

Book 2: Sex Magic
Chapter 6: Shape Changer

Jen had raided her gym clothes in order to get us out.

Putting on a pair of shorts and a shirt for her had become a much, much different look for her. Whatever had happened to her when she kissed me had increased her clothes sizes from girl's to women's... and as such the pair of shorts and shirt she now wore were still fit for a girl... not a virile woman as she appeared now.

Her clothes fit her snugly, wedging tight into her crotch and into her behind to show off much of those twin gluts while the shirt she now wore barely fit over her breasts... and by barely I mean that the lower halves of those swells showed out from underneath the shirt containing them.

She had the shoes though and I had to run barefoot being that my feet were currently too large to fit in the other pair of shoes she'd brought with... though the shirt and coveralls that she'd been wearing did fit me... but once again I use the term *'fit'* rather loosely.

The shoulder straps of the coveralls had to be let out to their furthest extent, and they fit around me skin tight. Since I was wearing nothing under these things, the seam down the crotch wedged itself in a tight frontal wedgie... an experience that I must say that as a man inside this woman's body, I now knew of another reason why it was better to be a man. The flossing fabric both in the front and the back was nice and shapely and showed off a sexy camel toe and a nice tight ass, but I found now that that was the sort of thing I liked looking at, not experiencing.

The shirt, like Jen's shirt, was a rather large shirt to cover her body while wearing coveralls, but thanks to the ample size of my bust and the added thickness of my bodice, that shirt barely covered my tits. Also, thanks to the girth of butt and legs, her coveralls only came to just passed the knees.

I looked like a hyper-sexed hyper-muscular farm girl, especially after Jen put my hair up into a pair of pig tails over either ear.

But that was neither here nor there at the moment. Our goal was to leave this place as quickly as possible, and leave we did, making a break for the outside, but even as we were walking away through the cover of the trees and bushes against the side of the school, there were police cars and fire engines that were arriving, and close on their heels came a horde of ambulances.

Cops were wearing gas masks and the firemen and paramedics were all wearing full hazard gear with oxygen tanks. Some of the medics even looked like they were from the CDC, their suits being orange and they wore air tanks and such while the other doctors wore white and had only air filters.

On the back edge of the building though was a park, and once we snuck around behind we walked out away from the school while more sirens blared and a pair of fire trucks and a pump truck arrived.

"They're going in with hoses," I said as I stood there. Somehow I was able to magnify my vision and see in absolute detail at what they were doing as I stood there beside Jen. "What do you suppose why?"

Jen was covering her eyes with one hand as she looked at them with what I hoped was normal human vision. I truly hoped that whatever transformed her into an ultra über babe wasn't the same thing that made me what I am now. The last thing I wanted her to do was become big and furry and suddenly gender change to have a cock that was as large as her rounded forearm would be.

Blinking to make my vision normal again, I turned to her as she looked back and started walking off. I paused where I stood as she took several paces away and stopped when she noticed I wasn't following before turning back to me.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, and I, carrying her other pair of shoes like I took them off to walk barefoot – that had been her idea – I stepped quickly to her side and took her hand.

“Jen... I-I’m... I’m afraid. What if I can’t change back? What if I’m stuck like this? What if...?” But she stopped me by pressing several fingers against my lips to quiet me.

“The first thing we’re going to do is make a phone call. Try to make your voice as deep as possible and tell your parents you’re staying at a friend’s house for a bit. Tell them nothing other than that. There’s some change in the front pocket of those coveralls you’re wearing. My parents are on vacation for the rest of the week, so you can stay with me for the time being.

“The most important thing though is that we need to get that book you found as quickly as possible. Now let’s go. There’s a pay phone in the park behind the school.” She said and began walking hurriedly, but I held onto her hand, and when she looked back at me, I surged forward and embraced her, holding her head to my chest –er– breasts.

“Jen... thank you.” I said with a quavering voice.

“Hey... that’s what friends are for.” She said over my boobs, her head wedged in between the massive swells, and I felt her rub her cheek against my bosom as she hugged me back as best as she could. I liked the way the fabric rubbed against my nipples from her cheek. “Now let’s hurry... before the cops start showing up at our front door wondering about why we’re missing from the all the other students inside.

Jen always was the one with the good common sense between us...

She was always the one who knew what to do on a moment’s notice while I was always the one who knew those stupid little facts no one else knew. I was smart, but I panicked easily... But when I was afraid, she’s always been there to calm me.

Now was absolutely no different from all those other times.

I left a message on the answering machine at home using my deepest voice possible to tell mom and dad that I wouldn’t be home and I was going to spend the weekend with a friend. They didn’t have any reason to distrust me... I just hoped Jen and I could figure this out.

We hurried to my place then before my parents came home from work, and plodding up to my room, I retrieved the book and some other things – like my toothbrush and toothpaste, some money, my bank book and wallet and other necessities – stuffed them all in a spare duffle bag and was out of there in a few minutes.

A good thing too... for we were hurrying out the back door right when we heard the garage door opening from dad coming home for the day.

From there, Jen and I went to her home, where we went up to her room, and there I paused, looking around and smelling all the sweet feminine smells, seeing the white and pink decor, the stuffed animals...

I picked up a little teddy bear and smirked at it, and she took it immediately from me.

“So I collect stuffed animals... big deal!” she said, looking angrily at me.

“And I collect Transformers.” I said pleasingly, and then went to go sit on the edge of her bed, but with a gasp and a moan I un-shouldered the two straps of the coveralls and unbuttoned its sides before pushing the garment down a little so it wasn’t flossing me anymore. “Everyone has to have their hobbies after all, and yours fits you Jen.” Her face smoothed out from its angry look and she moved to sit down beside me then.

“Sorry I yelled. Of all the people who doesn’t deserve to be shouted at today, you must be the biggest of them all.”

“Big is right...” I said and flexed an arm to see its bicep swell and rise and push back the tight sleeve of the shirt Jen lent me before I took that same hand and cupped the tit attached to the bulging chest muscle that supported that same arm.

“You all right, Patrick?” she asked.

“Best if you keep calling me Pat or switch to Patricia while I’m like this, Jen.” I sighed, and then rubbed my crotch beneath the flap of the coveralls that were keeping it from my friend’s view. “But no it’s nothing. I took hundreds of dicks in this pussy of mine today, and yet walking with a wedgie up it caused far more ache than all those dicks combined.

“Should anyone tell me that I’d suck cock or take a dick in me yesterday and I would’ve bet good money that they’d be wrong.”

“Too late to take a bet?” Jen snickered and then rising, she went to her dresser, opened it and began fingering through the garments inside before finding a simple pair of panties inside and pulling them out she handed them to me.

“I know what it’s like walking around with a wedgie in both places all day,” she smirked. “Here... put these on instead of those... and we’ll take a look at that book of yours.”

I sighed thankfully and caught the undergarment as she tossed them to me, and then I sat there for a moment, holding them, realizing that I was about to put on my best friend’s underwear as I looked at the crotch.

“What’s wrong?” she asked and I looked up at her with a wan smile.

“Oh nothing... never mind it.” I replied and began pushing off the coveralls, but stopped at the appearance of the bulging V-shaped love mound that my penis had receded into, and I paused with the coveralls around both knees as I lifted a hand to trace the contours of this new pussy of mine with all my fingers; even going so far as to sliding a finger up and down the vaginal slit that was pleasantly hidden by all the downy white vaginal hairs about it.

“Damn,” Jen said suddenly, and I looked up, half expecting her to be commenting on the fact that I was idly playing with myself, but she was cupping her breasts instead. “I can barely breathe in this thing now.” And to my surprise as she sat down beside me, she crossed her arms and lifted the shirt up over and off her bodice, the two mammaries distending and bouncing outward with their subtle white silk shirt flattening the pair against her chest.

And then I did something rash, I wasn’t even aware that I was doing it even as my hand lifted from my crotch and then palmed one of her firm and large tits. I didn’t know why I did it, though maybe always having been fascinated as to the development of those fatty sacks of glands that produced milk for our young, but I nonetheless palmed the whole of her tit.

I felt her nipple erecting into my palm, the thing tight and hard from having never known the mouth of another human being, never having been sucked upon despite its large, firm size. I felt the firm glands below it and the feel of the softening layer of fat around it that sucked all my long feminine fingers into the soft skin as I pressed into it. A stupid smile crossed my face as I started caressing that tit, feeling a calm growing inside me, a dumbing down of every logical sensation that I had in order to experience the joy of touching a woman’s breast.

“Pat...”

I mean I touched hundreds of women's breasts through the course of the day, felt their various shapes and forms and every cup size from A to P, but Jen's breast was just so perfect, so rounded... so well-formed and...

"Pat..." the sound of my name came to me, and this time I shook out of my reprieve to look at Jen to see her staring right at me expectantly.

And then I looked back down from her face to my hand, then back at her, then back and forth from my hand to her again and I realized what I'd been doing and pulled my hand from her breast as if burnt.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry." I gasped and looked away ashamed. "Jen I don't... I mean..."

But then she surprised me by reaching behind her and undoing the straps of her now undersized undershirt, removing it before she took my hand in both of hers and folded it around her breast. This drew me back to stare at her disbelievingly as I looked from her face to my hand and back again.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

Her face and voice betrayed no emotion. I had no idea how women did that... but I often felt like I was being lured into a trap when a woman talked like that.

"W-what?" I stammered.

I was bottomless and she was topless currently, and she was asking me that?

"Do you like the feel of it? Please be honest." She said, and as I lowered my gaze to look down at her breast that was now fully within my hand, with her folding that hand to her tit, I was placed within a conundrum. She was my oldest, closest friend, and I certainly didn't want to disappoint her, but I'd only been in the guise of a woman for less than a day, and looking back to Jen's face, I had no idea why she wanted to know this right now.

"It's the most perfect breast I've yet felt, Jen, and that's the honest truth." And the same stupid smile crossed my face as I caressed the flesh of that fat breast with my finger tips for as long as she'd let me. "I've always been fascinated with breasts, which contributed to all the wet dreams I'd had as a young man, and they were what always drew me to a woman like a fly to honey. I've seen many naked breasts today, Jen, seen many more in magazines and on the internet... and out of thousands of women I'd say that your breasts will have to be the best I've seen."

Jen settled back with a wry smile, and lifting one of her own hands as she let go of mine and pulled her tit away from my hand with the movement, she pressed into the other tit with her finger to feel how malleable it was.

"It's a ridiculous growth whose biological purpose is only to produce milk for babies." She said quietly. "I never thought much about them, even when I was growing a pair of my own, and now I have the best pair out of thousands of women, so you say." She sighed and then leaned back to look at her breasts, and I dragged my gaze from her chest to her face. "Perhaps I only said they were ridiculous because I never had a real pair of my own, perhaps I was always secretly jealous of others for having them. And now that I have them myself..."

I paused for a moment before I slid sideways and wrapped an arm around Jen's shoulders.

"Jen... Why are you so concerned about this all of a sudden? You're gorgeous! Beautiful! A goddess of shape and form and perfection."

"But it's unnatural..." she complained.

“How do you know? What if this is what you were suppose to become all along? That one in several lifetimes sort of a woman where she is the loveliest of all women for a century or two to come?”

She looked up at me. “But I was never pretty before I kissed you.” She said quietly.

I smirked. “Says you.” I replied, and she blinked in surprise, and to explain, I started by palming her face and playing with her hair. “I... started noticing you one day, Jen. I don’t know when I realized that I started doing that, but suddenly I found myself admiring you.”

“Me?” she asked incredulously. “What did I have that you’d find desirable?”

“Well... I am honestly a breast man –er– woman now, I guess... and I loved breasts, had fantasies about breasts, but even I noticed what a nice butt you had.”

“My butt?” she repeated slowly, unsure if that was a thing to be prideful about. “What about my butt?”

“It was firm and tight... shapely with your growing hips.” I said immediately without hesitation. “I’d had to stop myself on several occasions before I gave you a slap or a grope out of familiarity with you. I wanted to... and when I noticed that fine behind of yours, I began noticing... other things.”

“What other things?” she asked immediately, and I detected some excitement in her voice now.

I started kicking off the coveralls I still had around my legs before idly dressing in the panties she’d given me. I had to remark to myself that my crotch was now in a place where her crotch had been.

“Your face. Your eyes... You were cute and pretty, and the more I looked upon you the more I wanted to kiss you. You had those nice soft lips that promised to be supple when you were older, and I swore that your breasts grew bigger and bigger every time I managed to look at them.

I palmed my belly once the panties were settled around me. It aroused me that I was wearing women’s underwear now, and it aroused me more that I was wearing hers. I decided to tell her that as I sat down beside her again.

“I mean... I have your underwear on right now, Jen. I guess... I’ve had a crush on you for several months yet.” And I hugged myself and blushed deeply. “Would you be angry if I told you that you’d inspired more than one wet dream?”

Jen stared at me, and then ever so slowly those huggable kissable lips of her spread into a wide smile. “Not when it’s you saying it Pat.” She mused, and then leaned her head on my muscular shoulder and hugged that thick chorded arm of mine for a few moments.

Immediately, I felt the sexual organs in me that ended with that tight little clitoris and vertical smile of mine firm up and harden from the feel of those naked breasts cleaving to the sides of my arm only to press against my chest, breast and the flaring back muscles that were attached to that arm.

And then Jen looked up at me, and moving forward she kissed me, kissed me deeply, and I felt the cooling sensation from before steal through me then, settling inside me as I felt myself being pushed backward. I could’ve resisted her, I could’ve kept her from doing that, but I literally swooned from her kiss, and before I knew it I was laying back against her bed, legs flaring to either side of her while feeling one of her hands upon my tit and her boobs pressing against my boobs before she rose subtly.

The look of her smile as she laid over me was heart warming, and I nearly started crying with the emotions that I felt for her... but then I felt something else, and as I groaned, we both became surprised as that groan lowered by several octaves. There was something groaning and cracking inside me, and I felt my hips

narrowing, felt my height reducing while muscles deflated and disappeared beneath my skin, and those massive breasts of mine reduced to half their previous size.

“Pat... you seem to be shrink...” Jen began but I pulled her to me, kissing her again, and she gasped and then moaned around our conjoined lips.

She’d seen what I felt... I almost felt my manhood returning, she was somehow the key and the bane to these new powers of mine, and when I kissed her I felt more male and less female, and as I kissed her now, I felt my hips narrowing, felt my breasts reducing...

Several long sumptuous seconds later as I kissed her fiercely, tasted her lips and enjoyed a greater and greater feeling of manhood swelling inside me, the moment my breasts disappeared and my hips had become narrow again, I felt a telescoping of all the sexual organs from within me as they all just sort of slid outward. The vaginal slid tightened and closed as the flesh bowed outward into a thick mound, the mound steadily sliding out of me and into the silk panties I wore, just before the curving lance telescoped into its former glory of twenty four inches by six inches... and even then it thusly reduced, growing tighter and tighter and likewise harder and harder.

With a gasp we both broke from each other, and I laid there on her bed, wearing her shirt and her underwear, with a pulsating and throbbing cock projecting from the Broad, V-shaped panties with my balls bundled up inside the crotch of the garment.

“Am I me again?” I said quietly, and we both rose as I faced the standing mirror in her room and she immediately pressed against my back, her breasts against my shoulder blades, and I breathed a sigh of relief that I was a man again. “Oh thank God... no more boobies.” I said as Jen hung about my neck and looked at our shared images in the mirror.

“You’re a hunk though.” She said, kneeling behind me on her bed with her butt up in the air... her butt that was being flossed by her underpants, and the swells of her fine boobs pressing against me. I found myself looking at her image, felt my penis erecting, firming up, hardening and broadening all over again as my sexual strength grew. I felt its length throbbing as my breathing quickened while Jen lowered one hand to palm my chest as she thusly lowered her head with its long mane of blonde hair to kiss my neck.

“Jen?” I sighed, and again with pressure she made me lie down, and kneeling beside me, she smiled as she looked down at my face and fingered my thinned lips that were no longer supple like a woman’s. “Jen... what are we doing?” I asked her, and actually palmed one of her widened hips. “Should we do this?”

She looked down the length of my body as she shifted to lie her side against me, just before she felt my erect prick with her long fingers, but despite how long they were, she couldn’t get her fingers completely around its now four inch girth. She stroked it once before looking back to me, and a small smile crossed her face.

“Don’t think of anything else, Pat. Think of only this one question: *‘Do you want to?’*” she was breathing slowly, calmly as she rested side-saddle against me, and turning she palmed my chest with both hands while I felt her fully ripened boobs pressing against a now solid six pack of abs bordered by two sets of lats.

I thought... and I thought some more as I looked at her eyes and her lips and realized that this was a moment where I could turn my best friend into a lover... or else remain friends ever more. Lifting a hand I touched her face, caressed her cheek with my fingers and her lips with its thumb, saw her turn her head into that touch and kiss my thumb. It was then that I saw that she wanted me... She was returning the affections, and there was nothing of the sexual desires that made me want her just because she was a woman.

I realized that I wanted her for her... not just because she had T and A and P.

So taking a deep breath, I answered her.

“Yes.” I said quietly... “Yes I do.”

Jen bent and kissed me right after I'd answered, and I felt her lips against mine, felt the passion inside her kiss, felt the affection. I didn't know what changed her from a nerdy girl into an ultra sexual woman, but perhaps... just perhaps, she had wanted me too. She was definitely showing it.

With me lying on my back, she peeled me out of the shirt she'd lent me, palming my chest and how tight and firm it'd become as of late. And then she bent low and kissed my chest, licking my nipples while I palmed her back, gasping and arching almost femininely now that I was able to feel such sensitivity in my nipples that I never knew existed before. Sliding a hand down her back I slipped my fingers into the seat of her lace red panties and pushed them off her firmly rounded bottom.

Jen rose then, and maneuvering herself, she pushed her panties off her bodice, showing me her tight little pussy and the furry racing stripe of shaved vaginal hairs that was above it. I watched her move and turn in order to slip from those sexy panties and casting them away before she pulled all her hair over one shoulder so that it laid beside one of those firm, fabulous breasts of hers.

Her chest heaved excitedly before she helped me out of the panties I still wore, and as a guy, being helped by a dream girl out of her panties that I was wearing, made me as hard as a red oak. Then kneeling beside me, gripping my penis with one hand, she drew it upward and bent to suck from it.

This was the first time that I really felt a blow job... the first time all day that any of them really felt real. And this felt so incredible! Jen's supple lips around the circumcision scar on the head of my penis fastened firmly, her lips fitting perfectly around that soft flesh surrounding the hardened muscles before she descended and moistened my shaft up with her saliva.

I controlled the impending explosion though, I just didn't know for how long I could keep it up. I'd made love to hundreds of women and maidens today, spewed in each and every last one of them, felt my nads filling with ample seed and ejaculate with each one and each time I exuded my man-muck without a second thought. But this time I held back... even when she arched forward and planted those warm breasts about my cock and got enthusiastic in her suckling from my dick. She squeezed those breasts around my shaft's long, hard and throbbing surface, with her silken mammary flesh around the velvety length of my phallus enticing me further.

She rose after a few minutes of this, her lips popping off the head of my dick from all the intense suction she was managing, and I felt my prick shiver a little before she rose and spread her legs as she straddled me, her tits bouncing and wobbling heavily.

I lay there then, reaching out to hold her hips and palm her belly as she held my prick with one hand, sliding her pussy back and forth along its length, gauging for the penetration while leaking her juices all over its mass.

She slid once... twice... three times...

And then on the fourth time she paused, rolled her hips, and tipped my tip upward into her pussy, pressing the head of that shaft passed her vaginal lips just before she started to descend carefully onto me.

She looked to be in pain as she descended; her face screwing up as if this hurt her with tears rising up within her eyes despite the fact that she was still descending. Then I remembered that it hurt when I first took a dick in me after having transformed into a girl, and my dick was a lot larger and thicker than that boy's was. Still, she lowered herself steadily, her labia spreading wide, her clitoris distending outward as her bowels were pushed out of the way to my penetrating manhood, and I realized something:

This was her first time... she was giving me her virginity. Me... the geek and dork, and this goddess was giving it to me.

I held her, helped her settle more easily onto me till she sat on my lap, her breasts right before my face, and as she settled there, breathing heavily and gasping with the exertion of this first penetration, my hands moved from her hips up along her sides, grasping her tits and giving them a gentle squeeze before I held her face.

The love and affection that must've been in my eyes were reflected by hers, and in that moment we kissed. We kissed again before I lowered my lips to her neck, then to her collarbone and chest, just before I found one of her tits and began to suck upon her mature and erect nipple while she began to rock and cajole her hips onto me to get used to the feeling of a penis inside her body.

And we made love.

The sun was setting after the third time from the pair of us lying on her bed, the stuffed animals cast away and the sheets strewn about us. I embraced her, held her, cupping a tit while I rocked into her pussy from behind, and she gasped and moaned amidst this soft kind of love-making.

I much preferred this kind of sex. There was love and affection in it instead of the impersonal hard core screwing like I had with all those others earlier.

In hindsight, I wished that this was all I knew... but without the comparison, would I know how much better this was?

"Love you..." she whispered, and pausing amidst massaging her tit, I got her to lift her leg so that I could still remain inside her as I helped her turn with me kneeling between her thighs, humping her pussy repeatedly as I long-armed myself above her and smiled down at her.

"Love you too..." I said, and bent to kiss her, and reveling in the feeling of her breasts against my chest.

Night had fallen with her and me laying there, holding each other, kissing and touching, caressing. Five times now we'd loved, and I was sure that she was the one now.

"You need to marry me." I mentioned to her, and she opened her eyes and smiled at me before rising, her breasts jostling and bouncing with her every movement.

"Do I? Is this a proposal then?" she replied.

"Only till I get a ring." I responded, and then moved forward, placing my head in her lap before I began licking her pussy.

"I accept then, even before the ring, though you do realize that I'm still seventeen. My parents won't allow me to marry till I'm eighteen. I shouldn't even be having sex with you!" She sighed and combed my hair with her fingers as I drove her toward yet another erotic high while enjoying the sweet and sour combination of our fluids upon her smooth, nearly hairless pussy. "But how can I deny a man who makes me as beautiful in reality as I am in his mind's eye?"

Jennifer was resting, half asleep at the moment, her body glistening from sweat as I sat beside her, palming her perfect, heart-shaped bottom that led into her narrow yet firmly muscular back. I slid my thumb against her butt crack, palming that perfectly smooth butt cheek that was absent of even hair follicles or those little almost unseen peach fuzz that some women had on their bottom. It was as if time had reversed and made it so that all her body hair had been removed at a young age before the growth of body hairs could pockmark her skin with the appearance of even pores. Everything below her scalp was gone save for that oh-so-narrow strip of vaginal hair leading from her belly button to her pussy.

It was then with me sitting there with her, palming the bottom of my new fiancée, that I reached into the duffle bag that I'd brought with me and pulled out the leather-bound and still unbuckled book that had led me to cast that spell-ritual that turned me into a sex-mad horned and horny monster.

Flipping the book open, I began to read.

There was still a full moon tonight, I knew there was, so there was the possibility that I might even be able to reverse this spell... or so I supposed. I read right up to the point where the spell-ritual that I'd used had been cast and even went past that before Jen stirred again, and when she did, with me still palming her bottom, her first movement was to slide sideways and position herself so that her head was on my lap, and gripping my penis with one hand, she bent and began to suck on it.

Marking my space with a finger, I watched her even while erecting slowly into her mouth as it was now my turn to comb her hair with my fingers. The full length of that enlarged cock slid deep inside her throat; filling her mouth till I began to spasm and erupt right into her and straight down her throat as she swallowed rapidly to keep from overflowing. She swallowed without even a second thought it seemed, and I came in a repeating orgasmic torrent... a sensation that I didn't even think I could manage till I became a woman and changed back again.

When she came up off my lap a little, sucking off the last of my seed even as both nads started filling anew, an ability that allowed me to somehow spontaneously generate ejaculate over and over again no matter what sex I was, she rose enough to press against me. Her tits cleaved to the sides of my chest as she kissed the hollow between both chorded pectorals, her long fingernails sliding against my chest while her supple lips pressed repeatedly against my taut flesh.

"You must be tired." She moaned seductively, and then rising a little more she sat on my lap, wiggled a little to get my still erect prick to penetrate her, and even though she was so tired herself, rather sleepy and still trying to wake, she nonetheless began to grind my junk. "You should sleep... we can look at that book tomorrow..."

I kissed her cheek and gripped one of her butt cheeks, pulling it open so that she could slide deeper onto me.

"I want to... but I don't know if I'm going to change again, Jen. There's something inside me now... a creature of some sort."

"I'll say," she murred and began kissing a favored spot of hers upon my chest.

"Jen... I'm serious. And she..."

"She?" Jen asked and looked up at me for the first time. "How do you know it was a she?"

"When I summoned her for the first time, I saw her briefly, and then I saw her again through a mirror in the boy's bathroom right before I turned into a woman."

Jen sat back, lips pursing and eyes blinking in stunned amazement.

“Here... I’ll show you. I found a passage that will allow me to talk to her through a mirror, but I... well, I’ll... have to ask you to get off me.”

Jen smirked and then slid off me with a tightening of her vaginal lips, and I groaned and puffed my chest out as she extended the sensation of pulling off me as long as she could before there was a loud wet slurping sound from our sexes parting that left me gasping briefly for air.

“You sexy minx.” I groaned, and then sliding out of bed as she knelt there behind me, rubbing her sopping wet pussy to keep herself ready, I rifled around in the duffle bag, found a dry erase marker, and stepping toward her full length mirror on its swivel stand, I looked at the book and began to mark the upper right hand corner of her mirror.

First there was an X, and then in all four open angles of that X, I wrote in a specific symbol for each quadrant before on the bottom of the multitude of symbols I created an ampersand-like symbol and another symbol just like it only sideways along the top of the X to thoroughly mark the corner of the mirror as directed. Then lifting a finger, I pressed it against the symbol and whispered some text in Latin.

The mirror shimmered as if it were shifting slightly, and standing there naked, looking at my image in the mirror with Jen on the bed behind me, I watched amazedly as the image of that sultry-looking horned fem slid out from behind me, palming my chest and groin at the same time as she tilted her highly feminine face from around my shoulder.

“You called, my master?” she asked, her voice coming immediately from the mirror.

I had to look down, I had to make sure, and sure enough there were no hands with hoof-like finger nails grabbing at my chest and groin, and feeling those spots I saw that there was indeed nothing there, but looking up in the mirror, seeing her there, I swore I could feel her grabbing at me the moment I saw her.

Jen even got up and waved through the spaces where she was, and looking up she found herself touching this strange horned creature instead of waving a hand through open space.

The images in the mirror definitely no longer reflected what was going on in real life.

“Who... what are you?” Jen asked as she sat beside me. “And I’d appreciate it if you’d get your hands off him.”

The fem chuckled, practically giggled as she slid around my side between us and steeped in front of me in the mirror, but to us, it appeared as if she were facing us.

Her hips were broad, her waist narrow, her breasts were massive and full and she’d thickened with added with even greater muscle masses again, and when she bowed before us, I felt my prick leap with the sudden sensation of a woman’s bottom sliding against it.

“My name and the name of my kind is Fawn.” She said. As she rose and hugged herself, hoisting those huge fleshy mammaries higher atop her chest. “We are the female equivalent to what you know as a Satyr.”

“Like Pan.” I stated.

“Oh master... yes! Yes just like Pan... though he’s male, and I’m female. Very female...” she murred and hugged her many breasts to her again.

Sitting down beside Jen and palming her thigh, Jen taking my hand up possessively at the appearance of such a sexual creature hanging on my every word, I looked up at Fawn while she watched me intently and ignored Jen.

“What... have I done to myself? What’s happened to me by summoning you here?”

“I must admit... the sorcerers that have always summoned me and my kind have usually had a female there to accept me. They feed the female and make her grow sexually and she absorbs my powers so that they can have a sexual slave at their beck and call...” she trailed off and I noticed the fact that she trailed off, as did Jen, and we looked at each other before Fawn continued. “So I’m surprised that the sorcerer who summoned me was male and sacrificed himself to me instead of offering up some other host.

“And what a host you’ve been, master!” She giggled and bounced, palming her lap as her breasts bounced heavily. “I’ve grown many times over in power,” she said and lifted her arms and flexed her body powerfully. “And my sexual prowess is twenty times greater than what it was before... and when we...”

“Fawn...” I said and interrupted her, and she stopped immediately and faced me.

“Yes Master?”

“What happened to all these other women who you’ve inhabited?” I asked quietly, fearing that they all died somehow.

“Oh they died all right.” She voiced, echoing my thoughts even as she stepped right up to her side of the mirror to give us both a better view of her. “But they died their way... not as a slave. They died free and their would-be masters slain.

“After I grew inside a host long enough, I began to be able to speak to them, appear to them of my own accord in their mirrors instead of being summoned. I gave those women my power, helped them to learn the profound sexual powers of my kind, taught them magic, and when they became strong enough and powerful enough, they overcame their oppressor and escaped... or... died in the process.” She sounded sad at that last bit, and she sat down on some invisible spot in the mirror before crossing her long, goat’s legs. “But you’re different than all those other men, master.”

“This is a profound world you live in... never before has magic ever been so hard to come into this realm, never before have the barriers been so strong, but despite all that you still were able to summon me... the queen of the Fawns and Satyr, and you, a male, melded with me. Why would you do such a thing? *How* could you do such a thing? I don’t know enough about you yet to understand this, despite how much I’ve tried.”

“I... am not a sorcerer, Fawn.” I said quietly.

“Oh but you are! How else were you able to summon me?”

“Fawn... I found a book,” and I held up the leather-bound tome. “In the trash. Someone threw it away as refuse. I studied it, I followed its directions, and not knowing enough to know whether or not it was dangerous, only desiring the sexual power it entailed, I used the directions for casting a ritual-spell in order to imbue me with ultimate sexual power, as it stated.

“I’m... well... I was a rather pathetic example of a man before last night... and now... well look at me. I have the penis of a porn star and the body of an athlete. I think I’ve lost as much femininity as possible, but I’ve never had this much muscle on me in my life.” I palmed my body while continuing to look at her. “I’m not a sorcerer... and I don’t even know how to un-summon you or even if I want to any more.”

Fawn stared at me silently with those big green eyes of hers for a moment, and then lifting a finger tapped her sultry lips.

“You are indeed a sorcerer, master.” She said quietly. “Like I mentioned, how else would you be able to summon me. Sorcerers are born, not made. Without the spark already existing inside you, working magic of any sort is impossible... and working the magic enough to pull me from my realm and place me inside yourself with the barriers that currently exist between your world and mine would require an incredibly

talented sorcerer. Your natural talent must be at an unheard of level to be able to do something like this on your own nevertheless on the first try.”

“Lucky me...” I smirked, but Fawn was thinking still.

“As for why you look so strong and such, master, even after all the femininity has been bled out of you... my body mass has nonetheless been added to yours being that we now share the same body. That’s why you have so much more muscle now. Your body is very efficient, and I must admit that I’m quite liking how much stronger a male body is.” And she flexed her arms again for us.

“Don’t worry about the efficiency part. I’m a hyper metabolic.”

“A what?” she blinked.

“Ah... never mind. But why did I turn into a woman? How did I turn into that big-horned multi-breasted monstrosity?”

“I don’t think it was monstrous.” She purred and hugged herself again.

“Sorry... but please, can you explain.”

“Yes... forgive me master for delaying.” She sat forward again, uncrossing her legs and pressing them together as she laid her hands on her knees before clearing her throat. “Well, essentially... the power that you and I now wield is sexual in its nature. I mean, *really* sexual. Everything about it is dependant upon the source of where its power comes from.”

“Is that why they call magic users sorcerers? Because they pull from a source?” Jen asked, and Fawn looked straight at Jen with a cold stare that practically demanded her to be silent before she shifted her head, flipping her hair to block Jen from her view before answering me instead.

“Yes... yes that is exactly why they are called sorcerers. But in our case, you’re pulling from a feminine source master, and all that power, all that magic, affects the body first and then the mind and the world around you afterward.”

“And the stronger I get the more feminine I become... but what about the goat legs and horns?”

“Think a little further master...” she smiled and crossed her legs the other way this time.

I did think further while looking at her, and then thought about why I started to change till an idea came to me.

“You’re the source of that power.” I stated, and Fawn squealed with glee, clapping her hands in applause.

“Correct! You’re so smart master!” she applauded me. “And because I’m the source of that power...” she prompted then and leaned forward excitedly.

“The more I draw from that power the more feminine I get, but also... the more like you I become.”

“Correct!” she squealed again.

“Then does that mean, if I draw too much from you, is that you become me?”

“No... no, not at all. I can only overcome so much, and that,” she pointed at me. “...Is still nonetheless your body and your mind. I cannot overcome that... lest you allow it. But, if that ever happened... then you and I would cease to exist, and then we’d become something new.”

“Something new?” Jen asked, and Fawn shot a look at her again before returning toward me.

“It’s never happened before... she assured me. “Even with some of the women I’ve been inside, they never allowed me to overcome them entirely. I’m afraid to... for if I ever did do that, then I would cease being me... and I like me.

“I like you too, master. I hope you decide not to get rid of me. I can teach you many great magical secrets...” she looked very hopeful, pleading even.

I looked at her expression... she appeared to be about on the verge of tears on the thought of being sent back. She was afraid.

“Fawn... why don’t you want to go back?” I asked, and she immediately compressed herself into a fetal position, biting her lower lip.

“It’s terrible where I come from, master. It isn’t like the legends, where the Fawn and the Satyr dance and sing and play our flutes for the humans any more. Not since Lord Oberon’s *Decree of Separation*, where the Fae and the Fairie folk separated ourselves from the human world, life has gotten ever the more bleak for us... to the point where our world is a world of nightmares.

“The Fae themselves, the strongest of all of us, have all gone to sleep to avoid dealing with the horrors of our world, and now nightmares and hellish beasts control all but a scant few bastions. The Satyr and the Fawn... we...

“Oh master, it’s terrible!” she cried and broke out into tears. “I was a love slave for the horde... they locked me up and chained me and whipped me while they raped me nightly. I don’t want to go back, please... please don’t send me back there!” she screamed so loud the glass of the mirror shook and seemed near to break.

Fawn herself fell to her knees as she faced me, palming the glass while lucid tears leaked from her leafy green eyes, and sliding from my place and kneeling before her, palming the mirror where her hand was while Jen sank beside me and made as if she were comforting Fawn through the mirror, I leaned in close and placed my forehead where hers was leaning against the mirror as well.

“No... I won’t send you back Fawn... I won’t send you back on two conditions.”

“Anything!” she started, her four tits jiggling and bouncing as she immediately faced me. “Anything and they are yours my sweet lord!”

“First of all, you teach me how to control these powers...” I said immediately.

“Done!” she gasped, and kissed the mirror, leaving a great lipstick mark that seemed made of berry stain on the inside of the mirror.

“Second... I want you to treat Jen with respect.” I said and palmed Jen’s shoulder, and Fawn looked from me disbelievingly toward Jen, and she seemed at a loss for words. “I love her Fawn... I’m going to marry her. I want you to know that because you seem to be regarding her as a dirty thing.”

Fawn bit her lower lip, and her eyes seemed to be sparkling with tears, but she finally nodded her agreement. This part seemed to be harder for her to take than to tell us about all the evils and dark things in her world and to beg us not to send her back. She almost looked as if she were going to refuse.

I didn’t know the why of it, but I’m sure she’d tell me in her own due time.

Patrick was asleep.

It was a wonderful feeling having a nice strong man laying in bed beside you... it was the first time that I could remember feeling truly safe and comfortable. It made everything better that it was my best friend.

Mother always said that I should marry my best friend who was a guy. I think she threw in that last bit, to marry a guy, because she feared that I was turning into a lesbian. Mom was that way...

I wonder what she'd make out of Pat being able to turn into a woman now.

I must admit that kissing his lips when he was a woman felt just fine. I think loving a woman would be easy now that I loved a man who turned into one... but there was nonetheless some competition in the way.

Pat didn't see it, but I did. Being a woman a lot longer than he'd been, I've seen it often enough and there was one thing about my gender that I understood was that women got vicious when fighting over a man.

Rising out of bed naked, not bothering to put any clothes on while being careful not to disturb Pat, I stepped lightly over to the mirror with its mystic symbol still on it. Turning slightly toward Pat, making sure he was still asleep, I then turned back to the mirror and touched it before whispering the same words Pat had used earlier to summon Fawn.

The pane of glass changed, shifted slightly as if it were being tipped slightly without me actually moving it, shifting its glass like a rearview mirror in a car would to deflect the bright lights, and there I paused, seeing a sight I'd rather have done without.

Pat was still lying in bed where he was, but lying naked beside him, pressed close to him with her breasts being used as pillows by him, laid Fawn right next to him. She stared at me angrily, her eyes shining a subtle red color while she caressed his chest with one hand.

"What do you want?" she growled darkly.

"To talk..." I admitted and stood off to one side so that I could keep her in view. "And I'd like to talk to you privately, and civilly. I'd also appreciate it if you got away from my man."

Fawn rose carefully, setting Pat down while her breasts jiggled and heaved during the action. She then slid off the bed, and then moved toward the mirror so that she stood right in front of it, and tapping the glass with one finger, the motion making the glass shimmer with the movement, she stared darkly at me.

"What you ask cannot happen." She said and hugged herself. "I cannot leave him... not so long as he and I share the same body, so you better get used to the fact that when you leave the bed, I'll still be there in your stead." She hunched your shoulders showing off the fact that her breasts, areola and nipples were at least twice the size of mine. "Master chose you instead of me... and there's nothing that I can do about that, but you don't have to be so cruel to make me sit in a corner all the time." And she turned her head away and lifted her nose up in the air, refusing to look at me.

"So we'll just have to share... I accept that now that I understand what you're going through." I said in return.

Fawn jerked her head back to me with shock, her mouth slack-jawed with obvious disbelief, and smiling, I slid off the edge of the bed and sat beside the mirror at her feet. Lifting one hand, I palmed the glass at about where her leg was.

"I'm not a bad person, Fawn. Yes I am jealous you can be with Pat at all times, but if you and he will be partnered like this, I want you and I to understand each other. I feel for you, really I do. All women live in fear of being raped and beaten, and luckily you and I share a man who will never do that to us, and I'm sorry that you've experienced such things."

Fawn slid off whatever it was she was sitting on to kneel in front of me, palming the pane of glass that separated us with both hands.

“What kind of woman are you?” she asked, almost in awe. “How could someone who is so beautiful, someone with such natural beauty remain so humble?”

I smirked and rose, moving to my bed side table and then returned with a picture, and pointing at an image of my old self, she blinked at the image and then up at me.

“Up until today... I was... well... quite homely. I don't even know what happened, but for some reason Pat can calm down around me. My touch calms him, my kiss soothes him, so I decided to distract him – her, or whatever he was at the time – by offering myself up as a distraction. I was immune to his powers, I didn't get naked and give myself up like everyone else, and so I stripped to my underwear and I went up to him when he was in that hyper-muscular super-feminine body and kissed him.

“But when I kissed him I... changed somehow... into this.” And I gestured at this new body I now possessed. “Not that I'm complaining, but I'm really not as bad a person as you might think. I know what you must've thought so too... I knew far too many women who ostracized me just because I wasn't pretty...” I looked at my old image and fingered it before I looked at myself now. “All homely girls always want to be pretty but rarely do become that. Pat says I'm like this now because I always was this pretty inside, I was just a late bloomer, and our kiss unleashed that.

“But... I don't know.

“I honestly think I sucked something off him, took from his feminine form all this beauty and strength, which is about as much as a human woman like me can hold.”

“I'm sorry...” Fawn said after a few moments of silence, and I looked from the image of my old self to look at her. “I... thought you were one of those women who'd try to take advantage of my master and our magics.” Her ears folded at the sides of her head. “The way you stole so much of his magic and energy during that kiss made you seem to be the type of dark and evil person who stole my prior mistress's powers. I've seen far too many would-be sorcerers woo my mistresses when I inhabited them, only to steal every ounce of their power and turn them into love slaves for their pleasure.

“I would not see it happen again.”

I smiled and squatted before Fawn, looking up into her face. “Pat and I have known each other since before either of us can walk. His mother and my mother are close friends since they were in grade school, and so we became best friends before we even knew there was a difference between boys and girls. Now that we know the difference, now that we've let the barriers fall, he and I have now become lovers. I have you to thank for that, Fawn, for without all this happening to us I would've never have known him as a lover... and a fiancée.

“Thank you for that... with all my heart.” I said and pressed my hand against the glass. Fawn lowered her own hand and pressed it against my fingers, and I thought that I could almost feel her touch.

“Then... we'll both look after him.” She said softly, and then faded from view.

I am Jennifer.

With a sigh I woke up. Yesterday and yesterday night was an insane day that felt so incredible and so impossible that when I woke up at that moment that I thought I'd just dreamed it all... but when I turned

and looked down at my breasts, seeing the hot pink nipples erect and firm with both positioned over a pair of thickly rounded breasts, I realized that it was indeed not a dream.

Then when I looked to the mirror and saw the glyph there, and then turned and saw Pat laying naked still in my bed, I smiled happily and palmed his back and all the subtle muscles that ran along it all the way down to his tight behind.

I sighed nasally, and then slid out of bed, palming my crotch and remembering our night of love-making, and the fact that I was now a fiancée. I sighed and palmed one of the newly enlarged boobs upon my chest, massaging it and imagining it was his hand as I stepped out of the room, grabbed some undergarments from my dresser and then strode up the hall to the bathroom for some water before I'd return and wake my man up.

Maybe I could receive a little more loving too.

I dressed and got myself a glass of water, but while I was draining my glass I heard the sound of shoe-covered feet in the hall, and blinking, fearing a burglar, I rushed to the bathroom door and wrenched it open, only to see daddy standing there with two big suitcases in his hands.

"Daddy. B-but... you weren't supposed to come home for three more days yet!" I protested at the sight of him.

"Jen?" he gasped and looked at me for a moment from head to toe before forcing himself to look away. "What happened to you?! You look... all grown up!"

I looked down at myself and immediately folded both hands over my chest. "I-I forgot... It all just sorta happened while you were gone." I blushed looking at daddy as he pushed open the door to his and mom's bedroom, but then there came a moan from my bedroom and father stopped, staring at it before he looked back at me.

Damn it, Pat... why did you have to wake up now?! I groaned inwardly and grinned at my father hoping that he would investigate. But... something I'd yet to learn was how overprotective a father was toward his one and only child, especially when that child happened to be a daughter like me.

"And just what exactly have you been doing while we were away?" he demanded and dropped both suitcases.

"What are you doing home so early?" I said sweetly right after he asked that, still trying to allay his suspicions. "I thought you and mom were going to spend all week in Hawaii still and..."

"Don't change the subject young lady!" he almost shouted. "Do you have a boy in your room? Did you suddenly go through all of your puberty all at once, decide that while mom and dad were away that now would be a good chance to get laid, and in my own house?!" He demanded and surged out of his room and strode down the hall to mine. "I swear to God that if I find a boy in your room I'll..." and daddy reached the door and threw it open, and I bit my lower lip, expecting the turbulent shouting that followed, but when I opened my eyes, it wasn't Patrick who was lying in my bed... but rather Patricia who was standing in the middle of the room and was even now snatching a blanket to her.

"W-who... are you?" daddy asked, definitely stupefied at seeing Patricia there.

"Hi. I'm Patricia... I'm a friend of Jennifer's." she said and extended one muscular arm while still holding the blanket up around her naked body. "Forgive her, sir, but we were having a bit of a sleep over, and while Jen went to the bathroom, I thought I could change my clothes, so if you don't mind giving a lady some privacy...?" Pat prompted, and daddy immediately turned bright red.

“I-I’m sorry! I thought you were a boy deflowering my daughter! I mean... I... I’ll just go away now!” and daddy hurried away back to his room while I entered my room, smirking at Jen before closing the door and locking it behind me.”

“That... was pure genius.” I mused as Pat dropped the blanket and stretched powerfully, and while she stretched I slid in next to her Amazon’s body and palmed her firm belly muscles before lying my head on her firm breast and kissing it. “Though I’m sure your male half and I will have to state that we’re going out else wise mom will think I’m turning into a lesbian. She’s told me that I might be turning into one thanks to all the sexy underwear I keep buying.”

Jen smiled and cupping my face with one hand, she kissed my lips, and again I found myself enjoying a woman’s kiss... but perhaps that was just because it was Pat kissing me. Now that I was a fiancé, I’d probably never learn the difference.

“Perhaps later today.” She said to me before her hand left my face and instead began to caress my tit. “Though... I believe I’ve just painted myself into a corner.”

“How’s that?” I blinked at her, and found myself palming both her mighty chest orbs with both hands and feeling her nipples erect into my palms.

“I told your dad that I was changing, so now I’m going to have to swallow my pride as a guy and ask you for some clothes.”

I laughed and then hugged her deeply, grabbing her bottom that was still firm and tight, only there was a lot more of it now that she was a woman and stronger now than she was as a man.

“Sure... but there’s something I gotta tell you before I lend you some of my clothes.”

“And what’s that?”

“I’m a clean freak... so I gotta make doubly sure that you’re nice and clean, and I guess that that means you and I gotta shower together.”

Pat smiled at me before kissing me again. “All right. But next time I get to take pictures.”

It was hard to believe this was going on right under Jen’s Parents’ noses, but she and I spirited ourselves to the bathroom on this floor, secreted ourselves inside and locked the door, and no sooner had she locked the door than did I change back to a man.

I had to remain quiet, but I nonetheless took absolute pleasure in stripping her of her skimpy undergarments while the water ran to get hot for a shower, and palming her firm bottom, I bent forward and started the festivities by sucking on her ripened pussy. She got the next step ready by kneeling while I sat on their toilet and gave me a vicious blow job before we climbed into the shower together and made love with each other.

For whatever, the aspect and the possibility of getting caught and punished of doing this seemingly innocuous event made it more arousing.

Her pussy felt so hot and moist, and amidst our attempts to remain quiet, amidst gasping, moaning and sighs that were barely audible over the shower... she and I loved deep and hard, and I yet again deposited a torrent of seed into her belly.

I began to wonder then, with all this love-making she and I were doing, as to whether or not she’d conceive before she turned eighteen in six months when we planned on actually announcing that we were going to

marry. Though she was older than sixteen and I was within thirty-two months of her, she was perfectly within her right to have sex and get pregnant, but not to get married or hold some jobs, and we really couldn't predict how her parents would react. Would they accept me as her choice? Would they scorn me for deflowering their baby girl? Probably. But legally, they could also force me not to see her till she was eighteen and legally an adult.

But amidst hugging and kissing and thrusting, with thoughts turning toward marriage and pregnancy, I began to wonder that now that I could turn into a woman, as to whether or not I could get pregnant too...

After a nice long shower – and all that implies – Jen and I raided her closet for the largest clothes she had. Nice simple white panties that were maybe a size too small, her largest undershirt being that my boobs had grown larger than I remembered them to be because of the milk that was in them, her largest shirt since I had a lot more body girth than she did, and a pair of slacks that were bought a size too big for her so she never wore them anyways.

A pair of simple suspenders would complete the look of me being a sexy tom boy.

I looked at all the clothes after having laid them all out, and still male, with her door locked, and her panties on around me. I had to admit, feeling that nice white silk around my cock and balls felt quite nice as I gave it a rub before changing into my smallest feminine form.

It was a wonder putting on an additional fifty pounds within a matter of moments and losing such an incredible manly girth that hung between my legs and replaced it with even larger – and two of them – feminine masses against my chest. I put on a good six inches of height, felt at least half of that added weight come from all the flaring muscles on me, just before maybe an added pound or two came from both those tits filling with milk.

There I paused and cupping one of those tits, feeling their warmth and smiling as I palmed them, I stood there caressing them with my fingers.

“You're so beautiful.” Jen said suddenly, and I turned to her, my boobs bouncing and swaying as I did while the long hair that'd grown on my head that had lightened from dark blond to light blond danced about my head. “I wish I were you.”

I paused then, and strode to her. “That's nonsense, Jen.” I said. “You're... you're a lot more beautiful than I've ever seen. I thought I looked hot in the mirror but... you...”

I took her hands and lifted her to her feet by pulling on them before moving her to stand before the mirror.

Jen was only in her lingerie, which now that she'd changed into such a superbly feminine form and had put on adult weight herself, she fit those clothes tightly and erotically. Holding her shoulders then with me standing behind her, standing a full head taller than she was, I then cupped her face so that she looked at herself.

“Now look at yourself Jen. Look at your face, your eyes... everything about you is desirable. Everything that you are, is everything that I've ever wanted in a woman; the perfect woman. Your breasts, your hips, your waist... your face and hair. Not one woman in all the world in generations could themselves as fantastically sexual, remarkably erotic or as simply feminine as you can.

“You can make millions in front of a camera.”

“I...” she said and turned to face me. “I don't feel beautiful.” She said, and palmed my tight abdominals. “I want to be stronger, taller, I want boobs that are filled with milk and...” and I kissed her.

I don't know what happened the first time, perhaps it was a matter of will, but I gave her some of that excess power that was in me again, and my dearest Jennifer gained a dozen or so pounds of matter as she

inherited many of those gifts that Fawn had placed in me. And when I withdrew, she staggered backward but I held her upright. She was still the same height, but her breasts had swollen and her muscles had flared to where she had a perfect six pack, a long sinuous double pairing of lats, thick chest muscles, broad, powerful thighs and calves, and long, pipe-like biceps and thick forearms.

She was hyperventilating around the slightly lengthened hair that danced about her eyes as she stared at me while I moved toward her and slipped a hand beneath her shirt to start caressing her newly enlarged and firmed-up breast.

“Is that a little better? Because if not, I don’t know as to whether or not I can spare more. This last bit was kinda hard... left me breathless.”

She turned, looked at herself and then pulled up her shirt to let her two newly enlarged breasts pop out. They were so full and so rounded that they kept themselves up atop her chest instead of drooping.

“Yes... yes this is perfect!” she said, and I smiled as I held onto her hips while she played with her breasts, going so far as to hefting one and attacking her own nipple with her lips, sucking from it and making pleasing moans as she pressed her thighs together and bent her knees in pleasure. “Oh! She moaned as she came up for air, and turning, she pressed her tits against me, my own tits pressing against her chest as she embraced me. “No one else could ever give this to me... thank you, thank you Pat.”

“What else could you expect?” I smiled and kissed her forehead. “Nothing less for my dearest love... and it is a gift that I give because I can. Now... let’s be off quickly now. We need to get to my house so I can get a change of clothes on before school starts.

Chapter 7: The First Day of New Life

Jen and I were able to sneak back into my house... which was easy being that Mom and Dad were usually gone by the time I woke up.

Despite that the shirt and undershirt that Jen let me wear on the walk to my house were so large, several inches of my belly was still uncovered and out in the open, and the slacks dipped deep beneath my belly thanks to the width of both hips. Strangely, I also seemed to walk with a natural sway in my hips, and I was sure that I wasn’t just imagining the wolf calls I got from guys in their cars.

Both my tits bobbed and swayed with every step. It was both a disconcerting and a sexually arousing sensation at the same time.

Man it was weird being a woman. There were so many mixed emotions one felt, and likewise, I was perpetually aroused just to start, which meant swollen vaginal muscles and erect nipples all the time, despite the fact I was sure normal women don’t have that problem.

But once back at my house, I changed back to a man and got some of my old clothes on, though I decided to keep Jen’s undershirt and panties on.

She called me a flirt, but I told her I liked the silken feel of them around my body, and asked if she’d like to go clothes shopping at the mall later on. She agreed.

We thought that we were arriving at school late, but when we arrived there were actually national guardsmen and police who’d cordoned off the school, while a biohazard dome had been erected and people in full environmental suits were seen walking in and out of it.

They questioned us once we arrived, asked us where we were yesterday, and we told them we left school early instead of going to the assembly. So instead they warded us away and said that the CDC had closed the school for a week, which was excellent, being that we needed to learn more about my new powers.

“I can’t believe that they went so far with all that.” Jen said as she sat beside me on a grassy hill in the park near to the high school. “The CDC? Come on, it was just a torrid orgy.”

I smirked as I held the leather-bound book in my hands while reading. “Yeah... One would think they’ve never seen over fifteen hundred students and faculty get naked and screw each other’s brains out for hours on end.”

“Pat... are you getting stronger?” Jen asked me then, and I looked down at myself, lifting a hand right when its forearm broadened.

“Yes... yes I think I am.” I said and pulled a sleeve back to see a bulging bicep arising. “Jen... I should be a woman now... this is well passed where I was before... and... ah... Jen?” I said, but she’d taken to massaging my groin and pressing against me.

“This all started at school, and you kept growing bigger and bigger with everyone you made love to... perhaps you thrive on sex.” She murred as my groin swelled inside the pants I wore. With the pants I wore now being larger than the pants I’d been wearing at school yesterday; I had a lot to grow on, and...

“Oh crap!” I exclaimed. “My pants!”

“Yes... they’re so nice on you; let’s get them off you so that I can...”

“No Jen! I left my pants where they tore off me in school. They had my wallet in them! They’ll know I was there! They’ll know I just lied to them when we told them that we’d left early. They might come looking for me!”

Jen’s features changed to concern. “W-what do we do?” she asked nervously.

“Do you have a hand mirror in your purse?”

“I think so.” She said and pulled her large book bag that also served as her purse close to her before she started rifling through it. I saw things that a guy shouldn’t really see... private things that a girl kept, like spare tampons and clean wipes, or her diary.

I pressed my lips together as I saw those things, wondering if I were ever a woman long enough, as to whether or not I’d actually have a period, and wondered what such a sensation as menstruation and cramps and all the other nasty things that women had to endure but guys didn’t. But I was nonetheless learning far more in my time as a woman as no other man ever could.

Very quickly, I decided that I envied their phenomenal strength simply because of all the crap they have to deal with even before all the debilitating things that society threw at them on a day to day basis.

But eventually Jen pulled out the mirror she was looking for and handed it to me.

“Perfect.” I said and retrieved a marker from my own school bag and then wrote on the edge of the mirror the same symbol that I’d made on Jen’s home mirror before I spoke the Latin incantation to summon Fawn.

“Oh master! And so soon too!” she said and bounced in the mirror, and my prick gave a leap of excitement at seeing her boobs bounce into the picture of the mirror a couple times.

“It’s nice to see you too Fawn, but I have a problem. A rather big problem.” I said and she stopped bouncing and jiggling right away and grew immediately attentive.

“Oh, of course! Anything that you wish of me master I’ll do!” she said getting even more attentive right away as she leaned her face in close to the mirror so that all Jen and I could see were her eyes and nose.

“Fawn, I left my pants in the school, and in those pants is my wallet containing my all of my ID’s. I need all those ID’s back before all these men find it,” and I turned the mirror to show her all the police and soldiers and CDC personnel. “Else wise they’ll take me away and I’ll never see you and Jen again.”

“Th-that’s terrible! The taking you away part that is. But I have one question... What’s an ID?”

I blinked and heard Jen snigger for a moment.

“It’s short for *‘Identification,’* Fawn. They’re documents and papers that prove to others that a person is who they say they are, but if it’s found on a pair of torn pants, then those in positions of authority will come and take me away.

“Do you know of anything that we can do that’ll let us get inside the school, which is being guarded by soldiers and police and retrieve those ID’s without anyone noticing?”

“Well... yes and no.” she said. “We aren’t called the hidden race for nothing, Master, but... I’m afraid that you cannot come along Mistress Jennifer. Only the Master Patrick can do this...”

“And what is that Fawn?” I asked.

“It’s a little something called *‘stepping sideways.’*”

The concept of *‘stepping sideways’* was the magical trait of stepping through the looking glass as it were. The story book of *“Alice in Wonderland”* and the old saying of *“Look into the mirror and see what you saw”* took on entirely new meaning when I stepped sideways for the first time.

I did have to *‘see what I saw,’* similar to staring at one of those hidden picture illusions, and stepping through the looking glass and entering into the hidden world indeed looked like a wonderland. I’ve heard people state that the writer of *“Alice in Wonderland”* – Lewis Carroll – was hopped up on opium when he wrote the childhood book, but now that I saw this, I wondered whether or not Mister Carroll wasn’t just stepping sideways somehow.

Maybe it was both...

But nonetheless I entered into another world by looking at my reflection in Jen’s hand mirror, and switched places with the image, and the world that I entered into was too real to be the real world. Everything was superbly defined, as if the world that I’d just come from was the fake and this was the reality. All of a sudden I thought that I should be puffing on my inhaler out of habit, but I realized that I hadn’t needed the damn thing since yesterday when all this started.

It was then that I felt a tension in me, and looking down I saw myself glowing a pinkish-purple... or perhaps it was a gathering of some sort of pinkish-purplish haze that was suffusing the area around the school and seemed to be rushing toward me. Regardless, I was feeling an approaching hard on and every muscle on me was steadily thickening.

“What the hell is happening to me?” I said aloud.

“It’s the sexual energy, Master.” A voice came from the mirror in my hand, and looking down at it, I saw Fawn there, only she was reflected by this world instead of the other one now. “Fifteen hundred people all having sex and masturbating and sucking each other off... it radiates a powerful pink mist that can be absorbed by those who are receptive to it. I can perhaps teach you how to pack it all in, but... we don’t really have time if you wish to find those pants and that identification before the authorities do.”

“If that school is the source, Fawn, what will happen to me – to us! – if I go inside there?”

“Well... this is diffused mist here, and since the source of it is over there...” Fawn said, and I saw her gesturing in the mirror. “Then... well... I think you’ll need to resist, or else you may succumb to their power again, and I must admit...” Fawn giggled and hugged herself again. “I’ve never really felt a greater sexual power than those of post and preadolescents coming into their sexuality. It tastes delicious!” and she laughed and hugged herself all the tighter before I lowered the mirror and hurried to the school.

On this side of the mirror, everything else was shadows, but there were also other creatures here that I saw peaking out of bushes and such. Fawn warned me that there were creatures here that were mostly harmless, but some of them may be servants for others, and it was the others that I should fear... so doing this necessitated a need for speed. But it was the wildernesses that I should truly fear... here inside a city where the barriers were the strongest between the two worlds was the safest places to be.

Permanent fixtures in the real world showed up as black shadows with dark green event horizons showing the details of windows and differentiating architecture. Likewise, people with strong enough personal presence could create similar shadows into this world while occasionally everyone else in the real world flickered in and out of this world from time to time.

“You ever feel that sensation of being watched when there’s no one there? Or what about something falls off a shelf right as you’re walking by? That’s us in this realm observing or playing with you. Sometimes if we focus hard enough, we can pay close attention to one human in particular, sort of like a guardian angel...” Fawn was saying from the mirror in my hand

“Or a personal tormentor,” I said quietly as I reached the school doors.

“There are those too.” Fawn admitted. “Such things were against Lord Oberon’s laws, but with he and the other Fae asleep, no one cares about his laws anymore. Now there are only the laws of the warlords.”

I paused. “Lord Oberon? King of the Fae? Like from Shakespeare’s *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*?”

“I believe I read that work with one of my previous hosts, but essentially yes, though that Shakespeare fellow didn’t do Lord Oberon justice. Fae are far, far more powerful than he wrote about. Think more along the lines of your old gods. They were, after all, Zeus, Apollo, Odin, Raiden and so on. Only that Lord Oberon and Lady Titania were stronger than whole pantheons put together.”

I exhaled a long whiff of air through my nose as I considered that, disturbing the pink mists that were swirling around me as I felt myself steadily put on ounces of muscle every minute the longer I stayed here. I was rapidly nearing the barrier in my strength where I’d become a woman, but then again, the stronger I became, the more that barrier moved. But likewise, I was growing hornier and hornier and my erection was bowing out the insides of the pants I wore as well as Jen’s panties that I still wore beneath them tightening nice and firm about both nads while the erect stick slid upward beyond the hem of those underpants

Though their supple silk was comfortable before while I was flaccid, the way they hemmed in an enlarging penile form was not.

Pulling open the door, or rather the shadow of the door, I stepped inside the school and slowed to a stop.

There was an incredible pink mist in here, so much so that the rate of my growth doubled as I absorbed the power, and I had to adjust myself immediately, loosening the belt I wore a notch or two, but what really made me stop was what the inside of this place looked like.

Everything was of course a shadowy black, but there were green ichor-like things spewing down the walls from the ceilings, and there were tiny little critters crawling over everything everywhere.

“Fawn...” I prompted.

“Yes master?”

“Why am I surrounded in darkness and goo?”

“It’s because of what’s going on inside this school, master.” She explained. “The creatures are called gremlins, and gremlins change depending upon their environment.”

“And in hallways saturated with sexual energies?”

“They breed faster than rabbits.” Fawn supplied. “They seem to have already formed a hive here. Collecting the excess sexual energy it seems. But why would they be doing that? Gremlins don’t grow stronger off of sexual energy; they grow stronger off of fear and chaos.”

“Whatever that reason is... ngh... I don’t want to be around when it shows up.” I said quietly through gritted teeth as the shirt I wore un-tucked while my two pectorals flared and muscles bulged now. Muscles were starting to chord, and both nipples were hard and growing in sensitivity. The threshold between male and female was nearing within me...

I had to adjust myself again as my nads swelled inside their silken carrier, the heaving maleness pulsating indomitably inside the crotch of these pants. What was more was that the shoes I was wearing were getting tight around the toes, and the cuffs of those pants were sliding upward to change into a pair of capris.

“Are you all right master?” Fawn asked.

“I’m... just getting a little uncomfortable being here.” I replied, and walked forward, passing shadows of others in the real world walking in the halls, even passing through a couple of them on my way to the boys bathroom on the top floor before I realized it.

Every footstep was heavy and labored, and the rate of growth I was undergoing was increasing exponentially, and to make matters worse, there was all that damned *jibbering!*

The gremlins were watching me pass by and were talking excitedly to themselves. I could only assume it was about me since I apparently couldn’t understand gremlin.

Pausing at the top of the stairs, with the boys bathroom only a couple dozen yards away, I leaned against the nearest wall and began panting, and grabbing my groin, feeling it tensing harder and harder, I found myself breathing in the pink mist but not exhaling it.

“Are you sure everything all right, master?” Fawn asked again, and with a groan I hastily unbuttoned and unzipped my pants before pushing the crotch of those panties down passed my nads so that the whole mass of my cock and balls could hang outward freely.

“The experience of knowing my nipples hardening is a new experience as a guy for me Fawn.” I smirked gripping my still erecting manhood. It was growing beyond just being erect, it was super-sizing itself.

I feeling the shirt and the undershirt I wore stretch across my frame while deltoids flared, biceps swelled and forearms rounded outward to either side. I felt both thighs pressing against the pants I wore with only the belt keeping it up about me.

“I’m not sure, but I think I’m succumbing to this. Every breath of air I take is filling me with that latent sexual power, and I’m not exhaling any of it either.”

“I know. It’s grand isn’t it?” Fawn murred, and looking up to where I held the mirror before me against the wall, I spied her looking at my engorged penis that had grown into a dork that it was so large. Glancing at it and then back at her, I smirked as she hefted her enlarging breasts with both hands and fondled her

nipples. “The nipple sensitivity is probably from me, Master.” She giggled, rubbing her areola within the mirror. “Perhaps this is a good measure to tell when you’re about to change into a girl.”

“Perhaps.” I agreed, and looking to the heavily chorded chest muscles hewn in by the shirt and undershirt I wore, I saw that my nipples were indeed heavily engorged and standing on end. Lifting a finger to caress them, I moaned low and hard and felt my erection leap forward and rise further, the thing thickening all the more. “But why am I a lot stronger than I was the last time I changed?”

“Like I said before, my femininity must overcome your masculinity before your gender changes. You have been having lots and lots of sex Master. It just goes to show as to exactly how much stronger your manhood is getting.”

“Stronger is right.” I groaned and pushed from the wall.

My arms didn’t hang like they used to. The thickness of the biceps and the swelling of the pectorals made them hang at angles away from my body, and as I righted myself, feeling my clothes tightening around me, I suddenly heard tearing sounds coming from the bottoms of the pants around me as they split open on both seams of both legs about my flaring calves.

“Master!” Fawn gasped, and looking at her mirror, I saw that it was facing my penis and how thick it was and how erect it’d become. It was like a liter pop bottle the way it was now... just without the cap and the neck at the top. “What I wouldn’t give to ride you like a spirited Centaur!” she moaned, and lifting the hand mirror to look at her, I saw her lift sucking the milk out of her tit.

I couldn’t help but smirk at her.

“Right now, Fawn, I’m getting to the point where any woman could do me just by offering. Please don’t tempt me. Enjoy looking, but please, don’t remind me. I’m trying really, really hard not to give into all this, and the thoughts of your big, bulging, distended and wide... flaring... sopping wet pussy... Ahh...” I thought about her riding me and began to drool, thinking of her on my cock like before, humping me and bouncing her tits before my face as I laid beneath her. And then suddenly my cock leapt upward, squeezing some of my seed out of the sunken pee hole before I shook myself out of the daydream. “No!

“Ah, I mean no. Just please, Fawn, no reminding me about this while we’re in here.”

“As you wish master...” She giggled, speaking through her teeth as she sucked upon her nipples from one tit before she turned in the mirror and continued sucking.

With another shiver I felt every muscle in me swell subtly. This of course included my cock, which erected longer than ever, swelling wide to press against my firm and muscular legs while the seams on the outside of my pants ripped.

I forced myself forward, teetering close to madness, panting with sexual exertion while my penis waved before me like a thick conductor’s baton, and finally reaching the boy’s bathroom, I breathed a sigh of relief as I saw four boys laying on the ground here still, still shivering in the throes of their sexual elation.

Turning toward the mirrors here, the ones not splattered with my own dried seed, I looked at my image and stepped sideways into the real world.

The contorted walls smoothed and became straight instead of the slightly shimmering, slightly twisted way they were, and the ceiling lowered by about a foot. All the flowing green gunk and the gibbering gremlins disappeared to leave me with only four overly stimulated young boys.

I did notice though that their penises were all red and fully erect, and they had spooge all over their chests from masturbating, but finding my books, the discarded book bag and of course my pants, I collected them all glad that those CDC people didn’t think to look here yet. Which was surprising... usually they were all

so very thorough, so why then, half a day's time later, had they yet to do a full scale search of the school? Perhaps they weren't trying to do that yet, perhaps they weren't looking for the actual vector of what caused over fifteen hundred people to go into a single-minded orgy state. It got me wondering what they actually were doing to the students and faculty.

Zippering up the bag, taking the wallet with its ID and rising to my feet, I faced the image of myself in the mirror, pausing for a moment upon seeing myself looking like some fitness guy who'd nearly OD'd on steroids. And even while I looked at myself in that mirror... I began to change.

It was subtle at first, beginning with a lighting of the blond coloring of my hair while that hair lengthened subtly, but then the lengthening and the lightening quickened, just before I felt a squirming and trembling in my phallus. With a wet sounding slurp, my fully erect penis began to draw into me, delving deeper and deeper inside me and drawing its head into a pocket of flesh, spewing the contents of both nads through the thickening pee hole onto the floor before it was fully inside me.

Both my nipples, as hard as they were, swelled outward, thickening steadily, the areola puffing outward before my hips widened and rolled to counterbalance the weight growing upon my torso, and once those hips had widened to the breadth of my shoulders – only possible when I quickly undid my belt, did my boobs truly start to swell.

All in all, this transformation took no more than a minute to complete, a lot faster than the first time it'd happened involuntarily, and when it was done I had long white-blond hair, broad hips and boobs that were much larger than P-cups. They were easily T-cups now, either equipped with rock hard and throbbing areola while my pussy swelled and engorged itself with the former penile strength my sex had only a minute ago.

“So there's the new threshold.” I moaned, palming a tit with one strong hand.

“Yes!” my reflection said to me, and it beamed at me before all the features turned into Fawn, complete with horns that were longer, and two smaller budding ones that were lumps of thick knobby flesh now, and four immense boobs! “And look at this bicep!” she murred and flexed her arm for me, and I saw how thick it was... it wasn't as large as mine was, but then we were combining sexual powers to make this body what it was.

“Yes, but I have such a wedgie right now.” I moaned, and then tugged the flap of silk panties upward over my crotch. I was very glad that Jen bought panties that had such elastic straps. They were like silken bungee chords.

“But aren't you wearing a thong?”

“Now I am... but that's not what's producing the wedgie. Wider hips and larger butt means less of a seat for a pair of pants that were made for a man, so all the fabric that can has been wedged into my butt crack.” I re-secured my belt again, giving up on trying to close the fly, but paused when I noticed that my waist was narrower than the last setting I had on it, so I just reset it for that last notch to allow me to grow some more if needed. “I'm just glad I don't have a wedgie up my front yet, though admittedly, I have a wicked display of a camel toe now.”

“Yes, isn't it wonderful?” Fawn murred and smiled happily at me. “So is it time to leave?”

“Not just yet. Though we should get out of here, I want to know why these four haven't been found yet. I was almost certain that my stuff would've been found by now, so I want to know what they're doing in that gym.”

“Closer to the source?!”

“Yes I know... but really... I think something’s afoot here. Don’t worry... I’m certain its just that they’re busy with so many right now.” And I stepped sideways into the realm of the Fae.

The school seemed different to me now that I was a woman. There was something more frightening here something primordial that only a woman could hope to feel. It was an instinctive awareness of something dangerous, but having lived as a man all my life, I had no idea what this thing was.

I remembered from health classes that some women had a swinging emotional state and I hoped that that wasn’t the problem, but the more I thought about it and the more that I focused on what was happening around me, the more that I thought that the parallel world inside this school had changed simply because now there was a female walking around in it. These darker emotions were slightly offset by the fact that I was subtly growing stronger and stronger, which gave me a sense of safety, but the problem with that was that the stronger I became the hornier I became as well.

I half-wished that Jen was here to calm me down, but I also was glad that she wasn’t because her eyes shouldn’t ever have to behold this sort of thing.

This was my problem, and other than describing it to her when I got back I thought that it was better that she remain innocent of feeling and seeing these things.

Nonetheless, within minutes of reentering the world of the Fae, I’d stuffed my hand down the borrowed panties I wore to finger myself toward orgasm.

The strength I was feeling was growing more rapid the closer I got to the gymnasium where all this had gone down yesterday, triggered by myself no less, and amidst the long hundred yard walk from the bathroom to the doors leading to the gym I had to stop three times to caress and feel myself as I grew suddenly.

Close to the doors, I took a moment and leaned against a wall, the mirror in my back pocket now, and I stuffed one hand again down the panties hiding my loins; the garment having been stretched so tight and so wide that they only just barely hid the gaping vaginal slit that had become of my sex. A towering clitoris throbbed as it turned out from inside me, dragging the innermost folds of my sex out with it, flaring open the twin labia so that my thickening and strengthening fingers could invade myself all the easier.

The fingernails upon those fingers were lengthening and hardening, forming points near their ends. The shirt I wore was popping buttons as it stretched across the engorging boobs and the swelling pectorals, while the undershirt beneath that had completely folded from over the twin swells and allowed the naked breasts to press into the shirt I wore instead; that garment nearing the extent of its ability to stretch around me now that my dorsal muscles and feathering ribs were forming.

The long abdominals were compressing, making the belt I wore to hold these pants up useless if not for the widely flaring hips I had as a woman, those hips carrying the straps of the panties I wore high above them while the belt clung midway down those widening hips.

Also at this point, I felt the crotch of the pants slip away from the panties, jutting that camel toe outward over the zipper so that more fabric could invade my shapely and muscular behind.

“Ngh...” I groaned, feeling the vaginal juices slip from within me to moisten my fingers. “Maybe... we should’ve left when we had the chance, Fawn.”

“Don’t worry Master... I mean Mistress... I’m here to help you out.” Fawn said from the mirror in my back pocket.

“Why didn’t you help me with that yesterday?”

“Cause you didn’t want me to...” she giggled and I rolled my eyes.

She was right after all. That, and until I managed to summon her after all that, I didn’t even know her name or that she was subservient to me, so how could I command her?

But then at that moment I heard tearing, and looking down I watched as the outsides of the pants I wore tore open at the seams, ripping open about the broadening thighs and thickening calves, and pausing before I lost them too, I lifted one leg and removed its shoe and sock, and then did the same with the other before stowing those into my bag.

“Let’s get this over with then.” I said, walking barefoot now, feeling a little like the incredible hulk... but with tits, as I opened the door to the gym. She hulk was never this massive. She should be though.

Whenever I opened a door, I’d wondered why I could and no one in the real world noticed. But then this was a world of shadows and other than brief amounts of rattling in the real world, no doors were actually opened. I simply swung open the shadow and stepped through the reality as if it didn’t exist to me.

But once in the gym I paused, seeing the shadows of a field hospital at work. Stepping lithely forward, stepping through the echoes of CDC personnel in their hazard suits, thinking for a moment about Gordon Freeman and the game Half Life in regards to them as I watched them, I immediately tried to determine why they were all still here.

The stairs of the stands were still extended outward, and I saw the crushed in area where I’d laid in that monstrous body of mine the day before now, but there were people, naked bodies, all in gurneys that were arrayed on the floor below or in the stands on both sides of the gym, and likewise on the floors above.

Here, the pink fog was at its thickest and most pure, and I was swelling rapidly now, getting short of breath even as my sexuality swelled within me without abandon now. The sleeves of the shirt I wore were now pulled right up into the crooks of either arm and stretching near snapping, while my height increased an inch a minute it felt. But what was more was that it was getting increasingly more difficult to breathe, and at first I thought it was because of the thickness of the fog, but then looking down at my chest, I realized that it was the compression of both breasts and chest muscles pressing in on my lungs from the shirt I wore hemming those breasts in.

That was what was making it hard to breathe, and I kept forgetting that I grew the damn things as a woman, and lifting the hem of that shirt, both tits disgorged out into the open, and the shirt I wore spread nicely across the top of my chest.

Gasping then, though swelling faster while I gasped for that air, I looked about me as I descended the walkways passed the medical technicians and doctors who were milling about. It was then that I spied the gibbering gremlins that were shrieking and chittering and laughing at me it seemed. They were on every man and woman, including some of the technicians, making their equipment not work correctly in hopes to get them affected by what was going on here.

The gremlins were focusing entirely on me now, and suddenly those darker feelings I was sensing earlier suddenly intensified, and the pleasuring erotic sensations I was feeling a moment ago were rapidly giving way entirely to primal fears that were bred into every woman since before they were born. It was a fear that was assailing me now, and I suddenly felt as if my womanhood was in danger, and it was then that I could identify this fear that was strangely potent.

It was the fear of being used and abused by a man; it was the fear of being raped.

“Mistress... we must leave. We must leave now!” Fawn said, and pulling the mirror out from my back pocket, I looked at her, regarded at how afraid she was. But then I noticed that her usually bright world

was being encroached upon by dark black things that curled and churned like oil in water, and they were reaching for her.

“Fawn... what...” I began to ask what was going on, but then I stopped, seeing a large looking gremlin sniggering at me, standing in the center of the room.

“You should’ve left while you could...” came it’s high-pitched taunting voice, and with a gesture the doors in the room suddenly became covered over with black and green ichor that were then immediately covered by a magical seal of some sort.

“Run! Run! Run!” Fawn began to whimper and cry, holding herself and balling up, weeping with fear.

“It’s too late for that.” I said, and lowered the mirror and the bag to the ground at the base of the stairs, only to see the large gremlin begin to laugh, and as he laughed the other gremlins left their posts of keeping the men and women and students in this room aroused and exuding their sexual power and began to slink their way toward this larger gremlin.

But when they came to their leader, they touched him, and slid into his body, adding their mass to his. The laughter rapidly became maddening as this lead gremlin rapidly grew larger and stronger, and suddenly that fear I felt tripled in strength, and I actually felt the pupils of my eyes dilate as he grew in front of me, his penis steadily lengthening and erecting as he sucked in all the pink mist through his mouth and nose with every inhale of his laughter, the mist being absorbed by his very flesh.

He grew from four feet to six, then to eight, matching my height briefly, before he increased in size steadily larger, growing past me and increasing steadily to ten, then to twelve, then to fifteen while that throbbing cock of his grew faster than the rest of him as it grew powerful and muscular and black.

A widening maw with sharp teeth and claws of long hooking talons grew from every finger and toe on his body, just before spikes and spines tore from his leathery reptilian flesh.

“You look so sweet, so innocent.” His gravelly voice said while the maddening chittering continued. “So delicious to consume all your power!” and he lunged.

In instinct I lifted both arms and caught his hands with mine, pushing against him as I delved deep inside me, trying to draw upon that sexual power that I had before Jen came to me yesterday.

The Gremlin, a Hive Gremlin, though I didn’t know how I knew that, had absorbed all his brood and was growing stronger and larger as more brood rushed into him. Though I was growing stronger from the sexual powers I was absorbing, each gremlin of his hive that joined him brought a mote of that same sexual power, and he grew much larger much faster than me.

“You are so sweet, so tasty. You pussy is ripe! You will feed me well!” he said as it massive dork rose between us. “I’ll take you and feed from you and grow more powerful than any around, and my domain shall become absolute!” he said in his gravelly voice as his saliva dripped on me.

And then I felt... *things* on me, and looking out of the corners of both eyes, I saw his brood climbing on me or sticking out of his body as their sharp little claws scratched my taut flesh, tore at the clothing I wore as their master forced me back first against a wall, his tail growing long and bulbous while sharper spines projected from his body everywhere.

And then I felt the belt around me snapping, felt the hands untying panties and tearing pants off me, just before their master moved and slid one hand from within mine as easily as if he were removing his hand from the grasp of a child, and he cupped my throat. Fawn gave a scream inside me as he pulled his other hand from my grasp, and gripping my shirt, ripped it clean.

“So sweet!” the gremlin master sneered, as he held me, just before three long gouts of seed erupted from his cock to splatter my belly, breasts and thighs. “Yet so weak and so helpless to me!” The primal fear was building inside me, and I squeezed both eyes from the tears, trying to resist him, tried to pull his fingers open but I felt Fawn’s powers draining inside me, leaving me weak and helpless. The budding horns, the cloven hooves, the sharp claws on each finger didn’t come to me, all I was, was a hyper-muscular and hyper-endowed human fem who was about to get raped.

There was a moment... a moment of utter clarity as I was presented with my situation. In that moment, I thought of two things:

The first was Jen... and accompanying her beautiful face and perfect visage was the thought that now that I found my chosen one, my soul mate and the woman who’d agreed to be my wife, that I’d never see her again.

The second was Fawn, who, as strong as she’d become, in the face of this situation, the bane of all that is feminine from a stronger male taking advantage of a weaker female, had given up all her feminine strength to make that male stronger... the case of the victim... the case of simply giving up.

What didn’t come to me was my life flashing before my eyes... and to a degree I could take hope in that.

Instead I reflected that I did think of Jen and Fawn then before myself because I thought that I had to protect them from things like this. Perhaps I thought of these things in such clarity because I, Patrick, thought of them in the mindset of a male, but regardless as to whatever it was that made me think this way, whether it was the feminine strength of friends and loved ones, I was nonetheless in this situation, and it was mine to overcome now that Fawn had abandoned me in her fear.

I was thrown to the floor, and I rose just enough to feel a fist laden with sharp little bony spines on all the knuckles to punch my head back to the floor, right before two strong and meaty hands grabbed both my ankles and forced them apart. With a groan and a cry I felt my lower half hefted and my pussy pulled right up against that big cock of his that was already spewing his semen onto me. It poured over my pelvis and onto all the layered abdominals that had increased to a ten pack already, but were having difficulty going further than that. And then I felt my vaginal lips, as strong as they were being forced apart by his overwhelming maleness as he sniggered and laughed at me, along with his brood. His phallus then began to invade my insides despite how much I resisted it, fighting him all the way through gritted teeth and a snarling visage.

No! Stop it! Get it out! Get it out!! I heard Fawn crying inside me, and instead of sharing me her strengths, she shared with me her fears... she shared with me centuries of this happening to her, and it was all that I could do to keep from being overcome with it. I began to cry.

It hurts! She cried... but I heard her... and without the mirror.

The Gremlin Lord clawed at me, pulling me onto his shaft as he began to gyrate, began to rape me with my legs coiled over his hips and my immense boobs in my face. His shaft was so thick and so massive that it pushed my abdominals out, made my stomach distend and the hole of my sex that led deep inside me swell straight to the opening that were formed in the bones of my hips, and each time one of the ribbing muscles of his penis forced its way through that hole, it felt as if those hips threatened to snap open.

But I focused my rage against him instead of my fear, forced myself not to feel what Fawn was feeling, and still snarling at him, growling even, I delved inside me, delved deep, deep inside me, and found Fawn.

She was thin and small-breasted again, those breasts pert and firm and she looked like a teenager in her maturity. She was sobbing, holding herself against the dark when I walked toward her. I was me again, but naked and free-balling it, with my penis long and thick and practically dangling to my knees even though the rest of me was as thin as ever. But despite that, my skin shone as if I were a holy thing in this darkness.

Fawn, I thought, and she gasped, hearing it, and she looked up at me with those bright green eyes. *Fawn...* I thought again, and knelt before her, and she surged into my arms, sobbing with her voice echoing off invisible walls here.

Please don't leave me Fawn, I need you. It's our power, not mine. Without you it doesn't work.

But I'm helpless! She sobbed, and clutched at me while I picked her up in my arms and cradled her. *They're all so big and strong and I'm so weak... they...*

Stop it. I commanded her. *Stop thinking that right now, Fawn. I forbid it. You are not weak just because you're a female. In many ways you're stronger than any man I've known, you've just forgotten that.*

She blinked at me, while we both felt ourselves being raped.

I mean, come on. Your femininity is so powerful it changes me into a woman when it overcomes my masculinity.

There was more of the groaning hip bones, and they felt on the verge of dislocating.

Fawn... we absorb sexual power far better than this gremlin does, can't we steal it from him?

B-but... the shackles. She complained. *The shackles keep me from stealing the power from my tormentors. I can't...*

And then I took her wrist and showed it to her, and she gaped at the absence of any such thing as a shackle. She looked to her other hand and she felt her throat and gasped, holding onto her slender neck with both hands.

I need you to complete me, Fawn... I smiled at her, and she surged to me again, hugging me, her dark furred body and dark skin suddenly flared bright and white as mine did.

And with a roar escaping my lips I thrust against the Gremlin Lord with my hips and he toppled backward before I forced this hyper-muscled and hyper-endowed body of mine onto his lap, and grabbing his wrists and clenching with my vaginal muscles, the centuries worth of fear and the centuries worth of being victimized by raping and beating and more dark things that could sexually be done to a woman, turned into such an incredible righteous indignation, I felt myself grinning at the Gremlin Lord.

“You’re so sweet looking, so full of strength, but so helpless...” I said, my feminine voice being echoed with *Fawn’s*. “So delicious.” We said, and we began to absorb the sexual power of this Gremlin Lord just like I’d done with so many students and faculty yesterday, and immediately he began to spew into me.

“N-No! Minions! Minions free your lord and master!” the Gremlin Lord began to shout.

But his cock was spasming inside me, it offloaded all his sopping wet sticky spooge into me that seeped unused from my body, an orgasm of mine washing his useless seed from me just before something else flushed from him into my body while I breathed in deep all the pink fog that was floating in the realm here.

I absorbed... all of it.

He tossed and thrashed himself, and we rolled a couple times, but the first time he rolled I managed to hook both legs behind his, locking him up with me while all his strength flooded into my body only to be added with the latent sexual power of over fifteen hundred other people and a veritable horde of little gremlins. The thrashing though affected the real world around us. And patients were tossed out of their gurneys as our bodies collided with them, throwing disarray while people ran about us. One CDC person actually tripped on one of our feet, and looking back and seeing nothing, his shadow got to his feet and quickly hurried to help one of the sex drained students back into his makeshift bed.

And I grew, huffing the pink air now like it was an airborne drug, feeling my secondary breasts and the multitude of tertiary mammaries forming along a belly that was rapidly lengthening and increasing in the number of abdominals while my back flared wide and billowed with powerful majesty while my chest pushed forward like an advancing ice wall of a glacier.

Both primaries engorged themselves and grew and grew steadily, filling with glands and with milk, swelling between both arms, pressing against the Gremlin Lord's chest and keeping him forced down while all those tits I had exuded their milk onto the ground. I worked my increasingly strengthening abdominals and pussy lips like a sucking mouth, drawing more and more of his strength into me, feeling it rapidly forcing every muscle sinew to bulge and broaden, doubling and redoubling the number of fibers as I grew and grew, swelling passed ten feet and neared twelve again even before my legs began to grow hairy, my tailbone turned outward or horns began to form.

I grew, feeling biceps swelling outward into things the sizes of watermelons, felt triceps swelling to equal sizes as forearms flared and grew slightly longer than a human's. Hoof-like claws appeared out of each fingernail while both feet lengthened and cloven hoofs formed of my toes.

A big furry patch of vaginal fur grew about my loins, with an absolute naked patch between loins and thighs, leaving both inner thighs bare of hair or fur. By the time that the other gremlins swarmed me and scratched at me, I was barely even aware of their scratching fingers thanks to how thick my flesh had become, and how steely every muscle in me was.

But then something else began to accompany all that strength as I started to pass twelve feet and this Gremlin Lord began to diminish, the meat thinning on all his bones as he shrank beneath me.

And that new strength was a power, a physical power that wasn't sexual, and as it struck me, I felt more horns growing from my body, the spines down my back thickening and then extending sharp hooking bony things that fell over each other down my back, while spikes and spines erupted from all around me. Claws and hooves grew harder, horns and spines grew sharper and longer as the ones on the gremlin shrank, and tossing his cronies off me with idle throws, I sucked that Gremlin Lord dry, only to watch him diminish with the majority of his brood that'd been inside him becoming drained with the rest of him, till at long last he laid limp and then turned into a viscous black and green goop. I orgasmed on cue and flushed the liquefied remnants of this creature from inside me.

Rising to my feet, still sucking in all the latent pink fog, feeling my rippling muscles growing larger and stronger, feeling bony protrusions and knobby ends forming here and there, strengthening bones all so that I could grow even stronger, I turned toward the remaining brood as the last of the fog was sucked into me, and smiling at them, seeing them chattering at me for a moment, they all ran.

Inside me, a wash of my own juices rose and orgasmed from me again, flushing my insides completely till only clear fluids slid from me.

Tears escaped from my eyes as I suddenly felt weak and collapsed to one knee, and I heard Fawn crying inside my head.

Hugging myself, hanging my long ears, I tried to embrace her body as best as I could with us together as we were, but the tears that escaped my eyes weren't sad tears... they were tears of relieved joy...

We'd beaten the bad men who'd dare to rape us. I was safe at last from them.

There was a pond that was near to the school that was always scummed over in our world, but here in the world of the Fae, it was crystal and clear, absent of all the little algae green floaties and was instead filled with pure water that allowed one to see straight to a sandy bottom instead of a silt one. This one was also ringed by lily pads with some of them bearing frogs.

The vile and revolting feelings that I felt were being felt doubly so for both Fawn and me, and the need to clean ourselves off was absolute. So taking a few moments here, I bathed in the water and made sure to clean my insides out by flushing it with water and squirting it out by tensing all the stomach muscles lining my belly.

Thank you... thank you so much me sweet, sweet master... came the thought inside my head, and sitting there in the water at its deepest point, both breasts floating partially in the water despite that both knees rose up out of the water to either side of them, I paused and reflected upon the thought before I turned to the mirror that rested on the pack with my discarded clothes. Picking it up with one hand and holding it up, I looked at Fawn as she hugged herself.

I had to look upon her, and when I did, I smiled at her before caressing the image of her face with one finger.

"You're welcome..." I said and she gasped.

"You heard that?" she said, her image having returned to her former muscular and super-sexual form, only now she was more heavy set with more muscle and even larger boobs.

"Like you heard me before..." I said. "You saw me even as I saw you. What was that?"

She thought, fingering her lower lip that had become more supple along with her upper lip. "There's always been a connection with me and whatever host I inhabited... though our ability to speak to each other only became possible near the end of their mortal lives. It's a form of a connection.

"The stronger it is, the more we share thoughts."

This time I thought. "I knew what that creature was without you actually telling me. I knew it was called a Gremlin Lord, a hive creature that births more of itself out of itself, but also has the ability to recall those new birthed creatures back into itself to grow stronger." I said but continued fingering her image. "Fawn, how can I know something that I never saw before? I'll admit the movies cover those things pretty well, but the hive mentality and the Lord amongst them were never covered."

"Perhaps... it's because I know it." She said and palmed the face of the mirror beside her face. "Master... I... cannot begin to know why I have such a powerful connection to you so early. Perhaps it was the astrological power of the day you summoned me... perhaps its because the male and female combination of our union... perhaps it's something alchemical between us... Perhaps you are indeed a powerful sorcerer like I thought you were."

"Perhaps it's because... I think... I love you." I said quietly, and she gasped and pressed against the glass.

"Don't say that. I'm just a simple Fawn, I..."

"Fawn... I love Jen... I loved her first, but... I cannot deny this connection I have with you. When I was in peril, when I was being pierced by that monster, I thought nothing of me, but rather everything of you and Jen. The two of you were absolute in my mind, I think that our connection is just because you and I... just so happen to love each other. There's no stronger connection than that." I blushed. "After all, you showed

a stupid little geek like me the first real sexual experience in all my life. Perhaps there's still something in all those other things you told me that I don't really understand right now, but... Fawn... There's still that connection of me loving you. And not loving you as a sister or a mother, but as a lover."

Fawn bit her lower lip, and the tears in her eyes that I saw reflected in the mirror fell also in my eyes.

"This is unfair..." she whispered, and pressed against the glass. "I'm inside the man I want, and I can't even embrace or make love to him like I want." She said.

"I hear your thoughts, and I managed to come to where you were, Fawn... then perhaps you and I can do it again, in time..."

"That's true." She sniffed, and hugged herself for me while I continued holding the mirror out, so that we could see each other, but nonetheless held myself beneath the massive breasts I had now.

She murred and I thought that I could almost feel her embracing herself, so hopefully she could feel me doing the same.

"But we must get you back to Mistress Jennifer." She smiled.

"No jealousy?" I asked, blinking in surprise. From what I'd observed, women were notorious of fighting over their men, even when it was a man between two lifetime friends.

"What do I have to be jealous about?" she smiled. "I get to be with you every moment of every day, my beloved Master," she said, and I smiled at the change of her calling me just master to '*beloved master*.' "And Mistress Jennifer only gets you when the two of you are near to each other.

"Now wash yourself, my beloved master, and we shall see what we can do with all those ripped clothes.

With a snap of pseudomotion, I stepped sideways right next to Jen's shadow, well away from the eyes of anyone who might see, and collapsed right next to her.

I was wearing clothes again. Apparently I could mend ripped clothes using will alone. It was easy in the world of the Fae, but Fawn warned me that the more civilized the area we were in, the harder it would be to do the same thing in the real world. That would take some practice, and being that I could turn into a fifteen foot tall monstrosity now, mending my clothes would be a good trick to learn. That or else run around naked all the time... or tear through countless articles of clothing and make them useless, wasting money and whatnot.

"You're back!" she gasped, and uncoiled from the tree to palm my chest as she leaned against me just before kissing me. Her perfect and large breasts smished against my body, and I found myself snaking a hand up into her dress to palm her naked butt. "You were gone so long that I began to worry." She voiced.

Kiss her! Fawn's voice came to my mind, and palming Jen's face, I rose up and kissed her this time, holding her lips with my own for several long moments before withdrawing to look upon my fiancée.

"We were successful Jen," I managed a smile.

"Oh good! Let's celebrate!" she said gleefully and then straddled my lap and kissing me again, but when I felt her hands pushing my shirt up off my hard abs and fumbling for my belt, I stopped her. "W-what's the matter?" she asked.

I looked at her, and managed a small smile. "Jen, we need to talk."

I told her about the whole experience, about everything. From being raped by a monster, from feeling the triumph of overcoming such a creature, to confessing my love to Fawn. I'd always told her what I did, I wasn't about to stop now.

While I told her about it, I continued shrinking until I was a thin, tight little ball of maleness with a big penis – I kept that asset of this new body of mine – with short blonde hair and thin yet muscular proportions that could only be described as *'Wiry.'*

I told her of all these things while we walked across the endless ball fields of the park barefoot, and all through it all she gripped my hand and didn't let go. I don't know if I could do this if she didn't, but even when I told her that I was also in love with another woman – er, female – she still didn't let go.

In the end she looked up at me as we both slowed to a stop from our walk, and turning she moved to embrace me.

"I didn't tell you, I spoke with Fawn last night while you were sleeping." She said, and I paused in the act of closing my arms around her after dropping the book bag on the ground to do so, but continued to embrace her regardless. "She and I... spoke girl to girl while you slept. Apparently you only have to be in the same room to make that mirror trick work.

"Rape is a sensation every woman fears, Pat. I'm... I'm so sorry that you had to experience it. I'm so sorry."

"It was unwanted sex. I know I should feel worse about it, but I was more angry than violated, Jen. I was angry that it was a creature that did do it, and instead I just wanted to break the beast, bash it with my fists and make it useless to a woman ever again, because while it was doing that to me, I feared it doing it to you... and to Fawn. But unlike you... Fawn was there to feel it with me, and because she was with me, I was there to feel it with her.

"It made me angrier!" I hugged her more tightly. "And more afraid for the both of you." I kissed her cheek and then withdrew, and she fingered my now loosened shirt.

"Fawn and I... have an understanding now." Jen said. "Perhaps we need to have a deeper understanding of each other, but I have no choice but to share you with her now. Not that I'm angry at that... she feels like the sister I never had now. And I get to see her whenever you turn into a woman..." she smiled at that and kissed my lips again.

"Jen... y-you're ok with this then? Because I intend to help Fawn and try to clean up what's wrong in their world. If no one does anything about it, then what's wrong there can and does spill into our world when those who are strongest in their numbers gains the power to cross over into ours.

"But that means that I won't be able to keep any sort of vow of fidelity toward you. I grew so... powerful off of sex, off of ambient sex, direct sex. Making love with you even made me stronger but..." Jen stopped me by fingering my lips, and then I saw her smile.

"The wedding vows that I'll have you take will state that you will give yourself to no other woman, Pat. I don't mind that you can defeat monsters through sex or with this increasing brute strength of yours. You're like my own personal Hulk now," she joked.

The Hulk and The She-Hulk were her favorite comic books. I had the hunch she also had a muscle fetish.

"I don't even mind sharing you with Fawn," she continued. "If that's what it takes... I don't even mind that she was the first person to love you physically, but what I cannot abide is you going to another woman over

me again. Watching you with so many yesterday, hearing about you banging Miss Tessmocker and Principal Murphy, the Girl's Gym Teacher and every one else in school before me..."

I swallowed, but said nothing.

"But you weren't in control of yourself." She added. "And in the end, all of them were just once... maybe twice. Just bare in mind that that is fifteen hundred screws that you now owe me and my pussy with that giant dick of yours for fifteen hundred, times two, plus one."

She smiled at me, and then stepping away, she untucked her blouse from her skirts, reached into the waistband of her skirts with a couple of fingers of either hand and pulled out the side ties of her panties. Then lifting her gaze to me she smiled at me pleasingly while I saw the nipples on her breasts erect enough to appear through her blouse and undershirt she was wearing. I instinctively wanted to cup those boobs at that very moment, even as she untied the strings and pushed the garment downward, and with a circular movement of her hips, I saw her panties fall to the ground.

One might think that that was a bit too complicated of an affect, but there were people in the park nearby, and bending over and making a show of putting on her sandals, she then picked up her fallen panties and waded them up into a pocket before taking my hand.

"Jen... I swear right now no other woman – or man – will replace you." I said, and she turned and kissed me again, but remained near so that I could feel her breasts against me.

"I know... now there's a nice sunny spot in the woods nearby that we can have some privacy. I know it's not my nice comfy bed, but I really want your dick inside me right now." She practically purred then, and leading me into the woods, her elegant display of making her nether regions naked was soon tossed away as she and I got totally nude and made love to each other well into night fall.

Chapter 8: The First Week of New Life

I remembered standing before a jewelry store looking at wedding sets while waiting for Jen, and while I stood there I moved my fingers inside my empty pockets.

The real life was a cruel mistress, and me only being eighteen I had very little money of my own since I was on a part time job that only gave enough for me to keep and maintain a four stroke two door car. Most of the money I received went straight into insurance.

"You've been looking at those for some time Master," Fawn's image suddenly appeared in the reflection of the window. No one else could see her but me this way... it took writing her glyph on the glass for her to appear to anyone else.

They're wedding rings, Fawn, I thought back to her.

"What's the problem then?" she blinked at me while pressing against the glass.

'Do you see the numbers on those white tags attached to the rings?' I thought to her

"Yes. There's a number of six hundred on each of them."

'Which equals twelve-hundred. I need twelve hundred of what we call dollars to buy them, and I only have twenty to my name.' I sighed and turned away from the rings and walked away to wait at the bus stop. Fawn reappeared in the glass reflections of the window surround the bus stop wind breaker where they posted time schedules and placed posters for various things.

"Why don't you just take them?"

“Because that’s called stealing...” I thought back to her, looking sidelong at her from where I stood. ‘Fawn, I don’t know the sorts of situation that you came from, what you had to do to survive, but here, I could do some serious jail time if I attempted to take two gold rings from a jewelry store. And even if I did get away with it... my conscience could never lead me to put these rings on Jen’s finger.’

“Then what are you going to do?” she asked quietly, even as the sixteen-A bus arrived and Jen stepped off it into my waiting arms.

“We’ll think of something...”

The University of Minnesota was a unique campus. It was the originator of Gopher-Net, which later became the model that the U.S. Department of Defense used to link computers together between several bases. This later became the model for the creation of what we call the internet. As such, the U of M still maintains the largest number of computers per students in the world. Even MIT didn’t boast that sort of thing, and besides, the University was local for me, was a major college, and it supported a great sports team.

Go Gophers!

It was a college that has been around since before the turn of the last century and was a world leader in several fields, most especially Geology and Agriculture. My chosen field of study was a little less awe inspiring though... I wanted to work with computers regardless, and I knew a lot about a lot of things and could perhaps easily slide into any field I wanted to once I decided what that field was. The University was broad enough in its curriculum to figure that out.

Jen and I were here looking for apartments and dorms, though on my money, a dorm room would have to do. All the apartments would require two or more people contributing to it... usually on the ‘*or more*’ part.

But the Dorm Rooms...

“This is the largest we have currently.” The Resident Manager said. His name was Eric MacDonald, nice guy. “Large enough for a queen sized bed, or a King if you don’t mind sliding off the end of your bed every morning instead of sliding in sideways. I must admit though, we usually reserve this sized room for roommates.”

“Oh I’ll be moving in with him in about six months.” Jen said immediately.

This Eric fellow was rather intelligent looking, and his green eyes seemed to be the sort that could figure out the meaning of what wasn’t said in a conversation, and by looking at Jen, I assumed he was deducing that she was underage and not legally able to put her name on the rent without parental consent, and obviously those parents weren’t going to say ‘*yes*.’

“Perhaps then... we can let you have this dorm room then, Mister Jacobs.” Eric said turning back to me. “Provided under the understanding that you take a roommate within six months.”

“That’ll be perfect.” I said, suppressing a sigh of relief.

“You’ll have free access to the internet here, and basic cable is provided by the Comcast Corporation till digital conversion is completed. You’ll have access to a mailbox downstairs and this building has a Laundromat and two public shower room bisected by genders. This is also a secure building with security guards to ensure student safety.”

I walked through the room. There was a closet enough for two, a small kitchenette that was really a stove on top of a mini fridge and cabinets all around. There was a single window that looked outside.

Quite humble beginnings for me...

"I'll take it."

"Great, then we can begin the paperwork today." He smiled teeth that were a little too white to be normal. He either just got them cleaned, or took care of them very, very well.

"Excuse me," Jen said then, drawing both our attentions. "But what is that? It looks Gaelic." She said pointing at a small medallion that hung around Eric's neck.

"Druidic, actually." He corrected, and then lifting it, let Jen hold onto it while it hung from his neck.

It was a continuous curving knot around a green gem at its center that look surprisingly like real emerald instead of a cheap dime store piece of easily broken glass.

"It's beautiful. Where did you get it?"

"Ireland." He smiled. "There's a place close to where I lived there that produced them from scratch."

"Funny, you don't sound Irish." Jen said.

"No. I'm an American, born in New York, I just happened to be raised in Ireland for a time, and my schooling encompassed speaking English with no accent." He fit the medallion into his shirt before gesturing to us both to follow him.

"If you'll both follow me..." Eric said, and we left the dorm room and he locked it behind us.

"Um, Eric." I managed, and he turned to look at me from over his shoulder as he led the way through very cramped hallways. "I... was hoping. Is there a job notice board around here? I could really use a job that was close by that didn't require travel. I'm thinking of selling my car, so..."

Again Eric's eyes focused on something, this time that subject was me, and his one eye that was facing me looked straight into both of mine.

"If you'd like," he said at last before turning forward and leading the way down a narrow spiraling staircase. "We have a position open at the front desk in the building. Do you have customer service experience?"

"Fast food?" I smiled hopefully.

"It's a reference. You did work register I assume?" he asked, pausing to face us both a flight down.

"I did."

"Any other qualifications?"

"He made Eagle Scout." Jen supplied and took to hugging my arm. Man-o-man I loved the way her perfect breasts cleaved to either side of my arm when she did that, and how she pressed her crotch against my thigh and...

"You're hired."

...the way I could feel her heart beating and... "Wait, what?"

"You're hired." Eric smiled and then turned to head down the stairs again. "So long as you're interested..."

“I am! But... how much does it pay?”

“Twelve dollars an hour to start, and you get a fifty cent raise if you stay for six months, and another fifty cents when you stay a year. Likewise, this is considered a state job, and you have other benefits such as health and welfare, dental and vision, and most importantly reduced rent within this building if you choose to live here.

“You start at the beginning of the next semester.

“When we do your paperwork for taking a room in here then I’ll give you the file work for employment by the university.”

“That’s, so kind, and twelve dollars an hour is a lot better than the eight I’m making now.” I commented once we were on the ground floor. “When can I move in? And if I may ask... why are you being so generous to a stranger?”

Eric paused yet again and turned to face me before he cracked a smile. “Because no one was ever kind to me.” He said quietly. “That is... till I met my wife. So I’m a little soft when it comes to young star-strung lovers. This way... and we’ll get you signed in.”

I was in a daze...

“I can’t believe that just happened. I never believed in luck before now, but that Eric guy came along right when I needed him to. Just think... I can quit that crappy job of mine in a couple weeks...”

“Why do you say that was luck?” Jen asked as we were walking to the bus stop. This late at night, since we missed the return one and I couldn’t drive us here due to lack of parking, we had to walk far to the next station stop that could pick us up.

“Well... I’ve been... troubled over the past few days, Jen.” I replied and turned to look at her. She was wearing a sloping blouse that showed off the fact that she was wearing no bra. Reaching across myself while she held onto my arm, I traced the edge of her blouse collar to caress the silken skin of her bust. “I... want to satisfy my role as the man in this relationship, and I want to get you things, make a good home for you... buy you a wedding ring...”

Jen gasped and she stopped us as she looked at me. “Patrick!” she said and then embraced me. “I was perfectly ok about just leaving my finger naked but... that’s wonderful. Then I can have something to show everyone else and make them all jealous!” she laughed and hugged me tighter.

Again I felt the press of her breasts, and a steely erection began to grow in my pants and press against her crotch. Instinctively my eyes began to wander as I held her back, looking for a little quiet place for some penis in vagina and...

But then there was something warning me, and only in the very end did I feel and then hear Fawn’s urgent cries of ...*Look out!*

I heard the racing foot steps and turned slowly, seeing a man rushing up toward us, and there was the flash of glinting metal, just before I felt something hard and metal strike me along side the face.

I awoke groggily on the ground, exhaling sharply, feeling as if I were being slapped and shaken, but realized after a moment that that was Fawn doing that to my psyche to get me awake.

Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!! She screamed inside my mind.

And then I heard sobbing, and out of the corner of one eye I saw a thug, a massive thug pawing at my Jen, holding her tightly with one hand and squeezing her breast with the other.

“Hey there Jen...” the thug said, and I blinked in surprise as I recognized that voice. *Mitch?! The guy I got expelled?* “Surprised to see me? I knew you wouldn’t be too far away from this retard, but boy-oh-boy, look at you. You certainly blossomed over the past few days.”

And then Mitch upended a bottle of what looked like Jack Daniels into his mouth and took several long pulls from it, and when he lowered it again after draining it, he dropped it on the ground and it shattered. “You sure do look pretty... pretty damn hot that is!” he said and lifted a thick hand to her tit again, groping at it and grinding his groin against her crotch. “Bet you never thought of a guy like me coming onto you... well give me a moment darlin’, and I’ll cum all over and in you!” he laughed, and Jen squealed before she kned Mitch right in the groin.

He rose a little, and I thought with such a solid strike that she’d just crunched his nads, but instead Mitch just laughed at her and stepping back, knocked on his nuts and made a hollow rapping sound that indicated that he was wearing a cup.

“You know... I’ve been kned in the nuts far too many times babe for that little trick to work on me anymore, so a long time ago, I bought myself a nut cup.” Mitch said while pulling something from his pocket, and once it was in his hand, he twirled it, hit a button and a knife blade flashed outward. “Now, for attempting to crush my nads, I’m going to use these nads on you, but first,” he slurred and planted the edge of his blade against the underside of Jen’s shirt. “I want to look upon how far you’ve developed...”

And too afraid as to what to do against a knife blade, Jen merely froze as Mitch leaned in and kissed and then licked her cheek, while he slowly pulled up on the knife, cutting open Jen’s blouse with the knife blade before the blouse burst open and disgorged her massively swollen mammaries that had been compressed inside a garment meant for a young fem who was nearly flat-chested, not for a fully-mature woman.

“Oh man... those are nice tits.” Mitch said and groping one of those tits, Mitch moved in to kiss and nibble on her throat, and looking at me, tears in her eyes, she begged me to help her.

Mitch stopped being a bully, stopped being my own personal tormentor and became a dirty rotten drunken rapist, and that angered me... it angered Fawn, and to feel hate and anger doubly so, was a truly awesome sensation...

“Mitch... you get your damn hands off her.” I growled low and deep, pushing myself up off the ground and focusing on him.

“What the...” Mitch gaped as he turned to face me. “You should be out cold for hours from a blow like that. I cracked your skull open, I heard it crunch! How are you getting up?!” He hollered and rounded on me with the knife in his hands, but instead of attacking with the knife he instead kicked me in the ribs.

Something inside me reacted, it reacted faster than I could’ve, perhaps it was Fawn, but I felt the muscles in my side tense even as they started thickening, and when the blow came it was met with a solid series of taut muscle that was like kicking a bag of sand. I grit my teeth and snarled at Mitch as he stepped back after a kick that lifted me several inches up in the air and then he gaped at me, and kicked me again, and when the second kick did nothing, he went for a third, but this time I moved against him deflected the blow with both hands and then struck him in the hip and then the abs before punching that cup over his nuts. Despite that that didn’t hurt his nuts directly, there was nonetheless an egg-shaped connection point with his pelvis, and such a solid blow would’ve made anyone gasp. What was strange was that I didn’t even hurt my hand!

Getting to my feet at long last as Mitch staggered away, he growled at me and gripped his knife tighter.

He seemed to have put on several pounds as of late, and not in fat, but hard muscle weight. A glance at his wrist showed multiple puncture points from needles.

Steroids... I thought inwardly, but when Fawn answered, it was to tell me something very different.

Master, watch out, he has a demon inside him. It's feeding off something sickening and making him stronger.

Those would be the steroids... I thought back. "Putting on a little weight, Mitch?" I asked him.

"Screw you!"

"Aww... what's the matter? Nineteen year old bully who's been held back enough times that he's now at the same grade level with his daddy? Boozing it up 'cause he can't make the grade anymore? Kicked out of school for being a loser? Pumping yourself full of drugs and steroids to make up for the loss of bullying others as freely as you wanted to? You know what that crap does to you, don't you? Makes you limp, baby-dicked and useless to women, so you have to pick on those smaller and weaker than you to make yourself feel better and rape women who can't stand the sight of you?"

"Shut up!" he hollered as I clenched both fists, my body subtly thickening with each breath so that it was an unnoticeable growth. I was getting a solid hard-on from this, the raging, pumping thing throbbing in the pants and panties I wore.

"You're so pathetic. You were born a loser, you are a loser, you'll always be a loser, and little geeks like me will forever own your ass. I'm clean, I have the love of a beautiful woman who makes every crack whore you've ever been with look doubly so.

"I said shut up!" and he brandished the knife as I advanced a step and gestured for Jen to get behind me, and folding her shirt about her naked breasts, she hurried behind me. My shirt was un-tucking and the seams of the pants I was wearing were starting to groan as my muscles pressed against it.

"Look at you. Here I am... little old me, you picked on me for years, and here after a single beating from me, you have to fight me with a knife in your hands. You're pathetic!"

"Shut up!" Mitch shouted at me, and lunged with the knife in his hand. Like before, time slowed down and I idly caught his wrist and twisted it.

My body seemed to move of its own accord. I'd never taken a single martial arts lesson let alone a self defense class in my life, and yet I was moving in a way to defend myself and Jen as if I'd long ago earned myself a black belt or two.

With his hand trapped in my iron-fisted grip, my face snarling with rage I hip checked him and then kneed him in the back, the shock forcing him to drop his knife with a gasp. I then slid in closer and nudged him with a hip again while tripping him with one leg, hooking that leg behind one of his feet and while lifting his wrist that I still held, I literally picked him off his feet and threw him several feet away, sending him spinning several times before he landed on his back.

There I stood over him.

"You're so pathetic." I growled, feeling my cock throbbing powerfully, creaming some seed onto my navel as the nads throbbed. Hot blood was pumping through me, making me aroused with this exertion while my clothes stretched around my stalwart frame. "Never in your whole life while you were picking on people who were smaller than you did you even once think that those people would grow up some day. Never did

you think that those people could become stronger than you, gain power over you, and when they did, you didn't think about what they would put you through when they had it.

I clenched both hands into fists, clenching my jaw tight.

"I should beat you within an inch of your life for what you tried to do to Jen. I'm well within my rights to kill you outright, Mitch. Think about that!"

And I promptly turned my back on him as he tried getting to his feet.

I'd not walked five steps though, nearing Jen when I saw her eyes widen in horror. And then I heard the click of a hammer on a gun.

Turning, I stared at the gun in Mitch's hand.

"Power over me? Never! And because of that nice long-winded speech, you little shit..." and Mitch swiveled his gun arm and pointed the barrel toward Jen. Jen froze immediately. "...She dies first. I was going to let her live, but now..."

And he pulled the trigger, the hammer clicking into place to strike the firing pin which ignited the gunpowder in the bullet that was in the chamber. With a deafening bang the bullet sped outward straight toward Jen.

It felt like a punch in the gut when it struck. It felt like a painful, sordid cheep-shot strike in the body done with that damned set of brass knuckles of his. But once it'd hit, my clothes were still ripping apart, and my penis was still retracting into my body as two very heavy tits swelled out into the open, shredding my shirt open down the middle.

There was a welt against one of the individual abdominals lining my belly, and cupping that spot with one hand, I saw the welt turn into a bruise, and then saw the bruise fade into nothing again.

I'd acted without thinking. It was a desire to protect Jen with my life that made me rush to stand in front of the bullet. I was fully willing to sacrifice myself, but Fawn had a different idea. She forced me to change, transformed me into a woman where my muscles were thick and my skin firm, to the point where our combined powers could absorb the impact of a bullet.

"That... hurt." I growled in a purely feminine tone as my growth slowed to a stop. Six and a half feet tall, fully feminine, fully empowered and snarling with my muscles tearing out of pants and shirt alike while the panties I wore had slid in tight between my butt cheeks and were showing off a perfect camel toe now.

"W-what? What the hell? Where did the weasel go?!" Mitch shouted.

"He's the least of your troubles now..." I said and advanced, my body rapidly hulking out, taking advantage of all that sexual power I'd absorbed not just a week ago, my frame broadening, the shirt finally snapping open along its base against my growing and distending breasts while I started growing again.

Mitch fired again and I stopped, the bullet slapping hard against my thigh now, and when I saw that there was no blood, I grinned ferally at Mitch and then began to advance, growing stronger and tougher and larger with every step.

Mitch panicked and unloaded the Glock forty-five he'd pulled on us into my body, and with each shot the pain got less and less, till I only felt a light tap against my body. When I stood before him, well over him, with two immense tits that were each twice the English alphabet in cup size that they were so huge, each

distending supply off two superbly powerful pectorals, I grinned down at him while he repeatedly pulled the trigger of his gun. It went click-click-click.

I continued to hulk out, hearing the clicking of the empty gun as I lowered one hand to his gun, pulled it from his hand and then cuffed him solidly by the collar and hefted him right off the ground so that he and I could look at each other eye to eye.

“You and I are now going to have words, Mitch. And I’m sorry... but this is going to hurt you a hell of a lot more than it’s going to hurt me.”

Jen sat on a bench after I hung up the phone, holding her blouse tightly shut around her breasts with her legs tucked up close to her body.

I’d just called nine-one-one emergency telling them where to find Mitch. Five years of pent up aggression against him mixed in with all the anger of what he’d done to Jen and me tonight had made me literally loose control.

Sitting down next to Jen, I thought about the intensely bloody mess that I’d left Mitch in after having broken every joint in his body so that it’d remind him on every cold day and every rainy day Minnesota got, what it cost him tonight. I’d punctured a lung, broke his jaw, and popped both his testicles by the time I was done with him. Fawn wanted me to kill him... for a moment I considered it. He was a raping, murdering, bullying bastard and was evil for it... he deserved to die!

But I couldn’t do it.

Instead I called nine-one-one, told him that he’d attempted to rape a girl in the park and a big strong woman rushed in and beat him before running away. An anonymous call to the police would fix everything. I think that breathing and eating everything through a tube for a few months before being sent to jail for a time even before his court date and sentencing ever even started could quite well be punishment enough for what he’s done.

Maybe when a large man in prison anally raped him would he understand how that felt.

Crossing my legs being that I was still a hulking strong woman with two naked tits hanging out and my penis hadn’t grown back yet, I pulled her to me, and with a sob she clutched at my body before she began crying.

I hated Mitch before, but now I loathed him for doing this to Jen. I couldn’t stand what he did... couldn’t stand people who beat on women and raped them. I wanted to kill him and every other man like him, but my belief in justice, my own sense of belief that no one should die and my belief in God kept me from actually crushing his nose and shoving it up into his brain. Ever so slowly I diminished, uncrossing my legs as that massive sausage of mine slid outward at that point between male and female once both tits had flattened, and soon I was pulling Jen onto my lap and holding her tight.

“He’s gone... and he’ll never, ever bother us again.” I said to her.

“Take me home.” She whimpered. “Take me to your home, lay me in your bed and stay with me...” she wept, and looking at me, I saw the big fat tears in her eyes even while my clothes rapidly closed themselves about me thanks to my will.

Only in one day did I learn the trick of mending the clothes I was wearing after they’d torn, and rising, trying not to think about how her breasts bounced and jostled, I held the fabric closed and mended her blouse too.

I still lived at home right now... I still had my parents to worry about, still had their rules of no girls in the house even despite that before Jen I'd never had a girl in their house to see me on a romantic issue ever in my life. I didn't care, this was not the time to leave her to herself.

She'd nearly been raped and beaten, and I'd nearly died right in front of her, and to make matters worse she'd just been shot at.

To hell with my parent's rules.

"Come with me, Jen. I'll get us home. Have faith in me."

It was a long quiet bus trip back to my home, and it was late by the time we got there. We'd waited for the police to come take Mitch into custody. Finding a bottle of booze, a switchblade that was illegal to carry in Minnesota and an unlicensed Glock that had been fired empty with its casings scattered all around, and finally a recorded nine-one-one emergency call adding claims of rape and assault and battery made certain that once Mitch got out of the hospital that he'd spend months waiting for a court date before he spend perhaps the rest of his natural life in jail.

Being drunk in public, firing a weapon repeatedly, possession of a switchblade outside of a home with intent to use, possession of an unlicensed firearm, two cases of Assault and Battery, one case of attempted rape... yeah... he's going away for a long time

But regardless there was damage done. I never saw Jen look so hurt, hateful or angry as she watched him being hauled away secured to a gurney, a police officer riding in the ambulance with him. After that, we caught the nearest bus and journeyed to my house.

Mom and dad were asleep by this point when we came inside, and quietly made our way up to my room where I helped Jen out of her shoes, socks and skirts and laid her in my little twin bed. In comparison to the queen bed we'd shared at her house, this twin didn't allow for much movement and was difficult for two people to be in it at once, but we managed it by me spooning her back.

I lay on top of the covers... I wanted her to be as comfortable as possible by wrapping her up solely in the sheets, and somewhere, at sometime, she actually passed off and slept.

"Why didn't you kill that man?" a soft voice said, and I quietly rose so as to not disturb Jen sleeping and found myself looking at Fawn's image in the mid-sized rectangular mirror that hung over the dresser in this room.

"I couldn't do it. He was a bully, he was delving toward being a mean, raping bastard, but... I just couldn't do it."

"But you had not problem destroying that Gremlin Lord..."

I swallowed and sat there thinking. "What is the difference between a man and a monster?" I asked her in return.

"With some possible exceptions, like you master, I've seen far too many men who were worse monsters than that Gremlin Lord we defeated."

"Was Mitch like that? Was he like those men you knew?"

Fawn was silent for a moment. "Not yet..." was what she answered and I nodded.

“It was the *‘not yet’* part that kept me from destroying him like you wanted. He was drunk, he was angry, and he was doing things with impaired judgment. Hopefully prison time will change him for the better.”

“And if it changes him for the worse?” Fawn asked timidly. “What if he comes looking for us again?”

“What if he changes for the better? That’s a decision that must be made at a later date, when and if we encounter him again. And if he does become a monster, Fawn... then we’ll make the decision then, but I will not become a murderer!

“Even criminals and bad men have rights. Even they have the possibility to change. It doesn’t lie with us to judge them prematurely like that. And even Mitch, a man who’s hounded me for years, punched and hurt me repeatedly, doesn’t deserve to be killed... just like that.

“That didn’t keep me from punishing him for all his past deeds and especially for what he tried to do today.”

“Would... would you do that for spirit folk like me too?”

I looked straight at her now, looking into her face. There was something in her tone, something that implied guilt.

“What have you done, Fawn?” I asked her pointedly.

Fawn hugged herself, shrugging her shoulders while her breasts, all four of which had engorged to incredible sizes since I’d first met her more than a week ago now, with her biceps coiling and her bodice flaring wide and thick with muscle, but that didn’t stop her from looking ashamed at whatever was on her mind. Her ears fell at the sides of her head, and then opening her supple lips, she began to tell me of her life in the Realm of the Fae.

“Satyr, during the Golden Age when men had great empires and the Fae ultimately ruled over all, were a carefree people who chased men and women to feed idly off their sexual power, played music for them and danced and played. We were the emissaries of the Fae Bacchus, the Mankind’s Patron God of Wine, Song and Love.

“We only played, sang, drank and had sex all day and all night long!

“But I wasn’t born into such a life like that... I only heard about it.

“I was born into immediate slavery, and moments of leaving my mother’s womb, I was shackled and collared,” she rubbed her throat. “And subjected to servitude till I was old enough to be raped. Not old enough to breed, old enough to be raped. I was six seasons old when I was first violated.

“The Living God saw all His people, all the races of His world and what they’d become. He saw the debauchery and the depravity and saw that all of His peoples weren’t doing what they were supposed to be doing... save Man. Only Man did what he was commanded to do, which was simply multiply and replenish the earth, and so all the other races were punished according to their sins.

“And the holy punishment came in one swift and fell swoop as The Living God sent His son to the Earth at the fullness of prophecies to bring His light unto all the peoples in the coming of the Messiah.

“The Fae had set themselves up as gods and goddesses, and even when the Messiah was on Earth, proselyting and proclaiming that there was only one God, and all were to worship him, only Man followed.

The Fae who set themselves up as Gods wanted to remain as Gods, and so sent their emissaries to deal with the Messiah by proclaiming that there were many gods and that they were those gods.

“In punishment for their actions, upon the night the Messiah was crucified, God Himself punished us all.

“All the power of the world flowed toward mankind. All the influence of magic and such flowed toward man, and those who were faithful to The Living God were granted even greater power to change the world, and with their actions the Golden Age crumbled.

“Cities of all the peoples of the Earth were destroyed; even the great Mecca Atlantis vanished from the face of the Earth. Sins were punished and righteousness was rewarded, and for their righteousness the sick were made well, the blind were able to see and the dumb were able to think clear and great thoughts.

“The Fae, who tried to usurp God’s own power, were stricken with the curse of immortality. Not the blessing, but the curse... Their great powers began to fade as Man grew stronger, self aware and independent of them as Christianity rose, and to make matters worse, the pure Fae, not like the Spirit Folk like I am, were rendered infertile with each other.

“The only way to continue their name was to breed with the lesser races, but in the Fae’s stubbornness, they instead decided to shrink from their stations of power, and as their might and power left their thrones, the kingdoms of man grew stronger than they all were.

“Eventually, fourteen hundred years later after the Golden Age had well been over the Human Renaissance begun. Magic had steadily been in decline for all this time, and that which sustained us was rapidly disappearing, and so those creatures of magic decided to completely disappear from Earth, and so the Fae, the Elves and the Dragons used the last of their mighty power to envelop the Earth and fold reality in on itself, keeping magic in a world-wide domain that was of Earth but apart from it. Like a second world that existed upon the world, but invisible.

“It’s the world you enter into, Master, whenever you step sideways.

“But there in, even the greatest of the magical beings were severely weakened, and though the true Fae lasted for perhaps a few decades in their dominion, they all nonetheless had to go to sleep in order to wait for magic to return to the earth.

“They left captains and emissaries in command of their domains, but those were either quickly overcome by more corrupt individuals, or became corrupt themselves. Those who had power ruled, and for the past six hundred years, the acquisition of power became paramount as to your standing, and those who were slaves, like me,” Fawn rubbed her neck again. “We had our powers locked and were made unable to attain power.

“But there were still men and women in the real world who could still use magic, though at an increasingly more difficult degree as the years passed by. There was an upswing during the medieval period of this world where magicians were about everywhere, and I was summoned several times over those first couple centuries of my life.

“But each time I was summoned, it was into the body of a woman who was prepared as a vessel to be used and abused by her master. A love slave.

“I left a life where I was a slave and entered a life to where I was a slave, where my metaphysical abilities were meant to sexually enhance the woman I inhabited so that she could give greater pleasure to her master...

“I enhanced her all right, sometimes it took months, sometimes decades, but each time I made her stronger and more powerful than the wizard or sorcerer who imprisoned me inside her, so that I could free us both. But each time, I took profound pleasure when I manipulated an innocent girl in driving a knife straight into

their old master's hearts while having sex with them... so that in the moment of death, my host and I would be freed of our bondage, and likewise sexually absorb every nuance of power that those old raping bastards had to give.

"Together we lived in peace, for maybe a few years, maybe decades..."

"But eventually my host would die, and I would be sent back to my world, our binding chains broken, and much of the power I'd personally obtained would go with the host instead of me. I'd be free for a time, and then I'd be caught, enslaved, chained and shackled, and then forced into a life of bondage again.

"I kill them, master. I kill every person who ever dared to force me sexually. Not a one of them has escaped that wrath. I hate them, I hate all of them! I want them all to die."

She hugged herself and then began to cry, sobbing quietly and shaking like a leaf.

"You're not a murderess, Fawn." I said quietly. "Even in this world, if someone were to die in the act of a person defending themselves, for whatever reason, it's forgivable by our courts."

"But that... that Mitch person was about to do to Mistress Jennifer, he was about to..."

"But we stopped him. He didn't, but believe me, Fawn, if he had, then the last sight of him you'd've seen was his bloodied body being strangled to death by my bare hands." I assured her, and rising, palming the top of the dresser before the mirror, I leaned in close to look her right in her green horizontal pupiled eyes. "He was weak, and he was drunk though. And he didn't, he only tried, and he was punished for it. I do not abide by men who beat on women. They're weak people, and they deserve to die for going as far as they do."

I lifted a hand and slid it against the glass where her cheek was.

"You've suffered, Fawn. I have no idea how much and could never know how much, but I promise you... I'm going to make it so that you don't have to hurt any more."

"H-how are we going to do that master?" she asked quietly.

"We'll think of a way. But for now we all need to rest, Fawn, especially you. You've had two bad experiences in two days and I want you to calm yourself." I smiled for her and palmed my heart. "I can feel you in here now... every extreme emotional sensation we have together brings you closer and closer to me... and right now I'm feeling some of your hurt, your anger and pain.

"Rest assured, that with me, from day one, you're safe."

Fawn's eyes glistened just before tears escaped them, and rising immediately, her image moved around mine, till she embraced me from behind. I could see her arms holding me, felt her four breasts against my back, but I knew if I were to look for her arms and body in the real world where I was I wouldn't find them, and when I looked I'd lose the feeling of her body against mine. I began to get a hard on from her touches and she simply breathed and held me.

"You are the best male anything I've ever known, Master, and males like you are rare where I come from. I love you, master; my beloved master. I praise the fates that brought me to you."

I lifted a hand and squeezed hers, still looking at her in the mirror, and though I knew she wasn't really there except for her reflection, I nonetheless felt her soft, delicate hand and hard sharp hoof-like fingernails.

“I swear to you, Fawn... one way or another... we’ll become strong enough to dethrone every bastard in that rotten world of yours, overcome every monster and make it a golden age again. I swear that I’ll never, ever, let anyone rape you again.”

Dawn rose and I once again found myself with Jen in bed while she rested silently and in the image of peace despite our experience the other night. She hadn’t stirred all night.

It was a wonderful feeling, waking up next to her. I couldn’t wait till I could do it every night, and embracing her more fully, cupping one of her thick breasts through the blouse she still wore, I gave her a kiss on the nape of her neck and heard her sigh.

“Love you...” I whispered into her ear, and her next sigh sounded happy and content and I hoped that she’d forgotten about her misfortune during the night, or at least was able to not think about it now.

But then the door flew open, and my mother bustled in. “Wake up sleepy head, its ten in the morning! Rise and shine and...” but then mother stopped, even as Jen started awaking, and bleary-eyed and confused like many were when they awoke in the morning, she didn’t immediately focus upon what was happening.

I on the other hand saw my mother’s face move from surprise to shock, to scandalous rage.

“Patrick Daniel Jacobs!” Mother shrieked as I got to my feet. “There is a girl in your bed and... don’t you push me... I’m your mother!”

I’d risen to my feet, surged to her, and with one hand on her shoulder pushed her firmly yet gently out the door and closed it behind me.

“What is a woman doing in your bed, Patrick?!” mother shrieked when I let her go.

“You will lower your voice, mother. I respect you immensely, but so help me I’ll slap you silent if you don’t stop your shrieking, now calm down and I’ll explain...”

I folded my arms, standing before the door and leveled my gaze upon my mother till she did the same.

“Fine... start talking, and you better make sense or so help me I’ll take a wood spoon to your behind, and I don’t care how old you are.”

“You better care, I’m eighteen... I’d be fully within my right to defend myself from a beating.” Mother opened her mouth but I held up a finger before her face. “Don’t you dare say it, or today will be the last day you ever see me.”

The hurt look on her face was absolute, and I hated myself for the threat, but I wanted Jen to rest.

“Yes, there is a woman in my bed. I’m eighteen, I’m legally an adult, and she’s seventeen, so that’s also legal. Before you ask who she is, that’s Jennifer.”

“Th-that’s Jennifer?” mother gaped, and looked to the door and back to me.

“Yes, but don’t interrupt.” I cleared my throat and continued. “We went to go look at dorm rooms and apartments last night. I have a new dorm room and I’ll be moving into it at the beginning of the new semester.”

“But...”

“I’m moving out, mother. I know you want me to stay, but it’s time for me to go out on my own.”

“But you’re still in high school!”

“Not as of the new semester. P.S.E.O., remember?” she swallowed. “But as I was saying, we were looking at dorms and apartments, and after finding the right one, we were heading to the bus. We were mugged and Jen was very nearly raped.” Mother gasped. “Someone saved us, and Jen has had a very bad night... I... got punched upside the head with a pair of brass knuckles... I’M FINE!” I raised my voice a little when she started to fuss. “I’m fine,” I said again. “She’s ok... nothing happened, and we still have all our money. The mugger was beaten within an inch of his life by our savior, we called the police and he was hauled away.

“Jen didn’t want to be left alone so I brought her here. She didn’t want to sleep alone so I slept with her. She needs to rest, and she will rest... YOU ARE TO LEAVE HER ALONE!” I shot and slapped my hand against the wall to bar my mother’s advance into my room. “And speaking of which, don’t ever just barge into my room anymore. I’m an adult, and I don’t really care if you made what I got, I know for a fact from high-school gym that if you’ve seen one you have *not* seen them all. And I’ve seen dad in the gym, so stop comparing me to him.

“It’s gross and rather disturbing that my own mother compares my penis with my father’s, so stop... doing that.”

I took a long breath and then looked my mother in the eye.

“Now for the other parts you don’t know and am sure are on your mind.

“Jen’s my best friend, has been my friend forever, and recently she stopped being my friend and is now my girlfriend. Yes... that also means that we’ve had sex.” Mother got angry again, and then sad, and then weepy. “I intend to marry her.” I finished.

“I-Is she pregnant?”

“No, not yet.”

“What do you mean *‘not yet?!’*” Mother got angry again, which was an odd look being that she had tears in her eyes still.

“Oh I don’t know... maybe it’s because she’s agreed to marry me? Call me crazy, ma, but when a man and a woman get together and have sex, according to health class, the very act of having sex is supposed to produce a baby. And is that not the goal of a marriage?”

“But she’s only seventeen!” she pointed at my door.

“And how old were you when you had me?” I asked her, and she immediately fell silent. “Say it ma. You’ve told me enough times where I know the answer already; I want you to say it so that you can acknowledge it too.

“I-I was eighteen.” She said quietly.

“Exactly.”

“But she’s seventeen!”

“And she’s six months away from being eighteen. Even if she were to get pregnant by me, right here and now, then that’ll be nine months before our baby is born, so she’ll be just as old as you were when I was born. Wasn’t that also just a couple months after your eighteenth birthday when I was born?”

“Ah...”

“Dad told me the story, ma. Dad was smoking weed, you were drunk, and you’d been going steady for about three months now. You decided not to use a condom that night. Dad calls it his best mistake ever...”

“But this is a mistake! You’re too young to get married or have kids or...”

“A woman is old enough to have children the moment she bleeds. A man is able to have children the moment he starts producing semen and gets an erection. According to our fair nation, we’re old enough to get married the moment we turn eighteen, earlier if her parents agree.”

“Yes, we are waiting till we’re eighteen... it’ll allow Jen to just tell her parents instead of having to ask for permission. We thought it was better if she approached them as a woman and told them instead of as a child and asked as the law requires.”

I took a couple long breaths, looking at ma while she flustered and wiped the sweat from her face before I continued.

“That said... here’s the plan, and in all honesty, I’m not going to give you or dad a choice in it. I respect you both, love and honor you both, but I feel too cooped up and too smothered to actively be anything that I want to be, so as soon as next semester starts at the U, I’ll be moving out.

“That’s only a couple months away.

“I have a new job to provide for myself while I’m attending classes at the U, I’ll be selling my car once I move, and once she turns eighteen, Jen will move in with me. A month or two later we’ll be married and you’ll have a new bond-daughter, I mean daughter-in-law.”

I don’t know what inspired me to call Jen a *‘bond-daughter’*, perhaps it was something Fawn might call her.

“In the meantime, if you and dad want me to pay rent till I move out, I will. You want me to pay rent from the moment I turned eighteen, I will. But till then I will lock that door. I’ll have Jen over whenever I feel like it, and we’d appreciate it if you didn’t tell her parents. That’s not my place or yours or dad’s to tell them, but hers. I’ll expect you not to rob her of the chance.”

“And if I... just so happen to let her mother know over tea? On accident?” she smiled slyly. She was in motherly vehemence mode, and I stepped forward enough where she had to step back, and when I looked her in the eyes, I made sure I had her absolute attention. “Then you, dad, her dad, and her mother will never see her, me or any child that may come from our union again.”

Ma backed up another step in shock that I’d use that threat twice in one conversation.

“I love Jen, I want everything for her, I want her to be happy above all else, and how do you think her mother and father would feel hearing about her daughter banging the son of her mother’s best friend, from that best friend instead of their daughter? How dare you even consider doing such a thing mom?” Mom gaped like a codfish, opening and closing her mouth repeatedly.

“From now on, I’m an adult, and I’ll expect to be treated as an adult. My room is off-limits and will be locked when I’m not here, and I’ll expect you to remember that or I’ll leave the moment that sanctity is violated.

“I don’t go into your room rifling through your things and I expect you and dad to do the same. Do you understand?”

There was an odd look on mom's face. It was hurt and sorrowful, and there were tears there, but there was also a hint of... joy? Pride? All in all, she hugged me with one arm and kissed my forehead.

"Ok, baby. I'll... talk to your father. Just don't go away, please?"

I smiled and nodded. "Ok."

And she turned and bustled away. Once she was out of sight, I let loose a long breath of held air, and turning to re-enter my room, I began to wonder where the balls came from that let me stand up to my own mother like that.

Jen was sitting on my bed in her blouse and underwear, a broad black set of hot pants that were made primarily of lace and sheer cloth. She was hugging a pillow to her chest and stared directly at me when I entered.

"I heard everything. Thank you." She said, and I closed the door behind me and locked it before moving to sit beside her, palming her thigh before I kissed her.

This kiss was loving, the kiss was passionate, and it lasted for a long time, and when it ended and I withdrew, somehow she was laying on the bed, her large breasts up in the air as two separate mounds with the fabric of her blouse forming a deep valley between the peaks of her tits.

"H-how did this happen?" Jen asked instead of me. "I don't even remember moving."

My hand moved from her thigh to her tightly creased belly and I caressed it, looking at her breathing before looking to her face.

"I don't know." I admitted, not knowing how it happened either. "But... Jen... how do you feel? Are you ok? Is everything all right?"

"More than all right." She mumbled.

Two hard peaks of nippleage rose atop the mounds of her breasts, and suddenly we were kissing again, and this time my hand slid up her belly, over her ribs and under her blouse to cup her breast. It was a perfect breast; it had the perfect heft, the perfect weight and filled my hand just right. I heard her sigh through her nose as I slid a finger over and about the nipple of that breast and heard her moan around the kiss before I felt her rise, and rising with her, sitting beside her, she looked passionately into my eyes and then down to my chest and the shirt I still wore from last night, now newly mended, before she fingered a blank random spot between my two recently developed pectorals.

My hand still cupped her tit, and when she looked down at it as my fingers still massaged her mammary, she smiled, murred and then moved her free hand to cup mine through her blouse, just before she lifted both hands to her shirt and pulled it up off her head.

Her other tit bounced out into the open, its nipple hard and as firm as its mate, and throwing her blouse away, Jen then thumbed the waistband of her panties and pushed them off her body, revealing to me her nearly shorn pussy that was already glistening and ready. In the next moment she was climbing atop my lap, her breasts resting atop my collar bone while she kissed me yet again, more firmly than ever before while she hugged my head to her.

I had no other hand grip except her hips and bottom... that apple-shaped... firm bottom.

When we broke for the third time, there were tears in her eyes, and she gave a sob.

“Jen... what’s wrong?” I gaped up at such a change in demeanor.

Jen responded by knotting her fingers into my shirt and holding onto it.

“I want you to love me. I want you to love me and fill me with it. Hold me and chase that feeling away of a stranger’s hands upon my breasts and the thought of him entering me. Please. Please...” she cried, and moving back enough, I rubbed her hands and she let go of my shirt.

Once she let go, I pulled it off me, and then cradling her, I rose enough to lay her on the bed, where she remained amidst my own sheets while I deftly undid my belt, button on the fly and the zipper to unleash the enhanced phallus I now possessed. Pushing those off me, I then crawled into bed with her, seeing her laying there placatingly, hands to either side of her head, firm breasts forming cones atop her chest instead of flattening like some women’s breasts did.

And then I palmed and caressed her body, touching her pussy, caressing her breasts, palming her face before kissing her while I slowly erected, and when she was ready, I slid into her... trying not to imagine my mother with her ear pressed to a glass against the door.

The shower water felt so good, and it was wonderful having my own bathroom for the explicit purpose that I could stand here with a beautiful, sexually erotic and physically pleasing woman like Jen while I held onto her bottom with both hands and rocked my hard, erect phallus past the twin lips of her genitalia.

We were sort of dancing together, stepping from side to side and moving our lower bodies from time to time while I indeed did fill her insides with my juices and fluids.

At that particular moment, I orgasmed and climaxed inside her for the third time.

Now a lot of you may think that that is impossible, and for a human, even for a human woman, to produce this much ejaculate and being able to climax so violently so many times in one setting was impossible. Bodily functions just didn’t work that quickly. But this was a sexual power, and as such it allowed me to rapidly produce seed and ejaculate, and as a woman it allowed me to produce equal amounts of ejaculate and also milk. Who knew why, maybe it was to satisfy a dozen women, I don’t know. But what I did know is that it made me easily arouseable and it allowed me to take the enabling power to pleasure a dozen women and use it on just one.

She sounded happy, and she kept sighing contentedly while she rubbed herself against me and kissed my neck, chest and lips repeatedly.

“Let’s go shopping.” She said suddenly, and withdrawing from her enough to look at her face, I gave her a surprised look. “Boyfriend and girlfriend stuff... or just girl stuff if you like. It’s a Saturday, and according to the news our school won’t open for another week. I want to go shopping.”

I laid her against the glass wall of the shower, palming the glass to either side of her head as I withdrew and slid deep and hard into her pussy, enough to make her gurgle with pleasure before I kissed her lips and resumed the love-making.

“Am I not girly enough yet?” I mused as I felt myself building up for another magically induced climax.

“No... you still walk like a man, and you have no idea how to apply makeup. That and we need to get you some nice clothes, the interchangeable kind. You make a beautiful woman, but you really, really need to learn how to walk and talk and dress and look like a woman.”

She sighed nasally and then moaned nice and deep as I thrust again.

“Some girl stuff then.” I mused and kissed her one final time.

We had to wait till we were away from the house and out of sight before I changed – for obvious reasons – but once we were, while I sat in the car and we were waiting at a red light, I delved inside myself and drew from the growing reservoir of power that Fawn and I had accumulated for this body.

Jen watched the whole process as I shifted genders, but in order to even get to the point where I could switch genders, I had to grow in enough sexual power to do so, which meant a good twenty five pounds that was mixed between bone structure that added to my height, thicker muscles, stronger tendons and what not, and even a heavier, larger penis that popped the top button of the pants I was wearing.

I peaked out of the corner of one eye mid-transformation as she eyeballed my junk as it grew, just before the long python-like phallus started drawing up inside me to create all the powerful inner vaginal muscles. I knew that males and females developed the same for the first three months of their lives in the womb, we both had a penis... it's just that a woman's penis was larger, turned inside out and shoved up inside them behind all their abdominal muscles. It was a sexually intoxicating sensation to have that, even before my hips started widening and two massively proportioned breasts swelled from two thickly engorged pectoral muscles.

What was the sense of being able to turn into a woman if I couldn't be a hot looking one at the same time?

“Did you know your eyes turn green when you change?” Jen asked once it was all done and I had two massive mammaries capped with two erect nipples that showed amply because I had no bra. “They did that when... when you last changed into a woman.”

She meant when I last changed into a woman and beat the crap out of Mitch, but I wasn't about to correct her and remind her of such a recently forgotten experience. Instead, I merely tilted down the visor with its vanity mirror – funny that they called it that – and indeed saw that my eyes were now green.

“Cool. Do you like the color?” I asked in a new purely adult-sounding, chesty feminine voice that was deepened thanks to the chest cavity that supplied the air for the voice box I now had.

“I love the color. But I love the color of your blue eyes as a guy too... I mean I love them both, but...” she blushed and I merely smiled before she slid sideways a little and palmed my crotch. “And I never noticed how big you get right before you change.”

I looked at her and smiled even more deeply with her hand upon my pussy. “You want to try that inside you sometime soon?”

“Much so!” she giggled and hugged my arm. But then while I drove, she slid in closer to me, rubbing her face against my muscular arm, just before one of her hands covered my boob closest to her and she began massaging it.

“Jen...” I managed after a moment as I felt a solid blush suffuse both breasts, my nose and cheeks of my body. A flush of moisture slid from between a pair of clenching labia while her fingers found my nipple and began caressing it. “Jen...” I prompted again.

“Hm?” she managed, looking up at me.

“You are making me so hot right now,” I smiled lovingly at her, and taking a hand off the wheel, I caressed my other tit with her. “I get hornier faster as a woman... just so that you know it could cause a distraction, which is bad while we're driving.”

“Huh? Oh!” she gasped as she realized what she was doing, and then slid immediately away from me, pulling her hand from off my crotch and her other from my boob and sat up straight in her seatbelt... in such a way that that seatbelt cleaved her breasts in twain from the solid oval and lumpy shaped form her shirt was in before this.

Switching hands on the wheel though, I palmed her thigh and she looked at me with the reddest face I’ve ever seen.

“Jen... how do you feel about loving women?” I asked, and suddenly her face turned white as a sheet.

“I... I um... ah...” and then I shifted my hand from her lap to her crotch, and I rubbed her tight labia for a moment or two before lifting my hand and sliding it down inside her pants behind the elastic belt she wore, beneath her panties and inserted a couple of fingers into her.

“I never took you to be a closet lesbian, Jen... or at least a closet bi... but to tell you the truth, even I found some guys attractive enough where I think I’d screw them if I were a woman.” Jen moaned and cupped my hand to her crotch, uncaring of the people who drove by, saw this action and then tried to pace our car while watching out of the corners of their eyes.

Noticing this, I removed my hand and licked off Jen’s love juices.

“I’m... I’m a... I mean...” she breathed heavily.

“You and I love each other very deeply, but if I’m in a feminine shape and we share the affection we have for each other out in the open, they will label us lesbians. Are you ok with that?”

And then Jen got very serious.

“I’m ok with that.” She said and took my hand that I was sucking clean and held it with both hers. “I don’t care what they think, so long as I’m with you Pat. I just gotta remember to call you by the right name depending upon what shape you’re in. But it’s a good thing for me.” She mused and blushed again.

“How so?” I asked with a chuckle.

“I get to cheat on you with you.” She joked but held my hand tighter. “I don’t consider myself bi or a lesbian, but...” she sighed. “I think I can go that way knowing it’s you and Fawn inside that body.”

I was quiet for a moment or two as we pulled up to a stop.

“Jen... would you like to, well... learn what it feels like to make love to a woman? Tonight?”

Jen looked at me stone-faced. And unbuckling her seatbelt she slid sidelong toward me in order to hold onto my arm better.

“Man, woman... I love you regardless, Pat... so lets do that. But afterward, I wanna see how well that big dick of yours fits in me.” She laughed and I held onto her as the light turned green and we continued onward to the mall.

I’d always thought that going to the mall was just that sort of thing that was considered specific only to women. It was the sort of stereotypical thing a guy like I am, was, could become again... ah... whatever, would think of a woman. Maybe it was attached to the gender, maybe it was a social thing engraved inside my mind, but shopping with Jen was still nonetheless a very relaxing sort of thing.

Also, the mall was just the perfect place for two girls like us to find me a comfortable new identity.

And our first stop? Where else, but Victoria's Secret...

I needed a pair of underpants that could stretch well, and didn't look too feminine or too masculine being that I had to wear it in both forms. I mean, the red lace thong panties looked and felt good to the touch, but I just tried to imagine wearing that around my cock and balls and just couldn't wrap my brain around it.

"Maybe I should just wear swim bottoms wherever I go." I mused as I held up an ornate set of panties that seemed to have less than a square foot of cloth devoted to its creation but nonetheless cost half my paycheck. "I can't afford your tastes in underpants when I have my condition to consider." I said to Jen as she held up a lavender and lace thing that, imagining it about her loins got me instantly aroused.

"The underpants are a psychological sort of thing, Pat." She said quietly. Remember in about tenth grade that I suddenly went from homely to cute?"

I thought for a moment as she lowered the panties to her waist, holding it up for herself so that she could imagine what they looked like on her, and I started imagining what they might look like on her and suddenly I couldn't think of anything else to say but "Yeah..." in a dreamy sort of way, meaning that I'd like to see those on her.

"Well, that's when I bought my first thong. I started feeling sexy underneath, so that sexiness began to make its way to my outward appearance. I'll take these..." she said to one of the helpers in the store here and handed the panties to her before facing me again. "You need to pick and choose an identity. What do you want to feel like inside, and choose something accordingly to wear underneath all the clothes you let everyone else see in order to hide the clothes you only want your lover to see."

"Like those lavender and lace panties you just bought? Or are you trying to tease me?" I said to her while smiling warmly.

We'd drawn close enough where our busts were bumping up against each other, and I instinctively moved myself till one of those nipples of mine rubbed up against one of hers.

"Pretty much." She grinned and then with a hug to me, she moved away to go pay for those panties of hers, and turning, seeing a window that was reflecting, I saw Fawn take a set of panties from off a rack and hold it up over her naked loins, though I was quite certain she didn't actually remove them from the rack, just their reflection.

Never seen garments like these? She asked to me mentally. What's the purpose of wearing something so see-through? You're better off being naked.

Ah, I smiled, remarking that my inner monologue sounded male, not female. But it's not considered naked if you're wearing them... and that's how we can be considered scantily-clad instead of nude.

But what's the purpose in that?

I'll have to show you a movie some time and explain why scantily clad gets you a restricted rating and nude gets you an explicit rating.

Jen returned with a tiny little bag with the Victoria logo over it, and grabbing my arm, she directed me forward.

Throughout the day as we walked, she directed me on what I was doing wrong as a woman. I was walking like a guy, after all, and it was a big mental shift to make me walk just right.

"...Don't slouch..."

“...Don’t walk with your legs so far apart... others will think you’re a slut.”

“...Beautiful girls sit with their legs crossed, pretty girls sit with their legs together, but girls who sit with their legs open get screwed...” This she said with several different hand gestures that ended with the middle finger.

But I soon got in the habit of sitting with my legs crossed with hands folded prettily, and soon Jen and I were being hit on a lot. We just said that we were attached to somebody and they politely butt out. Well, the gentlemen did. The one guy who tried to push himself got stuffed into a trash can by me.

“It’s hard being a woman...” I said quietly after stuffing that guy in a waste basket at the food court.

“And it’s about to get harder.” Jen joked, and pointed at a salon.

It was weird getting a manicure and a pedicure at the same time, but Jen got the stylists to show me how to keep my hair in a simple array that enhanced my beauty without artificial chemicals like hairspray – I hated hairspray and gel, that’s why I kept my hair short as a guy – before Jen taught me the basics of makeup like mascara and lipstick and how to use simple barrettes.

I felt like a transvestite... only my make up was more than just cosmetic.

“I don’t think I could ever use this Jen. What if I have to change back?”

“Wipe it off silly.” She laughed, and I smiled lovingly at her. I was glad that she was laughing again after last night... “Oh... and by the way...” she held up the bag of Victoria’s Secret. “My gift to you.”

“But...”

“No butts.” She said once we were done here. “I assume you’re going to keep some guy only clothes, so it’s also fitting that you’ll be keeping some girl only clothes too. Take them or I’ll consider it an insult to me and my whole gender.” She winked, and I took the bag before looking inside, finding that there was a matching top in there as well, the sort that was a stretchy front with straps in the back and nothing else. “After all... I want to have someone I can freely share clothes with.”

So that’s why she bought the one-size-fits-all brand.

We did find some new gender-neutral clothes for me though. The Gap was strangely useful for that. A shirt, a pair of slacks, and... underwear!

They were blue and elastic a form of spandex; they could stretch to thrice their original size, maybe further and looked sexy on me as a woman. Their back flossed my butt just enough to show off the base swells but not the whole of the butt like a thong would. Looking at myself in the mirror of the changing room, I decided that these would indeed be perfect looking for me.

Then with new clothes in hand, Jen and I journeyed back home, we held hands all the way back to my parents house where I still lived, and when we were nearby but there weren’t very many people around, I shifted back to my male form. Thanks to the inordinately massive swells that became of my chest and the added thickness of my feminine bodice in comparison to my masculine bodice, the shirt I wore now hung like a tent about me.

Stepping toward the house with several bags of clothes in toe, Jen and I were laughing after a satisfying ‘girl’s day out’ but when we entered the house from the garage we both stopped at the sight of my father sitting at the table.

“Ah... I’ll just take these up to your room, Patrick.” Jen said and took the bags from my numb hands and hurried away, leaving me alone with my dad.

There was a quiet pause between us as dad stared at me, focusing his gaze upon me steadily while he held a mug of hot chocolate in one hand.

“So... ah... Are you going to say anything about me moving out and having sex in your house?” I said after several minutes of silence.

“Nope.” Dad said, and took a drink of his drink.

“You’re... not disappointed that I told all that to ma, that I’m moving out and... stuff... Instead of telling you?”

“Nope.” He replied again and drained his cup this time before getting to his feet, reaching into his back pocket and pulling out his wallet, he then removed five one-hundred dollar bills and handed them to me before replacing his wallet, taking his cup and moving toward the sink to wash out the mug.

I looked to the money he’d quietly given me before watching my father.

He’d always been a quiet man... always contemplative. He complimented mom perfectly. Where she was talkative, he was a listener. What mom had to do to discipline me with a wood spoon, dad did with a simple look.

“Dad... Why are you giving this to me?”

“A father’s last gift to his son... a reward for becoming a man.”

“So... you’re not disappointed?”

He turned and faced me, leaning against the sink. “No. Not in the slightest. Quite the opposite in fact.” He didn’t say anything more.

“Thanks.” I managed and pocketed the bills before coming close to hug him.

He didn’t give hugs, but he certainly accepted it, and this was a hug between men... you know, one arm, kind of at a distance.

“We expect to see you still after you move out.” He said simply.

“Yeah. Thanks again.”

“Now go take care of your future wife. I’ll try to keep your mother away from the door.”

The door was locked and I told Jen about the money and what had happened with my Dad, and I didn’t know why, but I was opening up more than I used to. Maybe it was some lingering feminine thing, or perhaps it was just Jen, but I’d just openly hugged my dad when we simply never did that before. His way of hugging me before was a hand on my head or shoulder and a smile...

But in the seclusion of my old room, which would soon be a guest room or a study or something once I moved out, I could essentially do anything in privacy so long as the shades were drawn, and upon ensuring that privacy, I shifted genders back to femininity to try on those new clothes; more specifically the feminine-specific undergarments.

Like Jen, I’d lost all body hair below the neck as a man, or below the scalp as a woman... it was only when I started shifting toward a Fawn with all that incredible strength did I start gaining body hair in the form of

a fur-laden muff or fuzzy legs and fetlocks on my arms. So disrobing to a hairless bodied young man and then shifting into a large-chested muscular woman, I stood looking at myself in the mirror before putting on those lavender and lace panties and their matching top and looking at myself in the mirror before doing up the lengthened white tresses of hair like Jen had shown me with bobby pins and hair clips.

When I left the bathroom to see her with the leather-bound book on the bed, she dressed in a thong bottom and a skimpy white undershirt; she turned toward me and smiled warmly at me.

“You look so sexy.” She commented, and I silkily slid into the room, walking on my toes instinctively before I sat beside her and crossed my legs.

“I feel sexy. You’re right; the clothes do make the person.” And I cupped one of the swollen breasts inside the lavender top with the webbing of elastic straps across the back. “It feels good too; I see why you like dressing like this underneath your wardrobe.”

I felt nervous at the moment. Though I know I’d had girl-on-girl sex that first day I changed, I didn’t remember much after I’d gender changed that first time. It was just a muted mass of feelings and pleasures and emotions. I had so many dicks in me and sucked off so much ejaculate as I grew and grew, I just lost track as to who was doing what to me to make me grow stronger, larger and more powerful.

But she and I were about to *‘experiment’* with that girl-on-girl sex. I’d heard, had fantasies of watching it, but like with a lot of what was happening to me lately I never thought in a million years I’d actually be doing this stuff. And here I was wearing panties and halter tops and women’s clothes, about to have vaginal sex...

Lifting a hand I placed it on her thigh, blushing through my nose and cheeks and across both breasts, and even as my lips started to pucker to kiss her as my labia thickened in readiness, she turned to me with the book in her hands.

“Say Pat, lookit this...” she said, and holding the book with her thumb marking her place, she began to rapidly flip pages by bending the book and letting the pages turn as they flew off her thumb.

At first I didn’t know what she was getting at, and was even mildly annoyed she was showing me something so paltry as this when there was love-making to be had, but then I saw what she was doing, and for how long, and how many pages were turning... there were far more than the book should’ve contained.

After a full minute or so of page turning like that, finally the last of the pages turned into her waiting hand. Flipping open the back pages and looking at the numbers of the pages up in the corners, I saw that there were over ten-thousand pages in a book that looked like it contained only a hundred.

“That’s... a lot of magic knowledge.” I said quietly, boggling at the complexity of the charts and diagrams found at the very end of the book. “There are even some blank pages here.”

“For adding your own knowledge?” Jen prompted and looked at me. I found myself immediately smiling at her as I took the book from her and placed it on the night stand idly... or at least tried to. It fell right off and onto the floor once I let go of it as I looked into her eyes.

“Your eyes...” she mused. “I thought they were blue.” I blinked; yet again surprised at the lack of response from her in regards to the sexual act we had planned. “Aren’t your eyes supposed to be blue?”

“What color are they now?” I asked

“Amber.”

That was too surprising to let go, and rising immediately to my feet, I leaned in to the mirror over the dresser and looked in close, feeling both my tits hang from my chest into the halter top covering them.

“They are amber. Weren’t they green at the mall?”

“Yeah they were.” Jen said and then thought. “I... remember them changing a different color the other night... when...” she fell silent then and I turned immediately to face her. She was remembering Mitch and our experience, and she looked like she was trying to be brave and not cry because of the memory. “For a second I thought it was a trick of the night and the street lamps, that I wanted you to hulk out and beat Mitch into bloody mass. And you did! But that look you gave him and the color of your eyes then. It... frightened me.”

“What color were they?” I asked quietly, holding my breath. Suddenly this halter top felt very constraining. Jen didn’t answer; she only looked up at me from under her bangs. “Jen...”

“Red.” She said quickly then. “They turned red... with the pupils pinching into ovals and then rotating in their sockets till they were horizontal.” She bit her lip, and then hesitating she then she rose and approached me and pressed against me. With me so much taller now as a woman, her head pillowed on my nice large breasts easily. “I *was* frightened, but when I saw the look in Mitch’s face, saw how he pissed himself before you broke him, I instead thought then that you were so strong, so beautiful and wild. You make me feel safe, Pat...” she mused as she leaned deeply into me, her belly conforming into my crotch. “You’re so strong too.” And she caressed both of the thick biceps I had with their distended veins over either bicep. “Promise that you’ll always keep me safe.”

I held her and smiled at her. “I promise that I’ll do more than that, Jen. I promise that I’ll make you happy and comfortable, and protect you from all the things that go bump in the night.”

She hugged me tighter and sighed, rubbing her cheek against my tit just before her reddened lips kissed that breast, just before one of her hands lifted to caress it, and then slide beneath the halter top to cup it.

It was starting, and starting more subtly than I thought it would as she pushed up the fabric from off that tit and the thing distended greatly from within the folds of the lavender top to reveal its greatly sized nipple. She then massaged that nipple and its areola, squeezed and cajoled the attached tit, getting a bead of milk to slide from within my breast so that she could suckle softly. Her red lips fastened around the nipple there, and she idly began to drink, swallowing freely after several long minutes while I combed her hair with the long fingernails of one hand, kissing her forehead with my own thickened and supple lips.

And then I just began to react, and lifting both hands, I slid them along her bodice and underneath her undershirt, and with how the garment flowed and fell over enlarged breasts, I was simply able to cup both her boobs and massage them gently in the way that I liked mine massaged, till she looked up at me. Her eyes were beautiful, her eyes were wonderful, and as fascinated as I was with them, I bent in closer to look into them, seeing my reflection in them for a moment before we kissed.

And we kissed long and hard till I finally lowered both hands, took hold of both her butt cheeks, squeezed them and hefted her up into my arms as she automatically wrapped her strong legs about my wide hips, and carrying her to the bed, setting her down as I knelt on its edge, we broke our kiss. Smiling down at her, I helped her out of her top, and then out of her panties, pulling them from out of her bottom and off her legs before pulling the halter from over my other tit, letting it hang out freely as I bent down and licking my hand, began to massage her now naked pussy.

There I leaned forward, kissed her sex and licked her clit, and then inserting a pair of fingers into her body, began to suck and kiss and tongue her sex.

“Ngh... That’s good, but anyone can see you haven’t been a woman for long, Pat.” She smiled, and coming up from her sopping wet sex, licking my lips clean of her delectable nectar, I smirked at her as I rose, and we kissed before I challenged her.

“Not that I’m ever going to have sex with any other human being aside from you, Jennifer... but how is it that a woman is supposed to be pleased.” I said almost in a whisper. I still feared my mom at the door with her ear pressed against a glass placed against the wood.

She patted the bed between her legs, and turning and settling myself before her, she wrapped her legs around my waist, and using her heels for pressure, got me to spread my legs open before she caressed my navel with her fingers.

“Gently, silkily. A woman is delicate not tough... well... not always tough like you beloved.” She giggled and hugged me from behind with both arms, and then she licked my flesh and landed kisses along my strong, muscular back. “We’re gentle; we’re soft... so when you make love to us... you too... must be soft.” She moaned, and then her fingers slid down my pelvic and under the deeply arching waistband of the scantily made thong I wore at the moment, her fingers probing deep inside, rubbing my pussy and getting me wet.

She shifted her weight and rose up onto her knees, her hand still stuffed down my panties as she continued to kiss my back and now my neck, and after rubbing those twin labia of mine, she then inserted her fingers like I had done with her, but instead of just going straight in and out she curled her fingers, and found something inside me with her fingertips to rub.

My hips bucked and I lurched, spasming suddenly as she gripped one of my tits and lifted it, squeezing it and massaging it with her smaller hands, and as I began to cream profusely, feeling the pressure of a magically induced orgasm pressurizing inside my loins, I thumbed the straps of the new panties I was wearing and pushed them off my body, and letting them fall to the ground about a pair of large feminine feet, I watched Jen’s fingers work as she used her whole hand in the act of showing me how to pleasure women... and possibly myself now.

Two fingers penetrated me; her pinkie rubbed one labia while her index finger alternated from rubbing the other and helping the thumb to pinch my clit. The fingers inside me had found a spot – the G-spot? – And had taken to caressing and cajoling that spot. This she continued to do until I orgasmed hard and long about her fingers, wetting down the top sheet of my bed before she began to move from behind me, keeping her fingers in me as long as possible till she was before me.

I played with her breasts as she stood there for a moment, and tossing her head and moving her mane of hair so that it laid down her back, she then bent low, and I took to cupping her face now as she knelt before me, and pushing on my belly to get me to lie back, she bent low and showed me how a tonguing should be done...

Our love making could be said to be diverse. It was from the very first moment that she’d removed all her clothes and she and I had made love for the first time. Every time that lovemaking happened between us, we experimented, learning more specifics of each other’s bodies, till we began to moisten even at the mere sound of of a moan or a sigh from the other.

The act of pressing our pussies together in a scissors maneuver was profound, though in all honesty, I personally preferred the penis in vagina sensation.

“You... you’re too good at this.” She moaned as we jostled together on the floor.

“It’s cause I love you so much.” I sighed in return, and moving forward I pulled her to me, settling her on my lap and kissing her for a time as her moisture leaked onto my abdomen, which then trickled downward to my pussy, which then leaked onto the floor.

I’d have to clean that in the morning...

Her smaller breasts against my larger breasts felt wonderful, her lips against mine, her feminine body against the one I had... but then with a moan and a palming of my cheek, she smiled at me.

“Now for the main course...” she said quietly, fingering my lips.

“And what would that be?”

“To feel my big, strong man between my thighs.” She said and pushed me back till I was on my back and she was in a riding position. “Stick me with it... I want to feel it between my thighs, invading my body.” She played with my tits and leaned in to kiss me as milk slid from both nipples. “Give its fullness to me...” and then she paused, and I saw her tremble. “Make me forget...” tears escaped her eyes. “...Forget the thought of feeling someone else in me.”

The corners of my eyes pinched as I looked up at her, and taking her hips and pausing for a moment, I saw the want in her eyes. Even now, even in this beautiful moment, Mitch was still invading her thoughts with just the mere thought of raping her.

I swore to God that I’d punish him again when he got out of jail as I resettled myself beneath her and then changed.

I was already at the point where it was only a minute difference between male and female. It was nothing more than a switch between genders and a hair’s difference between becoming one or the other, and activating it, I felt all the feminine emotions and desires melting away to be replaced with the masculine ones. A certain craving for chocolate and strawberries a moment ago was immediately replaced with an utter focus upon Jen, her succulent woman’s body, and what was going on between my thighs.

Milk was absorbed by my body as both tits deflated and both hips narrowed with a series of popping cracks and groaning bone, just before my clit turned outward and began to rise from within me from the sexual muscles pushing outward. I was erect inside as a woman, and so I was fully erect outside as a man as both nads swelled and filled with seed, the vaginal crevice shrank to a pee hole, and that long shaft of mine rose from my pelvis, pushed against her vaginal crevice and then began to invade her.

With a gasp she moaned as she rose up a little from the pressure, and then groaning harder she forced herself back down, and the twin lips of her labia swelled open for me. She bit her lower lip till it turned white and she began to breathe hard and heavy through her nose as she forced herself to descend as I rose.

Holding her hips as I was, I reached behind her as best I could, and gripping her butt cheeks, I pulled them open as she spread her legs as wide as they could go, and she constantly rolled her hips with every little centimeter as each muscle rib of my rising shaft rolled passed her stretched open o-ring. And then with a thump I found myself sheathed inside her to the hilt, and with a gasp she looked down between her breasts and saw the swell in her belly from my shaft inside her as thick as it was.

The heat of her body warmed my cock to such a potent degree that I felt myself building to climax almost immediately!

“Y-you fit perfectly.” She moaned, and then began to roll and cajole herself, massaging her labia to get them to relax before she rose a little, and I seized the chance to apply what I’d learned from her tonight on how to please a woman, and taking both hands, I massaged her labia with the edge of the index fingers of either hand and pinched her clit between the tips of either thumb while playing with the length of my cock that was outside her body.

It didn’t take long for the first of several repeating climaxes to erupt from me and charge her insides with a super sticky batch of seminal juices.

Morning found us in bed, both of us naked, resting soundly, with Jen pressed against my side and using my chest as a pillow.

In sleep I'd reduced to the most slender of my forms, which was a young man with vaguely effeminate features, but a series of taut ropy muscles lining my every proportion and narrow hips with a bulging phallus marked me as a man. Oh yes... I still had a really big dick which, as I jostled myself slightly, found was still penetrating Jen's body.

There was a loud slurping sound as I pulled fully from her, ejaculating a little over her navel from the sensation of exiting her, and hissing at what I'd done, she awoke beside me and smiled immediately.

"Is that the last of last night?" she mused, cupping a tit that leaked a little milk from all the sexual sensations her body had gone through.

I bent and licked her breast free before answering.

"A continuance." I mused as I rose, and still erect as I was, she gripped my cock lightly with both hands and began to stroke me.

"Then by all means, let's continue..." She moaned, and rising to kiss me, wrapped an arm about my neck and then directed my phallus back inside her.

Twice in bed, thrice in the shower, with the last penetrating her as deeply as I could and erupting the last of all the seed I had. Jen's screams, I was sure, could be heard by all who were in the house, and I hoped that mom and dad had left already for their usual Sunday constitutional.

We dried and cleaned each other, I brushed her hair and dressed in my new underpants, the genderless blue spandex thing that fit me like a Speedo as a man, but thankfully could take my whole unit inside its fabric.

I felt a little weird pulling on an undershirt from having never worn one before, but I feared having a transformation accident.

"Good morning beloved master." Fawn said, and I turned to see her reflection sitting on the counter and looking at me.

"Fawn? She's here? But I can't see her." Jen said, and began peering into the wrong section of the bathroom mirrors, and I chuckled.

Taking a lip liner from one of the new pieces of makeup Jen and I bought yesterday, I wrote her summoning symbol on the mirror and then spoke its chant and Jen gasped and turned to look at Fawn.

"Sorry mistress Jennifer. Only the Master can see or hear me unaided by a spell." She giggled. By the way... thank you for last night."

"Thank me?" Jen gasped and looked to me as I stood there in a white belly shirt and a blue spandex bottom. I really looked effeminate at the moment. "Why me?"

Fawn got up further onto the counter and then leaning forward, she pressed her breasts against her side of the glass and kissed the window with her thick lips.

"Intense sensations bring me closer and closer to my beloved master, and he's had so many of them. It's getting to the point where I can feel what he feels and..." she cupped her breast and massaged it, and I touched my own and looked at it as its nipple erected at the same time as Fawn's did. "...he can feel what happens to mine." She giggled again and turning her back sharply fondled a great mane of hair with both hands before turning sexily back to us both.

"You helped master explore his feminine and masculine sexuality to whole new levels last night as well; especially his femininity. He's delved more into feminine sexuality because of you, sweet mistress, though

having learned more about what sort of a man he is, I doubt that he'd ever want to feel an erect penis in his butt hole as what it'd take for male on male sex..."

"Yeah... I don't think I can go that way." I mused.

"...Because he is a man inside, and because he's your man Mistress Jennifer, the two of you were willing to experiment with woman-on-woman sex. And because of that, his femininity enhanced itself, and because of that..."

She arched herself and sighed nasally. She'd become quite beautiful, quite strong and very pleased with herself and the way her four once pert tits had enlarged to such an incredible degree. Her navel was likewise decorated with several more nipples, and she had solid and definite muscles everywhere now.

"Every little feminine sexual quirk master learns enhances me. Every masculine sexual quirk enhances him. That is sex magic! It's steamy..."

"Indeed it is..." I said stupidly, feeling a hard erection rising between my legs.

"Hmm... then let's try that out." Jen said and discarding her towel, she rose and sat on the counter. Her reflection looked like it was sitting right next to Fawn, though in our world there was no one there to represent Fawn. "Kiss me Fawn. Experience more." And Jen closed her eyes.

Fawn looked at me and I returned the same look and shrugged, and Fawn, turning to Jen's reflection, reached in and palmed her breast, and kissed her nice and long and...

It began as a trembling, and my breathing quickened. I felt a feeling inside my loins, felt an energy source as my two ladies kissed each other like that, and then there was a popping sensation inside me as new muscles piled in on themselves and my shaft seemed to swell inside the blue elastic underwear I wore despite that it was still flaccid. But it didn't remain flaccid for long...

Jen broke away with a shudder and a gasp. "I could feel everything, even her fingers inside my... hey, what smells like strawberries? Pat?" she gasped as she looked at me, my body growing leaner with this new musculature though I was feeling myself growing stronger, and Fawn looked at me and chuckled.

"Every man and every woman has the same potential for sexual power when they are born. But as they age and mature, that gender neutrality changes..." and she sighed, and looking to her body, I watched as her muscles enlarged and strengthened, and all four of her tits put on a cup-size or two while all the other nipples lining her belly thickened, lengthened and hardened. "As a woman grows hips and breasts and begins to have urges for sex and babies, her sexual femininity grows. By adding to her feminine sexual energy, she can be made more and more desirable and beautiful... as well as stronger.

"The same goes for a man as they age and mature, but without anything like hips and breasts to grow, they simply grow stronger and larger. Hence is the reason why men are inherently physically stronger than women.

"But now that master and I share the same body, as one of us strengthens, so too does the other. As one of us grows more powerful, so too does the other.

"Sexual magic, is physical, Mistress Jennifer. You've absorbed some of that feminine power that Master and I have made because he wished you to be as beautiful as he saw you in his own mind, and because you then wished to be beautiful as you saw yourself. The union is wonderful!" she murred and caressed Jen's breasts in the mirror again, and she shivered before Fawn moved to me to embrace me before Jen. "It's power enhances and makes what is receptive to it stronger, and the closer he and I become, the more strength and the more power we'll have as one."

Fawn paused, and I saw that Jen was looking a little leery about Fawn being so lovey-dovey to me.

“The stronger we become as one, the more powerful we are as one, and the safer we can make your life Mistress Jennifer. I saw what that bully tried to do to you. Know that I feel for you, I really do... having felt the reality myself...” Jen gasped at that. “And I want to help my beloved master in keeping such a thing from ever happening to you.

“The Maker knows... no woman should feel their sexual power simply taken from them.”

“Thank you, Fawn.” Jen said and hugged herself. “If there’s anything that I can do to repay such kindness...”

“Actually... there is.” She smiled.

“What...?”

Fawn smiled and looked to me as her clawed hands felt my chest.

“I believe it’s something you’ll find in book three of the Grimore you found.” Fawn said and then faded away, leaving Jen and I to simply look at each other stupidly.