

The First Karoo

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By:

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"Pendragon"

Warning: *This story contains elements that are considered of an alternative sexual nature, including breast expansion, lactation, transformation and growth.*

Rated: *X for Explicit*

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Today is December Twenty-first, Two-thousand-twelve.

There's a name for women in Australia... It's called '*Sheila*.'

Just like in '*Crocodile Dundee*,' the term Sheila was a mild insult that implies that women are women and as such, they are not strong enough to do anything other than being women. Sheilas had no business being in the bush, Sheilas had no business being in business, Sheilas were only useful for being women, they should know their place and stay there... which was typically little more than the whole barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen motif. Every bad hair day, or broken nail or so on that a woman might have, a response to their woes would be: "Of course, she's a Sheila."

As it was, I was named Sheila, so growing up in Oz – that was a nickname for Australia – the name sort of set the path for me. I wore bright colors, lots of pink, and learned to wear makeup early on. I was feminine and proud of it.

So you could call me Sheila, Sheila Andrews.

Many of you might think Australia is much like that Crocodile Dundee movie I mentioned earlier, or that we're all crazy like that Steve Irwin fellow who got himself killed on the stinger of a sting ray. Some may think that we're all underhanded because Australia was originally a penal colony... But then again so was America.

What we are is tough... And we are unordinary. Not really much call for pish-posh in our part of the world. One doesn't get pish-posh in a nation where the top ten most poisonous snakes and the top ten most poisonous spiders in the world intermingle with crocks and gators, dingoes and feral cats, and if you are pish-posh then you just don't stick around.

And something else we got are aborigines...

The word '*Aborigine*' is often used as a derogatory term. I wonder sometimes as to whether or not Americans think the same way of their Indians, but nonetheless, I for one never tolerated an aborigine being called in the negative term around me... Perhaps it was because I had aborigine in me. I mean it was only a little. That little showed on my face in certain features that you could detect if you looked hard and long enough. Apparently one of my ancestors – a great, great grandfather – owned a ranch. During that time, when you Americans were in your '*old west*' phase of development, it was common for ranchers to '*force servitude*' on the aborigines, which was really a polite way of saying '*slavery*' but were able to get out of actually saying it by offering the aborigines a pittance for their time. It was more like forced indentured servitude.

But of course in any slavery situation, occasionally the master got desirous of his '*servants*' and laid with my great, great grandmother.

I researched this matter very thoroughly... None of the diaries that I found stated whether my foremother was raped or whether she went to his bed willingly, but she had a child... A daughter. Historical records state that my forefather never had a wife, but he did have a single daughter. She was denied his wealth and both she and her mother were sent away.

Generation after generation, each woman gave birth to only girls, and in every case they only gave birth to one girl, never more than the one child. Each time the last name changed till it came to my parents, who included my mother and her husband, but unlike every previous generation, I was the first born in wedlock.

My parents loved each other very much, they loved me very much, but strangely I was born with a birth mark on my body, I being the first born like this. Now if it were a blotch patch of skin here or there, I would've thought nothing of it, but no... My birth mark was a swirl directly above my labia.

I didn't develop like other girls did... Sure I had breasts but they were barely breasts. Mainly fatty deposits that grew in when I became of age but went no further. I had narrow hips and I lacked a menstrual cycle, with the whole of my body being bare of any body hair below the waist. It would appear that I would be the last of my family... There would be no more girls.

I'd long ago come to terms with that. But there was a bonus... at least I didn't bleed once a month for a week and spend all my money on feminine hygiene products.

But then something strange happened when I went to go get my first tattoo.

I was half-drunk and with my friends, wearing a bikini and a belly shirt. We were having a surfing party, and of all the things that I could show that a girl was just as good as a guy was, was that I could rip and shred those waves with the best of them. Sure I got lower marks in competitions than more beautiful girls did, one of the unfortunate monikers attached to female surfers was that she who had narrower hips and smaller boobs didn't do as well in the sport because judges liked her less, but I didn't care. I did it for fun not for fame, and I didn't want to spend thousands of dollars to get some implant in me that could pop if I landed on it wrong.

I'd been contemplating getting a tattoo for a long time really, something awesome like a firebird, give me that tramp stamp right at the peak of my butt crack or a ring of flowers about my bicep or something, maybe something on my tit or navel... something to make me seem more exotic to the guys and maybe the judges and earn me some more of those beauty points that were seemingly more necessary to win a competition or two. So I went into the shop of a guy who was one hundred percent aborigine, complete with the red-black hair and the dark skin as he sat back tattooing himself in the old fashioned way... you know... with dies and a sharpened wooden stick he'd poke himself with over and over and over and over...

"Hey..." I smirked and flopped down on his tattoo chair. "I want a tattoo! You do piercings too don't you?"

He paused and put his instruments down, blowing on the back of his hand before wheeling himself over to me.

"I do both. You have something in mind?"

"Yeah." I hiccupped and reached down into the crotch of my swimsuit where a swimmer purse was, removing some large bills I kept in that G-string. "I want you to put a big red X through this thing right above my pussy, and then I want a piercing right through my belly button." and I untied my bikini bottom, lifted my knees and spread my legs wide. He just stared. "What's the matter?" I slurred, never seen a pussy before?" and I laughed before laying back against the couch again.

He wasn't staring at my pussy like my friends who were with me dared him to do... At the moment his eyes told me he could care less about my pert little naked vertical smile. No... He was staring at the swirling emblem on my navel. With a plastic gloved hand he reached out and touched the emblem, my birth mark, and then he looked right to me where I sat gyrating slightly, my nipples hard as I groped a tit while my friends were saying "Do her! Do her!" amidst laughter.

Looking back at the instance I couldn't think of any moment that I considered more erotic or embarrassing.

"You're about twenty-one, aren't you?"

"Yeah? Today's my birthday." I said and gripped my tits before lifting the still wet belly shirt I was wearing to bare my chest. "Hey... Can you pierce my nipples too? Oh... And... I don't have any money... So we could fuck if you want payment. Treat me like your dirty little whore!" and my friends squealed with laughter.

He checked his watch. "It's almost midnight. Do you... Realize why you're here?"

"Yeah... To get a tattoo, piercings and a fuck. Now do me!" and I reached beneath me and spread the lips of my vagina open with the tips of both hands, my pussy glistening with moisture. "Do it before I lose my mind you sexy man-thing."

He simply stared at me, and then unbuckling his belt, he pulled out his dick and he sexed me while my friends photographed the whole experience with their cell phone cameras and a digital camera we had with us.

I woke up groggily the next day with a hangover that seemed to cleave my brain in two.

I remembered sticking to my sheets when I got up and I was butt naked. Even as I awoke I groaned and came in a repeating flush, and then groaned again and flushed again, gripping at the sheets of this bed with both hands and came once again, gasping and squealing lightly in the sexual arousal I felt.

Time to change the sheets.

Three more dry heaves burst from inside my loins, a tensing erotic clenching that numbed my mind and mildly relieved the hangover I felt as I awoke. But when I awoke I found myself becoming shocked straight sober as I saw that I was naked in some strange room.

I don't know when or even if any of you've last awoken naked in a strange room and covered with dried ejaculate... But for a girl like me it was the most frightening thing to experience in our lives. My mind immediately brought up thoughts of rape... But then I had a vague flash of asking him to sex me. And several more flashes of being sexed right there in his place of business, then in a back alley, then in the entry way of his apartment complex and then several more gyrating and humping experiences involving honey and jelly here in his bed.

I was in his bed...

"Ew... A tattoo artist?" I said and gripped at the short crop of my disheveled hair and then slid off the low-lying bed.

Looking about I saw my bikini hanging from a doorknob along with my shirt, and rising, hurrying to it, not seeing the person I'd been with last night, I rushed passed an open door and stopped.

Stepping back I looked at the image, and then reaching to the wall just inside the entrance of this other room, I switched on the light and looked at my naked body in a bathroom mirror.

"Man... I'm never drinking again..." I said, finding my nipples and navel pierced, and it was then that I saw earrings in both my ears before I moved my tongue about and felt something else. Sticking my tongue out I found a gemmed bar through my tongue. Someone had shaved my head over both ears, but I was likewise decorated across the chest and shoulders with an elaborate tattoo that must've taken hours! And instead of making a red X through my birth mark, instead there was some artful design like a tribal tattoo encircling and enhancing the mark across the whole of the pelvis and climbing slightly up the navel like a treasure trail.

Turning around I saw more tattoos across my back and partly down my spine, with another tribal tattoo in the area of the tramp stamp. "Damn it! That's supposed to be a kick-ass firebird!" I growled inwardly. I mean they looked good... But this much work must've cost me a fortune. True it was all one color, a soft henna brown, but still... All that detail, all that work...

But I had no money. Either I was a really good lay... Or something weird was going on.

I dressed quickly and hurried out of that place, wondering what day it was, what time it was and how was I going to get home?

It started immediately after I got home. I was in the shower, washing myself off from any of the excess dried body fluids that were on my body that I hadn't managed to brush off on my way home. There was crispy ejaculate in my hair, in my arm pits... I felt like the focus of a bukakke ring...

When one woke up like I did and one didn't know what'd happened, one tends to think immediately toward the worst-case scenario and feeling the aftereffects of such a situation.

But as I was washing myself, feeling strange on the inside, I'd already slid my hands repeatedly over myself amidst alternatively brushing my teeth fiercely with the toothbrush that I clenched in my teeth – I was about to pull that bit from Ace Ventura when Jim Carry found out he's kissed a man, plunger and all – when my hands brushed against my chest.

My eyes opened with a snap, head tilted back into the shower water as I blinked, one hand pausing as the fingers dragged against a tit, and then thrusting my gaze downward I held up that tit for inspection and found that it was... Well crikey! It was twice as large as it was last night!

Hefting the other tit I laughed and saw the nipples press outward into erect towers, the pair throbbing and purpling with rushing blood, their sizes super-engorged. The tit themselves were thickened, actual breasts now... Breasts that I could wear a bra with but were firm enough where I didn't need said bra! They were firm sacks of womanflesh as firm as if they were still budding. Crikey... if this was still budding... I'd turn into one of those girls that had to wear men's boxer shorts with the crotch cut out of them to turn them into a bra. I couldn't afford a custom-made bra that cost hundreds of Australian Dollars, so chances were I'd wind up having to do that.

But nonetheless I laughed again, toothbrush wedged in between teeth and cheek as I touched those nipples with either hand, and cooed immediately at how sensitive they were. Both my thighs pressed together around my pussy as suddenly I wet myself, not in the matter of peeing right there in the shower, but rather as a rush of ejaculate that just suddenly shot from me, splattering both thighs as my innards throbbed and pulsated in the effort to release all that cum that just flushed from me. Cooing to myself and lowering a hand, I rubbed those silken juices that had just lanced from me, rubbing them into the flesh before the shower water rinsed them away. Cooing and moaning through my nose, I played with the nipples of those swollen and matured tits, both of which erected hard, thick and long, like half inch by quarter inch rounded shafts atop puffing nipples that just pushed out of their mammary flesh like poultry timers.

Dink-dink... turkey's done!

Massaging and cajoling them though, feeling the clit between my labia thicken hotly just as powerfully and just as grandly, pushing out from underneath the hood of flesh that covered them, so much so that it erected out of the labia even, I felt the vaginal lips that held it swell thickly in its heart-shaped form between my silken and toned surfer's thighs.

With a shiver and a shudder I came again, blood rushing into nipples and clit and its swelling labia as I orgasmed again, and for the first time in as long as I could remember, I hooked a pair of fingers into my pussy and really masturbated, rubbing that clit, probing my insides... And call me crazy but I think I found my own G-spot!

After my shower as I walked out, feeling happy and free, relaxed after such an incredible sexual experience despite waking up in a stranger's home, I stepped lithely through my apartment, walking on tiptoes while remaining quite nude for the longest time since I was a little girl and was unaware that I needed to wear clothes to remain socially acceptable.

The first thing I donned, even before clothes was a pair of high heels as I started taking pictures of myself in the mirror. Maybe to later upload them to 4-chan or something. I moved scintillatingly about my daily actions, throwing open a window and letting the wind breathe against my nude skin and newly engorged breasts, and gasping and breathing deeply the sea air, only then did I move toward my closet and dresser, standing before the closet of clothes with one hand between my thighs, stroking the heart-shaped pad of engorged labial muscles with their hard clit between them.

Squeaking happily with glee, actually squeaking like a mouse or a roo might, I found a pair of clean panties and an undershirt to pull on. I owned no bras since I had no need for them till now, but perhaps today I'd go buy a pair. Nonetheless the undershirt made for a breastless woman stretched neatly about my breasts and held them firmly together if not necessarily up for inspection like other women might have them, but then they were both so fill and pert that they held themselves up. They were the one in a million sorts of breasts that, despite their sizes, had no need for bras, the sort of effect most women needed implants to duplicate.

Then donning a set of hot-pink running shorts – the shorts that were open along the hips and cut high right to the waistband – and then light pink sweat pants and a heavy yellow turtleneck sweater for the cool sea air. Then pulling my hair back into a pony tail with a pink Scrunchie and holding my bangs back away from my eyes with a pair of hot pink hairclips, I donned a set of socks and my running shoes.

I noted for a moment that those shoes felt rather tight today... But it was probably because I was still moist from the shower. But nonetheless, I felt sexy and arousing, mainly because I felt sexy and aroused. Bouncing in place and watching both boobs bounce and jostle as I did, I smirked grandly to myself and wondered if today I might meet a nice mate today... I mean guy. Why did I call him a mate? Well a mate as in a friend, this was Australia after all, but definitely someone I could have lots of sex with. Lots and lots of sex with... and make babies.

I shook my head free of those thoughts and steadied myself. What the hell was I thinking?! I wasn't ready to have a baby yet. I can't even have babies.

I gripped my belly and sighed. I'd never know the joy of a little joey, I mean a kid growing in my womb.

Stepping outside and locking the door, hiding the door key in the soil of a potted plant here, I went out jogging and then exercising in my sexy colors and alluring exercise clothes. A girl like me needed to stay trim and fit if I was going to attract a guy. And setting myself out into a jog, loving the feeling of two boobs wobbling in a circle-eight sort of bouncing maneuver with each pound of the pavement, I looked about me hoping for my first prospect.

I was ready to have a relationship, ready to marry. I don't know what it was about me today, but all of a sudden those half-hearted feelings that had been stewing within me up till now had suddenly gone into overdrive. I had this insatiable desire for... well... sex. And of course love and relationships, but my loins burned and throbbed between my legs, erect and aroused in their desire to be pierced by a man who could sufficiently please me.

Every step carried that me along the sidewalk seemed to punctuate that sensation as I breathed deeply at first, but then my breathing grew deeper and more labored quickly, not because of the exertion but rather because each running stride rubbed one thigh or the other against my pussy, the pair of thighs squeezing the

twin labia together which clenched about my clit whenever both legs were closest together. Every rub tantalized me all the further and it felt as if those pussy lips were thickening still, the pair swelling, engorging outward readily while the clitoris hardened and erected thicker and hotter.

Blood was pumping through me, pounding into my temples, nipples and that growing cunt of mine, but it was also pumping heavily over my biceps, triceps, quadriceps and calves, but most especially along the inner thighs and lower pelvis. It was as if my pussy had become the center of my being, and from it radiated pheromones and hormones and the throbbing erotic power that all women contained but rarely fully developed. Well... it was developing in me!

My whole body felt like it was starting to burn like I'd been exercising for hours and hours already, but the sensation of something erotic was brewing in my loins, which were even now stewing in their own sticky juices.

I gasped for air with every breath now, butt muscles clenching and straining, sweat breaking out on me everywhere, quickly trickling between butt cheeks and my new breasts, and feeling those tits jiggle with every bouncing walk, I clapped both hands to my tits and squeezed them as I ran to hold them steady for a moment.

That was a mistake.

Suddenly I had to stop and pause, feeling my loins dry heaving, trying to orgasm and moisten up, dribbling some silken nectar onto my pussy lips, feeling them quiver and throb hotly as they tensed again and again, throbbing hotly. Veins stood on end about those loins, riddling the insides of both thighs and crawling up my navel, and because I was in public I resisted caressing my crotch. I was too far away from home to play with myself again, so I had no choice but to continue along unsteadily. But very quickly I was dry heaving again, and finding a bare stretch of wall and palming it, thighs trying to press together, I panted and rolled and churned erotically till those loins released a minute shot of hot sticky cum that plastered those naked, hairless loins of mine.

Panting, catching my breath, and daring to rub those silken juices into my flesh as they plastered the panties I wore to them, I looked around blushing, and seeing that there was no one in this early morning to see me like this, I shrugged off the sensations in me and continued onward toward the local gym here in Sydney.

I was a Thai Kick Boxer. I took up martial arts training ever since I was a little girl, and though it started with Karate and Judo, Thai just fit with me... It allowed me to work my legs, get them to look strong and lean and long like I wanted to keep them, but it also helped to gave me a tight rounded butt! With no chest up until now, my ass was the only thing that would land me a guy most times. Combine that with the long and strong thighs and well groomed feet, I'd have a combination of guys who found those things desirable in a woman seeking me out. There were more ass men than there were thigh and feet, and believe you mean, that stereotype that black men were the only ones who liked big butts was a lie. White boys were just less apt to admit it...

But that day, with the karate pads on my hands and feet, I did something remarkable. The things happening to me were enhancing themselves and I felt quite sloppy in the crotch of my shorts and panties by the time I did this miraculous thing, and my body was wet with sweat. I was heating up rapidly, my shape and form straining so hard that it ached, my skin sensitive and my form alive as I worked on the kick bag with my legs.

Each kick echoed in the cavernous room, each louder than the one before it, sounding with a deafening boom eventually.

At first I was wearing sweats and sweater, but after awhile I had to remove the sweater, working only in my undershirt and reveling in the sensation of the bouncing and wobbling of both tits as I smacked the bag with each kick, still feeling the whole of my legs from lower back to the pinkie toes burning with exertion. Veins and arteries were sticking out of those legs, throbbing in tune with my pussy that was so sopping wet right now.

Later on, when the heat was getting to me, I slipped out of the sweats too to just be in the shorts underneath them and paused, looking at myself in the wall mirrors.

My legs looked... Muscular to me now. Pulling the flaps of the pink shorts together about the crotch, I did indeed see that their masses had thickened greatly in the quads, the calves flaring widely now with the forelegs, thighs and even bottom thicker. Turning and moving a flap of the shorts off my bottom, I even saw telltale creases in that ass cheek. I tensed then and turned again, flexing one leg that now showed off deep creases and crevices between the muscles instead of the seemingly long and sinuously rounded *suggestion of muscle* forms they'd possessed before.

There were those and also my vaginal mound had never been so pronounced before.

The shorts I was wearing were flaring like these shorts were supposed to flare, hooking high over either hip and revealing those hips, the back giving me a snuggy and the front showing a tight band of cloth that showed the base of the vaginal crevice in their folds. It'd be giving a vaginal wedgie if not for the panties I wore too... but nonetheless it was showing off the contours of either vaginal lip.

Standing there, giving my crotch a rub, shivering briefly as that sex spat a minute jet of nectar at its firmness and sensitivity suddenly increased, I remarked on how the pussy lips were clenching and releasing repeatedly every now and again as they massaged my own clit for me. And that clit... it was so thick it showed as a bead that stuck out like a nipple from the peak of that pussy, showing through both layers of cloth. As I looked down at it, I could swear I could see it throbbing with each heart beat, tapping on the backs of panties and shorts and rubbing subtly against their fabrics.

Biting my lower lip, I instead decided to ignore all this and set myself to the kick bag again, punching at it and kicking at it, beating it with an enhanced fury with my kicking blows rattling the chain the bag was on. I kicked, I punched, I kicked and I kicked, and with a mighty bellowing feminine roar, I spun, chambered the muscular leg and kicked one last time, and that miraculous thing for me happened.

I kicked the bag right off its hinges and ripped it open on the opposite side of the kick as it exploded outward and thrust away from me, striking the mirror behind it and cracking it before bouncing back off and falling to the floor to spill its contents flaring away from it.

All I could do was stare at it, my body burning and reddened with a blush from my exertions.

Swallowing, I continued standing there for a moment and then looking down at my leg, blinked at the sight that it was bulging more now, and I wasn't even flexing it all that much.

Was I growing... Stronger?

Later in the women's shower room, naked and rinsing myself off of all that sweat after profusely apologizing for the damaged equipment, I discovered another oddity:

My chest muscles had carved themselves outward and had thickened, either firm and standing on end and held either tit in a tighter orb than before, pushing those further forward to cause the pair to mash against the shirt I'd been wearing before entering the shower wore and stretch that shirt across their bulbous masses. Sure its hem flowed freely about my ribs, but those tits had indeed grown huge! If that weren't all, those sacks of womanflesh had literally doubled in size since I'd found them enlarged this morning... Their nipples hot and red and throbbing a naughty pink color, the pair of areola behind them having swollen larger than ever.

And then I chanced to slide my fingers down along the labia between either of their protective thighs, and I found that my clit had become bulbous and massive, erecting from inside my loins and glistening as it throbbed and flicked rhythmically with each heartbeat. Something was happening to me, I was sure! Perhaps some strange... *Oh...* Disease or... *Ah...*

My fingers started caressing those loins, a finger encircling the firm rounded head of the clit while the labia flared outward, hot syrupy cum draining from me as I breathed deeply.

The pressure in my chest increased then, and I felt a rush of fluids that pressurized behind the nipples like an orgasm would pressurize behind my vaginal lips. Either nipple throbbed and I caressed one of those tits at the same time I slid one hand up and down enticingly along the thickening pad of my sex while squeezing one of those obesely thickened nipples. Fluids rushed forward into those breasts, rising like the growing climax between my legs, and squeezing my eyes tight and breathing deeply with the growing arousal that was forcing my nipples to engorge further, erecting till they ached, erecting till the flesh tore subtly and those nipples enlarged and broadened as well. Inside those breasts I felt the fluids pushing and filling, swelling inside the folds as those breasts engorged several cups sizes spontaneously, the weight of those juice pulling down on the twin mammaries till with a sigh I felt the growing pressure in those breasts released and I moaned and arched deeply as a squirt of cream lanced from my tit.

I blinked at it and then looked down as both nipples released their milky cream, and looking about me, making sure I was the only person here at the moment, I inspected my tit, saw its new DD-cup growth, and checking for others again I hefted that tit, felt its weight, and smiling to myself, seeing it possible to fulfill a fantasy I'd had ever since all the other girls that were my age then started developing full and ripened boobs, and I hefted that one tit and pushed my lips about the nipple.

And then I sucked.

I came immediately, a heaving burst that splattered my thighs and the caressing hand there noisily as it escaped me like a pregnant woman releasing her water that there was so much of it pulsating from within me. And I sucked on that tit harder, making moaning sounds as I drained milk from my tit over and over again, and then shoved three fingers into my cunt to massage the muscular clit that'd erected from me, pinching it between thumb and those three fingers, coaxing it to cum again in smaller jets this time, which were thusly answered by a smaller and smaller jets and then by repeating dry heaves.

Gasping for air I turned my head as cum and milk leaked from me, and I stared blankly for a moment at two women in their towels and their showering things held limply in one hand staring at me before I blinked and smiled at them.

"Don't knock it till you try it, girls." I sighed and then went back to showering as the two removed their towels and entered the shower, both giving me odd looks and mumbling about me as they showered together.

Despite their words, one tried pleasing herself by the time I left to go dry off and dress.

As I pulled on my undershirt, I noticed something immediately. The undershirt that, before I'd taken it off to shower, had been subtly loose about my bodice below those imperiously swollen tits of mine was now tight about the ribs too. The thickness of both breasts had increased by at least another cup-size since I was in the shower, the pair definitely E-cups or possibly F or G-cups now, but on top of that I saw that my bodice had broadened and widened from both chest muscles having thickened more than twice over now than they were just recently in the shower!

And that was nothing in comparison to my back.

That back, once a flat plane that I could see in the mirror, the two sides of that back had separated from the spine, creating two trapezoidal shapes bisected by the knobs of the spine that had pushed out of the back subtly and were now pinched by the newly thickened swells of my butt. And that butt had even creased, separating between the medius and maximus muscles now. Pausing in those shorts that flared from two hips that looked wider than I ever saw them before, I even palmed those hips and then lifted the palms of my hands straight up to measure how wide they were. Those hips were widening... I never had hips that wide. That and combined with the narrower and tighter belly I had a definite hour-glass figure... a pronounced feminine figure instead of the boyish one I always had. As I pulled on the panties I had on beneath those shorts, resetting them to where they were more comfortable, they definitely showed me the hip growth I'd developed being that those hips were wide enough where the straps of those panties had to arch high over either hip to hold onto me.

But then the panty straps peaking out over the shorts gave me such a sexy look... the sort the boys liked to see, and with the shorts pulled in between those thickened butt muscles I had showing off more hip and more ass and suggesting at possible views at seeing my pussy, I felt that much more erotic from the way I had to wear these clothes.

The crotch of shorts and panties fit snugly now into my vaginal crevice and the seat had to slide fully into the butt cheeks instead of just partially, showing how thickly those butt muscles had become. Combine these forced changes in how I had to wear my clothes and the fact that my body had to arch more deeply to counterbalance itself from those enlarged tits, and I had a sinuous look to me now.

I didn't even have to tie the drawstring on the shorts to keep them on me anymore... their elastic bands held on across and on top of the hips instead of sliding perpetually off them with the string undone.

Yes I enjoyed looking like this, I felt grand feeling erotic like this, but it made me self conscious about looking like that. I wasn't fully confident that I could pull this sort of look off having never looked like this before. Self confidence wasn't really my forte. At least my sweats and turtleneck were still baggy and slid onto me to cover all these new swells and muscles. Or at least they were baggy... I didn't account for the fact that this still didn't hide my hips, butt and breasts... or the fact that those breasts were so firm and taut and their teats so erect that the lumps of those teats showed even through the thick sweater.

Giving one of the tits decorating those heaving pectorals a squeeze, feeling some milk slide from me, I decided that perhaps now was a good time to go see the doctor.

I sprinted to the doctor's office. It was more than a mile away to the clinic and I did it without stopping. Chest and arms burned, butt muscles and thighs and calves burned, but it was a pleasing burn. It was the sort of burn that my pussy liked, and as I slowed and started panting, those vaginal lips clenched hard about my clit as it all throbbed along with the rest of me, my heart beat quick and pulsating, thrusting my life fluids into bones and muscles. Now that I was standing still, though, I felt the tensing of my muscles, felt them clenching, flexing it seemed. And as I looked down after my pussy had slipped a little of its juices, I inspected myself.

The straps of my panties had risen even higher above the waist bands of the shorts and sweats I wore, both of which were now drawn tight across both hips that had indeed widened again. Those sweats were giving me a snuggie up the butt and a wedgie down the pussy, revealing the swelling folds of engorging labia even despite that I wore two layers of clothing beneath the sweats. The leg cuffs of those sweats had risen to completely reveal my ankles, while the loose fabrics of the sweats were pressing against legs that had thickened with my exertion so that those sweats were no longer baggy.

I knew I was in a relaxed state and yet those legs still felt tense, the muscles heaving and I swore I could see them swelling now that I watched them, with more and more of the fabric sliding like a lover's hands against those thighs.

The bottom of the sweater I wore had risen to bare more of my navel, revealing my birthmark and the accenting tattoo around it, my nipples and now their areola even showing through even that heavy sweater while the sweater cuffs had risen to bare my wrists.

Biting my lower lip, I surged into the doctor's office.

I'd been there many times before so they were able to look up my information, and then they told me to wait. Yeah right... Wait. The shoes I wore felt really tight while I sat so I removed them, untied them both and opening the laces and then stuffing the laces inside the shoes. They still felt tight about the feet when I put them on, just not as badly as they did a moment ago. And while I sat there, hugging myself, thickened arms cradling my heaving breasts to swelled over and compressed between them, I closed my eyes and simply breathed deeply, feeling a subtle trickle of milk leaking from either teat and ejaculate leaking from my pussy while hearing occasional groans and creaks and pops while the clothes I wore grew tighter and tighter and...

"Miss Andrews." I blinked and opened both eyes with a snap and then rose quickly with a jostling and jiggling of boobs, and the nurse led me backward into the examination room where she took my weight and led me to a room where I had to wait some more. It felt like my butt was swallowing the panties, shorts and sweats I was wearing, and as I stood around, breathing deeply, hearing the creaks and groans of my body as my belly rumbled, I palmed that belly, blanching as my fingers traced more creases and contours in it. Lifting the sweater and palming that belly as I arched and turned to see it, I saw the appearance of firm lumps of belly muscles, just before both eyes opened sharply as a loud pair of snaps entered my hearing. They came from inside me! For a moment I thought I'd broken a pair of bones or something. But then I pushed down the waist band of the sweats I was wearing and found the source of the snaps.

The fabric of the shorts I was wearing had snapped their elastics, their waist straps slowly curving upward now on the elastic waistband now that the restriction of the waistband had broken. The broken cloth allowed the garment to shift and move quickly now around the rounded hips they clung to, releasing some of the strain wedging up my ass and clenching at my snatch, but I knew that wouldn't last too long.

Just then the door opened up and a doctor walked in, only he was a young doctor, handsome and strong, and upon seeing him, smelling his cologne, I licked my teeth behind the supple pair of lips I was forming.

As I stood there, slowly pursing those lips, I felt a spasm in my loins and minute rush of cum lanced into my panties while a sudden and intense hunger clutched at my heart.

"So what's the problem today Miss Andrews." He asked as he entered.

"I'm... Growing." I said quietly.

He turned to look at me, from where he'd sat down at the little desk with a computer that was here, and for a moment his eyes slid over my assets before returning to my face as he smiled.

"Well we all do that. A little weight gain is ok for..."

"No..." I said, and for some reason slid into a seductive tone. "I'm *growing*. Not just a little, I've rapidly gained in muscle weight and... And... Breast weight. See these?" I said and pressed both hands into my tits that immediately seemed to swallow those hands with their firm glands, the fabric billowing about each finger. "These were A-cups this morning. I had no hips, and was probably six inches shorter and twenty-five kilo's lighter.

"I'd really appreciate it if you inspected me. I think I got some new disease or something..."

"Well then remove your shirt and... And hop up onto the table." he stated, still smiling at me.

I did it without thinking... So I removed my shirt... But the only shirt I had was an undershirt, and that was under my sweater, so I had to take the sweater off first to take that off, leaving me bare above the waist and those engorged breasts hanging free and wobbling from my chest. The doctor's smile twitched as he rose, and though I didn't notice it at first, he had a bit of a chubby as he started to inspect me.

His hands touched me where most hands never could before due to modesty. Only one's lover or their mother or their doctor ever bore the right to touch one in those places. But I was hot and I was sweaty, and why was it that after he'd examined me did I heft one of those thick and heavy tits of mine and suck on its nipple right in front of him.

My mind noted the appearance of a raging hard on thrusting the bulge in his pants outward suddenly as I did that. It was as if I weren't thinking straight. I was doing things I'd normally never think of doing as I stared at him and curled a lengthened tongue about the nipple.

"Y-your breathing is fine... And you seem to... Be lactating normally." he swallowed. "How old is your child?"

"Oh I've never been pregnant." I said immediately and dropped that tit and it settled firmly back in place with a bounce.

"P-possibly something hormonal then." he tugged at his collar and pulled on his tie. "Have you been taking any dietary supplements? Any hormone pills or..." his voice petered out as he watched me caressing my nipples, my body churning as I groaned and then kicked both shoes off, followed by expertly slipping a big toe into either sock and then pushing them off.

"C-could that be... Why I'm so horny? If I were Hormonal?" I asked and he nodded vigorously and quite stupidly for a man of his obvious intelligence. "Perhaps then... I need to have a gynecological exam." and I began to push off all three layers of panties, shorts and sweatpants off me, getting myself naked before him. "Find out why I'm so horny." I said, with a smirk now that I was naked before him. "OH!" and he jumped. "You wanna know what I always wanted to do?" he nodded vigorously and quite stupidly again. Apparently the thing about a man having two heads and only enough blood to run one of them at any given time was true.

Smiling seductively at him and reaching to the end of the table, I drew open the stirrups that were there, standard on any examination table, unfolding the pair before planted both heels and ankles into them before laying back.

His eyes were wide as he swallowed. "Just a moment." he said at last and opened the door and switched something on those little flags at the top of the door, I had no idea what they meant, and closed and locked the door behind him.

Girls... There's something to say about a doctor playing with your pussy. Not examining your pussy but playing with it, the way his fingers slid up and down this and that, fingered that or this, caressed you right where his text books told him where you were most sensitive and his own medical experience expounded upon the touch. He got me to arch, he got me to sigh and moan softly, and I came the first time in his hands long before I turned to him and in the most seductive voice, smiled at him and said...

"So... You going to fuck me or what?"

I was given a clean bill of health... Which, only after I was on my way out and was well up the street did I realize what I'd just done, and it came crashing in on me like a ton of bricks. Slapping myself in the forehead, I turned around to go back to the doctor do it again, but after having already created a co-pay for myself and having a doctor's huge heavy cock in me, and he had a huge and heavy cock, nothing less would've sapped the intelligence out of that brain, I stopped and sighed.

Now I had to wait.

And then there was the sound of groaning, and hugging myself I felt my body firming up, clothes tightening, the layers of clothing giving my cunt a firm wedgie as a wave of heat rushed over me. I was still horny, and the heat suffused me all over... Even my ears were hot! And then I slid a hand through my hair and stopped, feeling that those once box-shaped ears were now coming to a point. Flustered and gasping, I decided I needed answers if my ears were even changing shape now.

Why did these changes change the ears?

And so I thought... And suddenly I realized something, and so I ran.... Sprinted without stopping the utter miles away from the doctor's office to the beach, hammering arms and legs looking perhaps for the guy who tattooed me. But then I discovered something as I got to the beach.

There were like a thousand tattoo artists here.

"Crap." I said tersely, and sighing a deep breath stepped forward, and started checking each tattoo parlor one at a time.

Night was falling as I went from shop to shop still looking for the guy I needed to find. I felt my body tensing like it was going to explode, the tense getting me to cream while my clothes steadily tightened and stretched about me. I heard groans from those clothes that rose to my ears with each step I took.

On more than one occasion as I entered, sweating and perspiring as I continued to grow, facing the tattoo artist, instead of saying "I'm looking for an aborigine tattoo artist." I instead said. "Let's fuck." and pushed the sweater and undershirt upward to show off my tits and the sweats, shorts and panties downward to show off my tight, sopping wet pussy.

Either these tattoo artists had that low of morals, or something else was happening between me and them that got them to dispose of those morals and actually do me. I even had a small orgy going in one shop where I ate out some random woman out as the artist hammered my pussy with his cock. And I came... So... Much! Lord... who would think that a human body contained so much moisture?

And my tits... they just... kept... getting... *bigger!*

At the moment, as the sun finally set beneath the Sydney horizon, I was leaning against a wall; twin wet spots forming over my breasts where milk was squirting repeatedly with every heart beat into the undershirt and sweater I wore even as I felt myself stretching. Ribs popped outward one set after the next, flaring open to push my chest forward, flaring both breasts apart from each other and flattening them within the clothes I wore and squeezing even more of their milk out. Chest muscles swelled, thickening with individual muscle chords now, my sides flaring outward while the whole of my back curved outward from an arching spine.

I pressed both legs together, the sweats I'd been wearing having risen above the thick, flaring muscular calves, and as I stood there both heels rose up out of the shoes I wore, forcing me to balance on my toes. Just then a squirt of ejaculate lanced from me, plastering my sex with a myriad mixture of at least a dozen men who'd all deposited into me mixed with my own juices.

With a groan I felt my legs thickening and stretching the sweats I wore along with the shorts and panties, the leg cuffs of those sweats creeping quickly up my calves and forelegs while the waist band crept downward. Arms and legs were lengthening, calves flaring and thighs billowing while two biceps curled further out of the sleeves of the sweater I wore, those sleeves now rolled up to the elbows now. Another squirt lanced from me as my back cracked loudly, and I moaned again as every vertebrae along that spine thickened from the base of the skull to the base of the spine with a series of dull, wet crunches, and there at the spine there was a shot of motion that trembled my pussy and got me to cum again. Steam rose from that distended pussy and its thickly powerful wings of feminine muscle and its super defined clitoris sticking out like a great nib through all the cloth.

With a shudder I felt my head hair tumble downward suddenly about head, neck and shoulders, my breathing becoming erratic from the swelling of the chest and the deepening of the back, abdominals separating into halves horizontally and vertically, making a cross that separated the compressing hour-glass shaped navel of mine into a defined four pack, right before each quarter of that navel separated horizontally again to transform into an eight pack. That eight pack creased deeply then as the whole of my belly lengthened along with the spine, making me grow by several inches then.

And then I felt a snap between my thighs, and I gripped my crotch with both legs as the elastics of the panties over both hips tensed suddenly, dragging the cloth out from crotch and pussy, and I realized that my panties had just snapped off! Reaching down and hauling them out of the layers of clothing, the things sopping wet and smelling of the sweet and acrid smell of my vaginal juices, I bunched a hand in its wet fabric and tore it easily off me as if it were tissue paper.

Lifting the panties I bunched them up in one hand and inhaled deeply my own pheromones wafting from them, hearing a tearing sound that slowly grew in pitch before another snap occurred, this coming from the undershirt I wore finally tearing open across my breasts. Those breasts heaved forward suddenly, filling the front of the sweater that was over them as I gasped for air and just dropped my panties while I got a dual wedgie from the shorts that were still on me.

"Ooo... Lookit this." someone said and I turned, seeing a small group of thugs. "A Sheila alone on our turf."

"Look out J-Bone... This girl's got some meat on her!"

The thugs approached me and surrounded me as I turned to face them, and I eyed them up and down, looking for some trait that might mark them as a possible mate, but finding nothing in them that I wanted.

"Go away." I growled under my breath and closed my eyes as I focused on this growth thing.

"No." their apparent leader smirked. "Not till we collect a toll from you."

"I don't have any money." I replied.

"It doesn't have to be money..." the leader said and his cronies laughed, "We're in a nice quiet alley here if you know what I mean. We can extract a payment from you right here and now."

"No. Go away. I'm in no mood for little-dicked retards tonight."

They all frowned at me. "Ok... I'm gonna ask nicely then. The rule for rolling through our turf is Ass, Grass or Cash, and since you got's no cash, unless you got grass on you, you can either give that ass up or we can take it."

"You can try." I said opening my eyes, irritated that these thugs were interfering with my enjoyment of transformation and I immediately clenched my fists, feeling a lance of strength ripple my body as every muscle in me tensed and creased more deeply. I felt ripples of motion all along my body from head to toe, and some of them paused, noting the grinding and creaking sounds coming from me. "I promise you... You touch me and I'll turn you into a pretzel of yourself. You don't go away right now and I'll shove your head," I pointed at the leader. "Up his ass." And I pointed at a random member of his crew.

"Enough of this shit." and their leader assaulted me, rushing in and trying to peel my sweats off me, giving it a tug downward before I snapped the inner ridge of my hand against his throat with a rapid jab that I felt was about to crush his throat before I consciously retracted my hand before it could... all in the speed of a viper strike.

He coughed and choked before I nudged him forward with a hip check, and that was quite a check with how wide my hips had become, making him stumble back against his fellow thugs before I launched forward into a spinning tirade of punches and kicks and slaps that got all of them at once, knocking them to the ground and away from me save for the leader whom I snatched back and held onto him, lifting him off the ground with one arm.

Suddenly my joy at changing transformed into enjoyment of such remarkable strength I had. I was lifting at least a hundred kilograms with one arm! And I reveled in the fear of the thug who stared down at me, my physique straining and thickening as my pussy throbbed and churned all the harder, going into a series of dry heaves as I felt a multitude of micro orgasms ripple through me.

I began to pant, feeling a flood of strength and power flow into me as adrenaline pumped through those veins and the whole of me felt like it was on fire. Right before their eyes I grew several inches larger and thicker, my sweater turning into a turtleneck T-shirt that stretched about breasts and upper arms, biceps and

triceps engorging with thicker meat along with their flaring both forearms till they resembled something Popeye might have, only I had the rearward arms to go along with it so that look didn't appear so odd. My neck lengthened and widened toward the shoulders, throat deepening and, spreading open the collar of that turtle-neck sweater-T as my breasts hefted and surged along with thickening masses of chest and ribs that flared outward with a series of groans and crunches. My abdominals creased further then into a ten-pack, with the twin lateral obliques I gained in the gym increasing to three sets of lats now that feathered into the ribs that merged with my sides as they flared wide.

The pink shorts I wore popped their button fly and wrenched their zipper open just before the waist straps both snapped open. My pussy was allowed to surge outward into the sweats I wore and the abdominals above them rolled outward while the whole of me just flared wider like a kite in the wind. The former sweats I wore turned into a pair of capri-shorts from both legs having grown so thick and chorded with muscle; socks tearing open and the toes of my shoes ripping open for my feet.

I snarled at him, right as the tattoos on my body started to glow blue in the evening light, and the swirled birthmark in my navel glowed red.

"I warned you." I said, and pulling lifting the leader higher, grabbed his leg and started twisted him into a pretzel.

Unfortunately for him... Most human beings weren't flexible enough to get themselves out of this. Possibly he'd have tendon damage, but that's what they get for trying to force themselves on a girl who didn't want it.

Upon seeing me twist him into a pretzel though, his cronies got wise enough and ran before I should shove their leader's head up one of their asses.

"Yeah... We got a tribal artist that's like that. He's not working tonight though." an old man who croaked from having smoked too much chronic across his life. He was smoking bud even now as I walked in. Typical surfer dude, probably lived upstairs, was stoned since he was fourteen and loved the waves. Lived on, worked near the waves...

"Do you know where he lives? I really need to talk with him."

There was a pop as the back of the torn undershirt I wore burst across my back and the old man jumped before looking left and right for the source of the sound.

"Sure. You his girlfriend?" he smirked. "I can pay you for a go if he isn't." I gave him a scathing look and he promptly abandoned the idea. "Looks like he's been giving you some *'free body work'* for *'services rendered'*" he said then and winked at me instead.

"It's not like that. At least I don't think it is... I was drunk." He smiled and nodded at me and I shook my head. "But his address... Please."

"Sure." and he pat his pockets and then found what he was looking for and removed a tattered card. "That's his business card. He does free lance here when I need him."

"Thank you so much!" I said and snatched the card from him and hurried off before I decided to do him too.

It was getting to the point where the only thing I cared about was whether or not they had a penis.

Outside I tore the remnants of my undershirt out from the transformed Sweater-T and then hauled the shorts from out of my sweats, though in hindsight I should've pulled those shorts out more carefully because I orgasmed solidly as that thing rubbed against my cunt and that vivacious twat immediately went into a series of convulsive dry heaves that immediately robbed me of all my senses. Either because I hadn't sexed anyone and taken in their fluids or whatnot, but when I came it was just a little trickle. I had to rub that pussy to calm it, holding and gripping it in a fist before I felt my fingers poking about the flesh, and blinking in surprise as I felt the pokes, I drew that hand back I saw something peculiar.

The nails on every finger had pinched and curved slightly, having turned into short little claws it seemed like that were being pinched in by the flesh of the thickening and strengthening finger tips holding those claws. But then I saw hair growing on my arms. A quick check found that I also had a treasure trail growing along my muscled navel.

"What the hell?!" I said aloud, and regarding the thugs who were trying to help their leader unwrap himself from a Pretzel as I walked out of the tattoo parlor, I jerked my body threateningly at them, tits wobbling and bouncing heavily, and they all abandoned their leader and ran off again.

"Whoa-whoa-whoa!" ***SMACK*** "OW! Sonofabitch!!" their leader shouted as he was left wobbling on his butt before he fell forward onto his face.

Smirking at them and then checking the address on the business card I blinked, and remembering from earlier this morning that the address where I woke up naked in a stranger's bed was the same one on the card.

"Oh God... I did screw him." I said and rubbed a hand through my hair and stopped as I felt my ears were pointed even more, both having lengthened and were now sticking out of the mane. Squeaking strangely,

actually squeaking just like I did before, I moved that hair to cover those ears and checking the address again, I started to run.

But as I ran, I felt power throb into my legs, felt the muscles tightening rapidly, found myself running faster and faster, breasts bouncing and wobbling erotically, and I moaned as milk sloshed inside them and leaked from their erect nipples. Those leg muscles grew and grew, and suddenly I felt both shoes disintegrate about a pair of thickening feet, and once I lost the rubber and shoe leather, socks bursting from both feet and their tubes ripping about ankles and forelegs, I suddenly was able to triple my speed, running inhumanly forward on my bare toes.

It was so erotic as either leg rubbed against my cunt with every pounding extension of one leg or the other, that amidst feeling the near orgasmic physical prowess that I realized I'd overshot the neighborhood I was aiming for by several miles!

I must say that I didn't necessarily find anything wrong with running back, and when I finally arrived I had to clench a hand about my cunt again, gripping it tightly as it lurched and throbbed repeatedly, my body nearing climax again. It took me several minutes to compose myself as a certain amount of ejaculate leaked from me.

Snarling, feeling myself tensing and my nipples engorging to ultra-sensitivity as they throbbed, the sweater I was wearing stretching to its extremes to bare some of my flesh through its strands while the swells of both tits slid ponderously below the former waistband of a once baggy sweater. The sweats had dug so deeply into my ass and cunt that it'd need a mining team to dig it out. Many parakeets of those parakeets they bring to detect poisons in the air would die... men would be lost to go that deep inside of me to extricate this garment from me.

Entering the apartment I snarled as I thrust the double doors at the entry open by pushing on their tops, and with a shudder the whole of me suddenly surged outward in several directions with several popping spasms of growth surging outward, enhancing the thickness of every muscle while both mammaries swelled incredibly forward. I led a snarling snort escape me as I panted, but suddenly a baby started crying, and I blinked at several people sitting in the entry way, and suddenly I felt abashed and chewed on a fingernail while several people tried to escape from me.

And then my ears twitched, and I detected a sound of a didgeridoo. I was surprised I noticed that, but hurrying forward, barefoot against the lobby tile work, I surged up the stairs and caught myself bouncing up them. No... Not my boobs, though those bounced too. Instead I bounced on my toes and hopped several steps upward several times before I realized what I was doing and forced myself to run up them.

Why the hell was I bouncing?! Other than the obvious physics of having boobs this big.

Growling again I took the stairs five at a time, my lengthening legs and now lengthening feet making that possible, and rushing up the stairs I stopped on the fifth floor, surprised that I could hear that didgeridoo from this far away. Standing there, listening to the strange instrument, I felt myself... calming. And then I looked down and saw how thick my toes were, each toe armed with a tiny little claw, those toes thick and spread wide while I stood on them by only the toes and not the heels. Stepping quickly down the hall I pulled out the card, made sure I had the right address, and then kicked down the door.

I never kicked in a door before, but with these legs, easily the most massive part of my body, I was able to burst that door in, knock it off its hinges and sending it whirling into the room. And then thrusting my chest first, I surged forward, gripping the sides of the door fiercely with the fingernails splintering the sides of the door, I snarled at him... And it was him. He didn't even stop playing his didgeridoo as my fingers ripped chunks of the door frame out.

"What... Did you DO to ME?!" I bellowed.

And then without stopping, he lifted a finger and it glowed, and suddenly I felt a piece of the door I was standing upon slip from beneath my foot, and I caught myself and whirled in time to see the door lifting up off the ground, applying itself to the door and the wood and screws repairing themselves before the door locked and the chain drew itself.

Only then did he stop, and suddenly the silence was frightening after what I'd seen.

"Have a seat Sheila." he said quietly and gestured to a rug across from him

"How did you know my name?!" I challenged.

"You gave me your number." he said and held up a slip of paper that was sloppily written. "I would've called you, but this gets me to a wrong number."

I stepped closer to him and then sat down roughly, noting that my legs, calves and feet were humungous now, the feet lengthening, the toes lengthening, and the toenails having thickened into larger claws now than those that were on my hands. They looked like rabbit's feet, especially from the brown hair growing on the tips of both feet.

It was then that I felt a sudden and irrevocable calm rise over me, right before flood of heat suffused me, but most especially my sex and breasts. It was like the very air in here was making me aroused.

"Now... To answer your question... I've done nothing to you other than tattoo you. Just like you wanted."

I looked at my arm and then thrust it out to him, showing him strange blue glowing tribal art. "You know something! What kind of tattoo glows in the fucking dark?!" I snarled at him, rolling the muscles of my nose and then slapped a hand to my face as I felt it contort oddly.

"My inks do. It's a very old process actually."

"What kind of process? You seemed to know me when I arrived."

He moved to light a braided knot of sweet grass. "No... I knew *of* you. Slight difference." he said and then looked up at me from beneath a flock of his hair with a sly smirk.

"Of me?" I repeated. "What do you mean by that? I'm no one famous."

"One person's trash is another person's treasure. One person who is infamous one place is famous in another. And likewise, one person who is nobody one place is somebody in another." I screwed up my face.

"Start talking straight Gandalf, or the next thing my foot kicks is your ass up between your shoulder blades."

He smirked and held up a calming hand. "I know of your family line." He corrected himself and then gestured upward with one hand and I felt my body rise.

I looked around and beneath me for the thing lifting me, but there was nothing, and by the time I looked gaspingly back at him, I found him before me, having reached forward and fingered the hem of my sweats downward to push his index finger against the angry red swirl birthmark on my navel. Suddenly I got control of my body back and before I knew what I was doing I was pushing those sweats downward off my bottom and off my cunt, showing him my crotch that right before both our eyes was fuzzing up with a light brown furry patch along both the labial muscles before I fell back onto the floor again, definitely incensed

as I rolled onto my back, knees spreading wide with ankles still caught within the legs of the sweats while I rubbed that pussy and cajoled it toward an orgasm.

And with those sweats around both ankles I then hauled my sweater up to disgorge both breasts before gripping them both and pressing them together. I began to moan heavily as my juices leaked from me and dribbled down onto my bottom and milk leaked from both breasts. I couldn't help myself. A random hobo straight off the street smelling of booze and covered with his own crab could walk right in and screw me with a disease ridden dick and I wouldn't've cared at that moment.

"You... Are a shamaness..." he said and rose onto his knees and unfolding a wrap from about his loins, I saw a heavy penis arch upward from him before he knelt between my legs and penetrated me, starting to screw me as he leaned over me.

Amidst my moaning and churning, my back arching, I felt him cum into me while he played with and kissed my breasts. He came again, and I palmed my muscled belly as the lines and birthmark glowed more brightly with every orgasmic lance I got, and then I noticed that I never had tattoos on my arm, so I shouldn't have been able to show him any that were there. And extending an arm, I saw those lines coil and churn, arching their way down my arm ever so slowly. There were tattoos encircling my breasts now, swirling open and actually moving about as they thickened and merged together, tanning my porcelain flesh subtly, and I moaned as I saw the tattoos going down the center of my chest had become a solid patch of dark skinned color and were growing... Fur?

"A shaman is a man who can ride the Dream Time, become whatever he wanted and join the very life flow of the universe. In all of Australia's history there has been only one... True... Shamaness. Her bloodline was passed down through the white man, from mother to daughter, her skin turning white and her body becoming weak from the white man's ways, till at long last you were born.

"But unlike all other shamans, you, as a shamaness, take power from the moon instead of the earth, your dreamtime exists not on this world, but rather upon the world of the moon, and since there are no other women in Australia taking their power from the moon, since no other can, you can take all of it that it can give."

He thrust and surged as deep as he could, and I moaned, biting my nails as he came for a remarkable third time, depositing his seed in me... and through unprotected sex! He kissed my enormous breasts and continued to make love to me, and licked the milk from off them as I took his lovemaking and churned amidst his explanations.

"You are changing into the embodiment of that power, we have awaited your return, for its return will complete a broken circle at long last." and he touched the birthmark on my navel and it burned beneath his fingers, and I orgasmed hard to burst my fluids all over his cock and balls, the pressure so grand that it shoved him right out of me and made him fall back onto the floor before me as the jet of nectar and cum washed from me... Right before he came all over my navel.

Gripping his shag carpet a found him bowing down between my legs to lick my pussy and suck the juices from my cunt now, one hand reaching up to massage my tit... the other palming that birthmark and making it burn...

"M-My birthmark. What's happening to it?" I whimpered and arched, holding onto his head with one clawed hand and my free breast with the other.

He gave my pussy one long lick that made me shiver and shake before he rose enough where I could see him beyond the swells of my breasts and the arch of my ribs while he licked my nectar off his lips.

"What else is it doing?" he replied with that same smirk of his. "But opening?"

I remembered sex. I remembered lots of sex, lots of hard throbbing sex that despite that it was pushing in through my vagina that I swore I could taste it in my throat. I remembered sucking on his cock and drawing all the seed straight out of his sack and drinking his tangy cum and washing him with my milk. I didn't remember much else, and when I had mind enough to remember it was to find myself fully clothed and palming another wall, my body heaving as I felt a long jet of cum lance from me to wet down the crotch of the sweats I wore before the nectar spilled down the insides of both legs and then filtered through the fabric to drain right onto the ground.

I groaned and came in another lance like that and then another and another, ejecting my cum that filtered through the crotch of those sweats to spill all over the ground before I gripped my cunt with a hand that was remarkably dainty still to stop the next several eruptions, doing little more than getting the ejaculate to squeeze through my fingers instead.

But as I did that, I felt a cunt that was larger than my hand. I had a super-sized clit and two heaving labia that throbbed and vibrated hotly as I came all those times, milk leaking freely from my breasts as I arched in remembered sexual elation to that guy's hard cock throbbing inside my loins. I came yet again and then stuffed a hand into the sweats and up into my cunt as I came around those fingers now, squeaks and whimpers sliding from me as I heard bones cracking inside me just before I honked through my nose and heard a crack in my jaw as it widened suddenly with what felt like a series of shattering snaps that likewise made me think I'd just dislocated my jaw.

And then in a spasm I punched at the wall and it broke off its foundations, leaving a hole where my fist was. Panting, surprised at what I'd done and then looking down at my hand, I gaped at the brown skin and the blackened fingers while strands of fur that formed a fringe there; each finger ending in a sharp hooking claw-like nail. I scratched at the wall and marveled at the grooves those claws created there, right before there was a tensing in the bottoms of my feet.

Both eyes widened as I noticed myself rising slowly, and then looking downward I found myself rising high onto the tips of my toes, the feet arching deeply, tendons standing on end and the toes spreading and lengthening into raptor legs; the tops of those feet also turning brown-skinned and growing a light brown fur.

"The hell?!" I gasped as my pussy churned and jostled between my legs, the thing throbbing in an attempt to disgorge all its sexual power from me.

Either thigh flared and thickened continually now, the popping explosions of muscle fibers while certain bands of muscle like the tendons carved and inflated themselves repeatedly from one end to the other, rippling back and forth with growth made those thighs and calves and forelegs stand on end with muscle and force the sweats I wore to rise up to the knees. The contours of those incredible leg muscles folded and stretched those sweats, with their hems slowly sliding down about the hips to reveal more of the lower back and hips as the elastic bands stretched to the point of ruining its elasticity.

Below the leg cuffs, the calves flared and seemed to turn outward on hinges, their rounded masses gaining a fringe of fur along their backs as the forelegs bunched with thicker and thicker chords, the knees growing knobby and the individual chords of muscle wrapping the thick bone between knee and ankle crisscrossing each other along with long tendons bulging outward. The Achilles Tendon most specifically stood on end from pussy to ankle, the strength of those legs burning with power while their entire lengths seemed to unfold from inside me.

But as my feet transformed, the toes lengthening while the big toe remained behind, the toes blackening, the pinkie toe and the ring toe – the piggies that had no roast beef and went wi-wi-wi-wi all the way home – actually merged together into one toe as I rose up to stand on those toes and the balls of both feet.

The swirling tattoos that were etching themselves across me now, turning my skin brown and growing fur in their strongest concentrations, my toes having long since turned black like the fingers were, I pulled the legs of my sweats upward to the crooks of either thigh, their elastics stretching as wide as they could go, just before I moaned and honked through my nose again. Reaching to grip my cunt as thighs and calves flared further and further outward, their impeccable strengths billowing rapidly beneath me, I gasped and then grit all my teeth as with a lurching crunch my hips widened wider than even my shoulders were, all to allow butt muscles, thigh and foreleg and calf muscles and feet to grow all the larger.

Another seething orgasm erupted from me to filter through those sweats that fit me like a pair of tight shorts and splatter my gripping hand about that heavingly massive pussy, my navel and neck lengthening as I coiled over myself in the wracking pains of such incredible sexual elation. I ached all over, arms to Olympic might, super charged with some additional power that was writhing in me now, the pair of arms thickening but not as much as my legs were. The fabric of the sweats soon grew sopping wet with so much ejaculate in them, stinky with my pheromones and arousing to my senses as my nose turned black and face turned brown. Another honk followed by a deep-throated moan escaped me as my voice dropped in pitch, the flow of the hair already on my head thickening and billowing before both ears flipped upward out from underneath that hair, cutting the long strands and extended out of my hair before those ears curved and formed hoods.

Suddenly in a rippling growth my spine turned outward, each vertebrae popping outward one after the next, lancing a huge spine that tore the neck of the back of the sweater I wore on its way down my back, ending with the tail bone as it drug it fiercely outward – tugging on pussy and asshole as it did – and stretched the flesh of my vag and lengthened the slit there.

Another seething, pissing of cum lanced from me as I orgasmed from anything happening to that pussy, and the frothing, silken mucus billowed about my fingers as I gripped my cunt harder.

I honked again as my face pushed forward, the muscles bubbling and thickening, mouth and nose merging. Nostrils flared as my nose flattened and widened, my eyes sinking below the reshaping of my skull as it grew longer and broader, and clenching my jaw as it broke and reset and fractured and re-healed, I honked one more time and clawed at the wall as the tip of my tailbone pushed against the seam in the seat of the sweats that were still miraculously holding onto me and with a ripping-tear pushed out of that seat.

"Holy X-men!" someone shouted and turning I saw a little kid – a joey, no, a kid, a human boy – standing there, and panting I smiled at him with my shining blue eyes.

"Hey kid... How long've you been standing there?" I panted.

"Long enough lady! This is so cool! This is so cool! Can I be your side kick?"

"Heh... No. Sorry kid, but superheroines like me need to work alone. Now excuse me... I got... Bad people to stop."

I was still changing... But I couldn't do it in front of a kid while I was gripping myself and showing off naughty bits. I had to cover the seat of my sweats or else show him my pert little brown eye! That'd scar him for life.

Needed to hide.

And so waving goodbye to the kid I ran off, but as I ran, suddenly my feet shifted instinctively into a skip, and then the skip into a hop, and after a short hop and squatting unintentionally, almost as if my body was trying to show me how it was done, I felt all the muscles tense and then explode with release and I leapt up into the air, dozens of feet before arching downward again. But when I landed, again I coiled, much like a

spring, and this time when I jumped it was to sky rocket far, far up into the air, sailing well above Sydney. Flying through the air like that I flailed and squeaked in elation before gravity pulled me back downward and I swore as I saw the ground and the flat bush of Sydney coming back up at me.

This time when I landed I did it myself and leapt higher yet, attaining a jump that was stories tall.

"Watch out superman... I'm about to beat your record of the Empire State Building!" I cried in joy of this albeit temporary flight.

Why is it that freaks like me always dwelt in sewers or rooftops? I asked myself, landing on the latter.

I wobbled and then collapsed downward. It wasn't to fall to my knees, but rather something else. Instead of resting on my toes I lowered to both heels, the long feet spreading wide as I panted, the pink sweats I was wearing straining about me, both tits being framed by muscular arms and thighs and supporting by barreled ribs and two slabs of chorded chest muscle that must be over a foot thick by now.

I came again in another torrent, feeling the sweats and sweater stretching about me before I honked again and my face crunched as the whole of it from the brows and jaw shoved itself forward while merged mouth and nose projected even further than that, spreading all the teeth and making the two front incisors lengthen into a small chisel.

"Oh..." I moaned and cupped my face, smelling all the stink from the vaginal fluids on my palms, but then I felt a churning inside me and then moved to hold my belly against it.

But then my eyes widened in surprise as I did that, and rubbing my long and slender but incredibly strong fingers I stopped, feeling four additional nipples on my belly, and then... A flap of skin?

Pushing a hand to my breasts, forcing them flat as I panted, I rolled the whole of my body in a deep arch, repositioning one foot to rebalance myself like that as I fondled the darkened skin of my navel that was marked with white speckles of flesh still that had turned pinkish with blush, the deepening treasure trail giving me white belly fur instead of the light brunette hair I sported everywhere else. Inspecting my belly, I discovered four new nipples swelling outward along the lower set of abdominals there, and even as I fingered them, suddenly they started growing sensitive, and I murred to myself, groaning as I started caressing those nipples, feeling them come alive as four new sources of feminine power in me.

"Oh what now?" I groaned, and then gripped my cunt again as I caressed those nipples, feeling their nibs swelling rapidly, the areola atop then flaring as I snarled from the lance of aching pleasure that rushed down my chest, into the belly and across those nipples, and I snarled as I came again from that lengthened cunt.

Breathing in and then honking, snarling again, feeling the orgasmic lurches in me thrust harder and harder with each breath I took, the sensation felt just like a huge cock was pounding my pussy. The sensation instinctively got me to widen my stance as I played with that pussy now and diddled the bean of my clit.

Shuddering and biting on my lower lip, I felt the whole of my back roll outward while pushing my neck forward. The growth rent a tear between the shoulder blades in the threads of the sweater. As my cheeks flared wider and face pushed further outward before mouth and nose pushed even further outward in a second lengthening of my whole skull, ears lifting higher atop a skull that felt like it was pinching together.

It was an odd sensation to have a brief headache and feel so orgasmically aroused at the same time.

Those ears then rounded outward even further as they grew longer like a rabbit's ears, the pair of them being migrated to the very top of my relatively smallish head. Several tears opened up in the sleeves of the sweater from the thickening and already superiorly muscular arms I had, the rounding shoulders tugging the sleeves away from the body of the sweater even as I gripped that cunt of mine tighter, cumming in this unending and repeating torrent of vaginal fluids despite my attempt to keep it all inside me, despite the fact that I shouldn't even have that much water in me!

More tears opened up in the sweats that were now being tested in their elasticity as my tailbone thickened rapidly into a broad and thick bulbous thing that hung off my ass, the thing rapidly extending into a fat stub at the base of my spine, and part of the legs of those sweats tore open along the inside and outside seams

right before the elastic leg cuffs directly about my thighs that had thickened to be wider than the column of my belly snapped and stretched themselves wide.

Snarling and rocking my hips forward on that imaginary cock pelting my insides with its sexual power, I squealed in a high-pitched sound much like a stuck pick, a lengthening tongue lolling outward while milk pulsated from both breasts in ejaculating squirts that filtered through the sweater and dribbled down the swells of those tits. I caressed the other four teats on my belly as squirts of milky wetness started to trickle from them too, whole new mammary pads like little A-cups forming on the abdominals they clung to before I slid that hand down the length of my navel, and beneath my hand I felt the flap of skin at the base of the pelvis ever so slowly climb upward along my navel as my belly started to lengthen more. The flap covered those tightening abs in a tight flap that folded over that belly like a flattened udder that the flap was covering.

Then all of a sudden I realized what was happening to me... *Belly flap, bunny ears, long digitigrade feet...?* I had to see myself. I had to look at myself! A reflective surface, any kind of surface! My kingdom for a damn mirror!

And looking around, I squealed at the sight of something that would work, and leaping upward, bounding across the rest of a roof top, across a city street with four lanes of traffic in it and upward several stories onto the roof of another building, tearing my sweats a little more as my thighs puffed outward suddenly with added muscular strength and ripping the sweats even more, I landed with a thud and a heavy thrust of both breasts hammering downward onto the ribs and then bouncing and wobbling violently, I then rose immediately and hurriedly stepped with an unnatural grace to a glass wall of an apartment, hips rocking and the stub of tail waving as I moved before the glass.

With no light behind it and a little of the fading sunlight behind me, the glass acted just like a mirror.

And sure enough, as clothes popped and snapped open here and there around me as I continued to change, thicken and widen, I saw with perfect clarity of what I was becoming, as if the belly pouch didn't tip it off either...

I was becoming a kangaroo.

But not just any kangaroo the fur I saw now that was reddening in places was like that of a red kangaroo, I was muscular and still largely humanoid with opposable thumbs still – at least for now – and I didn't arch over myself like a Kangaroo did even despite the weights of those huge tits.

I palmed the glass, fingering the image of my face that had lengthened and flared with muscles in odd places that no human face had, not knowing what I should think of this, whether or not I should be staring in wonder or sobbing at the violation of my body when I heard sirens far below. Turning, striding to the edge of the building and lifting a leg to its edge, my form tall enough that I could fold one leg against the retaining wall of a skyscraper, I saw several cop cars screaming up to a stop at a bank.

A robbery...

I looked to my arms and legs, saw my body, and for a moment I thought whether or not I should as cops hurried out of their cars, hiding behind the vehicles themselves or hastily flung open car doors, using the vehicle armor to protect them while aiming shotguns, pistols or rifles at the bank. A door opened, a man in a black mask was shouting and waving a gun, he had a large-breasted and business suit wearing woman by one arm. The press was showing up now too, but instead of pointing guns they pointed cameras.

Again I thought whether or not if I should, my sweats sopping wet from ejaculate, their stink enticing me to levels of unheard of arousal while the front of the sweater I wore had become wet from lactation even as a tear tore open between the voluminous breasts to reveal the soft white fur-covered flesh of my chest belly

and mammaries. I looked down at those breasts and caressed them, and then remembered what mom always taught me.

Those who have the ability to help others should help others... Or else it's a sin to squander what the Good Lord gave you on selfish things.

Then with a nod to my mom, I rose and stood tall atop that retaining wall, looking down at the tremendous drop before me and hopped. The hop carried me forward, and I landed right where the robber was before I leapt into the bank, grabbing his arm as I bounced, knocking the teller out of the way before I landed in the bank and tossed the man lazily away with one arm. He sailed away from me and slapped up against a wall and fell to where he remained unmoving. Twisting and turning, tits wobbling, I saw several more robbers who all paused dumbfounded at the sight of me.

I guess I was imposing and awesome looking, especially at how much taller even the tallest of them I was, a good eight feet now at the very least.

"Hi." I smiled, waving claw-tipped black fingers at the nearest robber before I hopped up and double kicked him with the toes of both feet and he went right through a glass privacy window and a wooden teller desk.

The other robbers began shouting, pointing weapons at me before I skipped to the next one, spinning and gut-checked him with one kick to the belly and he sailed backward, crashing through the security glass windows of the bank and sailed outward to land on a cop car where the cops blinked at this turn of events but then hastily moved to secure the criminal.

Two left.

I turned as one charged me, screaming, and lifting a muscled arm I gave him a good thump on the head. He slowed to a stop behind me, paused, dropped his gun and then started to fall but I caught him, set him upright, patted him on the shoulder once, and then arched my leg right upward with remarkable flexibility that I'd never had before in my life to lob him straight up toward the ceiling, where he crashed through the wooden floor between levels and hung there.

"Oh jeeze... I don't know my own strength. Hope you're ok!" I said and tapped his stomach with one black finger.

One left.

And I turned right in time to see a man there before me, right before he pulled the trigger of a fully automatic weapon... Spraying me with bullets.

I flinched, I had no time to dodge, and suddenly I felt myself being pummeled by a burst of rounds, but when it was all over I blinked and looked down at my body, patting it down for wounds, and even felt a bullet hole or two in my sweater, but found no wounds. None. The bullets bounced off me... Just like with superwoman!

But then my ears perked up as I heard a ripping sound, and looking down, both the robber and I watched as the tears the bullets had formed began to rapidly rip open, and with a spastic lurch both tits exploded from the chest of the sweater, free at last, one tit striking him in the head and shifting my body stance the explosion was so violent that the tit punched him right in the face! The poor bastard teetered right over and fell to the ground.

"Sorry..." I mentioned fingering my bottom lip with my tits hanging out of the ruined sweater front as I settled to my heels, hearing crunches and lurches as my chest wobbled, separated lifted, separated further to spread the remaining strands of the sweater across my collar bone before both chest muscles thrust and rolled themselves forward with gloriously heaving feminine strength.

I teetered backward on that last thrust and groaned, cumming again right as each rib popped outward then, barreling my chest and lengthening my belly so it could muscle up more, and gasping for air I heard another rip as my tail telescoped more from my backside.

Panting, holding my heart with one hand beneath the swells of those huge tits of mine, I turned, tits swaying and sloshing with milk.

"Is everyone ok?" I asked looking at the others in the bank.

They were all staring at me, and suddenly I felt very nervous and self-conscious... Till someone started clapping. Then more people started clapping, and still more, till someone shouted as several cops stormed in. The people rushed to stop the cops, trying to explain that I'd just saved them.

"Is that everyone? Are all the robbers taken care of then?" a head cop wearing riot gear asked, and several people nodded before someone else chimed in.

"No! There's a fire bomb in the vault. It's set to go off now you pigs! Long live the revolution!" and I turned, seeing the guy I'd just knocked upside the head with a tit, seeing him with a detonator in his hand. "The chemicals are mixing and the door is shut. All your money is going to go up in flames! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

And I snapped a leg at him and knocked his head back onto the floor.

"Where's the vault?" I called, and several people pointed behind bars and wooden walls, and leaping I sailed across the bank in a single hopping bound and kicked my way through the bars that clattered open with a metallic clang.

Damn it... This was my bank too. *Please let me be strong enough for this*, I thought to myself and slapping myself to the vault door, tits flattening tightly between me and the door and much of their stored milk slipping from me to lubricate the steel surface, I strained with all my might to open that door.

Fingers and claws hooked onto what purchase that I could find, the reinforced steel that was as thick as the hull on a commercial ship resisted my strength, as incredible as it was... But... As I strained myself, muscles clenching and flexing, a strange sort of chain reaction occurred inside me.

My heart started to pump and churn, inside me, sending pulsating lances throughout my body to slam against my pussy and nipples. I moaned, fitting fingers deeper into the edges of the door, tendons standing on end in the long feet I had and in the backs of both hands even as the muscles supporting my chest and arms rapidly engorged with increasing and surging strength as they flexed.

I moaned, trying to keep myself focused even amidst the lance of ejaculate that erupted from me, pissing into the sweats that clung tightly to me while leg muscles engorged, ripping open the legs of the sweats steadily in sheering tears and bursting seams while every bone inside me thickened in a constant state of transforming growth while I tried to pull on that door.

Just then with a lurching crunch, each vertebrae of my spine erupted outward one after the next, the heaving bones cutting the back of my sweater open completely to leave the two sides stuck to the sleeves wrapped about only the shoulders now, my back bubbling and rippling and carving with deepening and thickening muscularity as the spinal growth continued downward and into that stub of a tail I'd grown. That tail bulged over the thick swells of ass cheek, the columns of muscle and bone lengthening as the growth continued to grow down the spine and into the tail as I felt the spinal cord telescoping almost endlessly forward. Soft marrow formed before hardened bone coalesced around it and thusly thickened and hardened before creating the next link in the spinal column, the nerves spreading into the tail stub as that tail stub grew long and strong.

The hole in the seat of my sweats opened wide for its growing thickness, ripping open across my ass cheeks and revealing the tensing and rippling cords there as well as that tail lengthened steadily outward now and became ribbed in hardening muscles.

I moaned and held on tighter, the muscles in my legs pushing against the floor, feet crushing the tiles beneath those feet and the concrete beneath the tiles as I used every bit of my growing, surging and heaving strength to pry that door open.

I groaned and pissed more nectar from my sweet throbbing pussy, the lips swelling thicker and hotter while the abdominal muscles above it grew countless in number, stretching the pocket of flesh over the udder I developed on my lower navel as my hips widened even more and huge bands of muscle enlarged those hips, butt and thighs incredibly till they were nearly as thick as my chest was!

Butt muscles firmed, creased and rippled as thighs broadened steadily, the quadriceps separating further and further into individual chords while the inner thighs grew greater in the number of tendons that radiated from my sopping wet pussy as they sank deeper beneath those outer thighs. Those legs creased into a plethora of muscle and tendons as the thickness grew, more rends formed in the pink sweats I wore about those legs, tearing open rapidly while the pair of thickening arms I had spread and ripped open the arm holes of the sweater remnants I had, shredding the sleeves over heaving and rounding biceps.

I moaned yet again and then honked in my exertion, feeling my spine being pinched by the spontaneously thickening and heaving back muscles as they ballooned outward, rolling and spreading my shoulders, creating a deep lumpy curve that heaved and rose like a growing mountain.

But then a complication arose as my chest muscles pushed forward along with both tits, making my grip slip, and in turn I moved to regain that grip, and pushed the fingers of both hands in between the grooves of the door, the heavy steel actually sheering, bending and molding like hard clay about my grasp as I invaded the steel.

But my tits and chest still had to grow, so I heard the squeal of metal as those breasts bent the locking wheel on the door, flattening it like a penny under the wheels of a train on the railroad track. They didn't stop there though... They both continued swelling, continued pushing forward, pressing in on the steel of the door and forming two grand circular impressions that were dimples with the deeper impressions of my tits, and those impressions having deeper yet smaller impressions where the areola and long nipples were.

I snarled and heaved, feeling the back of my sweats pop open as the base of that growing tail grew so large that it filled the whole of the base of my back and formed a long serrated edge to my back while that back and the dorsal muscles hugging my sides continued to widen. Leg muscles spasmed suddenly as the sweats I wore, caught right at the ridge between pelvis and thigh, started to stretch and rip steadily.

I pissed another long lancing orgasm that made those pink sweats hang wetly from me as the remnants of the sweater I wore burst open about both arms with a pair of hemorrhaging snaps right before I gripped the vault door and hauled backward with all my spectacular might, and with a sheering metallic squeal the whole vault door came free, hinges and all.

For a moment I lost myself as I squeezed the door, holding onto it, the sweats I wore snapping about the legs now as I grew and coiled ever thicker and larger, tail thickening, butt muscles clenching into thirds and separating into individual muscle fibers along with the thighs they held, back muscles broadening as arms steadily thickened and hardened. Face muscles all grew forward, ears rising to the peak of my head, and I squealed as I held the heavy vault door over my head, squeezing it into a narrower bend at the center before thrusting it away from me.

And there I stood, heaving, breathing deeply as several final pops and crunches echoed about me, followed by a few deep thudding explosions inside me as something lurched forward, ending with my chest being thrust forward one final time, bowing outward with its two heaving pectorals and their enigmatically massive mammaries and their super erect tits.

And then I opened my eyes and saw the firebomb... With only thirteen seconds left on it!

Why do we always have to cut these things so damn close?

Hopping forward I grabbed it and the table it was bolted to and skipped out of the vault and surged outward into the main room and then out the opened broken window that I'd kicked the robber through, emerging in all my new and profound glory in full view of all the news cameras. Then hauling back an arm back with the table gripped in my fingers, suddenly the muscles doubled in both arms as well as in the chest and back before all my abs and lats all heaved outward with extra strength, and with a mighty cry I lobbed that table with the firebomb away. It sailed upward and over the city toward the bay, and as it sailed downward it exploded in a magnificent fireball over empty water.

And then behind me were cheers and applause.

I was a heroine! Cor... I wonder what they would've thought of me if that bomb went off right here in the midst of them...

And what did I do upon realizing this? I turned, grinned at the cameras, winked, pointed at them with two fingers of one hand and said:

"Didgeridoo Kangaroo and a good day to you!" and twisting myself and compressing, I accomplished a three story vertical leap, landed on a rooftop and leapt away with heavily muscled arms dragging behind me.

In hind sight... I should've just waved.

So... Here I was, butt-naked now, ridiculously transformed into the likeness of a kangaroo, arms dangling off my knees as I rested on tail and the flats of both feet, ears twitching as I heard the city talking about me.

They were calling me the '*Didgeridoo Kangaroo*,' and so to shorten it up, the press called me instead Karoo.

"So... What do you think of your new life?" someone said and jerking around, both tits wobbling heavily, I gaped at seeing that aborigine tattoo artist.

"You!"

"This is only the beginning you know." he said calmly, standing with bare feet atop the flag pole nearby that was attached to an apartment landing on the level below where I stood.

"You! You did this to me!" I snarled and surged to the end of the tier I was on, tits wobbling heavily while I flexed my powerful body, feeling it bubble and thicken with even more added strength in my anger.

"I did nothing, just like I already mentioned." he said calmly, hands behind his back. "You were destined to transform into this an age ago."

"What the hell do you mean?!" I growled.

"It's in your blood... Passed onto you from your mother's, mother's mother. At this point you are twenty-one as of last night, and that's when the process began. The only thing I did was add my key to the lock."

"So you did do it!" I pointed a black finger at him.

"No... I allowed the magic to flow into you more fully by unlocking your sexuality... Or would you rather be in a torturous and maddening pain during this entire debacle?" I lowered that accusing finger. "But... Your transformation is going to herald something else."

"What would that be?" I demanded.

He paused and tilted his head toward me. "Today is the twenty-second day of the twelfth month of the twelfth year of the twenty first century. Yesterday was the twenty-first day."

"So... what's that supposed to mean. I've had a really odd night, and you better start making sense."

"I'm certain if you listen... You can hear what I mean happening right now."

And I blinked, twitched my ears, and sure enough... I heard it:

Screams.

Surging to the edge of the platform and looking down, I saw crowds pressing back from one or maybe two people at a time as their bodies started mutating, tearing open their clothes or moaning in true erotic agony. Most of the individuals were female.

"W-what's happening?" I gasped, covering my little kangaroo mouth with its black lips with both hands.

"Revenge." the man said and I whirled on him.

"Not my revenge!" I gasped shooting a stare at him.

"No... Your mother's, mother's mother." he added and I blinked before he rolled his eyes. "What's the best way to eliminate racism?"

"Uh..." I said and thought.

"For there to be no differences in races..." he replied, "The Germans in World War Two tried to do it and failed because of how they tried to do it.

"Genetic purity indeed.

"But of her time, your ancestor saw what the whites were doing to her people simply because of the color of their skin. So she set out to end it. She created a spell that links our people to yours, it took several generations to empower and then allow the spell to take place, requiring a specific date with specific requirements... like a young woman... reaching the age of twenty-one on the day that many cultures believed that the world was supposed to end..." My eyes went wide as I realized this.

Of course! The last day in the Aztec calendar was December twenty-first two-thousand-twelve! My twenty-first birthday! I felt numb, my arms falling at my side and hanging there despite their insurmountable strength as the guy turned to look out over the city.

"But now that that spell has come to fruition..." he added, and more screams came to my all too sensitive hearing and I looked back to the city just as a jumbotron started showing the transformation of some young woman as she rapidly changed. "They will call you the host." He continued. "They will blame you for this. Soon they will hunt you."

"Hunt me... But I didn't do anything!"

"Not in their eyes. But the spell is enacting, changing the women first like you but soon it'll move onto the men, and like a disease it will pass through the whites and the aborigines alike and make us all one race, one people. There's no stopping it, no knowledge left on how to.

"The world will barricade Australia, but we will be all of one people. I spent my life studying and preparing for this, and now the assorted elders that I represent have sent me to fetch you."

"Fetch me?"

"Do you realize what they'll do to you if they catch you? What scientists will do to your body to figure you out before they kill you? They will try to make it not hurt, but in the end they'll have no choice but to do worse and worse... Till they finally resort to dissecting you. This way... You may still have a long life left. Magical power is a hell of a life extender.

"But... trying to live with those humans who resist the change till they realize it's all too late and we all band together... they might kill you.

"One fundamental truth is that people will try to destroy that which they don't understand... And this world has forgotten about magic and such. Till then there will be dissention among the humans of Australia till they all eventually change. Some will want to help you, others will want to hurt you, whereas in turn you will need to help those in whom you can and run from those who won't accept you."

"T-then what do I do?"

He leapt and landed before me, surpassing a horizontal length of at least a dozen feet with just a hop. Then pulling open the flap of skin that was my pouch, me being too surprised to stop him, he climbed in.

"My name's Joey by the way... I'm, certain the irony of this isn't lost on you."

"Ah... Yeah." I mused, knowing that a kangaroo young was called a joey.

"That way... With luck we'll get to the seclusion of the Circle of Elders before dawn. Knowing your speed, they might not know where we went till it's too late for them.

"Now go... Quickly."

And without thinking, perhaps because I couldn't, I hopped forward with Joey in my pouch.

All around me I heard the screams of the people of this land.

A century later... December Twenty-first, twenty-one twelve.

My life was vastly different since what came to be known as the Great Transition. I was only one part of a vastly larger catalyst, I came to know, but due to various circumstances, Australia has been largely forgotten by the rest of the world.

I was a shamaness now; my hyper-muscular body was emblazoned with a plethora of blue etchings that glowed at all times along with my light blue eyes, my long mane in braids while I wore jackets of leather and bone and scraps of cloth.

Sydney had been the first stone in the pool, and the chaos that ensued from my first transformation made me weep as the newly changed Karoos were hunted and beaten to death killed. I had to interfere, and little by little I rescued new Karoos as families turned against each other even in a vast civil war. We got reports through the rest of the world by intercepted radio signals and communications through satellite arrays and ham radios, of talks about whole continents appearing, demons, all these new transformed races, dragons... it was an age of legends marked by a second moon floating in the sky in orbit around earth.

But here in Oz, the civil war that got siblings killing each other out of fear, while other families were dying to preserve the new Karoos as they were calling us only for that Karoo to be later slaughtered... clutched the whole of this land from shore to shore.

The Karoo weren't the only race; there was also the Koa'la, or the Koala-people.

After several decades that were reminiscent of Mad Max movies as the nation broke down and cities transformed into city-states, I declared war on the humans as my shamaness powers grew, and soon I gained the power to force evolutions in others.

The world barricaded us, eventually. Battleships and cruisers and aircraft carriers shooting anything out of the sky or water that tried to escape out of fear of this happening to them... The sight of helicopters flying in to kill people trying to swim from the continent with heavy machine guns showed on one news shows we had.

Eventually, when the loss of Karoo, Koa'la and human life grew too great from these killings... We shamans banded together and cast a magic spell that made the Great Barrier Reef grow into an imposing wall that no plane could fly over save for those that could scrape the upper stratospheres.

Australia was locked off from the rest of the world, but like I mentioned before, the rest of the world was awakening as well and soon their cruisers and battleships withdrew from the great barrier, leaving us alone. Communications with the rest of the world were cut off for a time, leaving us to ourselves and our land as the last humans formed pockets of resistance that were either eliminated or eventually converted.

Soon the population of all of Oz was Karoo or Koa'la... united and full. Humans began to understand it was over when our kind was born to their pregnant mothers, and though they tried to drown these new children, we nonetheless soon stopped them.

I was the first, the strongest and the largest and the most powerful of my race. I've had... Several joeys since, Joey was the father of course. He was willing to make love to me even when he was still a human... He could've stopped it, could've bashed my brains in before all this happened, but he didn't. That was his own guilt if it existed, but I won't say that I wasn't unhappy... Quite the opposite. I was glad.

True we didn't have all those nice electronic things... It was a return to the land, but there was less contention now.

We were a people of the earth.

We became a creative race of brilliant engineers to try to keep our technology running, and strangely, the kangaroo and the Koala, the animals that were like us, just slowly disappeared in favor of us. They didn't die... They just went away.

Nothing we could do about that.

I was their leader of course, now that they all looked to me for answers. I was weak at first as a leader, but I had others who helped me, and we survived.

So then now, a hundred years later, it was me that the people called to to meet with... strangers. So with my most recent Joey in my belly pouch as I walked gracefully on toes that occasionally clicked with the gold rings around them, I came to stand before a group of men and women of various different faces dressed in uniforms who'd just arrived from the rest of the world.

Few people remembered what a human even looked like any more, and till I looked upon one even I'd forgotten. They wore uniforms, they had faces that looked... strange, with wide eyes, lightly tanned, almost olive skin, and features that were reminiscent of a dozen different cultures of the old world.

They smiled upon us and extended hands in friendship which I took, these humans so much smaller than me.

“Why are you here?” I asked, holding the man’s hand who seemed to be the most decorated of all of them; thusly the highest ranked... possibly a naval captain or a colonel. “Why now? Why after abandoning us?”

“We are members of a growing organization called the Sol-Terran Alliance. We cannot call ourselves apt representatives of such an Alliance unless all peoples of even its home world were not aligned. A lot has happened in a hundred years, believe us when we say that this is the first chance we’ve ever gotten to finally approach you.”

I smirked at him in a way that was reminiscent of Joey, my husband. Despite how much he’s changed in the past century, he always had that smirk.

“We are a united people, and we are united in the fact that we were abandoned by the rest of the world, though I know better you will still have difficulty in convincing them otherwise.”

“We’re determined to try.” This individual said.

“Then welcome to Oz.”

<End>