

**Book 4: Partners**  
**Chapter 11: Second Trimester of Life**

My powers were growing. They were growing exponentially, to the point where when I had to move I didn't get a moving truck, I just opened a gateway between my room in the house I lived in with mom and dad to the apartment at the University. Jen helped me, and so did Fawn, moving things between the two gateways till we were able to get everything across and into my new apartment. Dad was nice... came by later with a truck and took my old queen bed away and delivered a king bed. He muttered something about needing the ability to move around with a new bride and left promptly.

I spent time in that big bed by myself for awhile before Fawn, Jen and I did a second move, which was to bring Jen into my life. A Justice of the Peace wed us with just our parents in attendance... just a formality and a fee to the county with an exchange of rings. Jen was mildly upset during it being that my father had to buy the ring she was supposed to give to me instead of her own father, an honor the father of the bride should've provided for instead of the father of the groom. It was an ire that she and her mother shared.

We wanted to be married as soon as possible, so we were literally married on her birthday, which made it easy for me to remember both her birthday and our wedding anniversary. Later that night, I took my bride to our new home, laid her on the bed, undressed her like one would unwrap a precious gift and made love to her solidly. Waking up next to her the next morning as her husband instead of a boyfriend was a remarkable sensation, for before there was always a sort of tension between us. Now that she was legally an adult and legally mine, I didn't have that thought in my head that I was still making love with a child or that someone might rush at us with statutory charges.

It felt so good to not having to restrain myself...

Fawn was like a distant lover to me and like a big step sister to Jen. I say big sister because... well... you know. Occasionally... we... well we have three ways. Being the solitary male in the group, that has a tendency of being beneficial for me. But though my strengths were growing, we could only manage all three of us in one place on the full moon or two days on either side of that day.

Jen was still in high school for one final semester, and unfortunately with no car that meant she had to wake up very early in order to ride the bus to school. I made the suggestion that if she wanted to that she could remain with her parents on weekdays, but she smirked at me, shook her head and then left for the day after our morning of sex.

Sex... so much sex. She was hungrier for it than I was most of the time, and I would be surprised that if after this first month of marriage as to whether or not my love would become pregnant. I wouldn't doubt it actually; I'd have to speak with her when she returned.

"She is ripening, Master..." Fawn asked as she read my thoughts, appearing in one of the mirrors in the room where I could see her. To me it appeared as if she were sitting side-saddle atop the dresser with her heavy mammaries so full of delicious cream hanging from her chest. "...She's so much for me to be jealous of... for she can bare your fruit... whereas I cannot.

Rising and then sliding naked out of the bed – Jen had worked her sexual tensions out on my morning wood before leaving for school – I moved toward the mirror and paused before going to the bathroom.

"I want what she wants, Fawn... but a baby will complicate things."

"How can a baby complicate things, Master?" she blinked with her odd horizontal pupils dilating.

"For the next few months, Jen's going to draw money in bus fares. I had to buy books for the upcoming semester, and books are never cheap. I still pay rent here, it's reduced but I still have to pay money on a month by month basis to remain here, and the job I have really doesn't pay that much yet. I have twenty seven dollars and some change in my pocket till next pay period. If a baby comes along... I won't be able

to afford baby food or diapers or anything. Jen could get a job... but..." I sighed. "At least we have food for two weeks. I don't want to ask my parents for money... but..."

"I wish I could help you, Master, but the alchemical concoction of lead into gold has escaped alchemists for ages, and I can't make money out of thin air. What kind are you even using now?"

"Dollars." I smirked and then went to go shower.

\*\*\*\*\*

There was no work today, there was no school as of yet, Jen was away at school and I was all by myself except for Fawn. So she and I were studying the Ars Magica book. My powers were growing with her tutelage, and the work got harder the more complicated the spells got. Essentially everything could be brought down to sheer will but...

"There's gotta be an easier way to learn things..." I groaned and rubbed my temples. "Fawn I seem to be doing the instinctive thing a whole lot better than waving hands and speaking words."

"Don't feel bad master..." and her form in the mirror moved closer to me, and just like always I felt her breasts press against me if I didn't look at her as her touch alighted upon my thigh and then my groin. The feeling of whenever she touched me used to go away whenever I looked at her image, but now they faded slowly, and not entirely anymore. She kissed me and then turned a page of the book and it turned its page for real in the real world. "Perhaps you are a sorcerer. A sorcerer's will dictates their magic. Ancient words and gestures and wands only help the power along and give it strength. Most must learn to crawl, then walk then run before they can fly. Sorcerers and most creatures of the Fae and Faerie do it in the opposite direction.

"Your problem will be control not power." She finished and I nodded.

"Perhaps we should..." and then there was a knock at the door.

Lifting my gaze, I nodded for Fawn to go hide within the recesses of her mirror as I rose to go open the door. True, most people couldn't see her, but occasionally... there was that rare person who could. Children seemed to notice her the most.

Waiting till she was out of sight for even me, I then unlocked and opened the door to reveal the Resident Manager, Eric.

"Eric. What brings you here?" I greeted with a smile.

Eric was all smiles for a moment but then his smile faded as his eyes flickered behind me and then back to me.

"I brought you your mail." He said. "Mostly junk mail I'm sorry to say." He redirected his attention back to me. "May I come in?"

"Sure." I said and moved aside, accepting the mail from him as he looked through the room.

"Everything all right for you here? You and Jennifer moved in ok?" he asked looking about in the bathroom and then the closet.

"Yes. Everything's great." I replied, but my voice trailed off as he came to the great mirror with Fawn's emblem on it and fingered the emblem.

"Celtic, Algerian?" he mentioned.

“Celtic.” I replied and he nodded and then paused as he spied the book on the bed. My brows beetled as he paused at looking at it.

“I forgot to ask, but what exactly are your studies focused upon? I like to update files as often as I can, and they require an eventual major to be declared if you are to stay in these housings past your second year.”

I thought I’d already told him this... so why is he asking again? “I’m looking into computers.” I replied. “Programming, building and such... I know a bit from high school.”

Eric nodded and moved to the bed and actually fingered the book on the bed. “I thought I heard another voice in here. A woman’s voice. My ears play tricks on me from time to time and the walls in the building aren’t necessarily the thickest, but are you hiding another fem in here?”

“N-no!” I said quickly and cursed myself for stammering.

Eric nodded and then turning, strode purposefully to the desk, played around for a blue sharpie, opened it up he turned to me and looked me straight in the eye before saying: “You’re a terrible liar, Patrick... you should always stick to the truth around someone who uses *Truth Ear*.”

And then he strode to Fawn’s mirror and he created a quick swirling emblem with a single scratched line through it, touched the symbol and then whispered something in Mystic, and just like that Fawn came hurtling into view and slapped against the glass with a cry of alarm, becoming stuck to it on her side.

“Huh... a female inside of a male,” Eric mentioned, and pulling something from his pocket, I saw a pair of something akin to brass knuckles, except they weren’t made out of brass. Fitting his fingers into it, he drew his fist back. “Don’t worry Patrick; I will release you from this harridan’s grip.

Fawn screamed at what was happening and in short order I’d pulled open a drawer from the kitchen counter and in one fluid motion pulled out a gun and drew back the hammer with a click.

It was a simple snub-nose pistol... but it was a pistol that Jen’s mother and father had provided for her. It was for her protection because they knew that the University bordered upon Frog Town, which in some people’s minds – like Jen’s parents – was a seedy part of town. They also feared the stories of young women getting raped at night on campus grounds. Jen never thought it’d be needed for her to use it, but we had it nonetheless.

As I drew the hammer back though, Eric paused as he heard the click and halted whatever action he was about to do and then turned to look directly at me as I lightly pushed on the door to the apartment and it closed with a slam.

“I will assume that what you’re about to do will hurt her, Eric, and let me tell you right here and now that should you start to swing that arm toward that mirror, I swear to God you’ll be dead half a second later. I seriously doubt that your reflexes are supernaturally enhanced like mine are.”

Eric stared at me as his fist with the knuckles on them clenched till they were white. “Do you understand at all what you’re doing, Patrick?” he asked quietly while Fawn looked between he and I and the knuckles on his fist... obviously trapped in her mirror as she whimpered in fear, looking to me to do something.

“Do you?” I asked, and lifting my free hand, summoned the *Ars Magica* book to me and held it close to me before I waved the gun at him to go toward the bed and sit down, and with him moving to the bed, I followed and moved to the mirror, placing the book on the dresser as I did.

Once I was before the mirror, I licked the back of my thumb and passed it through a section of the swirl and the crossing mark to ruin it and Fawn fell away from the mirror with a gasp. Then growling she exited the mirror and appeared in the one over the dresser, and stepping to Eric she lifted a hand and slapped him across the face, and he actually blinked as he felt the blow.

“What did he try to do to you, Fawn?” I asked quietly as I leaned back against the dresser with the book behind me, leveling the gun at him.

“The weapon is made of iron, Master... it’s the weakness of all Fae and Faerie like Lycanthropes are weak against silver or gold. I have no doubt that this... this *thing*,” and she pointed at the iron knuckles around Eric’s fingers. “Would’ve shattered the glass, and with me plastered against it he would’ve broken me.”

“What would that do to you?” I asked clenching my jaw.

“It would’ve shattered my power, torn me from you, and leave me weak and alone in the middle of the World of the Fae and weak against the slavers. It would only be a matter of time before I was found and forced into subjugation again.”

I lifted the gun and leveled it at Eric’s chest. “I should kill you for that.”

“Think carefully, Patrick. I’m sorry for what has happened to the Satyr and the Fawn, but she’s trying to puppetize you, make you her slave. Eventually she’ll take control of you.”

“If that were true... then she would’ve done so when I allowed her to control my body twice before, Eric.” I replied to him and he blinked. “Not once... but twice. You just nearly broke someone I really care about and subjected her to what I’d call a fate worse than death, now what are you... and for that matter who are you really that you know and recognize these things?”

“May I put my hands down?” he asked.

“Remove the weapon first... just let it slip off your fingers onto the bed.” I said and he did as I asked. “Now... who... and what are you?”

“I’m a druid.” Eric said quietly as he flexed his fingers that the knuckles had been on and then began rubbing them with his other hand. I blinked and shook my head minutely in surprise to his answer... a simple and concise statement that answered both the who and what of his identity. “Now I’d like to ask a question... if she’s not here to become your master instead... prove to me that she’s not like every other Satyr and Fawn I’ve had the displeasure to meet and just wants to control you.”

I lowered the gun and carefully lowered the hammer so that it wouldn’t fire, and folding my arms before myself I thought for a few moments, and then transformed, shifting into the body of a woman and Eric rose promptly to his feet in shock.

“She and I have a sort of partnership, Eric.” I said in a woman’s voice as the clothes I wore tightened about me to accent the fact that I now had tits and hips and now lacked a penis. “Just know that I’m capable of a whole lot more than this, and I will defend her with my life if necessary, and though if you’re a Druid of any note, you may have the mystical powers necessary to overcome me, but you are absolutely no match for me physically.”

Eric smirked. “Why is it that power and potency seem to be focusing on the feminine as of late instead of the masculine?” he said aloud while shaking his head.

“What do you mean by that?” I scoffed.

“Just that this seems to be the age in which women are the powers wielding the heroic might of the ages instead of the men. Maybe because we’ve befuddled that power so many times the fates have decided to let women have a try... Regardless, I’ll have to have you meet my wife later, but for now perhaps I can make it up to you for such a grave mistake, I’d like to invite you to my home for a bit.

“Don’t trust him master!” Fawn hissed. “Druids cannot be trusted...” and I felt her hang possessively onto me from behind.

I looked to her and then to Eric, and unfolding my arms I fingered the gun. “I trust her word more than yours currently, Eric... how can I trust you?”

“By telling you that she’s right.” He smirked.

“How does that...” I began.

“You’ll just have to trust me Patrick... or is it Patricia now?” he asked and I nodded. “Bring the gun if you want, but if you could do me a favor and change back into a guy? I’m married and I must admit I find myself attracted to you. It’s a concept that’s more Freudian than I care to relate to being that you’re a man inside that frame. Also... the last thing I need while my wife is visiting her grandmother is for people in the building saying that I’m entertaining young women while she’s away.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Eric brought me across the hall to his room after I’d changed back and hid the gun in the belt I wore with my shirt over it. Once we were in the hall before his room, he looked both ways quickly and then twisted the knob and opened the door, but instead of it opening up into his room it instead opened up into a spiraling stone ramp leading down.

“The hell?” I gaped.

“We must hurry...” Eric said as he stepped inside the landing at the top. “There are those who can detect this door open that we don’t want to include in our lives. Please enter.”

Out of sheer wonder and awe I stepped inside and he closed the door behind me. It was some sort of stone portal like Fawn had created in her little shard realm, only this was much more skilled in its creation.

“Follow me.” Eric said and stepped down a spiraling stone ramp that led down into the ground.

*Fawn... what’s a druid? I asked her mentally. I know they’re responsible for Stonehenge and all and have the powers of natural wizards and such, but what don’t I know about them?*

*They’re your race’s first secret society, master. She replied. Their powers and influence could’ve been used to great measure during the fall of the Ages of Magic and the dulling of magic in the world, but they did nothing. They ignored the plight of the faerie saying that non-humans weren’t of any matter to them... no matter to them other than servants and slaves that is. Fawn growled, but I nonetheless felt the sensations of her holding onto me as I followed Eric downward.*

*Druids are scholars as much as they are wizards, and if he is a druid as well, then I must state again... exercise caution! They are a treacherous lot.*

I nodded as we moved further down the spiraling ramp, and at the bottom the ramp suddenly opened and I saw a large circular chamber that was ringed with large emblems and runes linked by scrollwork of all sorts, while in the center was what I could call the furnishings of an apartment that was at the very least lavish in its design.

There was a grand circular bed held within a bowl of stone with soft sheets and blankets and a traditional quilt with a hope chest at the foot of the bed, side tables with desk lamps that were lit by hanging crystals. A crystal formation up above provided light and there was the beginnings of wooden planks being secured to the walls here and there like they were finishing this place like a basement. The bed had curtains that would normally hold it off from the rest of the chamber, with a desk and a chair on one side of the room, a

large fireplace that looked like you could roast a whole cow inside it, with a huge half moon couch before a grand coffee table here resting on a broad rug that looked like it'd cost hundreds if not thousands of dollars.

On the edges of the room was a rudimentary Stonehenge forming gateways against the solid rock. Not exactly as massive as the stones that made the actual Stonehenge, or in the quantity of arches, but it nonetheless definitely added to a Celtic decorum that permeated the room.

And sitting square in the center of the couch was a little man wearing almost nothing but green clothes save for a white shirt and drinking an imported Irish beer while reading a book that was easily as large as he was.

"Finnegan..." Eric prompted as he stepped down onto the base of the floor with me. "We have guests."

"Guests?!" the little man said and hopped up to see me. "Well now... if it ain't th' lad from across th' way. Knew there be somethin' special with ye."

"You have no idea Finnegan." Eric smirked and then went to a stand of books that were both new and ancient looking mixed together.

I felt Fawn trembling inside me, and it took me a moment to understand that she was seething with anger! Before I knew it I shouted "Betrayer!" and made a grab for him.

The little man in green yipped and suddenly disappeared and reappeared far away.

"Eep! Are ye daft man?! What did I do t' ye?! Did I wrong ye in another life or somethin'?"

And suddenly the little green man had a Shapleigh in his hand and pointed it at me.

"I'm so sorry..." I said while Eric turned nonchalantly to watch us. "I have no idea... *Damnable creature!*" I blurted in a shout and suddenly shifted into female form, which made Finnegan slap his body backward and cry out in alarm. "Distasteful betrayer of the Faerie, of your own folk! How dare you ever show your face above the ground! ...Fawn!" I said in a male's voice now. "Stop this right now!" I said and forced myself back into male form. "Right now."

"What in blue blazes was tha'?!" Finnegan gasped.

Eric moved and gestured and a grand field of light shimmered into being, just before it turned into a shimmering mirror-like field of light, and Finnegan lowered his little walking stick as he saw Fawn clear as day beside my mirror image. She stormed to the mirror and tapped it so fiercely that it shimmered.

"Come in here you little bastard so I can wring your fat little neck!" Fawn shouted.

"Cush la cree! What witchery be this?" Finnegan gasped.

"Our friend seems to be inhabited by a *female* satyr, Finnegan."

"How can tha' be possible? The laws o' th universe forbid such things."

"Apparently, Finnegan, there are no such laws. Or at least an exception." Eric stated and stepping forward lifted a stone toward me and it glowed and pulsated as it moved over me. "Science tells us that minute traces of the opposite gender remain within all of us, so therefore it also states that given certain influences that those levels can shift and thusly contribute to a an ability that allows Patrick here to shift genders."

"Oh I can do more than that." I mentioned once Eric was finished doing whatever it was he was doing. "Why am I here, other than to give my familiar a target to be mad at? If she's angry then I'm angry."

“Familiar? Really master? You consider me a familiar?” Fawn said from the mirror and then squealed happily, and Eric looked back at her and pursed his lips.

“Well that would indeed explain more if she were,” and he eyed me directly then. “And suggest a whole lot more.” He was contemplative for a moment then. “I must sincerely apologize to you then for my earlier actions, Patrick... I acted before thinking when I attacked her.”

“Don’t apologize to me. Apologize to her.” And I nodded at Fawn.

Eric smirked. “You either aren’t a traditional master/familiar pair, or you don’t know the history of such pairs.” But nonetheless he turned to Fawn, bowed his head repeated his earlier sentiment. “I apologize.”

“A druid apologizing?” Fawn said incredulously, and pressed against the magical mirror surface of the mirror. “And a Druid actually associating with a dirty Leprechaun, even more so.”

“Hey!” Finnegan said suddenly, tapping his shillelagh on the ground with a spark of gold light. “Lassie, I don’t know where ye ire comes from but...”

“You don’t? Really?” Fawn asked sarcastically and folded her arms beneath her tits. “You have *no* idea why I’m angry at you, you little muck digger?” she snarled showing her fangs.

“Fawn!” I called out and she shuddered briefly, held herself for a moment and then pressed against the mirror again while tapping on it with her claw-like fingernail toward Finnegan.

“These bastards and his kin, when the Fae went to sleep and the first of us were being hunted for our powers, we begged... *begged* the high king’s court for help. We asked them to hide us, we promised that we’d work... do *anything!* We promised that we’d do whatever they asked of us, and their king and his council threw us out of their tunnels and their secret kingdoms, right into the hands of the slavers!

“*‘No room for you,’* they said. *‘We cannot house you here!’* they said, and magiced us onto the surface. My mother was among those who were immediately captured by the slavers then! You and your people, with your greed and your treasures who could’ve bought everything that were necessary for us and let us live happy and free right along with the rest of you without breaking a sweat, but instead you booted us out you greedy little gnomes!”

“Is that true?” I asked.

“Aye, it is laddie.” Finnegan answered. “And sure’n she be in her right to be angry with us.”

“You’re damn straight I... wait, what?” Fawn blinked at him and Finnegan sat down roughly on the overhanging stone crossbeam over the fireplace where he was at.

“Sure’n ye Fawn be absolutely right about that, young Patrick.” Finnegan said and lit a pipe he produced out of nowhere by snapping his fingers, creating a flame on his thumb and lighting the pipe. “Our caverns be large enough fer th’ Satyr, an’ sure’n there was room fer them...”

“But...” I prompted.

“But...” Eric continued. “The Leprechauns, though they had gold, true... had no food at the time, and also no one to trade with. One really couldn’t exist by eating money and they barely had enough for their little mouths. So they did what they could to survive, and unfortunately, taking on several thousand Satyr and Fawn... would’ve led to starvation on both their races instead of just one. So David the High King... had to favor his own people and the Fawn and Satyr had to suffer. It’s unfortunate... but that’s the way of it.”

“How did they survive then?” I asked.

“Yeah!” Fawn repeated.

“Th’ Druids...” Finnegan said from his vantage point over the room. “And when the druids couldn’t cope with their agreements with us, we little folk had t’ finally steal from th’ humans. Caused problems from time t’ time... earned us th’ reputation o’ scamps, thieves and troublemakers... but we all had t’ do what we had t’ do in order t’ survive!” this last he shot at Fawn who promptly folded her arms and turned away from the Leprechaun.

There was an uncomfortable silence before I finally stepped further into the chamber to be more between the two faerie.

“So why are we here then, Eric? So you’re a druid, so you hang out with a Leprechaun. What is it you want from me?”

“Perhaps... an ally.” Eric said quietly. “Tell me Patrick... has either you or your familiar ever heard the name... Bane?”

\*\*\*\*\*

Bane was the name of the dragon that had taken over the world of the Fae. With no one to stop him, it was a simple thing for him to do, especially with most of the other dragons asleep or dead. Fawn was well aware of the Demon-Dragon Bane... a creature who sought to override the dragon council and rule the world, break down the barriers between the World of Magic and the World of Man. His magic was already strong enough where he could affect the real world with very little handicap.

It was Eric’s wife who’d ultimately driven him back that night in which the real world and the world of magic blended together that night of the full moon those few months ago. It was my magic that kept Jen and Fawn safe that day till the denizens were driven back. Until now... we didn’t know what had finally managed it. Now we do. Eric’s Wife was a heroine, heir to the power of her family’s bloodline, and she, for the first time in centuries, managed to defeat Bane.

As such, Eric, Eric’s wife Daniel, and Finnegan go about finding supernatural creatures and threats and trouncing them in their efforts to hurt, harm or otherwise control human beings, which more often than not are members of Bane’s entourage. If they weren’t with Bane, then there were more than enough bad things that kept them busy from time to time, with Daniel – Dani – being the front man – er, woman – dealing with the threats. Eric expressed that he didn’t want his wife to do this alone anymore, and after seeing what I was *‘capable of’*... he invited me to meet Dani when she returned, and perhaps, if all went well, I could be a force to help them in their crusade.

All of this struck me as a little much, for now we were pulled into a world of might and magic, all because I picked up a single book out of the trash.

And so I sat on the king-sized bed that took up nearly a quarter of the student housing I shared with Jen thinking about things. I thought about a lack of money, I thought about the possibility that Jen might be pregnant based upon how much sex we’ve had, I thought about the dangerous things out there and worried as to whether or not I could protect those I cared about, and I wondered whether or not I should join Eric and his Wife in this endeavor that they were undertaking. Doing so would help Fawn and her people, true, and thwarting the bad things made it better for her people who were in slavery as well as everyone else in the world.

These thoughts ran through my mind right up until the door opened lat in the evening and Jen slid into the room, waving a flyer.

“Pat! Our problems are over!” she beamed.

\*\*\*\*\*



It was a bodybuilder's event... with separate male and female entrants for light, medium, heavy and even extra heavy openings.

"I can enter the lightweight, and you can enter the extra-heavy for the women's. I mean, how many women in the world could fit those weight requirements. I mean... what kind of woman can actually weigh more than three hundred pounds and be considered fit?"

"Muscle and breast weight." I smirked as I thought about the implications Jen was getting at.

I mean I could really cheat here... turn into a three hundred pound muscle chick with big boobs and win that competition easily. And if both of us entered and won something...

I looked directly at her then and smiled a little wider.

"What?" she smirked, and sliding forward, pulling her in between my legs, I palmed her firmly muscled belly with a gentle touch.

"I've been thinking... with all the lovemaking we do... well... what if you're pregnant?" I asked her and she smirked immediately.

"I'm not."

"But what if you..."

"Patrick," she chuckled and she slid more onto my lap and pressed her chest against mine as she wrapped her arms around my neck. "I'm not."

"But how do you know? I mean... you are the woman I know... but... I ah..." she bent forward and silenced me with a kiss.

"You're cute when you're bashful about girl stuff." She smirked, rose and went to the bathroom and then came back with some odd things that I recognized that she owned and used but never knew what they were for. "If you're going to be a woman then you'll need to learn about this stuff." She said but then paused while I picked one item up after the next and looked at them, and then she directed a question toward me. "Why are you so concerned if I'm pregnant or not?"

Looking bashfully at her, I then explained how worried I was about money and how I dreaded bringing a baby into our lives if we were so poor and jobless as we were now. I told her that I didn't want to make her work, and even if she did then she'd have to stop or I'd have to stop working when the baby came, and mid way through my explanation she pressed her fingers against my lips and kissed me again to stop me from speaking any more.

"I'll admit... there's a very, very small chance I'm pregnant, but even if I am I won't worry about money too much. There's financial aide from both the school and the government for things like that. But despite that, I'm so happy that you're interested in children. But I'm... not ready for one... at least not till I get out of high school and am well into college. Once I'm in college then I won't mind being pregnant while studying on a student loan or grant."

She smirked at me and kissed me again.

"Why do you say that it's astronomical that you're pregnant? I mean... we had sex several times every day for a month... I mean that would almost ensure..." I stopped as Jen started laughing. "...What?"

"If you're going to be a woman from time to time... then it'd be best if I teach you about certain things called *feminine hygiene products*."

\*\*\*\*\*

I don't think I've ever been so embarrassed than when Jen and I went to the store to buy some things. Being told to become a woman during it didn't help that embarrassment either. She bought one of everything, and I found that thankfully she had saved up some money for emergencies, and though I complained that we should save it and she should describe the products to me, she replied and said that these things to a woman were as important as buying things like toilet paper and food, so she volunteered her own money to buy these things.

Fawn found it all incredibly interesting, and I believe her fervor to learn about these things perhaps steeled me from running from the store with my face red.

Then later back at our apartment with me still female and now naked below the waist, Jen instructed me in the rigors of what a woman had to do to her bowels for various reasons.

"Praise heaven that I was born a boy..." I said as I tried to deal with the sensation of a diaphragm inside me.

"Well..." Jen said, trying to keep from laughing at seeing the morbid look of shock and expression on my face. "I doubt you'll ever be in the form of a woman long enough to actually need any of these things, but it'll be wise to actually learn about them.

"No wonder boy's health class was always easier than the girl's." I mentioned, sitting there with both hands folded over my sex and squeezed between my legs.

I learned what various contraceptives a woman used, I learned about various objects like diaphragms and jellies, and pads, insertion devices and everything that went down there that a guy just didn't have to worry about. I mean the only thing that we did have to use from time to time was a condom, in which case I'd never worn one.

All this did do one thing other than fill me with a knowledge of more things feminine and burn a nigh permanent blush onto my cheeks, and that was to fill me with an appreciation for women. The sheer unmitigated level of things that a female had to deal with bespoke of their strength. Men were lazy and aloof in comparison to them, and I told Jen that.

"I think maybe you should take a women's studies course... just as one of your alternatives." She was saying after I'd removed the latest device from my insides and cleaned myself out using a douche kit.

Man that last one felt weird.

"Always wise..." I said. "But what do they teach there?"

Jen smirked. "You'll meet a couple things there," Jen said with a smirk on her face. "But it will do you good to understand what feminists are, and what pisses women off."

\*\*\*\*\*

The competition was to be in a week, and so Jen and I, when we weren't studying for our perspective schools, or I wasn't working at the desk downstairs or studying the *Ars Magica* book, she and I were watching fitness programs or reading fitness magazines. Anything to get off those poses. Late at night, so that she and I could put on that extra weight, we worked out for a couple hours at the nearest gym.

It was during one of these workout sessions that I looked upon my wife of no more than a few months, seeing her put on the pounds while I remained thin and lithe as I tried to work out in my base male form. Fawn stated that her powers accented mine, so the stronger my base was the stronger our altered form was.

But sitting there after having just done thirty reps with one of the machines, I saw Jen in her skin-tight shorts and leotard, her breasts firm and rounded and barely contained by her garments, and the leotard part cleaving her bottom in two with the aide of the shorts and the thong back of the leotard. It was then that I found myself steadily getting a hard on for her.

“Hey...” someone said and I turned to see a red-headed fem nearby. She looked very muscular, with lean muscle and nearly no fat, while beside her was a dog, or a wolf, or whatever it was with long red fur that appeared to be well-groomed with fine shampoos, oils and combs.

“Ah... hey.” I said immediately looking her from head to toe. She was a bit butch... wearing cargo pants with a belly shirt that showed off her hard abs and the weight training belt she had on instead of the usual shorts and long shirt nearly everyone else including me wore.

“Just a hint... but girls don’t like it when guys in here stare at their butts and privates while they’re working out.” She smirked, rubbing sweat off her neck.

I guess she wasn’t totally butch... I mean her panties must be the thong type judging on how much butt I could see through her clothes, and she wore them with the pink and subtly frilly straps of her panties arching over the waistline of her pants and weight belt to cling to her wide hips, and she held herself gracefully enough. It was the sort of woman that I hoped that I could look like.

“Huh?” and turned to the direction she was indicating, seeing Jen. “Oh... that’s my wife.” I smirked.

“Oh... oh terribly sorry.” She palmed her chest and looked abashed. “I’m just so used to the guys coming in here to ogle T and A. You should see them lining up during the yoga and gymnast classes to ride the bikes and watch their butts bounce and jiggle.”

“I bet.” I smirked.

“But hey... are you done with that machine? I gotta continue on my work out.”

“Oh sure, and I got up and then watched as she promptly set the machine to its maximum weight and actually added a five pound weight addition plate to the top of the weight rack and started to pump the machine.

Whereas I was doing three reps of ten, she was doing six reps of fifteen. Her muscles looked like they burned when she got up and moved to the next machine, and I guess I was watching her and her dog for so long that Jen noticed and saddled up next to me, wrapping her arms about one of mine and pressing herself close to me. Her crotch likewise found its way into my already cupping hand that hung limp that way at the side of my body.

“You already having second thoughts about me?” she asked and her muscular arms squeezed mine a little tighter.

With me the way I was and her the way that she was, she actually outweighed me by twenty-five pounds and was several inches taller than me.

“Never... I was just thinking on how I hope that she isn’t our competition.” I said quietly.

“We won’t know for sure, but don’t worry! I have complete faith in you.” And she rose up on tip toes and gave me a kiss on the cheek. “Now come here and spot me.”

\*\*\*\*\*

With the competition nearing, I began experimenting with various grades of power. Shifting into feminine form and remaining as such for the longest time ever with my life with Fawn residing inside me. I’d

selected a bathing suit, a nice thong one with a matching top. I didn't like the bathing suits that some women in weight lifting wore to display their muscles with... some of them struck me that the only piece missing was either a sword on their hip or a ball gag in their mouths. They were all leathery or Trojan looking... I wanted something simple... skimpy but simple, with a waistline that accented my hips instead of cut across them. So I got something that was laden with laces and such and covered the naughty bits about as well as an eye patch might.

And so with Fawn standing off to one side in the mirror, I flexed and churned my body, showing off my muscles and might, shifting myself as close as I could to my full feminine power and still appear human... before, that is, my pupils turned horizontal, my ears started to grow pointed, hair and fur grew over my body and my feet became double-jointed.

"It amazes me master that you and I can produce such a perfect body." Fawn said, and she moved in the mirror till she was behind me, her hands caressing my naked form briefly before one cupped my crotch and the other a tit and she licked and kissed my neck. I swear I could feel the moisture of her tongue as she did, and her fondling started getting erotic.

She was taller than me in the reflection, but I was nonetheless three times over more bulked up than she was. Reaching up and taking her clawed hands, I held onto them tightly while looking at her image.

"I love you, Fawn." I said quietly, and she lifted her head immediately to stare over my shoulder at me in the mirror.

"N-no... no you can't say that. You can't mean that." She gaped.

"But I do. Jen is always first in my heart, Fawn... she always was, but... it's not right that you and I have become so close and I've not once told you how I feel. I love you more than friendship or more than love can describe... I... I need to tell you this before I burst from holding it in.

"P-please... don't mean this." She whimpered.

"But I do..." I said sincerely, and Fawn gasped as she embraced me tightly from behind, and suddenly I felt my heart pound inside my chest for several beats, and I convulsed as a flood of something rushed into me from some unknown source. When it ended I collapsed to both hands and knees while Fawn remained standing, playing with her four-fingered hands.

"What... what was that?!" I gasped, and then grunted, trembling while that surge of something that had entered me flushed to the various extremes of my body, flooding arms and legs, chest and abdominals, even my sex, and with a bubbling convulsing and seizing I felt my body expanding.

Breasts engorged, chest thrust forward and the individual bands of muscle all about me thickened greatly as they formed broad chords all over my body. Biceps swelled and cleaved not only in twos but actually cleaved into fourths while the muscles in those arms all doubled rapidly in thickness and strength. Navel and neck lengthened while upper back, chest and shoulders flared, leaving the navel narrow as it compressed into ten abdominals with six lats, my pussy lips swelling firmly to create a camel toe out of my bikini bottoms while the thighs that framed that pert sex and the butt muscles that held them engorged outward. Calves flared wide and ribs broadened as they thrust my chest even further outward, neck thickening and before all this was done a trickle of nectar slid from my sex to moisten my bikini bottom.

"It was my secret," Fawn said while my hair billowed about my head. Panting, I looked up at her. "It was supposed to be my secret, you were supposed to never know." She moaned, and I watched her breasts and body increasing in thickness and size, milk leaking from her many tits while her pussy glistened.

"W-what... what happened?" I panted, looking at her image that was now standing before the mirror.

“There are rules... there are ancient and undeniable rules for both Fae and Faerie.” She said. “It’s called the Deep Magic. No matter what breed we may be, whether we be Djinn, or Fawn or Changeling... By Lord Oberon’s rule, if a male and a female love each other, sincerely love each other... then it becomes a binding magic between us... now and forever.

“I... I’m bound to you now... my beloved master.” She wept, and I couldn’t tell if she were sobbing for sorrow or for joy.

“You... love me.” I stated, having thought the same, but this was the first confirmation I’ve had from her.

“Since the moment I saw you.” She sobbed, and rising, shifting to my manly form, I stepped through the mirror without even realizing that I didn’t activate the doorway and pulled her to me. She gaped at me that I was there, and then embraced me tightly, the two of us holding one another for the longest time.

\*\*\*\*\*

Jen came home later, and I explained to her what had happened with Fawn sitting inside the mirror over the dresser.

“So what does this mean for the three of us?” she asked, putting a bag on the dresser and Fawn peaked inside it... the bag opening in the real world as its image was changed by her probing fingers.

“It’s... like a marriage, Jennifer.” Fawn answered. Fawn had stopped calling Jen ‘*mistress*’ since the whole re-birth thing. “Only that it’s forever. If master dies, I die. If I need his power it comes to me, and if he needs mine it goes to him. Since I’m safe so long as I remain with him, then that means he needs all my power to keep us alive.”

Jen was quiet for a moment as she looked between the two of us, suddenly looking a little downtrodden. Having lived as a woman for brief periods of times, having thought like one, I had a hunch of what she was thinking. She was my wife, and this was something that she didn’t have with me... and so looking to Fawn, I asked the question Jen dared not to.

“Fawn... is there something like this that can be forged between Jen and I?” I asked quietly.

Fawn looked immediately toward me, and for a fraction of a second I saw a furious and betrayed look on her face while I stared directly at her. Then that expression softened, became sorrowful for just as long as the anger had been there, and then drawing herself upward she exhaled a sigh and seemed to deflate a little.

“Not... to my knowledge. It’s because I’m a Faerie and you’re a sorcerer that this is possible, master.”

“But isn’t Jen part Faerie too?” I asked.

“If it were to work, then it would already be in effect, Master. I’m afraid your Jen has more of a connection to me than she does to you in that regard. The laws regarding mortals are... essentially... nonexistent. Lord Oberon has no desire whatsoever to bother with human affairs. If he did... then the end of the world of magic would’ve never have happened. And the world of the Fae and Faerie would’ve never have been separated from the World of Man.”

“Is there some sort of mystic bond, a sort of magical marriage... anything at all that could be done?” Jen asked, hopeful of anything at all.

Fawn’s face became passive and one of her hooded ears twitched before she turned and pressed against the glass, her breasts forming broad ovals and circles against her side of the mirror.

“There’s one thing...” she said at last. “But before it can be done...” she paused again, and then turning, hopped off the table on her side of the mirror and moved to the large floor length mirror, and taking a deep

breath she pushed through the mirror with some effort, stopping at about her trim waist with her shoulders rolling backward to hold onto the mirror before seeming to get stuck, unable to move further.

I rose, holding a sheet about my naked waist and loins.

“I-I thought you couldn’t do that.” I said as Jen blinked.

“And I didn’t think you could come into my world without casting a spell or using a rune, but you did.” She smirked. “You stepped sideways as if this mirror were an open door. Apparently I’m not strong enough to do it myself more than half way...” she smirked and shrugged before turning. “But Jennifer... come here.”

Jen looked to me and then stepped forward, and before either of us knew it Fawn reached out, took Jen by the back of the head and kissed her full on the mouth, and standing there, blinking in surprise, I slowly felt my penis start to erect into a raging hard on, and it only got worse as I felt a flood of warmth in my chest even as Jen started pulling her clothes off and the two fems of my life started making out.

Jen hefted her undershirt and cupped a tit by the time Fawn released her, and Jen gasped and touched her chest and felt perhaps the same thing I was: a warmth, and a loving feeling.

“Now... you must both make love to complete the circle.” Fawn smiled and then slipped before tumbling back into her side of the mirror.

“Make love?” I blinked. “Not that I’m complaining, but why? What did you do?”

Fawn smiled. “I’m a part of you, my master.” She purred, and then turned to Jen. “And I’m a part of you...” she indicated. “Either of you don’t have the means to be a part of each other, so I’ll serve as the link. But to complete the circle, a seal of sorts must be made, which requires the pair of you to couple. Now snap to it!” and she clapped her hands twice.

Turning to Jen and smirking, already starting to erect fully now, she stepped to me and I accepted her, holding onto my wife’s hips as we smiled each other... and then: “But what will this do?” Jen asked.

“It’ll share our strengths, connect us all, body, mind and soul.”

“I like the sound of that...” I murred and attacked Jen’s belt and fly.

Then in very short order she and I making love harder than we’d ever managed to do before, with each stroke of my penis in her causing her to arch and moan and cry out with ecstasy, her hands gripping the bars of the bed posts while she lay with her legs wide open and her toes curling with the pleasure. All the while Fawn sat back in her mirror and watched us with a smile on her face, while inside me was born a greater male sexual knowledge as I drew ever more intimate with my beloved Jen.

\*\*\*\*\*

The hair on top of my head was disheveled and sticking out at odd ends, Jen lying on her stomach behind me late in the evening with her arm about my waist. Swallowing and groaning I rose, the blanket of our bed still hanging off my still erect manhood, and after so much lovemaking I didn’t even realize it till Fawn giggled.

“Master, you are so strong and virile now.” She said with a giggle, and looking down I smirked at the projection holding up the drape of cloth upon it. But I saw the muscles that were lining my navel, saw the firmness of my chest, and looking past Fawn I tensed and flexed my form.

“Fawn... did I... did I draw power from you inadvertently last night?”

“No master.” She giggled again. “Your sexual power is merely growing. This is your new base form.”

I smirked and felt my erection tense and it lifted the blanket up higher, and after flexing and tensing, feeling much like Peter Parker after waking up after having been bitten by that spider, I tensed, I poised, and then wondering how else this may've affected me, I shifted into the minimum of my feminine form.

Putting on pound after pound of precious muscularity, I watched pectorals bulge and abdominal creases deepen, the hard slabs and chords standing on end as I grew by several inches. Hair spilled out from the top of my head, billowing outward about neck and shoulders as facial features softened and became boyish before they turned feminine. And then with a series of crunches, my back bent in a deep arch, both hips flared wide, breasts engorged from my chest and my phallus retracted with a noisy, wet slurping sound and dropped the blanket about my feet.

It was then that I started flexing and poising, watching muscles rolling and churning while my full lips smirked.

"I don't think I can loose with a body like this." I said and then paused, feeling something growing inside me, and turning, I looked upon Jen as she started to wake, lying there on her side with one breast on top of the next, and once the awareness of her grew to a peak inside my heart she awoke, opened her eyes and smiled at me immediately.

"Hmm..." she smirked and then yawning, she rose, stretched cat-like with her sinuous muscularity, breasts wobbling before she rose to her feet and embraced me, massaging one of my breasts and kissing it once she had. "Hnnn... my sweet lover. How can someone so strong be so soft?" she murred, almost purred.

"You're like silken alabaster wrapped around a body of steel and you're telling me that?" I murred, my feminine voice soothing to even me.

Jen chuckled and kissed my enormous breast again, and then stepping back, slid her fingers through the downy white muff of fur decorating my pelvis just above the twin labia there.

"Time for some more feminine hygiene lessons." She smirked. "We're going to have to shave that off before you take the stage. But speaking of that," and she moved away from me to the bag she'd brought with her when she'd entered earlier, and from the inside she removed a bottle of what looked like lotion.

She then popped it, rubbed the lotion into her hands, and then began rubbing it into my firm flesh.

"What are you doing?" I smirked, enjoying the heated feeling of the lotion as she started to rub it all over me.

"An added step," she mused. "Body builders, even male ones, rub some oil into their flesh to accent their muscles. It's an optical illusion, but it couldn't hurt. Besides... I think a session or two of tanning might be able to help you as well. Gotta get that bronze on."

For those of you who are having difficulty imagining this scene, it's the sort of scene many men dream of. It's the scene that has two impeccably beautiful women in it, while one woman starts rubbing oils and lotions onto the other woman. The only thing that was missing was the bow-chicka-wow-wow sound of porn music, most especially when Jen's hands got absolutely erotic in her application of the oils. I had to admit the heat inside my loins got me to cream rather easily, and it incensed me as I wet nectar into her waiting hand.

Finally with my flesh glistening and bronzed from the oil, I felt her standing behind me, her pelvis against my muscled bottom, and her fingers rubbing my pussy briefly before she started to finger me in earnest.

I sighed nasally for her, feeling her kisses and breasts on my back before she began to rub against me and turning to her, smiling at her with my full and rounded breasts glistening before her face as I arched deeply, she smirked mischievously and then drew me backward with her.

Jen lifted only a single leg for this one, and crawling onto her I lifted that same leg on my body, and as I settled onto her, it was to press my thick pad of a pair of hot feminine and now oiled labia against her shorn pair and rub against her.

To make love to her this way was much different than as a man with a woman because everything was external. It was like rubbing the tip of one's penis against something silken and firm for you guys who are wondering what it feels like. You feel your insides clench and cajole, and it's like rubbing the tip of your penis against something soft and smooth and lumpy. It became even more fun when I took hold of that bottle of lotion and I began to massage her with the fluids and liquids while we scissored each other.

"We're going to have to wash these sheets separately." She moaned as she arched herself deeply and I ground her pussy with my own.

"Definitely... and watch what you light with a match around here." I giggled... actually giggled and then slid against her moist, oily and glistening naked body, kissing her full breasts and feeling my love for her growing.

What sort of couple other than the two of us could know each other on so many levels? It's like we were two completely separate couples, possibly three. There was a man and his wife, there were two women who loved each other enough to make love to each other, and then there was beauty and the beast, with me being the beast with Fawn's insurmountable power amplifying my own.

It was like having a deep emotional relationship with three other people for Jen, but since I was those three other people, I found myself loving her in three different personas. And there were subtle differences. When I was in one persona, there was still the lingering love for her from the two other personas. It was a wonderful sensation, even now as I laid against her, my breasts cleaving to the sides of her body, her breasts pillowing me while my white hair spilled onto her bosom and I listened to the rapid tapping of her heart against her chest; rubbing the firm washboard of my navel against her sopping wet cunt.

Jen moaned and held me to her, legs spreading wide to frame me, her pussy rubbing against my body before there was a rush of her nectar against me, followed by two more smaller rushes before she began to tremble in a series of multiple orgasms that left her sex heaving to release juices her body no longer had. Our bodies churned erotically, our loving kisses glancing against each other, and as a woman... I loved another woman, and was loved by her in return.

Because of the depth of that love and affection, the feminine sexual power that was in me grew.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was evening when I got up for a second time, still oily and still glistening, and this time I collected the simple bathing suit that I was to show my muscles off in the competition and started pulling it on. Unlike most muscle-bound women I'd seen, I had large natural breasts instead of fake implants. I understood that female body builders were rated both on their muscular mass and definition as well as their grade of beauty... and breasts on a woman were necessary traits for feminine beauty in many people's minds. They didn't have to be as large as mine, but they had to be present. As far as I understood it there was a condition that kept most women from having large, natural breasts like this if they were body building, so I figured that having them was a bonus.

Wearing women's clothes as a woman was different than as a male. As a male you had that imperious bulge of cock and balls that pronounced everything, and making it snug around that bulging maleness was never a good idea. As a woman, however, tight and snug was almost a must. As such the V-shaped patch of crimson cloth that went over my sex folded over the womanly folds so tightly that it showed off the accenting bulges of either labium. I'd opted not to have a back on the garment to show off my gluts whereas the top where two more eye patch sized cups that covered only the bulging areola and nipples and hung on with a veritable webbing of elastic spaghetti strings.



Standing there before the mirror with Fawn watching me from the edge of the bed in her reality, I lifted my arms and stretched and poised, trying to look as feminine as I possibly could while still looking powerful.

And then I noticed the white fuzz sticking out of the top of the swimsuit bottom, and fingering the muff, I understood why Jen said to shave it off. Such a display would be considered obscene and more than likely dock major points from me.

“I think you’re ready.” Jen mused from the bed as she stretched out upon it, wrapped within white sheets with her silken body glistening still like mine was.

Bundling up the grand mane of white hair atop my head I started to bunch it up or pull it over a shoulder, trying to imagine myself on stage and flexing my muscles for money. It was difficult to imagine, especially since I kept thinking of myself as a guy.

“You make a powerful woman, master... or should I say mistress?” Fawn giggled and I relaxed.

“The competition is in a few days.” I mused and rubbed the tight ten-pack that was my belly. “And I already got butterflies.”

“You eat butterflies?” Fawn gasped.

“It’s an expression.” Jen corrected as she rose from the bed, sliding elegantly out of it to rise to her feet. “It means that he... she’s nervous.”

“Nervous?! Ha!” Fawn exclaimed, and rose to her feet. “After the horrors and dangers of what you’ve dealt with, and you’re nervous of some competition.”

“It’s not the competing,” I said. “It’s competing in front of tens of thousands of people while being the attention of a horde of cameras that will be taking my picture and likewise be broadcasting the event on TV nation-wide.”

“Well then best if you get used to it then.” Jen said and turning toward her there was a click and a flash and suddenly I was blinded by the light. Blinking Jen lifted her camera and took another picture of me. “Pose and strut lover. Flex and cajole... let’s see that power you have my sweet lady.” She murred, and smirking, I started to posed and flex my body like I’d practiced so many times before, all while Jen took snapshot after snapshot of my muscular body... and likewise, all while she remained totally nude.

\*\*\*\*\*

This marked the longest I’d ever held a feminine form. As such, I was beginning to feel weird sensations and emotional swings that I wasn’t really prepared for. In preparation for the competition I’d remained in this form for nearly two weeks now, training and dieting to really get that muscularity down. We didn’t know as to whether or not I’d enter into a menstrual cycle or not, so I actually inserted a tampon into myself before dressing in the swimsuit and then pulling on a set of sweats over that before we left for the competition.

The competition hall was at the Minneapolis Convention Center, a massive quadruple domed edifice that could literally hold hundreds of thousands if necessary, and presently Jen and I approached it in an all or nothing attitude. Every dime we had went into this endeavor to enter she and I into the competition, and if we didn’t come away with the prize money... then once the food ran out we’d have to sell things or else wise go to our parents for money. It was a prospect that I did not want to do... especially since it’d confirm in Jen’s father’s eyes that I wasn’t worthy for his daughter and I didn’t want to disappoint my mom and dad.

Regardless, entering the convention center, we were immediately assailed by the sound of techno music and conversation of spectators while I immediately sized up our competition. These women were monstrous. I'd yet to see a man short of Olympic Weight Trainers on TV who could compete with the sheer unmitigated strength of these ladies of silk and steel. A semi-common appearance for some of them though were a man's chiseled features, and I wasn't sure but one or two of them may've been men before the sex change. The absence of hips and the presence of an Adams Apple and square jaw with barely restrained facial stubble suggested this fem really was or used to be male.

As such I stood apart from each and every last one of them. I was a full head taller than any woman here and I had a natural chest that stood on end without the need of a bra or any support, a fact I showed off by tying the top I wore loosely to allow my tits to wobble, and my chin came to a point while its supporting jaw was rounded and apple-shaped instead of square-jawed.

"Quit fretting." Jen said taking my hands. "You look beautiful."

"You definitely have better grace under fire Jen." I mused with a quaver in my voice, squeezing her hands briefly and then rubbed her back when she turned to sign in on the competitors list before I bent and did the same. I caught the attendant that was taking signatures trying to sneak peaks down our shirts. I didn't mind being ogled, but I glared at him for looking down Jen's.

There was a private section of the massive convention center that was dedicated to dressing rooms, and I must admit that seeing this with the mind of a guy...

The massive chamber with the high-vaulted ceiling that saw car shows and conventions and such but was partitioned off from the show room was filled with changing stations and changing rooms, but despite that, in the hubbub of motion there were grown women who were walking around totally naked and being lathered down by their helpers with oils of varying sorts, some of whom were men half their sizes and were quite effeminate. It was like a man and a woman did a barely noticeable gender change where the woman was barely a woman and the man was barely a man. The muscular bodies that were everywhere here made me self conscious immediately, and likewise quite aroused. I mean... I was still a guy inside after all, so seeing so many naked bodies made me desirous, and I thought I was hiding my desire well till Jen reached up and pushed my jaw back up.

"Quit gawking." She grumbled and I shook myself.

"Ah... I'm sorry!" I gasped as I turned to her. "I... wasn't expecting that. You know I'd normally look away."

Jen stood there half turned away from me, arms folded beneath her voluminous bosom, and while I looked at her with pleading eyes the corners of her mouth slowly tugged upward, and she finally smiled.

"Oh all right, you're forgiven. But just because I know it's true." And she kissed me. Not on the cheek or forehead, but right on the lips, and I immediately became aware of two things... the number of heteros and the number of homos in the room.

Suddenly there were men who were smirking at Jen and me that we were two women kissing, and also suddenly there were many women who were winking and gesturing at us. I even got a business card slipped into the front of my sweats *and* panty bottoms by one half naked fem who walked by topless with a wink at me.

"Save me." I whispered to Jen and she smirked, hauled me around and grabbed my butt with both her hands before kissing me again, only more fiercely and much deeper than before.

"Mine! This one's mine!" she called, and the eyes suddenly looked away! "Now that I've claimed you... lets get ready."

I nodded and followed her dumbly in shock at what she'd just done to me in public as she led me by the hand, me a full head taller than her and at least twice her weight, and she found us a quiet place that wasn't taken, the only unfortunate thing though was that it didn't have a changing screen. Jen started undressing right away, revealing to me that she hadn't bothered putting on her swimsuit yet.

"Jen! Have you no shame?" I hissed.

"Clearly you've never changed in front of other women before." She smirked and feathered her hair back before pushing off her sweats. "Besides... if I were to get in my bathing suit, then how am I to get lotioned up?"

I bit my lip... not thinking about that, and as I undressed, untying strings, I found myself naked before total strangers in my feminine body. I didn't know exactly why I was embarrassed, I wasn't embarrassed in my full transformed state... maybe that was it though. I had boobs hanging out, fuzzy legs and horns... I guess people expected me to be naked like that. But here I was just human, with no body hair at all thanks to Jen's electric shaver and hair removal tools, naked as the day I was born. It was like the boy's locker room all over again, but here I had to compare myself with other women, where the comparison was muscle and boob size.

But while I looked, I found that there wasn't a single woman here with bigger boobs... or wider hips or more muscle for that matter! And so I felt a little more comfortable and took to helping Jen lotion up while she helped me lotion up as well, and once again I got into an aroused state as she and I even played with each other a little. You know... fingers tweaking nipples or hands caressing pussies... that sort of thing. It was like a primo sexual fantasy for me that I even creamed a little from. But as I got to the point of dressing and getting ready for the competition, it was then that I felt a presence of a sort... something that grabbed hold of my attention and drew it around.

Turning, I looked upon one of the contestants and felt my hope diminish immediately.

"Pat... what do you think... should I have the straps across or over the waist? Across... over?" she asked while adjusting her bathing suit straps up and down along her hips, a lavender and lace sort of deal. She noticed that I wasn't answering, and then she noticed how I was scrunching up, and following my gaze she too looked upon our competition.

There was a woman disrobing. She was so massive and so beautiful... with tits bigger than I had. She even had a twelve pack! Six lats! The maximum muscles everywhere and then some that didn't exist anywhere else in the room... even on me. I swallowed.

She was obviously a heavy weight like me.

"That's it... we're boned." I said and sat down roughly with a bouncing of tits, feeling close to tears.

"It's ok... we can place still can't we?" Jen asked.

"I don't know..." I said my voice cracking. "Damn it... this stupid woman's body. Don't cry... don't cry..."

*Master...* I choked and swallowed, cleared my head for a moment and then responded

*Yes Fawn?* I replied.

*We can cheat...*

I looked at Jen as she said that; and taking her by the hand, I retrieved Fawn's mirror from Jen's purse and rising, I hauled her off to one side.

“What do you mean Fawn?” I asked as she appeared in the mirror we’d enchanted.

“Master, I’m surprised at you.” She smirked, hugging herself before flexing her mighty arms. “I am a supernatural creature living inside you. You can go bigger.” And just then I watched her muscles bubble and churn rapidly, her mass doubling and redoubling right before my eyes even as I felt a retroactive flux of her power cause a smidgen of growth around me. Realizing that I got a wide grin that spread across my face.

“Oh yeah...” I smirked, and then turned back to the woman as she stood like a paragon amidst all the women. It was then that I saw her pulling her hair back and wrapping it up within a bandana, and seeing the tinge of red there, I also glanced something else red by her thighs... and saw the red dog. “Hey. I recognize her. She’s that woman I swapped out with on the bench at the Gym.” I blinked. “But... she wasn’t even near that massive before.”

There was a pause and I felt my wrist turn as Fawn nudged my body motions to turn in that direction, her image peaking out of the corner of the mirror.

“Beware, Master. She has power in her. I... I can’t tell what kind though.”

“That’d explain how she got so muscular so quickly...” I grumbled beneath my breath before rising. “Ok... time for me to go change.” I said, and grabbing my top, I stomped off to the nearest bathroom.

\*\*\*\*\*

I began to breathe deeply, standing in the handicap stall of the women’s bathroom, my breasts heaving out in the open as their nipples firmed up and erected. Their areola puffed outward slowly while the pair of labia between my legs billowed steadily till they throbbed. I leaked juices as I arched steadily. This would take some fine control, and amidst the pleasure of becoming stronger and more powerful, of feeling my sexuality grow and take pleasure in it, this’d be difficult so that I didn’t go too far.

And so my shape started to groan as it grew taller, lengthening at waist and neck, legs and arms while I sighed nasally and massaged my muscled navel. With a moan and a minute flush of nectar from my loins, my stomach started to compress steadily, creasing twice more into a ten and then a twelve pack of muscle, with four lats appearing along the sides. Chest muscles inflated outward and then carved into individual chords and tendons that creased and bunched, my breasts piling outward and sticking off me like a pair of cannons on a battleship. Milk slid from those tits as they filled with precious milk, swelling the pair larger and larger while the vaginal mound between my legs billowed outward, the vaginal lips spreading thicker till the cup of the swim bottoms I wore didn’t quite fully encompass the vaginal muscles.

At a good seven feet in height then, all the muscle on my body started to engorge itself to triple my mass, the spine turning outward, back muscles piling into a mountainous point, chest muscles pushing further outward along with the ribcage beneath them. Thigh muscles and leg muscles turned into rippling bands of chords and tendons and sinews that carved my body this way and that, dorsal muscles flaring ever wider as my shoulders spread wide along with my hips before the whole of every back muscle spread open like a pair of tightly packed wings trying to spread free. Another jet of nectar sped from my loins, moistening my insides as biceps piled high and forearms flared wide, fingernails turning into near claws, but that was ok. I could feel my toes turning into cloven hooves, but inside the shoes I wore that would be ok too.

And then lifting both arms and flexing, smiling to myself as all that incredible muscular might swelled about me, hefting the chest and squeezing my thickened neck between both shoulders, I tossed my head like a nervous pony and posed majestically like I was holding up the world for a moment, just before I clasped both hands around either tit and licked their milk off.

The transformation finished, I sized myself up and smirked, noting that I looked as strong as that fem did, and flexing an arm I swelled even more so to make doubly sure that she didn’t look thicker than me. Then

pulling on the top of the bikini I was to wear, having to compress both tits subtly and tie the elastic strings off at their extremes, I went to go meet Jen and compete.

\*\*\*\*\*

The light weights were the first to compete, and after a couple hours of watching, Seeing Jen dance ballet with ribbons for her talent event, I got to see my beautiful wife actually be crowned the lightweight champion of the day. She was physically right on the edge between lightweight and middleweight, and though the prize money wasn't as much as it was for the middleweight let alone the heavy weight classes, it nonetheless returned Jen's contribution to attend the competition and then some.

The middleweight class competed and their champion was crowned, and then the convention center began to go into full swing as the heavyweight, the actual televised portion, went under way.

In which case as I strut onto the stage, head neck and shoulders taller than any other woman here, baring three times the mass it seemed than any other woman, I took extreme pleasure in being a paragon of feminine muscle power. Standing with the other contestants, though, I turned and looked out of the corner of my eye and almost frowned. I couldn't frown, I couldn't show displeasure, but nonetheless my face became a bit of a grimace as I saw that woman from before in the bandanna. Without her red dog now of course, she was every bit as large as me, if not larger. But what worried me was when it was her turn to step out and poise, in which I saw her musculature bulge and undulate, expanding far more than it seemed it should be able to.

I watched her specifically out of the corner of my eye, forcing a grinning smile as she bent and poised, twisted in slow powerful movements in her poses before retreating and allowing the next several women compete. I kept eyeing her as she looked out at the audience and the judges, breathing slow and deep, her large natural breasts heaving with each breath. For a moment, just a moment, her eyes flickered to me and back forward again. Setting my jaw in my clenching smile as it came to be my turn, I decided to show her what I was capable of.

And so stepping forward, I did a feat no one would've ever seen before, and starting off with a simple arm flex, I let the power flow, and the audience gasped in awe as my muscles flexed and bulged... and just kept bulging!

*Be careful master... You're getting close to transforming!* Fawn cried in my head as she struggled to keep her special traits from appearing on me. Inside the patch of cloth over my bulging sex, I felt white vaginal hairs growing into place despite that they'd just been shaved off, felt both vaginal lips spread and swell while the inner muscles and folds of vaginal flesh disgorged subtly, my muscles bulging everywhere as I shifted into a double bicep curl.

But unlike the other fem, my direct competition, I arched and I flowed like water with both grace and power while I expanded and I continued expanding as I flexed. The announcer was going wild and I smiled triumphantly to myself as my heaving muscles wrapped me like a warm lover, those muscles going so far as to caress me with its fingers and excite me.

*Master! The eyes!* Fawn cried, and I felt my eyes clench into ovals and the pupils start to rotate, and still grinning, closing my eyes I stemmed off and reversed the flow till those eyes returned to normal. In the nick of time too, for I felt my ears growing to points and horns were starting to grow. Already I had cloven toes inside my shoes.

"Amazing... simply amazing, ladies and gentlemen," the announcer said as I took my place, my body slimming again as I relaxed. "Never before have we ever seen such muscular expansion while flexing. Beautiful muscle tone; and such raw grace! Contestant twenty nine," that was my number, the little disk hanging on my bikini bottom had a twenty-nine on it. "She is clearly a favorite for the heavyweight champion."

I smirked now as I shifted in place, finding myself balancing on my toes thanks to the changes that happened to my feet as I approached digitigrade legs. Though as I stood, I felt my legs chafing and looking down saw barely noticeable peach fuzz there. Rubbing my thighs together I double checked that and knew that I was turning into miss fuzzy britches there, and so I reversed the flow a little more to get rid of it.

After this... I was a shoe in.

\*\*\*\*\*

And then she was doing her talent...

My competition was juggling three medicine balls, throwing them high up into the air and arching herself majestically, and watching from backstage, I stood with arms folded beneath my breasts, watching her mass growing with every little bit of effort.

“Do I detect a bit of feminine jealousy?” Jen teased as she approached, dressed in her sweats and sporting her trophy as she drank from a bottled water.

“It burns.” I growled, showing a little fang, and then turning to Jen I smiled at her and then smirked. “Grab your things. We’ve got a little time before I have to do my talent, and I could use your help.”

\*\*\*\*\*

I started to transform, billowing and engorging, heaving even further now, deepening the crevices between muscles and tightening existing ones, growing leg hair and forearm hair, my features becoming subtly more elfin while the pupils definitely rotated in their eyes and horn buds appeared on my brow. With Jen’s help, and a little magical instruction from Fawn, we shaved my legs and loins and forearms before Jen lubricated me up again.

It was a stinging pain to have fresh lotions over freshly shorn limbs and loins, but we had to win that prize money!

I’d put on an additional fifty pounds between breast weight and muscle weight, and Jen had to help me to squeeze into my bikini. I had to use some magic to alter my bathing suit a little so that it’d cover me, but even then it barely did so, and likewise I used some magic to form a strip of cloth to cover the tips of my ears and the horn buds with a bandanna while an illusion hid my eyes. After that, I flexed and tensed myself, glistening like an Olympian goddess should look like. My only concern was that I had to grow a tail, and that tail was wedged in tight in between my butt cheeks and covered by the strap of the swim bottom

“She hulk should be drawn with muscle like this.” I poised, leaning forward slightly from having to balance on the cloven hooves tucked inside my shoes.

“Indeed she should. Maybe Stan Lee will pay attention to that someday.” Jen smirked and then caressed my muscles... truly inhuman might rippled all over my body. “But here... something to improve your look.” And she lifted something from within her bag and suddenly I gaped as a she inserted a navel ring into my belly button.

“Hey... that didn’t hurt at all.” I gaped.

“I’ve been learning a few magic tricks too.” She smirked, and then tugged on the hip straps of my bathing suit to snug it further upward in between bottom and about my sex. “Now you look erotic and powerful. Go get em tiger.” She giggled, and upon hearing my name being called, over the loud speaker, I strode toward the door, pulled it open and surged outside.

\*\*\*\*\*

What does a person like me do for a talent? Show them my computer knowledge? No... you couldn't do that, not in a physical competition and as such whatever it was to be it had to be physical. It had to be athletic, a display of femininity and the strength and power of that femininity and not only have I'd never really been athletic in my life, but I've not been a woman long enough to actually discern what my talent might be that would display such things. With Fawn inside me, I went from a physically inferior and even sickly young man into a natural athlete who could eat and drink whatever I wanted and not gain a pound but still hold that high muscle weight and low body fat percentage type of body those damn male models always seemed to possess.

So what was I supposed to do?

Once again... without Fawn... I would've been lost.

But for the problem of my talent, her memories allowed me to do certain things I'd normally not be able to do, and her memories filled me with knowledge of things from experiences that spanned across the centuries that I'd normally not know, and the closer she and I became the more of her I could draw from till it was almost like we were one undeniable whole.

So I began to dance... dance an acrobatic dance with a magically summoned pan pipe that was as alluring and sexual as it was powerful, but also... it was entirely erotic. I didn't show tit or snatch, heaven forbid I expose myself on national TV – the FCC would eat me alive if I did – but the way I caressed and massaged myself, poised and cajoled myself in a languid dance while flexing and posing in ways made to entice men to me for the purpose of lovemaking, I nonetheless did expertly with Fawn's help.

It was an ancient dance that was primordial in its form, filled with spins and leaps and bounds that collapsed elegantly, all done while playing those pipes. After I was done, resting in a graceful form that arched in a representation of the crescent moon, my back arching backward with one leg and arm splayed into the crescent moon, my hair tussled about my head while I held the pipes to my lips, there was an exploding of raucous applause before I uncoiled and very nearly bowed, and remembering myself bent into an ornate curtsy that nearly brought me to the floor before I rose and strode off to rejoin Jen.

\*\*\*\*\*

When I returned to her though she blanched and blinked at me. “What are all those?” she asked and pointed, and looking down I pulled something green and another something white from my swimsuit bottom.

“This is a twenty dollar bill... and this is a business card with a hand written statement on it that says ‘*call me.*’” I turned the card over and saw that the man who'd slipped me the business card was an agent. “Either I'm being propositioned... or this is an offer to be represented.”

Jen was silent, and I could almost hear her thinking now thanks to our bond. “A-are you intending to take it?”

I pursed my lips in thought and then flipped the card in the trash. “Nope.” I said and started pulling out all the other bills, finding a hundred dollar bill in one and several more business cards.

“Why not? It... could be lucrative.” Jen asked and I smirked triumphantly to myself as she fidgeted over my answer.

She didn't want me to. She wanted to be the one gaining the business cards for modeling contracts and such.

“Because, being the object of affection to the world is what you want to do. Besides... what I want to do is work on computers, and I really don’t feel comfortable doing this for a living.” I finished counting the money. “Hmm... three hundred and twenty six dollars. Now all I’m missing is a pole.”

Jen chuckled, but nonetheless embraced me, wrapping her strong arms about my middle, her breasts pressing against my highly muscled navel as she rubbed her face into my breasts. Automatically I folded my arms about her smaller body as she rubbed her cheek against my breasts.

“After this... I am so going to ride you like a bucking bronco.” She murred, and holding onto her, I was given a short reprieve of warm emotion and feminine love and masculine protectiveness, till I saw my competition striding by.

The two of us watched each other, her face passive before she turned and looked away, adjusting her bathing suit, and I saw then, saw it assuredly as her musculature suddenly expanded by several degrees, back bubbling, bottom swelling and creasing, thighs, legs and arms engorging and rippling with tighter creases. And she continued on by while I growled at her.

“That bitch... is so going down.”

\*\*\*\*\*

I was in the final three. The judges were polling their views for final scoring while my competition and I and one other woman who was no more than half our weight flexed and poised randomly to show off our muscles. I was almost sure of the win...

Almost.

The third contestant was announced as the second runner up, was given her flowers and her prize money, and then the announcer – a man wearing a bright white polyester suit... he looked like a lounge lizard – waited for the dramatic pause, and then finally...

“The first runner up is number... Twenty-nine! Congratulations!” I gaped. “Which means our champion, and winner of the miss fitness heavyweight belt is thirty-two! Miss Dani MacDonald!” Dani stepped forward, and like the Olympian dream, poised as other fitness women entered and attached a leather and gold belt about her waist, crowned her and handed her one of those oversized novelty checks for a hundred grand while I got a smaller belt, flowers and a little envelope with my check in it.

I felt... let down, and betrayed. I felt jealous... but...

“Congratulations.” I smiled as I approached her after all the photographs were taken. “It was a pleasure competing against you. Next year though... I’ll come better prepared.”

This other woman nodded and smiled, waving to the cameras. “A pleasure.” She agreed and then with a subtle smile she looked me right in the face, and then with a broadening of her smile she reached forward and pulled me in a short hug. I was half a head taller than she was, so she had to tilt her chin to talk to me, but when she did it surprised me incredibly. “But... hide your eyes. Your illusion is slipping.”

And she slid back and I blinked, hiding my eyes from the cameras as I watched after her retreating back and naked bottom. She was wearing a thong too.

\*\*\*\*\*

Fingering my new belt, with its large golden emblem in the center, it was simple and straight forward, no where near as gaudy as the belt the actual winner wore. That belt looked like the sort of belt a heavyweight boxing champion would wear.



“Hey... sorry you didn’t win.” Jen said as she sat on a chair waiting for me.

“It’s no big loss... The check should keep us going for awhile. Fifty thousand dollars is more than both you and I make in two years. Combine that with your winnings of ten, and we should be good for both school and living accommodations for a little bit.” I sat down and began pulling on the sweatpants I brought with just before untying the tightly clenching panty bottoms and pulling them out from inside the sweats and adding them to the duffel bag. “Oh goodness... having those things strangling me that whole time, I just want to lounge with my legs open for awhile with a fan on it.” I hissed and Jen giggled at me as my muscular thickness slowly deflated.

But then Jen slid on top of my lap, sitting side saddle upon it before she kissed my lips, not caring that I was still a woman as I continued to power down a little to get rid of the eyes, ears and horn buds. She removed the bandanna from my head and held it beside her as I let its magic go and it dissipated into nothingness before she kissed me again and yet again before her hand fondled my tit, sliding beneath the cup of the bikini top.

And then I heard someone clear their throat, and looking up I blinked at the person who was standing before us.

“Eric?” I blanched and he smiled. “What are you doing here?”

“Watching my wife and daughter compete.” He smiled, and then I saw a familiar shape slink around his legs and sit down sweetly before coiling a long fluffy tail about its forelegs, and lowering his hand he scratched the noble head of that same red dog that accompanied that Dani person who I’d just lost to.

“You don’t look old enough to have a daughter who was competing...” Jen mentioned.

“Oh I do... just not in the way you think.”

“Hey... isn’t that the dog that’s always with that Dani woman...” Jen said pointing at the dog, just as that Dani person approached, definitely smaller but with her champion belt clenched about her middle.

“Wolf... not dog.” A supple woman’s voice replied, and swiveling my gaze I saw that Dani woman move in close and bending her head kiss Eric. “Blaze doesn’t like being referred to as a ‘dog.’ She considers it an insult.”

Jen and I both pointed and gaped, but it was Eric who finally answered. “Pat, Jen... let me introduce you to my wife Daniel.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Dani was short for Daniel, and she was Eric’s beloved wife. Unlike me, she didn’t have the trait of gender bending or anything like that, but like me her powers were sexually based. Based mind you, not necessarily the same.

Dani’s sexual powers found focus in family instead of how deep one’s sexual experiences were like mine were. The deeper my male and female sides experienced sexual intensity, the greater my powers became. With her... it was a matter of how many generations were before her, how many female living relatives she had... and most of all...

“You’re pregnant?” Jen asked as we found ourselves in a quiet booth at the back of a restaurant. After both Dani and I had powered down, it was shown that I was male inside, whereas inside, she was still remarkably strong and... her muscles were hiding a supple bulge in her belly. “So that’s what you meant when you were watching your wife and your daughter compete.”

Dani nodded, rubbing her tummy. “We needed the money. Desperately. I mean... I’m sorry that I had to cheat, Pat, but... well, a mother with no viable income and a husband with no job other than working for the University... if not for charity and for the sheer luck of the Irish... I don’t know how we could’ve continued being married. We were running out of food and everything, and I just couldn’t think about the costs of diapers and baby food. That prize money was too tempting of a prize not to try for... even despite that my face would be broadcast to every one of my enemies that could watch TV.”

I looked directly at Dani as she said these things. A lot of that was what I was thinking about; only her issues were very real and happening instead of me looking ahead. But then I realized something else I said.

“Enemies?” Jen and I said together... a trait she and I seemed to be exhibiting a lot lately. I squeezed her hand a little tighter, not realizing when we started holding hands, only that we were.

“A dragon and his minions. He’s made it a point to wipe my family line off the face of the Earth, and I finally managed not to die on the first confrontation unlike all my foremothers and wounded him severely at the same time. So now he loathes my family even more, his minions are searching for me everywhere, and I have to magically keep my hair blonde as much as I can... they’d recognize me with red hair in an instant.

“Poor Blaze... poor me... neither of us know what to do if we’re apart, and she has to stay with Eric a lot lately.”

I felt Fawn cringe inside me while Jen and I looked at each other. All of us were remembering that night during the full moon when the storm came. Fawn had called it an attack... we remembered the soldiers.

“Bane.” I said quietly and Eric and Dani looked straight at me.

“So you know of him?” Dani asked.

“We met his minions.” Jen mentioned and then took to hugging my thick arm.

It grew rather quiet about the booth, and then swallowing deeply, Dani rose to her feet. “Well it was nice meeting you both... hope that we can compete again but...” and she stopped as Eric took hold of her hand and pulled her back downward.

“You’re not doing this.” He said quietly.

“I’m not going to ask them.” She said without looking at her husband. “I can’t ask someone to do anything like that.”

“But you don’t know...” Eric began before I blurted out.

“I’ll help you.” And suddenly I was being looked upon by everyone at the table. “I’ve... seen some terrible things since this all happened to me. Bane isn’t the only one, I know there’s more than just him, but... it’s a burden that’s too much for one to bare. Too much for just you or just me.”

“Pat... I think we should talk about this.” Jen said quietly.

“I wanted to tell you. I just couldn’t find out how. Jen... watching you die because of one of these things that goes bump in the night... I... cannot do it again. Because I wanted to be a cool nerd and do some real magic, I got us into this. I cannot un-see what has already been seen. Neither of us can un-see any of this. We have no choice Jen. And I... can’t do this alone. I know even with you... even with Fawn... I just can’t do this alone. I need help... no we need help, and so do they.”

Jen stared at me, her lips pursing while her face remained blank.

“I...” she croaked, but then our food was being delivered and we all sat back while we waited for that to be done and for the waitress to go away. And then sighing she gripped the leg of the sweat pants I was wearing.

“Then when do we start?” she said and I opened my mouth to protest her involvement. “We... and that’s final.”

I promptly became quiet and then smiled at her before kissing her brow, and then we both turned to Eric and Dani who were both staring at us.

“That was quick.” Eric mentioned with a smirk.

“Then... to unzip our fly, as it were...” I smirked and then took a fry to munch on briefly. “We should more formally introduce ourselves to each other soon. Now let’s eat.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Jen was brushing her teeth.

I watched her from the doorway, looking upon my bride while she studiously cleaned teeth that were made straight, perfect and white from having been born again. She said that even the fillings were gone. Imagine the dentist’s surprise when she goes in for a checkup. Luckily... she can create a new dental file because her name changed when she married me.

She was eighteen, I was nineteen... by our own society we shouldn’t be out on our own till we were at least twenty-one... but I didn’t care. She was still a beautiful woman... even in this late night state she was in. That’s love... when one found their beloved beautiful still after all the makeup was removed, after all the stuff in their hair was washed out and it was just them standing in their PJ’s.

I supposed it had something to do with the fact that she wasn’t wearing any underwear and no PJ bottoms at the moment.

Walking over to her, I palmed her hips and looked at her back as she paused in her brushing, looking at me in the mirror while I fingered the hem of her pajama top for a moment or two and then pushed the hem upward to reveal her naked bottom and lower back. I admired at how smooth her body was, at how rounded her bottom was as I palmed her butt cheek, thumbing the pert lips of her vaginal mound and caressing it. Spitting out her toothpaste and washing off her brush as I rubbed her bottom, she finished rinsing her mouth out before rising up on tip toe with legs spread subtly and leaned back against the sink and smiled at me. I noted that only the top few buttons of her pajamas were buttoned, allowing the rest of it to cleave to her tightly muscled navel.

“It’s been awhile since you initiated sex.” She mused and looked at me pleasingly as I stepped forward and gladly began unbuttoning the remaining buttons of her PJ’s, caressing her breasts with the edges of several fingers on one hand. “Anything on your mind, or were you just impatient for me to jump your bones?”

I answered her by pulling her to me, laying her against my bare chest before pushing her pajama top open and off her shoulders... all the metal remaining button-snaps popping open to reveal her naked breasts that bobbed and rippled briefly as they were freed.

“I’m so jealous of you.” I whispered into her ear as my prick bowed out the front of the flannel pajama bottoms I wore, its mass and the fabric grinding her crotch. “Such a precious creature a woman is... so beautiful...” and I wrapped her up, turning her around so that my prick flossed her bottom now while I gripped one of her breasts with one hand and started to massage and finger her loins with the other amidst nibbling on her neck

“Pat?” she gasped as I cupped her body, and then moved far enough back to take off her top completely, and cradling her with one hand about her crotch, I drew her to our bed, picked her up and laid her upon it, and then with a tug and a push, stepped naked from my flannel bottoms with a wicked boner projecting powerfully from me. “Oh my God!” she gasped as her eyes fixed upon my erection as she laid back against the sheets and the pillows with her breasts projecting from her chest. “Woof!”

I got the pleasure of watching her arousal billow nipples and pubic mound as I climbed up onto the bed with her, smiling impishly.

“You should... watch yourself Jennifer. Master... is feeling a little backlash... from me.” Fawn gasped from one of the mirrors, I wasn’t sure which one.

“B-backlash!” Jen gasped as I positioned myself over her, my cock like a battering ram as I pressed it against the gates of her womanhood now. “From you? How? And for heaven’s sake... Ah! AH! AHHH! WHAT?!”

That was me climbing up onto our bed with her, sliding between her legs, and expertly penetrating her.

“I’m in heat.” Fawn moaned.

“That means he’s in a rut?! Ngh-AH!” she groaned as I thrust into her to the hilt before starting to churn her loins, her legs spreading wide open for me as I started to shuck her. “Oh give me a break! Not again! And what’s... AH! What’s with the enlarged penis?!”

“I’m sure I don’t know what you mean.” Fawn moaned from her mirror before she vanished, leaving me to work off those sexual aggravations for several hours.

\*\*\*\*\*

I laid against her, fondling one of her large breast while laying against her side as I continued to pump her. I was still hard but I had more of a mind to myself now.

“Did I hurt you?” I asked quietly.

“It only hurts in the beginning.” Jen voiced softly, and then she turned to press against me, laying on top of me with her full breasts pressing against my chest. “Though I think that if you get any bigger down there... I may have to turn you down my sweet lover.” And she wrapped her arms about my neck and sighed dreamily while I automatically gripped her bottom, spread it apart and continued thrusting.

Holding her, feeling her body swell and contract with each breath while my steely erection throbbed between us as a symbol of my male sexuality and how powerful it was, I laid awake, thinking that she’d gone to sleep while I continually thrust into her till she sighed and then rose from me, straddling my chest with legs spread wide and vaginal lips gaping open with my massive cock still inside her. Sitting there she began rubbing my bare chest with both hands, periodically rubbing my neck muscles and shoulders and giving me a massage. The scent of her sopping wet sex made my prick leap to its full strength inside her, and I had no choice but to spread both thighs open to make room for its girth and the thickness of both nads as they all grew subtly right then and there.

“You forget how linked you and I are now because of Fawn.” Jen intoned with a wry half-smile while I continued the stroking of her pussy. “If you thought any louder then I might actually be able to hear what it is you’re thinking... but it’s nonetheless keeping me from my beauty sleep. Now what’s on your mind?”

“What’s on our mind?” I replied.

“Our?”

“He means mine and his.” Fawn said as she appeared in one of the mirrors, her hands stuffed between her legs. “Master and I share thoughts, Jennifer. One of those thoughts is... well...”

And as she paused I palmed Jen’s belly with both hands, feeling the tight six pack of her abs and fondling them.

“...eventually. When you’re ready.” I finished.

Jen smirked and clasped my hands with both of hers. “Eventually... but I’m not even out of high school yet. Maybe soon, I don’t know. I want one... or two... ok several... eventually, but not right now.”

I sighed and held onto her bottom instead. “I guess I’m eager to start a family.” I admitted

Jen paused, and she bent over enough to finger my lips. “Even after all that you’ve seen, after experiencing all those things that go bump in the night, you still want to bring a child into this world?”

“Certainly.” I replied and looked her right in the eyes before kissing her fingers.

Jen smirked and then lowered herself gently; her lower body sliding down mine till she was able to kiss me, her breasts pressing between us before her sex suddenly squeezed about my groin and I spasmed minutely as I exuded more ejaculate into her. A trait of my sexual powers was that I continually made sexual juices in the form of seed, nectar and milk depending upon what form I was in, and that allowed me to cum many times over to make my beloved overflow. Hell... it made me overflow.

She kissed me again and again, smoothing the hair back from my face as she looked me right in the eye.

“Give me a year or two. Let me get some college under my belt, and then we’ll try for a baby. Now go to sleep... you have a big day tomorrow.” And kissing me one more time, she laid against me and embraced my head to her firm bosom as she laid there.

I sighed and just held her, not knowing what I’d do without her. Without her... well... I would’ve become one of those things that went bump in the night, becoming nothing but a sex-crazed monster taking what she wants from whoever she wants. It was a terrible thought, but then it illustrated exactly how important my love was to me.

Without her, I was a monster... with her... I could be a heroine, a husband, a wife and eventually a father.

## Chapter 12: Third Trimester of Life

“Impress me.” Dani was saying.

We were in their home, the one that was down the spiral through the magical gateway formed of their apartment doorway. I was currently the center of attention.

Dani – Daniel – sat with her muscular legs crossed and the fingers of one hand massaging her belly. It was a bit of a pot belly the way she was now, which was a seriously toned down version of her hyper muscular form from the competition. She still had biceps and thick thighs, with a tight belly, but with far less muscle showing, and because of that she showed more of the affects of pregnancy. She was blessed with thickly engorged breasts even in her reduced power, while her wolf – not dog – Blaze sat proudly beside her.

Dani had a positively athletic body... toned would be the best way to explain it, with feminine biceps and thigh thighs with long sinuous calves, a thick chest prior to her breasts with feminine hands blessed with long fingernails.

She looked like she bit her fingers, and she, like Jen, enjoyed the feel of sexy underwear from the cut of her panty lines that I could see.

“Go ahead, Patrick... show them Fawn.” Jen encouraged as she stood behind the couch.

With a nod, I began changing.

It was a sexual experience to grow stronger and stronger, sexual even in the anticipation of the change, so I was already quite aroused when I started to grow long, thick and hard with a swelling erection and erect nipples, but very rapidly thereafter as the power flowed into me more muscles other than just my penis started to engorge.

Manly muscle carved its way across me as I rose from my six foot four height to six foot six, with abdominals tightening from a single rounded mass into a tight two pack, then into four, then six muscles with the lats appearing first one pair then a second pair. Chiseled pectorals and broad shoulder muscles supported a widening neck and a deepening throat, with the back muscles separating into halves vertically than into thirds horizontally. Butt muscles tightened and creased and thigh muscles bulged outward while calves flared, all while the object of my masculinity thickened and lengthened and muscled up as it bowed the front of the pants I was wearing outward.

I possessed a truly male athletic physique as I grew ever the stronger, but eventually, at one point, the power that infused me, which was a mostly feminine power, soon overrode the masculine power I possessed.

The sensation of changing genders is one that’s difficult to explain, but still remained sexual. I mean, how could it not be? The sensation of over a foot of flesh that was rigidly hard and projecting from your pelvis starting to retract inside you was one that when I first experienced it was so intense that I forgot my name in the sake of the pleasure. But above all, the sensation of a growing erection continued because that mass of flesh continued to thicken and continued to grow even after it was inside you. The flush of blood into that organ as it steadily retracted into me, its hardened mass invading my innards and pushing my insides outward around it as it steadily doubled and redoubled its mass, the sensation made me feel wholeheartedly aroused, made me feel even more manly as if I was the biggest dicked man in the whole wide world. But the truth of the matter was that organ retracting inside me as my nads shrank from the testis going up inside me and shifting into ovaries, the ball flesh smoothing out while the pee hole at the end of my dick lengthened into a vaginal crevice, was that I was now turning into a woman.

My voice rose and octave as I bit my lower lip and hugged myself, being a breastless and hipless woman for a matter of moments just before the objects of femininity began to develop.

That penis inside me continued swelling, continued erecting with the pussy lips distending and flaring, spreading wide and disgoring the supple folds of clitoris and vaginal flesh inside me while the hips to either side of them crunched and cracked as they spread and my back arched deeply to counterbalance the arrival of two swelling mammaries. Those were truly the objects of femininity... the all powerful bosom as the two flat planes of chest flesh budded outward and then inflated like a pair of water balloons on a garden hose.

As I increased in height to six foot ten, the muscles on this body of mine, now totally feminine and the chiseled shapes having taken a moment to smooth and curve themselves instead of be angled and hard, my abs immediately turned into an eight pack with six lats while I continued filling out my clothing, my bodice flaring steadily. The shirt I wore untucked itself as it stretched about me and lifted to reveal my navel, my thighs turning the baggy slacks I was wearing to become skin tight and the width of my hips forcing the belt I was wearing to groan. But then as I rose to seven feet, with biceps that coiled outward, pushing the sleeves upward to the crooks of either arm with huge heaving breasts that continued to engorge and enlarge and abdominals that rose into a ten pack now with eight lats, more than any human being should hold, every bit of clothing on me clung like a second skin to show off every sinuous curve on me, going so far to reveal the naughty bits on me in the form of super erect nipples and a bulging camel toe. Like always, I also had a deeply rooted wedgie thanks to the thickness of my bottom and the lack of cloth to cover it.

Eric and Dani looked upon me with an expression of *'this was it?'* while I felt the depth of my sexual organs move deeper inside my body, filling the opened bowels that my hips allowed for. It was when I didn't stop changing that they started to take notice.

I surged beyond the breadth of what I appeared as in the competition, breasts engorging beyond Z-cups and still going, hefting my shirt with its hem steadily crawling up my body, revealing more abs, then ribs, and finally even showing off the swells of my boobs while both nipples continued to thicken, bulge and erect. The shirt stretched at the neck and its waist rapidly amidst the thickening of chest and boobs while my back billowed outward into an arching hump, popping buttons around the collar. Soon the first tear between those immense breasts occurred as the nipples drew a section of cloth between them tighter than the rest of the shirt was. Those nipples swelled as the breasts thickened continually, their areola puffing outward in broadening disks as navel and neck lengthened suddenly and my heels slipped from both shoes while I rose immediately to seven and a half feet upon a pair of developing digitigrade legs.

Claws slid from each finger and my shoes burst open around both feet while the toes grew claws that tore through the socks, just before the four toes aside from the big toes merged and the big toe swelled, the claws combining together to make cloven hooves with the four toes on one side of the cleave and the big toe on the other.

Hair billowed from my head into a voluminous mane while a thick white muff grew about my loins, the hair on my legs spilling from the pores as the hems of the pants I wore slid studiously up my legs passed the knees and my sex bulged further outward into a curving cleft at the base of my navel. The widening of the hips snapped my belt open and ripped the zipper apart, popping the button off and revealing the panties that I wore that barely covered my sex now. The waist of those pants slid down about my hips before the burgeoning thighs ripped open the seams of the pant legs to force them to hang about me, while my flaring bodice and engorging chest ripped the shirt open around me to disgorge both primary tits that were rapidly filling with milk.

"Holy..." Eric gaped as I coiled above the two of them, flaring wider and wider, the back of the shirt tearing open now while neck and waist lengthened even more.

My secondary breasts and all the tertiary nipples grew into place while I grew and grew, reaching eight feet then nine, then ten, still heaving while horns and spines and spikes protruded from my body to rip open the shoulders of the shirt now while the back ripped neatly in half from my thick spine. The mystical etchings cut themselves in repeating spirals about my arms while my back hunched and heaved backward and my chest forward, either primary breast still growing larger and larger, doubling and tripling the English

alphabet in cup sizes with my head only slightly increasing in size due mainly to bone mass and the rest of it in the form of facial muscles.

Muscles bubbled while the spines and spikes that lined my body thickened and sharpened, the combination of the growing bones and growing muscle tearing every remaining shred of the clothing I still wore apart; the shirt falling about me in tatters, the pants bursting at the seams about my widening hips, the cuffs snapping open while the crotch of the panties that hugged me stretched incredibly to cover only my pussy, holding on for dear life before those too popped right off.

Fur spread over my lower regions to hide that sex while a thick bushy tail flipped out and turned upward, muscles bubbled and engorged while my mass carried me ever upward, till I was at least twice as tall as anyone in the room!

A breath of pink mist escaped my blackened and supple lips as I tensed and flexed, every muscle bubbling to even greater heights while deep cracks and groans from realigning bone could be heard from me amidst dull thuds and wet squelching sounds. And then lifting both arms to either side of myself, the motion separating primary and secondary breasts, making them bounce and wobble while all the tertiary nipples appeared to line my body, I flexed myself even further to let them watch my form expand several times over in places from the act of tensing those muscles.

I showed them the enormous piles of bicep muscle before twisting to reveal the mountainous plates of my back muscle, breasts swaying and nipples erecting in the cool chill of the room.

“Ok... I’m impressed.” Dani smirked.

“As am I.” Eric added. “Gender transformations are incredibly difficult, and are usually a diminishment. This is actually a wholesale enhancement in every regards. You’re actually more powerful physically and magically as a woman – er – female.”

“Thank you.” I spoke and then palmed my throat, hearing a strange double feminine speech exit my mouth. “That’s odd. That wasn’t there before. I think Fawn and I are getting closer.”

“Getting closer?” Dani asked.

“Pat and Fawn’s power grow the more they... well... synchronize.” Jen supplied. “The more they synchronize the more powerful they both grow. If Fawn grows stronger then Pat grows stronger, and if Pat grows stronger then so does Fawn.”

“It’s just that currently... Fawn’s power is greater than my own.” I smirked as Dani approached me, and taking hold of one of my large feminine hands, she fingered the palms the tendons in the back of the hands and the claws.

“Do you know what your strength, speed and endurance levels are?” she asked.

“Well... there was this time a while ago, before I got as strong as I am now... where I stopped an armored car robbery. Quite literally. My body deflected the bullets the robbers were shooting, and I was able to stop a speeding armored car and deflect the impact of it all before tearing it apart to save the injured drivers. Then I chased after the getaway car, grabbed it and pulled the crooks from within it to give them to the police.”

“And these claws were able to sheer through armored steel plating?” Dani asked and I nodded. “What about your magic?”

“She bears emblems on her body.” Eric mentioned. “Celtic magic, definitely old world, possibly Faerie. ...Possibly even the deep magic.”



“Well,” I mused. “Fawn and I are a Fawn, which is a faerie. Though Fawn calls me a sorcerer. I seem to have a fantastic talent for magic.”

“What sort of a talent?” Dani asked.

I thought, and lifting a hand I conjured a ball of green fire that burned within the palm of my hand like a warmed spongy ball.

“Faerie Fire.” Eric mused with a smirk as I tossed the ball up and it suspended in mid air.

“I’ve never really tried to do more. I can summon things with my thoughts, control water and gusts of wind. I have a book that I’ve been studying and I’m trying to become strong enough to summon things.” And then I pressed my hand into the fire and the whole of my arm became engulfed in it as I controlled the fire so that it became a part of me instead of burning me. “Right now I have to practice in secret places and in alternate realms where a passerby won’t mind.”

“Then we’ll need to find out what you’re really capable of then.” Dani said with a smirk.

“How do we do that?” I asked and the fire stopped with a snap and a snuffing sound to leave steam wafting off from my flesh as it cooled in the air.

All she did was smirk and gestured for me to follow her.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Where are we?” Jen asked after we stepped out of a stone door.

“The alps.” Eric replied once we were all outside. I had to slide through the door sideways, or at least I tried, and when it didn’t work for me I just lifted my hands and recalled some of Fawn’s knowledge as she floated in my consciousness, and shoving against the stone with my power I made the stone door grow profusely, enough where I could dip through it more easily.

Eric and Dani were remarkably impressed at that.

“So what are we doing here then?” I mused looking about me.

“We’re going to spar.” Dani said while her wolf Blaze ran about her a couple times and then barked happily.

“Well... I don’t mean to be rude or anything, but... are you sure that’s wise? I mean...” I squatted down and moved my hand over her head to compare sizes with me. Even now I still towered over her. “You’re kind puny. Won’t I hurt you? And aren’t you pregnant?!”

“Don’t worry about that.” She smirked and removing her jacket, she tossed it aside, but as she walked away, I blinked as I noticed her rapidly growing and billowing while something that looked like a combination of steel and wood spread from her wrist like a time compression video of black mold growing – I thought it was just a cool bracelet till now – and wrapped about her as she grew and bulged and engorged massively, her hair spilling from her head while the clothes she wore rapidly tore from her. When she turned back to me, I was able to watch her incredible womanhood swell into a towering eight foot tall stature while a spear slid into her hand wrought with hard blades and green jewels, and a face mask and helmet spilt over her head and face to cover all but her mane of hair.

She looked like a cross between a templar and a druid as she filled her growing armor out, that armor actually pushing apart and showing gaps as her flesh grew slightly too big for it, her tearing clothing disappearing and being replaced by satin and silks that embraced her erotic form beautifully.

And then there were her muscles! They were incredible! She was so thick and strong she'd make Hercules look like a pansy.

But she wasn't the only one growing. Her feral wolf was growing as well, rippling with muscles and body mass with more fur, her jaws growing wide and strong, her teeth sharp and long, with red fur being covered in a similar armor that Dani wore now even as she slowed to a nine foot stature and Blaze was easily taller at the shoulder than Jen was!

Dani mounted her wolf as I rose to my full height, and immediately I saw what the pair of them represented. Magician and Knight all in one.

"Wow..." I said aloud, right as that wolf skipped forward and I saw that spear arching in a full circle at me, and gasping I rose an arm and blocked the bladed spear with one of the spines on my arm, just before Blaze's claws cut into me, her claws covered in a metal that actually cut deep gouges into my flesh.

With a cry and a reaction in defense I lifted my spare hand and let loose a spell completely by reflex, and an explosion like a peal of thunder erupted from my hand, the green swirls on my body shining brightly for a moment and Dani and Blaze were knocked back the length of a football field, the two of them flying in separate directions. But at the very end before they would've collided with the mountain side, Dani flipped and landed on the wall and caught Blaze, rebalancing her before the two fell forward and Dani slid right into Blaze's saddle. With a jerk the spear that had imbedded itself in the ground snapped to Dani's arm before she charged me again with dazzling speed.

*Ready yourself master... I have some tricks this pair won't be prepared for,* Fawn said and I nodded, and right as the pair of them moved near I blinked and when I opened my eyes again to actually watch them rush by, passing through the space where I was a moment before, and lifting my hands I summoned lightning and cast it at her.

Twisting in her saddle she created a massive body shield and the electricity splashed against it before she leveled her spear at me and a fireball lanced in my direction. Gasping I lifted both hands and caught the sphere and spinning around with my tits wobbling fiercely with the movement as I empowered the fireball with my own Faerie Fire, changing its design and empowering the energy it already had in one fluid movement before throwing it back at her. But she turned and snapped her blade against it and it sped back, the color changing into a golden color as it did. I wasn't ready for it to come back at me and I was assailed with golden lightning that knocked me back, but grinding my hooves in I shook myself free of the fire and threw it off me like it were water to burn the ground about me.

*Ha! That was it?!*

"That's it?! Try this on for size!" and I leapt up into the air, not realizing what I was doing, Fawn and I working perfectly in tangent now before I shot a hailstorm of fireballs at her, shooting them from the palms of my hands before twisting and sending a more powerful ball of fire at her. She got ready to knock it back but I pushed on it with my magic and it engulfed her and her wolf Blaze in an explosion and spasming in surprise I paused and fingered my lips in worry that I may've gone too far as the pair of them were knocked to the ground.

"Oh goodness... I think I killed her." I said and flew over to them, sliding through the air before landing on my feet only to find Blaze trying to get to her paws and Dani rising and pushing her visor up and coughing.

"Good hit!" I thought she said, and then blinked when she only smiled at me. "Rarely is it possible for someone to knock me off my toes." And I snapped my head sideways, my ears and horns flaring open in surprise as I saw Blaze panting excitedly. "Your magic is very strong!" she said in a yipping voice and then barked so loud that it created a deafening explosion that knocked me on my rump.

"She can talk?!" I gaped in surprise while my ears rung.

“Sure I can talk! All wolves can talk... I just so happen to be able to speak human.” Blaze panted and then moved over to Dani and then helped her up by allowing Dani to brace her weight against her.

“Oh... I agree... that was a good hit, Pat.” She said and exhaled a sigh, rubbing her belly. “But no more sparing. I should’ve listened to you about the pregnancy thing, but I needed to see what you can do.”

“And... how did I do?” I said, rubbing my arm across my navel.

“You passed the first test...” Dani said, “Enough for me to trust you to do this next one.”

## Chapter 13: Training Day

Eric and Jen remained behind. Dani was taking me on a mission...

“Dani I...”

“Call me Crimson Clover.” She said turning back to me immediately. “Or just Crimson or just Clover or anything other than my real name while I’m like this.”

“Ok... why?” I asked, blinking in surprise.

“Because you and I have powers and alternate forms; and though I don’t really like to consider myself a super-heroine, I guess I have no choice but to have a secret identity. Don’t bear any false thoughts; these creatures will kill you if they get the chance. They will track and enslave your family in order to hurt you, and they will hunt your friends and destroy all that you love just to be able to get at you. As such... I suggest you come up with a name for yourself too.”

“Fawn.” I said immediately with very little thought. “It’s only right she have an identity that doesn’t exist solely within my head.”

Dani nodded from atop Blaze’s back as she ground her spear in the ground. “Fawn it is. Do you recognize this place?”

“It’s a prison in the real world.” I said quietly. “I won’t begin to tell you how scared Fawn is right now though. Her memories tell me that this was where...” I silenced and mentally embraced Fawn to calm her. “...Where they kept her.”

*I don't like it here... I felt from her but I kept myself aloft.*

A month had passed from the little battle Crimson and I had with each other, and this was apparently to be my final exam. But nonetheless, I learned a tremendous secret. Dani wasn’t three or four months pregnant, she was nearly full term. For some reason, her pregnancy was barely showing and her fetus wasn’t growing. A trait, it appears, to hide one’s pregnancy till the very end, according to Dani’s maternal grandmother.

“Should we be doing this? Shouldn’t we wait till after... well... you know?”

Crimson covered her belly and gave it a rub without looking at me. “Evil never sleeps.” She said simply. “I’ve been listening to the spirits and even the news has been reporting some troubling problems here.” She continued. “It appears as if there was a riot here last night where a prisoner mysteriously got out of his cell, hospitalized three guards and several inmates, going so far as to even murdering one of his fellow prisoners.”

“‘Mysteriously’... common news reporter rhetoric for ‘we don’t know.’”

Crimson nodded. “Whenever something ‘mysterious’ happens, it usually means something from the other side is leaking over onto our side. Believe it or not but most of our information comes from super market tabloids. But when the actual news hears about it... it’s always something serious.

“We’re here to discover as to its validity, its seriousness, and if possible if it is something we need to deal with, and then quell it if it is.”

My boobs wobbled as I turned toward Crimson, she astride her wolf tall enough where she and I could see each other face to face. I stared at her as she palmed and rubbed her belly, and biting my lower lip with a pair of the fangs I had, I thought for a moment and then dared to ask a question.

“Why do you do this? I mean, here you are eight or nine months pregnant, and you’re about to go into battle! Why do you do this? Why not look the other way?”

“Do I need a reason?” she said and looked to me.

I blinked at her and stared disbelievingly for a moment. “Yes!” I said in exasperation.

She smiled. “I do this because no one else can or will. My family line for generations has been hounded by the Dragon Bane, and I’m the last full blooded member of that line. I was the first person in that line to last more than the first encounter with the dragon, Fawn... and despite suffering and effort and the deceit of others, I managed to drive the most powerful creature I know of back into the darkness from whence he came. And now his forces contend with me till he can regain his strength and heal again. If I can find him again while he’s weakened, then perhaps... just perhaps I can kill him and end his reign of terror on mankind.

“And maybe I can finally let generations of my family have peace.”

I stared at her for a moment while she caressed her belly. “Family... that sounds like a good enough reason to me to do this. So then... what do we do?”

“First of all, we get inside. We’ll find out what to do after that.”

\*\*\*\*\*

There were two guards at the gate to this place. A gate that would normally have two sets of doors and be set at right angles with a fence in the real world was instead high arching stone walls with old iron-bound and wooden gates in the faerie world, and the guards were two heavily armored dark knights that carried flaming swords. The facility that would be a low lying edifice on the ground that would thusly go deep into the ground instead was a mountainous castle above the ground and a vast catacomb below the ground.

In the real world... this place was the Minnesota Oak Park Heights Correctional Facility located in Stillwater... also known as the Supermax by the people of Minnesota. It’s considered one of the hardest prisons in America. In the World of the Fae, this place was a fortress in which the denizens who occupied it attempted to pull the worst of the worst of humanity and corrupt them further into being mobile death machines. Patrolling the outside of the prison were men and women, warped by the procedures that made them truly insane, each of them with grafted metal on their bodies that were covered in hooks, spikes and chains, with their bodies radically altered physically and decorated with magical runes to give them supernatural power and to keep them under their masters’ control. Killing such creatures would be a mercy for them. This was far worse of a punishment for their crimes in life that they were worthy of.

But as we walked toward the gate, the guards kept looking forward, completely ignoring us with their red eyes and black armor. We walked right up to the massive gates and Crimson used her strange vines and metal bits to pick the lock, opening the door for us that we could slip in undetected and close the door with a barely audible click.

“I thought we were dead there for a moment.” She whispered. “Illusions were never my fancy.”

“Fawn is apparently very apt at them.” I said also in a whisper. “She had to use them to escape detection more than once.” And then I looked around us.

We were in a murder box between the gates, and there were many places around us in which arrows, stones and all sorts of things could be shot or dumped or poured on us to make our lives very painful and very short. “We need to get out of here.”

“I’m on it.” And Blaze hopped over to the inner door, and using her spear, Crimson fit her spear through the crack in the door, and using her massive strength got the brace on the inner door open enough for us to move through it quietly.

Once inside we were within a towering trapezoidal corridor with long red banners with a black dragon on them hanging everywhere. My size was a problem, but it couldn’t be helped. Fawn was so afraid at the moment that she was huddled deep inside me, gave me every ounce of her power in order to maintain me as a bulwark to keep her safe. For her, it was like watching from a panic room in which she gave me her power and advice.

*I’m scared Master. I don’t like this place... I hate this place.*

*I know, I responded to her. You’re safe in me. They won’t be able to get you unless they get me first, so you’re entirely safe. Do you think you can take back some of this power so I can shrink down?*

*Nooo... she moaned and whimpered. It felt like she was clinging to me for protection.*

I sighed and followed Crimson. “Where are we going? Have you ever been here before?” I asked her.

“I took the tour in the real world.” She said with a sigh. “Constructs typically follow what their real world counterparts are like... typically. Even if that had any truth here, it’d only be correct for the center of the construct on the ground floor and the center below, but nowhere else. The Denizens around here who’ve served time here say that it’s a vast catacomb below us, and a towering edifice above us. Whatever’s left of the real world’s rendition of this place has been so corrupted though that I’m thankful that so far the walls are turning when they should.

“Then perhaps I should lead.” I mentioned and Crimson slowed atop Blaze, she and that wolf seeming to work as one contiguous body, and she turned to face me.

“Something I should know?” she asked quietly.

“I... well Fawn... like I mentioned before has been here before. I can feel it in her mind.” And I rubbed my forehead. “She was a favorite toy... and, well... she’s been to the officers and even the warden’s chambers. She has first hand knowledge of this place.”

Crimson’s face pinched suddenly and Blaze turned to approach us before she ground her spear and took my hand. Blaze gave that same hand a lick. “We’re sorry to put you though this, Fawn. You’re very brave. This cannot be an easy thing for you.”

This was a woman’s friendship. It was different than what Jen and I had as two women, because then we were lovers... in the case of this touch from Crimson to me, it was a woman’s friendship... it was an unspoken understanding that she knew of the same weaknesses as I did, that she knew some man exploited Fawn’s and she was celebrating her strength for doing this. I felt Fawn’s fear and nervousness, but she also felt my strength protecting her. Before I knew what I was doing I was holding Crimson’s armored hand with both of mine.

“She thanks you.” I said quietly and Crimson and I stood there holding hands in friendship till we heard the sounds of metal against stone.

“Against the wall.” She hissed and she and Blaze skipped sideways and I flattened against the wall right in time for a platoon of armored dragon knights to march by, with an officer on some weird raptor looking mount in front of them. “This is definitely Bane’s domain.” She said after they’d passed. “The patrols are light so he might not be here himself. But still, that doesn’t stop this place from being a problem. Does Fawn know how to get into the chambers below?”

I thought for a moment and then nodded. “This way.” And led the way through the citadel.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ever see the movie or played the game Silent Hill?

Yeah, that movie creeped me out too... the reason why I'm saying this is because this place, as we delved into the center of insanity, that the constructs stopped being hewn black stone and obsidian to becoming naked metal frame works with a constant red glow below us... like if we kept moving down we'd be shaking hands with the dark one – I mean devil – himself. It wasn't exactly like Silent Hill, but there were similarities, but you get the basis of what this place was like. Towering pillars and platforms of rock and stone were connected by a constant webbing of metal frameworks that were comprised of I-beams, rebar and grill work. On the outsides were cells, and in the cells were prisoners, weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, the sorts of things you hear about from the Book of Revelations. Only here the people were Faerie-folk, and the most common of them were...

“Satyr.” I whispered with a gasp.

I was seeing firsthand what Fawn's people were being put through. All of them wore collars and bracelets and anklets, all of them were likewise naked to the last. If they were outside of their cells or cages that hung from the ceilings, they were on leashes. Some were forced to crawl on their hands and cloven feet like dogs. The more common of these slaves wore iron and were drawn by bands of leather leashes, while the more kept ones, held by certain masters wore silver or gold and even had jewelry and were drawn by leashes of woven gold.

Even while we walked along the edge of the pit, Crimson and I witnessed some of the tasks of the Fawn and Satyr. A male officer would stride to a chair and sit down, tap his inner thigh and without a single moment of pause or a hint of disgust, the delicate Fawn that had been cleaning the floor would move to him, kneel between his legs and place her head beneath his loincloth to start sucking him off.

*We call those the spoiled ones,* Fawn said in my head quietly as I focused upon that one. *They're what all of us wanted and hoped to be, because we were usually pampered more and abused less. Our tasks were to please and keep pleased our masters.*

Another Fawn was held in stocks, and while guards that were as demonic looking as they were powerful, either came in her face or threw bits of food at her that she tried to catch for her mouth for sustenance, the random guard would saddle up behind her, and take her from behind. Both her sex and her anus looked abused and there was ejaculate crusted on her fine behind and back as well as her face and hands.

*That's what happens if we disobey or are belligerent,* Fawn said simply. She had a detracted, distant voice as she explained these things.

Crimson and I avoided guards and soldiers in this place. It was like descending into Dante's Inferno, with every tier being narrower than the one above it. On the second floor we found the shouting of guards and knights alike, while below in a pit in the center were two more Satyr who were fighting each other, biting and clawing one another while the only armor they had being leather harnesses and their iron bonds. This time it was a male and a female fighting, with the female being the larger of the two. Her breasts were all but gone in favor of her flaring and chorded chest muscles. We watched as they battled long enough till the female battered the male to the ground, and then after roaring triumphantly, thrust herself onto the male and took him sexually to much the pleasure of all those watching.

*Fear not for him, master...* Fawn said quietly.

*What's happening?* I asked gripping a metal bar of a railing and watching the debacle below.

*They're the ones forced to fight. There's very little pleasure for them, and though our keepers believe they're being cruel to us by forcing us to dominate each other, she sexing him is like a loving apology. This*

*is the soothing love toward him for loosing. They may even be lovers. She looks to be a strong fighter... if she becomes pregnant easily and she has a good fight record, then they'll breed her.*

*Like they did me...*

I bit my lower lip and then nodded, understanding more of my beloved Fawn as we moved along, deeper and deeper, in which I saw other creatures being put upon by the denizens of the tower. Fawn and Satyr were used as slaves, pixies were kept inside glass jars or crystal orbs for lighting, and those were only the tame examples of what other creatures of magic were subjected to.

*All of them were hunted down and captured, Fawn was saying, their powers corrupted or stripped, all to serve the Dragon and his many hordes. Some are lucky and are merely treated as slaves. Others... And I turned my head to the bones of some strange creature. ...Aren't so lucky.*

Biting my lower lip we descended deeper and deeper, the strains of keeping us invisible to so many wearing on me, but nonetheless my powers were holding.

"I'm impressed," Crimson whispered to me. "You've got us deep into their citadel without detection and we're walking right among them."

"Fawn escaped this way once. She squirreled away what energies that she could, and when she had enough she walked out the front door."

And then our conversations were interrupted by a bellowing roar, and as we entered onto the next tier behind the backs of many soldiers and guards and minions, we witnessed what looked like Satyr and Fawn, but they were in a word: Massive!

Muscle bubbled from them, huge horns like ram horns and bull horns, some with multiple sets like me decorated their heads, with their bodies so muscular their fur on their legs were actually thinned a little, but there was additional fur on their heads and bodies. Bony protrusions and spikes like I had blessed their bodies, and with them a titan's battle of claws, fangs and horns that left the two titans bloodied and messy ensued in the ring within the pens and prisons and hanging cages here, with blows that were like thunder.

"Minotaur." I said aloud.

They're what happen to Satyr and Fawn when their sexual power grew enough to saturate them. They became physically powerful and engorged but unmagical. Therein was where I differed from them. My physical power was immense, but that was mostly what Fawn donated to me. My own magical powers as a sorcerer made us physically and mentally powerful in this body.

But with more eyes that could see us here than anywhere else, I began to feel that incredible strength waver. "I need help. Give me your hand." I said quietly and without hesitation Crimson offered me her gauntleted hand and I took it with one of my own. The surge of her strength shared with mine maintained the invisibility. "There... much better." I panted. "I've never wrought an illusion."

"You mean you've never wrought an illusion this large?" Crimson asked looking at me.

"No... period." I said and she blinked at me while we moved about the edge of this coliseum, looking in cages as we passed, trying to find the next way down. What I noticed though was that in certain cages and certain cells there were the shadows of humans in there, sitting on shadows of their metal slab beds.

"Who are they?" I asked as we paused.

"Prisoners. Their anguish or insanity or a combination of the two is allowing them to fade slightly into this world."



And then I viewed the imps and gremlins crawling over the men like they were parasites. “All the better for them to be affected by agents of this world.”

“A human can be corrupted, they can be warped and assailed and transformed enough where they can cross over. Drugs like marijuana and acid do it, intense dreams do it, and after awhile, after enough poking and prodding, they come fully over. And then their hell begins.

“This happens to all sorts of people. From thugs and criminals to little old ladies and police officers. The Dragon offers them immortality, strength and power in return for their servitude.”

I thought for a moment. “Crimson... Stillwater Prison is a supermax. The most violent criminals in the state come here, even in the nation in the case of certain federal convicts. What would happen if these people cross over?”

“I’m certain whatever it is... we won’t like it.”

And then we finally did find the way down to the next level below us. The last level with the coliseum, filled most of that level, so when we got to this one, most of the noise was drowned out from the sounds of roaring fans and of battle. What we did find though was a state of horror.

*I’ve never been this far down master...* Fawn said, her fear abating at what we saw... which were humans, lots and lots of humans, men and women of all ages. Some wore prisoner uniforms, others wore regular clothing, and all of them were extremely real in this realm.

“They’re all crossed over.” Crimson said aloud and then gasped. “Get down!”

And both of us slid beneath a wall, Blaze getting down while Crimson hopped off her battle-wolf and hid behind the wall with me that overlooked the grill work in the center of this place.

There were tall beings in robes, with hoods over their heads that were so dark on the inside it was impossible to see into their robes. They seemed to float across the floor as they took a woman who was kicking and screaming and slammed her into a bench of some sort, clamping her in place at the wrists, ankles, arms and legs, the waist and even the head. Once she was secured then they tore her clothing from her with hands decorated by scythe-like claws.

“What are they...” I began but Crimson shushed me.

Looking back I asked the next person who could answer.

*Fawn? What are they doing?*

*I don’t know master... I-I’ve never seen such creatures or any such process.*

The creatures used tools and apparatuses to pry the woman’s mouth open and she gurgled and whimpered once they’d braced that mouth open. Then the robed figures took some sort of worm out of a jar with a pair of tongs and then put one into each ear of the woman.

“Devil worms...” Crimson said quietly. “I suggest covering your ears.”

And I did as she did, right as the woman started screaming and screaming and screaming, so loud that no matter what I did to cover my ears I still heard it. It made me weep, and when she was done screaming she fell limp in her restraints.

“What happened? What were those?” I hissed.

“Devil worms.” Crimson said quietly. “They’re symbiotic creatures being that they imbue whatever host they’re in with great psychic and magical power through fell and demonic means... but the only way they do that is by burrowing and latching themselves into the brain. Adding a male and a female together will make them breed inside you, and the more they breed the more fell power you get as the parents and their spawn grow inside you, mutate you... make you rotten from the inside out.”

“That’s terrible... but why would they do that?!”

“I don’t know... but look.”

And I looked right as the tall hooded figures fed the woman a potion that with her in such a stupor and her mouth braced open she just drank reflexively. When they were finished she moaned and rolled, churning in her restraints and moving as if she were gyrating with a cock inside her. And then she moaned and cried out, arching in her restraints, her breasts bouncing as ejaculate leaked from her loins. And then within moments her supple peach flesh turned porcelain and then ashen gray. Fangs appeared in her mouth as her ears angled, and when she opened her eyes I saw them glow a hollow, ghostly green.

And then she thrashed and snarled, frothing at the mouth right as her muscles started to thicken, carving themselves this way and that about her body, her vaginal mound billowing between her legs as those legs and her arms and her upper body all thickened and flared, their weight bulging repeatedly over and over again. Her breasts which drooped and were subtly floppy filled into rounded orbs, their nipples tripling in thickness and doubling in length, their areola swelling outward and her breasts climbing rapidly into G-cups.

She looked at her breasts as thick slabs of muscle swelled beneath her flesh, and laughing at her strength, claws growing from fingers and toes and scales forming as her flesh tore open about her to reveal new firmer flesh and scale, she flexed in her restraints all while her body grew to Olympian strength levels and then beyond.

Breasts swelled further into P-cups, her abdominals sank and separated into twelfths, her lats into tenths and her back flaring wider and wider. Monumentous mounds formed from biceps and triceps, calves and thighs, each of those muscles separating into finer and finer muscles till she was gigantic in her feminine scope, with neck muscles that flared wide and were chorded.

And then more hooded individuals entered, but these were decked out in simple black robes where I could see their faces while the tall hooded robed figures unsecured the woman and helped her to her feet. Once down she flexed and moved herself, her billowing muscles angling like only the strongest of human women could look like... only she had huge boobs. It was then that I glanced at Crimson to see her staring at the newcomers with a hand over her mouth and her eyes wide with horror.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“Those men and women in the black robes... they’re druids!”

\*\*\*\*\*

We hid in the recess of where we were in a secluded alcove with a tall retaining wall, peaking over the edge and through the cracks in the wall, watching as those druids began to dress the woman in armor plating, with the very first plate being a crotch plate with what looked like a huge dildo on it that they inserted directly into her sex to the hilt. Layer after layer of heavier and heavier armor plating were placed onto her body with the pair of us watching the whole process. Crimson sat back, scratching her wolf and rubbing her tummy at the same time as she watched this process happening with me before the new dragon knight was given a black cloak with a red inner wash that was split in two down the back like a pair of wings, a giant tower shield that tapered at the top and bottom was attached to one arm and a massive sword was placed into her awaiting other hand.

“They’re making dragon knights.” Crimson said silently. “Mass producing them it looks like.” She swallowed. “This is bad.”

“Especially who they’re making them of,” I added. “It’s just that...” and then I stopped as the next subject was brought into the room. “...It can’t be.”

There below was none other than Mitch!

“You know that person?” Crimson asked.

“That’s Mitch. He was my old high-school bully till I beat him up after getting Fawn nearly a year ago. He turned to drinking and steroids and later he tried to rape my wife! I turned into a strongwoman then and broke him. The police sent him to jail for a lifetime after that.”

“Steroids and alcohol? A substance abuser?” Crimson asked and I nodded. “A warped body like that can be snagged and pulled into the world of the Fae, a task more easily done if he ever found himself here.”

“W-what are they going to do to him?” I gaped.

“Mitchell!” someone bellowed, and turning we both looked to a person entering the chamber from below and with a gasp Crimson grabbed me and pulled me down completely out of sight, a task I could only do by flattening myself to the ground, flattening my many breasts against the cold stone, and in the cramped quarters with her wolf, that put my face square in her crotch. I couldn’t help but smell her pheromones and become aroused by it, and suddenly I had the thought to just open my mouth, extend my tongue and...

“Omigod... That’s the General!” Crimson hissed and I lifted my face enough to look through a crack in the wall.

“The general?” I asked but then in a panic she shushed me again. I might get angry at being shushed, but there was real fear in her eyes.

“Are you ready, Human... to join the ranks of the elite?” The general’s voice boomed in an echoing way.

“Anything... I will give anything for my revenge.” Mitch replied.

The general nodded and gestured and the tall robed figures moved forward and with their clawed hands tore Mitch’s clothes from him, revealing a thick muscular body that was possibly at its maximum thickness for an nineteen year old. A hardened eight pack with six lats and bulging pecs, thick thighs with bulging biceps and triceps and thick arms. He was massive, easily thrice what his previous mass was only a few months ago.

And then I noticed something else.

“He’s got a really tiny penis.” I said aloud and Crimson looked at me in stunned surprise that I’d just said such a thing.

“Aren’t you a guy inside? Strange of you to notice such things.” She said to me.

“No, but it explains a lot. Tiny penis equals self confidence and ego problems which equals the reason why he became a bully in the first place. After I, his prey, defeated him, then that shot his ego problems again so he started to abuse steroids to grow stronger and then alcohol to deaden the pain he felt. As he grew stronger off steroids his dick would shrink up which only worsened the ego problems so he abused the substances more. In his pursuit of strength... well... that brings us to present time.”

Crimson nodded and turned back toward the sight while I returned my gaze to her crotch briefly out of the corner of my eye, and I realized what I’d very nearly done even despite my vows to Jen, and so I distanced

myself from her crotch by carefully sliding backward so as not to make any noise. With butt up in the air and breasts mashed beneath me I found a marginally comfortable spot that kept me from that tantalizing smell.

I swear... Jen was going to get it from me when I got back. I was really, really horny right now, and I only hoped that she was in the mood, or else it was cold shower for me tonight...

The General was directing the tall hooded men who descended on Mitch and began carving into Mitch's flesh with their claws. To his credit he didn't even whimper while they began a long process carving runes and glyphs and circles in his body from head to toe and front to back, the lines glowing an eldritch green shortly after being cut. The process took nearly half an hour in which I had to reposition myself and take Crimson's hand again for power but she slipped her fingers from mine.

"Best if you drop it. The tall cloaked ones and the general can see through illusions." Crimson mentioned. "Just stay hidden.

Swallowing, wishing that she'd said something sooner, I let the magic slowly wane just in case someone down there could feel spells. Feel spells... how'd I know to be cautious about that? Fawn... of course she'd know about that. I didn't even have to ask and she didn't have to tell. It was becoming easier to access her memories now that stuff like that just happened nowadays.

Mitch then got the devil worms implanted, and for a short while he stamped and stomped, holding his head and cringing as he groaned through his teeth, but he didn't scream. The worms he was fit with were big and fat, having to push his ear holes open to get inside him. It took a long while for him to get it under control but eventually he rose, bracing himself upon a certain apparatus. The green lines etched in him slowly turned into a burning red as he calmed; his shape and form shivering briefly before he rose, turned and straightened himself.

"Is that all you got?"

"By all means... no." the general chuckled and gestured, and one of the tall hooded figures approached with a vial of something purple that glowed, very different than the one that was fed to the woman a short while ago.

Mitch snatched it and began to guzzle it repeatedly; the vial also larger than the one given to the woman and with her the potion I think was green.

He drank and swallowed, careful not to spill a single drop as one hand went to his navel. When he was done he wiped his mouth clean and licked the substance off before throwing the vial away. The hooded figures looked disappointed that their vial broke, but then I saw the twitching in Mitch's body.

"Oh... yeah..." he groaned, and even from this distance I heard a sound that was akin to balloons being rubbed the wrong way.

Mitch flexed himself then, his short crop of blonde hair growing longer, and all of a sudden the tiny little extension on his pelvis immediately started to bulge and telescope. "Yes!" he groaned, his voice deepening right as he started to grow, that billowing manhood erecting as it's mass continued to lengthen and broaden, the nads at their base billowing as well.

But then the rest of his body started changing, with chest and back pushing outward, shoulders widening and his navel lengthening. Dual packs of abdominal muscles pushed into places as he grew taller, his throat thickening with his neck growing longer, with biceps and triceps exploding outward. Mitch churned, laughing now while his skin changed colors like the woman's had, growing scales even as his eyes changed and the pupil's pinched into almond shapes. Long claws formed from fingers and toes as every muscle in him was enhanced a hundred fold.

And by the end of it... he had a penis so large it would split any normal woman in two if he tried to penetrate her. Panting and heaving and looking down over the broad, chorded ridge of his cock, he looked at the enlarged phallus he now had and reaching down stroked and caressed it.

“There will be enough time for that later, Mitchell...” The General heaved and readjusted his stance as if he were about to cut Mitch down. He even reached for his sword!

“No... not Mitchell or Mitch. I want a new name. Something cool.” Mitch said as he played with himself some more, sizing up his balls with his newly enlarged hand while his muscles continued to thicken, carving themselves into secondary and then tertiary muscles, sending radial bands of muscle clear across his form to be covered with a spider web of veins and arteries. “Can we make this bigger?” he said gesturing at his cock.

The general snarled. “All in due time.” And the general drew his sword and leveled it at Mitch.

“W-wait... d-don’t...” but then a lance of blue flame erupted from the sword and struck Mitch right in the chest, and Mitch froze trembling as the fire bathed him, but most especially started to burn through his sternum till goutts of flame spat from the hole.

And then a further transformation happened as Mitch rose up on his toes, feet lengthening and spreading, spikes and spines erupting from his body and more scales appearing while plates of some sort of carapace rose up here and there. A tail and a pair of huge leathery wings budded from his body, horns sprouted on his head while neck, waist and forearms lengthened twice over in comparison to the rest of his already immense titan’s strength. Hands broadened and claws deepened and hooked, turning ebony like as his face pushed forward into a short muzzle filled with Razor sharp teeth and fangs before the general was done and sheathed his sword again.

The tall hooded beings and the druids then moved forward while Mitch was recovering, and a blue crystal surrounded by a gold apparatus was plugged into the gaping hole of gouting flames that had split and separated Mitch’s chest open some, the apparatus adhering to bone and sinew alike. And then the tall robed figures and druids began slapping patches of some strange black material onto Mitch’s body, things that dug into his flesh like a form of living armor around him. Only then was the other black metal armor like with the woman before him added to his body, but unlike with the woman, this armor had spikes on the inside of it that glowed white hot, and as it was pushed in it covered Mitch in armor that glowed darkly with red runes. Pieces were adhered to his face and skull, with more horns and heavier head plates, with deep red etchings amongst the runes here and there.

A long sword and a double bladed axe were brought to him next, with huge forearm shields and spiked shoulders and finally a cape was brought to him, all of it being attached and connected till he was fully armored from head to toe.

And then the General himself approached while Mitch stood there heaving, using his weapons for support more than anything, and from within his armor and garb, the General produced a ball of something that looked like a balled up sickly gray octopus that unraveled as he held it up for Mitch and the thing leapt off and attached itself to the underside of his chest, seeming to merge with the crystal and the gold that was already there and burrow deep into Mitch’s body. I saw tendrils slide up tracheal muscles, down to his groin and along ribs to his back, mainly bunching his chest region together and holding it tight with the ribs, and suddenly Mitch rose with a snarl, his nostrils being filled with fire.

“That was strange...” Crimson whispered to me. “He seemed weak and ineffectual till that last bit was added... right where a Heartstone on a dragon goes. A weakness perhaps?”

I didn’t know what a Heartstone was, *it’s the gem in the chest of a dragon, master*, ah... but it was apparently the weak point. Soft underbelly indeed. *Yes, indeed.*

“You’ve joined the ranks of the elite’s, Mitchell.” The General hissed. “But despite the illusions of your size and your apparent strength, you’ll never forget your place. Forget that place and I’ll squash you like the insect you are.”

“I want a new name.” Mitch growled in a voice that was now several octaves deeper than the one he had before and now reverberated like rolling gravel.

“The master will give that to you and no one else. Till then, remember that we know your true name, Mitchell... it already binds you to us and allows us to destroy you should you ever fall out of line. Now get out of my sight cur...”

Mitch hesitated, hands gripping on his weapons like he wanted to challenge the general but thought better of it and shunted off right as the next person, a convict, appeared and the process began anew for the next dragon knight while the General stood, watched the process continue for a short time and then left.

“We have problems.” Crimson said quietly. “Come on... let’s get out of here.

\*\*\*\*\*

We explored as much as we dared, going as deep as we could. The part of the prison that had a representation in the real world was easily navigated, but the parts that didn’t exist there and only existed here were a catacomb of mines labored by humans and slaves of various kinds. Above, in the citadel, the guards became suddenly far more frequent and higher grade. Crimson didn’t let us even get close to the tall faceless robed figures for fear that they might detect us before we finally left, much to Fawn’s insurmountable relief.

Getting out was more difficult than getting in, and we finally had to hop out the wall and run as fast and as far as we could before Crimson opened a stone gate for us to pass through into the real world. And that’s where we were now, in their secret hold tucked away in a pocket between here and there,

Sitting on their couch, finally in a reduced form with my arm around Jen’s shoulders and a pair of sweats on retrieved from our dorm by Jen, we’d all sat around in their den with that Finnegan Leprechaun character in attendance now while Eric fished through book after book in their library, frantic it seemed in his search.

“Lad... ye be working yerself into a tizzy.” Finnegan said while smoking his pipe.

“Finnegan... tell me... how would you act if my wife and Fawn came back and said they saw a horde of leprechauns serving Bane against the commands of your king?” Eric said as he swapped to a different book. “How then do you suppose I feel when there are druids helping him?”

Finnegan immediately silenced.

“What are you looking for?” Crimson asked as she sat with Blaze close to her side; and with one hand she scratched Blaze between the ears and with the other she rubbed her belly.

Eric flipped through a few more pages, paused and then approaching us, turned the book and dropped it on the table before the couch. Leaning forward, my enlarged breasts pressing against my thick thighs as I fingered the page that felt like parchment, I looked upon a massive creature that looked remarkably like what we saw Mitch become.

“The Elite,” Eric said crossing his arms. “...Also known as the Dragoons. We druids had the scrolls and incantations that had allowed Bane to make them; we stole them from him to keep him from using them. Many druids and many heroes died to remove such a skill from him. The fact that he’s produced one, and from an old bully of yours Fawn, means that the number of people who could’ve betrayed us are numbered on one hand...”

“One of them be dead now,” Finnegan said. “Thanks t’ ye.”

“Who?” I asked.

“An Archdruid named Richelieu. He... engineered a plot in which I was to steal Crimson Clover’s powers and put them into myself, in which he would then murder me and take those powers for himself... quite possibly to give them to Bane. He’s an easily blamed suspect, but that doesn’t stop others from following in his wake.” He drummed his fingers against one arm. “I need to report this to the druid council... “ he said at last. “I have my hunches as to who else had access to the scrolls, but I can’t make accusations yet without further information.”

“Information that we wouldn’t have if not for you Fawn.” Crimson said and I looked up at her immediately.

“Me?” I blinked palming my chest.

“I’m not as skilled as a sorceress as you are. For me it’s just a talent, but your powers got us where I couldn’t go alone. Heaven knows you’re definitely strong enough by the look at you, but I have to deal with deep magic. Deep, deep magic, magic that’s beyond my or even Eric’s knowledge, and we could use someone who has your skills and access to the knowledge you have and is blessed with your obvious strength and power would be unwise for me to turn down the offer. I’d like to partner with you if you’re still interested.”

I stared at her for a moment and then looked at Jen and she merely smiled and nodded to me, then rising, with my present form still half a head taller than Crimson’s enormous form, she and I shook hands.

“I’d be glad to help.” I said simply.

And a partnership was born.

\*\*\*\*\*

Jen sat on the edge of our bed after I came back from brushing my teeth, me totally male now as I saw her there with legs crossed and the Ars Magica in her hands. Smiling to myself, feeling my penis erecting from remembrance of a pussy being a few scant inches from my face, I promptly thrust crimson from my mind and replaced it with Jen, and with prick bowing out the front of the sweats I wore, I moved to her and she looked up at me and smiled at the obvious arousal I had for her now.

Then kneeling before her and getting her to uncross her legs, I took her panties and pulled them off her, sliding them off her dainty feet and toes before I palmed both her knees, gently pushing her legs open before I delved down into her crotch and began to lick and sup from her freshly washed pussy. I held onto her legs at first but then rubbed and caressed her navel as she leaned back for me, her hand running through my hair and then gripping it as I drove her toward fits of ecstasy with the sheer talents of sexual knowledge I’d gandered from the Ars Magica book and the skills Fawn sent to me, till at long last she came and I swallowed her silken juices before licking her clean and getting several smaller ejaculations for my effort.

I had to fill my mind with her, forget the incident with Crimson, especially if I was to work with Crimson from now on. As I cleaned and moistened her pussy with my tongue I slid the sweats I was wearing off, and crawling up onto the bed I slid inside her and drove her to deeper and deeper throes of sexual elation as I played with her breasts now, sucking from them and getting a further taste of the nectar her fine feminine form developed while my cock got a through squeezing from her tight, clenching vaginal muscles.

Then while I stroked myself into her, holding back the ejaculation, I rose over her, and smiling down at her I bent and kissed her repeatedly, with the first several kisses being on her lips before I descended to her neck and then her breasts before she hugged my head to her.

Hard to imagine that just under a year ago she and I were just friends. Now she was my wife and lover.

“Oh you’re a keeper.” She moaned and bucked her hips against me, forcing me to lose control as I finally came into her, filling her bowels till she overflowed.

I had a few orgasmic-driven pushes into her before I finally lay quietly against her and held her body, slowly deflating inside her while she moaned and sighed in contentment for me.

“Love you.” I said quietly into her bust before kissing one of the thickened tits.

“Love you too.” She sighed, her vaginal muscles clenching minutely against me in her own orgasmic aftershocks to squeeze the last of the ejaculate from me.

And then laying there with my head on her chest, I looked to her breast and lifting a hand to it caressed and massaged it, getting milk to leak from the thick bulbous thing.

“Do you want me to do this?” I asked quietly.

“By all means... what’s mine is yours, Pat... play with it all you...”

“No... I mean...” and I rose over her and felt her palm my chest with both her hands. “...Do you want me to partner with Dani? You nodded to me earlier, but I want to hear you say it. If you don’t want me to work with her, then I understand and I’ll stop, but...” I felt her face and thumbed her lips, and she in turn kissed my thumb.

“I’ve experienced some interesting things as of late. I have a strong body, I have breasts, you’re the biggest dicked man outside of a porno that can turn into a super muscle anthro chick with magical powers and together we can literally live a fairy tale but...” she paused. “...I experienced death at the hands of a monster and was reborn thanks to Fawn. I know there are monsters and I know they’re real, Pat. Those of power have a responsibility to do something with it and you have great power so you have great responsibility.”

“Wasn’t there something about power corrupts so great power corrupts greatly?” I said quietly.

“Not when that power resides in you...” she smiled and then she giggled before rising to throw an arm around my neck and kiss me. “And not while I’m here to keep you in line.” It was then that she moved and pushed against me and I turned till I was on my back and she was straddling my lap, pulling my cock from her and giving it a hand job to get it to erect again. “I don’t want you to do this, Pat,” she said at last, and my eyes immediately went from her fingers kneading the sticky moisture covered phallus at the base of my pelvis right to her face. “But I also won’t ask you to stop because I also want you to do it, keep me safe, keep those we love safe... I’ll always idolize you as my personal hero or heroine, depending on what form you’re in, so long as you do these things.”

She got me hard enough to insert me into herself again, and so she stuffed my cock back into her loins and started ridding me and pawing at my chest and abs.

“And when I’m not there then Fawn is there... I love you both deeply... and I’m glad you both protect me. Just promise me you won’t become like the monsters you fight.”

“I promise.” I said immediately with a smile, and as my penis enjoyed her innards a little more it stiffened and grew further into her.

Since I’d already come into her this second sexing was softer and longer, and I enjoyed listening to my wife coo and sigh for me while we coupled. Later... she gave me a blow job, sucking off our conjoined juices off my cock and swallowing a load from me, and later she and I both lay naked together and passed off toward sleep.



Tomorrow... I had work, classes, I had to study the Ars Magica more and then time be willing go practice with Crimson and Blaze, maybe go fight some monsters and if there was time and energy left... love this sweet angel again.

Someday we'd have a baby... but best if we were both ready instead of just one of us. Not much was ever said about those who supported heroes and heroines, and if we did start a family than she, like Eric with Dani, would be left behind to be practically a single parent while we went to go save the world.

I vowed that there wouldn't be a single day that would pass when I'd fail to show my appreciation to her.

<End>