.

"That must be them now, asshole," replied a relieved Terry. "C'mon Chris, let's go let them in. You too, Dennis. You should welcome our guests. All right guys, its time to party."

Dennis looked angry, as his frat brothers erupted into cheers. There was a sorority on campus that was going to have hell to pay for crossing him. Dennis couldn't wait to get to the door so he could find out which one.

Terry reached the door first. Dennis was a step behind him, with Chris another half-dozen steps or so behind him. As Terry opened the door, Dennis began to laugh. Standing at the threshold were, not the anticipated girls, but several old men dressed in, what looked like, bathrobes.

As they stared out the door, Terry recognized one and began to exclaim "What the ..."

And the clock on the mantle struck the first note of seven.

Time froze.

Chris watched, somewhat detached and not fully comprehending all that he saw, as both Terry and Dennis started to change.

Each one's hair lengthened to shoulder length. One in golden curls, the other a mane of red. Waists constricted, as hips expanded. Blue jeans and T-shirt became denim skirt and halter; dress slacks and sports' shirt became mini-skirt and silk blouse. Legs became smooth, then each stood in heels. Since neither faced him, he couldn't see the other changes.

Chris had been too occupied, too detached, to be aware that he was changing as well. Unnoticed went the auburn hair that flowed to mid-back, the constriction of waist, and the expansion of hips. Clothes changed to leather mini and blouse with plunging neckline. And finally, some awareness returned, as breasts inflated to fill the new blouse.

All three were confused.

For a moment.

And then clock on the mantle struck the last note of seven.

Time unfroze.

Memories changed.

"Hi, I'm Terri," said the young blonde at the door. "And this is Crissy and Denise. Won't you guys come in? The rest of our sisters are just dying to meet you."

They didn't recognize the old man from the mall. And as he crossed the threshold he became a young man.

Turning to this companions, who still waited outside, he said, " C'mon on in guys. I told you not to worry, and don't I always deliver. Didn't I tell you we'd be partying tonight with a house full of girls."

Terri and Denise took the young men who entered to meet their other sisters. But Crissy and the first young man, who had hours before been an old man selling spells in the mall, remained near the door.

"You're beautiful, Crissy." he spoke. "You've definitely changed, for the better I think, since the last time we met." He reached down, took her hand, and smiled. "It's time to party, my dear. And after a while, we can discuss payment for the spell."

The Next Day

It was afternoon before Terry and Chris stirred from their beds. It had been a great party last night. Hadn't it?

Chris stared at his reflection in the mirror. It was him. Wasn't it?

He glanced over at Terry, but saw a young, beautiful blond instead. When he turned to speak to her, he found only his roommate Terry standing there.

But then, Terry could have sworn, for just a moment, that he was in the room with a girl with long auburn tresses, and not his buddy Chris.

"What the hell is happening?" said both of them in unison.

"The spell!" exclaimed Terry. "It must have worked. I remember having a good time last night. And the house was full of girls, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, I remember the party," replied Chris, "And having a good time. And the house being full of girls, too. But -- and I know this sounds crazy -- I have a funny feeling that we were the girls."

"It does sound crazy, but even worse, it sounds right to me. Somehow, I think that's exactly what happened last night."

Just then came a knock at door.

A hot red-haired babe swayed into the room, after Terry opened the door. But the illusion, if it were one, vanished when they heard Dennis' voice. "Nice party boys. I really didn't think you had it in you. Maybe you can invite those girls back for another party someday."

"Maybe." said a puzzled Chris.

"Great." replied Dennis. "I'll see you both later. Have a nice day."

After Dennis left, Chris turned to Terry. "Dennis didn't notice anything strange. Just you and me. You realize that means we're going to have to go down to the mall, don't you? We've got to find out what's going on. We've gonna have to talk to that old man, the wizard, again."

"No way. Didn't you and I decide last night that we were never gonna to see that creepy old fart again? Besides, we still owe him something for the spell. Remember?"

"Yeah, we did." said Chris. "But that was yesterday, and today we've got major problems. And as far as owing him anything for the spell, I don't think we need to worry about it. That same funny feeling tells me that I paid for it last night."

Terry and Chris entered the mall...

Terry and Chris entered the mall at the same side entrance they had used the day before. They were a little apprehensive. What if the shop wasn't there? But there it was. Exactly as they remembered it. They walked, seemingly unnoticed, to the shop.

As they entered, they heard the tinkle of bell above the door, just as before.

And the old man, the wizard, came out from the back room.

"Chris. Terry. Its nice to see you boys again." he said on entering the room. "But I am a little surprised to see you back so soon. What can I do for you today?"

"For starters," replied Terry, "Tell us what the hell you did to us yesterday."

"All I did was sell you a simple spell. One that was supposed to fill your frat house with girls for a party last night. And it worked, didn't it? Wasn't the house packed with girls when the party started?"

"Yeah, it worked..., we think," said Chris. "But we also think, that somehow, we were the girls."

"Damn. My colleagues and I had hoped you wouldn't remember that. Normally, your memories are unaffected since you cast the spell. Aside from having a good time, most of your brothers remember nothing, but a few probably retain hazy recollections. Since we didn't want any of you to remember what happened, we altered your memories before we left, making everything seem perfectly normal. Its always worked before. I wonder what was different last night that let you remember?"

"Why didn't you tell us the spell would turn us into girls?" asked Terry.

"You didn't ask. Its a harmless side effect. And it solved your problem, didn't it? Besides, it was a one night shot. Nobody got hurt. Did they? Its over and done. I really don't see your problem."

"Then why do Terry and I see each other, and some of our brothers, as the girls we became last night?" questioned Chris. "It only lasts a few moments, but I'd call that a problem. Wouldn't you?"

"Maybe. Maybe not. Although I can't ever recall a time when this spell had that particular effect. Its probably just some residual fallout from the spell. Most likely, it'll disappear in a day or two. I don't think you should worry about it, but I'll ask around, check with some of the other wizards about it. If I find out anything, I'll let you know."

"Just great." sighed both boys.

"By the way, since we've inconvenienced you a little by all this, I have a gift for each of you. Don't worry, they're freebies with no strings attached."

The wizard reached into one of his pockets. He pulled out two identical pill bottles. He handed one each to Chris and Terry. Then, obviously dismissing them, he disappeared into the back room.

"Oh shit," thought Chris. "As if we don't have enough problems."

The labels read: "LOVE PILLS // Take one before dating"

It was after six...

It was after six before Terry and Chris returned to the house. The wizard hadn't cleared up much, but for some reason, they felt a little better. Maybe, because he didn't have all the answers. Perhaps, something else.

As they entered their room, Chris took the container of pills out of his pocket. He turned to Terry and asked, "Just what the hell are we going to do with these?"

"I don't know." replied Terry, "But given the results of the last spell we got from him, we better find out if there are any unlisted side effects before we even think about using them. I mean, picture this: we're ready to go out, pop a pill, and wham-bam, we're buxom, hot-to-trot, women."

"You don't think he'd do that to us again? Do you?"

"I have no idea. But I don't intend on taking any chances right now. Anyway, I'm not worrying about it tonight. I'm going downstairs to shoot some pool. You wanna come?

"Maybe later." said Chris. "But first I'm going to take a shower and get cleaned up."

Putting his bottle of "Love Pills" on his dresser, Terry replied, "Okay, see ya later then." He left the room, eager to forget about the events of day.

Chris looked again at the bottle of pills and shook his head. "Terry's right," he thought, "Don't worry about it tonight. Just take your shower." He put the pills on his dresser, then stripped, tossing his clothes on his bed. He took a towel from the linen cabinet, then walked down the hall to the showers.

The shower felt good. Chris couldn't remember ever taking a shower that felt so good. It lasted a long time, longer then any he'd ever taken. Or so it seemed. But finally he finished and reached out to turn off the water. He toweled off his hair, the rest of his body, then wrapped the towel around his waist.

Chris returned to his room. He picked up a comb as he stood before the mirror on his dresser and ...

The clock on the mantle downstairs struck the first note of seven.

Time froze, once again.

Chris watched in the mirror as his hair grew longer. At first it covered his ears, then fell onto his shoulders, before finally flowing down his back. In his hand, the comb became a brush.

His nose shrank, turned up a bit. His cheekbones rose. His frozen smile showed now-perfect teeth. His facial hair seemed to blur, then disappeared, leaving behind smooth skin.

The hair on his arms vanished. His arms and hands shrank, became female arms and female hands. Fingernails grew.

The hair on his chest vanished. A small valley of flesh formed above his sternum, then quickly deepened as two perfectly formed breasts swelled.

He couldn't see, but definitely felt, his waist contract or his hips and ass expand.

There was no confusion.

And then the clock on the mantle downstairs struck the last note of seven.

Time unfroze.

The towel fell.

She ran the brush through her long auburn tresses. She knew she was Crissy, but she also remembered being Chris and knew everything that was going on. She needed to talk to Terri.

She crossed to the door with every intention of screaming for Terri at the top of her lungs. It wasn't necessary. As she reached for the knob, Terri opened the door.

Terri stared at her naked friend. "Nice bod, girl."

"Very funny, blondie." Crissy replied. "I bet you can guess what this means, can't you."

"Yeah, I think so. After you get dressed, we're heading back to the mall."

It didn't take the two girls long...

It didn't take the two girls long to get to the mall. They entered, once again, through the side doors. But this time, they weren't ignored as they walked to the shop. They were quite embarrassed to be leered at, to be whistled at, by the boys hanging out in the mall.

The bell above the door tinkled as they entered the shop.

The old man came out from the back room. As he spied them, he paled, as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing, as if he were seeing ghosts.

"Terri? Crissy? Wha...? Why...? How can you be here?"

"Wanna bet on some new side effect from that spell you sold us?" replied Terri. "Everything happened just like it did last night. Except we watched the changes tonight, as we remembered the rest of what happened last night."

"That's not possible." stated the wizard. "It was a one-shot spell. Good only for the day of invocation you wrote on the second slip of paper."

"Then," said Terri, running a hand along her feminine curves, "How do you explain this?"

"I don't know. Everything went so smoothly last night... Its almost as if you invoked the spell again. But that's impossible, once invoked the scrolls become powerless, utterly useless."

"But we did everything right last night." whined Crissy. "What made this happen again tonight."

"Its a mystery. It shouldn't have... It isn't supposed to... but... Wait a minute, just what did you write for the day of invocation."

"I wrote TODAY on the slip." replied Terri.

"You didn't!"

"You said everything was self-explanatory," added Crissy. "TODAY seemed the obvious choice. Did we do something wrong?"

"You could say that." came the wizard's reply. "The day of invocation is supposed to be an absolute date: a month, a day, and a year. TODAY is a relative date. You invoked the spell incorrectly. As a result, you're girls again tonight."

A confused Crissy turned to Terri, who only shrugged her shoulders in reply. Then, turning back to the wizard, she simply said, "I'm afraid we still don't understand what's wrong."

"It's really quite simple. Ask yourself, 'last night, when was today?' or 'tonight, when is today?' or 'tomorrow, when will today be?' Today is always current. It is always today."

Both girls gasped, as they realized what the wizard meant.

"You mean, we're going to change into girls every night for the rest of our lives?" asked Crissy.

"You and every other male in the house when the spell re-invokes. Of course, if you aren't in the house at 7PM, you stay male."

"And what other things do we need to know?" asked a suspicious Terri.

"Just a few. You two are the spellcasters. Your governing rules are slightly different from the others. Even though you'll respond, and sometimes think, as females do, you'll know exactly what's going on. All of the other transformed males will think and act as if they'd been born female. They will be virtually indistinguishable from a normal woman for the duration of the spell.

"You'll remember everything. Their memories of time spent female will, if remembered at all, be somewhat fuzzy. More likely, their memories will alter, become a masculine equivalent. A 'girl' kissed will remember kissing a girl. And so on.

"You two, while female, can come and go from the house as you please. The others are restricted to the house, unless one of you accompanies them."

"Wow! Is there anything else?" asked Crissy.

"Yes, the two most important things.

"If one you leaves the house, or takes another of the girls from the house, while the spell is in effect, you must return before it ends. If not, the form of the consequences is not only unknown, its totally unpredictable.

"Also, while any of you are outside, the spell will act like a magnet, attracting the attention of some of my more pranksterish colleagues. This makes you highly susceptible to additional spells, which may in turn result in your not being able to return to the house in time."

"What do you mean?" asked both girls.

"The easiest way is to show you." He waved his hand and two full-length mirrors appeared against the wall of the shop. "Okay girls, step up to the mirrors. Terri, you'll be first."

As Terri stepped in front of the mirror, the wizard waved his right hand. Terri stared into the mirror, she had no other choice.

She watched as her hair thickened, lightened to platinum blonde, then curled as if permed.

Her clothes felt tight across her breasts and her hips. She heard them start to tear, but they reformed as she watched. First, a one-piece bathing suit, baring shapely legs. Another tear, her midriff was bared, the suit reformed again, a bikini. She felt so feminine, as the mirror reflected her seductive pose. She felt the cloth against her skin rearrange and shrink. She looked in the mirror; a nymph in a string bikini looked back.

"Hot damn," she thought, running a hand through her hair. "I'm absolutely gorgeous."

The wizard waved his right hand once more at Terri. Crissy watched as Terri's reflection smiled, then failed at suppressing a giggle.

"I'm going to ask her a couple of questions." said the wizard to Crissy. "I hope you won't be too surprised at anything she says."

He turned to Terri and asked, "What is your name?"

She coyly smiled. Then in a soft voice, more seductive than any Crissy had ever heard before, replied, "My name is Teresa Jenkins."

"How long have you been a girl, Teresa?"

"What a silly question," she replied. She giggled, then added, "I've always been a girl."

"And why did you come to the mall tonight?"

"You ask the silliest questions." She giggled. "I came looking for men, of course. I know they'll just love me." And she giggled again.

Crissy watched Teresa start primping in the mirror. She turned to the wizard, "How..."

The wizard waved his left hand to interrupt her. "There is no time for questions, Crissy. It's your turn now."

Crissy was now compelled to stare into the mirror.

Her hair became shorter, just barely off her shoulders. It lightened, became a shade of dirty blonde. It lost body, became stringy.

Her breasts shrank. She looked like a child. As the cloth of her blouse thickened, buttons dropped off, and then the two sides seamlessly fused. Her reflection wore a white halter top. Her midriff was bare.

Watching her reflection, she saw her shorts shrink, baring her legs. When it stopped, she was wearing a spandex mini-skirt.

Hoop earrings hung from her ears. Bracelets now adorned both her wrists. A small chain hung around her neck.

She became shorter, then appeared to grow once again, as pumps with heels appeared on her feet.

The wizard again raised his left hand. He turned to Crissy and asked "What is your name?"

"Tina Wagner." came the whispered reply.

"How old are you, Tina?"

"Fifteen, but I'll be sixteen in two weeks."

"And what brings you to the mall tonight?"

"You know. Like the mall, you know, is like, you know, the place to be."

Both girls now primped in front of their mirror.

The wizard smiled. He knew he could leave them this way. Most of his colleagues would. He could almost hear them say, "A simple solution for a simple problem. Keep them out of the house, let the unknown do its thing. No one will know what happened. No one will remember Tina and Teresa, or Crissy and Terri, or, for that matter, Chris and Terry." He didn't know what would happen to them, but he was sure he wouldn't have any fun.

"Okay girls," he said. "Time to return to normal with memories intact."

He looked at Teresa, then at Tina. He waved his hand, then snapped his fingers. Terri and Crissy stood in front of the mirrors.

"Wow!" said both girls.

"That was really weird." added Terri. "And any of your buddies could do that to us?"

"That, or possibly worse. And, if you failed to return to the house on time, then, in all probability, you'd vanish and no one would remember you had ever existed."

"Isn't there anything you can do to protect us?" asked Crissy. "There must be something that can be done."

"As a matter of fact, there is something I can do." replied the old man. He pulled two necklaces from his pocket and handed one to each of the girls. "Wear these whenever you leave the house, they'll scramble the magic attractors. None of my friends will be able to find you, even though they will, after some time passes, suspect you exist. For added protection, consider wearing them all the time."

Putting the necklaces on made the girls feel secure. They both thanked the wizard, each gave him a peck on the cheek, but neither thought about the payment required.

"It's time you should be returning home." said the wizard as he led them to the door. "Remember what I've told you. And be careful. Never forget to wear the necklaces."

"We won't. We promise. And thank you again."

The wizard stood in his doorway, watched the delightful sway of their asses, listened to the whistles directed at them.

The girls reached the mall doors. They turned, saw the wizard watching them, and waved. He waved back, then watched as they left.

"Yes, they should provide me some fun." he thought. "For a while, at least. Perhaps a couple of centuries, maybe more."

The Basics of the Spell

It had been a long and really weird couple of weeks for both Terry and Chris. They had decided after the second night's transformations that they needed to find out all they could about the effects of the spell.

And now, at the end of the second week, they were reasonably confident that they had discovered just about everything a male needed to know in order to live with and within the effects of the spell. Of course, during this time, they hadn't found out what would happen if one of the "girls" stayed outside the house at or past 2AM, but then the wizard at the mall didn't know either. Neither of them were overly sure they ever wanted to find out.

In order to try and figure out the spell, they had had to spend the targeted spell time in both their male and female identities. Over the course of the last fourteen days, there had been times that both Chris and Terry observed the happenings, just as there were times when Crissy and Terri watched. But more frequently, it was a mixed gender pairing, either Crissy and Terry or Chris and Terri, doing the observation.

And just what had they determined?

First of all, the spell made every male in the house at 7PM - female. And they remained female until 2AM the next morning. With the exceptions of Terry and Chris, the spell basically made them act and think like the women they appeared to be. And in the morning, they generally had no memory of being female, although some of them did speak now and again of odd dreams, and the memories that they did have, generally reflected a masculine view of the evening.

Initially, Chris and Terry believed...

Initially, Chris and Terry believed that the spell only affected their frat brothers. But they'd determined otherwise the very next night.

The football team's second string running back, Larry Miller, had severely sprained his left ankle in the last game and, after being released from the hospital, had been confined to bed rest for a week. The doctors would re-evaluate his condition the following week.

Around 6:30 that evening, Larry had visitors -- the team's offensive line.

Chris had seen them on his way out. It was his night to observe things as a male, while Terri would watch as a girl.

"Hey, Larry. How's the ankle?" he'd asked as he poked his head into the room.

"Who's the wimp?" asked one of the linemen, who could have been mistaken for a great ape in the dark. And he was the smallest of Larry's four visitors.

"That's just Chris. He's cool." replied Larry. "Oh, and Chris, the ankle's still a little tender, but I think its getting better."

"That's great Larry." said Chris. But after looking down at his watch, he hurriedly added, "I'm late. I've got to get going. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yeah, you'd better get going, wimp." said the ape.

Chris just barely had time to get outside when the clock on the mantle struck 7PM. From just the other side of the sill, he watched his brothers shift into women. Then, when movement resumed, he re-entered the house and strode up the stairs.

"Hi, Chris. Forget something?" asked Laura Miller. She was bouncing from foot to foot trying to work out a kink in her left ankle. "Or do you just want to watch me and some of the girls practice our new cheers?"

She began some stretching exercises, as did her four visitors, who had become gorgeous, buxom (no... that was an understatement ... they were bigger than buxom, considerably bigger) cheerleaders. Chris had never in his life seen women this large before. And he stared. And they noticed.

"C'mon in, Chris." one said. "You'll love watching us practice."

"Isn't he cute?" said another.

"Sure is."

"Relax girls, he's taken." said Laura. "I'm sure Terri's wondering where you are. Don't you?"

"Yeah. Ah. Right. Um. C'ya later."

And Chris fled in the direction of Terri's door to the accompaniment of girlish giggling.

And in the morning, when Larry Miller woke, there was no trace of injury to his left ankle. He was amazed, but not as much as his doctors were.

And then they discovered...

And then they discovered, that the spell affected their female visitors as well.

Initial they figured that the women would be affected by only a minor mental change. That guess turned out to be totally wrong. Even after two weeks, they still weren't sure how the spell affected women. It wasn't for lack of trying. It was simply that the effect on women wasn't consistent. It didn't even appear to be very predictable.

Over the course of two weeks, they had carefully observed Robert Warner and his girlfriend Patricia Toller.

On one occasion, they were making out in a reclining chair at 7PM. It was a hot and heavy scene, that didn't miss a beat as Robert morphed into Bobbie and Patricia mentally became her lesbian lover.

Then there was the time that Robert had accidentally left his wallet in his room. Patricia and Robert had come back to the house and were on their way up the stairs, when the mantle clock struck 7PM. Robert, as always, transformed into Bobbie, but Patricia had also morphed ... into Patrick. They couldn't leave the house after the change, but from the sounds emanating from her (his?) room... they'd obviously enjoyed themselves.

And then there were a couple of days, that Robert needed to study. As weird as it sounds, the grade average of every member of the house was improving. Studying wasn't gender related, but if the "girls" weren't otherwise occupied, they studied. And apparently, if the spell determined, how was known, that one of the "girls" needed to study, she studied.

So on those nights, when Bobbie only wanted to study, she was singularly uninterested in either Patricia or Patrick. Which was probably just as well, since the spell (assumedly) forced Patricia or Patrick into lust for CeeJay Larson.

And to make matters even more complicated, there was another night when Patricia and her friend Sean Ashton had just arrived when the clock struck 7PM. Patricia became Patrick, who was suddenly in lust with Sean, who was just as suddenly in lust with Patrick.

The permutations gave both Chris and Terry headaches.

If there were a good side...

If there were a good side to the spell, it was, fortunately, that no one could leave the house unless taken by either Chris/Crissy or Terry/Terri.

But then, once transformed, either physically and/or mentally, nobody wanted to, of their own free will. At least, until after 2AM.

It had been a long two weeks.

And then, they'd also noted...

And then, they'd also noted personality differences. Most were bearable, some were not.

It was well-known to the rest of the fraternity that Dennis Reilly, the frat's President and an all-around asshole, hated Terry Jenkins and Chris Wagner with an indescribable passion. And, unexplainably, it had gotten worse, since the curse began.

But then, maybe it was explainable.

Dennis, on one of occasions he been out of the house at 7PM, had met Crissy Wagner in the hall. In a case of "lust at first sight," Dennis had, to Crissy's great annoyance, professed his undying love for her. Dennis, as everyone could plainly see, had it bad for Crissy. And seeing her and Terry together fueled his flames of anger. And to make matters worse, for some reason, he thought that Chris was out to keep Crissy away from him.

Denise, on the other hand, lusted after Terry. She perceived Crissy as a threat and as a rival for his affections. And seeing her and Terry together fueled her flames of anger. And to make matters worse, for some reason, she thought that Terri was trying to keep Terry away from her.

Paranoia ran deep in both Dennis and Denise.

It had become extremely difficult to identify the players without a scorecard.

Then there were the strange things...

Then there were the strange things that were happening. Terry and Chris didn't want to believe that the spell they had inaccurately cast was at the root of strangeness, but magic seemed the most culpable culprit.

Patricia Toller and Robert Warner broke up. No one had any idea why. That in itself wasn't too strange, but less than a week later Patricia and her friend Sean disappeared. Even stranger, the frat had two new pledges with similar names that no one remembered seeing before.

Patrick Toller and Shawn Ashton.

It was eerie.

Very eerie.

Suspicious, both Terry and Chris had watched the first time the curse struck the new pledges. But Pamela and Sara didn't look anything like Patricia and Sean.

And then there was a new sorority Sigma Beta Beta, whose initials SBB were more readily expanded to "Sorority of Buxom Babes." When had they been chartered? And by whom? No one knew. And both Terry and Chris wondered why the names Samantha Johnson and Charlotte Morgan sounded so familiar. They were sure they hadn't met them, and they were even surer that they'd never known a Sam Johnson or Charlie Morgan. But still, the names were so familiar.

And then there was Terry's cousin, Norm. It looked like he was going to be riding the bench this season, when, inexplicably the entire starting lineup, both offense and defense, came down with the flu before the Colorado State game. They'd lost and lost big. But Norm had been an awesome quarterback in defeat. And then, when James Heller, the starting quarterback had disappeared, Norm had stepped right in. And his new girlfriend, Jamie. Wow! What a fox!

And what had happened to Jack Johnson. He had gone over to make up with his girlfriend Cindy Mitchell. After leaving her a pedigreed golden retriever bitch as a peace offering, he had seemingly disappeared off the face of the earth.

And Bob and Jack and Lee had also just disappeared, as if they'd never existed. Even stranger, Lisa Carver, Robert Warner's new girlfriend, resembled the girl Barbara that Bob morphed into. Must be coincidence.

And where had the wizard gotten that dog?

And why, of all of the guys in the fraternity, had Dennis Reilly, CeeJay Larson, and Terry Jenkins received invitations to the Lambda costume party? The Lambda's generally ignored the house.

What was going on?

Did the spell on the house have anything to do with what was going on? Or not?

"Well," said Chris...

"Well," said Chris stretched out on his bed and yawned. "I think we've found out about as much as we're going to find out."

"Me too. I wish we could have found out more about what happens and why to the 'real' girls. But I guess, we probably won't."

"Guess not."

"Think about the Lambda party, Chris." suggested an unheard voice.

"You going to the Lambda party?" asked Chris.

"I doubt it. I can't understand why they invited just the three of us, and Dennis Reilly certainly isn't high on my list of people I want to party with."

"For sure."

"Besides, there's something really weird going on there. The invitation says Playboy Playmate Tomi Hill, Miss October, will be the guest of honor. That's typical of the Lambdas. But I could swear that when I got the invitation, someone else was the guest of honor."

"Who?"

"I don't remember."

"And that's going to keep you home. You actually want to miss seeing Tomi Hill in the flesh. If I were you, I'd go to the party. I've only seen her photographs. But, wow!"

"Ask Crissy to the party." suggested the unheard voice.

"Sounds like you'd like to be there." questions Terry.

"Yeah. But it ain't going to happen."

"The ticket says I can bring a date."

"Are you crazy? When the Lambdas say you can bring a date, they mean a date, a girl date. Not your roommate. You remember girls?"

"But, ah, I thought that, maybe, you'd like to go as Crissy. Being seen with a fox like Crissy at a Lambda party will boost my standing with the rest of the girls on campus."

"Damn. Now I know you're crazy . . ."

"You want to go to the party as Crissy." suggested the unheard voice.

"But then, it might be fun. Sure. Okay. Its a date."

"Great." said Terry. "But we're going to need costumes for the party."

And Chris rolled over and turned out the lights.

"We'll worry about that tomorrow morning."

"But you won't have to worry...

"But you won't have to worry about it at all." said the old man from his shop in the mall. "You'll have your costumes delivered to your door. They'll be there you wake in the morning."

"You should have an interesting time. Very interesting."

And the old man smiled as he carefully put the necklace, identical to those he'd given Terri and Crissy, back in its case.

The Lambda Party

When Chris woke up the next morning, he just laid quietly in his bed.

"How could I agree to go to the Lambda party with Terry as his date?" he asked himself silently. "But, it might be okay. No one will recognize me as Crissy. And I will get to meet Miss October, even if she'll think I'm a little strange when I stare at her."

Chris got out of bed and quickly dressed. He was going to have to find a costume for Crissy to wear to the party. And he didn't have a lot of time.

"Hi, gorgeous." came Terry's voice, straining hard to hold back the laughter. "Looking forward to our big date tonight, pussycat?"

"You're an asshole. You know that? I can't believe I agreed to go on date with you."

"Technically, YOU are not going to be my date. Crissy is."

"And I still don't know why I agreed to this."

"Because you want to meet Miss October, and you know it."

"Yeah, maybe. But I still need to find a costume for Crissy."

"Don't worry about it. I have a feeling everything will work out just fine."

Chris gave Terry a puzzled look but decided not to press the issue. He had other things to worry about.

Later that day, a package arrived at the house. It was addressed to both Terry and Chris. They opened it to find two costumes inside. One was a sleek, sexy cat costume for Crissy, complete with ears and a tail. The other was a dashing pirate outfit for Terry.

"Looks like someone knew we needed costumes," said Terry with a grin.

"Yeah, but who?" asked Chris.

"Does it matter? Let's just go with it."

That evening, as the clock struck 7PM, Chris transformed into Crissy. She put on the cat costume, which fit perfectly, and admired herself in the mirror. Terry, now dressed as a pirate, couldn't help but stare.

"You look amazing, Crissy," he said.

"Thanks, Terry. You don't look so bad yourself."

They arrived at the Lambda party fashionably late. The house was packed, and the music was loud. Crissy felt a mix of excitement and nervousness as they entered.

As they mingled, Crissy couldn't help but notice the attention she was getting. She was the center of attention, and it felt both exhilarating and overwhelming.

Then, she saw her. Tomi Hill, Miss October, standing by the bar, looking even more stunning in person. Crissy's heart raced as she approached her.

"Hi, I'm Crissy," she said, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Nice to meet you, Crissy," replied Tomi with a warm smile. "You look fantastic."

"Thanks. So do you."

They chatted for a while, and Crissy found herself relaxing. Tomi was easy to talk to, and they had a lot in common. The night flew by, and before she knew it, it was almost 2AM.

"I had a great time tonight," said Crissy as they said their goodbyes.

"Me too," replied Tomi. "Maybe we can hang out again sometime."

"I'd like that."

As Crissy and Terry left the party, they couldn't help but feel a sense of accomplishment. They had pulled it off, and it had been a night to remember.

Back at the house, as the clock struck 2AM, Crissy transformed back into Chris. He looked at Terry and smiled.

"That was one hell of a night," he said.

"You can say that again," replied Terry. "And who knows, maybe this spell isn't so bad after all."

Chris nodded in agreement. "Yeah, maybe."

They both knew that their lives would never be the same, but for now, they were content to take it one day at a time.