

Fawn

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By: Daniel "Pendragon"

Book 3: Moon Child Chapter 9: First Month of New Life

"This must be what she means." I said quietly, laying on my bed while Jen finished dressing, and coming over to me as I fingered the passage, I showed her a statement about the moon phases and the greater magics of Luna, the Goddess of the Hunt and Fertility and Change.

"Certain magics, especially those that govern anything of a feminine nature," Jen read. "Is empowered or weakened by the Moon. The Fae had often linked themselves with certain sources of magic, and Dana, or Luna, the goddess of the Moon and Fertility, empowered herself as the sources of fertility and femininity and change by making herself the Spirit of the Moon.

"When the moon is waxing, these powers grow till they become a tumultuous strength most especially at night, and most especially on a night of a full moon."

"That must be how I was able to summon Fawn when I did." I stated then. "I did the spell-ritual on the second day of the full moon... when it's at its strongest, and right at midnight when its at its highest."

Jen nodded and continued reading. *"On a night of the full moon, a feminine creature, such as the Fawn of the Satyr, who were closely affiliated to the goddess of the moon in their own time, grow stronger than normal, and have extra powers that would usually be denied to her. One such power, manifestation, allows a Fawn to manifest for a short period of time in the real world provided she has the aide of a summoning circle or a medium to allow her to cross over, to which she is free to realize her desires.'*

"Realize her desires?" Jen gasped. "But what could she want?"

I heard a giggle and looked up to the mirror over the dresser and I smirked. "Why don't you ask her?" I said and Jen turned, saw the mirror which would've been blank to her, and striding to it, removing a sharpie pen from the pen holder on the desk that was nearby, she expertly created the summoning glyph, quickly said the incantation and then shifted her gaze to look at Fawn as she appeared.

"What do you want Fawn? What do you want to do when you're able to manifest?" Jen asked immediately without any preamble.

Fawn lifted her chin. "I want Patrick." She said simply. "Three days out of twenty-eight, I may make direct physical contact with my master inside a specially prepared field called a summoning circle. Other days, like All-Hallows-Eve, the solstices and the equinoxes, or in special places like mighty Stonehenge that also allows me to manifest, become physical and touchable, I want to touch and be touched, and be *pleasured* by the one man in *five centuries* who's dared to care for and love me for reasons other than for my powers!"

Fawn folded her arms beneath her four breasts and stood there in the mirror at a jaunty stance, daring Jen to deny her.

Jen faced her, her face passive, and I looked between my two ladies hoping that they'd make up when...

"Ok." Jen said suddenly and I blinked, not expecting such an answer, not as quick of one.

"But Jen... you wanted to make me swear..." I began.

“No...” She lowered her head with a sigh and shook it. “Not with Fawn, not after what she’s already done for us. I won’t deny her of only three days out of twenty-eight. Not after our last discussion with each other. You both have my permission, that on those nights, you may have each other.”

I fell silent, and then rising I moved behind Jen and held her shoulders before looking to Fawn.

“Fawn, I made the promise to be faithful to her before I knew that you could come out of me and we could meet face to face.”

“I understand, but Mistress Jennifer... that... I... I know you allowed me to merely touch him in the altered reality that I was in but... thank you for not denying me this. I-I’ll never forget it.”

Jen managed a smile.

“What I get to have with him – his ring, his name, his love, his baby – and to have all that when all you get is to live inside him with little contact or to come out and see him only a few times out of a year, I cannot be so selfish. I’ll share.” She nodded to herself and promptly wrapped both arms about herself. “I’ll share.”

School was to be out of service for a week as the CDC went through the whole of the place looking for any other sources of the *‘unknown sickness’* that caused them to close the school and quarantine its entire populace while cleansing the place.

None of the people released could remember really what’d happened to them, only that they’d inexplicably awoken on a gurney in nothing but a medical gown after having lost about five to fifty percent of their former body weight for whatever reason. They went home to their families while the CDC went through and fogged the whole school with some sort of mist that would kill germs. Every locker was opened, every bit of trash was gathered, inspected and burned and every strip of cloth or clothing that was in the school was collected and also inspected and burned.

The CDC also wasn’t releasing anything as to what’d happened either, saying to whoever asked that they were still investigating and there were some military agents in hazard suits seen at the site by the press, meaning that the CDC probably turned it to their military counterparts fearing that this was some sort of biological attack.

Regardless, Jen and I had a full week in which there was no school work, and nothing to do but to be together and alone. After collecting my paycheck from the burger flipper joint, Jen and I did a little more shopping, this time with me as a man, and likewise... we looked at some simple rings.

Because of how importantly I felt about it, I got a simple gold ring for her on a chain, sized for her finger and hung it about her neck.

“This is for a promise.” I said as I hung it about her slender neck and dipped it into her breasts to be warmed by those soft mammaries before I shamelessly fingered those swells in public. “And when you turn eighteen, you can take it off and put it on.”

We kissed just then.

This all happened on a bench outside the mall we usually went to while we waited for the bus... but as we kissed, starting to tongue each other’s mouths now, there was the squealing of wheels and breaking away from each other, we saw a car accident happening with an armored car.

Or at least that’s what it appeared to be at first.

There was gun fire coming from the car colliding with the armored car, and the driver of the armored car somehow got shot through the window with one of the bullets; armor-piercers, obviously. The armored car careened and turned, and its multi-ton weight aimed straight for us!

People were getting out of the way as it came toward us, and like what'd happened many times since I'd absorbed Fawn whenever danger was near, time slowed down, it gave me a chance to react and I saw immediately that there was no time to get out of its way... no time to shove Jen away, and so I rose to meet the machine.

There was an explosion that happened around me... a remarkable shift of power that blazed inside me as I rushed forward, and I felt the slow shredding – or at least what felt like slow from the distorted sense of time around me – of all the clothing on me as I rushed forward and shoved with all my might against the machine.

Muscles were popping out of every square inch of my being as I was rapidly growing, even in this slowed reality, and both my breasts erupted from me like expanding airbags, my penis shot inside me to become a vagina just before the two secondaries below the primaries that I'd not grown since that first time of becoming so large swelled into being and bounced and jiggled as I moved.

Horns and ears erupted from me, my feet turned into hooves and tore from the shoes I'd been wearing, shredding them from around me as every scrap of clothing on me save for my underpants and halter top erupted in an explosion of cloth.

And then the armored car pressed against me, and I dug both cloven feet in.

The heavy metal and armored plating folded around me as the back of the armored car leapt upward, the engine block and the grill folding and pressing against me while the truck and I slid backward toward Jen ever so slightly, but I forced myself against the car even harder and its back came back down with a thud, popping the four rear wheels set in a dually-formation and snapping the rear axle as it landed.

But I stopped it!

I stopped an out of control multi-ton vehicle traveling at high speeds, bringing it to a dead stop and resisting the incredible inertia of the machine as if I were catching a mattress flung onto me.

Time returned to normal and people pointed at me, they gasped and screamed while the other car tore through a park that was nearby, and gritting my teeth, I set after it, running faster than a cheetah on my two legs after the vehicle, feeling the firmly engorged mammaries jostling slightly with every lunging jog as I drew closer and closer to the old car just before I leapt at it, grabbed its rearward bumper and then hefted the vehicle off the ground so that it's tires spun noisily. There I held it easily and even shifted all its weight to one hand as I felt my body muscling up even further from the exertion; the whole of it growing stronger from such exertion, my labia puffing outward and spreading apart while my body became ribbed in layers of overlapping and chorded muscle striations. The growth continued from a combination of exertion and the overwhelming male desire to protect a loved one welling up in me with the feminine desire to guard one's friends and lovers from harm mixing with it.

As that strength peaked, I gasped, moistening hotly between my legs with the panties that clung to me stretching to their utmost, and then twisting with a slam-dunk maneuver, I slammed that car so hard into the ground that all the tires popped and the axel broke just like the armored car had done. Then striding over to the car and peeling its hood off like I was opening a can of sardines, I looked down at the men who were inside even as one leveled what looked like a desert eagle on me and fired.

I winced with the pain of the round striking me, and it stung as two more rounds fired into me, but each successive round grew weaker and weaker against me as my flesh all over this transformed body of mine hardened like some sort of natural ballistic armor, gaining the toughness of Kevlar.

“That hurts!” I bellowed, and reaching in, pulled the men from the car and shook them both till they dropped their weapons, and shifting both to one hand, I reached down, took both weapons, and crumbled them together as easily as if I were wadding up a sheet of paper.

“W-what the hell are you?!” one whimpered, gasping and staring at me.

I smirked.

“One could think I’m your worst nightmare, but that doesn’t fit my personality and is kind of cliché. Besides... that’s batman’s line. Instead, I am Fawn! Caretaker of the Weak and the Innocent!” I struck a pose, and at that moment, I thought that a long cape fluttering behind me would’ve made a wonderfully dramatic addition to my wardrobe instead of a pair of panties and a halter held on by elastic webbing that really didn’t cover anything. I mean my tits were out in the open and wobbling free – I kind of like the feeling, but that didn’t stop my naughty bits from being out in the open – and my crotch was so swollen and the panties wedged so tightly against it to display the camel toe that it was as if I were wearing nothing.

“Yeah ok... that was stupid, but I’ll work on it. For now, you two are going to the police!”

There were police and an ambulance all right when I arrived back on the scene, people taking my picture with digital cameras they so happened to have, and when they didn’t have that, I became painfully aware as to exactly how many cell phones had cameras in them now.

I’d just have to get out of here before news crews showed up.

But while I stood there, I looked for the only person who mattered to me at the moment, and found Jen safe and sound amidst the crowd, remaining inconspicuous. There was a broken fire hydrant spewing water, there were several crashed cars and people laying in the street, and lifting the two men that had been in the car and shaking them I pointed at the injured people.

“Is this worth it? Is this worth everything you bastards?!” and I shook them again before dropping them before a gaggle of policemen who were more interested at the moment to watch me than to apprehend the crooks. “Well? Cuff them!” I shouted at them and they immediately got to work apprehending the two men while I dropped the crumpled ball of their weapons on the ground. “There... more evidence.”

“Hey Charlie! Get the Jaws of Life! The driver and his partner are inside the cab of the armored car still and they’re bleeding to death!”

I turned with a heavy wobbling of tits toward the stopped armored car where a pair of paramedics were trying to get the armored door open with crowbars. I stepped toward them but when they heard the sound of my footfalls and turned toward me, both gasped at my approach and stared stupidly at me.

“Move... quickly!” I said to them and they hurried off the armored car’s wheel wells, and reaching forward, I dug the fingers of both hands easily underneath the lip of the car door and ripped it off with a jerk.

It felt as light as holding a like-sized composite board, but when I dropped it, it made a loud metallic ring as it struck the asphalt and sunk into it slightly.

“Thanks miss.” One said and rushed in to cut the driver loose from his seatbelt before another medic arrived with a gurney.

Miss? That’s right... I was a miss like this, wasn’t I?

“Hey! Super Beast! Over here!” and I turned seeing a man in a suit striding forward with another man following him with a camcorder, and right before me the man in the suit turned around and faced the man with the camcorder.

“Kurt Boxlighter here on behalf of Channel Nine News, I’m here at the scene of an attempted armored car robbery in which two armed men were apprehended by a creature known only as Super Beast! We see here...”

“Fawn.” I said quietly and crouched low so that I could be in the same frame shot as the reporter. “My name is Fawn, not Super Beast, though that has a nice ring to it... But anyways,” I reached forward with a claw tip and hit the eject button on the camcorder before taking the tape. “No photographs or tapes or interviews... please.”

“Hey! That’s Channel Nine property!” the man said. “Haven’t you ever heard of freedom of the press?”

“Haven’t you ever heard of privacy? Or what about the fifth amendment? Essentially mister reporter, I never liked reporters, and since you’re a reporter, I don’t like you. No tapes, no photographs, no interviews. I’m not a sideshow freak for your amusement. Oh, and by the way...” I gestured toward a nearby police officer. “Mister officer, I’m certain that my rights as an American Citizen can be held sound, that if Chanel Nine news prints or publishes something I don’t like about me, I’m perfectly within my rights to barge into their studio and mangle the offending party up into a tight little ball and play soccer with him?” and then I looked at the reporter with a feral grin.

“I should say so, minus the assault portion you mentioned there, miss.” He said with a tip of his hat. “Freedom of the press does of course end when privacy begins.” The officer smirked. “It’s amazing as to how many members of the press don’t respect that.”

“So mister Chanel Nine News...”

“Boxlighter...” the reporter said, bringing himself up.

“I don’t care.” I replied, poking him lightly in the chest, which made him fall right to the ground. “You can leave me out of your report to your bosses.” And then I rose again with a heavy jostling of breasts. “And Jen, if you’re out there, I’m going to that place where I did that thing that one time...” I said aloud for everyone to hear, and then wondering if I could leap a building in a single bound, I leapt... and was immediately startled as the city itself very rapidly disappeared beneath me... and I suddenly found myself trying to avoid an airplane.

Got to wave at a kid staring out the window though.

I’m Jennifer...

I had to remind myself that Pat was only protecting me and that it’d be wrong to get angry. After all, how could I get angry? He’d just stopped two criminals and saved several people’s lives, including mine, so how could I get angry? Why was I getting angry? It wasn’t foolishness to want to protect me, but he’d just unzipped his fly by transforming into his fully blown altered form, horns and all.

What if a traffic camera caught him? Or a camera on a bank, or an ATM, or any number of cameras everywhere?!

Sighing and walking through a park that was many miles away from the scene of the crime, I halted at a tree overlooking a pond as the sun began to set.

“You made it!” I heard someone feminine say above me, and looking up saw Patricia as she hopped out of the tree before me and landed there with a heavy wobbling of boobs and the rippling of muscle. She was so agile as a woman, and so powerful. Dressed in only her halter and panties, she appeared to be in a sexy two-pieced bathing suit that only just hemmed in her impressive physique and the blessings of femininity she gained as a woman. “I was almost afraid you’d forgotten...”

She looked so sexy and so feminine as she stood before me and touched her index fingers together repeatedly, pursing her lips and looking shy.

“How can I forget the first place I kissed a boy?” I smirked. “How could I forget it was you?” and I handed her a bag of her shorn and torn clothes as she shifted to Patrick and shrank dramatically till, those panties filling with the impressive girth of his manhood while shrinking to a height that was nearly to the centimeter as tall as I was. “But I’m very impressed, and a little angry for some reason, at you for what you did.”

“Angry? Why?” he asked while piecing clothes together magically.

I sat down upon the large boulder that was beside the tree overlooking the pond, and I sighed before pulling out the ring from between my breasts and took to pressing the tip of my ring finger into it.

“Possibly... I wished that it was me doing those things. Ultimately, I’m too weak still.”

Pat lowered the bag to hang from his fingers before he dropped them and moved toward me to cup my face.

“Jen... that was a speeding armored car careening with another car with bullets flying around. Are you saying you wanted to be the one to stop that thing, to have bullets sting your body as they’re shot at you?”

I didn’t answer, and then I turned toward him. “Were you scared?”

“Terrified... but... something in me made me simply do what I did and ignore the fear. I know not if that was Fawn or that was all me but I wanted to protect you, and so I threw myself and all the power I had against a speeding and out of control armored car only to chase down your would-be killer and a pair of bank robbers and stand there as they shot at me.” He stepped back and rubbed his arm. “I won’t lie to you that having all that metal scrunching up against you hurt.”

I looked at his arm and gave a yelp of surprise, and rushing to him, I fingered several scrapes and gashes. “You’re hurt!” I hissed, and reaching into my hand bag, pulled out a handkerchief and started batting at the wound, only to find them closing rapidly of their own accord.

“You’re an enigma...” I said quietly and looked up into his face.

“Only when I have to be.” He smirked, and then squatting and dumping out the contents of the bag, started sorting the shorn fragments into the differences between socks, shoes, shirt and pants. “Man... I either have to find something that stretches better or tears easily in a pinch.”

“Why’s that?” I said squatting beside him, and he looked between my legs and up my skirt to see the wedge of my sex and the sexy sheer panties I wore before lifting his eyes, smiling as he looked right into my face.

“Cause this is going to be a bitch when I magically attach all the pieces together.”

I stood in front of Jen’s mirror... the nice tall one with Fawn’s emblem still colored on it. The only way that she and I could spend the night together is if I were Patricia instead of Patrick. As it was though, the bare minimum of a change for me to become Patricia was becoming larger and larger than ever. Every time I changed into Patricia, I was thicker of arm and leg, subtly taller, deeper of chest and thicker of tit.

That said absolutely nothing about the thickness of my bottom. If this kept up I'd have to start wearing baggier clothes. Even as it was my man's tailored clothing became quite snug whenever I changed into a woman... so snug that it even showed off camel toe and the exact state of arousal I was in at the time.

As it was, I had a broad frame thanks to two flaring dorsal muscles, a bulging pair of pectorals with feathering ribs, six lats and ten abs... which was odd, for as I remembered, having ten abs meant you were either supremely strong or you had a genetic anomaly that allowed for it, because the most a human being had was eight abs. Thankfully that little tidbit was unknown by most people, and as a woman the bottom two sets of abs were usually hidden by the wait of whatever pants or skirts I wore.

I also had two thick arms that had flaring chorded forearms and two mighty biceps along with two thick triceps balancing them out. Either leg was also supremely powerful as well, with bulging thighs, flaring calves, strong and chorded forelegs and a firm muscular yet femininely rounded butt. Well... rounded that is till I flexed it. Everything was rounded till I flexed it, and whenever I did the incredible muscle definition would then show itself.

Dressed in the same blue underpants that cut low below the belly and high over both hips in this form, while likewise snugging into my pussy and flossing my behind, I looked rather sexy with both tits barely held inside the halter top with all its back webbing stretching about spine and the greatly defined and heaving back muscles.

"You could be a professional body-builder Pat." Jen said from behind me, and turning to see my fiancée laying on her bed, playing with the gold ring on its chain, I smiled at her and turning I flexed for her, striking a pose like those female weightlifters did on TV.

"You think so?" I asked and then did a double arm pump for her. "What sort of money can a professional female body-builder make?"

"Tens of Thousands, one would think. Hundreds even. Not bad for only showing off your body for one night."

I turned back toward the mirror and flexed some more, rolling my pecs before bouncing them, and smiling at the size of the boobs on them I knew that a female bodybuilder now had to be both strong and beautiful.. Even to my eyes I looked both strong and beautiful. It was a sexy kind of muscle...

"Yeah, and thanks to Fawn, I have a better figure and larger boobs than most women who look like this."

"How strong do you suppose you can get... before, you know... you start turning into '*Super Beast*'?" she giggled at the moniker and I looked at her from over one shoulder and favored her with a smirk.

"Fawn, Jen... the name is Fawn." And she giggled some more.

But it got me thinking, and turning back to the mirror, I began turning on the power.

Muscles swelled, breasts engorged, body widened and muscles rapidly bisected into secondary and then tertiary muscles. My neck flared wide as it lengthened, my back rounding outward and chest heaving forward as my waist grew longer before both tits pushed out from beneath the halter top to press their twin swells out from beneath the stretchy fabric of the top. Those feminine swells billowed into rounded masses that didn't sag, but rather rolled about on my chest they were so thick and firm.

The slow growth was making me very horny though, and with a gasp and a sigh I almost forgot that I was growing to find out where my womanhood stopped and the fantasy creature began. As such I passed that point and had to come back a bit, forcing the horns to retract and the fuzzy legs to disappear. When I flexed this time, the huge and massive biceps that I had were the size of honeydew melons, my breasts like watermelons, and every fiber and muscle chord stood on end in mighty throbbing striations with a webbing of veins stretched across the thicker muscles.

“Now this is muscle!” I smiled a little dumbly to myself, feeling a little soggy between the legs as I turned and flexed and twisted, feeling those mighty breasts topping me wobbling and jostling with my every movement.

And then Jen appeared behind me, embracing me from behind about the middle. Caressing my navel for a moment, it wasn't long before her fingers slid down into the front of the panties I wore to caress my crotch

“You're so strong, so tight and powerful!” Jen said, palming my belly and the knots of abdominals that were there while I reveled in the sensation of her breasts against my back. I even had eight lats now to frame the now twelve abs!

But then Jen's fingers moved, and they dipped further into my panties, finding the sticky juices decorating my pussy that had furred up with vaginal hairs again from how far along the transformation path I'd grown, I gave a start as those fingers found my slit now, and I turned toward her with her hand still down inside my panties. She and I smiled at her, a mischievous and knowing smile of shared desire, and then I turned toward her crossing my arms to remove the halter top off me as she knelt before me to tug those panties off me; peeling the straps off either waist and pulling the knotted fabric from out of the wedge of crotch and behind. Almost immediately she bent forward, gripping my bottom with both hands before she kissed and licked my pussy and the downy hairs that covered it. She kissed me there again, sucking subtly on the flesh, and I smiled warmly at her, caressing her hair and face as her lips and tongue began to entice those sexual, feminine loins of mine.

It didn't take long for us to once again begin a long tirade of love-making that had me shifting from female to male to female again, practicing several female on female and male on female positions including doggy style, missionary and the scissors. She was a freak... a muscle freak, and I now knew her weakness... and what exactly it was that she desired. She wanted a body just like mine was... all muscley and big-chested with throbbing chords of muscle on top of hard sinews and even harder bone. It didn't take me long to figure this out as she kissed and licked my muscles as I flexed them for her, and coupling that with the knowledge that she collected those muscle comics from special presses, and likewise loved the Hulk and She-hulk comics, I only wished that I could give her her wish.

And so Jen and I joined a gym.

It was a place with lots of free weights and weight machines and such. Jen became my coach. The level of weight training that she knew was incredible... and I believed that secretly, she was one of those growth fetishists. To tell you the truth, experiencing what happens to you when you do grow, I think I was rapidly becoming one too... and I think I was developing a taste for trans-gender too.

She changed my diet and exercise, and by the time that we returned to classes at high-school, I'd literally put on an added five pounds in my masculine form. But then I discovered that there was something else that we hadn't thought of yet.

I was still exuding an animal magnetism toward the feminine gender.

“Mister Jacobs!” I heard and looking up immediately, I saw Miss Tessmocker standing there with hands on her wide hip. As usual... her blouse was open a little too much for a school teacher, especially amongst pre and post-pubescent boys who got their first sexual experience with staring at her barely viewable yet enlarged breasts, and how tight her skirts always were about her hips, lap and bottom. So tight you could see the state of her panty line underneath them... or lack thereof.

I'd just been looking at a girl who'd been tugging open the top of her blouse to show me the whole of her tit complete with its erect nipple when the teacher confronted me.

“I want you to stay after class, Mister Jacobs.”

“Yes, ma’am.” I replied and shrugged my shoulders subtly as I feared a repeat of the last time I was in school. This time, however, I wasn’t aroused like I was then. I didn’t even have a boner!

And so class was let out at the bell, and Miss Tessmocker closed the door and locked it and drew the shade, and she turned, fingering the pinkie of one hand while she blushed deeply. Her body language told me she was nervous.

“Mister Jacobs... I must confess that I’ve been having some... thoughts... that I was hoping you’d clear up.”

“What thoughts are those Miss Tessmocker?” I feigned innocence.

“There was a lot that I don’t remember from last week, and though I was released along with everyone else, I must ask... did... did something happen here... in this room... last week?”

I stared at her. I knew what she was getting at, and why she was being hesitant. Something about me when we’d last met had overridden her personal and professional boundaries. She was a teacher, and she, under no circumstances, would stoop to sexing up a young man like me.

“I wasn’t here that day, ma’am. If you remember, I’d called in that day.”

“Ah-oh! Oh... I... it must’ve been something I dreamed then.” She sighed with obvious relief.

“Will that be all, Miss Tessmocker?”

“Yes... please...” and she opened the door and I left.

Girls were still passing me, winking and eyeing my muscular body and such, as were some guys. Other guys were looking at me jealously that I constantly had several young teenagers several paces behind me at all times, and many wondered as to who I was, and when they found out they were surprised.

“That’s Pat?! I thought he was a geek! Look at him! What a hunk.” I’d hear.

But my problem was that animal magnetism.

That is until I was at long last able to meet Jen.

She was in coveralls again like she was last week when the incident happened, but with the change to her body; simple coveralls and a shirt had a much different look on her. A tight T-shirt wrapping her bodice with no bra beneath it – all her old bras didn’t fit anymore – caused her tight muscular middle to be borne to all who would like to see it if they looked upon her from either side, with her coverall straps framing those tits nicely. Her coveralls themselves clung to her wide hips and accented her sex, and one could see the red straps of her panties arching high over her bare hips.

All in all within moments of seeing her I had a raging hard on.

“I have that same problem from the last time we were here.” I said as I accepted her into my arms and held both her elbows. “Or at least the girls do and some of the guys, I on the other hand have a steely erection that I wanna stick inside you. Hopefully I can avoid being press-ganged this time.”

I wrapped both hands about her waist then as she drew close enough for me to feel the press of her firm breasts and the touch of both her hands, enjoying the tantalizing affect of her skin against my skin. She was so silken, so soft-skinned with a firm realm of muscle beneath it all, and I was enjoying the warmth of the bowl formed by both her thighs and pelvis pressing about my stiffy.

“Later.” She said and kissed me, pressing her breasts more firmly against me. “But how was your day?”

I looked out of the corner of my eye at several of the girls that’d been following me as they now turned disappointed and left. Jen in her present state presented a daunting obstacle for any young woman to overcome. Having thought like a woman I knew what was in their minds. With a person as beautiful as Jen as my girlfriend and fiancée, how then could these other girls overcome any want I may have for her to instead favor them? So daunting was such a thought in their minds that many of them gave up right then and there. Certain others would still require additional persuasion.

So for them I bent forward and passionately kissed Jen for a moment or two before separating and pressing my head against hers. A show of love instead of just affection or lust was an even greater of a daunting thing for someone to overcome.

“Better now that you’re here. And I think that my admirers now realize that they’re no competition for you.”

“Heh... I must be careful now. That usually means I have a load of competitors that’ll get really mean in their attempt to remove me so they can court you. Girls could be so mean that way, and until recently I never had to worry about that sort of thing.”

“I promise that I’ll let them down easy... but I’m not too sure for big Joe.”

“Hmm... wait, what? Big Joe?! Isn’t he that big black guy in your gym class?”

“Indeed he is.” I chuckled, and then sighed. “Apparently... my newfound and as of yet uncontrolled animal magnetism has one small crutch in the fact that not only does it attract one-hundred-percent of all females, but it also attracts a small percentage of guys too.”

“I was ready for a fight, I’ve been shrugging off other guys who think that I’m taking all the girls for myself, but instead... well I got kissed, nice long and hard with tongue from a large black man who probably outweighs me by at least twice in sheer muscle mass.”

“Kissed? How do you feel about that?” she teased with a smirk.

“I feel... unusual.” I smirked. “It was a big sloppy kiss, with tongue, and I’m not sure but I think we were *‘sword fighting’* down below while it was happening if you know what I mean.”

“Do you think you’ll want it again?” she chuckled. “We aren’t officially attached yet, you know.”

“I might’ve, but frankly I have this thing about things going up my ass. Nothing involving the ass hole is good in my mind, and though I had my share of sucking cock and my share of penis in vagina that first time I changed into a woman, I don’t think I can do the guy-on-guy sex thing.”

“Then why is girl-on-girl sex ok?” she said and blinked up at me.

“Because between you and me it’s me in a woman’s form... I don’t think what we have is the same as two women doing it, despite how much we both like it, but I still like the penis in vagina sensation a whole lot more.”

“Hmm...” she smiled and then hugged me and rested her head against my chest. “I’ll have to admit, rubbing pussies together just isn’t as fun as a nice, hard, firm, and powerful penis inside me.” She admitted.

There was a pause as students continued milling about us before the warning bell rang.

“You’ve already calmed down the heat inside me.” I said when we parted, and reaching into the collar of her shirt I fingered the necklace and tugged on it. Jen chuckled as the gold ring slid between her breasts a little. “See you after school...”

“And not a moment later.” She smirked in return.

And we parted for the day.

Most of the days were like that for Jen and me. We awoke, usually in separate beds with me in my house and she in hers, we went to school and met briefly to make out. I’d spend most of the day avoiding my admirers while attempting to avoid getting into fights with the other guys of the school because I was stealing all the girls and women with my presence... hell, I’ve never been so popular.

Jen and I would meet twice more, once in the halls and again at lunch before school ended, and then we’d hang out for much of the day afterward.

We made love often... sometimes in a bathroom or an empty classroom at school... sometimes in the Gym, but usually after school in a secret place in the woods outside the school.

We’d then go to our separate homes and went to bed... usually. Weekends were far different, because we spent nearly every waking moment together that we could while I snuck in studying the *Ars Magica* book here and there.

It went on like this for two weeks while I learned to control this animal magnetism of mine, and I was just beginning to learn to hold all the power of attraction in when several of the other boys and young men of my school finally cornered me in gym class.

I found that the door of knowledge between Fawn and me swung both ways as I settled into some strange martial form and kicked their collective asses with a strength and flexibility that I never possessed before Fawn came to dwell inside me. Never before had I possessed so much raw strength and flexibility or balance, and the martial form I found myself using instinctively was something akin to Capoeira, a highly acrobatic form, but what I used also seemed to be combined with Drunken Boxing Kung Fu.

Regardless, I was no longer the geek that got picked on.

“I am NOT after your girlfriends! I told you that! And for your information, I’m engaged to be married!” I shouted at everyone, frustrated at the constant gaggle of girls following me and the multitude of boys wanting my ass for various reasons. Even Big Joe backed off me after that fight, but the fight nonetheless got me sent to Principal Murphy, who, I was glad to see, was also able to accept the alternative thought that I’d not been here the day she and I had actually had sex.

I’ll never forget the feeling of her pussy around my prick, but Jen’s pussy was by far more desirable to me for its subtle nuances in feeling and sensation. Perhaps it was because I loved Jen, or she was my age instead of an adult woman, or perhaps Jen and I were losing our innocence to each other, but regardless, Jen’s pussy just felt better...

Principal Murphy gave me a stern talking to and then sent me on my way, but I noticed that she was trying to avoid looking at me. She seemed to become instantly understanding when I told her it was all in self defense.

Where... did all those fighting skills come from? I thought to Fawn the moment I walked out of the Principal’s office.

One has to protect themselves, she responded rather sadly. It's the only reason why I've lasted five hundred years as it is.

I thought for a moment, feeling one of her surface thoughts float through our bond. It took me a moment or two to even discern what that thought was. *Forced fighting rings...* I thought to her.

Yes... forced fighting rings. Similar to the Gladiators of Rome. The winners get treated with additional respect and are rewarded with what they want. The losers... well... sometimes the losers are what the winners want.

I'm sorry for asking, Fawn. Thank you for saving my butt though.

I felt her smile. *You're welcome. It's a nice butt to save.*

My life rapidly became much easier from that point onward. I got the impression of being a ladies man because of Jen, being that she was now the most beautiful woman in school, but I also was named a bad ass for taking down half a dozen assailants in one fight... but I was also really smart and good at school work being that someone learned that I was to be in the P.S.E.O. Program. Soon I was being followed by wannabes, which was yet another experience I never thought I'd have... ever.

Who'd want to be like a nerd anyways? It took a special breed of nerd to have wannabes following him. Take Bill Gates for example. But nonetheless, life was better than that which it'd dealt me when I was born, that was for sure, but I was soon to discover that life had a sense of humor, and even the beautiful and blessed had times of bad luck and tribulation.

Jen didn't show up for school one day.

Then she didn't show up for school the next day either, or the day after that. Whenever I went by her home there was no answer at the door, or when I called her there was no answer at the phone. I knew that she wasn't a thoughtless person, and if she had left for a vacation with her family then she'd've told me, and I began to get worrisome when I saw that both her family cars were in the driveway.

So on the night of the third day of the third week of possessing these extra special powers, I decided to sneak up to Jen's house.

Stepping Sideways, utilizing a pocket mirror to do it, I walked through a landscape that was a lot more frightening and beautiful at the same time at night. The world was a world of perpetual twilight, with a purple light along the horizon in every direction which made it look like a few moments before dawn some strange spectral dawn. But things that were bright and beautiful during the day like the plants, turned into dark twisted things at night, and there were a plethora of more creatures about, the sorts of which I can only describe as goblins and ghouls, gremlins, oni and other things that went bump in the night.

H-hold the light higher, master, Fawn said to me in a quavering voice, and lifting a hand in which I cupped a globe of summoned light, the creatures of this world faded away from me, some dispersing into nothingness as I passed, walking toward Jen's home. I walked as a male, being that a female was more of a target apparently. Given Fawn's past, I wasn't inclined to invite any further disaster, and she was more than happy to hide curled up inside me. It was strange... as powerful as she was... she was afraid of the dark. But then here, the dark held many dangerous things.

But the reason why we were here was that luckily, I was now a being that could shift between worlds. Sneaking into Jen's room would be easier when I could bypass doors and walls this way. Getting to her home though, I found that there were lights inside that shone in this world and cast away many of the shadows. Stepping up to the door and trying the handle, it unlocked perfectly, and I opened the shadow of

the door and walked through the see-through image of the actual door being that it was still closed in the real world.

Shadows weren't constant. In this realm they could be altered and changed.

Walking up the stairs I saw the flickering movements of Jen's mother and father, and the image of a dog gnawing on a bone that looked up at me and watched me pass.

Dogs can see me? I thought to Fawn.

Lots of animals can. They know they can't do anything to you, and they know that you can't do anything to them so they learn not to even bother raising their voices. He's probably wondering what you're doing inside the house.

I'll try not to give him a reason to bark... I returned quietly and walked up the stairs to Jen's room and opened the shadow of her door.

Jen's precious form was on the edge of her bed, her form shining like a black cloud surrounded by blue edges and lines that defined her features like blue ink on a foggy black background, and sitting down on the bed beside her I stepped sideways again and entered the real world.

At the time I didn't realize that I Stepped Sideways without a mirror.

Jen gasped immediately and I covered her mouth to keep her from crying out, and when she saw it was me, she gave a low sob and hugged me tight. "Pat... they found out about the ring. They took it away and..."

"Wait... who took away the ring?"

And then Jen began to tell me that she came home one day due to a note from the school, stating that she had a wedding ring around her neck and that it was causing her to fall back in school because she kept dreamily playing with it. Her teacher – the hard-assed one that thought that any disturbance against his teaching no matter how slight was a personal affront toward him and put children into detention for writing notes, and those were notes about the class he was teaching, not to other people and passing them, while he talked – had sent her home early for playing with the ring.

True, that wasn't really wise to do something like that in his class, but the real problem arose when Jen brought the teacher's note home to her parents after being sent home early. Her mother seemed happy, but her father was furious. He confiscated the ring, pulled her out of school and forbade her to call or speak to me, and whenever I called or came by, they didn't so much as answer the door or the phone.

To make matters worse, Jen was grounded till her eighteenth birthday, during which she was being taken out of public school and put into a private school immediately. She was to start her first day of school next week.

Her dad was a nice guy; he was just overly protective of his only child, a father's protection for a daughter, and could just be an utter dick about it from time to time. I didn't tell Jen this... she loved her father after all, and it'd hurt her for me to think ill of him.

"I'll take care of this." I said with a hint of annoyance in my voice, and Jen took my hand immediately and held me fast.

"You don't mean take care of it take care of it... like you did those crooks during the armored car incident, do you?"

"No, nothing like that. He's going to be my father-in-law after all, and it wouldn't be nice if I were to trounce his honor or his authority over his daughter while you were still legally his."

I'd stepped sideways, left the house and stepped back and began knocking on the door.

It was a soft knock instead of a pounding of someone who was justly annoyed as I was, I just didn't stop. Thankfully I'd become far more resilient or by the time the door finally opened, nearly an hour later, my knuckles would be sore from knocking. For now they were mildly bruised.

But when the door swung open fiercely and I found a shotgun being leveled right at my face.

"You better run along boy... you aren't wanted here, and..."

I slapped the end of the barrel in a twisting motion, and before Jen's father could react, I'd slipped it off his trigger finger and out of his hands before opening the breech and removing the shells one after the other while still staring at him. My reaction was so fast, an accomplishment possible only with Fawn inside me, but likewise only possible since I knew how a gun worked and she didn't. It required both of us to make that maneuver and disarm him without hurting him. Inspecting the shells, and seeing that they were live, I closed the breech of the shotgun with a click and clenched my jaw.

I wanted to hit him... but I restrained myself.

"May I come in?" I asked, forcing my voice to remain calm while I held the shotgun in one hand and the shells in the other. "I have a matter that needs to be discussed regarding your daughter."

"You most certainly cannot come in, now give me my gun or I'll..." I jerked the gun from his reaching grasp and gave him a hard solid rap on the back of his hand with the barrels of the shotgun for his effort.

"You have my property, sir. You've unjustly taken it from the young woman in whom I gave it to, who happens to be your daughter. I'll ask you one more time, politely, to let me into your home, or I'll barge in past you and reclaim my property. Just because it's in your home doesn't mean that it's yours."

I looked passed him at Jen's mother who'd folded her hands before her. She was a timid woman, and her husband walked all over her and commanded everything in the household. She typically stayed home and acted the part of a housewife. She could've ended all this, but I'd prefer her to stay out of this instead of being yelled at by her husband for interfering.

"I do hope you'll be willing to listen to reason sir. I truly hope that this won't break down into violence because of your pride."

"You little bastard, I'll let you in here over my dead..."

"...That can be arranged." I said quietly. "Most especially if you insult me and my parents ever again by calling me a bastard, sir. Now, let's go upstairs and discuss things like competent adults."

I waited, I waited some more... and then.

"Harold. This young man is asking to come inside." Jen's mom said.

"I know that woman!" Jen's father said immediately while I waited expectantly. He eyed me a little longer and then turned away from the door. "Fine then."

And he walked off to one side as I stepped inside, removed my shoes while shutting the door.

“Ma’am... if you could please go get your daughter?” I asked, and she immediately snapped-to in order to accomplish the task while I entered their family room, placed the shotgun on the living room table between us and waited.

For a time the only sound that could be heard was that of the grandfather clock keeping the time while Jen’s father and I stared at each other till Jen and her mother entered and Jen began taking her seat right next to me.

“Jennifer, you will sit over here!” her father said and pointed to a spot on the couch beside him.

“With all due respects, daddy, but screw you.” She said and settled into the chair beside me.

I sat there stone-faced while I played with the two shotgun shells in my hand for a moment while father and daughter fumed at each other, waiting for the inevitable, which was her father giving way and instead turning that anger toward me.

“You little...” he said toward me and I interrupted him immediately.

“Think twice before you say that next word, sir.” I warned and he closed his mouth and began breathing heavily through his nose. “I promised Jen that I’d be nice, but if there’s one thing that I can’t stand it’s someone who refuses to be reasonable, and if you continue to be unreasonable then I’ll have to be unreasonable in return. And you won’t like me should I loose my temper.”

Jen turned and looked straight at me. Knowing my nature... that was like Bruce Banner warning people not to make him angry.

“Now... where is the ring I gave to your daughter?”

There was a quiet pause again as Jen’s father continued to fume at me.

“Harold...” her mother prompted, and rising to his feet, he stuffed a hand into his pocket and produced the ring and tossed it to me, which I caught easily in my free hand.

Three weeks ago, my hand-eye coordination was so poor I’d’ve had no hope to have caught that thing, and now I snatched out of the air like a hawk snatching at a smaller bird.

“Now get out. Just get out.” He said then.

“No.” I said quietly and rose to my feet and went to stand behind Jen. “There’re some things you need to hear.” I said and lifting the ring on its chain, Jen pulled her hair over one shoulder and I draped it around her neck in obvious defiance of her father, who grumbled and swore underneath his breath. “I’m going to inform you, not ask you, of a mutual decision Jen and I have made.

“The age of me having to ask for the hand of the woman I love is well over, the fifties are dead, sir, so I’ll ask you to step forward to the modern age and respect your daughter enough to hear what I’m about to tell you.”

Jen pulled her hair from out of the chain and let the ring rest upon her perfect bosom while I rested both hands on her shoulders and addressed her father directly.

“This ring around her neck is my promise to her to marry her. I will marry her, and I’m not giving you a choice to object. What I will do is ask for you to be happy for your daughter, congratulate her, let her go to school, and tell that damnable teacher at school that he’s a self-important hypocrite!”

“You don’t tell me anything, boy. I’m her father! She’s a minor! She has no choice but to obey me!”

“She’s seventeen and a half. The moment she turns eighteen then your legal power over her as a guardian ends. That is less than six months away, sir, so then I’m going to give you two choices since you’re so sure-fired desperate to keep this beautiful, exotic woman under your thumb.

“One... you can pull that *‘I’m her father!’* bullshit, keep her penned up for six months alienating her and me, and the moment that she turns eighteen I will take her from you and that’ll be the last you will ever see her.”

I paused and let that statement sink in like a lead weight in water. Her father stared at me and swallowed hard while her mother gasped audibly.

“We plan on having children, I’m pretty sure you’ll want to see your grandchildren, especially when you only have one child.”

Jen focused on her father with a half smile, arms folded beneath her perfect breasts, and her mother gasped again at what I was saying, for I was sure she was the loving type of mother if she were like my mother... which meant that the thing she wanted most for her daughter was to find a spouse and start making grandbabies!

“Two, you can start respecting your daughter, be a part of her life, let her wear my ring around her neck till she can wear it on her finger and let her attend public school with me and her friends like she wants. You’ll be invited to the wedding; you’ll know your grandchildren and you’ll continue to be a part of her life.

“Now what do you decide?”

The silence was absolute. A pregnant pause centered around us that not even the tick-tock of the clock seemed to interfere with at how profound the silence was. Jen’s mother was looking between Jen and I and her husband, till at long last she heaved to herself to her feet.

“Harold, don’t you dare choose the first one!” Jen’s mother said immediately and furiously, showing rare form as she rose with a flurry of skirts from where she’d been sitting. “Don’t you dare say no or... or... or I’ll leave you this instant!” she shrieked.

Harold looked about him, at his wife, his daughter, at me, and saw that he was backed up into a corner. I remained quiet, as he mulled all this over in his head.

“She’s too young!” he complained.

“Not according to the laws of these lands.” I said in response. “She can even get married before she turns eighteen if she gets parental consent first, but once she turns eighteen then that consent is a moot point. I’m willing to be her husband and protector, father of her children...”

“I apologize for keeping this a secret, but we thought it was better that we approach you as a man and a woman, instead of a man and your little girl.”

“But she’s too young...” Harold said insistently, holding his hands up in exasperation.

“My mother was nineteen when she had me, and according to Jennifer,” I squeezed my fiancée’s shoulder with one hand. “Your wife was barely eighteen when she had your daughter. That means, sir... that you impregnated her when she was still underage.”

“But that’s an entirely different thing! This is a different age in comparison to then.”

“Yes it is. But these are the facts, this is what will happen, the only choice you have now is how you wish to meet it. On the one hand you have a wife still and become a grandfather, and on the other... you perhaps live out the rest of your life completely alone.

“What do you choose?”

I kissed Jen goodnight, hands on her hips and pressed so close to her that her breasts could press and cleave against my chest, and my groin could reside directly inside her crotch. It was a passionate kiss, and a long one, and done without abandon and without worry of reprisal from her father who was standing only a few yards away.

“See you at school tomorrow, beloved.” I said to her, and she kissed me quickly again.

“Gladly.” She said in return, obviously glad that our decision to marry hadn’t impeded with her desires to stay with her family.

We held hands as long as was possible till I’d dragged myself away from her. Waving goodbye she closed the door behind me and I began to walk home.

You’re mighty proud of yourself, beloved master, Fawn said inside me. That’s a terrible decision to force on a parent though.

Are you disagreeing with my methods, Fawn? I asked her in return.

No... and that’s perhaps what’s worrying me. Were you so stalwart or forward before I found my way inside you?

Her words struck me short, and I slowed to an immediate stop right in the middle of the sidewalk underneath a streetlamp.

No... No I wasn’t. I’d never dream of confronting my parents like I did, I was too scared to even tell Jen how I really felt about her and I’d assuredly never have done to her father what I’d just done. I looked to my hands and then clenched them into fists before thrusting them to my sides. Fawn, I have more passion in my life than I’d ever known before. I won’t apologize for what I have now.

I’m not asking you to, sweet master, she replied, and I suddenly felt the wan sensation of being embraced by her. I thought I could even feel her four breasts pressing against me. *Just remember there are some things that shouldn’t be done to acquire a thing.*

I’ll remember that, thank you, I replied and continued walking. *But now, I gotta prepare to move out of my parents house and take a bride, and I have you to thank for those things, or else without you I’d still be a no account geek in high school with an asthma problem.*

Chapter 10: The First Trimester of New Life

I was growing steadily stronger. I wasn't really putting on too many additional inches on any given proportion, but the lean muscle that was in me was steadily growing heavier and denser as the days continued.

In my house, I could take my future bride to my bed and make love to her without abandon and my parents didn't restrict that. In her house, if I showed up then her father kept a constant eye on us and Jen had to keep the door open... so we learned that if I arrived as Jen's new girlfriend Patricia, we could keep the door closed because we were doing '*girl stuff*,' which, like any other father, was something Harold had no desire to be a part of so let the door remain shut.

Practically without fail when the door was shut and locked, however, I took my future bride... or she took me. She was so inordinately sexual as of late, and whenever I received a new batch of sexual power, she sucked off some new mote of it to make herself even more perfect of a woman. Bigger clitoris and labia that distended into a thickened pad, larger nipples and fuller areola with larger breasts, narrow belly with wide birthing hips and equally broad shoulders supporting a pair of strong arms and thick thighs with sinuous calves... she was rapidly becoming the likes of which a centerfold in a playboy would be... only better because she was mine! She'd also grown strong-bodied and capable, with a softened six-pack of abs, four lats, thickened delts and shoulders with long biceps sticking out of her arms.

At times when we were alone together I'd catch her caressing her body and taking pleasure in its shape and form, or else wise flexing an arm and caressing its thickened and rounded feminine bicep. At the Gym, she was impassioned in the way that she worked out in order to grow larger and stronger.

"Hey there lover..." came her softened, sensual voice to me one day at school, and I turned immediately to smile dotingly at her.

She was beautiful and luxurious, and had taken to wearing her lengthened hair in a more ornate way now. It was still a cute outward appearance that she projected, but unlike her old persona, she had to come down to be cute instead of up to be cute from her basic appearance.

She and I kissed briefly while students milled about us, and then after we broke, Jen removed from her oversized drawstring bag that she perpetually wore like a backpack a package of photos that she handed to me, and opening them my eyebrows went straight into my hairline before I closed the package again.

"Jen!" I hissed and then more surreptitiously opened the package and felt an instant hard on erupt from my loins. "My goodness... these are beautiful! No not just beautiful... I... I honestly don't have a word strong enough to describe these." What the photos were, were of her in various poses, seductive poses, wearing truly erotic clothing... and in some cases no clothing at all. "I didn't know you owned a black lace teddy." I commented, turning one picture to get a better look at it.

"And a red one, and a lavender one. The red one is a leather outfit though." She smirked. "Daddy doesn't know I own them."

"Who took these?"

"A professional photographer. I got mom to give me permission so long as all the photos went to you."

And then I turned another picture and felt my eyes widen again as I hid the photos against my chest.

"Heh. I see you found my special gift to you." She smirked and hugged my arm as I secreted the pictures far enough from my chest so that I could see them.

These photos were of Jen completely naked. They weren't entirely erotic... just tasteful nudes, but several of them displayed her in all her feminine glory, and in every one the only thing she wore other than hair stays and jewelry were maybe thigh socks, but always she wore the ring around her neck.

"These aren't the same style as the photographer from these other pictures. Surely he wouldn't have agreed to photograph a seventeen year old nude."

"He didn't, but do you like them?" she said with a hopeful tone.

I blinked and thought for a moment, and then looked at her expression. It was a woman's intuition and an understanding of a woman that allowed me to catch such a subtle nuance in her tone. She was doing the boyfriend test... she was placing herself in a position of vulnerability to see if she were beautiful in such poses and clothing to me. Such a test was all important for her emotional well-being. If I didn't like them then I had to be careful on what I say to let her down easy, but if I did like them, which I did... I had to be ecstatic.

"I do like them." I told her with a broad smile, and I reached out and took hold of her arm and gave it a squeeze. "I cannot consider a more beautiful or exotic creature in the world than the way you appear here, but who took these other pictures? They look like they were done by a professional."

"I did." She blushed deeply. "I practiced a pose in the mirror, and once I got it, I set the digital camera that I got for my birthday to take the picture. Daddy would kill me if he saw these."

I caught another undertone to what she was saying, and turning my gaze to the photos, I took a long look at them, smiling subtly as I realized that she wasn't searching for praise from me just for how she looked in the pictures, but rather she wanted me to assess the pictures themselves.

"These are good beloved. Really good. You have a real talent there."

"For the photography or for the modeling?" she asked timidly.

I put the photos away and drew in close to her, palming her soft silken cheek. "If I say yes to both, are you going to tell me what you intend to do with nude pictures of an underage teen?"

"I-it's a start... but... I want to get into a career that, quite possibly, can be on both sides of the camera. What do you think?" and then she bit her lower lip. Fawn mentally warned me to be careful at that moment with a mild hinting feeling. It was received as a premonition from her not to crush her desires, and I'd've been stupid to ignore her at that moment.

"Jen, I want you to be happy. If you want to do these things, then I won't stop you." And then within the shadows cast by our bodies so that no one could see, I took to caressing the outside of one of her breasts, thumbing the nipple beneath her blouse and undershirt only to feel it rapidly erect to the touch. "... will admit that I'm leery about letting others see you in such a light, but I know that a model will have to be willing to get naked – or mostly naked – in order to get noticed, so if this is something you want, then that is something I'll have to accept."

"Hmm..." she sighed and rubbed the back of the hand I was using to caress her breast. "Thank you for understanding Patrick. I at least wanted to try... when I was old enough." And she gave me a light peck on the lips. "Don't let anyone see those other photos. They'll just be our little secret." She blushed then before we both joined the throng for lunch.

It was nearing the thirty day mark as to when Fawn and I had become one, and as the moon began to wax full again, I started getting certain... urges.

One such was a sudden desire for chocolate and strawberries. Cravings, Fawn had said, being that her favorite treats were chocolate and strawberries, and most especially chocolate covered strawberries. One of her prior mistresses loved them as a treat and obtained a luscious figure off them which I assumed was the plump shape and form that was considered sexy ages ago.

It was also nearing the time that I was to move out of my parents house and into the dorms and the power of the moon was starting to affect me to where it was becoming harder and harder to keep back that animal magnetism of mine.

My studies of the Ars Magica were becoming desperate, but as the full moon neared I found that it was growing harder to concentrate. Two days away from the full moon and I was masturbating at night and in the morning, and the day before the first night of the full moon I even did it in the boy's laboratory during a class, and likewise the day before I suddenly realized that I'd put on the pair of lavender thong panties instead of the usual sexless spandex underpants I'd purchased for myself. This I discovered in gym class... Thankfully I caught it prior to fully undressing, or else that'd've earned me a time trying to explain why I was wearing sexy ladies underpants to the other guys and the gym instructor.

Likewise, though... I was becoming rather aware that my nipples were growing quite sensitive, even in male form.

"Man I need a dick inside me." I said when I was alone with Jen, and she practically spit her ice cream at me in surprise. "Wait... I mean... Crap! I actually meant what I said!" I groaned and smacked my forehead.

"What's happening to you?" Jen asked. "You look flushed."

"My whole body is flushed. I have a wicked hard on, my nipples are erect and hard as ever, and I think I just lactated a little just now. Jen," I took both her hands in mine. "I literally am thinking about a dick inside my pussy right now and... I..." I palmed my throat as a little feminine voice escaped it and I had to clear my throat. "...I think something's wrong." And my voice was definitely feminine now.

"Why don't we break this date off then, skip right to the end." She smirked, and lifting her drawstring bag onto the table we were sitting at within a Cold Stone Creamery, she opened it up and lifting a box that was just inside she rattled it slightly still within the confines of the bag.

"I-Is that what I think it is?" I asked her, hearing my voice cracking again.

"It uses D-cell batteries." She blushed and closed the bag up immediately. "And it uses harmonics instead of buzzing motors!"

"Please tell me you bought that for yourself." I smirked and she smiled and nodded.

"But I don't mind if you use it first. Now lets go to your place"

But then something struck me, and rising and taking her hands once she re-shouldered her bag, I brought her in close.

"Yes... but first... we need to do something else."

"What's... yikes!" she began, but I dragged her along with me, and seeing the two bathrooms, looked around us and then pulled her into the women's bathroom, headed right for the handicap stall and pulled her in, turned her around to face me and kissed her fiercely as the door closed to the stall.

As I kissed her, as I sucked on her lips, my hands were quickly and deftly ridding her of the straps to her coveralls before pushing her shirt and undershirt up over her tits to play with them.

“Patrick... what...” she gasped when I sunk to kiss her throat and breasts, sliding her panties off and gripping her bottom. “Oh...” she sighed nasally, and with her coveralls and panties about her ankles, I turned her to face one wall, quickly undid my pants and panties – I was still wearing that lace and lavender number from earlier today – pulled out my elongated cock, and getting my beloved to arch deeply, I penetrated her to the hilt.

She sighed and she moaned, and I cradled her and rubbed her pussy with my cock inside her, massaged her breasts, nibbled on her neck, and then I did something I never thought I’d do in my whole life, and opening my mouth, I fastened it around her neck and bit down on her flesh. She gasped and arched more deeply, trembling as I tasted her blood and immediately began to drink.

“Pat-Patrick! Oh God! Your growing inside me!”

And indeed I was. My muscles were flaring, filling as I sucked on her hot passion-filled blood, sucking and licking it with my tongue as my cock swelled inside her. She leaned forward, pressing her fat, naked breasts against the tile wall, moaning as she leaned her head against those cooling tiles, and coming up for air, I licked her neck with a tongue that was growing longer as the muscles in my body bubbled and bulged, most especially the projecting phallus that was penetrating her!

I pushed her butt cheeks apart so that the O-ring of her already sopping wet pussy could spread further open, and I thrust, and I thrust, and looking out the window of the women’s bathroom, I saw the tip of a silver disk rising over the buildings, and knew it was the moon.

And then with a low moan that made a newcomer who was entering the bathroom to turn right around and leave, the moan low and feminine and coming from me, I felt my phallus wetly retracting into me, the hips holding the legs framing that penis as it became a sopping wet pussy widening as I shot all my seed into Jen’s body and then all over her behind and anus. I swallowed some of the blood that I’d sucked from her, and then felt both nipples erect right before my tits bulged into existence and stretched the halter and shirt I wore.

“Ah! Ah! My goodness...” I moaned in a feminine voice even as my penis was still retracting into me and both hips flared wide.

Jen turned and fell against me, kissing my throat, licking it as she rushed to free my breasts, both of which were already leaking milk which she eventually fastened her lips upon and began drinking fiercely while squeezing the other tit with a free hand.

“W-what just happened? Why did you bite me?” she panted after swallowing several mouthfuls and looking up at me she then gasped in surprise. “Pat your eyes! They’re red!”

I tasted her blood and then felt a sharp fang on one of my teeth with the tip of my tongue.

“Ok... this is new.” I said and showed her the fang. “Jen, I don’t know why I just bit you, why my eyes are red, but something... ah!” and I covered my cunt as I creamed suddenly, and caught the soupy mess in my hand as it ejected orgasmically from me. “Something weird is going on.”

Jen licked the milk off my other breast before she rubbed my belly.

“You’re getting all muscley too.”

“And how. I don’t think these clothes are going to last me much longer.” I sighed nasally and got a bunch of toilet paper over my cunt right before I came in a second torrent that turned the wad of TP into a sopping wet mess that I just dropped into the toilet water. “And I... I really need sex, Jen. You need to hide me somewhere... I think if this keeps up, we’re going to have another school incident!”

I had a pair of sunglasses on from Jen's bag to hide my red eyes, and we were both hurrying quickly toward the park while my body continually expanded with muscle and thickening bone. Even as it was, the pants I wore were arching low thanks to the widening hips I had, the snap button and zipper hanging on for dear life along with the belt I wore, while the straps of the panties I wore had pulled out of the waistband and had arched high over either hip. I felt like I was about to climax at any moment while my chest filled so much that the halter and shirt I wore barely hemmed in the pair, leaving my tightening and thickening navel bare for all to see.

Nobody who may've seen us enter the bathroom apparently cared that Jen went in with a man and came out with a woman if they'd noticed she and I from before, we just moved through the creamery and out the door to find some wooded shelter or something. Above us, however, was the rumbling of thunder as the moon rose up into the clouds.

"Disappear already." I groaned and waved at the moon to hurry up into the clouds.

There was another flash of lightning above us, and once we were in the thicket and the heavier woods, I collapsed to my hands and knees, feeling my pussy trembling and both nipples aching fiercely with the pressure of milk behind them coupled with the arousal I felt.

"I can feel Fawn writhing inside me." I groaned as I hefted the shirt and the elastic halter I had on beneath it, disgorging both tits from within the garments while I wrestled with the belt I was wearing to undo it. "And I'm growing a nice fuzz..." I moaned as I palmed my sex, feeling the downy white hairs there. "Jen, I'm so sorry for biting you, I... I don't know why I did it."

"It'll heal. Just think of it as a really good hickey. I think there was something in your saliva that closed it up already though. It's not even scabbed over anymore." She said and she helped me to undress, stripping me of all my clothes and stuffing them into her bag before she nestled between my legs and began sucking on my pussy. Her touch upon my body was cooling as always. It calmed and soothed me, help calm my mind, but I was still sweating I was still hot, and her lips and tongue on my sex was maddening as I palmed her head and played with her hair, seeing the fingernails on the back of my hand lengthening.

I was changing and there was nothing I could do to stop it!

She didn't come up for air till I'd climaxed in a jet of ejaculate, and when she came up to look at me, there was a look of concern in whatever she saw.

"What... what's wrong?" She wiped her mouth off and then opening her bag, pulled out a mirror to show me what I looked like. My eyes were red, blood red, and my ears had turned into long pointed things while all my horns were slowly sliding out of my skull.

"You're not doing this yourself?" she asked and I shook my head vigorously before returning the mirror to her and kicked off the shoes and socks I was wearing, and sure enough, when I pulled the socks off I found that the toes were merging into cloven hooves.

Then Jen reached in her pocket and pulled out a red sharpie, and quickly wrote Fawn's symbol on the mirror, but upon completing the incantation the mirror began to burn white, and she tossed the thing away with a cry of alarm. It landed face down at first, but then it flipped itself over just before a broad magical circle appeared about the face of the mirror, a familiar circle, the same one that I'd used to summon Fawn the first time, and sure enough she scintillatingly rose from the circle, gasping and moaning as she dug between her thighs with the fingers of one hand while fondling her breasts with the other.

Once she was here standing, having every bit of a perfect body as Jen did, she stepped off the circle and became flesh before me. Then once she was here, she collapsed before me, looked lazily at me, moaned, and then taking my growing horns with both hands she pulled me close and kissed me deeply; going to far as sticking her tongue in my mouth and drawing deeply from me.

I cupped her bottom and returned the kiss, fingering her cunt with the tips of several fingers while groping at her breasts that were nearly as large as mine were, and her total body weight was perhaps a third to a half what mine was at the moment.

“I’m so sorry my master and mistress...” she moaned and began panting as she gripped my breasts now, lifting her tail as she straddled my lap. “I’m in heat... and you’ve tasted blood... so you’re in heat too my beloved master.”

“So if I do get a dick inside me...”

“... You will become pregnant, yes, but there’s something worse going on. Oh my dear master, the curse of a female and the timing of our heats... this is most inappropriate of me. Forgive me!” she wept, and then there was a crack of thunder, and she squeaked and huddled against me, looking up as the first droplets of rain began to fall.

She looked very scared.

“Fawn... what’s worse?” Jen began. “Why...?” but she stopped as she saw as I did what was happening to the world as the rains began to fall.

The world turned black, but as it turned black it suddenly started turning into a negative of itself, and while I masturbated and flossed Fawn’s behind with a hand to rub her own moisture between pussy and anus, I watched in muted horror as the realm of the Fae, and worse, the reality of the Fae at night, bled into our world.

“What’s happening?” I gasped as muscles began piling in on me with dull explosions. I was growing in response to two forces, with one force being my growing sexuality and the other an implied and known danger.

“The Dragon. The darkest, meanest son-of-a-bitch in all of the lands of the Fae!” Fawn whimpered and began to rub her pussy against my thickening thigh.

“But what can we do?” Jen asked, now with an umbrella above her.

Fawn turned toward her, murred and then moved from me to her, sliding a silken and fur-lined arm up Jen’s shirt as she ground her hips against my lover, kissing her fiercely before answering. “This... this is the best place to be mistress...” she moaned and began undoing Jen’s clothing, pushing her blouse and undershirt upward open to get at her breasts. “B-but... but we must... ngh!” and she came in a torrent all over Jen’s lap before continuing. “We must protect ourselves. His minions need only a scout to find us and he’ll snatch us all up as his love slaves and... and... mm!” and Jen found Fawn sucking from her nipples, and in spite of herself, Jen continued disrobing while I continued growing ever stronger, ever larger, my breasts heaving now as the musculature over this body of mine kept growing into unheard of sizes.

The Hulk was a pussy compared to this much muscle!

“Fawn!” I shouted, and dragged her off Jen’s sumptuously erotic form, and Fawn scrambled in against me, pressing herself in between my breasts as I continued growing beyond anything I was before.

For a moment I forgot the urgency and dug several fingers into my sopping wet pussy as the rains fell harder and more of that alien Fae world spread into ours before I shook a long white mane and dragged Fawn away from sucking on my breasts by pulling one of her horns backward.

“Fawn.” I said again while panting, my sex growing sopping wet. “What can we do to protect ourselves? If there’s a dragon and his minions coming and we’re being pulled into their world then what can we do?”

“We... we must make spells of protection.” She moaned and began rubbing her cunt against my hardened abs now, spilling more of her juices that way, leaking more of her nectar onto my body as she held onto my bodice with both hands and legs. “We can use the mirror and my portal to pull the real world into this one and push back the overlapping realms. A bubble of protection that most of the Dragon’s minions cannot cross into.”

“Most?” Jen asked, and forgetting her umbrella as the rains fell harder, she slid in against Fawn’s back, naked except for her socks and shoes.

“Yes, most. Then we must only hope that the General, his lieutenants and the Dragon himself don’t decide to come challenge us. We must move quickly now!” and Fawn kissed my breasts again, and I became dizzy with sensual feeling. “No now!” she cried and pushed from me, moaning as Jen rode her bottom with her thighs. “Do as I say and we’ll be safe.”

I was panting heavily. The incredible strength that was rising within me was almost unbearable in the erotic power I was absorbing from this heat. Jen was the least affected, but there were many times where our work was delayed by... well... sex.

And this was an erotic thing to see. Three naked fems, two of them anthros and one of them hypertrophic and hyper-muscled doing erotic things to each other? It was like some fantastic porn. And not one of those that didn’t even show the lower halves of their bodies in any great detail, but a full budget X-rated film with loads of makeup and CGI and a well made plot behind it that didn’t have holes in the story large enough to drive a Mac Truck through.

“Ngh!” I gasped and finished writing the last emblem in the ground, on my hands and knees with Fawn kneeling behind me with her face in my bottom as she licked my sex with her unusually long tongue.

The well of light coming from the mirror spread into a dome of real world life around us. What looked like static in the air immediately turned into heavy, warm rain that wet the three of us down to the core, the grass turning green again, and there was a bubble of subtle light where we were at.

Turning now that I was done, I drew both Jen and Fawn to me and they both hid beneath my breasts and alternated between loving each other and me, and sucking off my smaller secondary breasts. I on the other hand just sat there in the rain, so massive that either primary tit must’ve been five times the English Alphabet in breast size, with either capped with two thick and heavily lactating nipples that stood on end from how aroused I was. Those massive tits formed a shelter for my two loves while I took the beating of the heavy, heavy rain, which in turn left me to bare the full strength of the storm.

But I was ok with that...

The rain was cooling me down that I was so hot, and as it cooled me down, steam literally wafted off my body even as it swelled subtly now with how hot I was.

But then I saw something beyond the edge of the barrier of white light surrounding us, and I shook Fawn and Jen to get them to look.

“A wraith guard!” Fawn hissed at the beast that walked along the edge of the barrier and struck it with a double-headed spear to cause a sparking flash through the barrier before the creature paced about the perimeter again before walking off. I saw other creatures walking through the shadow world where the rain was like static in the air of the world of the Fae, the creatures walking passed people who seemed frozen in time.

“Why isn’t anyone else moving?” I asked. “They look like they’re in the real world and all we see are their shadows.”

“They weren’t pulled into this realm. The Dragon is using a great deal of power, my master.” She said and moved to suck more milk from my tit. I stroked her wet hair as she did, swallowing several mouthfuls before she continued. “And apparently slavery isn’t their goal. They’re all moving to the great towers of glass and stone you call a city.”

“Saint Paul.” Jen commented as she caressed my navel and sternum while rivulets of water slid down my bodice between all my tits. “What do we do? What can we do?”

“We do nothing... only the master has hope of competing with them, and even then it’s a distant hope. Though master is physically powerful from sexual magics, that accounts for very little in the world of the Fae. If she is to have a chance, then she must learn real magic, and not just the physically empowering ones.”

We huddled, caressed and groped each other, the three of us naked and loving each other amidst our fear while I gasped and moaned periodically and grew stronger yet. Heavier muscles that were rippled and chorded wrapped about me like a warm securing blanket fresh from the dryer, my horns growing thick and massive, claws that could rend steel extending from each finger and breasts that were like hundred gallon drums heaving with each breath.

“W-why did I bite Jen?” I asked suddenly, trying to keep my mind off everything.

“Hnn?” both Jen and Fawn asked while they pressed against me.

“Why did I bite Jen? I grew fangs and I bit her like a vampire, I drank her blood.”

“You were in heat, master, or a rut at the time since you started out as a boy. You were claiming her as a mate. As far as any many of the Spirit Folk are concerned, you and she are married now.”

I breathed a deep sigh, and leaning back and exposing the pair to the rain, though Jen simply moved forward to continue sucking from my secondary breast, I looked at Fawn and caressed her face with fingers that were like hers only many times larger.

“And are you ok with that Fawn?”

Fawn immediately turned and embraced Jen from behind and ground her pussy against my beloved’s bottom.

“She is your choice master.” She said with a certain sadness in her voice, and then pressed closer to Jen and me in fear as she watched still more shadowy creatures pass by.

“The Dragon must be after his adversary to invade like this. He’s stopped time so as not to wake the Fae, and his minions are surging forward to confront her.”

“Her?” I repeated, and sighed as I leaned forward so my breasts could shield my loves from the rain again.

“His ancient adversary. I know not her human name being that each generation produces a new one, but his minions search for her newest incarnation every waking hour, and one can hear the Dragon bellow and roar for great distances in his rage at her and her family.”

“A possible ally?” I asked her then.

“Possibly.”

I thought for a moment and then looked between my breasts at her.

“Why isn’t anyone else except for us unfrozen in time and pulled into the Realm of the Fae?”

“Because they aren’t aware of real magic or this world.” She said simply, and began to suckle from me for security, and I palmed her silken and strong back.

“Fawn... how can I become stronger than I am now? How do I gain power enough to meet minions such as these, let alone their masters? I don’t feel right that I’m so helpless should they come to hurt either of you.”

She sucked for a few more moments and then licked my nipple off before withdrawing.

“We need to absorb power. I know of a way to get a great deal of power... but...” and she embraced me as we looked at the amassing soldiers passing by us. “It’s really risky...”

They called this the rain storm of two-thousand-five. For Minnesota, it was a real tragedy due to the force of the storm, being rated at half a hurricane-strength in a state that never really got hurricanes. We knew how to deal with floods and tornados and freezing cold in what was rated the sixth coldest place on earth, not an ungodly huge storm...

President Bush even came and declared the Twin Cities a natural disaster zone.

All from one supernatural creature that Fawn described to Jen and I as ‘*Bane*.’ This discussion came after hours of huddling in that bubble of reality apart from frozen time, and then a couple days more after the storm halted of occasional fondling and caressing between Fawn and me primarily, and Jen occasionally.

Bane was so powerful in the ways of magic that his mere presence created the storm from the powers of his magic rubbing against the science of reality. Like mater and anti-mater colliding, they create a violent reaction wherever they meet. The adversary that he’d come for was a heroine known only in legend as Crimson Clover... though honestly I never heard of her. I know of a plant called a Crimson Clover, though it’s not native to America, and instead came from Ireland.

But inexplicably, after such a violent storm, it did incredible damage but then just blew itself out. Fawn described that such a reaction shouldn’t just blow itself out... unless the Dragon was somehow defeated or at least pushed back.

On the last night of the full moon, I’d managed to control the fire burning in my loins to some degree to shift back into my human form, and only had just managed to become male again, though that gave me a penis now to pleasure two very horny females. Holding onto Fawn’s shoulders and holding her as she stood before her mirror, my prick flossing her bottom after just having had sex with her, I nibbled on her hooded ear and then spoke into it.

“Fawn... I want to be strong enough and powerful enough to protect you and Jen. You said there was a way where this could be done. How?”

Fawn turned to me, and then wrapped her arms about my neck, pressing her four enlarged breasts that had swollen greatly over the past few days against my chest. I drew concern at the fact that she clutched at me... And then she explained the way of it.

“Pat... you don’t have to do this.” Jen said as she sat on my bed.

“Yes I do.” I replied, standing before the mirror with a sharpie as I created a more elaborate glyph all around the edge of the mirror. This completed series of glyphs turned the mirror into a doorway instead of

just a viewing portal. Because Fawn had faith in me that I could do it, I had faith in myself that I could, so when the glyph was completed and I activated the magic, there wasn't even a pause and the mirror became enchanted and did what I wanted it to do.

"But why?" She complained, rising from the bed and stepping to me to grip my arm with both her hands to make me pause in drawing the next glyph. Now that there was a door, it needed a place to open up to, and since this second one was personal to Fawn, she had to teach it to me first.

I turned to her quietly, fixing her with my gaze. "Did you not see those soldiers?" she fell silent. "There's more than that, Jen. That night I went to go see you after your father locked you in your room, I saw more things, things that go bump in the night that were just beyond the horizon between the light and the dark, things that can hurt those I love, both you and Fawn, and if I'm not prepared... I... I'm not strong enough to know what I would do if I were to lose either of you."

Jen nodded and let go of my arm, and I finished the final etching of the Glyph and tapped the mirror. It hummed and vibrated and then rippled like water, becoming like a silvery liquid, and stepping forward I slid right from my room at the house and right into Fawn's arms.

"Oh master!" she moaned and embraced me tightly, she little more than a faded image of herself. "Thank you so much for doing this." She said and embraced me tightly. There were even tears in her eyes.

I was struck then by the two polarities in my life in regards to the women I loved. One didn't want me to do this task, the other was overjoyed that I was. I smirked at the differences between the two, but remarked at how dangerous of a task this was.

"We should get started," I said, and found myself in a mirror version of my room, and on the other side stood Jen, while on this side there was her shadowy mirrored representation of herself. I didn't have a mirror image of myself on the other side.

"Yes of course... this way master." Fawn said, and taking me gaily by the hand, led me to the bedroom door and was about to open it when there was a shimmering sound from behind us.

Turning, we watched as Jen also followed us into the mirror room.

"Jen!" I gaped.

"I'm coming with you." She said sternly and strode up to me. "You don't get a choice in this."

"Ah... ok." I stammered. "But this is really dangerous, beloved."

"Which is why I'm coming with you." She replied and folded her arms beneath her bosom. "I will not sit back and wait for you while you go into the maw of death itself to do this."

Fawn blinked at her as I did, and looking to Fawn, I pulled my arm from her hands and stepped toward Jen and took both her shoulders with my hands. "I don't want you to come." I said quietly. "Please reconsider... I want you safe and sound."

"No." she replied stubbornly.

"You should reconsider. Only master is strong enough to do this, and there's no danger to me since I'll be riding inside him."

"No." Jen said again, and I sighed and turned to Fawn.

"She comes with us." I said.

“But...” Fawn began, looked between the two of us and then nodded. “Yes Master.” She replied, and opened the door on this side of the mirror.

On the other side of the bedroom door wasn't what I expected. I don't know what exactly it should've been that I expected, but it definitely wasn't this. What the door opened up into was a knoll of grass and flowers, with a great willow tree and a pond of water at its peak, but surrounding the knoll were several stone arches that resembled those found around Stonehenge. But beyond those doors, everything was white. There was no semblance of a horizon or a sky, it just went on forever and ever in every direction... oh there were a few butterflies floating over the knoll, but there was nothing else but these things.

“What is this?” I asked and blinked as my voice echoed subtly, which was surprising because it didn't look like there was anything it could echo off of.

“This is my hideaway place. It took centuries to build from me squirreling away power, conserving it, half starving myself at times to build it. You could say this is my happy place.” And she knelt down at the edge of the pool, and dipping her hands into the water she cupped some water up in both hands and drank the crystalline waters. “If not for the fact that I still need food, I could remain here forever. Perhaps eventually I can make something that will produce manna for me to eat. Or a garden.”

“It's a shard realm.” I said in awe.

“A shard realm?” Jen asked, and then the door closed behind her with an audible click that echoed subtly in this atmosphere and then sank speedily into the ground. She gave a cry of alarm from the act and then turned back and noticeably steeled herself. “I'm ok... it just startled me a bit.

I went to her and stood close, palming her back. Jen hugged herself as she looked around.

“It's a place of privacy. A magically created realm apart from all other realms held somewhere in the vastness of the ether. Other than yourself or someone you invite into the place, it's very, very hard to find a shard realm with how vast and ever changing the ether is, and the smaller that place is, the harder it is to find.”

“How hard is it to find something like this?” Jen asked looking about her.

“About as hard as finding a diamond the size of a grain of sand on a beach.” I smirked.

“A place of safety.” Fawn added, and created a flame over a flat stone that didn't burn with wood or any apparent source of fuel before she started warming her hands over it. “It's still too cool for me here. I prefer a much warmer place.”

There was a brief pause in which I felt Jen press against my side and hold tight to me, and we waited before I decided to speak.

“Fawn... what do we do now?” I asked quietly, listening to the echo in my voice.

The flame snuffed out with a wisp of smoke, and Fawn rose to her cloven feet and stepped lithely to me. Then placing her fingers with their thick stubby hoof-like nails at their ends against my chest, she began to push into me, sliding into my body and resting there. And then I started to change.

I felt the sensual feeling of my phallus retracting backward like a telescope into the housing that soon became a vagina, the nads pulling backward into the labia, the waist narrowing the hips widening, just before my breasts swelled outward rapidly to their incredible P-cup sizes. The nipples and areola puffed out and erected even as I grew about a foot in height, my body carving with deepening muscle while my features softened and the hair topping my head grew long and billowing and changed to a white coloring.

Walk forward master, she said into my head, and I walked forward, heading straight to one of the stone doorways on the edge of the knoll. *Give me control*.

I hesitated, I knew that Fawn knew that I hesitated, but I nonetheless gave her control of my body, and lifting her hands she passed them over the gate and whispered something in Mystic through my lips, and suddenly several glyphs and runes appeared along the sides and top of the stone door, and the field between the stones and the ground ignited into a shimmering field of blue light. The flow of magic and power felt intoxicating. It was a flow of losing power to cast the magic and rapidly gaining that power back at the same time as it regenerated quickly inside me, and there was a measure of fatigue in the effort of doing so, but I liked the feeling. It was almost euphoric.

The colors behind the field rapidly changed and it depicted a scene of a dead forest tinted with the blue of the gate. Fawn gave me control back of the body... I could arrest control if I so wanted to, but I wanted she and I to be a partnership, not a master/servant relationship.

Walk forward, she prompted and I did, stepping through the field and appearing suddenly within a world of mist and overcast skies, seeming every bit as real as the real world. The grounds were covered in dead leaves, the trees were all bare of leaves and needles; everything was dead. Even the air felt dead, without so much as even a breeze or the feeling of a moving world.

“What is this place? A creation of yours Fawn? A creation of the Fae?”

No master... this is your creation, and Mistress Jen's creation. A creation of all humans, she responded.

“What did she say?” Jen asked as she stepped in beside me.

“She said... we created this place...” I responded.

Jen blinked at me, then reaching into her bag she removed the hand mirror and held it up, muttered the summoning and the mirror lit up immediately with Fawn's face.

“What do you mean by that?” Jen asked Fawn.

“This is a realm instead of a shard realm, Mistress Jen.” Fawn replied. “No one person made this place. This one has many names, but the most common names for it are The Realm of Nightmares... and Limbo. It breathes its life from the collective fears of billions of human beings. There is only one rule for this world concerning those who visit it like us. You must not fear or despair, for if you do, then they will come true and will affect you as surely if they were real too.”

“Good to know.” I said aloud, and consciously forced myself not to think about what had been plaguing me at that moment. “So where's this power of yours, Fawn?”

“Walk the path forward... I will explain.” She said, and taking Jen's hand, she and I began walking forward, leaving the swirling gateway behind us. “The Satyr were long ago said to contain powerful magics... just like all Fae and Fairy in which we filled their courts with music and song, love and laughter, our magics were the magics of bards, as noble as to create living illusions with our song to tame the hearts of the god-like Fae and men alike and bend them to our wills, to using our incredible sexual magics to actually act as warriors.

“These later members you will know more as the Minotaur.

“You remind me of one when you are at full power, master. Not since the days of Daedalus and the Minotaur has one risen from our species that was considered good and just. Most that can become Minotaur are forced to fight in the rings. Those who are successful and attain honor with their masters, are those that hunt down the other Fawn and Satyr and make them slaves.”

“Glad I could help with that.” I said in my feminine voice, squeezing Jen’s hand and got one in return.

“But when the Fae went to sleep, our kind was enslaved. The Minotaur were forced to battle each other, while the Fawn and the Satyr were forced into slavery of all kinds. The lucky were those who only had to clean floors. The Satyr and Fawn, however, had the potential of gaining the power necessary to break free of their masters... become the masters themselves.”

“Why didn’t they?” Jen asked while we walked.

I felt a wavering emotion from Fawn and then looked sidelong at the mirror with her image in it to see her suddenly hug herself, hunch her shoulders and look away.

“Our power is sexual, always has been.” She replied. “Sexual power is based upon maturity and blood. A girl gains more power as she becomes a maiden when she receives her hips and breasts. A maiden gains more power as she becomes a woman through sex. A woman gains more as she becomes a mother, and still more when she becomes a grandmother and so on. In order to keep us under their thumb, once we had a child or two... they... *stripped* us of our sexual power.” And she immediately shrugged her shoulders as I felt a wave of anguish wash from her into me at a memory that showed her strapped to a stone table. Memories of pain, and pausing in my step I reached over and held the back of Jen’s hand holding the mirror.

“Stripped.” I said to her directly.

There were tears in her eyes as she told us.

“They strap you to a table; draw the ropes and chains tight till your arms and legs practically pop out of their sockets, and usually the one doing it rapes you first. It doesn’t matter if it’s a male or a female... they almost always do it. They did it to me. Once they do that, they carve into your belly and pelvis, even your loins and inner thighs a mystical emblem that is a form of blood magic. They connect that carving to carvings in your arms and legs, mystic symbols that burn like hot knives with ever little mark. Then taking a pair of tongs – some even do it with their bare hands – they reach inside you through the gates of your womanhood, grab your womb, and pull it out of you.”

I swallowed and Jen immediately burst into tears cradling her belly as her fingers became white-knuckled around the edge of the mirror. She gasped in shock at Fawn. “The monsters! How could they?!”

“By the end of the ritual, I didn’t know whether it was a fist that pushed into me or the tongs, all I knew was the searing pain of when they wrenched my womb from me.” Fawn said and she held herself tighter than ever. They took it from me, a piece of me that contained all my feminine power with it, they collared me, dragged me right from the table to rest before my master, a powerful Oni, and forced me to pleasure him immediately thereafter. My back bore the scars of the lashes they used to force me with for decades before they healed.”

She closed her eyes tightly, and a flood of tears escaped from her eyes, and I was met with snippets of her stronger memories, seeing her hanging from a crossbar as a demon of some sort lashed her with a bull whip, saw the moment they pulled her womb from her, saw dozens, yet hundreds of times in which she was forced.

“What do they do to the Satyrs?” I asked quietly.

“I don’t know.” Fawn said. “They have their chains, their collars and bonds just like the Fawns do, but there are so few of them than there are of us. Whatever it is... they typically commit suicide. Since they started doing that, they enchanted us all that if we ever thought of suicide... it would punish us, and not allow us to, our very will is removed.”

Jen suddenly launched herself into my body and squeezed me tightly. "This is for you Fawn." She sobbed, and her thin arms squeezed me harder as she rubbed her face in my breasts.

I felt the urge from Fawn and embraced Jen back. "Thank you." Fawn said from the mirror.

There was a moment of solace between we three till I finally kissed Jen's forehead and we separated from each other a little.

"Fawn... if they took your power from you, then why are we here?" I asked then.

"Power cannot be destroyed." She answered. "Though they took our sexual powers from us, it still exists and will exist until we ourselves die. Instead they put it in a place where we're... afraid to go."

"Afraid? You mean this place, Fawn?" I asked.

Jen turned the mirror to face us and we saw her looking timid as she continued hugging herself, folding her four breasts to herself as she nodded.

"There are many dark trees in this wilderness," she said. "Some of them hide here, others merely dwell here, others coagulated here out of necessity to embody despair. The tree we search for is the later of these. Our powers are pulled from us and then banished to this realm, in which the tree collects our sexual power and feeds off them as they lie attached to its bare branches like luminescent fruit. It will not let go easily."

"How will we know which one is yours?" Jen asked.

"I will know." Fawn said and looked away from us down the length of the path before us.

I looked at her image and then nodded. "Then we go." I said quietly. "Even if we weren't to gain anything from this Fawn... I'll do this just so that you can have that which was taken from you."

"*We* will do this Fawn." Jen said quickly. "No woman... no woman anywhere should ever suffer the sensation of loosing their ability to bare and nurture life."

The Realm of Nightmares felt wrong. No matter how many happy thoughts I had, no matter how tightly I tried to keep myself on track, there was always the nagging feeling that there was something wrong. The world didn't move like it should, and for that matter it didn't feel like it moved at all! There was no wind... just mist in the forest and constantly overcast sky.

There were trees everywhere, absolutely everywhere, and no matter how far you could see in the mists that permeated this world, every tree you could see was dead, dead, dead...

But as we journeyed forward along the path that seemed well-worn like hordes of people constantly walked along it, I began to sense from Fawn a concern. Not fear or dread... but a concern, and delving into myself as I felt her feeding me more strength against my will to make me thicker and stronger to the point where my clothing was stretching across my frame and I was a full head taller than Jen now, I asked her what was wrong.

Fawn, you're not hiding your concern from me very well, what's wrong? I asked her.

It's... she was quiet for a moment as she contemplated the world through my eyes. There's something different. This world has changed recently. There was rarely any mist in this world and now it's everywhere. The mists usually don't come until after dread has set in.

I felt her presence inside me holding onto me as surely and as tightly as Jen was now. Why did I have to be the strength here... but their close presences helped me to be the steely bulwark in which our fears splashed against.

Do you know why that is? I asked

Only that something must've changed. There are good trees here too... they generate the hope in this realm of limbo, but they are few and far between. For such a realm-wide thing such as this to occur, one of the stronger trees must be missing, or worse... destroyed. Removing such a tree is like removing hope from a nightmare. We walked for a time, and then she made mention of something else. Master... walk forward with all due haste. We must verify this for ourselves.

We stood at the edge of a mire. There was a lake here, and the lake was as black as ebony. In the center of the lake was a massive hill made of stone steps in the semblance of a jagged, rounded pyramid, and at its top was...

"Nothing." Fawn gasped, her image looking toward the top of the hill through the mirror as she shielded her eyes with one hand. "It's gone!"

"What's gone, Fawn?" Jen asked and Fawn's image turned back to us.

"Mighty Blackthorn!" she gasped. "Blackthorn has grown here since time memorial! The strongest of shillelaghs for lords and wizards and warriors were made here, but the tree always remained afterward. How can the tree be gone?!"

"Is that bad?" Jen asked, her voice cracking.

I heard Fawn swear inwardly as she realized that saying these things were damaging Jen's already shaky resilience in this place, and I had to make the stern look vanish from my face and eyes when Jen looked at me for support briefly before she returned to Fawn.

"No!" Fawn said quickly and forced a smile, which was an unsettling thing to see because of her strange teeth and fangs. It was enough to unsettle Jen further. "Should there be something wrong with that?"

"Should there?" Jen swallowed.

"No... absolutely not!" Fawn grinned again. "Ah... let's get going. The tree we're looking for should be along the shore somewhere." And she hugged herself and tried to smile as long as Jen held her mirror out, but I could detect nervousness in Fawn's appearance in the way she trembled and tapped her fingers. She even started to hum incoherent tunes, notes that didn't seem to have any flow to them and was mildly discordant.

Fawn... I thought inwardly!

"Nothing I swear!" her image shrieked, and then she shrugged her shoulders, looking culled as Jen lifted the mirror immediately.

"I knew it!" Jen shrieked in a panic, and I pulled her closer to me immediately but she shoved me off and faced the mirror. "Tell me now! What's wrong?!"

Fawn looked left and right, just as the world started to darken, and she held herself more tightly. "It's ok... it's ok... don't worry, all is well... just... get out of the water..." she said quietly, hugging herself and looking frightened. "Just remember not to despair, it... it's just the darkness." But there were tears in her eyes, and looking down at our feet where we were still in the bog, I took Jen by the hand and yanked her

along with me, and she and I surged up the bank onto actual solid ground amidst the trees even as the darkness became so thick that it blocked out all light.

I heard a scream; not knowing if it were Jen or Fawn, and my body started reacting. Feeling my clothes tightening about me meant that I was growing in strength, and lifting a hand I summoned a ball of light like Fawn had taught me to do before, and a globe of pure light engulfed the area, showing me Jen clutching to my hardening body even as the shirt I wore tore open and first one and then the other tit bounded out, and a series of wrenching snaps at my middle told me that the belt, button and zipper of the pants I wore had just wrenched open while Fawn nestled somewhere inside me.

My breasts heaved outward as I continued to expand, the waist bands of the panties I wore stretching high over either widening hip; abdominals narrowing as they tightened and my pants clenched about me so tightly that a camel toe revealed itself between my legs. Those pants slid upward as I grew so that a span of bared ankle showed itself above either shoe.

“It’s ok... I’m here!” I said hurriedly and snatched Jen to me. “Fawn... what’s going on?”

“Despair! Darkness comes with the despair!” she said shrilly. “Think happy thoughts! Think happy thoughts!” And then there was a splash of movement in the lake, and this time both my loves screamed.

“Something’s in the lake!” they shouted.

“Stop it!” I shouted, and my voice echoed all around, silencing them both. “Be quiet... I’m here, and nothing will ever happen to either of you while I’m here!” They both quieted, but I could hear them whimpering. “This light will protect us, this light keeps the darkness away,” I said hurriedly, but noticed that the darkness was pressing in on my light. It became increasingly more difficult to keep its sphere as wide as it was. “And you have nothing to fear while in the light, do you?” I smiled for Jen as she clutched to me, but nonetheless shook her head hurriedly before pressing her head to my heaving breasts.

“Let’s have a song... a happy song.” I said, but nonetheless grew a little bit more from Fawn’s needs to have me protect her and my instinct to protect Jen, feeling some of the seams on the pants I wore pop open, and the seat of the panties I had on were now giving me a wedgie something fierce both front and back. “I got one...”

“If you go into the woods today, you best go in disguise. If you go into the woods today, you’d best be in for a surprise...” and I started walking, drawing my loves along with me, feeling their need for me to protect them make me stronger and stronger.

I sat on a rock and removed the pants I’d been wearing while Jen waited nearby. My pussy was so distended and tight at the moment that I gave it a rub in an attempt to calm it. I was so riddled with muscle that I’d grown to a seven foot tall behemoth of an Olympian woman with two heaving breasts larger than my head that rolled upon two massive pectorals. Pulling on the shoes that I’d brought with me again, I caressed that sex of mine a second time for a moment and then stood.

Jen immediately pressed against my muscled navel for her comfort.

“How come you’re not afraid?” she shivered. “It’s so cold here!”

I blinked as I noticed her breath escape a pair of lips that were tinted blue. Touching her, I felt that she was cold.

“I am afraid... but you and Fawn need me to be brave so I am.” I handed her my pants after folding them up, and then bent to pick her up, folding her up tightly in my arms and holding her to my breast. She held

onto that engorged mound of fat and milk-filled gland, rubbing the bared flesh for warmth and added comfort, caressing the swell with one hand.

“How I wish you could do that with me master.” Fawn said quietly, her voice muffled from the mirror pressed to Jen’s own voluminous chest.

Holding Jen with one hand, my firm biceps bulging beneath her, I reached down and cradled the base of the firm abdominals just above the pelvis. Whenever I felt Fawn, she felt as if she were there... or my heart. I couldn’t explain it... it was just the way it was. But this felt like I was holding her now.

“How much I wish that I could rest in a downy bed with the two of you framing me, your breasts resting upon me and your naked bodies helping to keep us all warm. I mused, and felt my arousal rise. Jen noticed the erecting nipple and fingered it.

“I want that too...” She said quietly and I kissed her forehead and then looked up but paused.

“Fawn... I see lights.” I said quietly.

“Lights? D-do they look like eyes?” Fawn squirmed, but Jen turned to look as well.

“I see them too. No... they’re too irregular.”

“A-are they moving? Be careful master! Will-o-wisps can be as cruel as they are playful.”

“Will-o-wisps?” Jen asked.

“Souls of drowned children.” I said aloud. “I found a reference to them in the book. They have a tendency of leading people off the path and can also be sources of good and evil, but they always constantly move unless animating something. These are staying put.”

“Move closer...” Fawn said. “But be careful!”

I tread forward, my sneakers squishing in the edge of the bog as I walked amongst the trees that showed up briefly within my sphere of light as black things so dark they were like holes in space.. Now that one of the girls had mentioned eyes, I now saw eyes everywhere, and closing my eyes and shaking my head briefly I looked again and most of them disappeared.

This was a realm of illusions, where illusions could become strong enough to kill you. Best if I guarded my thoughts some more.

But as I walked, at long last we came to where the lights were illuminating from, and here we found a great tree, as wide as it was tall with a narrow trunk holding it up. It’s branches were like a thorned brambles, and attached to the branches were orange crystal orbs surrounded by a fleshy molting that only allowed parts of the orb to shine through. The flesh was held and wrapped around the branches of the tree.

“What on earth...?” Jen prompted.

“Master! This is it! This is it! This is the tree! My power is here!”

“You mean these are wombs?” Jen gasped.

“And... others.” She said quietly, and I couldn’t help but notice that some of these came in pairs...

Suddenly I understood what they must do to the Satyrs to rob them of their sexual power. Seeing them, I wondered why I didn’t realize it before.

“I found it! It’s this one over here!” I heard Fawn say, and bending, putting Jen on the ground, she held up the mirror but Fawn’s image wasn’t there.

“Where are you?” she asked and started panning around.

“Over here!” she called again and Jen panned left and right and then upward, finding Fawn crawling along the branches before one particular orb. Leaving Jen I stepped forward and moved to what I thought was the orb.

Lifting my hands and fastening them onto the orb, I felt it pulsate and beat, throbbing with the familiar beat of Fawn’s heart.

This one? I asked her.

“Yes! That one!” I heard Fawn call from the mirror.

“L-Let’s do this quickly...” Jen squeaked. “I don’t like it here.”

And pulling on the sphere with its fleshy outside, the thing small enough where it’d fit inside just one of my hands, I tugged it from the tree but it wouldn’t come off. It was then that I saw that the tree’s branches were coiling around the parts of the womb. Frowning at the branch, my brows knitting, I yanked on the orb and several of the branches snapped in the motion. I heard a creepy screeching sound that was barely inaudible before the remaining branches withdrew.

“What was that?” Jen asked.

“I think it was the tree.” I said.

“No... it was a splashing sound. I heard it just a second ago.” I looked off in that direction, but all I heard was the screeching of something wounded coming from the tree.

Looking back to Jen, seeing her standing there by herself, trembling, I knew that it was bad for us to leave her be, but Fawn’s excitement in me was too much to ignore and I’d left Jen to go get the orb. So I started back toward my love, about to say that we could leave, when Jen pointed and screamed just as something heaved from the edge of the mire the tree was at, and a creature... some kind of massive creature with eight eyes opened its maw of jagged teeth like a shark’s and a body like a black-skinned hairless panther and roared.

The piercing scream was an unmitigated piercing wail as its tongue snaked out, and without even thinking, I began to change in an explosion of transformation. My body started to grow and grow, and I felt the remains of shirt and panties rip open around my body while shoes and socks exploded about my feet, and I dropped Fawn’s orb even as the monster attacked. I launched myself against its paw that had long bear-like claws as it snapped and churned, my body still growing with muscle, my body roiling and bubbling as horns and claws appeared and my legs became fuzzy and hair-covered. The monster swiped at me and I lifted a hand, creating a flash of light that pushed away the darkness and made the monster scream in pain as its eyes all shut and its body became transparent for a moment. I took that moment to punch at it with my growing musculature as my halter top slid to the top of my chest and my breasts swelled outward beneath it and those two monstrous tits wobbled as their secondaries and tertiaries grew into place before I punched again.

And then the beast screamed and swung its other paw and I lifted both arms to catch it, stopping it short of killing me... but then I heard a thunk... and a bloody gurgling.

I wasn’t hurt, I wasn’t harmed other than a couple scrapes, so then what... *no!* I turned around immediately and felt and heard my breathing stop, seeing Jen behind me with one of the beast’s claws piercing her from chest to sternum and emerging out her back.

“Jen!” I screamed.

I don't think I could ever forget the look on her face as the light in her eyes immediately darkened, her face grew pale as blood seeped from her body like a bucket being overturned. She stared at me, tears erupting from her eyes as blood seeped from her mouth and nose, and immediately I turned back to the beast and felt the power in me flow with such an unmitigated certainty, I felt every mote of power in me from my own form and from Fawn conjoin in perfect harmony. The Male and Female powers united, and this body of mine changed. Muscles rapidly doubled then tripled in strength, the bands of the halter snapping in two instantly, and with a shove I pushed the beat with all its own remarkable strength back. A synchronous power flowed within me, the fur on my head and legs growing luminescent as I drew an arm back as those arms and thighs and upper body suddenly doubled in density and I punched the creature square in the middle of the forehead, forcing all my will and strength into the blow.

A flash of blue-green light erupted from me and into the creature, and I punched straight through its skull and into its brain.

The beast shuddered and then collapsed to the ground before I wrenched my fist out and hurried to Jen.

She was trembling, spasming while she tried to stop the seepage of her life-fluids, forgetting that they were also spewing from her back. She looked to me, tried to say something but only a garbled voice escaped her perfect lips along with a wash of blood.

I panicked and I picked her up.

Master, Fawn began.

“Shut up!” I shouted, tears seeping from my eyes.

But Master!

“I said shut up!” my voice quavered and I returned to where the orb had been, picking it up and cradling Jen and it, looked at the tree, knew it was somehow responsible for this, and lifting one foot to its surface I kicked it and the whole tree shuddered and screamed as it was tilted sideways several degrees.

Then hurrying as fast as I could run I ran back around the shore and back up the path toward the way out.

I watched her die.

I watched the light vanish from her eyes, her body growing pale and limp, and she gave one final hiccup before her beautiful face grew slack and her body grew limp. It was then that I cursed this woman's heart I now had. I cursed it wholeheartedly and sobbed, shaking her, trying to get her to wake.

“Jen...” I sobbed almost silently, and when she didn't answer after shaking her again, her perfect breasts not moving like they're supposed to if she were breathing, I choked, and then began to bawl. I'd never cried so hard in my life as I lifted my love to my chest and clutched at her, held her, and yet there was no life in her... she was just a cast off doll.

Master... Fawn's voice entered my head. *It's all right master, you still have me.* She said hopefully. My arms tightened around Jen's body as I sobbed and rubbed my face against hers, brushing a cheek against her hair. So wonderful, so perfect, but now that she was dead all that didn't matter now. *I-I will always be here for you master. It will be all right.*

“No it won’t!” I snarled. “It most certainly will not be all right! Jennifer was my love Fawn! I should’ve listened to my gut, I should’ve told her that she couldn’t come, I should’ve risked her ire by not allowing her to come and now she’s *Dead!*” I couldn’t stop crying. It all just spilled out without ending. “She was always there! She was the girl next door, she was the young woman who actually smiled at me when none other would, and she was the woman I favored, wanted to be with but was too afraid to ever approach.

“Damn it I love her! And now she’s dead! Do you understand me Fawn! **Dead!**”

“How can my life ever mean anything without her here? How can I face living without her there? If only I never found your damnable book... then I’d still be a dork and she’d still be alive.”

I kissed Jen’s head and shook with tremors in my sorrow as she remained limp inside my powerful womanly arms, wedged within the heaving breasts I had, and for a long time there was silence from Fawn, a stunned and rather hurt silence, until...

I can save her, she said meekly after a moment or two.

I stopped immediately and drew back, looking at Jen’s face and then upward as if to look at Fawn like she could appear in this realm of hers, but she was nowhere to be found. Perhaps it was because she was in me and we were a woman instead of a man.

“H-how?”

Relax your body, my master... give me control of this body... and... and I will do this thing for you. Only for you.

I looked about, not believing but nonetheless hoping beyond hope that this will happen, and laying Jen down, straightening her hair, I rose and kept staring at her while I felt Fawn’s presence sliding into my limbs, body and short stubby tail, felt a certain numbness as I forced myself to relax. Like before when she opened the gate, I felt her move me, could almost feel her naked body against mine inside this shell as she immediately stepped on these cloven hooves gracefully and expertly toward her power, the golden orb that I’d arbitrarily dropped on the ground and forgotten about when we arrived at her shard realm, the thing surrounded by fleshy masses. There she picked up the orb, and holding it in one hand, she moved to Jen and then knelt before pressing the crystalline part of the sphere to her forehead.

Jen’s body convulsed, and then arched upward, and I heard a breath of air escape her body, blood leaking from her lips, and I watched with much anticipation as a vapor escaped her mouth.

“Fawn what...”

Don’t interrupt, she said immediately but gently and I immediately became quiet again.

And then I watched as the vapor began to break her apart from the inside drawing blue-gray motes from within her and disintegrating her flesh, drawing it into the crystal, and I gasped as her entire body from head to toe was consumed and sucked into the sphere. Only Jen’s clothes remained behind.

Fawn rose, looking at the sphere, and I saw the blue and gray motes swirling about within it. I was about to ask again what was going on, but Fawn preempted it...

Only for you master... she said quietly, and then looking down her body, reset both legs so that they were wide apart, took the sphere that fit in the palm of her hand, pressed it against our sex and forced it upward. Ever so slowly the twin labia spread open, around the sphere and orb, and I gasped as the fleshy parts of the orb sprung up that vagina, lancing inside me and attaching to my innards. And then those fleshy things began to tense and pull the orb inside me, and I gurgled as something so thick as that actually surged between the opening of my pelvis, rubbing against it on its way in till with a magnificent ***thunk*** the sphere entered me fully.

Immediately I exhaled in the mildly erotic sensation that was... if Jen were still alive and I wasn't so sorrow-ridden then it would've been a beautiful experience, but instead it'd been dulled and muted. Both vaginal muscles clenched tightly as nipples and clitoris erected immediately, and I exhaled again, but this time a fine mist that was colored vaguely pink escaped my lips and wafted out into the air. Biting my lower lip I felt that thing churn in my navel as it swelled to fill what was a vacant hole inside me. I always knew that there was something wrong whenever I was a woman, but couldn't ever place my finger on it. Now I knew... there was something missing, and now it was filled.

It was an inexplicable sensation but what was more was that the more it attached to me, the more I grew amazed at the fact that now, as a woman, I had a womb. But even more impressive was that if what Fawn did was any indication... I now had Jen inside me.

It was then that I realized that Fawn had reverted inside me again, giving me back control of my body.

"Fawn... what... what did you do?" I gasped but she didn't answer.

Instead I felt her wrapping about that ball and suddenly there was a flood of energy and power from the orb inside me, and I groaned immediately as I started to change.

My insides became flushed with moisture, so much that it started leaking from me while both labia puffed outward, swelling so much that they pressed against the insides of both thighs.

My body grew longer at the waist and neck, both forearms growing steadily longer before my frame just started to engorge. Muscle grew upon muscle, breasts expanded as I grew, and suddenly I orgasmed with a jet of ejaculate that spewed out from inside me onto the ground right as I sank to my knees... weak against the power that was flushing into me.

I cried out in the pain of such stinging arousal, an arousal that felt utterly long amidst my sorrow, all the nipples lining my bodice quivering as they ached with the sensations assailing me just before hard spines and blades erupted from my body in every which direction while the horns atop my head thickened and curved and the hair atop my head and the fur on my legs and forearms grew thicker. Then, not being able to help myself, I slid a pair of fingers into my gaping vagina and caressed it in an attempt to relieve the stresses of such arousal. Another burst or two of ejaculate erupted from me while the muscles on me pinched against each other that they grew so much, the masses pressing and fighting against each other for space, and when they couldn't grow wider, they simply grew thicker.

With a heaving crunch my chest lurched forward violently enough to jostle the four engorging breasts topping it shortly before an explosion happened about my middle as all the ribs ringing me suddenly grew longer and bowed outward. Another cracking crunch made my upper back surge outward, right before shoulders, biceps and triceps, forearms and hands all exploded with thick, thick musculature.

The growth slid down my body, heaving both thighs and flaring both calves, widening my feet, with the breasts I had large enough where they pressed against either thigh with me bent over myself as I was. Rubbing the two largest tits I had, I groaned with the sexual elation throbbing inside me like a heavily laden cock. The blades and spines that'd grown on me all sharpened and thickened, my horns growing thicker and harder, just before I felt something... cutting me.

Looking to my arm I gasped as green swirls carved their way through the flesh as if being cut by a scalpel, looking like the swirls found on certain Celtic holy places, and the lines glowing deeply with arcane power. The etchings slid across both clavicles and decorated the peaks of my top-most chest pair, decorating a portion of either primary boob before carving all about the whole of my back. Then with a series of pops and groans, every muscle in me separated from primaries to secondaries and thusly to tertiaries... the power completing itself in a shunting and mind-numbing orgasm.

Opening my eyes, the pair burned with power, glowing green while milk leaked from every nipple lining my body and nectar leaked from the swollen bands of my sex. Exhaling a long breath of air, sparkling pink vapor exuded from me as if I were exhaling smoke.

And then I looked down and arched myself backward, palming my belly, rubbing it while my loins quivered with the power that was in me. Strummed with such unmitigated sexual power that dwarfed the male that I was. It was an ancient woman's power... a woman that remembered giving birth. It was the very power of life.

But while I held my belly, I felt a certain power growing in me, one that Fawn was wrapped around and trying to excite and control with every last mote of her being and the whole of our shared power, and soon I felt the creases in my belly that were dozens of pairs strong and were likewise lined with ten lats, all start to smooth and bow outward.

"W-What's going on?" I asked, my voice echoing subtly, but still Fawn didn't answer.

But I felt my belly swell, felt it round outward but also, another inexplicable sensation, I felt myself being connected to energy inside my belly; energy and a light that could only be called...

Life.

My belly rounded outward and bulged, the creases rapidly diminishing and most of them disappearing altogether while I palmed its mass, the belly button standing on end before I was force to spread both legs wide to make ready for that rounded bowl. My breasts swelled till they were firm with the milk inside them, expanded to even greater proportions, and I thought for a moment that I was going to explode and whimpered as the pressure grew and grew... until...

There was a dull thud inside me, an explosion of sorts, and a wash of fluids surged from me from out of my sex to spill in a broad puddle onto the ground. There was blood mixed with it.

M-master... whatever you do... don't fight the reflex, Fawn said to me suddenly, and just as suddenly I felt my navel clench.

"W-what the hell was that?!" I gasped panting.

A contraction.

"A What?!"

And another struck me. My mind rushed as I realized what was happening to me. I was bloated and I felt an attachment to a life force because I'd just experienced nine months of pregnancy within a matter of minutes... and now I was at the final stage. I was giving birth!

I leaned backward and rubbed my cunt even as another contraction struck me, and from inside me something pushed against my insides while my navel rolled with another contraction. I tried to remember everything I knew of women and birth; of half-paying attention in health class while they covered the ins and outs of a woman's body, and I only barely listened because I thought it'd never concern me unless I decided to loose my mind and become a doctor. I was a guy after all... but I tried to do the breathing, tried to roll my navel like they told you to, and that mass slid down my insides, pushing muscles apart while a mass uncoiled inside me, pressing against the birth canal. The mass didn't hurt like I thought it should, but then I felt Fawn struggling inside me, her sensations controlling those parts of me I had no idea existed, and she pushed, and she pushed, and suddenly my vagina crowned.

She gasped and moaned, and I felt her tears leak from my eyes as the slit of my womanhood dilated open immediately, bulged and cleaved open, revealing a head. Then shortly I gasped and felt the tears erupt from my eyes as I recognized Jen's face.

She was a supple young woman, little more than a girl that she was maybe ten years ago as she immediately coughed and threw up the water that was in me, till with several heaving pushes her body slid from me fully. An umbilical detached from her navel automatically as she coughed again, and rolled onto her chest, panting to fill her lungs with air before this body started pushing again, and in short order an afterbirth with much blood was expelled, just before Fawn acted before I could stop her, gripped the afterbirth, and promptly choked it down.

It was perhaps the most vile thing I'd ever felt myself do, and once it was over, Fawn's strength waned greatly inside me... to the point where she was almost dead.

At that moment... I didn't know which of the two I wanted to comfort first, and so as I moved to Jen while I cradled my belly as it immediately tightened again, the rigors of pregnancy healing up till my belly was as firm as it ever was and more thanks to this recent change. And then I touched Jen, hesitantly at first, touching the place in her back where the wound had been and now was gone, but then she groaned and tried to rise, just before she spasmed violently and I huddled backward in fear. I heard a crunch as she spasmed like that, just before she arched over herself, shivered, shook and trembled, just before her body started to grow longer. I couldn't help but watch as her spine thickened one vertebra after the next, legs and arms lengthening as well as she churned and thrashed on the ground.

Her body grew long and sinuous first, and only then did she start to fill out. Hips and shoulders widened first before her chest barreled outward and her back bulged as well to round out her bodice. Butt muscles rounded sinuously into a perfectly made heart-shaped behind, with thighs and calves, biceps and forearms flaring and bulging steadily. Between her legs I saw the immature vaginal mound bulge heavily with a pair of mature, womanly labia, the clit thickening and the folds of flesh inside her peaking out. Then her neck and middle broadened, the muscles on her body bubbling outward while her hair billowed from the top of her head, spilling downwards and around her head as she coughed and threw up more water in two heaving pulls before she rose onto her knees.

All I saw was the back of her as she hugged herself and shivered, but that nonetheless led to her breasts engorging over her arms, beginning with the flat planes of pectoral then peaking outward into buds, then swelling into bulges, but they kept swelling well past where they were before and became heavily laden orbs upon a chest that became chorded and firm. And then those subtly sagging mammaries started to fill, rounding outward into thick orbs that were undoubtedly filling to the brim with her milk. Creases formed in her body, cleaving the musculature into defined and rounded bulges, just before she moaned and I smelt ejaculate as it lanced from her.

Her biceps and shoulders, her butt and thighs were thicker than they used to be, not to mention her back, and as I looked at her, watching her, I rapidly shifted my power inward, packed it away till my masculinity could turn outward and my breasts flattened, and sliding against her back I took hold of her shoulders as these changes finished in us both finished, and turning to me, she looked blankly at me in the eyes before the stupidity in them turned into the light of wisdom granted upon a woman her age.

I remarked upon it... noted that she was changed subtly from the woman I knew her as, but then she surged to me, bracing herself side-saddle upon my lap and whimpered one thing.

"Hold me." She whispered, and then a wracking sob escaped from her, and fiercely, as passionately as I could, I snatched her to me, held her in my arms tightly and listened to her cry.

It was hours later when I stepped through the mirror in Jen's bathroom, naked as the day I was born, but nonetheless I'd changed too. I felt stronger... a lot stronger, strong enough where I could carry both my loves into the room and cancel the doorway with a thought.

Closing and locking the door to Jen's room, I laid her down on the bed and slid into the narrow queen with her, still holding her before I felt the place where she'd been wounded, and found not even a scar to mar her beautiful flesh.

She was stronger... twice as strong as before, maybe three times. She was taller, her breasts larger and either capped by a thick nipple that was almost perpetually erect. I caressed the nipple, and then half-rising, I looked between her legs at the firm and pert labia she possessed and caressed the two along with the slit. She sighed and then awoke, and shifting my gaze to her, saw that her eyes seemed to illuminate her face from within that they were so bright now.

Immediately my hand went from her sex to her face and I caressed her features, thumbed her lips and then bent to kiss her.

I had a fear... I feared that she wasn't my Jen anymore, that whatever Fawn did that she was no longer my beloved. And to strengthen that fear, she sighed and rose to her feet, sliding off the edge of her bed while holding herself to move before one of the windows and look outside.

"Jen..." I prompted quietly, hearing my voice cracking a little.

"I was dead." She said quietly. She sounded like Jen still. "I remember dying, I remember the black void, I remember seeing the light at the end of the tunnel and not wanting to go. I remembered the light changing repeatedly, with another behind me calling me back, and I followed that light. And then I was being pushed out of a body only to flop onto the ground.

"I pushed out of your body... like being born again. So what does that make me? Who am I now, and what am I to you?"

I opened my mouth to speak but found no words to actually speak. But then someone else answered for me.

"You're my daughter..." Fawn said as she materialized in the mirror, and Jen turned and looked in her direction and gasped.

"I can see you!" Jen gaped and I rose immediately.

"You can?" I asked her and she nodded, staring at Fawn as she stood there, stronger than before, larger and more plentiful breasts than before, her arms and bodice etched with green swirls that glowed.

But Fawn also looked weakened... tired and exhausted, her eyes only lazily opened.

"It was my womb that birthed you, Jennifer. You are my daughter. Master had nothing to do with it."

"I-I'm your daughter... but then..."

"Your mother and father remain," and Fawn sighed. Crawling to her on the bed till my image was behind hers in the mirror, this time it was my turn to sit behind her and wrap her up, and she sat gladly on the edge of the bed wrapped within my arms. So long as I looked at her image and not at what laid before me I could do it. My arms wrapped about her, one on her belly, and she took hold of my hand fiercely as she leaned against me. They birthed you, Jennifer, and yet I re-birthed you. I become your mother as well, and because I'm your mother, within you lies a part of me."

"So... my mom and dad can still claim me, and... Pat..."

"...Can still be your lover and future husband." Fawn smiled wanly... though I could feel her heart breaking as she looked down and away from Jen.

“But why? Why did you do this? Why bring me back? Look at you! You’re so weakened!”

“A price I decided to pay.” She sighed with a smile. “But not a costly one. There was the risk that I’d perish... just like there’s a risk that all women perish while giving birth, but master was strong, and when I couldn’t care for myself he carried me... just as he did you. As for the why...”

“I did it... because Master... chose you.” She rose then and approached the mirror, so close that her four breasts pressed against it. “He chose you for his mate, and despite... despite that I thought to, and even wanted to let you go... without you, master would be destroyed, and if I couldn’t have him all to myself... I...” Fawn stopped and didn’t say the next statement.

Jen bit her lower lip, tears in her eyes before she went to Fawn and touched her side of the glass over Fawn’s face.

“You sacrificed yourself so that he could have me.” Jen whimpered, and tears finally did fall.

Fawn rubbed her head about the spot where Jen’s hand was while I watched them both. “Yes.” She acknowledged at last. “I want him... I will not lie about that. I want him dearly, but he wants you more. For the first time,” and Fawn’s voice broke and tears broke from her eyes and ran down the glass on her side of the mirror. “For the first time in my sad existence... I find myself loving a man.”

And she slid to the base of the glass, sobbing and Jen followed her down, keeping the contact on the glass between them.

“I can feel you inside me.” Jen whispered and pushed her forehead against the mirror. “I can feel you in my heart, I could feel Patrick too. You gave me that. I feel strong, beautiful and virile. W-what else did you do to me.”

Fawn swallowed to calm herself and wiped the tears in her strange goat eyes on the back of her strong arm. “You have the seed of strength and power and beauty in you... it was there before, but with a part of me in you as well, you can cast magic and become stronger than any human, with effort. My gifts to you... and to master.”

“Patrick...” Jen said quietly. “Th-this isn’t right... she’s giving everything up for me. No one should be alone like this... we...” and she paused as I rose, and both women pursed their lips at the hanging manhood from my pelvis, their sadness suddenly forgotten. Smirking at them both I tapped the mirror and opened the door again, and then drawing Jen up with me, I stepped through the mirror and pulled Jen along with me. And there was Fawn at the base of the mirror still.

She stared at us as we stood before her, and then bending down I picked her up in my arms, her furry legs and cloven feet hanging over one arm.

“H-how... how are you doing this? How can you touch me so soon? It’s not even a full moon any more.” she whispered as I brought her to the door out with Jen following me, but when I opened the door, gone was Fawn’s hidey hole, but instead we were in a blank field of white, with no ceiling and no floor, no walls, just endless vast whiteness.

“I wanted to touch you... and perhaps so did Jen.” I smirked. “And you said it yourself... I’m an otherworldly powerful magician.” I smirked and then bent to lay her upon something, and just like that a bed began to appear beneath her.

It was an ornate bed with four tall posts telescoping out of nothingness, with white sheets that were made of linen and silk and were decorated by white pillows with silk coverings. The bed frame formed out of something that was like gold while a grand willow tree rose behind it and a plane of soft grass underneath a white woolen rug formed around its base. I pulled Jen into the bed as I hopped over Fawn, and she gladly followed till Fawn was surrounded by both Jen and I, and we both embraced her.

She sobbed with happiness as she touched us, embraced us... and before we knew it... the three of us were making love with each other. And then later the three of us rested like in my ideal dream, with both my two loves pressing against my sides with me in the middle.