

**Fawn**

© 2008

By: Daniel "Pendragon"

## **Book 1: Rise of the Fawn**

### **Chapter 1: Ars Magica**

My name's Pat, short for Patrick, and I'm a nerd. Ok... so I'm a dork.

In high school, all kids are segmented and separated into cliques, whether they wanted to be separated that way or not. There were the popular cliques like the football teams and the cheerleaders, and then there were the unpopular cliques, like the nerds and dorks, those who were in computer clubs and such. I wasn't exactly sure what the difference between a nerd and a dork was, I only knew that a dork was a really large penis found on male whales.

Perhaps because I knew that is why they called me a dork... I don't know why.

I was dictated to be a dork – sometimes a nerd and occasionally a geek – because I got high marks on my schooling, I was in several advanced classes including mathematics and science, and I attended courses in my sophomore year that only the seniors attended. I was even up for going to college next semester, and the university had already accepted my application!

Due to this higher education capability, I had two distinct situations because of it.

The first was that I've been thrust into senior classes, where which there was usually a big difference between the young women in my actual grade and those in the classes that I really attended, and that difference was a level of maturity. The young women in these advanced classes had all sprouted and blossomed into actual women. They had hips and breasts and had to wear bras, and were likewise wearing makeup and tight clothes to make them even more attractive, and so despite that I was in an advanced class and was able to keep up with my home work, there was still nonetheless a *slight* degradation in my grades from me ogling those girls from the back and the sides.

God I love it when they get all nipped up when the air conditioning kicks in...

You see... there's something that us nerds and dorks have a problem with, and that is the fact that we've never really had many relationships with the opposite sex. We never had any real dates that didn't involve our own mothers, and so by the time that we begin to mature, the already mounting sexual tension that we're under made us into some rather horny guys.

A visible strip of underwear on a girl was enough to drive me mad, and I spend lots of time trying to look down their shirts whenever I could, and when I got a crotch shot form

a girl wearing a miniskirt who was turned toward me just so... I nearly wet myself, and not the same kind of wet like wetting the bed.

The other situation is that I was considered smarter than most of the school, and when you have that sort of a reputation, then those who aren't as smart as you, those who are just scraping by, have a tendency of picking on you.

As it was, as I'm telling you this, I'm now being shoved face first into a trash can and some big bully named Mitch was pulling my underwear up so tight that it gave me pain in the butt crack.

"I told you to stay away from my girlfriend, nerd." Mitch was saying, and then I felt his foot kick me in the ass to push me deeper into the trash.

"I only asked her if I could help her with her with her social studies." I said from within the trash.

"Shut up!" he said and kicked me in the butt again. "Stay away from her... don't even look at her ya dweeb. Or the next time my foot connects with your ass I'll shove it so far up your butt you'll be able to taste your crap on my shoe leather."

And then he left in a huff amidst all the laughter of all the other kids all around. There were three adults around too, and they didn't do anything. That was because adults were afraid to be seen disciplining and children now a days... all because some well-deserving kids got smacked upside the head by a teacher and their nervous parents – who thought their kids were angels and could do no wrong – sued the school that teacher worked in. It made the rest of the teachers throughout America nervous to so much as even lift a finger to stop a bag egg.

It's a sad state of affairs, but there you are. You can absolutely blame not only the bastard kids like Mitch, but most especially their damnable parents who spoiled them to make situations where I could get shoved into the trash excusable in America today.

So where does that leave me? Face first in the trash with the spat up bubble gum and half sucked on candies, wads of spit balls and God only knows what else is in here...

But then as I struggled to get out of the trash, I felt a pair of hands on me, helping me out of it, and when I righted myself again with the help of those hands, I found myself facing my lifelong friend Jennifer; or Jen for short.

She was a nerd like me... you know... wore glasses, dressed in less than designer fashion clothes. She for instance was wearing a set of loose coveralls, a simple short sleeve shirt, had her hair was done up in barrettes while she wore a Hello Kitty book bag on her back.

"You ok?" she asked as she helped pick off the trash and other detritus off me.

She was a friend... not a girlfriend, but rather a friend that was a girl. I'd known her since kindergarten.

She was cute, I guessed, but like me she was totally un-sprouted. Flat-chested and hipless, she looked like a boy still. But then when one's chromosomes were used to make brains instead of beauty, one had to suffer somewhere.

But... I'd... begun to notice her... and like I said before, when seeing a girl's underpants made me crazy... well... Jen wore some rather sexy underwear beneath her clothing, I could tell because they arched high on her hips, and what her coveralls didn't cover was bare flesh. I wanted to touch her, and I wanted to caress her in ways that one can only consider to be fanciful.

Taking out my inhaler, I took a couple puffs off it and then nodded. "I'm ok." I assured her and straightened my glasses.

I was thin and spindly, rather sickly since I had to use an inhaler. It was two of the raiment that marked me as a dork. I wore glasses *and* I had an inhaler.

"Got the old trash can wedgie, huh?" she asked and patted me on the back while I tried to stuff my boxers back down so that they weren't so invasive upon my butt crack.

"At least it wasn't an atomic trashcan wedgie." I said, and began reaching into the trash can for all my school books that'd gone in there before I did. "I mean, mom and dad are tired of buying me new underwear and... hey wait, what's this?" I said and reached in and pulled out a book that wasn't in the bundle of study books that'd been dropped in there.

The book was leather-bound and the pages in it appeared to be made out of parchment and were sewn in by using cured leather strips that formed a crisscrossing lacing down its spine. It was held closed by a belt buckle-like enclosure, whereas the front of it was covered in deep scorings.

"Do you suppose someone in shop threw that away?" Jen asked. "Looks like a great leatherworking project. I'd've given it an A."

I opened the book and began flipping through the pages, seeing elegant scroll work and ornate writing and beautiful pictograms.

"I don't know. Looks like some role playing thing. And this title here on the cover," I said closing it and pointing at the embossed title. "Ars Magica? Isn't that a title of some game with paper and pencils and dice?"

"You'd know more about that than me Pat." She teased, but I nonetheless closed the book and added it to my own pile as the bell suddenly rang announcing that the next class would start in five minutes. "See you later after school in computer club?" she asked.

“Yea, sure.” I smiled back at her, nearly blushing, and she waved and began to walk off.

*Was it me, or was she starting to develop a nice butt?* I thought to myself as I watched her go. Then taking out my inhaler again, I found myself smiling at her butt as I took a deep breath of the inhaler and hurried to my next class.

## Chapter 2: Ritual of Possession

I began studying the book.

I was usually the first person done with my assignments, and usually well before anyone else was. I finished math quizzes within a matter of minutes, and it took the next person five to ten minutes longer to finish theirs, so I had ample time to read.

It always allowed me to learn more.

The writings were done in old English, and had words like *'thy'* and *'thou'* in it, but the more I studied it, the more I began to realize that this was no rulebook for a game. This was a bonafide book of the occult!

I always loved the occult, that's why Dungeons and Dragons always appealed to me, but herein was one of those books that you'd expect eventually leads to Cthulhu or some ancient evil. But the more I read the more I saw that it was built more like a book of spells. Flipping to the back pages, I looked for a copyright stamp and printing press information, but there were no such denominations, and upon closer look of the writings, I saw that they were actual ink on parchment instead of printed ink on parchment.

And then near the end of the day, about right in the middle of the book, I came upon a chapter of ritualistic summoning, and on the pages, drawn in like DaVinci's Vetruvian Man, was the image of a naked creature... a naked feminine creature.

The mere sight of her made me feel warm inside, and looking at her wide child-bearing hips, her swollen vaginal mound and four swollen breasts while she was drawn with the four arms and four legs in the circle and square like the Vetruvian Man had been, gave me images of seeing her spreading her legs open for me, readying herself to receive me into her body as I penetrate her deeper and deeper. And while I looked at this image, I felt myself grow hot, felt my erection bow the front of my pants outward, felt it throbbing, trying to evacuate my semen, and I swallowed hard at the thought of drinking the milk from her breasts as I parted her cervix and erupted a mass of ejaculate inside her.

But unlike a human woman, this creature was drawn with a new definition of the derogatory term for a woman of *'fuzzy britches'* being that she was covered in fur below the waist, her feet were long and she walked on cloven hooves instead of toes, and she had a brilliant array of goat's horns atop her head. And also... it looked as if she were staring right at me with a desirous look.

Looking to the instructions of this ritual, I saw that its design was to grant upon the summoner great sexual powers, and upon reading that, I turned and looked to some of the girls in my class, seeing their developing bodies, and licking my teeth, I suddenly got it in my head to try this spell-ritual or whatever it was.

Everything else had failed to get me the girl, so why not try this? I was tired of being the nice guy who always finished last!

After all, what harm could it do?

\*\*\*\*\*

One of the constituent elements of this spell-ritual was that it required for it to be done on some specific time of day in accordance to some sort of astrological orientation. In the case of this spell-ritual, it needed to be done on the night of the full moon, and in order to get the most out of it, I chose to do it on the second night of the full moon. So after a week and a half of preparing, I created a paste-like paint from herbs I had to locate and buy from some health food stores using the money that I'd been saving for a car to instead buy a mortar and pestle and all the herbs and mix all of it together. One of the strangest – and the most enjoyable part – of preparing the paste was adding some of my own ejaculate to it.

I'd never masturbated in the sense to save it, but nonetheless from as backed up as I was, I produced more than the few ounces that was needed for the paste.

I needed several candles too, and a bowl of burning incense... some potpourri was perfect for that, and since my parents went to bed at nine, I chose to do the ritual so that it ended right at midnight, again, for what I thought would logically be the best time to do it for optimal potency and perhaps earn myself the sexual prowess of a Don Juan.

Then on the appointed night, I gathered all the preparations from a lunchbox I hid under my bed, and crept downstairs into the basement in my pajamas at about eleven o'clock and began to draw the necessary summoning circle and its various diagrams on the floor.

A pentagram enclosed within a circle and then bordered by another circle which was then overlapped by a square, and between the circle of the pentagram and the larger circle containing it was written numerous Germanic Runes depicting compass points and forces of nature. Then sitting cross-legged inside the circle, and lighting five large candles located at each point of the pentagram and lighting the "incense" I then began to read the Latin chant that was upon the book before me.

Over and over I began to repeat the chant, getting more used to the strange Latin words as I repeated them wondering if I were even pronouncing the words right, but then I heard the clock upstairs chime the hour, and on the first strike of midnight I began to repeat the words, and suddenly... something began to happen.

The candles began to flicker and the smoldering ashes of the potpourri glowed a little brighter, and there was a breeze here in the basement when all the windows were shut. With a little excitement, I realized that what I was doing was working somehow, and the faith that this thing would work suddenly grew, and immediately upon the next repetition of the chant, there was a mild echoing sound to my voice.

The heart inside me began to hammer, and my penis started to extend and grow, pushing the front of my pajamas forward as it quickly filled to its greatest extent and began to throb. But as it grew, I noticed that the lines that I'd drawn in the floor with that white paste, the paste made from my own ejaculate, changed colors from a white adobe into a scalding red light.

And then upon the last syllable of the chant being uttered right at the stroke of twelve, my heart suddenly spasmed inside of me, right as a wash of black and purple mixed with green rushed upward from all the lines and rapidly flushed the inside of the twin circles I was within. Outside the circle everything became dark and faded, and soon my perception of everything began to change, and I experienced a phenomenal vertigo that was like being on the morphine they put me on when I broke my arm as I realized that I was moving without actually rising and walking anywhere.

It took me a moment to realize that I was levitating! I was working actual magic! It was possible!

The circles and the square I was in was moving away from each other, the three shapes spreading open with the square off to one side, the larger circle off to another, and the pentagram with its candles moving in yet another.

I was inside the pentagram still when I saw the larger circle suddenly surge downward into a warped bowl, just before the bottom broke away showing a reddish event horizon leading into pitch black, and up from within the pool of black, as if being thrust through a layer of water, a creature in a fetal position was brought up into my presence from some nether universe, just before it opened a pair of wide eyes to show me twin goat's eyes.

This creature then unfolded itself, and I immediately became aware that it was a female, highly female in fact, with her four breasts and a blossoming cunt that was trim and distended, with an erect clitoris and the bands of meat curtains revealing themselves between the tight vaginal folds. She smiled at me as she came to a stand above the circle as if there were floor there again instead of a deep dark hole.

A short tail whipped at her backside, her legs were covered in soft fur, while atop her head were two long curving horns and a billowing mane of chestnut hair. But immediately upon looking at me, she lowered one hand to her swollen vaginal lips and fingered them open, showing me the pink insides of her bodice and the engorged clitoris made of naughty pink flesh while she lifted her other hand and cupped the uppermost tit on the same side of her body of that hand and held it upward for me to view.

And then she sighed, and it was like a thousand women in sexual elation sighing at the same time before she stepped forward, passing over the circle and stepping onto the square between us, and no sooner did she leave that circle than did it disappear.

I could smell her scent, a scent of lilacs and lavender that came from the whole of her body it seemed, but the scent was perhaps thanks to the flowers and ivy in her hair. The goat bottom half of her body and the subtle goat features of her face with the horns and two ears that were hooded and hung to the side of her head marked her as what the book described to be a *'Fawn'*... a creature that was very similar in form and function to a Satyr... only this one was female.

I knew this from my role playing games even before finding it in the *Ars Magica*, but until now, I'd always thought that satyrs and fawns were all male...

Then she made a magician's gesture with her hands, and summoned out of thin air a flute made of three pipes that all wrapped together and came together at the mouth but flared at the base into three separate pipes. And from that first sultry high-pitched sound of that flute, I was lost to her whiles. But also from the first note, the energies of whatever magic that had brought her here took on a life of their own and they wrapped about me like a lover's hands, and they began tearing at my clothes with their claws, ripping them off my body till I was rendered naked before her, revealing my bulbously erect rod and drooping nads.

She smiled around her pipe as she walked about me, playing to me and looking me over, right down to the erect penis that was bulging from my pelvis, arching upward and throbbing hard, and after making one full turn around me she squatted before me, balancing upon her hooves and finished her song before she held her flute over one knee and leaned in to look at me. But therein I got to see the most about a female's body than I'd ever seen before. I saw her breasts – four of them! – and I saw her two vaginal lips flaring open as she leaned in and fingered my lips with her long, delicate fingers that all ended in a large plate-like fingernail similar to the tip of a hoof instead of the delicate and narrow fingernail that most women I knew of possessed.

But then her hand slid down my body, all the way down it, and she fingered me from lips to pelvis before she slid her fingers upward along the top of my penis.

It'd been the first time that someone other than myself had touched it, and like I'd hoped would happen; this new hand touching my penis was the hand of a truly erotic female.

Her soft fingertip came to the tip of my immature maleness as she pressed in on the pee hole for a moment and I found myself pressing it up into her finger even as she pressed down for a moment, and with a brief tinkle of laughter from her, she then lifted her hand a little while still pressing in on that penis, just before she opened her hand wide and I felt my groin leap upward... or at least that's what it felt like.

Instead it suddenly grew longer by several inches, doubling its prior girth as I gasped from the change, just before both my testicles dropped, bulged, and a surge of ejaculate erupted upward into the phallic length and leapt from it to decorate her hand and breasts.



She in turn turned her hand and licked that ejaculate off with her long tongue, just before she reached forward with her other hand, her flute having disappeared somehow, and she held onto that enlarged erection of mine as she simply and ponderously fell forward, spreading her legs even wider as she did, and as she fell her pussy slid right onto my prick and I pierced her right to the hilt.

I exhaled several gasps as she immediately began to rhythmically roll her belly and squeeze her vaginal muscles amidst rocking into me, and finishing cleaning her hand, she then hefted a tit and licked my semen off her silken mammary flesh.

Combining her squeezing, clenching and clapping vaginal muscles as they rapidly lubricated about me with the feeling of four very firm breasts against my chest as their four nipples hardened, I felt a surging rush from those large nads rush to the tip of my dick as I built for an immediate climax. Both eyes rolled back in my head as I moaned, and the lids of those eyes flickered as I teetered on the verge of losing consciousness.

This Fawn then embraced me, cradling me against her as she began to rock, jostle and rub herself against me, and holding me tight, she then kissed me. I became limp to her as she slid her tongue inside my mouth, kissing me very deeply as I felt something sweet, like nectar, being forced into my mouth, and I drank of it... I drank deeply of it, even as my cock and balls suddenly spasmed and I lanced a repeating load of ejaculate up into her body.

It didn't take long for me to faint dead away from such a mind-numbing sexual experience.

### Chapter 3: The God of Love

And then I was waking up with a lurch, wreathed in a cold sweat as I felt my penis spasming a repeating load of cum from it right onto the sheets of my bed beneath me. I gasped as I felt it spasm, offloading several repeating loads of ejaculate that I felt cover the penis it all escaped from as well as the pelvis that held it and both thighs that framed it. But several more gasps escaped me as that penis of mine continued to spasm for several shorter yet still intensely orgasmic lances that didn't evacuate any more ejaculate, but nonetheless kept me in a state of erotic joy. And it kept spasming after that till I had nothing left to push out except air...

I swore that I could still feel that Fawn's breasts against me, could still taste her lips as I licked my own, could still feel her vaginal lips compressing and tensing about my erect penis. Then after several long mind-numbing moments as I grabbed my dick through the sheets and began masturbating, getting it to orgasm a second yet shorter time – I'd never managed a multiple orgasm – I fell back against my bed, still with a wicked hard on.

It was then that my memory began to assail me, and I sat bolt upright in bed and then threw the blanket off me to check out my new enlarged penis, but blinked as I saw that it was the same size as it'd always been.

Though I was naked, and the pajamas that I'd been wearing last night were nearby and ripped to shreds, I still nonetheless had no proof that last night had happened at all. Immediately I became disappointed at the failure, even as my still erect penis gave a lurch and squirted a final thin lancelet of semen onto my stomach before I got to my feet and looked at myself in a mirror, I even flexed, hoping that I'd at least grown stronger, but other than the usual morning wood that didn't go away, I was still the same old Patrick.

"Damn." I said and rubbed a hand through my hair before wiping off the ejaculate on my dick, and stripping my bed of its bed sheets and going into the bathroom that was attached to my room to go take a shower before school.

\*\*\*\*\*

The walk to school was somehow easier today than normal, and after arriving and taking out the inhaler I usually had to take a puff from at this point, I stared at it in wonder. *Strange*, I thought, and pocketed the inhaler again without taking a puff, *I should be wheezing for air right now.*

I was sure something strange was going on when I entered the doors to school, I knew that there was something in the air, something new that I'd never sensed before, but right away I couldn't put my finger on it.

There was something going on... something... intangible.

Shrugging, I went to my locker to get my books and things, and while I was getting them, I saw it. There was a girl who was making eyes with me. No fem had ever done that to me before so I wasn't sure she was doing it at first or just getting something out of her eye, but nonetheless there it was. I blushed and smiled to her and she giggled immediately before she went to her friends and they all began to speak excitedly amongst themselves. I blinked at this happenstance as I closed my locker with books in hand, wondering what was going on, but this also wasn't the last instance of something like this happening.

No less than six different girls in the school of varying ages were trying to catch my attention in one way or another. Three caught my eye and one of those waved hi to me, a fourth cupped her developing breast and smiled at me as I walked by, a fifth blew me a kiss and the sixth and the most extreme even lifted her skirts to show me how her panties had been pulled up nice and high to show off the subtle folds of her pussy.

My breathing was quickening as I saw this last one, saw her press her thighs together as she arched her body toward me, her form sultry and desirous, and in turn I felt myself reacting to her, felt myself start to sweat subtly as my penis got a little wood. I smiled grandly at her, looking from her face to her crotch, pausing for a step or two in my desire to go to her, but at the moment arriving on time for class drew me, and I waved at her good bye before I turned a corner and then before I could catch any more eyes I hurried to my class and promptly sat down in my seat.

This was history, and for a moment I was relieved that there were no more girls to exchange glances with, but then several of them entered the class and took their seats, and I noticed that as each one entered, each paused and looked at me, smiled and either acknowledged me or hurried to take their seat to avoid looking at me too. I felt my legs spread open automatically as I felt my erection bow out the front of the slacks I was wearing as each of these remarkably beautiful young women hurried by and I tried not to adjust myself in front of them all, especially now that several of them were watching me instead of the usual male targets in the room.

This was indeed strange. No one fem other than Jen had ever so much as acknowledged my presence other than to tell me no or to shove me out of the way, and now I was getting ogled by every girl I met! I think that last girl who showed me her pussy was a senior too!

Trying to put this new change of events aside, feeling the heart inside me quickening, I tried to focus upon academics, when the teacher entered the room, and immediately I swallowed as I remembered that Miss Tessmocker, the most amply mature teacher in the school, taught this class.

The teacher entered and closed the door, and immediately my penis leapt inside my pants, hard and erect, and I heard the seams in those pants around it groan while the button at its top unsnapped and I rushed to close it up again with one hand. Both my nads were

flushing full of seed it felt, and with every beat of my heart, that penis throbbed and jostled heavily.

“All right class, we have a lot to...” she said as she turned to us and her eyes immediately fell on me. The pause was only a fraction of a second, but it was enough to catch my attention. “...Cover today, so notepads out.”

In the flurry of getting ready for class, I found myself looking at our teacher, looking carefully at her, my eyes depicting changes in her clothing that I never noticed before. She wore a women’s gray suit, with the bottom being a miniskirt and its top being a jacket that sloped down low to accent the fact that she had a bosom. She did wear a blouse underneath the jacket, but there’ve been many inquiring minds as to what exactly she wore beneath all that, but now that I was paying such close attention to her, I saw exactly what it was.

I saw the straps of her bra, saw the straps of her panties, and I saw that the backs of those panties didn’t fully cover her bottom, which meant that she was wearing an accenting thong bottom that was laden with lace. I smiled stupidly as I admired her butt and automatically wrote down on my paper what she was writing on the chalkboard, and looking up, I saw the faint lines of her bra through her blouse. Everyone knew that she wore thigh panty hose that were a shade of black, with white trimmings, and those were thusly held up by those lingerie-like belts with the little straps made to hold socks up.

“Now books away for a special project.” Miss Tessmocker said, and I blinked and looked from her voluminous breasts to her face, seeing her expertly applied makeup enshrouded by twin trails of golden blonde hair that framed her face from the top of her head, while the rest of her long hair was drawn up into a teacher-like bun at the top of her head and held fast by a pair of chopstick-like hair stays.

I smiled at her, feeling something new budding in me as I looked at this woman and she looked at me, and of course like most boys did with Miss Tessmocker, I began to fantasize as being her manly man-man who’d deflower her like a virgin princess. Ok... maybe not every guy thought that, but I did just then. But then Miss Tessmocker smiled back at me and explained the project, which would be a sort of quiz in which we could only use today’s notes.

Then she went to the back of the class, and I followed her with my eyes and turned my head as much as I dared, but then I couldn’t look anymore or else dare show the class I was watching her and had to force myself to pay attention to the project instead.

Damn it...

And while I worked, I didn’t work nearly as fast as I could. I had a wicked erection that was driving me nuts, and I kept on thinking about Miss Tessmocker’s butt and breasts and...

“Hello Patrick,” I heard her voice, and I started, looking back at her after having just drawn a pair of breasts on my project paper. “And what does this notation mean?” she said, and she lifted a hand with her well-manicured red polished nails, a color red that matched the color of those sumptuously supple lips of hers, and pointed at the breasts that I’d just drawn.

Her cheeks were blushing and she was smiling almost stupidly at me, and I tried to remind myself that she was a teacher, and there was no possible way that a teacher would dare come onto me, a teacher was definitely not doing that to a student... even if I was eighteen...

But in an old scientific adage, if it looked like a goat, and smelled like a goat and sounded like a goat, then it was a goat. Well this looked, smelt and sounded like she was coming onto me.

“It... it’s ah... a notation to remind me to include the... ah... great leaps of medicine that Leonardo DaVinci had provided from his highly accurate drawings of human anatomy.” I said, and felt my raging hard on grow even more inside the pants I wore, more than I thought it capable of doing, its girth spreading open the gap in the crotch of the boxers I was wearing so that the hard phallus could press right up against the cold zipper of those pants.

My heart was beating so hard that it was almost all that I could hear, and all I could see right now was Miss Tessmocker’s erect nipples.

“Truly?” she mused and leaned in close to me, and the next thing I knew I was feeling the firmness of her breast against my cheek

I began breathing even more quickly than before, and I was thankful that I was on the end row so that there was no one on the other side of me who could see this as I felt a trickle of my jism escape the tip of my prick and enter into my shorts.

It’s a good notation, I think.” She mentioned then. “Very accurate as well, and Leonardo has provided a great deal to the advancement of mankind thanks to his contributions during the Renaissance.”

“Ah-I’m very glad you think so, Miss Tessmocker.” I said, even as she pressed more of her breast against my face, and I felt her other tit come to a rest on my narrow shoulder.

My eyes were fluttering as I felt myself nearing a faint, but I fought it, I fought it hard and even dared to rub my cheek against her tit. It was so full and firm and warm... I’d always thought that a breast was going to be a bulbously firm thing, like a penis was for a guy when it got erect, but this defied that. Like a bag of sand. Yes it was firm, but it had an incredible cushioned layer of fat and silken flesh that could give way to the pressure of my face. I wanted to kiss it, suck from its tit, and penetrate her.

And with that thought an actual squirt of jism escaped me, making the insides of my shorts sticky.

“Hmm.” She said and then rose in a way that that tit of hers rubbed gently against my face all the way up. “I want to discuss your project with you after class, Patrick.” She said and then stepped away, walking up the aisle a little bit as if she were watching people work, and she stopped at a girl a few desks in front of me and bent over to speak with her, but when she bent over I saw her bottom flush into the back of her skirt, saw the fabric fold tightly over those firm hams she had for a bottom, and then suddenly I saw that her one hand was balling them hems of her skirts together, was holding them down so that they would do that, and her butt was pointing right at me!

I blinked and shook my head, realizing that she was doing that on purpose... at me! A teacher even!

I finished my project quickly then, maybe a bit sloppily, but I finished it just so that I could sit quietly and watch the teacher, see her moving, see her stretch, and I got excited for spending some time with such a mature woman like her. She was perhaps one of those women that every school district had. She was single, never been married, a teacher with a perfect body, perfect skin, perfect lips... literally a one in a million sort of woman, wherein in all of America, there were perhaps only a few hundred such creatures. But to make matters more sublime in her case, is that she drove a hot convertible red sports car... something that was definitely well outside of a teacher's salary, which meant that she moonlighted elsewhere, and the only way a woman of her youthful exuberance could afford a car of that nature meant that Miss Tessmocker either pulled tricks at night, or she had a second job that paid a lot more than her teacher's salary could ever afford.

Everyone wagered that it was the former instead of the later, though some boys I've overheard imagined her in a racing league of some sort... just so that they could get that scene one saw in racing movies that involved women racers where they take their helmets off, let loose cascades of blonde hair, just before they opened their bodysuit to show a naked body that was covered only by the smallest of bathing suits. Come to think of it... I wouldn't mind seeing that myself, but she had far more knowledge of makeup, poise and bearing than most female racers I've seen on TV ever seemed to have.

The bell for the end of class finally came, and I impatiently waited in my seat as all the other students filed by.

“Hey Pat.” One girl said and leaned over for me, writing a number down on the book cover of my book, leaning way over to where her chest was pressed against my face like Miss Tessmocker's had been, while I was met with the sight of her small, pert breasts inside her shirt, the pair of them naked and viewable through her neck hole.

Her breasts were firmer than Miss Tessmocker's in their budding stages, they had yet to start to sag, and both had very large and strong nipples that stood on end.

“I just wanted to say hi.” She said and pointed at the number she’d written down. “Give me a call when you want to hang out...” and she arched herself as she rose as seductively as a young woman who didn’t know how to seduce as well as a mature woman did before she turned and left.

I bit my lower lip, seeing the way her hips rocked as she walked and the size of her already fully mature bottom as her ever so tight jeans accented every little bit of her... including and most especially that pocket of fabric that covered her pussy.

I was sweating heavily now, feeling that sweat sliding down my chest, in the creases of either thigh and in between my butt cheeks. I felt my groin growing hot and steamy from the moisture of sweat and the sticky slick of my jism escaping me as I watched her leave, and then I saw every girl in class either catch my eye, wave at me, or pause by the door and caress something before they left.

Either this was make fun of Pat day by making him think he was the most popular boy in school, or something really did happen last night! Maybe all that *wasn't* a dream!

And then the door was closing and Miss Tessmocker was there before she drew the screen over the window and promptly locked the door. I smiled grandly at her, half expecting to have a few short minutes with her as she just talked with me, but what happened next I definitely wasn’t prepared for.

Her chest was heaving as she fixed me with a pair of hungry eyes, and lifting both hands to her jacket, she undid each button from the bottom up before opening the jacket and pushing it off her shoulders to hang about her arms, and as she approached me in her high-heels, she thusly pulled her blouse from her skirts before pulling it open; the little metal snaps that served as its buttons popping open one after the next to show me a firm, athletic belly-dancer’s belly, and two fully mature DD-cup breasts hemmed in by a black lace bra that pushed both breasts together and lifted them high atop her chest.

She thusly came to sit before me... *on top of my desk!*... and rolling herself to rest on the side of one leg, she then pulled her skirts upward to show me the crotch of her pussy that was covered by an ever so intricate black-lace set of panties that matched her bra.

“I’ve been noticing you, Pat.” She sighed, her heaving breasts straining against her bra as she lifted one hand to a clasp that was between them, and with a flick of her finger the clasp came undone, and the two constrained mammaries blossomed forward, naked and beautiful, complete with their large, erect nipples and their swollen pink areola.

She was sweating and those two fat mammaries glistened with her perspiration, the pair distended and fully mature; a woman’s breasts instead of the pert girl’s breasts that decorated the chests of all the girls in this school. Immediately my groin leapt inside my pants and I heard the snap of the button coming undone again, and looking down I saw that the bulge of my groin had swollen massively, so massive that in its superbly erect state it was slowly forcing the zipper to unzip now too!

But when I looked back up at Miss Tessmocker, she was un-shouldering the shoulders of her jacket, her white silk blouse and the straps of her bra, her milk udders wobbling enticingly for a moment. And then she slid her fingers between her breasts to spread them apart, and I began to breathe so rapidly that I was hyperventilating.

And still I didn't need my inhaler.

"Do you want to touch them?" she asked as she pulled back her skirts a little more, showing off more of her crotch and the black panties that covered it. Those panties were merely a patch that covered her mature vagina, with a little of her pubic hairs peaking out of the top of those panties in a decorative fuzz.

"I... I..." I stammered as I broke out in a cold sweat.

And then I immediately rose from the seat I'd occupied, looking at those fully rounded tits, being hypnotized by them as I watched her nipples swelling, the once flat disks with the tiny little mounds rapidly erecting several centimeters at a time.

I was fixated on them, felt my groin bulging inside the pants I wore, and licking my lips, I actually lifted both hands and touched a grown woman's breasts! This was the first time that I'd ever actually touched a breast, the first time I felt the soft, malleable flesh of a breast wrapped around the firmness of the papilla inside it.

At first I pressed only my fingertips against it, watching out the fatty sacks of firmed flesh attached to her chest gave way to those fingers, just before I pressed both hands around them and actively groped them. Now I watched as the flesh flowed about each finger, like it were a water balloon filled with jelly or some sort of paste while her nipples that were as hard and as firm as small bits of hard rubber poked against both palms.

Her breasts transformed absolutely everything that I'd ever known about women... just by the mere touching of her truly immaculate mammary orbs. My mind changed with the understanding, and suddenly I knew how a woman should be touched. Not the twisting or groping that I'd seen guys do with their girlfriends in the hall, they were the ones who didn't know any better, and instead I knew that a woman needed to be caressed and massaged.

The metal tangs of the zipper holding my penis in began to groan as I erected harder, that erected penis leaking more of my juices even as I heard my zipper being undone. My first reaction was to look down at my groin, half expecting to see my penis tearing through the front of the pants covering it, but when I found that that wasn't it, I instead looked back to Miss Tessmocker again, actually focusing on the whole of her instead of just her breasts, and I saw her unzipping the side of her miniskirt after having just undone the snapping button there. When the zipper was undone, she then unfolded her long legs, spreading her thighs open and revealing to me her swollen vaginal mound, and I gasped before another surprise greeted me, and I felt something smooth and slick slide into my



palms. Moving both hands away from her tits, I brought them away and found milk there, and a quick glance at her breasts showed me that she was lactating!

Just then there was another unzipping sound, and this time it was my pants as the crotch flared open, and chuckling at me, Miss Tessmocker rose to a sitting position, and hooking both thumbs into her panties, she then slid them straight off her body and let them fall off her calves before she rose to her feet, her breasts wobbling and swaying with her every little movement before she stood before me. And when she was before me, she lowered her arms and let that jacket, blouse and bra fall off her so that she stood before me totally naked save for the high-heels she wore and the thigh socks and garter belt that kept them up.

“You’ve never had a woman before have you, Pat?” she murred, and lowering her hands, began to undo my belt, opening those pants up completely now that the zipper was open and revealing my penis inside my boxers before she pushed that belt open and slid both hands down underneath those boxers to grip my bare butt. “You’ve never had a woman with pouting lips, or these large, firm breasts?” she murred for me, deep in her throat, and I suddenly felt her naked moistening pussy pressing about my groin, the bowl of her thighs and pelvis perfectly conforming about my dick while she pressed her breasts against my neck and chin.

She was taller than me, which placed her breasts right in the perfect position for me to press my face into them, kissing them if I wanted to, but not yet. She’d asked me a question, and like a gentleman, I had to answer a lady’s question.

“N-no.” I gasped, arching myself instinctively, puffing my feeble chest out and instinctively getting ready to pierce her. “I’ve... never had any woman before.”

“Is that right?” she smiled happily for me. “Then... would you like to have me? Would you like to put your penis inside me?” she murred again and slid her other hand down the back of my shorts and gripped my other butt cheek as she ground her pussy against my prick.

I gasped and swooned a little in her arms, succumbing to her tantric feminine wiles. I didn’t care anymore if this was right or not... I was eighteen, I could have any woman I wanted, and my parents could be damned about it!

“Yes.” I moaned, and she turned me with a smile, leaning me against a desk and I automatically settled backward, planting both hands on the desk behind me, gripping its top as I felt her supple, red lips press against mine in a kiss.

The feeling of her breasts and her pussy against mine as I leaned backward for her even as she lowered her head and kissed my throat, and then my chest, her nearly naked form lowering to her knees before she pulled my shorts off me and fully revealed that erect penis of mine, I didn’t even realize at first that it had grown more than I was used to it growing... all I knew was that I was far harder than I’d ever been in my life.

Geeks had a tendency of being virgins for a long time simply because most fems tended to avoid us, and because of that, the sheer anticipation of putting my penis in this beautiful teacher's vagina was only adding to why it was so hard, but it was then that I heard her gasp at the extension projecting from my pelvis.

“Goodness! I’ve *never* seen an erection that was so large.” She said and wrapped a hand around it.

I gasped, feeling her long, slender and delicate fingers coiling around its mass, and now that a fully grown woman's hand was around it for comparison, I wondered briefly as to whether or not it even *could* grow that large... as if something had artificially enhanced it. But that moment was the only chance I had to wonder about it, for my penis leapt and tensed beneath her grasp, and a bead of creamy-white semen escaped the end of my penis, and with a gasp, she opened her mouth and licked that bead off clean, moistening my tip and making me tense harder than ever.

My penis leapt again, and as it tensed it seemed to billow wider and lengthen by a few centimeters in both directions while the twin nads hanging from it firmed up as they filled and jostled, I felt her lick my tip again and again. Her flat tongue slid her saliva over the velvety length of my manhood while she stroked it with one hand, just before she kissed its end and then pressed her reddened lips around the tip and slid her mouth fully onto it. Then there was the feeling of her other hand as she fondled my balls, and I immediately gasped and moaned to her exertions.

Her tongue, lips and cheeks sucked on me, and I groaned hard, feeling my prick leap again, escaping a little more jism into her mouth and down her throat, and despite how much I'd love to come and spew into her mouth, maybe overflow and shoot my excess onto those fat breasts of hers, I just couldn't. I couldn't spew and I really had no idea why I hadn't yet!

After a few seconds of this I should've spewed... I mean I don't even last this long during masturbation, and here I was going more than a full minute in my first real sexual experience. Hell... I should've shot myself all over her just by her looking at it, even fondling it, and here I was getting my first blowjob and still... nothing!

And then Miss Tessmocker settled back, her wide naked bottom settling upon the heels of her shoes as she looked at the moistened lance of my dick that she'd sucked on.

“Still hard?! Oh sweetie... you're my dream come true!” she murred again, and then hefting both her breasts and rising slowly: “But I won't be denied my sweet protein intake for the day.” She winked at me, and then cupping her breasts, she pressed them around my erect phallus, and lowering her head once again she sucked only on the tip while caressing my penis with her breasts.

“Goo...” I managed and began to instinctively rock my hips, pressing my cock into her mouth now while she rubbed those fat breasts about my shaft, and I stared at her red ruby lips forming an O-shape about my cock while the reddened nails of her hands fondled her breasts in the act of enticing me with their silken roundness.

But as I stared at her lovely face, I felt my maleness seeming to evolve as it experienced this first sexual act. The muscles were thickening, growing stronger, with the top flaring wider and wider while base billowing outward. The tube along the underside bulged thickly and whitened from the skin stretching while the rest of that extending mass reddened from all the blood flowing down its length before purpling slightly. The strengthening muscles formed subtle ribs all the way down its length, and I felt the head at the end of all this bulging into a hard knob...

There'd always been a little softness at the head of that phallus whenever I touched it while erect, but all the softness out of its entire length was going away as it grew and hardened; flooding with as much blood as possible from my body and making me stupid from its growth. But then also the nads hanging from that rod were swelling wide, becoming sensitive and firm... and I knew that when I finally did blow, it'd lance loads all over the place.

But then Miss Tessmocker was sliding her lips off my phallus with a comical slurp, kissing it as she'd done before and let her breasts fall from off my lap; the pair bouncing and heaving heavily as she began giving me a hand job again.

“My word! Still you haven't come.” She murred, and then looked up at me. “You virile, powerful man you! Usually I have to get you men to spew at least once till you can remain hard long enough to satisfy me... mayhap we can try to get you to spew vaginally then.”

I swallowed as she rose, and when she stood fully before me, her hands lifted to the back of her head and she pulled the hair stays from it, and immediately the long tresses of her hair cascaded down and around her head and neck. My cock leapt again as I knew what was coming, and she paused, rubbing her cunt and sliding its moisture over her labia before she pinched her clitoris and shivered.

Her long hair dancing about her face, her alluring naked form as she lifted both hands and slid them beneath my shirt, pushing it upward and forcing me to lift my hands above my head as she took it off me hid my view of her briefly till she'd taken it off, and when it was gone, I found her breasts before my eyes.

Those breasts were heaving, swelling with every intake of breath and receding with every exhale she took, and when I looked up into her face again, she smiled to me, and lowering her hands between us and gripping instead of caressing my penis, she drew it backward and pressed it against the hot mound of vaginal muscle between her thighs, just before she arched herself forward.

It happened in slow motion it felt, and everything melted away as I closed my eyes, and all feeling save for that first inch of penile flesh passing through the gates of her womanhood was all that I knew for what felt like an eternity. And she kept sliding forward, continued pressing her sex against mine, and I felt myself penetrating deeper and deeper into her bowels, arching further up into her vaginal cavity while her vaginal muscles rubbed against my manhood, clenching minutely as she whimpered and seemed to force herself onto me.

“Y-you’re so big! So very, very big!” she moaned, one of her hands gripping my base as she started to rock, her back arching and I felt my manly rod bent within her insides, feeling her wet moisture sloppily moving about that erection, and gritting my teeth, feeling all those sexual frustrations that I’d had for the past several years rising to the fore, I lifted both hands and began to massage her breasts, getting her to sigh repeatedly as I got her breasts to leak their milk, spraying the silken fluids against my chest to make me slicker to slide against, and hefting one of those tits and gripping the other, I kissed her nipple and sucked on it as hard as I could.

“Oh! Not so fast my powerful man.” She moaned as she began to rock expertly, and my phallus slid in and out of her body, tensing harder and harder.

Letting go of her tit I then found her bottom and gripped one of her butt cheeks, finding that firm bottom that had a softening layer of fat about it that was just soft enough to allow me to feel the firmness of the rounded muscle below it. I gripped that butt, felt it and held onto it before I then held her waist with both hands, and suddenly I found myself moving, moving automatically, acting on instinct, and I turned her, turned an adult woman, a teacher even who was indeed teaching me about the new and wondrous experience that sex was, and this time it was her turn to rest against the desk as I took command of this session with all vigor.

She gasped and lifted both legs, flaring them wide and holding onto the edge of the desk as I began to rock, holding onto one of her legs as she lifted it and bent it over my shoulder, my penis engorging itself continually it felt as it thrust over and over in my mindless fervor to feel sex, to make love at long last!

“Ah!” I groaned, and began to massage her body, feeling her pussy lips and her thighs, feeling her breasts again as I thrust deeper, pressing against the inner most portions of her body, feeling my strength growing, my sexual power evolving! “Yes!” I growled gutturally through my teeth and plunged, plunged again and then froze.

“Yes!” she gasped. “Give it to me!” and I felt a pressure in my penis as my balls clenched, and pressed their contents into the underside of my penis, and like a roiling avalanche, I felt fluids pressing upward into the length of my phallus, filling it as it flared, pressing toward the end.

This was a familiar experience, I knew what was happening: I was about to cum! Only it'd never been this powerful... never before in my life. This was a dual testicle full throbbing explosion happening here!

I gripped her wide hips and thrust deeper, pressing my pelvis against hers, parting her cervix open with the penetration, gritting my teeth as the entire length of that penis swelled to fill her bowels. And then with a trembling spasm I felt my penis lance backward with what felt like the force of a howitzer, erupting a gurgling eruption of seed into her bowels, offloading one eruption after the next as I gasped all through the extent of it.

The first spasm made my knees weak, the second nearly made me collapse and slip right on out of her like a sissy, but the third and fourth empowered me again, and soon I was grinding her pelvis as I evacuated six, then a dozen ejaculating eruptions into her body. Twelve turned into two and then three dozen as I began humping her again, feeling her orgasm clamp around my phallus and hold it tight then in an incredible snapping motion that was so tight I couldn't pull out of her.

That penis of mine continued erupting inside her; or at least it spasmed continually now that all the ejaculate had been expended, and I felt her bowels clenching on me even tighter to where it felt like two large hands gripping me and massaging me with her heart beat.

But amidst all this, I began to gasp, feeling my heart beat hammering harder and harder, the sound of it pounding in my ears as it pushed blood into that phallus to strengthen the penile muscles invading her bowels. That penis engorged; thickening itself it felt, deepening even further into her body, growing stronger where I was able to move it again even against her adult body's inner musculature.

Even with her muscles as tight as they were now, I was soon able to overpower her... it made me feel stronger, made me feel stronger than an adult woman, and as I began to move against her, getting her to gasp and moan again, I began to feel powerful, like a god of love that I was able to get a woman like her off. And then surprising myself, I cradled her, lifted her up against my body and held her surprisingly easily enough with how spindly I was and keeping her aloft long enough so that I could squat and lay her on the floor where I could more thoroughly make love to her, grinding her pussy that was disgorging our shared love juices as I massaged one of her mighty tits while sucking from the other.

For nearly a full hour did I pleasure her before I tried pulling out, but when I did I accidentally lost control of my penis and the sopping wet thing began to erupt with yet a new batch of freshly made ejaculate... which was strange because I'd already expended it all inside her, so how could I have more? I'd never had reserves before...

But nonetheless I came all over her pussy and belly, shooting my jism as far away as her breasts to decorate them with long streamers of creamy white, and even then I still

remained steely hard, still remained erect. And then I looked down at it, and gaped at what I saw.

It was like I had a twenty ounce bottle attached to my loins!

The thing pulsed and throbbed, and seeing it, Miss Tessmocker lurched upward and knelt before me to suck all the juices off it before she rubbed herself up against me, and sitting on my lap again, getting me to pierce her all over again, she and I loved each other for many minutes longer before the bell at the end of class rang.

“Oh damn...” she groaned, and ever so slowly slid off me with a loud wet slurping sound as she pinched her vaginal muscles all the way off me. “Saved by the bell.” She moaned as she rose, but I caught her by the butt cheek with one hand, my penis still erect and throbbing.

I began to masturbate with one hand, trying to get that rising sexual strain to go away before I pulled her back to me and thusly started to suck her pussy clean, tasting the bitter-sweet mixture of our love juices decorating her cunt before sucking on the tuft of vaginal hairs at the peak of her shaved pussy.

She sighed and moaned, as I probed her with my tongue, combing my hair with her long red fingernails before she withdrew, rubbing her pussy and leaving me there kneeling on the floor with both the shorts and pants I’d been wearing caught about my ankles.

I was stunned stupid from what I’d just felt as she returned with a box of tissues and quickly rubbed the excess juices off me while the foot falls of hundreds of students outside could be heard, even as a knocking came at the door outside.

“I give you an A-plus.” She murred, and after wiping herself and the desk we were on clean, she handed me the box of tissues as she very quickly and very expertly dressed herself, going from nude hot teacher to clothed sexy teacher within a matter of seconds. “Now clean yourself up... we need to let the other students into the room.”

And I looked down at the throbbing phallic mass bulging from my pelvis, saw that it wasn’t reducing yet, and taking a big wad of tissues, pulled my shirt back on and stuffed that thing as best as I could inside my pants and cinched my belt up nice and tight.

Looking back at her, receiving a wink from her in return as she used cleansers to wipe the desk free while my groin continued to throb inside my pants, I tossed all the used tissues in the waste can by her desk, unlocked the door, and promptly left before any other fem could assault me with such wiles.

\*\*\*\*\*

I hungered... I hungered not for food, but for pussy; sopping wet, tight pussy that could continue doing that squeezing, jostling sucking motion to my cock like what Miss

Tessmocker had done to me. I hungered for breasts and ass, thought of nothing else, couldn't focus on anything of an academic nature at all at the moment, for all I thought of and all I wanted was to lay another woman.

That penis of mine was still erect and throbbing, was still bowed outward severely and aching to get out with it being so cramped up inside the front of my pants. It hurt to keep it hemmed in so, especially being that I could feel the two swollen nads to either side of it firming up and bulging outward now.

*I'd just made it with a teacher, I told myself. Not just any teacher, but Miss Tessmocker! Great Maker, she was like a porn star unleashed!!*

I swallowed, thinking about her fine ass and heaving bosom, remembered the taste of her breast milk and wondered exactly how she managed to get her breasts to lactate when she didn't have any kids that we knew of. I thought she was single and had never been married. Perhaps she takes enzymes or something to make her breasts lactate like that...

But my mind skipped a beat as I thought about lactating breasts, and suddenly all I could see was Miss fat Tessmocker's breasts squirting her milk upon my chest while I had my dick up inside her, and blinking and shaking my head to clear it, I hurried to a nearby water fountain amidst all the churning students and teachers. After guzzling a great deal of water, and debating whether or not to put my dick in the faucet, I rose with water draining from my mouth and more water squirting from the faucet as I smelt pussy, and turning my head, I saw a rather luscious looking girl my age there right next to the indented faucet.

She was lovely and well-developed, with her blouse undone by several buttons as she leaned in close and opened a flap of her shirt, showing me her naked swollen breast and the thickness of the nipple and the areola atop it. She moaned as she stood there beside me, and I automatically lifted a hand to her side, sliding it up her bare flesh inside her shirt before feeling her boob and rubbing the areola and nipple with a finger tip.

It was far firmer than Miss Tessmocker's was, like it was a big rubber pad prior to gravity maturing it into the soft, rounded thing that it'd soon be as she grew older. I felt her tight little nipple that was unused to lactation or another human being's lips sucking upon it while I continued to caress her areola as I smiled stupidly at her.

And then she slid in close to me like Tessmocker had done, pressing her pussy right over my groin and grinding me.

"I want you." She whispered and fingered the collar of my shirt open and smelled the scent of my sweat decorating my body beneath the shirt.

*I didn't even know her! I didn't know her and she wanted me... what was happening to me?*

I grew hotter, felt a flush in my cheeks and chest, felt my raging hard one surge forward to snap the top button of my pants again, threatening to burst right through the zipper, tear through her pants and panties and thrust right up between her pussy lips to pierce her to the hilt. And as if to help all that along, she flared her legs open a little more and pressed her crotch against that swelling groin of mine, and I felt a bead of ejaculate escape it... which was amazing when I didn't even think I had anymore!

"Hey!" someone shouted, and we both looked to the voice to see a teacher, a male teacher, approaching us. "One foot separation, you two." He said, and we immediately broke, the girl turning her back to the teacher as she immediately began buttoning up her blouse as she walked away. "And what are you looking at?" he challenged me, seeing me looking darkly at him.

"Nothing sir." I grit out and then walked away, getting to my next class in the day and taking my seat.

It was becoming ever so difficult to concentrate on studies... I had a bulging mass for a groin that was actually forcing my legs apart, and I had to lean way back in my chair to keep the thing from being bent too much. What was worse was that I could actually *smell* girls now, and I'd become aware of their deodorant and perfumes, and in this class I was seated immediately around a good half dozen of them. But to add to all that was the fact that I was becoming aggressive in my thoughts... the amount of testosterone my two nads must be making must've been phenomenal!

Half way through class, I heard a kissing noise, and looking sideways amidst making notes, I saw one girl wink at me, just before she began to draw back the skirts off one leg, pulling it back till I was able to see her white cotton panties, and soon after that, I was able to see the wedge of her pussy and how moist it was now. It'd created a long wet stripe in her panties, and I could also see her erect nipples through her shirt while she unbuttoned all the buttons of the collar of that shirt. There were only four buttons on that pretty pink shirt she was wearing, but nonetheless it showed me enough of her chest to allow me to know the contours of her bosom. I could see by the contours of her clothing that she wasn't wearing a bra, and instead wore only one of those undershirts... those silk undershirts that only covered the chest and not the belly, the thing sleeveless, collarless and backless, that if her shirt were off it'd reveal so much of her bodice.

She made another kissing motion and then licked her lips, and I imagined pressing my bulbous shaft into her mouth only to feel her sucking on it till I came solidly into her mouth and down her throat before I began to solidly fuck that mouth and...

"Is there something you're having a problem with Patrick?" someone said, and my head jerked up to see the teacher standing at the head of the row I was sitting in. "This is a test after all, and I'll have you keep your eyes on your own paper."

"Y-yes sir." I replied and attacked my test paper again, trying as hard as I could to remember facts and simply work through this class.



But the girl to my right wasn't the only one trying to impress me with her body at that moment, and on both sides of me were girls who were hiking up skirts or pant legs, lifting shirts a little or letting straps fall off shoulders. One even took her pen and rubbed it in a circle about her lips. I grew so excited then that I actually came a little in my shorts.

But that was nothing compared to when I heard that kiss sound again from the young woman to my right, only to see that she'd lifted her skirt again and had lowered her leg that was nearest to me so that I could see her rubbing her crotch and sending that kissy gesture toward me. I bit my lower lip in hunger, I wanted to suck on her crotch wanted to lick it and swallow mouthful after mouthful of her sweet nectar, but then I saw her lift her hand and then slide her fingers down into her underpants while the teacher was looking the other way, and right then and there she caressed her pussy briefly and likewise just as briefly showed me the downy blond vaginal hairs decorating her sex before she made like she was straightening her skirt and hid it all from me when the teacher turned back.

I promptly looked back to my test.

After class, I found a moment in the halls to look down at my groin as I walked, and swallowed at the incredible bulge that I saw there. It'd swelled so much that the top button didn't really remain shut for more than a minute or two, and the stubby girth had pushed open that flap of my jeans that usually folded over the zipper while the zipper itself was holding itself shut only by the sheer amount of friction that was trying to rip the metal tangs apart. Two bulbous lumps that had once been two cherry-like nads inside their limp sack felt like a pair of golf balls had replaced my nads, all while that penis had erected so much that I had to tuck my shirt over it so that it could erect up my navel.

*What... is going on with me?! I thought in frustration.*

But amidst that frustration and amidst thinking about nothing by my penis and what sort of things on a woman it could go inside, I didn't realize that there was a trap being laid for me until it'd sprung.

As I was walking I was suddenly broadsided by three young women who pushed me amidst chattering and laughter sideways into the girl's bathroom while two more took one of my wrists and drew me along with them. One of those girls slapped an "out of order" sign on the door before closing it and still yet another locked it behind all of us.

There've been many times in the past in which I've been forced into the girl's bathroom, usually because some bully or some such wanted to emasculate me. But at the moment as I whirled against the far wall beneath an embankment of frosted windows, I felt a mixture of fear of being surrounded by numerous young women between the ages of sixteen and nineteen and a Molotov of other emotions that were all centered upon the act of penetrating the lot of them.

The were all giggling and watching me at the moment, and standing there with my books in one hand, I smirked at them and felt my phallus suddenly winning over the battle between it and my self control. And then the first of these young, beautiful, sexual fems approached me, and shortly in her wake came two more, the three of them stepping close and looking at each other before their hands lifted to their blouses and began unzipping or unbuttoning them before me.

As I watched this, I realized exactly was happening to me. No longer did I wonder as to why all of a sudden I was such a focus of sexuality, all I cared about at the moment was the supple yet youthful breasts that were being revealed to me, each set hemmed in by a nice undershirt or hemmed in with a bra of one sort or another.

Behind these first three girls there were a half dozen others that were now undressing as well, and I got to see immediately the secret habits of several fems at once, and I swallowed, smiling at them each in turn as I spied their choice of underwear. Some wore bras, others didn't, others only wore a skimpy undershirt and let their breasts hang free and wobble lightly within their underclothing. Others wore simple cotton panties, others wore hot pants, those skimpy sorts that cut straight across their hips and hung on for dear life it seemed by the narrowest of straps, while still others wore high-arching thongs that cut so high over their hips that the straps of black, red or white underwear actually showed outside the pants or skirts they wore. Some of their underwear were designed simply with simple coloring while still others were patterned, or had little hearts or butterflies on them, while still others were made of elegant lace and accenting patterns.

I dropped the books and book bag I was carrying, feeling my erection growing steely hard, and the snap of the pants I'd only just recently closed popped open right before the zipper unzipped itself, and a mighty erection slid from within my trousers to push the base of my shirt upward and my trousers forward. My hand snapped to my belt as that erection billowed forward, the head flaring as the muscles in its entire length groaned from the tensions of such a powerful erection. I felt hot, I felt a maddening stupidity at all the blood rushing from the head on my shoulders to the one on the end of that erect dick, and I began to breathe heavily in want and desire.

I smelt their perfumes, smelt the sweat on their bodies, smelt the pheromones on their skin.

“W-what do you all want?” I asked even though I recognized what was going on, even as the first three girls reached me, and promptly pressed against me.

“We want you...” they answered in a way that echoed each other, with several girls answering at once and was then echoed by others among this group. “We want to please you...” the one directly in front of me said and all the other girls echoed “...Please you.” After her words, even as she pressed firmly against me, her pussy pressing against my prick as that throbbing member slid easily beneath her right between her legs, and her hands slid beneath my shirt to push it upward off my body.

Her long fingernails scraped seductively against the skin of my belly and chest while the two girls to either side of me hemmed me in with their breasts, getting me to let go of my belt and raise both my arms so that the one young woman in front of me could push my shirt up over my head.

They kissed me with their lips as the other girls approached as well, and I rapidly became hemmed in by their lusciously silken and half-naked bodies, the soft-skinned bodies of youth but the budding bodies of growing women. I erected even harder, feeling my nipples hardening for goodness sakes... I'd never felt such an arousing sensation in my life... especially when the two young women to my sides pressed in close and began licking those nipples with their tongues.

My breathing quickened, especially as the fem directly in front of me squeezed her thighs about my erect cock while I looked down at my body, gasping heavily in amazement at what I saw.

I'd been developing a little chest hair, and even had some underarm hair at long last... I'd hoped on growing a beard or a moustache or something like that, but all of a sudden I realized that all the hair on my body had disappeared. In its stead was a marvelous change in the formation of thickened chest muscles and tightened abdominals that had become of my rounded belly, and a quick look to either of the arms that the two girls to either side of me showed that they'd strengthened a little as well, with decided biceps now.

And then I heard a sigh, and returning my attention to the fem in front of me who was rocking her hips now, sliding my dick within its boxers between her thighs now, I saw her arch herself deeply before she grabbed the front of her bra and hefted it, just before the shoulder straps fell off it. Her fingers deftly unhooked the garment and then pulled it open, and I shivered immediately to the feeling of her warm and now naked breasts against my chest; her nipples as hard as stones while she discarded the bra, and then arched backward to display them to me.

My gaze became centered with her immature breasts, the pair swollen indeed, large and engorged as the young women of this day and age seemed to develop with just enough fat that surrounded swollen with ample glands thanks to the enzymes in all the milk they fed us here in school ... and she looked like she drank a lot of milk! Somehow my vision became super enhanced as I focused upon those breasts, and I watched her nipples hardening, watched them erect ever so slowly right before me. In reaction to that, my prick erected harder than ever, the thing swelling longer and wider, the nads bulging and billowing more thickly before they clenched suddenly and loaded a fresh wash of heavy ejaculate into the underside of that dick and readied it all to blow from me.

My hips bucked into the underside of the leader of this group's body, and I bucked again as a hand cupped the tip of my phallus and pulled it upward into the underside of the first girl's bottom, and opening my eyes wide with a gasp, I watched as one of the fems behind the leader cradled her and likewise gripped my penis and started giving me a hand

job. Three more girls arrived with one kneeling beneath the legs of the first girl and her supporting friend, and this fem began unbuckling my belt while the other two started tugging my pants and shorts off.

The press of all these feminine bodies was maddening, and more and more undershirts and bras were being cast off, revealing more breasts of all sorts, and suddenly I was sure of what was happening to me:

I was being *'Press Ganged!'*

It was done maybe once or twice a year, as several of the girls all gathered together and pleased one guy. I never, never in a million years, thought that such a thing would ever happen to me. But nonetheless here I was, one of the biggest geeks in the school, inside a girl's bathroom no less and being fondled by an increasingly number of fems that were making themselves as nude as the day that they were born while they likewise steadily undressed me.

For a moment I thought that they were about to steal all my clothes and push me naked out into the hall, but when the bell rang stating that there were five minutes to get to class now, they didn't do anything differently than what they were doing right now.

The two that were kneeling on the floor began removing my slip-on shoes and socks, while the one kneeling beneath the legs of the other two actually fully removed the shorts I was wearing, getting my naked shaft unburdened by clothes just before she leaned forward and kissed the tip of that erect phallus just prior to sliding her mouth around its thickened breadth and taking it as deep into her mouth as she could.

I knew then for certain that this was no joke against me, I felt safe that I wasn't about to be thrust out into the general population of the school... pranks didn't go this far... So I relaxed within these girl's embrace as they helped me get naked just before the fem directly before me, their leader, hooked her thumbs into her panties and slowly began to push them off her waist, revealing her supple vagina and its racing stripe of shaved vaginal hairs leading toward the puckered lips of her moistening and glistening pussy.

The girl beneath her legs finished lubricating my cock with her mouth, and with it whole heartily lubed up with saliva, their leader took it, pressed its head against her pussy, and then slid forward onto me.

This couldn't be a prank.

I've learned from observation that women believed that their vaginas were the most precious parts of their bodies. Those puckered lips were protected and guarded by them, and they didn't let just anyone pierce them for any reason... and looking down, to be sure, I indeed saw the bulging phallus I now possessed pressing open the twin lips of their leader's pussy, and to make matters even more sure in my mind, was that she took it inside herself unprotected.

This was definitely no prank!

And now that it'd gone this far, the other girls were rapidly stripping out of all their clothing too, all of them discarding their panties now till we were all naked. And once they were all nude they began to all kiss and press up against me. Amidst all their silken bodies, though they weren't rather strong of body alone, still several of them together were able to cradle me, and while I was being ridden by their leader, they were all able to settle me onto the bathroom floor.

This was a dream, I was sure it was... any moment now I was going to wake up and spooge all over my sheets again, but it felt too real to be a dream. This felt like it was really happening, and now that I was on the floor, their leader, the first to be pierced by me began to rise and fall steadily, sighing and moaning as she easily rode my cock. It meant that she was no stranger to sex, and for her to take my enhanced girth meant that she'd done enough young men in her young life to have a pussy and mature as Miss Tessmocker's. Well... maybe not hers, but she'd done a lot of sex! That or she just was born with a cavernous sex...

Another girl moved from pawing and kissing me to sit upon my chest, her legs spreading wide open as she revealed to me the smooth curvature of her womanhood that was pleasantly shaved so smooth that she didn't even have that minute little stubble of the hairs growing back. She didn't even have the bumps of hair follicles, and I was able to see her pert vaginal muscles and the fringe of the beef curtains and the erect clitoris just before she spread her legs wider and slid forward to press her moistened pussy against my face. I immediately began to suck on her, probing her with my tongue and drinking her nectar, feeling my penis billowing subtly larger yet inside their leader as her riding actions slowed as it became more difficult for even her to ride me.

Soon I was getting the one sitting on my chest to sigh and moan loudly, and for several long minutes I drove her deep into the pain of sexual elation as I began to rise and fall with my pelvis to drive my engorged phallus deep, deep into their leader's body.

"He-he's not coming!" their leader moaned.

"I am." The one on my face did, and she tensed suddenly before a wash of her nectar flushed all over my face, neck and chest and she settled backward against their leader, gasping and moaning and draining more of her nectar onto me.

It was then that I felt a couple more bodies to my sides rise, before their hands guided one of mine for each of them to caress their pussies. Smiling at both of them I turned my hands and fingered them both.

One right after the next, I showed them the growing sexual power that was in me, getting each of them to erupt in a torrent of sexual juices as I steadily moved to the fore of them all, rising up till I was kneeling between the legs of their leader, and grabbing her

burgeoning hips, began to stroke her with my erect penis till she came and orgasmed several times.

One girl after the next, in various positions with them on their backs or on their bellies, and once or twice I was satisfying two at once. My insatiable desires got them all weary, and for every one of them I felt a power growing inside of me that was being amplified within my penis as it grew larger and thicker it felt. I even got one fem pinned up against the wall as I massaged her breasts and throttled her pussy with my erection, thrusting repeatedly into her and feeling the hot wash of her ejaculate spill all over that penis and my thighs.

Nine young women I pleased, making them horny, hot and bothered one by one, taking and giving them pleasure, and leaving them all worn and used for their efforts... till I pulled out of the last of their steaming hot pussies amidst a collection of fems strewn all about me. I held that swollen extension of mine as I looked upon the fem I'd just expertly pleased with the skills of a porn star as I heaved with my own excitement. I knew for certain that I didn't have these skills, but I knew right where their pleasure spots were, just how to touch them and just how to please them. Something *was* happening to me. I just simply wasn't this lucky.

And through all these young women I'd still not come that initial load that had filled my loins and was already being backed up by a second from the nads swelling so large. As I breathed, I realized that it wasn't in exertion, but rather in my excitement, and what was more...

I still didn't need my inhaler.

Squatting there on my toes though and holding that wickedly extended penis of mine, I felt the pressure of it loading yet another batch of semen amidst the sounds of sighing and moaning from the sweet angels I'd just been pleased by and given pleasure to in return. Raising to my full height then, my body glistening with their juices and my sweat, I looked upon them, and noted how beautiful they all looked.

Some were tall, others were short, some had hips and others didn't, some had big breasts that stood on top of their chests, others had breasts that disappeared thanks to gravity pulling them and flattening them inside their chests. Some had big nipples that stood greatly on end like golf tees and others had non-existent nipples that were innies. I felt love for them all, took note of how different they were in their own way... up until this moment, I'd always thought that other than faces, a woman was no different beneath the neck between the lot of them. I thought they all had two breasts, wide hips with hourglass bodies and long legs. I saw now that that wasn't the truth.

I fell in love with each of these girls even as I felt the pressure in my dick climbing, and looking down at it as I held it out, feeling its muscular mass that was riddled with a webbing of veins and arteries as it rapidly swelled from the juices that were surging into its length, I felt it spasm once, and then begin to ejaculate repeatedly I erupted my seed

all over the last girl I'd pleased, to which she immediately rose with my jism all over her breasts and abdomen to suck on my dick, swallowing mouthful after mouthful before this tirade of the press gang started all over again.

Twice and sometimes three times over I pleased these girls, and now that I was spewing like a water sprinkler, I deposited a load of seed into each girl and decorated their breasts and bodies with it before I was all done and they were all exhausted from the amount of pleasure they could give or take any more.

All save one.

I was washing myself off with paper towels at the faucet while one young woman was sucking off the rest of my seed, swallowing as much of it as she could being that she was one of the younger girls who didn't get as much. Pulling out of her mouth, still having a strong erection for some reason, I pulled her up to her feet and with a gasp she settled back against the sinks, and smiling at her, I kissed her forehead and then pleased her for her third time before she couldn't take it any more.

And then calmly dressing myself, I left those girls where they lay on the floor and exited into the main halls of the school right when the bell rang letting everyone out for the next class.

\*\*\*\*\*

I was changing all right...

I didn't even bother trying to keep that top button of my pants shut anymore, being that it only remained shut so long as I didn't breathe, and the bulging mass was already so massive that I had to undo my belt by two notches already.

This body of mine was maturing over perhaps a decade of missed growth and gaining interest on the next two decades over a matter of these few hours, and I was firming up steadily and felt as if I were growing and strengthening at the same time.

Walking downstairs for gym class after yet another torturous class of dealing with this growing libido of mine, I stepped off the last step and right into the ample bosom of some fem. Normally I would've reared back from having confronted such a thing, but the warmth of those breasts and the smell of those breasts from a dabble of perfume that must've been placed between them kept me there. Instead my eyes slowly rose till I was looking into the beautiful blues of the one woman – and I say woman for that she was far too mature to be considered a girl or even a young woman, and I was quite sure she was no maiden any longer – that I most admired and desired in this school.

“Hi.” She mused in a sing song way, much like a muse would or maybe a siren.

Her name was Kitty... Or at least that's what everyone called her. Her real name was Katharine, but she wouldn't so much as answer to teachers by her given name. What was more was that she was the leader of the cheer squad, and the most popular fem in school.

Prying my lips from her bust, I lifted myself a little more to look at this tall woman, who was half a head taller than me, and I realized suddenly that I must've grown in height too being that she'd been a full head taller than me just yesterday. Staring at her blank-faced, I suddenly felt my raging hard on surge forward as if it wanted to pierce her immediately without going through any foreplay.

"Hi." I said in return, seeing her large breasts on the lower edge of my vision, the fat mammaries hemmed together without any need for a bra being that her cheerleader uniform amply replaced the need for such a garment. I also saw her blue eyes and blonde hair, saw her red, full lips and supple features, and suddenly my groin leapt again in my pants and I was pretty sure I heard a zipper tang break just then.

"We need your help. We're trying to work on a formation, and we need a strong, well-built yet light weight man for it. Could you help us for a moment?" she said even more sweetly than before, hunching her shoulders and rolling her arms forward so that those breasts of hers would be amplified by the motion.

"...We?" I asked stupidly, and suddenly I realized that the whole cheer squad was here as they approached from her sides, framing their team leader perfectly with their equally alluring bodies. They could all almost be considered women as well... this was the varsity squad after all.

"Mm-hm..." Kitty murred almost animal like for me while I was surrounded by all these mature fems, feeling their breasts bumping up against me while a pair of them wrapped their arms around mine and even went so far as to rub their panty covered pussies against my thighs. "We really need you... to help us." She said and finished it off with a groan and rubbed her breasts against my chest then as she arched her back deeply. I could feel her nipples through her uniform top and the shirt that I wore, felt them becoming so incredibly hard and firm, felt them rubbing against me along with a pair of puffed out areola while her hands rose and she scraped their fingernails against either side of my chest. "Would you please?" she pouted, and I found myself nodding to her stupidly, which made her happy and she and her entire squad began to move me in one direction while I felt more than one pair of lips kiss my cheeks.

But then I found myself being propelled toward the girl's locker room, and swallowing, and only holding my books and book bag before the girls around me took those books to carry them for me instead of the other way around, they opened the door and brought me right into that oh so private area of the school where only a girl or a woman might tread.

Again I was assaulted with more feminine smells aside from the perfumes and deodorants and shampoo smells these cheerleaders wore to make themselves smell as pretty and as beautiful as they looked. The mere scent of a woman was now driving me mad, and now



that I was in here I felt my prick surging and throbbing inside my pants, and now that we were all away from the general population, the two fems that were on my side immediately began to become more energetic in how they were touching me.

I was pulled up against a wall between the two of them, their largish breasts cleaving to either side of my arms while they un-tucked my shirt by each of them pushing a hand underneath it and clawing their way up to my chest. And then Kitty was there, directly before me as she tugged down on her uniform shirt, the shoulders and their frill falling off so that she might reveal her heaving and naked breasts to me right before she pressed solidly against my chest. My eyes rolled back in their sockets as she immediately moved in close, and I felt her full and supple lips against mine.

I returned her kiss immediately amidst the women pulling my arms from out of my shirt, and I realized that I was getting press ganged again! But this time it wasn't just with a random collection of girls, these were women on the verge of graduating or were juniors like me. All of them were fully mature and full-breasted and wide-hipped... especially kitty, and right now I forgot about my own predicament as she clawed my chest with her fingernails again while she and I continued to kiss; though making out was perhaps a better way to explain it.

Her hands scraped downward over my tightened and now muscled chest and navel, before she reached the tip of my still erect cock and the belt that hemmed it in. Very quickly and quite deftly she undid that belt, and reaching inside she pulled out the cock and balls inside of it, cradling its mass with one hand as she began to delicately slide her fingers and nails along the whole length of my extension. And then she stepped back, and gasped at what she'd felt, and we all looked at that overly-mature penis I'd grown since this morning, the thing hyper-muscled, as wide as a twenty ounce bottle yet slightly longer, capped with a flaring head that bulged and throbbed. The thing was riddled with thick throbbing veins and bulging, pulsating muscles.

Kitty herself sank immediately to her knees with a gasp, her naked breasts heaving as she immediately pulled the snaps of the front of that uniform shirt open, revealing her naked bodice and her lack of a bra while her nipples both engorged and erected until they throbbed just as hard as that long cock of mine was. And then just like Miss Tessmocker had done, just like those nine other girls had done, she kissed it, she licked it, and hefting her breasts with both hands and rising atop her knees, she pressed both her large, fully rounded breasts around its length and began to rub them alternatively along the sides of my shaft... just before her mouth with her full red lips pushed around my cock like the lips of a wet pussy.

And then she began to suck upon my tip.

One would think that having so many women and young women and maidens – some of those girls that press ganged me upstairs were so tight I knew they'd never received a man or a boy inside them – sucking on your dick might get old after awhile, but each time that one of them did it, I got harder, thicker, and larger, all while the penile strength

grew, and my sexual power engorged itself. And whatever excess was left that my cock and balls couldn't hold themselves flooded into the rest of me. I was strengthening now, I saw that... and with Kitty, the one woman in the world that I knew that I might actually have a chance with, the one that I desired the most at the moment, sucking on my dick made it surge, and I came immediately into her mouth.

But it wasn't any normal climax... nothing like the subtle squirts like before... this time I came hard, explosively, and she gurgled as her cheeks puffed out, and she managed to swallow a few times before she came up for breath again, but still I was ejaculating and so my excess spat all over her neck and breasts and trickled down her navel, decorating her mouth for several excruciatingly long seconds before I slowly stopped.

"Well!" she said smacking her lips, and cupping her hands away from my dick as it erected straight up now, she began rubbing my seed into her flesh. "You are excitable." She murred seductively.

"And backed up too." Another of the cheerleaders said.

"And hard!" another moaned who was standing off to one side added, and she ground both palms into her labia, rubbing the wedge of her crotch through her skirt.

"What do we do then if he spews at the slightest hint of a good blow?" another asked and came in close, pressing her body against me as she slowly slid a hand from my chest to my dick as she began caressing it in a hand job.

"Simple," Kitty said as she rose, licking my ejaculate off her face and breasts and sucking it off her fingers. "We simply need to take a shower." She said, and right then and there with some giggling and laughter they pulled me sideways to the nearby showers.

They undressed me quickly as they surrounded me, and likewise very rapidly pulled open their little uniform shirts with our school logo and name on it, disgorging breasts that had been pressed together pressed inside those garments to allow them to freely bounce and sway. And then Kitty was there before me again, turning subtly as I stood there, and flattening myself against the rearward wall as my penis throbbed and flared several centimeters more in every direction, I gripped it's throbbing mass to keep it from spewing again even as she turned her back to me and bent over.

Her skin was so perfect, her breasts were perfectly rounded and hanging from her chest in such a way that they actually flared away from the center of her chest, the pair wobbling with their erect nipples just barely in view. But with her back to me, and her feet now bare from the thigh socks and shoes that she'd rid herself of while I was being undressed, she unbuttoned her mini-skirt and arched herself deeply, showing me her heart-shaped behind as she slid off a little of her skirt to show me that she was wearing a thong, just before she thumbed the straps of that and pushed both off her bottom and hips.

I swallowed even more deeply as she let those two garments fall from her body, and I found myself staring at a woman who was every bit as hot as those nude models that I saw online and in magazines. With her bent this way, I also got to see the two thick vaginal lips of her shaved pussy and the firm and erect clitoris at the base of the hot pink strip of vaginal flesh caught between her two labia.

Also... this was the first time I ever saw a woman's balloon knot...

Kitty rose and stepped out of her discarded clothing, and with one foot kicked the rest of it away before she turned to me and stepped in close; her body glistening with my ejaculate on it still even as the other members of her cheer team finished disrobing all around us.

And then they drew me fully into the showers in a great gang of female bodies, and as they entered they turned on the showers full blast.

Hot and cold water mixed perfectly into a steamy hot warmth as Kitty turned to face her back to me again, she straddling my erect penis as she laid her back against me, and reaching between her legs she fondled the head of my dick as I automatically lifted both hands and cupped her breasts. Her nipples were so hard, her areola were so firm and puffed out, and as she played with my prick, this woman who I so much wished to make love to, I felt my penis rapidly evolving within her fingers and I gasped as these young women all moved about me trying to kiss and pleasure me.

They got me away from the wall, and hemmed me in on all sides, and moving automatically, I dipped a hand from Kitty's tit and slid it down to her pussy before I caressed it, rubbed it, and then invaded it with my fingers. She moaned and arched herself deeply, her mature breasts wobbling as I let go of her other tit, and she moved automatically with my touches, arching and moving, and once I got her in a perfect position, with her leaning against one of the shower towers and me spreading her butt cheeks open with both hands, I arched myself, aimed and pushed forward, and I slid sloppily into her cunt, penetrating her deeper than any fem before her... not even Miss Tessmocker was this deep! And her inner muscles... they were so strong!

"Oh god!" Kitty moaned as I began to rock and thrust slowly, pulling on her hips so that she rose up on tip toe, and I felt my nads rapidly swell till they ached, the pair swelling till they stretched the furry and wrinkly skin around them till they became smooth-skinned and firm. "Ngh! Ah! Big Cock! Ah! Give me more... do me! Do me harder!" she groaned and arched deeper as I humped her, me growling as I felt my muscles firming up with tension, my abdominals clenching into eight abs and six lats now, my ribs showing beautifully while my arms began to crease and my legs billowed. I pumped her, hit her cunt repeatedly, and reaching between her legs from her front, I found her clit fingered it between thumb and forefinger... *and squeezed...*

Kitty tried to scream, but she screamed so loudly that all that escaped her mouth at first was a long solid gasp. For me, however, I felt her innards clamp down hard about my

cock, and I felt it surge deeper inside her, absorbing her sexual power perhaps, but whatever it was doing I felt the energy and the sexual aggressiveness inside me growing rapidly instead of depleting like they should be doing.

And then I came in her again, and the pressure of the two of us coupled together with the addition of so much liquid pressure entering her slowly forced me off her, and with a sputtering explosion I slid out of her and shot her anus and bottom with my seed, with the last lancelet arching high to splatter her back.

“He’s free!” several feminine voices said amidst the splattering of water over all of us, and as I stood there like some powerful lord, there were half a dozen young ladies who all tried to take the position that Kitty had just had, and more than one hand grabbed my dick before one beautiful woman who I never learned the name to took Kitty’s spot by shoving out of the way her companions as she was the next to straddle my cock.

She gripped it with both hands and planted its head against her pussy while Kitty hung on the soap plate that was around the shower towers, her body rising up on her toes as she rubbed her butt up against her companion who was now trying to pierce herself with my sword, and I was nearly to the point of arching myself to pierce her when...

“What’s going on in here?!” a deep feminine voice said, and all eyes including mine turned to see Miss Angeline, the girl’s gym teacher, standing with her hands in fists on her hips as she stood there in her Nikes, a pair of sweat pants and an alligator T-shirt.

“Miss Angeline!” Kitty gasped and rose as she and the other girls tried to obscure me from her sight. “We were just... showering together!”

But Miss Angeline lifted her hands and gestured with her fingers for the girls to part, and they immediately moved out of the way to show me standing there with my wicked hard on; its weight so great now with all the ejaculate in it that it was too heavy for my body to hold perfectly upright at all times.

“Y-you... you are all... oh my God!” Miss Angeline said as she looked directly at my cock and balls. “That must be twelve inches... at the least!” she gasped and swallowed.

And then I saw her chest heaving, and I smiled subtly and looked at her underneath a wave of blonde hair that was plastered against my face. It was happening again... a fully adult woman...

“A-are we in trouble?” one of the women surrounding me asked, and Angeline looked straight at her and then smiled impishly, her body heaving passionately as she looked from my face to my erect cock, and just for her I arched and stressed the muscles that were to lift that cock, and it erected fully upward so that she could gage its true length inside her body.

And to the cheerleader's surprise, Miss Angeline immediately crossed her arms and grabbed the bottom of her shirt before lifting it up over her head to reveal her sports bra.

“Not... so long... as I get the next dicking with this young buck.” She groaned and quickly kicked off her shoes, untied her sweats and pushed those off her body – she wasn't wearing any panties underneath them – and then promptly removed her sports bra.

This was a fully adult woman... a mature woman who's known many men before me. Her breasts had succumbed to gravity, were large but distended from off her chest, but she was a superb athlete... and her muscles strained and tensed as she neared me. Then with a moan emanating from her, her long muscular legs tensed as she rose up on tip toe while her body became washed by the showers, and taking my prick in one hand, she gripped it, tensed it, and then promptly slid onto me.

Her pussy was extremely tight... firm and muscular, and I had to grab her bottom and spread those tight butt cheeks of hers open to relieve their taut pressure on her cunt and allow the vaginal slit an easier opening for me as I cradled this larger and stronger woman against me while she slid down onto my member. But then she snarled and forced me downward, and soon I found myself lying on the wet tile floor as she rode me hard, gripping her own tits and pumping my dick.

And so it continued... through first one bell and the next...

Luckily, these locker rooms were only used as an office lest we were doing rigorous outdoor activities or swim class, so for more than an hour I was able to pleasure twelve beautiful young women, the hottest in the school, and one fully adult, muscular athlete teacher.

\*\*\*\*\*

I had to masturbate even after loving so many – two teachers and twenty-one students – sending myself into several repeating orgasms and evacuating both testicles till they hung limp again... just so that I could stuff that member back into my pants. I paused after pulling my shirt on and letting it hang around me now as I looked upon my last interests... a pair of them even had their butts up in the air still.

Staring at them, seeing them all in various states of micro-orgasms that left them shivering from my departure, I even thought about going back to them all and screwing them all over again.

But I took a deep, deep breath and forced my zipper shut around my bulging groin, and collecting my things left the girls bathroom without looking back. But I didn't have to go far before I was again met with whatever this magical spell that was affecting me, or at least emanating from me and affecting the feminine nature of this school.

Everywhere I looked there were young women... maidens, mere girls, adult teachers... all of them were noticing me and at the very least were smiling at me. That was at the very least. Every few feet or so I was met with another reason as to why the feminine gender are attributed as having the lion's share of human sexuality, as to why the females of our species were so desirable by the males. They lifted skirts or wedged up pants to show off camel toe... they bent over with open collars to show me their chests, all in my direction. One girl even rushed up to me with a big blush on her face and forced something into my hands, and after she'd left I opened my hand and saw that she'd placed a pink trimmed pair of hot panties in my hand with her phone number written over the crotch. From the smell of them, from the ample smell of a woman's pussy, told me that she'd taken these off her own body and wrote on them before giving them to me.

Pocketing them, I went about my business and attended another class while my raging libido steadily rose again, but now I began to notice that there were others other than girls who were watching me now... and now I had some of the, well, '*alternative lifestyle*' boys paying attention to me.

I thought then that this power that was growing in me was getting out of hand.

It was right before lunch time though when I was walking along, having taken that girl's panties out of my pocket and inhaling from them deeply when someone grabbed me and turned me fully around, and suddenly I found myself faced with my own personal bully, Mitch.

"You just don't listen, do you?" he growled, dressed in his leather jacket now as he pulled a pair of brass knuckles from his pocket and put his fingers through them before punching his open palm with them. "Not just a few days ago I told you to stay away from my girlfriend," he meant Kitty. "And now... now! Now I hear from her just now that she's dumping me. She tells me I'm pathetic, that I'm no match for you... you?!"

I just stood there, focusing instead upon the raging penis that was swelling again within the bowl of my pants, the nads firming up, the cock bowing the front outward and the top button popping off again as the recently flaccid phallus was becoming erect again.

As usual, whenever there was a confrontation, students gathered around the players of the confrontation hoping to see blood, and right now, a pretty sizeable crowd was gathering to watch us.

"Well? You afraid? Going to wet yourself? Going to run home toward mommy? I'm going to beat you rotten, Pat... I'm going to..."

"...Remain a pathetic impotent prick with an itty bitty dick?" I said with a small smirk.

A part of me was mortified that I'd just said that... said that to my own personal bully. I mean, this guy even had a pair of brass knuckles on! He was here to beat my ass! But

there was another part of me... a part of me that was telling me everything would be ok, that it would protect me.

I listened to that part of me.

“What... the *fuck*... did you say?” Mitch said.

“You deaf too Mitch? Or are you just stupid? I called you an impotent, mini-dick prick. Or perhaps I can tell you more. You’re the biggest damn asshole in the world Mitch. And as such, let me tell you about your future... You’re going to be living in a trailer with some skank who spends all your good hard earned money because you fathered some little bastard through her while on crank and beer. And while you’re working a dead-end job because you have no real education, I’ll be pulling six figures, and when I am I’ll be looking back on these pitiful four years and laugh at you again and again. And when and if you should ever become so desperate that you come to work for me, I’ll take great privilege in finding some way of getting your ass fired!

“I’ll *own* your ass, Mitch... you remember that, and take it to heart for the rest of your damn, pathetic... LIFE!”

The look on Mitch’s face was so pleasing... seeing the veins in his temples throbbing and his eyes dilating. He did exactly what I expected him to do after being insulted like that, and that was to exert himself by punching at me. I felt my prick throb with excitement as I lifted a hand and just lightly pushed his punch out of the way as expertly as a martial artist would. I was smiling at him as he looked in surprise that he’d missed, and then I turned and shoved him in the chest and sent him stumbling backward with very little effort before he caught his balance again several feet away from me.

And then the shouting began from the surrounding students... Most of the boys shouting for Mitch to beat me up, but all the girls were shouting to him to leave me alone while giving me encouragement, but regardless, there came up a chant of “Fight-fight-fight!” from the gathered students.

“Be smart for once in your life and turn around and leave.” I said quietly... which was perhaps the worst thing I could say to him at that moment.

In his mind it was cowardice to back down from a fight, and to give the implication that he was stupid on top of being a coward made him rush forward and try to swing at my head again.

The sounds of the chanting became garbled in my ears as time seemed to slow down, and as I stood there I saw Mitch swinging toward me with the brass of those knuckles of his glinting as they sped through the air toward me. But I found myself automatically reaching out to grab grabbed his hand as it moved toward me, and once I had his fist in my clenched fingers I immediately twisted his wrist in an odd way, turning it away from me which forced his arm to turn, which tugged at his shoulder, which thusly tugged at his

chest and began to throw him off-balance. His body surged toward mine, the fury in his face turning into one of comical surprise as I gripped his shirt.

And then I did the impossible...

I, once a wispy young man who'd never actively fought anyone in his life, flipped Mitch over my head, and while still holding onto his arm, I spun him in a complete circle before throwing him upward into the ceiling... which was a sight to behold being that we had fifteen foot ceilings in this school. His body rose, smacked against the ceiling and knocked several of the ceramic ceiling tiles out before he fell fifteen feet to the floor to land face-first on the carpeting that was thin to begin with and had been made all that much thinner over decades of student's feet. The rest of his body came crashing down a moment later, to where he began rolling and groaning.

Walking over to him, I reached down, took the brass knuckles off his fingers and then tossed them away into the trash before I reached to my belly and felt my abdominals. There was a surge of strength flowing through me at the moment and I could actually feel every muscle in my body tensing and tightening, firming up and hardening and making both shirt and pants tight about my body to where they needed to stretch. The aggression I was feeling was backing up into my body now, and I was growing stronger, more sure of myself too.

"Mister Jacobs!" a voice said loudly and the chanting of the students stopped immediately at the appearance of our principal.

That was my last name... "Jacobs," and turning toward the principal, I did it leisurely and faced her with the smallest of smiles on my face, for Principal Murphy... was a woman.

"In my office, now, Mister Jacobs." She said and then turned on her heel.

I merely smiled and followed, all while watching her shapely behind sway within the skirt of her business suit.

\*\*\*\*\*

Miss Murphy marched in front of me atop her high-heels with me following her in her wake, and while I followed her with each step as she lead me downstairs to the administrative offices, I continually looked at her back and backside, trying to discern the state of what she was wearing underneath her clothing. From the contours of straps and such, I determined that she was wearing some sort of thong underneath her pert, perfect business suit, but as best as I could tell she wasn't even wearing a bra or even an undershirt.

I felt my phallus bow even further outward as I looked at the twin swells of her mature bottom, and I had to keep myself from reaching outward, lifting her skirt and thrusting against her behind all while I followed her through the admin offices and into her private



office, wherewith once there she pointed at one of the waiting seats before she shut the door and pulled the shade over the window and locked it.

I took my space while she quietly sat behind her desk and expertly folded her hands before herself.

“What do you have to say for yourself, Mister Jacobs?” she asked once I’d sat down, surprised that she was resisting whatever air of sexual presence I was emanating, and feeling refreshed that there was some females in this school – even the fifty year old secretary who’d been here when my parents had attended this school looked at me with a desiring eye – who could resist me was refreshing.

“Self defense, Miss Murphy.” I replied truthfully as I sat back with my legs wide, revealing the increasingly bulbous mound that was my junk. I had to sit that way; it was uncomfortable to do otherwise. “I think you arrived when I took the brass knuckles off his fingers that he’d been about to punch me with, and there were at least three dozen people there who’d vouch for me that he threw the first punch.”

“Well then... that’s good.” She said, and I heard her voice quaver, saw her eyes flicker downward as her hands unfolded. “I’d hate to think that one of our... star students was needlessly getting into fights.” She gasped and swallowed, and I sighed quietly to myself as I saw her chest heave. Thanks to the small size of her office, which though it was small it was still private unlike some of the other admins who worked in a cubicle-like environment, the compacted and closed off space allowed whatever I was emanating to build up in the air all that much faster.

She was already falling under the spell.

“No Miss Murphy... I’d never start a fight. Mitch has been my personal bully for four years now. This is the first time that I’ve ever defended myself though. I’d supposed that the past reports that I’d given would’ve dealt some sort of justice, but he as of yet still picks on me.”

“Well... then we’ll have to have him expelled immediately for fighting.” Miss Murphy said as she removed the glasses from her eyes, folded them up and put them on her desk. “I’ve had many reports of him being a bully, poor grades and other instances of fighting and bullying, and thankfully the school has just started a *‘No-tolerance’* rule regarding bullying.”

“That’d be great, Miss Murphy. Bullies like that shouldn’t be treated like normal people.”

“No... no they shouldn’t.” she agreed and then rose suddenly, moving around her desk to sit in front of me ... but since the only place for her to sit was the edge of her desk, this put her lap right in front of me as she crossed her legs and folded her hands on her knees. I stared at her lap for a moment before looking up at her. “But that brings us to you now.”

She said kindly, breathily as well, almost in a sigh... her demeanor changing rapidly now that she was close to me.

My erection thickened again, the phallic muscles hardening so thickly that I swore something would rupture soon. I felt the zipper undo itself by several tangs from the sheer girth alone while the seams of the pants I wore were starting to strain about my groin. The thick wood I was developing was very near to tearing the whole front of my pants off.

“How so, Miss Murphy?” I asked innocently, even though I saw the little lumps of her nipples appearing through her clothing. In turn a subtle slick of my seed slid out of the end of my prick to moisten my navel.

“You’ll be leaving us soon.” She replied, and made a play at rubbing her throat, but when her hand came away I saw that the collar of her blouse with its filigree had been undone a button. “Though you officially have a full year left, your councilors all say that you’re well ahead of your classes and you’ll be attending college courses underneath the P.S.E.O. Program next semester full time. That’s a wonderful thing, Mister Jacobs, it means that you’ll be starting your college academics a whole year and a half early.

“I think that that is an... *admirable* thing.”

She smiled at me; smiled at me the same way that Miss Tessmocker did and the girls Gym Coach did, and sitting back on her desk and uncrossing her legs, she left a minute gap between her knees to allow me to see somewhat up her skirt.

I could already smell the scent of woman on her. Her perfume, deodorant and shampoo, the lotions she rubbed into her skin to keep her skin soft in her old age, and just the utter scent of her sweat working in this tiny office while at the same time becoming enhanced with her elation. And I also smelt the scent of her vaginal juices and the sweet scent of her pussy that exuded it as it wafted down out of her skirts and practically right into my face.

I felt myself changing inside as I broke into a cold sweat, and with a gasp, Miss Murphy slid from her desk and straddled my lap, just before she hugged my head to her breasts. Her spread open legs hiked her skirts up nice and high for me, and while she hugged my head, I reached back and took hold of her bottom and squeezed the supple flesh of her body.

It wasn’t as firm as Miss Tessmocker... a woman who we all knew must either turn tricks or pole dance at night, or at the very least was very active in preserving her body and won prizes off miss fitness competitions or something, but Miss Murphy was soft and malleable. She was mature, but she was still nonetheless a woman still looking for a man to marry.

“Oh Patrick,” she practically moaned. “We’ll miss you here. We’ll miss you deeply and all that you bring to this school. Is there anything that I can do to you?... I mean for you before you leave?”

She let go of my head long enough for me to lean back, and sitting there, smiling at her, I felt my zipper being pulled open, the zipper unzipping itself while my phallus grew larger, my nads firmer and more swollen, all while I looked at her breasts being hemmed in like two perfect orbs beneath her blouse.

“I am... at a loss of what to ask for, Miss Murphy.” I replied while my hands withdrew but nonetheless palmed the tops of her firm thighs.

“Then... my sweet student... let me offer something to say goodbye to you with.” She groaned, and arching her back she unbuttoned her suit jacket and then the waist coat beneath it, just before her fingers undid the buttons of her blouse and pulled it open.

The frill of her woman’s tie, which was a wrapped scarf like thing made out of frilly silk hung from her neck still, but as she pulled her layers of upper clothing apart, I saw why I’d detected no undershirt or bra beneath her clothing, and saw that Miss Murphy was instead wearing a white lace teddy underneath all her clothing.

I looked at all the frilly shapes and formations of this teddy that acted like a corset and a slimming bodysuit at the same time as she rose, kicking off her high heels and throwing her blouse, waistcoat and jacket on the floor before with a single hand she unbuttoned and unzipped the wrap around skirt of her clothing to stand before me. Another deft series of movements untied the frilly woman’s tie and undid her hair stays to let her chestnut hair hang about her head and shoulders, and suddenly Miss Murphy had transformed from a tight disciplinarian to a sexy, beautiful woman.

The song *‘Hot for Teacher’* started playing in my mind.

The transformation was remarkable... it was like the old horse-faced woman that we the students tended to call her was replaced with a mature, beautiful woman the sorts of which you’d find as the centerfold of certain lingerie catalogs.

Her teddy was cut high over either hip, was backless save for a sheer cloth that covered it, while cinching strings along her sides held it all nice and tight. The front had two high arching triangular cups that covered her breasts and was attached by spaghetti strings over her shoulders and behind her neck. The whole of the garment was cut in half down the front right down to the crotch, and more string ties held it shut from her sternum to her navel.

Everything was white, from the individual pearly buttons to the white frilly lace that flared about the cups covering her breasts, right to the high-arching hip lines or the cleaving cut down her middle.

White thigh socks accented this simple piece of sexy clothing sweetly.

The sheer cloth was patterned with little flowers, and underneath her white frilly necktie once she'd removed it, I saw that there was a white choker there.

“Miss Murphy... I must say that the student body doesn't do you justice. You're by far the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen in or out of real life.” I said sweetly, and she blushed grandly atop the tops of either of her swollen breasts and over either cheek and across her nose.

She murred as she kneeled before me, and deftly undid my belt before she began rubbing my thickening and lengthening phallus that was even now pushing back the front of my shorts to leave a long gap between it and my pelvis. I came a little more, dripping seed onto me as her long fingers slid around the powerful maleness I'd developed over the course of this day.

“You're a prince.” She mused, and her eyes shimmered with tears. “For nearly twenty years as I've worked here, I heard nothing but students calling me horse-face and ugly. I endeavored to prove them wrong.” She said and I rose enough as she pulled the pants and shorts off my body, revealing the hard throbbing and reddened cock projecting from my waist that was purpling at the end. “And here... I finally find a choice prince among men, who views me as I wish to be viewed... beautiful and...”

“No... miss Murphy... not just beautiful... but a goddess. Aphrodite herself in a human form. So beautiful, so wonderful... you deserve and you need... someone's attention that can truly, truly... unlock your potential.” And I cupped her face and I kissed her. Her! An adult woman who was at least twice my age.

And she swooned backwards and sat upon her heels as I kissed her.

Then as I finished giving her that kiss, I stood, my new maleness projecting hotly and throbbing as it erected several more centimeters from me, the thing thickening till even one of my hands couldn't completely encircle it. I stepped out of both shoes and the remnants of pants and shorts while I stood before her, and pulling my shirt off, I heard her gasp before she surged forward and palmed a perfect eight pack. Seeing those abdominals with their six lats and the bulging pectorals atop them, I swallowed and yet waited for her to finish kissing my body, caressing it with her fingers while I flexed subtly.

I had biceps and triceps now; I had hard abs and a sunken navel with firm legs while the whole of my body was completely hairless.

Miss Murphy arched herself, her naked bottom flaring around the thong with the heart-shaped patch at the peak of her butt cheeks, and I noted how perfectly rounded her body was. This was years of toning and honing a body into a desirable perfection, and while I watched her, admired her while she kissed me, she then subtly took hold of my penis with

one hand and licked it up and down, just before she kissed its end, sucked some of the excess seed from it, and then slid deep, deep onto it with her mouth.

There she nursed upon that erect phallus, leaning forward onto me so that she could take its thickness, breathing through her nose for a short while before she slowly slid off me and that entire length flipped upward and continued to pulsate and throb, growing subtly larger with every beating of my heart.

And then Miss Murphy rose to her feet, standing tall before me, her breasts full and rounded as we smiled at each other, she under the sexual spell I was emanating as I thusly lifted my hands to her bodice, feeling the series of patterned and layered silks that decorated her body as I took hold of one of the silken laces that was tied together in a bow and pulled on it.

One bow after the next did I undo her teddy, each one spreading open its front one smidgen after the next, and as I did, the pressure of her flesh and her mammaries spread the garment open till I finally got down to her crotch. Then I slid a hand down inside the crotch of that teddy, and dipped a pair of fingers up into her as she arched herself and sighed through her nose, the two sides of her teddy folding open to disgorge two breasts that were thick with maturity, with two reddened disks of areola with their large and hardened nipples. They didn't leak milk like Miss Tessmockers did, but that didn't matter... she was still nonetheless quite beautiful.

And then lifting my hands I pushed the two sides of her teddy open, feeling her breasts as she caressed my youthful chest and its swelling and now creasing pectorals, before I pushed the teddy off her arms, away from her sides and then pulled the flossing band of fabric from between her butt cheeks, allowing the teddy to fall to her feet before she stepped out of it.

I caressed her, played with her breasts before sucking on each of her nipples for a full minute apiece, fingered her some more before pinching her clitoris, just before she took my cock with one hand and began to give it a good hand job for a few seconds.

And then Miss Tessmockers lifted her leg, placing her foot on the edge of the desk, and with one leg lifted, I knew from today's experiences that this changed the contours on the inside of her body, and she did this right before she guided my erect penis toward her gaping cunt and its distended vaginal muscles... a pussy that has seen the loving of many men before me, and with her guiding hand I pierced her... and then I made love to her.

#### **Chapter 4: Manifestation**

Jen was my friend, and now that it was time for lunch, I needed her advice... I needed her to tell me what to do.

I couldn't think... and every time I closed my eyes I kept thinking of breasts, behind, pussy, legs... silken skin, panties and bras, the myriad of nipples... *damn it!*

Miss Murphy had gotten me so hard that I offloaded probably a pint worth of semen into her body, onto her body, down her throat... *Damn it! Stop thinking about it!* But I know what you're thinking... no guy has a pint in their balls, unless you're some freakish mutant, but I did it. Some how my nads that were only able to produce maybe a few tablespoons in a twenty four hour period were producing pints if not gallons through the course of the day. So yeah... I offloaded a pint down her throat, and oh... God... she can suck head.

Holding onto myself, trying to dispel the incredible thoughts that were in my head, I found my age-old friend as she was walking to the lunch room, and hurrying up beside her I took her elbow fiercely and began leading her away.

"H-hey! Pat... what are you doing?" she protested before I turned her back against a wall and faced her. "Jen... please... I need your help, I need you... I want..." *What did I want? Did I want her? Did I want her to get naked just like all those other girls. Yes! Yes I did... but not like this... not... no I don't want her to.* "I need you to help me. It's an emergency."

"An emergency. Pat, are you in trouble?" she asked and stepped in line with me as I continued guiding her down the shop class hall and out the nearest door to the grass lawns at the back of the school where I hoped we couldn't be bothered by any teachers.

"Yes... yes I think I'm in trouble Jen. I used the book, I cast a spell, and I think it worked!"

"It worked? Pat... how can magic work? It doesn't even exist."

"Then explain to me how this happened in less than twelve hours!" I said and lifting the shirt I was wearing, I pointed sharply at the highly muscled navel I now had.

"Wow! What a hunk you are!" she murred and palmed my belly.

"Jen... this is serious... I... I..."

Something peculiar was happening to me... something very different than when I was around all the other female bodies in this school. Jen's touch was cooling me, calming me. The heat in my head and chest and most especially within my groin was cooling. The feeling of erect nipples decorating my chest went away, and the racing heart that was inside that chest was slowing. Likewise, and most especially, my groin was reducing very rapidly, with the bulge in my pants was quickly reducing and retracting into me.

"Oh God..." I gasped and took her hand, gripped it fiercely to me and flattened it over my heart. "Why is it that when every other girl touches me I get a racing heart and a steely erection, but when you touch me I calm down and get limp?"

...

In hindsight, perhaps... that was the wrong thing to say to a woman, but I wasn't thinking. All the blood that usually supplied my brain had sloughed into my dick.

Jen scoffed and wrenched her hand away, and only then did I realize what I'd said as I hurried after her and took her hand again.

"N-no Jen. Please... I didn't mean it that way."

"Then what did you mean?!" she asked me angrily, stamping her foot.

"Jen... please, hear me out, and for the love of God, please keep touching me."

\*\*\*\*\*

I explained to her what had become of my day. I told her about casting the spell, what I thought I dreamt about, about that four-breasted horned fem coming out of the hole in the ground and screwing my brains out. I told her of every woman and fem that I'd made love with today.

"Press Ganged... twice? In one day?" she asked skeptically as she sat beside me, palming my chest while I leaned my head back against the wall.

At that moment, the most memorable feeling was me sitting there, holding onto her hand and keeping it there grasping my heart. I felt her pert little breasts against my side, but it wasn't a feeling like when other fems had done it. This was a comforting press, and the more of her I felt against me, the more I felt a cooling, calming, placating sensation flowing through me.

I wanted to hold her.

"And Miss Tessmocker, and Miss Murphy, and... and... and I don't even know her name but she's the Girl's Gym Coach."

"Coach Angeline." Jen supplied.

"Yes! And Kitty! Jen... I'm a geek and a dork... these people don't do this sort of thing... and no one in the history of the school has ever been press ganged twice, even if they stay for the full four years, they get it once, and that's it!

"And then I beat up Mitch and got him expelled."

"Wait... *you* beat up Mitch?" she gasped and I looked at her and nodded.

“Jen I think I’m going mad. Please tell me people aren’t missing in the school. Please tell me that I didn’t leave about two dozen girls and three full-grown women in utter ecstasy. Please tell me you saw Miss Tessmocker today after first hour and that she was fine. I need to know I’m just imagining these things.”

Jen slid closer to me and palmed my belly, and I distinctly felt her fingers glancing against each rippling abdominal I now had.

“Mitch was sent to the hospital for three broken ribs and a radial fracture in his arm. Miss Murphy was there, looking very different than I ever remembered when the paramedics finally showed up, and told him that he was expelled for fighting. Mitch then vowed that he’d kill you.

“Miss Tessmocker has been ignoring her classes all day, and no one’s seen Coach Angeline for hours. For that matter, I haven’t seen Kitty all day either and there’s been a lot of girls who haven’t been showing up for classes.”

I groaned, and rubbed a hand through my hair and then pulled it back, seeing that my hair had grown longer too, and then I looked to Jen, looked right into her bright blue eyes, and felt that same cooling sensation in me.

“Jen... why are you the only woman in this entire school unaffected by this? Aren’t you getting hardened nipples? Or getting warm at least? Are you even the slightest bit desiring of me?” I asked her.

Jen blushed bright red and then slid away from me letting go of me as she did. “No.” she said quietly.

“Not even a little?” I prompted and she looked me right in the eye and shook her head.

I knew that she wasn’t lying about that, *but then why did she blush?* I thought. But then the bell rang, and Jen gathered up her things before rising.

“Pat, I need to go. Class will be starting soon.” She said.

I looked up at her... at her face instead of her pert little breasts or the slender v-shaped wedge of her crotch. I looked at her eyes and not at her naughty bits as I rose with her.

“What should I do?” I asked pleadingly, and again she sighed. “Try... to resist it.” She said hopefully and beamed at me. “We can meet up after school and try to find out what’s going on.”

“And what if I can’t resist it?” I asked and took her hand as she turned to leave and I held onto it tightly. “What will happen to me?”



She smirked and then pulling her hand from mine, she caressed my cheek. “Then... try to enjoy it. It’s not every day a boy lays ever female in school.” She joked, but somehow that didn’t make me feel any better as she opened the door to the school and hurried off to class.

The moment that she was away from my gaze, my penis leapt inside my pants, and very quickly raged into a steely hard on right before the top button on my pants snapped open...

\*\*\*\*\*

Two hours had passed, and school was nearly over. But the smell of women everywhere was driving me insane. I had a dozen phone numbers on my text book cover and I don’t even remember receiving half of them! What was more was that I fully planned on calling each and every last one of them as soon as I could get my hands on a phone, and I had to hurry away from my last teacher that taught the class before this one being that she was a she and I had to get away before I broke down and screwed her too.

And now, here I was, with my phallus bulging hotly and there was a sticky moisture suffusing it from all the tawdry sensations I was feeling, and at the moment I was evacuating a dabble of seed every minute or so into my pants.

I felt as if I was going to explode any moment.

“Mister Jones...” I said and raised my hand. “May I be excused? I think I’m getting sick.”

Mister Jones turned from the chalk board and eyed me for a moment. “Yes... you are appearing a little white, Mister Jacobs. You may leave.”

“Thank you sir...” I gasped amidst a series of disappointed aww’s from the girls in the room, and gathering up my things I hurried to the door and surged right toward the nearest boy’s bathroom.

My cock was throbbing powerfully, and I swore that I could feel both nipples on my chest throbbing as well.

Hurrying into the bathroom, I dropped my things and then faced the mirror, looking at myself before leaning over the sink and turning on the cold water. My heart was beating so fast as I splashed my face with water that it was practically all I could hear at the moment,

Washing my face, I let some of the cool water drip down my neck and into the front of the shirt I was wearing, and then rising again and leaning over the porcelain sink, I looked into the mirror.

It took several very long seconds to realize that I wasn't looking at my own reflection.

"Hi." The image of a four-breasted horned fem said as she waved to me, and I reeled backward right to the wall opposite that mirror, gasping in shock as I stared at her. "Why that's a fine ho-do-you-do." She pouted with those reddened and supple lips.

"W-who... *what* are you?!" I gasped as I surged back to the sink, hearing my zipper unfurl as my erection began growing rapidly. Chancing a look down, I watched as it grew centimeters a second, growing longer and wider while the muscles in my body tensed and started trembling as they all thickened.

I must've grown at least five pounds in weight within those few seconds.

"I'm you... or at least now I am. You and I share this body now, master." There was a way she said that that reminded me of the way the bubbly blonde jinni in that *'I Dream of Jinni'* show greeted her master all the time and how terrible her attempts at service were to him

"I must admit that you're the first male I've ever inhabited... usually I'm called into a woman's body to make her more sexual and enhance her fertility. But as a male... oh master, I've gained so much power within a few hours with you than I've ever obtained over five centuries with a woman!" she wrapped her arms about her body and hefted the four breasts that had all seemed to have swollen greatly since the first time I saw her. My cock surged forward and pressed against the sink... the thing arching upward through the opened gap of my pants to throb hotly, the cooling touch of the sink helped its troubled throbbing some, but not much.

"W-what... are you doing to me?" I gasped, feeling biceps coil and triceps flare, forearms and legs lengthening while a splatter of semen dripped from the head of my cock onto the floor.

"Not I... but you master. I'm merely a power... a Fae as it is. That power is yours while I inhabit your body... and when I grow stronger you grow stronger, and when you grow stronger, I grow stronger." And she lifted her arms and flexed them, obviously pleased with the thickened swells that'd become of her biceps. "And your sexual power, master, is incredible, it's so incredible that I'm growing powerful enough so that I can manifest already. Oh! I haven't done that in centuries! Not since before all the magic went away."

"Manifest! What do you mean manifest?!" I shouted, and then groaned as my thighs pressed together from their thickening mass, my anus puckered and I cooed... feeling that lance of phallic muscle slowing in its growth while the twin nads resting over either of my thighs throbbed in their attempt to load that penis as quickly as they could and with as much semen as they could to evacuate it all.

“You’re feeling it now, aren’t you, all my power suffusing you?” she murred and leaned forward, pressing against the glass and showing me her breasts as they grew larger right before my very eyes, leaking milk against the inside of the glass as she breathed against her side of the crystal pane to fog it up before her luscious mouth.

It was like I was Alice and she was on the other side of the looking glass.

“Stop it! Stop this from happening!” I shouted, and repeated that motion, hefting my butt up into the air as I arched deeply, and lowering a hand I gripped my cock as it started to throb energetically.

“I can’t master. This is your body, and you’re summoning the power as you grow stronger.” She said and began to fade from the image.

“No! Stop! Come back! Tell me how to stop this!” I said and surged to the mirror, rising up on my toes as I did.

I felt the surging lances of cum loading into my cock, the underside billowing thickly as the contents of both testis were offloading into that shaft to expel out into the world.

“Bye-bye...” she waved and then disappeared entirely, and I pounded a fist against the glass, tears in my eyes from all this sexual pain while I stroked myself.

Stumbling back then, gasping at myself as I lifted one hand to grasp at my chest, the flush in my face and chest feeling hot and red while I stroked the billowing phallus that had at long last stopped growing, ending at a length greater than twenty four inches and wider than six inches.

The whole of me had grown strong enough to hold it all up, and as I felt another electric sensation slide through me, the same one that was making me coo and experience a micro-orgasm, and my cock rose upward along my belly, throbbing powerfully along with the two nads to either side of it. I rubbed and then squeezed those nads, sighing nasally while the underside of that phallus swelled hotly, so hot that it whitened as the tube carrying all that semen stretched so far and wide that I half expected it to explode right then and there!

And again I arched myself, churning like many of the girls had done as I penetrated them, and I rubbed my butt up against the wall and angled that cock downward so that my thickened thighs supported it, and with an energetic trembling, its entire length suddenly spasmed and I shot a stream of semen, the most powerful stream yet, that leapt six feet across the breadth of the bathroom to splatter the sink and mirror on the other side of the room.

It was the most powerful orgasm I’d ever felt as the entire length of that extension pulsated in a rippling motion, spasming in its orgasmic release to shoot what felt like a gallon of ejaculate across the room and against the far wall.

For a full minute that orgasmic lance erupted from me with what felt like the force of a fire hose, and I gasped and hyperventilated from the strain of it all as that cock billowed with thickened with all its tensing muscles, riddling itself with bulging veins before the main force dried up. Even after that there were half a dozen squirts that I had to push out of me, erupting the very last of all that ejaculate till I was left weak-kneed and trembling.

And looking down at it, at that great extension projecting off me, I felt... I felt something incredibly strange riddle its way through me... it was as if the creature that I met that was now inside me was pushing her way out, nearing the edge of my flesh as she grew in strength. I clutched at my chest again, moaning low and long, and as I did, I heard my voice suddenly rise in pitch by one or two octaves.

“Ah! My voice!” I gasped, hearing it become effeminate, and I practically choked myself as the hand that was at my chest gripped at my throat, while I started to change from the inside out.

And with a trembling, that still erect shaft of maleness began to draw into me... but it wasn't becoming flaccid, it was still as thick and as hard as ever! I experienced the worst grade of shrinkage I'd ever felt as the drooping sacks of ball flesh drew upward, the testis compressing against the underside of that cock and tightening hard against it... so hard that I swore those testis were pulling back up inside me!

Sexual power and physical strength were continuing to drive their way into me, firming up my muscles and strengthening me, stretching the clothes I wore about my frame while my shoulders broadened a little. And as all this was happening to me, I watched the twenty four inch long and six inch wide maleness that I'd possessed all my life retracting up inside my body, and once inside me it began to distribute its mass into my bowels. It felt like that erection was actually pushing upward into my belly, and now I gripped that point on me, drawing my shirt back as if to see my belly bulge outward with that length of dick inside it. But instead, that entire length of dick was becoming absorbed by me, and what was more was that the pee hole was billowing, lengthening and opening a way inside me through the front.

Grasping my belt I undid it and swung it open wide to hold what was left of my cock, trying to keep it from going inside me as its inches melted away from it. Soon only the head was flush with my body, its head a bulbous mound projecting straight from the pelvis it grew out of, ejecting a few stray droplets of semen here and there. And there it quivered, looking like the great and mighty clitoris from that South Park movie just before its pee hole dilated fully open and the last of that penile flesh was pulled inside me.

Just like that, the last of that once mighty penis transformed into a gaping vagina and a pulsating clitoris!

“Oh my God!” I groaned, and then heard groaning from realigning bones, even as the two hip bones that held either of my legs spread wide, flaring as wide as my shoulders were even as my spinal column arched of its own accord.

Hips rolled and back arched as I gripped that distended pussy, feeling a pair of hard labia, harder than those of any other woman I’d felt today, with two perfectly formed and thinned bands of meat curtains just inside the twin lips, either of which hung off the thickest and largest clitoris on any woman ever. That clitoris erected into a strong point, feeling just like an erect penis, but as I grew hard, I felt my entire insides clenching while muscles all across on this changing frame of mine filled outward and arched instead of coming to firm angles.

It felt like that entire twenty-four inch cock was inside me, hard as ever and clenching as it throbbed repeatedly, and while it tensed and ground, I felt the pressure of new ejaculate building up inside me, filling those bowels while I began to gasp and moan like a woman in heat.

Instead of the deep-throated and guttural heaving I’d normally do when I neared climax, it was a quick panting while pre-ejaculate leaked from me like I really had to pee and couldn’t hold it in any more..

Muscles firmed here and there, tightening elsewhere, and with my hips widening and separating my legs from each other, both gluts swelled outward into two long sinuous bulges that forced the backs of both the shorts and pants I was wearing right up into my butt crack, forcing both to give me a deeply-rooted wedgie that would require a spelunking team to get it out of my nethers. Then I groaned as my navel and middle compressed, narrowing deeply while I grew by several inches so that my calves and thighs and both arms grew longer along with my navel and neck.

But as I became more feminine, complete with the waspish waist and the flaring shoulders and hips, I felt myself growing stronger and stronger, and lifting my shirt to look at that tightening navel, I saw the belly muscles separating into ten full lats, each lat bulging into thick slabs of muscular grandeur, saw the long lats thickening and increasing in number to eight even as my dorsal muscles flared wider and all the muscles on my back thickened. Both calves flared along with the quadriceps of my thighs, and to make matters worse, that feeling of my dick up inside me was intensifying! I felt as if that dick were still growing stronger and longer inside me, and I gurgled as the pressure of that receded cock tightened my cunt, erected my clit and pressed against my insides to practically fill the whole of me!

I moaned low and long and penetrated myself by dipping the ring and fore fingers of one hand into my body through that gaping vaginal slit, and I soon found myself masturbating that new femininity without abandon, caressing that little nib of a clitoris that was erecting from inside me. But rubbing that little nib of flesh sent shocks of pleasure up into my body, and when I dared squeeze it, going so far as to pinch it, the pleasure I got from it made me understand whole-heartedly why Miss Tessmocker went into such

sexual throes when she pinched hers, or what happened to the others when I started sucking on their pussies and teased their clitorises with my tongue or fingers. But then suddenly that pussy of mine clenched and I orgasmed, and instead of a long hard stream of ejaculate, a crystal clear stickiness flushed from inside me in a stream that lanced onto the floor... the only difference between what I exuded now and then was that now it was absent of all the billions of seed that was in it from before.

I looked at the sticky ejaculate that pasted my hand, seeing it string through all the fingers like a juicy slime before I lifted that hand and sucked on it, groaning from the sweet, sweet taste of it all now that it wasn't bitter from all the protein-enriched seed that was normally in it.

And still I grew stronger.

My ribs thickened and I filled out the shirt I was wearing to the part where I heard seams popping, the chest region spreading wide to accent every bone and muscle while the hem lifted to reveal more and more of my navel. My height rose to a full six and a half inches, and my legs completely filled in the pants that I wore as I truly became aware of my own nipples from them flushing with so much of my blood.

And then a subtle cooling spread through me, with the all-over-body heat I was experiencing from arousal suddenly flooding to either side of my chest to reside right behind those nipples, and likewise flooding into that subtly widening V-shape between my legs as both my hips widened.

*I could understand why it went between my thighs like that... I thought to myself, that was nothing new, but behind my nipples? Why behind my nipples?*

But then I felt why... right as all the blood in my body surged for my chest, pushed into the back of those nipples and made them hard... harder than ever, so hard that the two nipples billowed outward and thickened, erecting hard to stand on end and poke through the shirt I was wearing right before the twin areola behind them swelled and puffed outward with blood.

I tried to scream with the utter pleasure of this as I dug deeper into my loins, but all I got was a long winded gasping sound that escaped my throat, just before there was a tensing of the flesh around those nipples and the flesh of my chest began to bulge outward.

Two pert little budding mounds formed like two new balloons that'd never been blown up before being filled with just enough air to make them hard and erect. Then with the pumping, pulsating blood flushing into those two swelling mounds, I felt the glands of two mammaries forming behind them, filling those two little balloons, just before those glands rapidly began to reproduce, grow and engorge themselves with my blood, and those pert little mounds rapidly grew from something less than an A-cup to advance upward through the various cup sizes.

The hem of the shirt I wore steadily crept up the muscled length of belly beneath those swelling mammaries, and lo', those glandular mounds swelled and swelled till that shirt held nothing but those fattening mammaries.

I looked down at my chest as those two mounds surged outward suddenly, filling, it seemed, with all this growing sexual power that perhaps a man couldn't hold, or perhaps had grown so powerful that the creature that was in me that fed off it and gave me power from it was now changing my body so that she could continue to empower it.

I moaned again as the neck of that shirt I wore deepened downward, those tits pressing against each other, the areola and nipples pressing the fabric outward while the opened neck hole showed me the deepening crevice of my very own cleavage even as the two sacks of firm mammary pressed against each other from swelling outward so much. The nipples atop each thickening along with all the other muscles on me while the mammaries behind them billowed outward and the waistband of that shirt slowly crept up my navel.

The new pussy I'd grown throbbed and clenched hard, pinching my fingers tightly as it burned with sexual power; the clit at its peak likewise being pinched as it throbbed energetically with all that incredible power that was in me. Hair billowed off my head, cascading about my face while even my features softened and grew feminine.

My lips swelled into wide pouting things, the hawk-like features became softer and rounded to give me a heart-shaped face that came to a point at the chin, all while those mammaries reached a certain size and then began to flush with fluids that made them double in their expansive growth. All at once, the mammary glands started filling with another sexual power, an incredible feminine ability that I knew they were designed by the Creator on High to do, and sure enough, as those sacks of flesh filled with that fluid, some of it escaped the nipples to wet the front of the shirt that was miraculously staying on. And what was causing those wet spots?

None other than soft, liquid milk.

I could feel the fluids rushing through the individual glands, surging toward the nipples, backing up behind them to cause the pressure inside either of those tits to expand first the breast, and then the nipples that capped them, making both thicken and enlarge to allow for more milk to flow, and for that milk to flow faster.

I moaned again, and gripped my pussy as I lifted a hand from my sternum to palm one of those tits, feeling it filling into decided P-cup sizes and beyond, larger than even Miss Tessmocker's were, while this enhancing feminine body creased everywhere with strengthening feminine muscle mass. And with a few shuddering lances of pleasure that assailed me from head to toe, I gasped as the transformation completed itself, and the last instances of manhood disappeared from me, leaving me a complete female from head to toe.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lifting my head and looking at the new reflection I cast in the mirror, I hurried across the floor of the boy's bathroom, careful of the slippery ejaculate from both my male and female self to wedge myself against the sink.

Long tresses of golden hair hung from my head, long and straight, and lifting a hand, I pushed all that backward over one shoulder to look at myself.

I was beautiful... Very beautiful! Erotic even... It was the sort of body only one in a billion women possessed. The sort of body that was historic even, where perhaps only one in every few generations, like Cleopatra or Aphrodite, could ever claim to have possessed. Upon the ten points used to rate a feminine body, this, even in my own desires, was a solid fifteen!

I'd screw me...

I laughed at myself, and cupping one tit with a long and slender-fingered hand, I murred to myself at the sensation my breast was sending back to me.

So strange that a lump of flesh would be so sensitive.

But then I turned as the door to the bathroom opened, and a lone young man entered. He and I stared at each other, and I suddenly felt the arousing sensations inside me overriding my former male mentality, and smiling at him as he stared at me like a deer caught in the headlights decorating my chest, I lifted one hand and fondled one of the two engorged tits while my other slid downward and into the boxer shorts I wore to caress my sopping wet pussy again.

"Would you like to see my pussy?" I groaned, and he immediately dropped all the books in his hand and he started trembling. "Is that a yes?" I groaned breathlessly, and he slowly nodded.

I chuckled at him, feeling my horniness rising like it'd never done before. Some might think that that might just be because I was a woman now, but I'd like to think it was because of some supernatural creature was inside me feeding me this unnatural level of arousal. And so arching my body and hooking both thumbs with their lengthened nails into the waist bands of both pants and boxers, I slid them both off my rounded ass as I curved and arched sinuously, snake like, straightening and hunching my shoulders to show him the firm lips of my pussy that were now decorated by a thick shag of bush, but not one of those long and stringy-haired ones.

He stared at it and the twin folds of vaginal muscle pinching my clitoris, his eyes darting, looking for the prankster who put me up to this, or for the camera, and then at the splattering of cum all over the place before he looked back to me. I pushed those pants down to my ankles before I slipped out of them and my shoes and stood there before him, palming my cunt and spreading the twin lips open with two fingers.



“Would you like to see my breasts too?” I groaned, and he nodded vigorously then.

Like I’d seen many women do today, I crossed both arms and lifted my shirt upward, and first one and then the other tit rolled out into the open.

I was powerfully built for a woman... with ten abs and eight lats, with creased thighs and chorded Achilles Tendons with a bulging pussy. I breathed heavily with a broad diaphragm and two powerful lungs inside two broad and chorded chest muscles that were now decorated by my swollen mammaries that were so firm and so full they held themselves up of their own accord. One would think that with boobs like this the nipples would be angling downward, but instead they pointed straight outward and slightly upward.

I stood there, folding both arms behind my head after discarding that shirt as I breathed, bathing in the sexual energy that was growing inside me as my bowels clenched from the sensation of that full belly dick sensation inside me from all my sexual organs having been made internal instead of external.

“Do you want to make love to me?” I said then, leaking nectar from my pussy and down my thighs.

He collapsed then, and I smirked to myself as I lowered myself to straddle his lap before I bent low to kiss him to revive him, and when he awoke he shook himself before I arched backward.

“I’ll consider that a yes too.” I giggled, actually giggled, and I began to undress him.

Minutes earlier, this sort of thing would’ve struck me as impossible. There was no way I’d ever do this to another guy... ever. I would’ve lost money if I’d ever bet on it.

Like many of the young women I’d loved today, I didn’t know the name of this young man. With a student body that was over fifteen hundred students, there were a lot of people I never learned the names to, and I wasn’t that sociable of a person either. But I clawed at his flesh with my fingernails, I rubbed my boobs against his chest and face and sighed and moaned for him instinctively; my voice tripping off reactions in his mind that got him read for me.

I did to him what three women and two dozen girls had done to me today... and it made him harder than a red oak.

His premature ejaculation struck me in the ass once I’d stripped him of his pants and tighty-whities, but I merely took it in stride. There was a desire in me to get that penis of his inside me as quickly as possible, and when I did, I began to ride him, squeezing and cajoling him, moving unfamiliar muscles in clenching his prick inside me while letting him nurse from my breasts.

He was utterly limp in my hands save for that projecting erection inside me. It was a strange, strange feeling really. It hurt at first but I got used to it, and as I got used to it the ache went away and was replaced with incredible pleasure as I started to ride him, creaming about him, giving him love... but in turn there was a back feeding of energy inside me, and that energy spiked as he came inside me a few minutes later, and all his latent sexual energy that was pent up since his birth – I knew he was a virgin somehow – was released into this body and I absorbed it all... and I kept absorbing it as my pussy sucked on his cock like it was a straw to the inside of his body.

The coloring of his flesh whitened and he gasped, his flesh thinning and tightening against his skeleton in a maddening rush of ejaculate that thrust upward into my bowels, and I absorbed every last nuance and ounce of it...

I sighed, feeling his penis pumping all his love juices into me, and I sat back on his lap, rubbing and massaging my breasts with both hands as he shivered and then fainted with the biggest most satisfied smile on his face that I'd ever seen on a person. And I gave him that smile.

Kneeling there till I was sure that my pussy had sucked it all out of him, I rose before rubbing my crotch with one hand and licking the juices off my fingers. I pressed my legs together and used my other hand to continue rubbing that erect clit of mine to keep me aroused.

They were right... it was like doing a record scratch when a woman pleased herself.

But as I stood there, rubbing my new womanhood, marveling at the way that that little clit was like a tip of the iceberg, where tantalizing it made that feeling of that massive cock inside me arouse all the more, I felt those juices that I'd absorbed inside me doing something. Rubbing my belly and smirking, I felt the mixture of his and my juices inside me diffusing, evaporating and rushing through me. The diffused sexual energy was absorbed by my blood, taken in by this feminine body of mine and spread to my brain, my breasts, my bottom and pussy... every last muscle, tendon, vein and capillary in me, energizing every last little cell in me with its power.

With a moan of elation, I leaned against the nearby tile wall while my most recent sexual endeavor lay on the ground passed out, his cock enlarged greatly from having made love to me was now flaccid and his balls completely limp from having drained all its ejaculate into me. I felt this energy growing in me, felt it rising exponentially before I clenched my jaw... and changed.

The flow of power rushed through me, pushing into my muscles and causing them to thicken and engorge with added strength. Arms and legs widened rapidly, deep creases carving through their entire lengths and separating the muscles into secondary ones as my hips widened and the whole of this body lengthened subtly to make me taller. Nectar drained from between my legs as both my breasts firmed up from the pectorals that held

them both thickening behind them, all while those two tits swelled with added glandular growth which thusly filled with milk which likewise sprayed from the ends of either nipple.

Arching my back as my bottom thickened and clenched tightly, I felt long sinuous muscles carving their way out of my body while every bone in me hardened and swelled outward, barreling my chest outward and thickening every neck muscle, while my back flared wider and bubbled with hardening muscle. What was more was that the long hair atop my head rapidly grew out by several inches more while this all happened to me, and right then and there I must've gained at least fifteen pounds in weight from that growth before it left me.

“More!” I groaned and cupped my cunt even as it quivered and exploded with a wash of vaginal nectar. And then I turned sharply, facing the mirror and taking extreme pleasure at the way my tits shook and jostled with the sharp movement. “I... need... more!”

“Attention all students.” The voice of the vice-principal said over the PA system suddenly, and I looked up at the speaker array that was possibly older than me at the peak of one wall here in the bathroom. “Final hour will be taken up by an assembly within the Gym. All students are required to gather there for next hour. That is all.”

And then the bell rang, and I grinned deeply, standing where I was as the rush of feet outside as students and faculty all left their classes to head to the gym/auditorium sounded just outside the door. Moving forward, I quickly picked up my last lover and placed him in one of the stalls before I flattened my back against a recess in the wall and waited. And then the first of several boys and young men who had to go to the bathroom entered and walked right passed me to use the urinals. Two more entered then and also walked right passed me as well before I walked before the door and lifting a hand locked it tight. By the time the first of the four were done doing his business and turned, I was standing naked before the doorway smiling at them.

The other three turned and stopped before having even completely zipping up their flies, and pressing both legs together, arching my super-feminine and muscular body, I displayed to them the size of my boobs and then popped the question.

“So... which of you four fine man-imals wants to have sex with me?” I groaned, and much to my joy, all four of them raised their hands.

\*\*\*\*\*

Power was rushing into me... and it was intoxicating! It was like a drug that satisfied both thirst and hunger and one's need for it, and when it was gone you wanted it even more.

Truly it was a wonder to feel this way, to feel every fiber in my being growing like this. Four more young men laid on the ground in various states of consciousness, their bodies

drained of all their excess energies as if I were some sort of succubus but instead of draining blood I drained their fluids and incorporated their latent strengths and powers with my own.

And leaning against a wall, I felt muscles billowing and erupting everywhere while the sacks of woman flesh against my chest bulged and swelled outward, distending heavily and swelling at the same time, carrying their twin nipples forward and thickening them into unheard of thicknesses and lengths.

It'd taken less than ten minutes to pleasure these over-stimulated young men and get them to release their pent up reserves into me, and now all that energy was mingling with my own.

A hundred pounds of raw muscle mass and bone growth were swelling all over me, transforming me from merely athletic into an incredible Miss Olympia and well beyond that. Biceps swelled and cleaved into their two separate parts, triceps transformed into a horseshoe shapes of bundled chords and forearms flared and thickened with a multitude of striations, tendons, chords and brachials that were ended with a pair of thickening hands. Those hands with their long fingers were likewise growing their nails nice and sharp, and oddly... those nails were becoming rather thick too as they all curved toward the palms.

Pectorals flared and billowed outward, rippling into individual muscle chords while the hardened packs of now twelve abdominals and eight lats carved my navel into a long, sunken and sinuous thing that was bordered by a plethora of feathering and overlapping dorsal muscles.

Neck muscles thickened and pushed my head forward, the back muscles supporting my head spreading wide to the shoulders as my back bubbled and heaved outward, each spine in me thickening and subtly lengthening my body with each bone.

My hips widened, allowing for both thighs and their quadriceps and tendons to become corded and massive, allowed both gluts to firm up and separate into three separate hard packs of muscle and likewise allowed both calves to flare wide while every other muscle in those legs billowed and became chorded. Those thighs framed a billowing mound of vaginal muscle covered by a soft downy shag of white-blond hairs that'd thickened so much that the individual vaginal lips were pressing against the insides of both thighs.

But the greatest growths were my tits... either of which swelled passed the Z-cup size... while my back grew just as much to continue to counter balance those boobs amidst every other muscle in me thickening to help support those primary objects of my new sexual power.

The change slowed subtly, leaving me gasping and wanting more even as my body relaxed enough to orgasm, and turning slowly, I found myself looking at myself in the

mirror while milk leaked from both nipples and slowly slid down the swells of my tits and down the length of my hardening body.

Then I saw that my eyes had widened and angled themselves, I saw the smooth features having changed into something unearthly and elfin. First and foremost were my eyes, their coloring having flooded over the whites. Second were my ears which had become angled and tapering, and looking to my hands suddenly, I saw then that the thick sharp fingernails were swelling to take up the whole of the ends of each finger.

But then as I leaned in to touch and look at my face, my breasts falling and spilling into two separate sinks being that they – and to a different extent – I had grown so massive, I saw something remarkable that left me breathless. I saw the pupils of both eyes suddenly pinch into oval shapes and then twist so that I had a pair of horizontal pupils!

I did a double take and then leaned in to make sure it was true, even pulled down an eye lid to make sure someone wasn't playing a trick on me... but how could they?

I was only able to wonder what was happening to me for a moment or two before I instead saw the swollen mammaries on the corners of my rippling pectorals before I grasped one and lifted it, hefting its weight, and smiling at my reflection, I upended its nipple into my mouth and started to suck the milk from it. And then my free hand snaked in between both thighs to caress the gaping vaginal slit I now possessed with its distended and thickened clitoris. This continued for many deep gulping mouthfuls from either tit, and then one or two from both at once before I dropped them both and they sloshed as they sprayed milk everywhere.

“More!” I groaned, and assaulted the lock, and when I became impatient I grabbed the handle and yanked on the door, dislodging it and its frame with the sheer force of my muscularity before I set the door aside and stepped out into the open hallways

I was naked, enlarged, super-muscular like one's favorite comic book muscle fiends, and purely sexual without a single comparison in all the world that could stand up to this incredible feminine physique. The sheer fact that I was naked in such a public space like a school only heightened my arousal. Grabbing both breasts and pushing them together, I snuggled the pair of them before hearing heard the cheering and chanting of all the students in assembly as they had a pep rally it sounded like, and turning eagerly toward it, I walked elegantly and sexily toward the sounds of so many viable donors to my new growing power as I licked the seductively thick lips and felt that giant cock-like sensation of all the sexual muscles in me that ended with that billowing vaginal mound of mine clench and seize automatically. My lithe steps were ultra-feminine, with each step being only on the toes as if I were wearing high-heels and also each step landing directly one in front of the next.

The feeling of my thighs sliding against each other, compressing the swollen vaginal mound between them as both butt cheeks holding those thigh legs slid erotically against each other while the incredibly huge breasts bounced and jostled with each step, I licked

my lips again and felt the last of those four young men's essences meld permanently with me... right when a door opened to my left and the janitor backed out from inside it.

It was then that I saw how much I'd grown... Finding myself standing a full head taller than a grown man, and sighing nasally as he backed up, I continued standing there till he backed up against me, and rising immediately, his head flossed perfectly in between my breasts.

He turned and practically fell over his cart, finding me standing there with all my feminine and muscular glory as I lifted a hand to cup a tit and heft it higher. I could see his groin bulging rapidly as I squatted and stared fondling him hungrily. Unzipping that custodial suit of his down to its base, I found his belt and undid that too, opened his pants and helped push all those layers off him. And then with his pants opened, I reached in, pulled out his prick and shoved it right into my cunt.

A gasp erupted from me as I immediately orgasmed and plastered his lap with my juices as I started humping him, hugging his head to my breasts and leaking milk all over him, and he immediately climaxed into me, offloading all his own latent sexual power into me before he collapsed into a heap on the floor; his body thinned and his penis adorning his pelvis like a long curving horn, while I in turn absorbed that energy and started to transform again..

My face changed even more, the whole of it pushing forward and gaining thick brow ridges, the nose flattening toward the lips while two sharp horn buds rose over either brow. Hairs grew out of my legs and forearms as I rose higher up onto my toes. My chest heaved while billowing muscles slid from within me to help round this growing body of mine out. Both breasts increased by several inches apiece while I gained a good fifteen pounds from an increase in height, in increased mammary mass and in skeletal and muscle mass.

But new changes started happening too as I felt the firming of flesh beneath those two incredible tits I had, and feeling those spots with both hands, I felt two new nipples forming. My tail bone turned outward as well while the big toe and the middle toe of either foot fused together and the remaining three toes on either foot fused together as well; their nails merging together rapidly.

But I didn't care at the moment... all I cared about was this growing power. I wanted more... I needed to feed!

And after flexing and feeling all this new might growing on my body, I stepped lithely toward the assembly hall.

## **Chapter 5: Beauty and the Beast**

My name is Jennifer. Yeah, that Jennifer, Pat's friend.

I'd really been worrying about Patrick and what he'd said to me a couple hours ago. There were evidences of what he'd been saying everywhere I looked. There were girls and female faculty missing right now for example, and Pat was nowhere to be seen either.

Only half-listening to what was going on during this rally, I instead focused on worrying on my friend till the sound of a pair of doors opening loudly entered my hearing and soon every last sound in the whole school stopped dead.

The doors closed behind a... a creature! This creature was at least seven feet tall at the moment and laden with enough muscle to make up three to five muscular women at the moment, and she had breasts that easily equaled those any three to five women put together would've had. I mean, they were the size of beach balls! What sort of woman had breasts that big?

But the more I looked, the more I realized that this was no woman.

She woman had hair on her legs up to the hips though the insides of her legs were bare, with both of those super muscular legs framing one of the largest, most distended pair of labia I'd ever seen, with those firm vaginal lips encircled by a thick, furry bush of white fur. There was a short tail that fell over her tight bottom and wagged every now and again, that bottom heaving in and out alternatively with each step as she walked upon the toes of a pair of lengthened feet that gave her legs a digitigrade appearance. But instead of toes there were instead a sharp pair of cloven hooves that clicked against the ground with every step.

Her face was flattened like a beast's, with a narrow nose that spread upward into the brow ridges to be topped by a pair of long horns which were then framed by a pair of smaller horns. She looked ultra feminine, with her features framing a pair of the bluest blue eyes that I'd ever seen. They glowed with an unearthly light.

But it was those eyes... no matter what the body looked like, the coloring of those eyes were unique in the world, that specific shade of blue, I knew immediately that they could belong to none other than Pat.

Gone was everything manly or boyish on this creature, and in its place was a super-muscular hyper-feminine being who stepped through the doors and let them close behind her with a bang. She licked her lips and rubbed her strong hands against her powerful body, her fingers that each ended in long claw-like sheathes, slid over countless abdominals that were each covered with a hardened nipple, before sliding over not one but two pairs of breasts; the top massively larger than those below them.

Murring seductively as she came to the center of the gym that served as our assembly hall and simply stood there waiting. Her massive breasts heaved as her chest expanded and contracted with each breath, her flesh glistened with sweat and her pussy with ejaculate, and for a moment I wondered what was about to happen when I heard a moan from nearby me.

Looking in the direction of that moan, I saw that the owner of that voice was a slender young woman who was I was sure was a year younger than me, a simple girlish woman who was still growing into her boobs and developing her hips, but she was the first to tear open her shirt, popping buttons off and ruining that cute little outfit as she began rubbing herself. A great wet spot rose up over her crotch as she came in a rush, experiencing perhaps her first orgasm before I heard other moans and groans all around me, and people began to rise to their feet.

“Come to me!” Pat cried out in a beautiful sing-song voice that echoed melodically, enticingly even, and something inside me told me that I should do what everyone else was doing, to get naked and rush toward her, but I asked that voice back *‘why should I?’* and the voice moved on.

But that girl cried out in elation as that wet spot grew even larger between her legs, and abandoning her school bag where it was, she hurried from her seat, ran down the metal fold-out stairs and up to Pat where the young woman immediately embraced him, I mean her. And then while others began to rub crotches and groins, and the girls and women also rubbed breasts, I sat there fearful and nervous as Pat slowly tore the girl from her clothes.

The girl tore off her shirt and undershirt, revealing a pair of small per mounds of tit, before with one deft grab and jerk Pat then tore off both her pants and panties, and then kneeling, began to lap at the girl’s pussy.

Pat actually drank the nectar that rapidly and almost immediately seeped from the girl’s loins as others rose and moved like zombies toward Pat even as she sucked the young woman off, and as she did I watched in awe as the girl’s skin turned pale-white, the meat thinning on her bones and her body being reduced to that of a pre-teen, Pat moved lowered the girl before licking her lips thoroughly. Pat then placed the girl on a podium where the teachers had been and then turned and cradled the next person to her, a young man who was nineteen or twenty currently, and Pat immediately laid him down and mounted him unceremoniously.

There were orgasmic moans and nasal sighs, cries of elation as Pat roared with glee, and while Pat became the center of a growing mob, I rose, clutching at my shirt not because I was growing horny – though this did turn me on a little – but because I wanted to calm my concerned heart from beating so fiercely.

Pat’s body was growing right before my very eyes, her horns growing longer, her ears lengthening while her features became more bestial yet even more feminine. Her breasts swelled and I swore I saw the smaller pair swelling beneath the first pair, but the muscles... the incredible muscles that were bubbling from her body, making her larger and stronger continually as students and faculty alike came on her and in her, and she lapped up their fluids and sucked them off or even absorbed them into her body, draining them of their innate sexual power, and as she did she grew ever stronger and stronger!



I... I had to do something. This was all my fault for not doing anything for Pat when he asked me to. I should've listened to him when he came to me, but I didn't and now he was changing into some ultra-feminine hulk-like monster.

But before I could think of anything... I ran.

\*\*\*\*\*

I peaked inside. I was afraid... very afraid, damn me for a coward, but I didn't want to call the police either, because who knew what would happen with Pat in such a state? The options were the cops would either join in on these '*festivities*' or else... well what else would they do other than blast Pat to death with guns and such.

I bit my lower lip as I watched her growing still, thickening as each and every last student and faculty regardless of gender was drained of their fluids and was thusly left in a thinned and utterly erotic state.

Long spines and bones were erupting from Pat's new body, with more horns and even larger more powerful muscles she growing twice the size as any man, which meant she was somewhere around twelve or thirteen feet tall.

And then likewise all the naked bodies were exuding a sort of vapor from their bodies that was moving toward Pat... and... *feeding* her or something.

*What do I do?! What do I do?! What do I do?!!* I cried inwardly, tears escaping my eyes. But then I realized something and wiped the tears away from my eyes immediately as I looked at Pat, with all those naked bodies with her, and then looking at myself, I realized that whatever was affecting everyone else wasn't affecting me.

*Pat even said something about that when he came to me.* I swallowed. *Then that means... if I want to save him, I mean her... whatever! Then I need to do it myself.*

Steeling myself, I took a deep breath and then acted.

\*\*\*\*\*

The power! The unmitigated strength and power that was inside me was incredible! It churned and burned like a sun inside my chest and loins, and the hotter it grew the stronger I became!

I was over twelve feet in height now, with a great crown of horns atop my head as I laid against the rising stairs of the gymnasium that assemblies were held within, my legs spread open and the new honey pot between them pulsating and throbbing as I absorbed yet another young man's seed who deposited all his latent sexual desires inside me to feed that flame of my passions. My clitoris had become so large and strong within that

gaping pussy that it acted just like a mighty penis for the feminine bodies that decided to ride it, and the intensity of having two people screw that love mound of mine was mind-numbing... I couldn't even tell you how much it made me cum!

With one hand I caressed a tit that must've weighed hundreds of pounds, gripping it and massaging its flesh that was made velvety from all the little hairs that were on it while my other hand rubbed the bulging cunt between my legs with two fingers while I was continually pierced by this young man.

I had twenty-two tits now, two massive primaries, two smaller half-sized secondaries that rested just beneath those, and nine more sets beneath those that lined each abdominal of my engorged belly. Thin bands of fur decorated the edges of both of the massive forearms like a pair of frocks, each band collecting about the growth point of a pair of hooking bones that were like the horns on my head. The hair on my legs had separated from the hair on my cunt, leaving a separation between thigh and hip while a soft downy fringe with a long treasure trail decorated that powerful womanhood of mine.

Claws had grown on my fingers in the form of sharp hoof-like tips, while my feet had become cloven and a little tail had formed between the naked swells of my butt cheeks. Both legs had become covered in soft downy fur, while everything that was flesh was soft, silken and perfect.

And then there was the muscle!

I'd hulked out three times over since this had all started... and their nectar and seed shooting onto me was absorbed directly by the skin to join my power, and as it was, even as I consumed the energies of the last of all these students and faculty by sucking on the dick of some nineteen year old, I heard a sound within one of the two wide and hooded ears I had, and turning my eyes toward it, the horns atop my head having grown thick and greater in number swiveled and then flattened against my head.

I blinked in surprise at the person who stood fully clothed at the base of the folding stairs and sports stands that I lay upon amidst hundreds of naked bodies, and after a brief check around me, I saw that indeed that that was Jen, for she wasn't amidst all the many lovers I'd just had.

"Jen," I said, whispering her name in my superbly feminine voice.

She stood there, trembling like a leaf in a high wind, it seemed to me, her blue eyes focused directly upon me for a moment or two before she lifted her hands to the straps of the coveralls she'd been wearing and pulled them off her shoulders.

"No..." I gasped and rose, but with all the bodies moaning toward my movements and with me not wanting to hurt them, I couldn't very well get out of this. So I had no choice but to watch.

But as I watched her undress, kicking off her shoes and holding her coveralls up for a moment, she stripped from those coveralls by just letting go of it, and the whole lot of it fell off her slender body to reveal to me what she wore in the form of underwear underneath all those nerdy clothes, and I immediately blinked at the appearance of a pair of passion-red, laced panties that were decorated by a white frill and fringe. I stared, feeling all those sexual muscles in my body firming up in desire, felt the twin labia swell, felt the clit harden, felt all the nipples lining my bodice erect till they ached at the sight of those panties that were made out of sheer cloth. I could see her labia, saw the racing stripe of vaginal hair that she'd shaved out of her pubic hairs, even as she pulled her shirt off to reveal one of those miniscule undershirts covering her bodice, the sort that was only a simple band of white silk across the breasts and upper chest and nothing else, its back little more than a series of elastic strings around the neck and behind the back.

She stood there, wearing a pair of thigh socks too, and with her hair held in with cute barrettes like that, the very sight of her made me think of a lingerie catalog model that I'd shamelessly jerked off to.

Jen stepped toward me gracefully, rising up the steps of the stands and picking her way around the moaning and sighing bodies that were pleasing themselves and others in a massive orgy of pleasure that I was feeding off of by mere association. In the times that she turned, I saw that those panties were cut wide and high on the sides, and flossed her behind nice and tightly, suggesting more than they revealed, which drove me even deeper into arousal and made me leak milk from all the many tits I'd developed.

"Jen..." I breathed when she was standing before me, less than half my size. "No... go away... you need to... mph!"

Jen surprised me... surprised me in a way I never thought would ever happen in my friendship with her despite how much I'd secretly desired it.

In that last moment that she'd moved forward... she flossed her body between my great tits... and kissed me.

\*\*\*\*\*

Jen's lips were larger than a human's due to her size, and they were feminine lips, full and voluptuous. They tasted like strawberries, which was strange. I thought that they'd taste like jism and ejaculate from a thousand people by now.

I kissed those lips, I fed from them as I climbed up onto her and felt her great hands cradle me between the billowing beds of mammary that were her breasts, and I sucked off just the most minute of her power, but that sexual power, that incredible sexual might, nonetheless began to change me.

I was one of those people whose puberty had been delayed by years, so when it finally did take me, I didn't know what to do with it other than hide the fact that it was

happening. But that didn't keep me from wanting to feel sexy, and so I wore underwear that was bought with my own money from Victoria Secrets and Fredericks of Hollywood. But at the moment that I kissed Pat in this Über sexual form, my breasts were little more than simple B-cups and my hips were barely noticeable. But once I kissed her, I somehow found myself sucking in a tremendous amount of her energy and power, and almost immediately my maturation enhanced itself a year every few seconds.

My soft moisturized skin became silken, every blemish and every scar disappeared from me till it had the softness of a newly born baby's skin. My hips rapidly widened, while my arms and legs lengthened and grew heavy with adult weight, my navel sinking beneath a flaring and bulging chest that was thrusting itself forward while my spine arched deeply all so that the two breasts decorating my chest could rapidly expand.

Pat's arms moved about me to embrace me and coddle me, lovingly even I felt, and I found myself shamelessly enjoying it. One of her fingers slid between my butt cheeks to rub the silken cloth over my anus and pussy, and I felt my sexuality growing rapidly from that siphoned power from her and her magical, sexual touch. The two shorn pussy lips swelled outward, becoming tight and firm, the budding breasts billowing rapidly outward with their areola puffing outward and their nipples hardening and growing more erect than I'd ever felt them manage before. And what was more was that my clit between my legs engorged itself on blood, thickening itself as it jut out from in between the twin labia to quiver excitedly; my pussy moistening rapidly.

The red panties I wore slowly arched upward over the widening breadth of my now womanly hips, the backside tugging hard in between my butt cheeks as the crotch tightened around the bulging pussy to accent every contour and crevice it had. Those panties very rapidly came to look like they did on the model in the catalog that I'd bought them from, while the simple undershirt I wore that did nothing more than to obscure my tits rapidly became useless as the swelling mammaries pushed the garment outward and began swelling out from underneath them. Then all at once those two swelling boobs pushed out from under the plane of white silk cloth so that the silk only covered the top of my chest and not the tits it was designed to cover.

I grew taller and slenderer, the type of body that only super models or comic book heroines had as I thickened with curving musculature and firming abdominals that formed the barest hint of muscular lumps on my belly, arms, legs, chest and back, while atop my head the long blonde hair billowed outward in every direction before I withdrew from the kiss, and settling back, I looked upon Pat, not caring what'd just happened to me as she looked at me then, cupping the whole of my body with her great hands.

\*\*\*\*\*

She was beautiful. I desired her as she rested atop my body. Her very touch was calming me, making me remember who I was as I held her upon my belly, and I moved forward to kiss her again but she was getting up from off of me and pulling at my hand.

I'd follow her into the depths of hell and back without a second thought at that very moment.

I rose stupidly with her, following her without really thinking of anyone else then as the people who'd been lying against me all tumbled together from the absence of my massive body in their midst, and Jen led me down the steps with the thousand some people strewn around it and onto the ground where I crouched before her and fingered her face.

"Y-you..." I managed, at a loss of words for what to say to my old friend as I saw her like this. She was supremely sexual... more beautiful than I was when I first became a woman, with D-cup or larger breasts and the perfect bottom, crotch, thighs... everything.

Where I was a twelve on a scale of one to ten as a woman... she was a twenty!

"We need to get you..." Jen started but then paused, palming her throat from how womanly and deep her voice sounded, and her breasts swelled and contracted hypnotically as she inhaled and exhaled excitedly several times before she faced me again. "We need to get you out of here, Pat. Who knows what will happen when the bus drivers outside start coming in to find out why the students aren't leaving yet."

And she began pulling and I started following stupidly again, Jen stopping only long enough to gather her clothes as we hurried down the halls. With fifteen foot halls, I could follow quite easily enough as we steadily made our way through the school and even down the steps and into the girl's locker room where I'd pleased the whole cheer team and the girl's gym coach. As we rushed in, Jen actually stopped dead in her tracks as she saw the after affects of my deed with Kitty, the coach and her team, being that they were all still here.

"You weren't lying..." Jen said quietly as she looked at all the passed-out mature women with the broad smiling faces. "By the looks of their faces you showed them a good time."

She turned back to me but paused because I was looking at myself in one of the mirrors that was here, seeing my animal-like features and the grand goat's horns that were flaring from my head and some additional horns that I'd never seen on a goat.

"What have I done?" I asked aloud as I sat down on a bench and heard it creak beneath all my weight, and Jen walked before me and palmed both my hideously massive breasts as she looked up at me.

"We can worry about that later, Pat, but we need to find a way to get you home. Does my touch help you at all like it did before?"

I paused and forced myself to relax, and closing my eyes I tried to let myself revel within her touch, but then I shook my head.

“No... there’s not enough of it to...” I began, but then Jen surged forward, her much smaller breasts pressing against the hollow of my chest as she flossed the whole of her body between my breasts and wrapped her arms around a great thick neck that had flared so much that it went straight to my shoulders, so she had no hope of actually closing her arms about my neck.

“How bout now?” she asked me quietly, and I felt myself moving automatically to hold her to me, so close that I could feel the pulse of her heart hammering against my chest while I palmed her narrow back and broad bottom.

“Much better...” I said quietly and rubbed my cheek against her head, and closing my eyes, I began to feel her calming, cooling touch flooding inside me, quieting all the erotic passions.

After a few moments I opened my eyes and saw that I’d shrunk some, and smiled at the fact her plan was working, but nonetheless I wanted to rest there and hold her against me, I wanted to kiss her but I dared not do such a thing and so instead I simply held her, and felt myself growing ever the more smaller.

Milk leaked from all my breasts as they rapidly shrank, horns retracted and features became more human. Fingers lost their claws, feet became feet again instead of cloven hooves, and the fur retracted from all over my body with the individual muscles feeling like they were letting air out of them; like a tiny little pin prick in a long balloon... not enough to make them pop but just enough for them to rapidly let their air out.

I didn’t know how long it took for this to happen or how long she and I hugged each other like that, but steadily I found myself laying more and more of my head upon her swollen breasts, till at long last she stepped back and I lifted my head to find her naked breasts directly before my face.

A quick look at my image in the mirror showed me a tall and attractive woman again with large tits and lots of strong muscles, but I still was a woman.

“This should be enough till we can figure out how to undo whatever it is that you’ve done.” She said, and then stooping again, she handed me her old coveralls and shirt while she headed toward one particular locker and opened it. “Quick. Put those on, we’ve already been here for half an hour past school time, and I’ve heard people running around outside. The nearest exit will get us outside and away before anyone can see us, and if anyone asks... you’re my mom.”