Sailor Knights

By: Daniel "Pendragon"

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Note: *Adapted from the English Content aired in the United States*
Warning: *This story, though based on the anime "Sailor Moon" is a detraction from the afore mentioned story line in regards to its usual "Made for TV" setting. A mild degree of censorship still happened in the US release of the Anime (couldn't show the naked bosom of an underage teen or the up-skirt of same character as they fall despite that the skirt doesn't fly up, oh the magic of TV-G ratings). This detraction from the original story is a definite Adult and even Explicit rating. Though, in keeping with various laws, rules and regulations throughout the world, the girls are all older now as this story takes place, all of them considered to be an adult, but nonetheless, viewer discretion is advised.*
Rated: *X-Explicit*
Special Thanks: *This story is being made with the aide of Iczerman, someone who's long held a particular affection for the Sailor Scouts and has before me developed them all into his own super-powered scouts. Following in his example, utilizing his help and working off the inspiration of a dream, I present to you my own rendition of the Sailor Scouts… filled with all the usual.*

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Season 1: Sailor Knights

Episode 1: Sol – *The Celestial God-King*

When the moon is in the Seventh House, and Jupiter aligns with Mars, then peace will guide the planets, and love will steer the stars.

This is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius, Age of Aquarius, Aquarius! Aquarius!

Harmony and understanding, sympathy and trust abounding, no more falsehoods or derisions, golden living dreams of visions, mystic crystal revelation, and the mind's true liberation, Aquarius! Aquarius!

When the moon is in the Seventh House, and Jupiter aligns with Mars, then peace will guide the planets, and love will steer the stars

This is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius, Age of Aquarius, Aquarius! Aquarius!

Let the sun shine, Let the sun shine in, the sun shine in
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\- Age of Aquarius
5th Dimension

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Time.

Everything is always snatched up in the throes of time. Even from the very beginning we were influenced by time, where a grand loop formed between the past, the present and the future. The future sent its villains and its heroes and heroines back to our time to help ensure that the future would come to pass as they wanted it to be, and after the defeat of Queen Nehellenia, those individuals all went back to their own time in the thirtieth century… more than ten thousand years from now, where supposedly I and my friends were all still alive and well.

It filled me with awe that I'd live more than ten thousand years…

But, would our future still be the same as what those people that came back professed to? Would we all still become that future?

"What happens, if a person from the future comes back in time and tells you that if you continue on your present path a thing will happen?" My professor was saying. This was a class on quantum mechanics, and amidst it was time theory… the philosophy of physics, which was as mind-boggling as it sounded. "You now have an awareness of something bad coming at you in the future. With that awareness, would you be able to avoid that thing before it arrives, or like certain philosophers state, is the future set in stone, and every road you take to avoid your future inevitably bring you to that future the time traveler told you about?

"That will be the subject of this week's paper class, a five hundred or more word essay on whether you believe that the future is set in stone or not and what you use to base that view upon. Class is dismissed."

My name is Amy Mizuno, and I am Sailor Mercury.

In what felt like an age ago though only two years had passed, my friends and I battled various threats to the Earth, each of us able to transform into a magically endowed fighter called a Sailor Scout. I was the representation of the planet closest to the sun… or Mercury. My friends were all like me, each of them Sailor Scouts, each of them also representing the planets of the solar system with their own unique powers and abilities… with the possible exception of two.

Darien and Serena were those exceptions. Darien, in our supposed far future, would become King of the Earth. Looking at him now, even I considered that very unlikely, but what was even more unlikely was Serena's eventual change into the Queen of Crystal Tokyo…

That was our future that we were supposedly to become, with Serena and Darien being the king and queen while myself and the other Sailor Scouts become guardians and mere princesses… servants. I was admittedly jealous as I gathered up my books and papers and headed to the next college class I had. I honestly didn't want that future to happen. Why should Serena get all the good things? Why not the rest of us? I didn't want to be alone and unattached for thousands of years, I didn't want to be known as a mere guardian or servant. I had dreams of my own, I wanted a husband, children… the future was horrible when viewed through my eyes, and through providence I was blessed with an extremely acute mind. It allowed me to discern what the future holds, and that future was always changing.

It was because of that that I was certain that that future was not set in stone and that future that brought the Stars – Star Healer, Star Fighter and Star Maker – and the others to us was only the future that was if everything remained constant. But like my professor said, we'd been given a view of the future, and in my experiences I've witnessed full well that the future can and has been altered due to our actions in the present.

For one… I never thought we'd all make it to college.

Tokyo was a large city on an island in the Pacific Ocean of the Asian continent. The population density of our fair country, a country that survived Mongols, European influences, the Bombing of Nagasaki and Hiroshima with the atomic bomb by the Americans, the benevolent occupation by those Americans and Japan's eventual place in the world as an economic superpower, it nonetheless necessitated that there were few schools of higher learning on the islands of Japan. We'd all either have to go to China, or quite

possibly to America for the next closest colleges… possibly Russia. But being that none of us were decidedly rich, we couldn't leave the country to go to college, so the majority of us all wound up in the same college here in Tokyo.

The Tokyo Imperial University it was called…

Funny… I never felt so at ease in my surroundings till now. Of all the Sailor Scouts, I was universally considered the smartest of them all, with an I.Q. well over three hundred, I was able to jump start myself into classes that were usually reserved for juniors or seniors thanks to advanced placement classes in high school. Graduating Suma Cum Laude with Honors from High School gave me an advantage in school over people who've been here years before I was.

Just look… I'd just come from a Quantum Mechanics class.

Others weren't so lucky though. Serena, for example… had to take a semester of refresher courses in order to survive here after she graduated. It wasn't that she was stupid… it was more like she was easily distracted. I chuckled to myself as I walked across campus, dressed in my sweater and a skirt with my short blue hair and glasses… I looked like an Asian version of Velma from Scooby Doo.

But not all of us were here, like I said. Not all of us carried everything that we'd gained forward with us. It was an end of an era, it seemed, when the last villain who threatened the Earth had been defeated, and Star Healer, Star Fighter and Star Maker along with Chibichibi, Chibiusa and Diana went back to their home time, it left us all with a feeling of both fulfillment and loss.

I'd miss those little brats.

Serena said that it wasn't like we'd never see them again… but… I wasn't so sure anymore. When one learned, you learned that the more you knew the more you knew what you didn't know, it was a sensation I hated feeling so I poured knowledge into me as often as I could, but… I've been learning that when next we saw those kids or the stars… they wouldn't necessarily be the same exact people we knew when they came here. I didn't want to burden any of my friends with such a sad theory, especially when it was just a theory, and especially when Serena had literally fallen in love with her future daughter before she left. It would be a great pain in her heart to let her think that that cute little kid wouldn't be the same as she remembered.

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It was fall now, the cherry blossoms were all full and the leaves were starting to change colors again. It wasn't cold yet… it was cooling, that sort of cooling sensation August brought with it where the light of the sun was shortening from the Earth tilting away from it in its orbit around it… just like all the other planets, each in orbit around the sun.

Shielding my eyes as I walked the streets of Tokyo after school, gripping my books before my small chest, I turned and looked up at the sun, the great big fireball in the sky… it was strange, it was so very strange, but in all these legends in all these time travelers and the edifications of the celestial bodies of our solar system in the forms of the Sailor Scouts and other people like Tuxedo Mask for the earth and the Stars, I wondered why, why was the moon and Serena's power so prevalent on everything. Why not the sun? I mean, doesn't the moon get its light from the sun?

It was a question that led to an interest that thusly led me to study mythology and astral physics in tail end of high school. The sun in so many cultures throughout the world held such high prominence. Sol, Helios, Ra… even our own legend of Amaterasu. But… as far as I was aware… only our legends placed the Sun to be ultimately represented in the final legends and mythos prior to monotheistic tendencies to be represented by a woman instead of a man. And the silver shield? Perhaps they were mistaking it for a moon goddess of some sort… Serena's previous life as Queen Serenity. Often the sun was male and the

moon female, and being that the modern representation of the moon was a woman wouldn't that mean that the Sun should be represented by a male somewhere?

It couldn't be Darien, Darien was the Earth.

I sighed, looking to the sun with shielded eyes for a moment before looking away. The last thing I needed to do was to go blind.

I'd moved to live on campus like a few of the others… getting out of the house, getting on my own, but some of us still lived in our old neighborhood. There was one of us who decided not to pursue college, who decided to continue on in a spiritual nature. It was she that we were all going to congregate with today at her family's shrine.

Climbing the steps to the shrine, I prayed before it as was traditional before entering into the central courtyard, and stood quietly in the darkened passageway as I saw Raye, developing into a fine woman and dressed in her red shirt and white pants garb as a priestess in training. Her sutras and arts as well as her divinations had always been a help and a boon. All of us brought our own traits to the Sailor Squad… even Serena. Mars was a strong-willed person, far more than I could ever be. She was pretty, growing into a tall full bodied woman, her breasts filling out and hips widening… her figure only just amplified the garb she wore. The red pants and white kimono shirt with the layers of silk folding over each other beneath them and her long black hair held in an artful array at the back of her head with lacquered sticks, she was likely to run this temple when the time came… and she'd run it for ages.

But her clothes were showing off more flesh than it used to, revealing the bared skin of hip and sides through the folds of her clothing, and she didn't bother hiding herself. If the future would come true, then it was her role to eventually be the high priestess of Crystal Tokyo… with a position similar to a modern day pope or prophet or guru. And her loveliness would be adored.

And then just like that I was struck with envy… something that hit me most often lately when I looked upon my friends. I had a brain, so what? I was an exceptional person who had exceedingly few peers in the world's academics with a mind like Leonard DaVinci, Einstein, Newton and Hawkins, in which my friends only called upon me whenever they needed a quick answer to something. I didn't develop like they were… I didn't have well-rounded breasts or wide hips; I didn't have a strong will or a strong body… I was just smart. I filled a niche that no one else could.

But I still loved all my friends… I couldn't just abandon them all.

"Raye." A voice called and Raye turned, and then looked flustered.

"Shh…" she said and looked about, missing me in the shadows. "…Someone will hear you." She laughed then as a young male priest dressed in black covering white slid from one of the buildings and hurried to her. They embraced immediately, and his hands got very familiar with her waist and butt.

"Let them hear. Let them hear me sing your name with glee." He said and Raye's broom fell limp in her hands as this young man slid up closer to her, their bodies pressing against one another, his groin in her crotch, her breasts pressing against his chest. She laughed again as the two of them kissed immediately.

I watched for a moment as this apparent suitor soothed her body, feeling her up and she didn't mind, moving from hips and bottom to her face before those hands slowly slid down her bodice, massaging her slender neck, caressing and massaging her breasts, fondling her sides and hips and then sliding his hands into the gaps of her pants on her sides where her wide hips flared them open, he bore her naked flesh beneath and then gripped her bottom openly where a priestess like Rae wouldn't be wearing any underpants beneath her robes.

Raye laughed again. "Stop… someone will see us…" and then cooed and sighed, leaning into her man as his hands got absolutely erotic inside her pants.

“Let them.” he laughed and they kissed again, and then Raye moaned and tensed, rising up on her toes.

“Nf… I want more of that…” I heard her say. “Maybe a brief break…” and she wrapped an arm around his shoulders.

I looked upon them forlornly for a moment before turning away, seeing Raye pull at the front of her robes to palm the top of her chest, trying to bare her naked flesh as this young man as he ground his groin into her crotch and she lifted a leg to press against his side as she swooned in his arms. It was the sort of relationship I wanted… I wanted to be as passionate as she was… to burn like fire like she did, to be able to know what it was like to swoon.

But I wasn’t fire… I was ice… cold… hard… logic.

With a longing sigh I moved away from them and went to go sit in the waiting chamber, but in the quiet I could hear Raye and her apparent boyfriend making out. It got so bad that I had to cover my ears and keep myself from crying. I was so lonely, and I was becoming sexually active. I wanted to have sex, I wanted a boyfriend and a husband, I wanted to feel a penis penetrating my loins, wanted sex and to feel a man’s lips upon my breasts. I wanted to have a baby… I wanted…

“Hey!” and I blinked and looked up, removing my hands from my head as I saw Serena standing before me with Luna the cat in her arms.

Serena had changed. She was far more adult now. Not quite an air-head, but she had this sort of empathy for everyone that let her understand you, get you. She got me… understood me when sometimes I didn’t even understand me. Often times that trait of empathy was what got in the way with her studies. Sometimes it was immediate sometimes it took time, but she had heart, but that wasn’t all she had. Like Raye she was growing into a woman. Now at twenty like the rest of us, she had a woman’s face, a woman’s bodice and a woman’s figure… she even wore a woman’s clothes in the form of a bra, a blouse and women’s khaki slacks, and though she still had that meatball look on her head, at least she’d taken the pigtails and braided them down her back, adding barrettes and hair stays and such to have a more complex, adult-looking hairstyle and wearing make up and composing herself. She looked so beautiful now with her soft skin that was without blemish apparently… a silvery countenance like unto the moon.

“Hey Amy.” She said and sat down, but not before I noticed something on her hand. “You looked a bit distraught, I…” and she stopped as I glanced my fingers longingly of the thing that encircled the first finger from the pinkie on her left hand. An engagement ring. “Oh… you weren’t supposed to notice that yet,” she blushed and tried to hide it.

“You should know better than trying to hide something from Amy’s eyes, Serena.” Luna murred as she lazed in Serena’s arms. “You may as well show it off now like you wanted to.”

“Oh fine… poor sport.” Serena pouted and then laughed before holding her hand out, and I saw the glittering gold band about her finger as she suddenly blushed, the ring possessing a thick diamond on its surface. “Darien just gave it to me.” She squealed and I tried to smile for her, suddenly feeling another pang of envy.

Of all of us, Serena was the only one who had a relationship that was this far along. She’d be married young and have a good long life with her man.

But it wasn’t like this wasn’t expected. Serena and Darien had been dating off and on all through high school. Having met their future daughter only solidified their relationship in the end, and now… now it appeared as if they were more than willing on getting things to be exactly what they were going to be like in the Crystal Tokyo future. Suddenly I realized that there was another aspect that my professor didn’t explain. What if that future person who told you about the future and you were trying to avoid it, what

happens if there were other people working against you to make that future happen? I mentally notated that for an added twist to the paper I still had to write before the weekend was over.

"I'm really happy for you." I beamed at her as well as I could given my mood. "Congratulations." My voice trailed off and my congratulations even to my ears sounded half-hearted.

Serena laughed, but Luna, always wise for a cat, simply shifted her eyes toward me and raised an eyebrow. I changed my facial expression toward her to try to ask her not to say anything, and Luna sighed and yawned deeply before settling in Serena's arms.

"Thank you! I'm so glad… so excited!" and she laughed deeply, a grand ho-ho-ho sort of laugh that boomed over the courtyard here. "I'm going to get married!" she squealed and hugged Luna tightly to her. Luna's lithe cat body fit between her breasts, matured breasts… breasts that revealed her fully matured nipples and areola that showed through her silk blouse and bra. Luna simply hung in her arms and murred in annoyance as her head was pressed between the thickened swells of mammary and fat.

"Luna… why so sad?" I asked.

"Well… it's that I'm just bored." She said then and yawned again. "There's no excitement for me, no entertainment no activity, and that's bad for a cat not to have excitement and activity. Even the catnip ball and the jingle ball don't entice me anymore. I was having fun during all those shadow kingdoms and future space threats and such, being important as an advisor and an actual Sailor there for a time… but now all that's gone.

"Now… I'm just a cat."

"A talking cat." Serena mused, pointing out that she was still more than any other cat there was. "And what's wrong with that?"

"Serena… I'm getting fat! I don't want to be a fat cat. I'm looking for stuff to do but it's just not enough."

"Don't tell me that you really *want* all that aggravation to come back." Serena gasped.

"I do and I don't. Just tell me… do you miss it? Any of it?" Luna asked.

This shocked us both, till I finally opened my mouth and answered. "Yes." I said aloud and they both looked at me. "A little of it. I miss it for my own reasons though, for the excitement really. But without it… all we are is just… normal people."

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The Shrine that Raye worked in for so long, all during our escapades as Sailor Scouts, was a tourist's attraction really… not only did it keep the Shinto faith alive, but it was also a major tourist spot. Raye always worked in the front, where a priest or priestess was required to learn the faith before they could move further back into the temple, where the holy ordinances were held… or the far back where the gift shop that sold holy knick knacks like charms and sutras and such and the recently built resort was. We just could never afford that part of the shrine is all… till now. We all had to pool our money together, make a sacrifice or two, but this was important.

There was a ritual of passage that we were all waiting for, a ritual that required us all to be twenty years of age because of the laws of Japan. One by one we all arrived. Mina, Serena, Raye, Lita, Tomoe, Amara, Michelle and Trista. Luna was here too, though Artemis was left behind since he was a guy, as was Darien. This was a girl's night out after all.

We all gathered, the first time all the Sailor Scouts were in one place since our last adventure. This time we were gathering not to discuss plans or strategies, not to reveal to each other some new dark evil that was

about to try to take Earth, we weren't girls any more, we were women. Or at least everyone else was… I still felt like a girl.

After hugs and kisses, firm embraces, especially between Amara and Michelle, we were all led deeper into the shrine by Raye, to a place where the men and women had to separate into two separate tunnels. Down the tunnel and into a changing room we went, where young priestesses gave each of us an ornamental set of robes to change into. With each of us now possessing our new robes, we each found a locker and… changed.

Unbuttoning my clothes, I did it slowly as I watched my friends through my peripheral, looked upon their bodies and bit my lower lip. In certain cases it'd been over a year since I'd last seen some of them, and once again, I was struck with a case of envy. My body was still small and slender like a girl's, my breasts pert and barely noticeable. Most of them had matured partially or in some cases fully. It was Lita who surprised us all as she removed her shirt, she having come fresh from the Gym. She was always the strongest, true, but now her body was showing the creasing of musculature, firm musculature in a decided six pack with twin lats, a firm set of pectorals and thick feminine shoulders, biceps and forearms. Stripping from her sweat pants showed long muscular skater's legs with powerful thighs and a firm bottom and long sinuous calves, but it was when she removed her bra, showing the fullest set of breasts among all of us that I truly curled up. And then I saw Mina remove her bra, disgorging a pair that was even larger.

"Oh wow, Lita. You've really been working out, Serena mentioned, and Lita, now naked, flexed an arm and showed us all how big the bicep was." It was as large as a softball.

"My trainer said I should have a firmer body for ice skating if I want to go national." Lita said. "I have one or two chances for the Olympics, and now that we all aren't… so busy… then I might have a chance now. All that working out and fighting in the past has stunted my training, but now I'm really going to pour it on. Watch out girls… I may be bringing home the gold in figure or speed skating some day."

And they laughed. I managed only a small chuckle as I slipped out of my skirts.

I was the last to finish changing, mainly because like the shy person in a locker room of same-sex people she knew, I didn't want them to see my lack of assets so delayed till most of them had moved on before getting into the robe, but my delays also gave me a chance to see my friend's nude for the first time since high school showers during gym class. I followed quietly behind them as they laughed and talked with each other, catching up… none of them were bothering to talk to me just yet… it was as if..

"Amy?" and there was a hand on my shoulder, and turning, I found Serena there as she laid a hand on my shoulder, Luna cradled in one arm. "Are you ok? You look kinda down…"

There was a feeling of relief inside me as I felt her touch, and my face split in a wide smile, the widest I'd had all day, and reaching up I squeezed her hand.

"I've… No, it's stupid Luna." And then there was pressure on my shoulder and she stopped me, letting the others go ahead. She looked after them for several long seconds, making sure they were far enough away before she moved to face me. "I noticed that you were feeling down when you first arrived. Call it woman's intuition, call it inspiration, or just knowing you for the longest, but I know when you're down, Amy. What's wrong?"

I was quiet for a moment. I knew she'd keep this in the strictest confidence, so taking a deep breath, I told her. "Look at us… look at all of us. Lita with her height, her strength and her beauty. You with Darien and all the future fame, all the others with their strength and their beauty… and then there's me.

"I'm the smallest of all of us. Not the youngest, the smallest. I'm still wearing a training bra, Serena, my chest is flat and my hips are like that of a little girl. What sort of guy will want this?"

"The sort of guy who digs smart chicks with glasses?" she smirked immediately and I blinked at her. "You mean to tell me with all those college swells you haven't found a single guy who digs that Velma look you got going?" I shook my head and she laughed and hugged me, squishing Luna between us. "Amy… do you realize how envious I am of you? I mean look at you in comparison to all of us. You're smarter than any three of us combined!

"I mean, how many of us can figure out the square root of two hundred and twelve million eight hundred and thirty eight thousand nine hundred and twenty one in their heads?"

"Fourteen thousand five hundred and eighty nine." I replied immediately without even realizing that I'd done it.

"You see what I mean? I have… no hope of that. None. I'd be lucky to get six times eight right."

"Forty Eight." I replied again and Serena laughed.

"Or the rate of quickest descent or the apex of the moon tonight or…" I opened my mouth to answer those too and she stopped me with an uplifted hand. "Just… Amy… what is a body like ours when you have a mind like yours? Bodies decay, bodies die."

I looked her right in the eye. "Serena… do you not remember that we're figuratively immortal now?" I asked her and she blinked. "How else do you suppose that we're supposed to make the Crystal Tokyo Kingdom and live in it ten thousand years from now?"

"Ah… right. You see?!" and she knuckled her head. "I'd completely forgotten. If you weren't here then I'd probably loose my head somewhere."

"You're telling me." Luna chuckled from her arms.

"Quiet you… we're helping Amy."

"Serena, Luna… let me put what's bugging me in a better perspective. Are you both virgins?" they both blushed and Serena turned, covering her cheek with one hand.

"Well… no… not any…" she began.

"Well I am." I said tersely and suddenly they were both looking at me.

"There's nothing wrong with that." Luna said immediately. "Lots of girls try saving themselves till marriage and…"

"But I'm not!" I said immediately and stamped a foot fiercely before remembering myself and hugging myself. "If I were saving myself by choice, then that would be one thing, but I'm not. I crave… sex! I want to feel some guy pounding at my pussy and getting me to scream and moan and… and how am I supposed to get a guy willing to do that if I can't even attract one? Sure I had the body that was attractive as a teen, but now that I'm a woman… who wants to hot dog these breasts?" and I hefted one breast of mine through the layers of the robes I wore as little as I could. Not much you could shift with A-cups…

"But you have the butt of a ten year old boy." Serena said quietly.

"That's not really comforting Serena." I returned, feeling hurt at the insinuation that I looked like a boy.

"It's an expression guys use." She smirked, and then palming my back walked with me. "It means you have a tight… rounded butt, Amy. Not all guys care about big boobs and tall bodies or strong arms. Some guys like tight butts, and you have just enough hip and just enough butt to make them notice. Plus, you're

Japanese! Americans and Europeans love Asian girls, and what better place is there to meet those kinds of guys than at the college?"

That made me smile.

"Do you think I have a nice butt?"

"Tell you what… while you're comparing yourself to everyone else here… since we're all going to be naked anyways… start comparing your butt to the rest of ours and decide for yourself."

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The others had already reached the secluded bathing area behind the shrine… the mineral rich hot spring water perpetuated with a steamy cloud over it, while tall walls and waving willow trees kept prying eyes from seeing all the scintillating woman flesh that was here. The trees were even overhanging enough where a satellite with its telephoto lenses couldn't see with any accuracy any bodies here lest they stand right in the middle of the pool, and how many people did that? There were other women, foreigners in some cases who came for the bathhouse experience, but my friends were already sliding into the waters and placing hot washcloths on their heads. The younger priestesses, under Raye's direction, brought several courses of food, including sweet rolls and then sushi… till finally they delivered the item that we'd all waited to taste.

"Sake!" Raye announced, standing thigh-deep in the lucid waters of the sand-bottom pool. "Served with lemon! But before you all share your first drink…" and the priestesses arrived with a basket. One of them bowed and Raye reached in and removed a white lotus flower. "I want to present these to my friends… my sisters… who through and through, thick and thin, for better or for worse were always there for me and for each other, and I only hope that I've never failed to be there for you." And one by one she distributed the flowers to each of us, gently placing it on our hair somewhere, or over my ear in my case since my hair wasn't that long, saving the last for herself. "And now… everyone take a cup…" and picking the floating tray of sake, she moved about to each of us, and we each received a cup. "And…" she raised the cup till we all did. "Drink!"

As one, all of us downed the alcohol.

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I think I was the only one who tried coughing the sake back up. I managed another, which I could contain myself with, but the others went through two of the small pitchers of Sake between them all. Lita was mildly drunk, but of all of us, with the thickest muscles and the tallest height and the heaviest weight, she was able to pack away so much more. Sweet Rice balls did much to dilute the alcohol in us, and by the time that the shrine was ready to close and we were all asked to leave, I was stone cold sober.

Serena showed off her ring, in which it became a grand event that she was going to get married soon, and very quickly an argument broke out on who got to be the maid of honor.

It was Luna who called them all to silence, she having been resting on the rocks heated by the water around the pool. As a cat she hated getting wet. Whoever Serena chose, even if it was one of them and not a member of her own family, then that was Serena's choice and no one else should be considered any less for not being chosen. That ended the argument and soon we were leaving the bath house, being dried by towels offered up by the young priestesses of this order and robed again to return to the changing room.

Lita was a little too exuberant and her cheeks bore the blush of too much alcohol. As a smart woman I thought that alcohol could only damage what little asset I had, killing off brain cells, so I'd probably only have a drink or two during social gatherings at best. A glass of champagne or sparkling wine at new years or at weddings… that sort of thing.

Just because I could drink now didn't mean that I needed to all the time…

But Lita wasn't the only one who was cutting loose… Amara and Michelle were getting rather touchy feely with each other… and then they started to make out. The silence was brief, but eventually it was just left alone as we all dressed. Lita forgot to put on her underpants and bra and just donned her sweats, and with her subtle arousal from being as tipsy as she was, was showing off every naughty contour of her body from nipples and puffed areola to her sweet camel toe.

But Serena was right… I did have a nice butt in comparison to all the others. But I still wanted to be taller, stronger and with a huge rack… wider hips, stronger arms and legs… oh damn it. But seeing us all together showed me what I had to aspire myself to. Lita was definitely the tallest and the strongest, she always was. Mina, the former Sailor Venus was blessed just like her Goddess namesake was… with a bodice that was made for physical love. Long and virile, with flowing hair and the largest chest out of any of us, either tit plump and firm, and though I didn't like thinking of my friends like this, I was sure she could make a career out of becoming a porn star. She was just so beautiful. So extremely sexual and erotic looking.

I sighed as these thoughts carried with me on the long walk to the dorm room I used, entering the student housing building and finding the cramped little room I lived in now… cramped even by Japan's standards.

Our nation all lived on a tiny little island. Not like England, where things were spread out a little more at the very least, the population of Japan was so great that we had no choice but to live in very close quarters with one another. Apartments became the norm for nearly everyone, and only the very rich owned actual houses. So by comparison, the dorm room I lived in was about the size of a walk in closet. It had enough room for one bed, a narrow bookshelf and a desk but no chair. I had a little wall closet that held all the rest of my things, simple clothing and such, one jacket, two pairs of shoes… All in all, there was barely enough space on the floor to stand… let alone let the door swing open all the way. I had to sit on my bed to work on the computer. I had a window though… unlike some people who had inner walls and didn't have a window, which allowed me to look outside and enjoy the weather or the changing leaves or the cherry blossoms.

I loved the fall.

But my room was also my place of solitude unlike my room at home had ever been. Here I could delve into certain interests that I couldn't otherwise have with my parents watching me. They weren't terribly bad interests, some might say otherwise but to me it was a source of arousal and eroticism. Some call this thing an interest… though most would call it a fetish. And that fetish was:

Muscle.

I had three posters on my walls. One of Marvel Comic's She-Hulk, not the old version the new one, after she lifted weights and got really thick. Another was of a male weight lifter, all oiled up and wearing just a Speedo, his package rolled up in that tiny little thing… I just wanted to kiss those muscles and rub up against him. The final was an anatomical chart of musculature for artists and weightlifters. This latter one was of both a male and female subject. The female subject looked kinda like me, only with heaving feminine muscles and bigger boobs.

Sitting down at my computer, my one and only real toy so it was as advanced of a computer as I could build it to be, I loaded the thing, sitting down on the edge of my bed and pulled a bottled water out of the mini fridge I had beside the desk and started up a particular web page. There were artist sites out there in the world, of such names like Matt Wreck, also known as Wreck Shop, LG Art, Jebroido, Gideon, Zebody, Pseudodrake, Mama Bliss and… my personal favorite, Iczerman.

Iczerman didn't have as much detail to his art as say Zebody or Wreck Shop did, but what he did do was make a rather personal spin on the Sailor Scouts… most particularly with… me.

As a Sailor Scout, there were times where the assorted media had captured some of our escapades for television, and we were broadcast along some of the minor skirmishes we'd accomplished all across the world in dozens of languages on channels like the BBC, MSNBC and CNN. You Tube had hours of videos of us both positive and negative, professional and armature… edited and unedited and a few morphed ones too… so it was only a matter of time before certain individuals took interest in us.

This was my secret… I loved going to Iczerman's various art sites and reading his fan fiction… which included me growing stronger and stronger. Pulling up a book mark of my *'origin'* story… on how I got so strong once I'd swapped out into my pajamas, I was about to prepare for the closest thing I could get toward sex. I opened the main page, and palmed my crotch, rubbing two fingers along the labia, fingering the blue vaginal hairs there add to the tension while I caressed the hardening clit in a little imagined foreplay, closing both eyes and biting my lower lip, and was about to start reading when…

"Amy… AMY!" someone called through my door, hammering on it before the door opened and Lita was there, still wearing her sweat bottoms but was now wearing an undershirt instead of her sweat top. Her cheeks were still red and her nipples were still erect "Oh hey… sorry… but you gotta see this. Move over." And she shoved me over and I only just moved aside as she sat down. She was drunk a little still, so I let this slide. "I just got this email, about a web site you've gotta see, I…" and she paused. "Oh hey! You got the website too."

"W-website? What's wrong with it?" I asked nervously, hoping that in her stupor she wouldn't put two and two together and understand that I'd gone here intentionally. Thankfully even when sober Lita wasn't too computer savvy.

"Well look!" she laughed loudly and my neighbor hammered on the wall to get me to quiet down.

"Sorry!" I called back and tried to shush Lita.

"Sh-sh-sh I know. But check these images out! I mean what kind of girl has boobs like that and isn't getting back spasms from the weight?"

"A really strong one?" I asked. These girls look really strong. Who are they?"

"They're us! You and me… well you mostly. Isn't that crazy?"

"Yeah… pretty silly. I was about to look at them."

"Well you don't need any of this. These sorts of bodies are impossible to get for any gender." And she closed the web page and then rose. "Now where am I… where's my room?" she asked wavering a bit. "I feel light-headed."

"Down the hall on the right. Do you need help getting back?"

"Nah!" and she waved drunkenly at me. "I can find my way *hic* back." And she teetered out the door, and rising I quietly closed and this time locked the door.

Lesson learned: The only real privacy was behind a locked and closed door.

Exhaling, I returned to my computer and opened the window again, pausing before going to the story again as I saw that there was a new picture uploaded… a new one of me. This one was stronger and larger with bigger breasts than ever. It was like a time expansion/growth image and this was the newest one there was. The mountainous biceps that were so huge that the knuckles could brush against them, the things riddled in veins, the thick pads of pectoral behind breasts that were larger than the head was, all ensnared in sexy revealing clothing that revealed huge lumps for nipples. That was Iczerman's love, I thought… the nipple.

Lifting the pajama top I wore, revealing both breasts, I looked at the pert little pair with the circular disks and the firm nipples. In some of his later stories, he wrote me exercising my nipples, getting six inch swells, erect things that could hold the bar of a dumb bell up with hundreds of pounds of weight on the bar between the pair of them. I don't know how I'd look with a six inch nipple, maybe something a bit smaller, but the muscle? All that lovely muscle? Oh hell yes! I wanted it all and then some! Screw Chun Li from Street Fighter… *I* wanted to be the strongest woman in the world. Stronger than Lita, stronger than anybody!

And so I imagined myself then… imagined myself growing like the stories had their heroines do, like Iczerman made me do on more than one occasion. I wanted to be strong and so I amalgamated every muscle growth and breast expansion story I could remember, and swooned because of it. A hand snaked down into the pajama bottoms and panties I still wore to my pussy as I gave it a rub, caressing the twin labia as they swelled, and I actually swooned as I dreamed of myself throbbing on the inside, my organs churning while my muscles started to grow, and laying back onto the bed, turning to pillow my head on the pillow at the head of the bed, I arched and cooed, rubbing the tit at the base of one half my chest, caressing the rounded areola and the erect nipple.

Vaginal muscles clenched and I imagined my body lengthening, perhaps a catalyst of a potion or in my case what was more possible, some magical ability, a celestial event or some such. I churned as I imagined bones thickening, popping and creaking, a violent change in some places like the werewolf transformations in that underworld movie, were ribs popped and realigned, cracking and swelling, barreling out the chest muscle as those flared and became bundles of taut chords. I imagined my nipples growing, either thickening and purpling from the blood flowing into them, the pair enlarging and becoming sensitive before my back and hips spread wide.

Those vaginal muscles grew taut again, and I imagined the clothing on me growing super tight before they started to stretch about my body, and gripping the pajama shirt I wore, I pulled it open, hearing the popping snaps of its buttons one after the next while my thoughts churned about both tits growing so ample and so large that with back and chest growing along with them that that the piddly little shirt I wore couldn't contain them and the shirt burst open! With a moan then I then dreamt that my legs were tearing out of the pajama bottoms, ripping the panties I wore neatly in two to disgorge a throbbing and bulbously distended vagina as it leaked its juices, and so I arched and pushed those pajamas bottoms off me before I slid a hand between my legs again and rubbed those labia once more.

And then I imagined that while I changed, while I transformed slowly, feeling the rippling growth of muscle carve its way through me and creasing my porcelain flesh as the hair on top of my head grew great and billowing, that a strong handsome man with a monstrously huge cock crawled up onto my bed, his hands on my knees, spreading them open and I let both thighs flop open to those imaginary hands. Then I tasted his lips, felt his hands upon my breasts, big strong hands, right before he slid inside me.

My own hands moved of their own accord now that I was lost to the illusion I was forming inside my mind, and with how powerful my mind was the illusion even felt real to me. My mind was making it feel real. So long as I kept my eyes shut…

And so those fingers of mine that I dreamt were coiling beside my head as I was fondled amidst growing and heaving and cracking as piles and piles of strength and heaving milk-filling mammary swelled on my chest, moved in reality down my body like a lover's hands. They massaged and fondled a pussy that was moistening, getting sloppy; till they slowly parted the vaginal lips open with two fingers as if it was this heaving man's cock piercing me. The other hand coiled beneath me and spread open the lower portion of those lips, simulating a really huge cock, actually opening a deep opening into my bowels, deep enough to see the cavity inside me, and I moaned, feeling the sex I was receiving; feeling the heaving mass as the invisible cock plunging inside me, my tight loins clenching about its mass.

And then he came into me, and I came with him and a burst of hot, silky and sticky juices erupted from me, flushing through the opened gap of my pussy, washing over one hand and trickling through the crack of my butt toward my anus as I moaned low and shuddered with the climactic act.

But something happened this time, something incredible as some strange power reached deep inside my loins, way down in my navel, possibly way inside the very womb of my being, a magic of untold strength that knotted into my bowels and clenched it like a fist, awakening some ancient power locked away with me and made it burst from me. And from that point a pulse of growing yellow light billowed from my navel, engulfing me and slapping against the walls and making the furniture and walls rattle. And when it was over, the orgasm ending with it, I spasmed and sat upright immediately, completely naked and looking about myself.

I was in some chamber, a vast dais over a grand hallway lined with white marble columns and floors with walls and a ceiling that were all so far away that I couldn't see them. From the multi-tiered dais leading upward was a grand stair with gold lining everything and creating ornate glyphs of Grecian symbols, symbols I recognized for they were the emblems we Sailor Scouts bore in accordance to our planet of influence. There… on the bottom step was Pluto's emblem, and looking up the stairs I saw the other planets in reverse order… which made my symbol… the one for Mercury, closest to the top.

And at the top of the stairs was a throne of gold, with grand spires of gold radiating from the throne in every direction like a starburst, and behind it was a light that illuminated everything here like a noonday sun shining through a purified air environment… there were no particulates, no dust floating in the air… everything here was as pure as could be. It felt like the very light of creation.

Sitting in that throne was a man, and that man looked upon me with the grandest widest, happiest to see me sort of smile I'd ever received from a person. It wasn't lecherous; it wasn't maddened, this person… was genuinely that happy to see me. Me?

"Mercury…" he said and rose, his chest broad and massive and riddled with muscle chords with the rest of his body being hard, firm and hyper-muscular. His robes were open with a huge loincloth that fell to his knees and a torso harness that held his robes on that was made of alabaster and gold glittered on his chest. His hair was the most brilliant white I've ever… ever seen. He moved to the edge of the dais his throne stood upon and opened his arms wide toward me. "My beloved… welcome home."

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I suddenly became aware that I was naked, and pushing a hand over my crotch and another across my chest I shrank from him, clenching myself into a ball.

"W-who are you?" I asked, and his face fell in immediate disappointment and then grew very sad.

"That's right…" he said sadly, lowering his arms that had been opened to receive me it appeared. "Your mind will have forgotten me." He said and then approached, taking one step after the next down the steps. I couldn't help but purse my lips at the swell in that loincloth; at how low it arched to almost his knees, the thing swaying as heavily as it did with each downward step he took. "I have many names, Mercury. I've been called Ameriatsu by some, though the gender of that legend is wrong, and I've been called Ra and Helios… but you may call me by my given name:

"Sol."

"Sol…" I repeated, seeing him clearer now that he was near; saw the great white wings at his back that had blended so well with the background about him that they'd been all but invisible with all that light behind him when he was at the top of the throne and I could now see clearly as he squat before me.

His name sparked off… thoughts, emotions. They were firing synapses without purpose or direction that were trying to connect with memories I couldn't recall. I looked up at him, trying to know what my brain was trying to remember, hating the sensation of not being able to remember a thing properly…

He was half again my size and more than likely many times my weight, but with him there before me there was a scent, a smell, a familiar sort of cologne that I know I've never smelt before now but I nonetheless remembered. It sparked… an emotion in me, and I found myself holding my breath as my heart skipped several beats. And then I saw that he was offering me his hand and there was such a genuinely loving smile on his face that I couldn't help but place myself into his care.

And so I took his hand, or rather two of his fingers, and he easily lifted me to my feet as if I were weightless.

But then he didn't let go of my hand once I'd been lifted. His eyes weren't looking to my chest but rather were looking to my hand as he caressed the knuckles of the fingers with his thick thumb. It was like I was a little girl before a grown man. Not her father, no… my mind refused to think that way because… because why? Because it would negate any thought I might have of him being my lover that's why…

Lover. He called me beloved.

"Your skin is as soft and as smooth as I remembered it." He mentioned quietly, but then looking to my face, bypassing again at looking at my chest, he sighed and let go of my hand and I immediately wrapped it over my breasts while he took a very deliberate step backward away from me. "But… you don't remember me, do you?"

"How can I?" I asked. "How did I? I… I admit that I was someone else a long time ago. I don't remember any of that, not a single thing, but I have learned what I was. I have no choice but to except that given the evidences that I've received."

He moved about me, and then removed his own robe from off his body, leaving the torso harness but he wrapped the robe around me. His great hands lingered gently on my shoulders. I breathed a sigh as I turned to look at that hand, feeling… more emotions. My heart leapt suddenly as if it was at long last jumpstarting to life after having long since been dead. Was it passion? And when I turned my head to look at his fingers, he lifted the index finger and caressed my cheek.

"Here… to cover your nakedness." He said. "You're obviously not comfortable in my presence being naked, so I won't stress you further."

"You're… so kind." I breathed, near swooning at the sensation his very touch did to me. I could feel my nipples erecting, hardening, standing on end, felt both labia puff outward, the clit erecting. My naughty bits ached so much from just being in close contact with him. "B-but… you've not answered my question." I said and drew the warm robe about me. It wasn't cold here, but the robe was made of some fine material that was like Egyptian cotton, and it made me feel warm and snuggly… like it was fresh from the dryer. His scent carried onto the garment, and I found myself growing incensed with it… as if I were growing drunk and stoned at the same time.

"I see we must start at the beginning… my lo…" he stopped immediately short of saying *'my love'*, closing his eyes and smiling before he continued with a different statement. "…Mercury. Please… let me make you more comfortable while I tell you of the history that your reborn mind no longer remembers.

And he turned me, and in a blur of color, everything that was here vanished, disappeared, became something different, and we were standing within a lucid garden. Its beauty touched me as if it were a garden made especially for me. There were islands upon a pool where quoi fish swam, with towering trees and bushes here, with birds of paradise singing songs of love here and nesting together. Other smaller birds like robins and blue jays were here with the occasional peacock strutting around. He gestured to a white marble bench and I sat while he sat a full seat away from me. He was distancing himself, but… he loved me.

"You love me." I stated quietly instead of asking it, and he immediately closed his eyes tightly as if in pain, folded his hands and nodded his head.

“You’ve… always been in orbit around me.” He announced. “You were always the closest to me, and of all the hearts of all the other planets and moons, yours… was always the strongest, like the world you represent, as stalwart as the iron core within it. Your plain, outward appearance attracted me to you, I always wanted you, and for a short time I was able to acquire your love for me. You were so wise, so quick, you possessed a strength no one else in this my kingdom had.

“So I made you my queen.”

“Q-Queen? I was a queen? I don’t remember any of that in the legends? None of our learned histories, nothing that Luna and Artemis taught us ever even mentioned you.”

He nodded sagely, his wings tightening as they folded inside himself and turning to look at me, his amber-like eyes focusing on me. I saw his pupils dilating in and out repeatedly. He was trying to take the whole of me in at once, and as he looked at me I saw his desire, his love… the sparkle in his eyes that were only there when he looked upon me… me! How am I so spectacular?! Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so why then does this being behold me as being so perfect?

“The most recent of their lives is what your scholarly servants would remember.” Sol was continuing as he looked away. “I know the pair of them well… they were well known for being wise and served my daughter well, but the truth of the matter is, is that our lives stretch across countless ages before what they could remember. Millions of years, countless lifetimes.”

“Your daughter?” I blinked and my mind whirled as I pieced legends together. “Serena… Serena’s your daughter?”

Again he nodded. “Her kingdom was threatened, her very life was about to be snuffed out by our enemies. I didn’t want you to go, but I didn’t want my daughter to perish for her love of the Earth Realm… you saw my plight, you wanted to lighten my heart so you gathered your armor and your weapons, collected the princesses of the other planet kingdoms, and you all went to go meet our enemies in battle along side the King of Earth to protect her.”

He stopped and looked down, and his great hands that were folded together clenched tightly.

“I think… I know what happened then.” I said, and I reached out to palm his hands, and he shuddered, gasping as he looked to me while I held the robe about me.

Passion unlike what’d ever happened to me before… perhaps I couldn’t ever feel it, perhaps it was never there till now, perhaps my mind was underdeveloped in regards to feeling emotion in favor of my sometimes damnable logic, but I wanted to feel that feeling. That’s why I touched him. He didn’t move to receive me then, he tensed, and I sensed that he wanted to embrace me tightly to him… all I got was his thumb moving against the underside of my hands.

“You all perished.” He continued. “All of you. The various princesses, my daughter and her beloved king… and… and you. I lost you. So… I used all of my magic, I worked a spell to perhaps stop all that, and I drew your retreating spirits back. Everyone that died had to come back with you, even our enemies, but… I did it. I didn’t care for anyone else at that moment, not even my daughter, but I brought everyone back, even our enemies… all for you. I couldn’t think of living without you, Mercury. For my own selfish desire of not being alone anymore, I drew all of you back, set you into repeating life times of constant battle, over and over again, all in the hopes that I could at long last gain contact with you.”

He’d been looking at me that whole time. I felt my chest heaving, felt as if it were constricted and I found myself leaning closer and closer to him. I let go of the robe and it opened, giving him a clear view of me right inside it, revealing the inner swells of both tit but not the nipple, and revealed the contours of pelvis being pinched by both thighs.

“S-surely… surely you’ve had this moment before now. Surely you and I have been here again after that. Surely you haven’t been alone for all those thousands of years…”

“Millions.” he breathed and I gasped. “Millions of years. No… this was… the first time that a connection between you and I was made strong enough to where you can come back here. And now that you’re here… I know our time is limited, our connection is still weak and the timer is running out and you… you’ll have to go back.”

And he lifted a hand and palmed my face, and I found myself loving that touch. I tilted my face into that hand, and I finally did swoon as I moved closer to him. Suddenly that certain something that had always been missing in my life was being sated… merely with his touch. I tried resisting it, tried to turn away from that touch, but my body didn’t let me; instead I slid further into it, found myself sliding closer to him along the bench, palming his great muscular and naked thigh, holding his hand. And suddenly when I opened my eyes there were tears in my eyes.

“Why… why do I not remember your touch, but it invokes such passion in me? How do I know all of this isn’t a lie?”

“The mind forgets,” He said and turned to me, “But the heart remembers.” He drew nearer, and I didn’t bother holding up the robe to keep myself covered, and it fell off my shoulders around my body onto the bench, my maiden’s breasts heaving, my diminutive body, smaller than any of my friends, heaving with the passions that were rising up in me, my heart pounding, my body swooning at long last to a man’s touch.

“Mercury… I wish to beg something from you. I, Sol, High King of the Sun… begs from his queen.” He was breathing heavily, obviously as impassioned as I was.

“Anything.” I choked and slid against his bare flesh now, an ache so profound in my heart and body, particularly in my loins that I knew not its source, but knew instinctively what its cure was, and it was this strange, powerful god-like man of white and gold.

“I… wish… to kiss you… kiss you and taste your lips and perhaps… remember… what it was like before you left me.” And tears broke from both his eyes.

My thighs pressed together, my lips pursed and I abandoned everything that was being resisted by my stupid head and let my heart take over. How could this be a spell? How could this be magic? How could this be anything other than genuine? I was certain that not even gods could fake such things.

And I simply mumbled a “Yes” and rose to press against him, balancing on one bent leg on the bench and the other extended toward the ground beneath me, that leg having to be on tip toe for me to be at level with him. “Yes, my king…” I wept, and palming my face and turning to me, he bent forward and pressed his lips against mine, and suddenly I lost all abandon.

I cared for nothing else other than that loving embrace as I slid against him, pressing breasts and my sex directly against his body, all so that I may taste those lips, suckle from them it seemed, and swoon within the arms of the most ultimate of men I’d ever laid eyes on.

Who cares if this were a dream? It was my dream, and never, not even with my remarkable mind had I ever dreamt in true complete color. To me… this was as real as it could be.

And when our kiss finally finished, after so much of an eternity in this little space that I must’ve aged eons from it, it felt to me, and I looked down at him, panting, my bodice heaving, my nipples aching as they throbbed in tune to my heart beating, the pair of them erecting harder and growing longer, the areola puffing outward like a woman’s should. He cupped my firm and rounded bottom as I gripped his hair and a strap of his torso harness, both of us breathing heavily. Only then did he look upon my breasts, slid a hand from my belly to my chest, rubbed the ridge of that hand momentarily between those breasts and then slid it back to my face again all while looking into my eyes. I kissed him again, lightly, lovingly.

I was his now… there was no other man or male or whatever that would ever possess my heart so long as I lived. I gave it to him in that instant… but then… perhaps, I never had it inside me to begin with. Perhaps that was why I never felt intense arousal, why I never experienced a man in me, why I never knew passion or love or strong emotion… it was because I never had a full heart.

He had it. I gave it to him millions of years ago, many, many past lives ago.

"My beloved lord." I choked out. "W-what do you command of me?" I gasped. "Anything that I am, everything that I have, is yours.

He looked about, and then his face grew very stern and he rose, cradling me by the bottom and the back like I were a child to him, only a pair of fingers fished through my bottom and pressed against my sex. I sighed and creamed, clutching possessively to his hardened body and holding onto his harness, fearing being taken from him. "You will leave very soon." He told me, kissing my lips. "You'll go and there's nothing even my great power can do to stop it. And you will meet with the most powerful of all our enemies soon."

"The most powerful?" I gaped and he let go of my back to press a large finger against my lips.

"Please… there's little time. You must listen." I nodded and fell quiet. "I shall… empower you, my love. I shall give you the very power of the Sun God to shine within you, give you great power over this most dangerous of enemies, and perhaps this time when The Void comes, you and your companions will be strong enough to resist it. You will break the wheel of time… and you'll come home once and for all.

"It will be Dawn soon. The Earth can only hold you it its sight at dusk and dawn because of my light or my daughter's light, but it will pull you back to it at dawn. Don't worry… I shall empower you with my own strength, dearest heart… and I will send help this time. You… will never be alone… never again."

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I clung to him as he carried me away from the gardens, moving in the blink of an eye to another place, to a grand chamber of crystal and marble and light and gold… and there in the center of it, in a place that held objects of both masculinity and femininity, of a place that found balance between sexes, I saw a grand bed of white silk and satin. It was to here that I was brought, sat down upon its edge, where I sat pleasantly as he bent to kiss me again and I received it. And then he undid the ornate golden clasp of his belt, opening up the deep folds of the long loincloth he had, that had already been bowing outward and dropping the heavy thing to the floor, I saw the largest penis I'd ever had the privilege to behold.

I felt my lips purse and my heart pause as I watched it erect rapidly, curving downward as the muscles worked to lift it, the nads behind them firm and hairless, the thickness of its mass only growing and its length only increasing. Its color reddened and then purpled slightly, the thing thickening with muscle and veins as it neared me. And then its whole length leapt upward and shoved its way right into my mouth, and though I had a moment of surprise, even the taste of his flesh upon my lips and tongue were desirable.

If this had happened my first time on Earth, I might've rejected the man, kicked him from my bed, but in this case I merely moved forward automatically, opening my mouth wider, licking the dimpled end of his cock with my tongue before I moaned and reached up with both hands to fondle the swelling length of that heavy cock. This was what I needed to do, I knew it was, and reaching out I gave what I thought was my first hand job… kissing it, licking it, but it soon rose away from my mouth and flicked my nose. I laughed and he chuckled as I rubbed my nose, but when I tried to pull it back down as it arched upward against his navel, I found that it was stronger than the whole of my body! He smiled knowingly, and with a thumb he pushed it back down for me as it continued in its growth to its maximums, and now I had to lean back to suck on it again, the thing a mighty growth the length and thickness greater than my forearm and fist combined!

And then I set myself to sucking on it again, gripping it and remarking that it was greater than the strength of my whole body, and yet he was able to push it back down with just a thumb. How mighty this god-king must be…

And I sucked, and I sucked… till the first droplet of his seed touched my tongue and I swallowed the salty, milky substance as if it were the nectar of the gods and continued sucking without even a pause. The thickened phallic mass began to pulsate slowly at first, and then repeatedly, clenching and releasing, clenching and releasing, and it was like a spigot was being turned on as a spastic rush of that same salty and milky fluid slid into my mouth and I swallowed. Another entered and I swallowed that as well…

I remember often hearing of girls gagging at this first experience like this, where they had to spit it out or they'd even throw up after tasting their man's seed… but there was something about his… something memorial, strangely delicious, like warm and melted vanilla ice cream. It was tasty, delicious, and suddenly I found myself famished for it, and reflexively I started sucking harder, pressing my lips further around a head that was very nearly too large for my mouth. Like sticking a fat baby's fist into my mouth.

But then the spasms repeated, coming quicker, till it was a pissing stream that I moaned about and swallowed as I found myself practically being force fed the fluids, my eyes rolling back into my skull that I felt it was so good. Before now, I could never think of giving any man head like this, and now I was doing it freely, as if I'd always done it. The steady stream continued; my smallish hands massaging the velvety flesh if not the hard muscle ribs as they spasmed repeatedly in a rolling spasm similar to a caterpillar walking. I made sounds of pleasure, enjoying all that creamy seed, and when I came up for air, dipping my chin to breath heavily as I swallowed the excess repeatedly, the stream traced a line from my mouth, up over my nose and then down to continue to stream like a spigot onto my breasts. I felt it all trickle between and over those diminished boobs, dripping off my erect nipples as I moaned solidly and felt the juices in me flush my insides, some of it leaking out of my pussy as I licked the top of his cock, tasting the sweat, surprised that he was still cumming so long.

My understanding of a male orgasm was that when it happened, it did nothing more than spit several times and then was over. This male, this god-king, was continuing to release fluids in an orgasmic lance that had now lasted for more than a minute without letting up.

"Take me…" I groaned and laid back, lifting both knees and spreading them apart, revealing the thickened pad of my sex before I caressed the vaginal lips there, spreading them open and arching myself.

The stream from that penis of his slid from my breasts onto my navel then as he knelt with one leg on the edge of the bed, the thickness of the head of that mighty sword daunting… but I wanted it. His hand fondled my belly, smeared the seed against it, and then guiding himself, he pressed his head with the steadily throbbing phallic mass and the still releasing stream against my sex. The stream slipped around the knot of womanflesh between my legs, the juices leaking down over my bottom and anus as I wiped some of his cum off my body and licked it off my fingers.

He was so virile… Serena could *keep* Darien.

And then just his head wedged my virgin's labia apart and got caught just inside me, the knots of those vaginal lips clamping upon the scar of a circumcision, and with just the head inside me, feeling like a fist pushing my insides apart, he continued to offload all that seed-laden heavy water of his inside me.

His hands fondled and caressed me expertly… he didn't pinch or grope; he caressed and massaged, knowing my body better than I did it seemed as his very touch drew out a level of sexuality this body had never known before. He got me to sigh and moan, tossing myself and arching deeply as I was finally penetrated by the biggest dick I ever knew existed. Even famed porn stars cannot have a prick this big!

"Ngh! D-deeper!" I groaned, arching myself as he slid his great hands to massage the lips of my vaginal mound, his fingers coaxing those lips to stretch wide, helping them to grow wider as he slid ever so slightly deeper. The mass of his dick against my girl-like pussy forced the flesh to stretch hard, the bands of

womanflesh and their muscle burning in an effort to contain him. I found myself arching deeply, massaging my tits as my legs spread even further open.

"So tight." He panted, and I wrapped a pair of legs about his waist to try to pull myself onto him as quickly as I dared.

His thickness was incredible and I was still being filled with so much his seed, so much of it that I developed a bit of a pot belly, all of it filling my insides up and none of it escaping me. I knew the power of magic; I knew the way it ran through me whenever I did my magic skills as Sailor Mercury or transformed. This seed he pumped into me, the same that I'd swallowed so much of, filled me with an incredible energy that was filtering in through me, being absorbed by the stomach walls and the vaginal linings, sliding in everywhere, empowering me.

With a deep moan I pulled myself further onto him, gritting my teeth, feeling my labia stretch almost painfully and the opening of my body being stressed as his girth rubbed against the flesh that was now pressing right against the opening of my pelvic bone. I whimpered as he cradled my hips, our attempt to couple with his massive form and my comparatively tiny one wrought incredible sexual pain in me. I wanted him deeper in me, wanted him to the hilt.

I tried to crawl up onto him and he lifted me to him. As he cradled me I clutched at him, wiggling and gyrating, letting gravity push me onto him while any reflexive movement his prick made throttled me from the inside. My hand slid along that goop-covered navel of mine as I felt his mass inside me as I finally settled onto him to the hilt and panted, exhausted in the effort of just getting this far.

It was then, with feet on his waist as I tried to rise and fall that I realized that I was making love. I was really making love! I embraced him for that, I kissed and loved him for that and gripping my tight bottom he lowered me onto the bed and began to gyrate with me so that that monstrous cock could throttle me. The pleasure became so grand for me as I felt sensations that I thought I'd never ever feel so long as I lived that I swore that I'd be torn in half by that battering ram of a cock he had that had broken open the gates of my loins and was invading me so deeply.

And still a constant stream of his seed filled me, many minutes after it'd begun, squirting from him in a perfectly constant orgasmic state. I safely assumed that there was no man on the Earth that could duplicate this! And imagine how good he must feel… that or this was millions of years of pent up sexuality he was literally blowing onto and into me.

I writhed and tossed before him, churning and rolling my body like a belly dancer as he stirred my loins, and apparently he had still more girth to give me, cause he kept getting harder and harder and harder, his cock forcing my gates open till I laid there gasping and trying cry out in the sexual pain that I felt, but it clenched in my chest tightly and kept the scream from exiting from me. The pleasure was so intense that I forgot myself to it, my powerful mind being overcome to it as he shifted and moved me easily, loving me with every bit of his passion.

And then I found myself on arms and knees, head and chest pressed to the bed as his stream, a little more high powered, shot over my back as he slid that cock of his briefly between my butt cheeks, kneading them, entering my pussy again, shooting his liquid seed all over my loins, bottom and anus… and the last thing he did was as he pulled out, was that he pushed against my anus, pushing hard enough where the head entered it. I grit my teeth and gripped the sheets as he shot that stream into me there as well, the throbbing of that cock vibrating me in that sensitive area in as intense of a sexual high I was in made me stupid, weak. I was lost to the pleasure even when it suddenly ended, and with a spasm and a rush of nectar from my pussy I opened my eyes in my bedroom, finding myself biting my pillow and ripping the sheets of the narrow little square bed I was in, with my back arched and butt high up in the air.

I remained like that, twitching and quivering briefly, the air cooling the moisture on my bottom till… with a solid slump, I tilted sideways, crashed against my dorm room bed, and fainted.

******

It was the sound of my alarm going off that awoke me a second time, and groaning I slid into a fetal position briefly and then groaning again I turned sideways and tapped the alarm snooze button off before sitting up, smacking my lips and smiling widely in perfect satisfaction. Looking down I looked upon the bald lips of my pussy and massaged them, getting myself to feel a little of what I felt yesterday. Then getting up to my feet and grabbing a bath towel and my bath things, I opened the door and walked right down the hall to the bathroom.

I was in a coed dorm by the way, something that at the moment was very important. It was also the dorm that I shared with Lita and Mina. As I walked down the hall, more satisfied in the morning than I could ever remember being, I waved good morning to people that I passed as they immediately stopped what they were doing and watched me pass. I heard laughter but I barely regarded it. I was too elated to care.

"Hey Amy! Nice digs!" some young man called as I walked passed, and then I walked by Lita's room where she was sitting on the edge of her bed, holding her head with a plastic waste basket pinched between her thighs. Obviously not having a good morning after drinking so much, she looked up at me with blurry eyes and her lower lip hanging open slight. But the moment she saw me and realized what it was that she was looking at…

"Amy!" she hissed, let the waste basket fall as I continued on by and she surged up beside me. "Amy, are you crazy?! What are you doing? This is no bath house."

I stopped and turned to her. "What are you talking about?"

"Wow… and I thought I was hung over. Do you even realize that you're naked?"

And I looked down, and sure enough I was without apparel. No panties, no pajamas… I was completely naked.

"Now I do." I mentioned and smiled at her again before continuing onto the bathroom.

"You're not going to cover up?" she asked following.

"What for? Too late now." And I slid into the women's bathroom. It was a multi-sectioned sort of place, with lockers that students used for storage other than their bathing things most of the time since their rooms were so small, and then there were sinks and toilets and then there were showers and even a large bathing pool. I walked passed all the other fems here getting ready for the morning, but it wasn't like I was out of place. We were all girls here after all… There were others here who were topless, bottomless or even naked as I was.

Walking straight to the showers, I tossed my things onto a bench and then turned the faucets on while Lita followed in utter surprise.

"Are you feeling ok, Amy?" she asked suddenly while I ran my head underneath the cold water as it heated up. I barely even noticed the temperature of the water though.

"I'm fine." I murred and let the water wash all over my face and then onto my breasts as it rapidly heated up. I was still massively nipped up. I might not have decently sized breasts, but I did had rather large nipples… nipples that could really erect into large towers of woman-flesh.

"Amy… you can tell me if there's anything wrong… you know that, don't you?"

"Oh nothing's wrong at all!" I said leaning back while holding onto the knobs of the shower. "I just had a really… really good dream."

“What kind of dream?” a new voice asked as Mina slid in behind us, having heard our conversation amidst the womanly chatter around us. “The kind that makes you wet?” she giggled and removed the shirt she wore to bed, disgorging her enormous breasts that had increased three times over in only a month or two since coming here. She was so proud of them and wore revealing shirts to display them, and since they’d grown so much lately she couldn’t wear a bra because she already outgrew two of them so she was going to wait till they were done growing before she bought a new one.

I turned to face her and smirked and both she and Lita gasped. “No!” at the same time.

“The most erotic dream I’d ever had.” I confirmed; murring as I caressed my body.

I said nothing more than that. I didn’t tell them that it all felt real, looked real and left its effect on me still. My loins were still churning inside me from the effects Sol had against me. But I wasn’t too sure it was some fantastic dream that my magic had created or not.

Mina slid in beside me then and turned on the shower on her side. “Ooo… cold.” She managed. “Was it everything you thought it’d be?” she teased.

Her fantastic body was a grand contrast with mine… wide hips, huge breasts, narrow waist, deeply curving back and sinuously curved legs and arms with long blonde hair that fell to her bottom. Though my face was downturned and forward with the shower water pouring over it, I still nonetheless kept an eye on her body. I wanted that body, not in the sense of she and I going to bed with each other, but rather I wanted that body to be my body and more.

“It was more than I expected.” I smirked and then began to wash.

Lita and Mina just stared at me as my hands caressed myself with the soap, and the pair of them kept watching me even when Lita joined us.

******

I felt my loins squeezing as I sat naked on my bed later, my hair glistening and moist from the shower still as I pressed both thighs together and breathed deeply, biting my lower lip and sighing nasally as I gyrated those hips, feeling a slick of my juices sliding from between my thighs as I caressed a breast with one hand, massaging its swollen papilla before pushing a hand down along the inside of my pelvis to caress my loins directly, feeling the clit there and tweaking it with two fingers.

Grabbing a washcloth from a nearby cabinet I gasped and then came sharply, flushing that cloth with my nectar as it surged from me repeatedly, my body tensing tightly, clenching even, every muscle in me flexing hard as I arched backward and came a couple more times till I simply dry heaved for several moments, and then collapsed backward with the wet cloth between my legs being held on with one hand.

“Oh my sweet lord…” I moaned, thinking of Sol’s skill as he loved me last night. I even lifted both knees and spread them, panting deeply as if he were still making love to me, my back arching and hips churning in tune to the rhythm he and I had made as that hard cock slid in and out of me.

It was all too real to be a dream. At the very least it was an illusion, which meant that there was a very real person behind Sol, but having had experience with illusions I knew that even in illusion there were certain things that couldn’t be faked. Moaning happily to myself, feeling vibrantly renewed from my recent orgasm, I sighed and relaxed. If I smoked I’d be puffing up a storm right now.

And then there was a knock on my door.

“Amy…” It was Mina. “Come to breakfast with Lita and me, Amy.”

"No thanks! I'm not dressed yet, and I'm…not… hungry…" I finished that statement slowly, realizing that I felt full. Either the illusion was so perfect that it made my mind think that it'd eaten all that seed… or it was no illusion.

Maybe it all was real. I'd swallowed so much supposed seed last night that I was no longer hungry at all right now, and rising, pulling the washcloth from my naked loins amidst wiping the excess off, I marveled at the sight of seminal juices in amongst my nectar. I felt elated and alive. That proved that this wasn't a dream… Sol was real.

"You sure?" Lita asked. "Bacon and eggs and pancakes…."

"I'm sure. Go on ahead… we'll meet up later." I called back.

"Ok." They both said and left as I hastily wiped my loins off and stuck the cloth in the hamper in the closet.

Then looking at myself in the mirror I looked at my face, saw the way my hair bounced about my head, how girlish I looked. Turning my head from side to side and then pursing my lips… I thought that today was the day that I finally do something about this girlish look of mine.

But first… I was late for class.

******

My body tensed again as I rushed from the most recent classroom, into the bathroom that was up the hall, threw the door open, surged into a stall and was already unbuckling my belt as I locked the stall door. Pushing pants and panties down about my ankles, I surged forward onto the toilet bowl, my hands slapping to the handicap bars as I tensed, tensed again, and then shot a hot jet of nectar into the toilet that steamed as it left me that it was so hot. My whole body tensed suddenly like it'd done this morning, my form hardening as every muscle on me flexed as hard as it could be flexed, lines, creases and contours revealing themselves between the individual muscles while I shuddered in that orgasm. I felt a burning in those tendons and muscles, felt as if they were being slowly torn apart like the pieces of a kneaded eraser, only to be pushed together again to re-heal as both nipples and clit ached that they were so aroused once that jet had leapt from me.

I sat there and panted when the spasming sensations had ended.

It was the exact same feeling from before, only a feeling of strength and vitality persisted now. I felt remarkably strong, engorged and alive. It was like the whole world pulling down on me suddenly felt less of a burden on my shoulders, leaving me light.

Wiping myself clean with some toilet paper, still panting and rising, pulling the pants and panties back up, I composed myself but then stopped. Tugging on the cuff of the blouse I had on, a cuff that used to always push against the base of the hand, I found that the cuff didn't quite reach the wrist anymore in which it used to overlap the wrist and push against the base of the hand. It was off by several full centimeters even. Tugging at the sleeve and trying to resettle its length, I found that it indeed was short.

"Either I've grown or this blouse has shrunk." I said aloud.

But being that silk doesn't shrink in the wash, I thought, *that can only mean that I've grown*

Pursing my lips together, the blue lipstick glistening, I rose and moved to the wash basin and looked at myself in the mirror, seeing that there were subtle changes happening to my face. First off my hair had grown since last night, and second of all was that the cheeks on my face appeared to be firmer. I pushed on one. Yes… definitely firmer.

It didn't take long for my brain to postulate that I was indeed… changing.

Swallowing, feeling the swell of magic in my navel, somewhere in my stomach or womb or both, feeling my skin tingling in the aftermath of such a change, I lifted a hand and clutched at it.

"Sol…" I said and looked to my fingernails, finding that the nails had grown longer too. "…He'd promised me power. But… how much power and what kind? Definitely there was something physical with it."

Swallowing I simply turned on my heel and hurried back to class.

******

I'd never been to a stylist before. My mother had always cut my hair and it usually involved a bowl on top of my head. It was a cute hairstyle, just not womanly… and it was old fashioned. I had to change it.

Sitting back in the chair, I'd selected a particular style from a photograph book, and the lithe man wearing a black turtleneck and tan slacks – as stereotypical for a male stylist could be, I was pretty sure he was light on his feet too – angled me backward and began to wash and condition my hair.

This man's hands were like magic though. He would've made a great boyfriend if he were into girls. I asked him about his lifestyle and he was open about it… told me anything I liked to know, speaking with a lisp and having absolutely the most feminine movements and stances and gestures. Called me "Honey" and "Darling" as he cut my hair.

"Oh you're just going to be absolutely fabulous in this style, honey. Few pick it because they don't have the face or hair color for it, but… I think blue is just the right color. Though I do suggest maybe bleaching some strands for a lighter color, give you some nice streaks. Yes… oh my you're going to be cute, but it's an adult cute. Just like my Ramón. He's cute but it's an adult cute… really adult… anyways, Ramón and I…"

I laid back with my eyes closed, listening to him talk, feeling my mind changing even. Having been so familiar with my mind, knowing it's nuances and the way that the synapses fired, I knew when something changed inside it. I was certain that I was changing then, I was changing both inside and out… my awareness of my sexuality was changing it and I could feel its power rising in me, supplemented by the power of my sweet god-king's power as I absorbed it, made it my own.

Absorbing power… I wondered immediately if I could do that with other things; absorb the strength and power of other entities, and as I laid there, having my hair being worked upon, sighing contentedly, I began to grow aroused.

******

It was a man's urinal that I was before, my body pushed into the dirty thing as my loins churned, my body clenched and tightened, and I came sharply in a long whizzing jet into the bowl while three other men who were watching me with their dicks in hand and their bodies pressed to the urinal with me nearby so that they could hide their assets or lack thereof from me, watched me do that.

This time I heard something. I heard the knotting of muscles and tendons, the groaning of bones being clenched tightly by the muscles they supported. I came again, and yet again, and still again, panting and gasping as each one lanced from me, guided by my fingers.

I must've appeared strange just then, the woman using the urinal thing aside, with me still wearing the barber's cloak and my hair in aluminum foil. Pulling pants and panties up again I looked to the three men who were watching me as if I were a curious thing.

"Women's bathroom was full and I really needed to go." I said with a nervous grin, and washing my hands and hurrying out, the three men just continued nodding. Surely they'd remember this happening till the day they died.

On my way out I turned one hand and saw the lengthened fingernails and the added distance between blouse cuff and wrist. It'd happened again. I really was changing… I was growing. And pausing outside the bathroom door, pulling the sleeve back along my arm that used to easily come up passed the elbow; I found that it got caught at the forearm now which meant that the muscles there had thickened. Indeed they looked bowed out near the elbow. I was growing stronger too.

"I need new clothes." I said aloud, and hurried back to the stylist. "Sorry." I said as I sat down.

"Think nothing of it. Even I need to pee real bad that I must use a woman's stall. Now where were we? Ah yes… making you beautiful!"

******

Heads were turning as I passed, men were looking and their wives or girlfriends were giving them a tough smack for doing so, but then again there was even the occasional woman who was looking at me with pure envy dripping off her gaze… while even a few rarer ones were looking at me passionately.

I smiled, catching my reflection occasionally in a mirror of a shop, and then when I passed by one I stopped, and looked at my clothes. Pursing my lips and then looking down at the clothes I was wearing, I stepped forward and then looked passed the image at some new clothes that were on display that were perfectly positioned in the window where with my reflection, I was able to see myself in them.

Well they always said that the clothes made the man… or woman in this case. I was tired of being considered a girl, looking like a girl. I was a woman now damn it… time to look, act and dress like one. And so stepping sideways and sliding into the shop, I decided it was now time to update my wardrobe.

******

Hey there, my name's Lita… or Sailor Jupiter.

Mina – Sailor Venus or Sailor V as she was also known – sat across from me, her breasts resting on the table as she rested her cheek on a hand. She slurped from a smoothie while I drummed my fingers on a book.

"Ok Lita… this isn't like her. When has Amy ever been late for something?" Mina asked me. "She didn't show up for class. I mean there isn't that many courses that I can actually be in that she is, so when she doesn't show up I notice it. And missing from school?! That's like… end of the world stuff! So what happened? A terrorist? Sickness? Kidnapping?"

I rolled my eyes. "Mina… It isn't the end of the world cause we're still here. It wasn't a terrorist or we would've heard something about. She's not sick, cause she was fine – relatively speaking – this morning. It wasn't a kidnapping because she doesn't know anyone with money and she's… well let's face it, she's not the sort of girl that would put the va-va-va-voom in some guy for them to kidnap her for that other reason. She doesn't even have a boyfriend."

"Neither do you." Mina pouted. I think she wanted something to go wrong all so that she could go all Sailor Venus and rescue the day. We've all been bored since all the shadow kingdoms and such stopped happening, and we were all missing the old combat stresses and sending the bad guy's crying home to mommy. I was getting out of shape. Needed to go to the Gym or the ice rink or… something!

"At least I'm working on that." I said testily, and lifting my own smoothie sucked from its straw and then saw something that made me stop sucking in disbelief.

“But I’m getting worried. Where is she?!” Mina repeated.

“Mina…” I said with the straw exiting my mouth with a high-pitched pop.

“That does it Lita. We need to get everyone together, scour Tokyo till…”

“Mina…” I said again, still staring.

“What?!” she complained that I’d stopped her.

“You’re right… it is the end of the world.”

“What?” she blinked and looked at me if I were strange.

“Turn around.” I managed at last and she did, and she became just as dumbstruck as I was at the sight of Amy approaching us.

She was… she was beautiful! She vibrated in a blue glow made up of her eye shadow that was blue, her lipstick that was blue, her hair that was blue, and her dress that was mostly blue. But those were just objects… They didn’t appropriately describe what she was now.

Her hair had always been a simple mop atop her head; it all just sort of just hung down about her brow and ears, never really having fallen below the shoulders. It was simple… it fit her then. It was simple to upkeep, simple to take care of and wash. Washing and upkeep had always been too much of a bother for her when there was science and math and learning to do. What it was now was that it swept across her forehead from one side to the other, held back by a visible blue hair clips while two long trails of hair fell loosely before either ear. The back of her hair had been cut into a cleft save for a short, thin braid held with dark blue thread that trailed down her back.

It was very tres chic.

Gone were the traditional blouse or the traditional skirt or slacks, and instead she wore a full body dress. An actual dress! She had maybe one dress for formal occasions, unlike Venus who had several closets worth of dresses. So much so that she rented storage for it all. Amy’s new dress was long, down to her ankles and laden with buttons, but the buttons weren’t all fastened. The buttons from the bottom upward to just above the knees were undone to allow her legs freedom to walk, but so too were several of the buttons from the simple white collar downward… low enough to show off her chest between the swells, actual swells, of her breasts. Not to be mean, but Amy was nearly flat, so to actually show off a little tit meant that she was finally developing. She always was a late bloomer. The sleeves were light and translucent and only came down to the elbows, but all in all that dress suited her.

She wore pumps that were once again mainly blue, sapphire and silver earrings decorated her ears, and as she grew closer we could both see that she was wearing stylish new glasses… blue rimmed of course, and… thigh stockings? Again… blue.

“Hey you guys!” she greeted and set down several shopping bags filled with things onto the floor of the little side walk café we liked to eat at.

Mina immediately reached into her hand bag and gripped something. I didn’t have to even peak to know what it was. It was her rod to transform into Sailor Venus.

“Ok… who are you and what have you done to Amy?!” Mina stated tersely, standing there as Amy calmly took a seat and crossed her legs quite femininely. She usually sat with ankles crossed beneath her and thighs pressed together, but with her dress unbuttoned the way it was, it would practically allow anyone

who wanted to look right up her dress to see what Mina and I could see now, which were a pair of lace blue panties, or down her dress to see her breasts directly.

She'd been known to wear other colors, so seeing her in so many shades of blue, and not any sort of blue but complimenting blues even, with the only other color she wore being white, meant that something very grand had changed about our Amy.

"Mina, it's me. I just wanted a change of look." Amy mentioned and I lowered to my seat. "You believe me, don't you Lita?"

"I don't know. You were acting strange this morning, Amy." I smirked, but then my smirk diminished. "You're acting strange now."

"It's something like when Queen Beryl kidnapped her and exposed her to Metaria's power! Lita you grab an arm… we're hauling her strait to Serena so that we can…"

"Mina that's enough…" I said at last. "Now sit down before you let everyone know our pasts."

She sat down but kept her eyes on Amy. Staring at Amy, still not sure, I reached out and took Amy's hand. Without a moment of hesitation she turned her hand and gave mine a squeeze. I looked into her eyes as she looked at me from over the rims of her glasses. She looked at me, seemed to will me to believe, and squeezed my hand a little tighter.

"It's her." I said at last as she and I relinquished each other before I grabbed my smoothie and sucked from it a good long mouthful.

"Wait… what?! Just like that?! You look at her for five seconds and immediately you can tell it's her?!"

"Can't you?" I said slyly looking at Mina as she settled back down and took her seat again.

Amy merely smiled at her as the waiter arrived. "And what will you have miss?"

And just for Mina, Amy did a very Amy like thing, and using her middle finger, showing off blue nail polish on all her fingernails which were long and manicured now, she pushed her glasses that were tinted blue back up onto the bridge of her nose.

"Blueberry…" Amy smirked. And then it was as if the tension never happened. Amy was Amy… she… just had a new packaging on.

******

I rushed into the bathroom of the café, this time the women's stall, going into the handicapped stall as I felt my loins raging between my legs. A simple tug on the buttons of the dress I wore popped them all open, disgorging my naked breasts, revealing their erect nipples. The blue lace panties I wore had side-ties to them that were simple enough to rip off me before I collapsed onto the toilet seat. My brain flashed back to the fire and heat of passion with Sol, feeling his cock piercing me, shoving itself deep, deep inside me, and with that flashback I felt both Labia swell and engorge, distending as they rounded out and clenched, pinching the clit between them while a torrential build up of juices swelled behind them. With panties gripped in one hand my navel rolled and I gasped, my back arched and I heard the groaning of tensing muscles, the popping and cracking of bones, until with a sordid lance I came in a long pissing climax that shot from me into the toilet, exuding more steam as it exited from me. But it wasn't just a simple release… this was a pressurized lance that lasted several long seconds that got me to tense and whimper, lifting my legs a little to brace them on the tiptoes as all that hot juicy nectar slid from me. There was a second tensing and I heard two crunching snaps in my waist as my hips widened, and several grinding vertebrae and groaning arm and leg bones while my skeleton realigned itself.

This climax was heavier than the one before it which was heavier than the one before that… I couldn't imagine what the next one would be like.

"Oh my lord, my sweet Sol… what did you do to me?" I whimpered, and I came again, and then a third time… and then came the dry heaves, and each time I tensed harder and harder than the moment before, and with a gasp it all relaxed and I practically fell off the seat before slipping a hand between my thighs and caressing the twin labia there that were both supremely erect an bulbous enough for the lips to press against my inner thighs. They felt as if they'd been stretched from Sol's mighty cock, and had become superbly strong because of it. I was almost certain that the only cock that would be able to pierce me would be his.

Withdrawing my hand and pulling out some of the syrupy sticky mucus I inserted it into my mouth and tasted a super-sweet, blue berry-like nectar that spilled from me.

Every time this happened to me, every time I experienced one of these flash backs, felt my lord's sweet loving rippling back on me, I felt a boost of the magics in me. But also every time it happened I felt stronger… and I changed minutely. My only question was to how far it would go…

It took a short while for me to compose myself, clean my loins off, reapply my panties and dress and set the strands of hair atop me back into place. Taking a moment to reapply my makeup, I came back out to Mina and Lita as if nothing had happened, grabbed my things and excused myself for my next class. I had to go back to school after all. I already missed one class, so I couldn't afford to miss any more. My friends understood that, and Mina even mentioned: "Now that's the Amy I know of." Before I hoisted everything and hurried onto my next class.

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Something strange continued to occur through the course of the remainder of that day. A sort of pressure in my loins, a pressure in my chest, a tensing repeatedly of every muscle in me. It was energy, it was power, diffusing into me and wrapping itself into each little sinew and cell that was in me. I felt hot; I perspired a lot, feeling the sweat trickling down my sensually changing body while I sat in class. It was so overwhelming that it was all I could do to pay attention in class while patting at my chest with a laced lavender-blue handkerchief from time to time. Any little movement I did rubbed both nipples against the clothes I was wearing and my pussy was trying to devour the crotch of the panties I was wearing that they were so full. It was a good thing that it was silk-like fabric, anything else and my sex would be rubbed raw. This, however, meant that those panties were now see-through from the moisture of ejaculate and sweat.

So crossing my legs to pinch that love mound of mine between them, and focusing on my studies, I tried everything that I could to stay aware of at least the professor. Till I chanced to look down and paused at the sight of both the mammary papilla decorating my chest muscles had swollen outward subtly through the course of the day. From their girlish A-cups that they'd been this morning, the pair of them had increased at least two cup sizes toward C cups. Pressing in on one with the eraser end of a mechanical pencil, I felt a subtle smile slowly cross my face… especially when I viewed how superbly erect the nipples were showing through the dress I wore now.

Chancing to look about me then, I noticed that there were several guys who were also watching me. One waved shyly.

I felt moisture slip from me at the thought that guys wanted me, the sticky wet slick moistening my pussy as that love-mound throbbed ecstatically between my legs in its desire to be pierced again, its mass throbbing as I felt it swelling. I had to control this orgasmic sensation turn it inward, but through the course of that one class the tightness in my chest had become palpable, and little by little those tits swelled and swelled, till they actually popped a button!

Several guys trembled as they watched this, the button disgorging the mammary flesh that was now pressing against each other. It was an odd new feeling knowing that sensation. Most women grew into the

sensation slowly over weeks or months or even years, so they never knew the sudden experience of their breasts being able to press against each other. It tantalized me as they swelled into D's, maybe double-D's or even E-cups, and even though I was holding back the orgasmic lances that made my pussy wet and moist, I nonetheless had to inspect those breasts!

So after class I slid into a bathroom and pulled open the chest section of the dress and fished out those two rounded mammaries that were firm and taut despite their increased size. Usually a woman's breasts softened and drooped, but these two things were as firm as they were when I first started to develop breasts as a girl but sadly didn't develop anything more than buds, with the pair of them being tight and firm to the touch as they projected off my chest. Gaining a blush on my cheeks, I caressed the pair, soothed the pair, pressing legs together as I tantalized the nipple, felt the puffiness of the areola, growing even further aroused. A few moments later I was pulling all my clothes on and sitting down on the toilet stuck my fingers into me and wrought out a heady orgasmic lance just to release the tension. And just like the times before, and now that I was bringing the orgasmic force out on my own, my body tensed, it clenched, every muscle bunching and hardening in me, rippling and rolling as if the whole of me were working to thrust that ejaculate from me, and as it did I grew stronger, thicker, and more deeply laden with muscle.

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Meteorologists reported a freak storm approaching, one that they weren't able to predict. It gathered near late afternoon as the sun started going down, the clouds spontaneously generating over Tokyo. It began to sprinkle on me on the way back home, and I stood there for a moment as the rain water fell against me, glancing against my flesh, trickling between either fattened breast that had both engorged to decided G-cups now.

I was so hot and bothered throughout the course of the day that when the cooling rain fell against me, I just stood there not caring how it might dishevel my new hairdo or run my make up, it was just a comfort to me to feel the rain against my skin. For a moment I contemplated opening my dress, let the rain water fall against the bare flesh of my bodice, let me run naked through the rain.

Instead I hurried back to the dorm room, and after surging inside my room and locking the door, my chest heaving with its swollen breasts straining against the bodice of the gown I wore – I'd have to readjust the synching strings and ties of the dress later – I pulled the gown open, all the button snaps popping off immediately to bare my naked breasts and navel and thighs to the open air. I stood for a moment, rubbing both thighs together, feeling my pussy being pressured between them. The feel of the cool evening rain-filled air of my room licked my body, and I cooed before tugging on the ties of the panties I still wore, flipping open the fabric and pulling its back from between my butt cheeks where it'd wedged in there. Dropping that garment then, I began to rub both hands into my crotch, trying to coax it toward another orgasm.

I cooed and sighed, both nipples throbbing in tune with the clit between my legs while the heavily laden breasts I owned now wobbled and jostled and occasionally pressed against each other. It felt as if my cunt had grown and thickened while the labia themselves had flared widely to bare the crevice down their center and a rather large and red clit. And then I took to caressing my thighs downward and then my belly, and I stopped, my eyes snapping open as I felt something strange, and arching myself, looking down at my naked body from between the swollen mounds of my cleavage, I saw that my hands weren't lying to me. There it was… a trim and shapely belly compressed into a deep hourglass shape and bisected right down the middle by a deep creasing line separating the two halves of the muscle groups. I felt the deep groove between the two sides of my belly that bisected the belly button, the shape carved from my navel in such a way only months of sit ups could ever hope to develop for me. My waist hadn't widened but my hips had. They were womanly hips, wide and well-rounded, perfect child-rearing hips.

I'd thickened over the course of the day, something that was more than apparent as I looked at my arms and thighs, seeing how firm and thick they were. Ice-skater thighs and apple-picker arms they appeared, and moving to the closet door and opening it to look at my image, I immediately smiled in wonder as I caressed my breasts with either hand and then smoothed those hands over my body.

I was taller, stronger… lovelier. I smiled at myself… loving how I looked for the first time that I could remember. I thought I even looked sexual, womanly… yet still cute.

And then there was a loud smack against the window that startled me, and surging onto my bed to kneel on it and lift the window, holding the bosom of the dress closed over my chest, I looked out to see what'd hit the window, and finding nothing shut it again. And then smirking, wondering if the sound came from somewhere else, I just dismissed it. I was on the third story after all. What could get up here? And so opening the folds of that dress, I took to fondling my new breasts, exploring its sexuality when there was a tapping at the window.

Blinking and covering my breasts, my head jerked to one side to look over one shoulder in order to show me… well… I don't know.

There was some sort of creature there, with a sad wide-eyed look on its face. It was all reptilian with a long tail and a great pair of leathery wings folded at its back, the little guy about the size of a baby in its body size, with a long neck and a smallish head. He tapped on the window again with a claw, the rain pouring down in him and making him look pathetic.

"Please open the door, my lady. As much as it would please me to watch you play with your boobies, my fire could go out sitting out here in the rain…"

I moved to the window and opened it, and he fell promptly forward onto the bed and coughed hoarsely as I closed the window again and drew the shade.

"W-who… *what* are you?" I gasped as he shivered, and grabbing the edges of the blanket on my bed, he wrapped up inside of it so that just his head and parts of his hands and feet showed outside, his tail wrapping about him to cover those long clawed feet of his.

He had a green body with yellow stylish marking down his back from forehead to tail that looked like tribal tattoos… but on his forehead was an emblem. I'd seen emblems like that on the foreheads of Luna, Artemis and Diana, their supposed child in the future, theirs being a gold crescent moon, but his was… well… a hollowed gold sunburst.

"I am…" he sneezed, and a puff of smoke and two small flames the size of those generated by cigarette lighters burst from his nostrils while his horns and great big ears along with a pair of antennae all spread open during that moment. "Archimedes." He finished and rubbed his nostrils with one finger while sniffing deeply. "And I am… a noble dragon!" and he rose to his tip toes, using the blanket on my bed like a great big cloak as he thrust a finger up in the air.

And then he sneezed again and I spasmed backward and covered my chest with a hand in surprise as the flame briefly became a billowing fireball that dissipated before it caught something on fire.

"Sorry about that. Rain and all… I think I have a cold." He said and grinned sheepishly, showing off a mouth full of fangs and sharp teeth, a quarter of which were grinding molars.

Smirking I sat down on the bed beside him. "Ok… now that I know who and what… now I'd like to know from where."

"I am the Grand Advisor to Sol himself. And he sent me to… to… ah-ah-AH…." I covered his nostrils with finger and he held the sneeze in, making a bit of a honk before he rubbed his own nose. "Thank you." He inhaled a snerking sound and then bowed deeply, folding his wings like a cloak and splaying one hand off to his side. "Sol sent me to guide you, my queen." He said and rose. I've been given certain powers and authorities to act on his behalf and…" he droned off, looking at my chest for a moment. "Zounds what mounds… I mean…" and he blushed and looked sharply at the ceiling. "I am sorry! I forgot myself my queen… you are simply so pleasing to look at and… I… he clasped his hands together and cringed toward

me, ears and horns and antennae flattening against the back of his head. “Please don’t tell Sol. He’d be…” and he tapered off again and started drooling at my breasts. “…rather hooters, I mean cross at me.”

Smirking and unshouldering my dress, laying it on the bed, I scootched closer to him and pulled him to me while keeping the blanket about him. This effectively left me naked with a little dragon in my arms. He was surprisingly light.

“I won’t tell him.” I said and started scratching his chin, laying him against one of the fattened breasts that had grown from my chest. He began to purr loudly and enjoyed the chin and then a belly scratch as I held him. “But do you have a shorter name? Archimedes is a bit long.”

“A-Archie. Goo…” he said simply and laid back pawing at the air like a cat might, his tail wagging like a dog’s.

“Ok Archie… now what is it that you can advise me on?”

His head snapped upward and he immediately flipped to his feet and turned before bowing low again like before, but this dipped his head into my lap which fit his long muzzle right in between my thighs and pelvis to get him a snout full of the pheromones eking from me. When he smelled that he opened his eyes and saw where he was, a stupid look came across his face as he started purring a cackling-purr again before shaking his head and rising again. “Curse Sol for sending me to attend such a beautiful female… but!” and he raised a finger pointedly before folding his hands together. “The first task my king gave me was to inform you about… the Void…”