

Episode 2: The Void – *The Ultimate Incarnation of Hate and Evil*

There were spaces between the celestial bodies of the universe, its why we called the area beyond our atmosphere ‘*Space*.’ In that space, essentially, or so far as we were aware, was nothing. But again, that was as far as we were aware... Certain celestial events were there, true, like quarks or comets, or, on occasion, there was something that was better known as black holes.

“We don’t know where The Void ultimately comes from; all we know is that The Void was spat out of the deepest, darkest place in the cosmos, a black hole.” Archimedes was explaining as he sipped from some hot chocolate I’d made for him. I was still naked, feeling more comfortable this way, dressing only briefly to get him the hot water for the cocoa, but immediately upon returning I got naked again. He certainly didn’t mind. Sitting there with my newly grown breasts settled against their thickened chest muscles, my thick legs crossed while I leaned back on one arm to address him, Archimedes continued.

“His power is incredible, possibly greater than Sol’s being that our lord and king is a young sun after all, and even the eldest suns are nothing in comparison to the destructive power of black holes.

“When The Void came to the Earth millions of years ago, he nearly destroyed us. There were people there then, of course, and all the planets of the solar system were habitable. Queen Serenity had committed herself to save her King of the Earth, but... well... you know that meteorite that your scientists say killed off the dinosaurs?” I nodded. “Well it wasn’t a meteor.” I blinked. “You study Geology, right?” again I nodded, interested at what he was getting at. “Do you know that whole impact zone in Venezuela and the waters of the Atlantic north of Venezuela where your scientists believed the meteorite struck?”

“The one that forms a mountain around Venezuela and a sea shelf about the Virgin Islands?” I asked in response.

Archie nodded. “Despite that there’s a huge crater there, whatever happened to all the debris of the meteorite or the Earth that was thrown up from it?” I blinked. “That’s because it wasn’t a meteorite that struck the Earth. That was Sol. He used all his power, destroyed the Void’s minions, snatched back all the many princesses of the planets from death after their worlds were scoured and banished the Void... not destroyed, banished. The Void was too powerful even for him to destroy. Power great enough to wipe nearly all life off the Earth and break the continents from Pangea... that was Sol.

“It didn’t happen two hundred million years ago, it happened about sixty-five million years ago... it’s just that the after effects of Sol’s anger of loosing you, his daughter, all the other princesses... all the planets practically dying to some unknown enemy...” he sighed. “...The ‘*Continental Drift*’ is the slow down from his wrath. You might see this slow down evident in the fact that earthquakes in the Pacific Rim, or the tectonic plate your Japan here sits on, is slowing down.

“And the best he was able to do to The Void with all that power, cleansing the other planets and decimating the Earth for ages... was to banish him.”

“Well if he’s banished, then we shouldn’t worry.” I said, and Archie stared at me. “Don’t we?”

“He, she, it... whatever The Void is though we’re pretty sure he is a he, is coming back.” Archie said, and I swallowed. “Sol banished him back to space, locked him in a stone and set him amidst the countless rocks that make the asteroid belt. But he’s managing to come back, somehow he’s managed to maneuver himself so that the last time the Hale-Bopp comet came through our solar system it knocked him toward Earth, and as we speak Amy... he’s making planet fall somewhere on your Earth. And if we know that bastard well enough... then he’s going to make planet fall right near here.” And he pointed to the ground.

“Why here?”

“Because he’s an evil bastard. He wants revenge of course, and what better way than to mete revenge against Sol than to kill his beloved, his daughter, and all their friends. Mark my words, Amy... this isn’t

like any of the other times you've gone up against an enemy, who wishes to conquer the Earth, The Void only desires to absorb the life of the Earth, and cast himself off onto the next planet, and the next... till all is destroyed.

"I've been tasked to prepare you and have very little time to do so, Amy... so listen carefully... for I must prepare you for him."

My name is Serena, formerly known as Queen Serenity in another life, Queen of the Moon Kingdom and now known as Sailor Moon. I sighed as I stepped into my bedroom again, wearing a pink silk shift that fell to the knees, but whenever I passed by a window in which the moon light, escaping through the recent rains, that shift turned translucent to reveal my woman's body as I approached my man.

Darien was sitting on the edge of the bed, the only thing covering him being my bed blankets wrapped about his waist with a wicked tent being pitched by his erection.

"Ready again, are you?" I mused as I approached him, palming his face with the fingers of both hands.

He in turn lifted the hem of my shift, pushing it upward with one hand gripping my bottom and squeezing it, and the other palming my sex that was recently cleaned from showering, his fingers sliding along the cleft between vaginal lips, pressing in on the clitoris. His very touch, his very voice got me wet, and his fingers were blessed with the moisture of my sex.

Without another word his hand against my bottom rose along the back, pulling up the shift to bare my navel, in which glittered a beautiful diamond navel ring... the thing must've cost thousands of yen, and however he produced these priceless marvels for me, showering me practically with gifts of affection I'd never know, but nonetheless I wore it for him. He bent and kissed my navel, a navel that was tight and firm for a woman, but a navel that was empty.

No... not empty as in hungry... empty as in that my womb was empty. It might be foolish, we weren't married yet, but we were already trying for our daughter. Who knows... maybe we weren't supposed to be immortal like Amy thought... maybe some time travel thing is supposed to move us all forward, I didn't know... neither did Darien. So we were trying for a baby already.

I wanted my daughter back, and this time, other than her coming to me from another time, I wanted to hold her fresh from passing from my body and watch her nurse from my breast; I wanted Darien to be the father; I wanted to feel the sensation of a life growing within me.

So amidst his kisses, I helped him with the soft pink shift, pulling it upward and off my breasts, rendering me naked with my long hair cascading down past my bottom, and dropping the shift, I pushed the blankets away from his loins, revealing that thick horn of is, before I deftly slid onto it and felt it's thickness push my woman's musculature out of the way, penetrating me deeply.

Love-making came easily... we'd done it so often now, and my bowels and loins had loosened enough where I could slide right onto him, descend to the hilt as easily as if he and I were made for each other. Possibly we were... and so climbing up onto him, I pushed him back onto the bed and began to ride him, let him and his constant work in trying to please me take a rest while I gave him pleasure this time.

I'd been reading up on sex books and reproduction, and I took the right stance to get him to cum... not right away... that would come later.

Serena always looked beautiful in the moonlight, especially how she laid there, breasts naked against her chest, their nipples and areola erect from her arousal with the blankets about her waist. She'd lost the

snoring effect puberty cursed her with, and now she slept soundly. Thank goodness. Getting up, spent penis hanging down over the limp sack of spent seed, its girth full yet flaccid, I moved to clean my loins off before getting dressed in boxers and sweats, pulling a muscle shirt and then a hoodie on, I slipped on both shoes and then slid back to Serena, sitting next to her as I caressed one of her breasts, thumbing the nipple.

It's been a long, hard bumpy life to get to this point... calling her *'meatball head'* all the time because of that ridiculous hair style she gave herself, having to avoid her for all that time because I was fooled into believing she'd perish if I didn't... strange things could be done to a man when his heart was in love. We'd be willing to betray our nations, ourselves, our comrades and more for a beautiful woman.

I went through many different masks in that time, and now... now all that was behind us, there were no more masks and she and I could be together, acting like man and wife despite the wedding day was so far off.

Boy she had great breasts, a fine ass and...

Serena sighed and then turned, looking up at me, and smiling, I smiled back, right as she caressed my groin and got it hard again. "More..." she mused, her fingers closing about the shaft of my erecting manhood through sweats and shorts before she rose to slide her hand beneath the muscle shirt and hoodie I wore. I looked at her smiling, and half an hour later I was sitting on the edge of the bed after having made love to her again as she wavered in between sleep and awake. For the second time I rose, and again she sighed...

"Mm... no... don't go." She said and I sat down again, sliding in against her as she moved to embrace my middle. "Just... stay with me till I'm asleep." She sighed. "I don't want to go to sleep alone anymore."

It was the sigh that got me, the sigh that made me do as she wished of me, and sitting there quietly, I lifted a hand and began to run it through her hair. I stayed with her till well after she'd fallen asleep. When I arose yet again, dressing again, this time I was able to leave her bedroom, leave her house, locking her door with the spare key she gave me so that I could come and go when necessary. We were going to move in together next month.

Getting on my moped, I couldn't afford anything bigger at the moment; all my monies were being saved for the marriage with Serena right now. I liked to give flowers and she liked to receive them, I liked giving her jewelry that I gave her and she like to receive them as well, but little did she know, or the other Sailor Scouts for that matter, was that I had a certain ability as the reborn King of the Earth. All the resources of the Earth were mine to summon and command, same as with the other Scouts... only the resources of the Earth were much greater than they were for them. Where did they think I got all those sharpened roses from?

Was it truly so strange? The Sailor Scouts could summon their clothing and uniforms or their breastplates for themselves, so why would it be strange that I could create flowers and clothes myself... or jewelry? I was studying art in its myriad of forms so that I could organize my thoughts better and create more ornate and beautiful things for Serena. The navel ring was my pride and joy... and I loved seeing it decorating her belly.

Her belly. Most men got nervous when it came to thinking of their girl getting pregnant. It meant a bigger responsibility, for a baby was another to protect and provide for, another mouth to feed. Here I was, not even married yet, and I was already trying to get her insatiable sexual desires to produce our daughter. I wanted a son... I'd love to have a son, but... as it appeared, Serena would only give birth to a daughter. Luna had told us that her lineage has forever been mother to daughter, and even then only one daughter was ever produced.

It was a rather painful thought that I could never bounce a boy on my knee, but I'd consigned myself to that.

Kicking the motor of the moped into gear, too tired to pedal after so much 'working out' I navigated my little vehicle through the empty streets of Tokyo, to the very edge of the city on my way to my secluded apartment, enjoying the clean air from the recent rain when something caught my eye. Looking up I saw a streak of fiery light arch downward from the sky and strike the earth with a boom.

Blinking, rising of the seat and standing on the street on tip-toes as my bike idled, never having seen a meteorite before, I kicked the vehicle forward and rode through the streets, riding off the road and up the hill to where there was a soft red glow. And at the top of the hill was a crater. Parking my bike and getting out to inspect our strange visitor from outer space, I found my way to the crater and peered down, seeing a rock there resting in the ground. The peculiar thing about it, though, was that the rock was cracked and was burning an angry red it seemed.

At first I thought that it was just molten inside, but the rock throbbed and pulsated, and it did so in a way that could only be considered a pattern. Rising before it, I gave a start as I heard a sudden snapping break that cleaved the rock into several pieces. I'd thought that it was about to explode, but just then some black-as-pitch viscous fluid started pouring out, and it started to churn and rise, coiling and roiling, separating the pieces of the rock.

Having seen enough horror movies that involved viscous things falling from space and eating people, I kept my distance, watching as the fluids churned together and shaped into a blob that was taller than a man as it rose, separating the rock pieces before there was a shift and the black ooze suddenly disgorged white blotches everywhere that churned on the surface.

Still amazed, the tendrils twisting together now, tightening and bending, I blinked as the white bubbles rapidly surged to various points of the body, right as fingers and toes formed, each finger and each toe hooking into claws, the hands fitting through two rocks of the meteorite that were like gauntlets, the legs through two more pieces that were like boots, with the big toe of either foot being covered with a rock, and the outer three fingers of either hand also being covered by rock sheathes that enclosed all three fingers as one. Two angular shoulder guards formed and a chest plate cracked open and spread to either side of the chest, leaving another stone over the crotch and sternum, this... thing, then grew long twisting tendrils for hair and then solidified into a vaguely male shape. I say vaguely because there were still feminine-looking shapes to it, like an effeminate male, the rock plates looking vaguely like breasts despite that the crotch plate bulged grandly as if it contained a penis.

And then four red eyes opened and looked at me, and suddenly I clutched at my head and screamed as billions of voices started screaming at me all at once, this creature, with a huge codpiece protecting its loins and two cupping plates cupping his chest stepped toward me, grabbing me by the throat and lifting me off the ground as I agonized amidst the many voices. It stared at me for a moment with those four burning eyes that wafted red mist from them as it turned my head from side to side before lifting one hand to my face the two visible fingers liquefied immediately and tendrils fed into my ears, eyes, nose and mouth as I gurgled deeply.

Providence, prince Darien, must've brought you to me. The utterly astronomical possibilities that it would be you who came here, and not some random denizen of this inferior planet boggles even my mind. Know that before I am done with you, your beloved Serenity will perish, her friends and companions will die, all life on your world will be mine along with its resources, and I will strangle Sol with my bare hands. Now welcome, King Darien... to an eternity in hell.

"The Void will need to hide, or at least he'll need a host to exist within till he's strong enough to exist on his own." Archie was finishing. "Fresh from prison he'll be weakened, and Sol's very light will hurt and harm him, but that won't make him any less dangerous. He'll need a body to subside within, the stronger the better and the more magically inclined the better.

“When last he came here he chose a male host, but the Void, by himself, looks rather male, so, we still assume he is a he.”

I nodded. “And he’s coming here, now?”

“Right here... right now.” He said and finished his hot chocolate that’d gone cold before putting the cup down and wrapping himself up in my blanket again.

I rubbed both hands together and then looked him right in the eye. “Archie... how... can I go see Sol again?”

His gaze focused on me with an expression as if I should know the answer to this. “How did you go see him before?” I blushed deeply in answer. “Why don’t you try that again? But before you do, do you have anymore cocoa? I don’t get very many sweets where I come from.”

I shook my head to clear it. “Ah... um... yeah.” I said and rose to get him a cocoa packet and a bottle of water. “But ah... what do I do with you? I mean, there aren’t too many dragons around here, and this room is small and... ah... privacy would be nice.”

He opened the packet and added it to the mug and then poured the water into it. “You needn’t worry about me my queen; I’m going to sleep for now.” And he blew some fire into the mixture of cocoa and water and it steamed immediately before he yawned deeply and spread his wings, gripping the blanket with one of his feet before flying to the top of my bookshelf. “Never mind me... I promise not to watch.”

I sat there as he pushed the blanket back, creating a sort of nest up there and then disappearing within it with his cocoa. I bit my lower lip, hearing nary a sound from him before laying back, head against the pillow as I looked between those newly swollen breasts of mine, down the length of my body, to the swollen pubic mound between my thighs. Lifting a hand I slid it up and down its slit, caressing the clit and shivered, and then bringing the other hand in I began to coax and caress myself, cajoling that sex, biting my lower lip as I arched, thinking of a great big male with a huge cock piercing me as I had the other night even as I spread the lips open, focusing on Sol, putting everything that my powerful mind could muster into the act till at long last...

The same brilliant pulse as before exploded inside me like an orgasm, orgasming physically with a release of fluids, but also orgasming magically with an explosion of magical forces. I sought to remember that sensation, remember how to bring forth that pleasureable explosion of magical energies from within me as those magics expressed themselves in a multi-colored explosion of pure joy. I tried to remember the flow, the process the steps to get this explosion to happen, like trying to remember how to get myself to orgasm the first time that I’d dared to pleasure myself.

And sure enough, when the flash ended I found myself curled up on the floor, shuddering briefly as both the physical and magical expression of joy waned somewhat within me and I found myself in Sol’s throne room again. With a gasp I spasmed upward, breasts bouncing and wobbling as I turned, only to find him already there before me, gossamer wings spreading above him as he slid his arms beneath me, cradling me and lifting me upward to him.

I immediately rolled into his embrace, kissing and nuzzling him as he embraced me. “You’ve grown already.” He said, and I murred, hefting a tit and squeezing it, getting my milk to escape from the teat.

“You’ve already given me more than I ever thought I’d get.” I mentioned as he lifted me and bent his head to suck off some of that milk from me and then moved to kiss me again before I was being lowered into some hot steamy water.

I knew not how grand his palace was, but it apparently had many rooms, and this one was the bath, and his bath was apparently a grand pool deep enough where I was at where I had to swim, the whole of it surrounded by marble columns and tiles with grand white stone works and statues of naked men and

women of supreme strength and beauty. My Sol rose then and removing his robes, he sat on the edge of the pool and was about to enter when I swam to him and palmed his knees, applying pressure to those knees to get him to spread them wide enough to bare his cluster. And then reaching forward, arms and breasts hanging over the lip of the pool, I began to massage that groin of his, getting it to telescope and then erect, all so that I could suck more off from him.

He smiled at me even as my lips fastened upon that bulbous cock as he began to caress my blue hair with a hand.

“How foolish of me. You still want to feed.”

I gasped as I came off his cock, feeling it still thickening as I held onto it with both hands, its length slowly throbbing. “I want more my lord. I want to be as powerful and as beautiful as you.” And then I fell, and again started to suck on that tasty cock of his, sucking as hard as a person might need to in order to get an especially thick malt up through a straw. As his erection curved upward it began pulling me out of the water, and he again pushed it down for me.

“All in due time my beloved.” He mentioned, and then began that constant stream of ejaculate that I began to swallow fervently without stopping, my belly filling with its energy, and my breasts firming up immediately as I started to lactate quickly, quick enough to make them both swell from how engorged they were, right until I squirted his lap with twin streams of my own.

When I awoke the next day, my mind was so numbed that I didn't know where let alone who I was. For that matter my mind was so numb that I wasn't sure what I was or even what gender. I felt so groggy. Ever so slowly I began to understand that I was a male, simply because I had a wicked case of morning wood. Laying there, drooling into a pillow, slowly everything started coming back to me.

My name was Darien Phillips. I'm a college student. I have a fiancée... and then all the weird stuff started assailing me, like that my fiancée was Serena, who was also known as Sailor Moon, and I was Tuxedo Mask and... oi.

I got up, but found myself naked. For the moment I really didn't care how I got that way as I knelt there in the bed that I was at. My muscular body tensed and the penis at the base of my loins twitched and erected hard as I turned and rose, going into automatic mode as I moved groggily to the tiny little bathroom I had, into a shower stall with no bath that was only large enough for a single adult person to be inside and heaven forbid that person be overweight or else there'd be no turning around in this thing. It was about as small as a shower stall on a boat.

Turning on the water, my mind still shaking, still churning to process information, I felt like that time I was given morphine. The mind shut certain things off and you just entered into a euphoric dizzy state, a sensation that was very similar to what I was feeling now while I stood there in the water. But despite that mental state, there was one thing I felt very well, the fact that I had an erection, the fact that my wood was erect and hard and was throbbing, the nads clenching against my lower extremities to force semen into the underbelly of that cock and the whole mass throbbing in order to evacuate it all. I looked down as shower water poured down on me, and I don't even remember when I turned the water on. Drooling, reaching down to touch the thing, it leapt, the muscles surging thicker its length actually increasing by several inches, the circumcised head flaring and its girth broadening and its length reddening and then purpling slightly. Veins throbbed about hardened muscle ribs, the sort of cock that could tear right through a pair of jeans and underpants to get at the loins beneath with a single push growing from my pelvis, its length assured to reach the deepest depths of a person's bowels as I massaged and then squeezed it. I remembered vaguely about making love to Serena last night so much that both nads were completely drained. So why were they this full and throbbing again in only a few short hours? That sort of blue-balls should take months of not even touching them!

But my brain couldn't dwell on that any more... because I started to clench, and with a gasp, palming the wall of the shower with one hand and gritting my teeth as I leaned back against the wall of the shower behind me, my cock spasmed suddenly and a stream of hot sticky juices lanced from me, piling against the wall in a super-thick ejaculate that was like pudding, my cock throbbing constantly as it billowed steadily, offloading all that semen in a spastic series of eruptions. With a gasping moan I found myself growing remarkably awake now, amazed at the length of such a climax as several seconds passed before the stream let up, spat several more times and then the whole length of my cock slowly fell limp but not entirely flaccid.

With a gasp I slid to my knees as the thing continued throbbing without any additional seed to escape me, and I sat there, naked with the water still pouring on me while I gripped that heaving cock of mine. To numb with the pleasure of the sensation to even remember my name anymore.

My time with my lord was over all too soon. Dusk till dawn were the only times that I could be with him, and when the light of dawn came, ironically generated by Sol himself, struck the Earth, I was snatched back at the last moment that anyone on Earth could view Mercury anymore.

I laid there, changed, filled with that marvelous seed my lord generated... my breasts so engorged that they stood on end from my chest in two greatly firmed orbs despite that I was on my back. When I'd left him I was a sticky mess, and now I was just a naked woman lying on my bed. But then I cooed and seethed as that approaching orgasm I was about to experience in his arms finally did rush through me, and tensing, feeling all my muscles clenching, every last sinew expanding ever so subtly, breasts enlarging with a myriad of groans and cracks throughout my body, I grew upward and outward on every proportion by several centimeters.

And then I heard the hammering.

Blinking and looking up, I saw Archie, wearing a pair of coveralls with a construction belt about his waist, hammering at a set of boards that were in a U shape, nails projecting from his mouth before he flipped the contraption and set it over my desk.

"Hey... welcome back." He said through the corner of one mouth, and flying downward, seeming to hover with his wings outstretched, he hammered the table to the desk.

Rising unsteadily, my elongated blue hair sliding about my face before I pushed it back with the fingers of one hand, tensing and thickening briefly again, I sat at the edge of the bed as my nectar seeped from me, over both butt cheeks and into the blankets around me. Milk leaked from my breasts as I rose to sit on the edge of the bed, the pair of those tits wobbling heavily while I watched him work, one hand wadding the sheets over my sopping wet cunt as it throbbed to spit out more of its juices, and the other using the other side of the sheet to absorb the milk slipping from my breasts.

Any more of this and I'd have to do laundry again. Ngh!

"What... *are* you doing?" I asked, trying to keep the sigh out of my voice even as my pussy lanced a squirt of nectar as I raised an eyebrow at him folded my arms about myself, both tits being pressed together from being pressed between two arms that I felt now possessed definite biceps.

"You needed a way to explain why I was here, right?" I nodded as he flew to the other side of the desk and hammered nails into the other side, tediously ensuring that that this contraption didn't wobble and was level.

"Ok..." I managed watching him work.

"Go shower... it'll be done by the time you return." He smirked, and rolling my eyes I did as he asked.

This time I managed to wear a pair of panties at least, using the towel to cover my breasts and absorb some of the leaking milk as I journeyed up the hallway to the bathroom. I showered, said hey to Mina while there, and returned, and by the time that I had, Archie had finished putting a heating blanket across the top of that contraption, had added a bonsai tree and a heating lamp with a spare blanket he was going to use for a nest, and was trimming the tree with his claws.

Closing the door so that it clicked shut and locking the door as was my habit since Lita burst in on me unexpectedly, I looked upon him with a raised eyebrow and a smirk.

“Ok... I’m waiting to see how this is going to help others understand that you’re not a dragon.” I prompted.

Archie turned to me and smirked, and then he started to change. Wings knotted into fists and then folded inward onto his back, neck and tail shortened and antennae merged with that back while the mass of his long body also shortened before he fell down onto all fours. The yellow tribal markings of his back faded greatly, though he still had the golden sunburst in his forehead.

“Dragon? What dragon? I’m just your every day lizard.” He mused and licked his chops before settling down, folding his fore claws together.

“So you’re my pet?” I asked and he nodded. “A strange one... I don’t know if owning a lizard really fits me.” But I nonetheless walked toward him, heavy breasts wobbling with every step till I was able to stand before him and scratch his chin. Then I chuckled. “Maybe we should call you Iggy.”

“Archie is fine.” He said, but managed to purr a deep-throated cackling-purr nonetheless, enjoying the chin scratch to a subtle bristle-like beard that had grown there.

“Well at least you’re cute.” I said and stepped away from him, moving to get dressed in my new clothes, finding immediately that a shirt that had been loose on me size wise yesterday barely hemmed in these new breasts. I had to stretch the cloth to get it over the pair.

“And at least you’re sexy.” He mused, and I realized he was looking at my butt.

“So we compliment each other.” I said and he began to hiss repeatedly in laughter before I dressed in a new pair of stylish white slacks... ones that allowed the blue side-ties of my panties to appear high over the waist band now thanks to a set of hips that were rounding nicely, while the slacks themselves were marginally see-through to show off the coloring of my legs... now thanks to a set of hips that were rounding nicely.

And then I paused and peeling back the sleeve of the blue shirt I now wore, I flexed an arm and gazed upon the thickening bicep that was growing there, the thing swelling to just larger than a tennis ball right before I felt something light land on my shoulder and Archie curled up on my shoulder.

“Ah...”

“Don’t worry... I’ll try to refrain from pooping down your back.” He smirked and wrapped his still long tail about the back of my neck. “But I swore to watch over you always, my queen... Sol required it.”

“For Sol then.” I replied and I then turned my head to kiss his cheek. He blushed and then cleared his throat and coughed into one hand. “But if you still need to go do something, then by all means do so, but I think it may be a bit strange walking into class with a three foot lizard on my back.”

“How do you think I feel?” he said with a mock gasp as I tightened a blue belt about my hips. “I have a six foot tall goddess beneath me!”

I am Darien, future King of the Earth... supposedly. Suddenly today I seemed to be having doubts about that.

Wow... I must've been a sight, lean and thin, as wet as a drowned cat, finally exiting the shower I paused, looking at my reflection in the mirror before I walked over to it and wiped the fog away from the glass and paused, seeing the chords bunching in my musculature, the thickened biceps and triceps and broadened forearms and the rolling mounds of added abdominal now in a creased eight-pack with two sets of lats. Then taking a step back I gaped at the enlarged length of my penis.

Reaching down and lifting it, feeling its added weight while looking at it, for a very brief moment I was amazed at its incredible length, its surging and heaving mass, and then suddenly it erected. It didn't start to erect, it erected, going immediately from flaccid to steely pipe within a single second. The intensity of such a flexing sensation made me lose balance and I had to brace my weight against the wall.

I was only touching it! And now that it was erected, it lengthened, tensed and swelled even more, curving deeply, its base wide enough that it took up the whole of the base of my pelvis, its strength so strong that I could barely wedge it downward with one hand! But I managed to do it, its length growing longer than my hand, forcing the fingers to spread open, and then I came in a torrent into the sink, all that seed escaping me in a high-pressure spray that forced the pee hole open as wide as it would go, and sounded like I were pissing like a race horse as it escaped me.

I awoke on the floor... apparently the act of climaxing was too much for me. The air here smelled acrid. Rubbing a hand through my hair, I thought I heard laughter.

"Who's there?" I asked immediately, looking about as I heard more laughter, and getting up I paused, feeling my heaving wang bouncing against either thigh, and looking down, stopping at what I was doing, I saw the lances of cum all over myself, felt some of it in my hair, and even yet my prick was still overgrown.

The laughter died down after a moment or two, and a glance at the window told me it must be someone outside laughing. Heading to the sink, seeing a puddle of my jism there still, I washed it down the sink quickly, feeling a steady throbbing sensation in my sack, the nads filling and growing firm and large again, possibly larger than they were before, the shaft having to hang over the pair of nads they were so thick.

I didn't know what was happening to me, but I was going to be late for school. Showering quickly again and toweling myself off before heading to the nearby bedroom, I dressed quickly as best as I could, having to work at zipping up a pair of jeans over that massive unit, and giving up on those just donned some sweat bottoms, a muscle shirt and a sweater for the cool weather. Then rushing outside with the duffel bag I used for school, which included work out clothes and books, I got back on my moped and drove to school at as high a speed as that abominable thing could manage.

But as I rode, I suddenly became very acutely aware that a full Johnson and its nads rattling on that hard seat cover was filling me with sexual thoughts... strange sexual thoughts, which at first involved Serena, then random women... and then... it involved guys.

There were times through the day in which I had difficulty focusing. I just kept seeing various very sexual things in my mind's eye. Women appeared to be walking around naked before my eyes, and the bulge in my sweats kept growing. It was like I was experiencing a second puberty, and when I went to the bathroom to use a urinal it wasn't urine my body evacuated, but rather a three minute long ejaculation. It was almost too much for me to hold as I squeezed the excess cum from the seminal tube and stepped away from the urinal to let the water flush it down.

What was more was that I was getting looks from every fem who passed me... and some of the guys. It was a mind-bending sensation... In class I would hear a lady clear their throat and when I looked they might peel open their shirts and bras to show me their shapely tits, another had turned toward me with her skirts drawn back to show me her camel toe. My boner kept growing, and the guy student right next to me felt up my thigh close to my groin. And I got wood from that!

I always thought myself as hetero, so why was I getting aroused by guys now?!

And then there was a time in which I was switching books and things out of a locker when I felt a hand cup my nads and it leapt suddenly in excitement, and whirling around I saw Serena there.

“Serena... hey...” I swallowed, eyes dilating as she stood there before me before she pressed against my body... crotch against my groin, breasts against my chest as she smelled my neck.

“Hey yourself.” She mused and embraced me tightly. “I missed you.” And she kissed my neck wetly.

“Serena... isn’t your school across town?” I gaped, looking around me as my penis started to heave and throb.

“I used an alternative form of transportation. I waved my magic wand.” She murred, which meant she actually transformed into Sailor Moon and flew across town.

But then Serena cooed as I continued erecting, my boner pushing out the front of my sweats as it seemed to surge toward her, wanting to cum inside her body repeatedly. My mind became inflamed, and looking around, I saw a spare classroom and taking her by the arm, pulled her along with me.

“Darren... what...” she gasped as I closed the door and locked it, and turning she gasped at the size of my groin. “Wow... looks like you’ve been working out more than those taut arms of yours and...”

And I moved to her and pulled open her blouse, all the snaps popping one after the next before a subtle jerk pulled her skirts down. “Ooo... rough. You’ve never been rough before. Take me you big manly man you... ravish me!”

Damnably feminine garments, I heard myself curse, my mental voice seeming... strange to me as I wrestled with her bra and panties, and growling under my breath when I couldn’t manage it, I simply knotted a finger into the crotch of her panties, pulled it aside, freed that lengthening and engorging cock of mine and then just tipped forward and pushed into her.

Serena, sitting on a desk, tilted her head back and gasped as I pushed into her, taking a leg of hers and putting it over my shoulders as I pulled her shirt off her shoulders along with her bra straps, cupping and massaging one of her tits before I began to thrust repeatedly, excitedly... and very angrily. Within moments I was already cumming a long, pissing burst of ejaculate into her body.

We were still in the thrusting rocking maneuver. Half an hour later and I was still harder than an oak, still throbbing inside her body as she and I kissed and loved passionately, my cock offloading load after spasmodic load of cum into her body. Where it was all going I had no idea, but it definitely felt as if I were cumming into her.

A part of me was snarling and cursing in anger, the other part was thoroughly enjoying such incredible levels of passion with my future wife.

“Ooo...” she moaned, breasts wobbling as she bounced amidst grinding my junk and proceeded to kiss and neck with me.

I held her taut backside, one hand flossing her firm rounded butt, stroking her vaginal lips with the fingers of the other hand and gasping amidst releasing such a long and heady flow of seed into her. And then all of a sudden there was a growl in my head and my phallus immediately stopped expressing itself and went limp inside her before it was pushed out by her clenching vaginal muscles and my manhood fell from her with a wet slurp.

“Ngh... I’m going to want more of that sometime.” She whispered and laid pecks against my chest.

“And I’m going to have to give it... but I think I have to get to class, Serena... and so do you. You have to study in order to complete your prerequisites.”

“Ngh... don’t remind me.” She murred, and laid one last peck upon my lips before she stepped away to start dressing.

I felt angry inside. I didn’t know why I was, something didn’t work but I didn’t know what it was that didn’t work. I just shook my head to clear it of that strange thought. There was no reason for me to be angry... so I just stood there and took pleasure in looking upon Serena’s rounded backside for a few moments before hauling up my own clothes, finding myself having to again stuff my unit into the front of the sweats by tucking it in being that it’d enlarged so much. It’d looked like it’d grown two or three times its previous mass.

We kissed again, I copped a feel on her breast, and we promised to see each other again that night.

The end of the day. I’ve never been hit upon more often than I was that day. I’d had dozens of women and two guys do so, and later that day, when I was working out, one woman came and offered to spot me, hold my abdominals down, but she did it by sitting on my lap... crotch right over my groin. I set the bar of weights immediately and saw her smirk at me, wearing her one piece bathing suit as a work out suit that she could and did just simply move the crotch away from her pussy to show off her naked love mound. What could I say, I was a guy... and like all other guys I got an erection from the sight of a willing and ready woman willing to show me her pussy. She cooed, rising up on top of that erection as she ground it with her cunt that it was so hard now, but I also was a gentleman... so I excused myself quickly and retreated into the bathroom.

Standing before my locker though, I gasped, trying not to touch my groin as its shaft and balls swelled steadily, throbbing powerfully, needing sexual release. There was a voice in my head, one I could barely discern that was berating me for giving up such a sure thing with that woman who’d offered herself up to me. She would’ve been perfect.

...

Perfect for what?

“Hey Darien... what’s up?” Someone asked and I turned to see one of my friends here at school sit down on the bench before his locker.

“Oh... hey.” I said, and then realized that I was alone here, realized that it was just he and I here, and suddenly, I don’t know what happened, but I think I blacked out.

All it took was a simple mental projection to shut off the lights, just a little telekinetic force to flip the switch of the lights near the entry doorway. The connections with these human beings were simple, it was

just that there were so many connections available, more than any other species. And this Darien creature was being damnably resistive, even on a subconscious level. His morals kept getting in the way.

“Hey... aw man... the damn lights.” Darien’s friend said and struck his locker.

I couldn’t let another opportunity to pass up, I needed active agents working for me while I was locked inside this body, and despite that King Darien being presented with the possibility of loving a female, his honor kept him from actually doing so. All for his love for that bitch of Queen Serenity’s remade form, and being that Sol’s Daughter was somehow immune to me when I tried to infect her earlier using her own love’s body penetrating her, that meant that she’d just have to be destroyed.

But if she were immune, then the other queens might be immune too, I’ll have to test that theory later.

But if Darien wouldn’t convert a female when she was obviously ready for him, so aroused she was leaking her sexual juices, then perhaps I could control him enough to infect someone else. And so with Darien’s mind conveniently preoccupied from having been put to sleep briefly, I turned his body, made him face his friend.

There was only the glow of the red emergency lighting as I approached him, my cock swelling with strength and power, pushing forward, rising, arching upward, the nads swelling and the veins standing on end as they pulsed and throbbed.

“Darien... what?” His friend prompted, but then I reached out and gripped the young man’s hair, shaking his head to relieve him of any notes of bravery he may’ve had, and as he opened his mouth to voice outrage, he stopped as my flesh started to shine with a dark light.

Humans... keeping their mouths open like a fish whenever they were surprised. If they truly understood what was going on, then this human would’ve torn his hair bald from my fist and covered his mouth. But instead I erected, and with one hand pushed down the boxer shorts and sweats, revealing the long curving shaft, and I laughed coldly as that shaft suddenly separated between top and bottom in a sort of flexible white carapace as it erected, revealing twin disks to either side that shone a dark red along the grooves formed between the top and bottom before I shoved that cock right into this man’s mouth and began to spasm and offload.

It’s entire length throbbed and beat, evacuating my stored child into his mouth, the thing diving right down into his body, into the belly and through the blood stream to infect him. After a few moments the human who was absorbing the essence of my lineage stopped struggling and fell limp as my spawn did what it did best and took control of his body. When the task was done I pulled away, the drip of seed of a second spawn sliding back into my phallus as it’s broadened length clicked together and then drooped over the nads.

“Now go. Spread the infection.” I commanded in Darien’s voice... I couldn’t quite manage my own yet.

“Yes... my lord.” And the man rose, turned and headed away before I covered my loins.

Damn it... Darien was waking up. But it was too late; I’d finally achieved first infection. My power would only grow as it spread now, but in the meantime I still had to be careful. I had to allay King Darien’s suspicions till it was too late for him to do anything about it. So I moved to a bench behind several lockers and laid down, and simply waited for him to wake up again.

My eyes opened and I was immediately assailed by a pounding headache. Groaning and leaning upward in the relative darkness of my surroundings, I found myself in the locker room at school. At the moment I had no idea how I got here. Maybe I just went to lie down and passed out. Yeah... that it. I just laid down and passed out.

Shaking my head I rose slowly, panting for a moment before rubbing my swollen groin, gripping it and holding it as it throbbed excitedly for a moment or two... then rising to my feet I went to go look for some headache medicine.

His name was Justin. Because he now contained one of my spawn, I could now watch and control him... but unlike King Darien, unlike those abominable Sailor Scouts, this individual was able to be controlled through and through. His memories were laid open to me, I saw that he had a girlfriend and their relationship with her was open enough where they were making love occasionally.

Unlike other species... some races made love like this race gave handshakes to say hello. That race lasted for all of a week before it fell to me.

But because this race was more careful, I had to be more careful... so I prompted my new Void Walker, a creature with one of my spawn inside it, to call up his girlfriend, arrange a meeting. A meeting was set, and it was set at her home. They had lunch; he got her to lie down with kisses and caresses. She removed her panties and gasped as his penis erected... the enhancement having already made it much larger than before, the nads swollen. She gasped as he penetrated her.

My Walker, my Void Walker, did precisely what I needed him to do, and that was to spread the infection. These humans would call us a sexually transmitted disease... many races have called us a disease, and they all fell to us as well. These humans were the first to ever break the stream of invasion, infection, absorption and destruction that I'd accomplished for countless billions of eons, traveling from star system to star system, and between universes in order to accomplish my design. Their demise would be pleasureable to accomplish.

And so while my Walker and his mate were making love, my Walker offloaded into her bowels with an explosive stream of seed... and she was infected. She gasped a little, groaned a little, tried to push him off when she realized something was wrong, but it was too late. Her insides were already coated with a spawn, and the spawn immediately began to connect to her, join with her... and just like that I had two Walkers that were a part of my Hive.

As the future King of the Earth, I'd chosen my queen, but that night I had a terrible nightmare while lying with her in her bed. We'd just made love... many times, but I dreamt that in the last one, or an additional one, that I began to change over her, becoming some strange and vicious beast. And suddenly I wasn't making love to her anymore...

I awoke gasping and panting, drenched in a cold sweat.

"Darien..." Serena prompted, rising from our shared bed, her breasts wobbling as she palmed my belly. "Are you all right?"

"A dream... just a dream." I panted and fell back against the pillows.

"Tell me about it?" she asked and soothed my face with her fingers, the press of her breasts against my body was calming.

"N-no... no... I don't want to bother you with it. It was just a dream."

Yeah... more like I didn't want her to know about it. At the very end, when I was still throttling her pussy with my oversized mutant dick, I was strangling her with my clawed hands. And... I was pretty sure I had breasts then too.

“You sure?” she asked.

“Very sure.” I managed to smile. “It’s all right. Must be jitters from tests approaching.”

“Ok...” she said and sighed, but when she lowered to the bed again, it was to lay her bodice against my chest, using my chest for a pillow while she held my sides with both hands. I automatically palmed her back and held onto her... more for my comfort at the moment than hers. Laying awake then, staring at the ceiling, I was almost certain I heard that sinister laughter again.

Sol’s love was eternal. The way it left my pussy feeling when I awoke the next morning after spending the night with him was just so soothing. Everything was new, every new sensation, every sexual elation was different, it wasn’t just the same thing time and time again. That morning as I stretched outward, thighs pinching my vaginal mound, I felt the strength of my growing body before I rose and slid a hand between those thighs, caressing the soft yet firmly muscled lips of my vaginal mound, whimpering and cooing as I came awake.

“Another fine night with the Master?” Archie mused from his vantage point, and I looked up at him with a dreamy smile and took to caressing my tit.

“How could you tell?”

“If the sheer quality of sexual elation that you experience in the last two days I’ve witnessed you wake up isn’t evident, with your nipped up boobies and erect clitoris, then the sounds you make when you arise would be evident enough even if I were totally blind. I’m certain your neighbors on the other sides of these walls also know of your escapades and are wondering where the man is, not knowing or realizing that that man is an otherworldly deity of the sun.”

I chuckled and then rose, still rubbing that pussy of mine as I stepped lithely to the closet and opened it, pausing as I looked upon myself in the door mirror. It was then that I took pleasure in my appearance, seeing the tight abdominals and the thickly chorded chest muscles, the heaving mammaries and taut rounded and segmented shoulders. I had a wide feminine neck, a long narrow waist, wide hips, long and muscular legs and equally muscular arms, and turning, clenching an already firm and rounded bottom as I looked at my hard-packed back muscles, I watched my butt clench into an even tighter set of butterfly wing-like formations from the muscles creasing them. The definition of strength and intensity of my sexual beauty enhanced with my increased size of six feet.

I was almost as tall as Lita, almost had breasts as large as Mina, but... I was definitely the strongest now with all this bulging feminine muscle strength, and posing, flexing an arm, watching the bicep swell grandly into a tennis ball sized bulge, I smirked and then caressed the six pack of abs lining my belly that were thusly framed by two sets of long lats, all of which were deeply creased with a sunken belly button.

I was pleased with this body, pleased with these hips these breasts and this butt... And I was glad for it. I was growing stronger than ever thanks to my Sol... which made him more than the perfect man for me.

“I must admit... I perhaps have a double edged sword right now...” Archie mentioned at that moment.

“How so?” I replied and flexed an arm again, liking the way the muscles burned as I moved and posed, and all this having been gained in only three days time.

“First of all, I get to watch and view you naked a lot, and it’s a pleasing sort of nudity... makes me want to do some sort of artistic mural of you. On the other hand, it’s disturbing because I can’t tap that fine ass of yours or else Sol would kill me... figuratively and perhaps literally.

“Well I’m glad someone can compliment me at least.” I said turning to him, and slipping on just some sweats and an undershirt – that latter garment being extremely tight on me, which meant my muscles and breasts had enlarged again and the undershirt needed to stretch more – and then I reached up and gathered Archie who was in his altered form of a lizard and brought him with me to the showers.

He sat amidst my clothes, perhaps smelling them, or goodness knows what, and for whatever reason I didn’t mind him doing that. Perhaps it was because he and I knew that he had no chance with me, so all this was just me instinctively teasing him.

Lita entered and settled into a shower beside me but then paused upon looking at me, falling uncharacteristically silent. She was noticing the changes on me, changes that aren’t possible in such a short period of time, and I wasn’t going to bring it to her attention. My breasts had gone from A-cups to G-cups in three days, my hips had widened twice their previous circumference and I’d gained more than fifty pounds in those three days in height and muscle and breast mass. It was today, that she apparently made mention of this.

“Amy?” she prompted. “I’ve... been noticing something lately, and I thought I’d ask, but... are you ok? Is there something wrong? You’ve suddenly been going through some... changes lately.”

I smirked.

“Oh no... everything’s perfect.” I replied.

“Have you been using... steroids or hormones?”

I smiled wide and looked at her. “No I haven’t Lita.” I replied in all truthfulness. “I’m just a late bloomer, and while I’m blooming I decided to do a heavy work out every night. So all this is nice and natural.” And I flexed an arm for her, and she pursed her lips before feeling it.

“Holy smokes! That’s... bigger than... mine.” Her voice trailed off, and suddenly I saw hurt in her eyes. I was stronger than her. And then that hurt turned into determination. “Well...” she said hotly. “This just means that I need to start working out again. I mean, look at these skater’s thighs.” And she posed and showed off her long sinuous leg. “Show me yours.”

And I did, and for the second time I saw her face fall as she saw my quads separate into their individual muscles and calves flare as I flexed the entire length and turned the leg from side to side so she could see it all.

I was stronger than her... her own face told me it was true.

“Hey both of you, how’s the water?” Mina said, announcing her presence like she usually did.

“It’s stronger today!” Lita exclaimed as I relaxed and Mina was brought up short by the reply, putting Artemis on the ground beside her, the first time that we saw the white cat in weeks. Artemis immediately began cleaning himself while Archie prudently crawled in beneath my clothes.

“It’s... what?” Mina gaped, blinking at us with the front of her sweat top half unzipped.

“Water pressure... must’ve increased it.” I said mildly, looking to Lita as she promptly ignored me.

“Ah...” she said and undressed.

Mina’s breasts, I noted, were still swelling, still growing, and with M-cups as they were, she was still the largest-chested fem of the group of us. How she developed such heaving mammaries I’d never know, but it’d take me a while to reach her sheer chest size. And Mina loved showing off her body now, but between

the two of us, Lita had barely even finished her showering when she stormed out. This time it was her turn to forget to dress as she walked naked out of the shower room and into the halls.

Her temper was a fiery one.

“What’s wrong with Lita?” Mina asked as she watched Lita leave butt-naked, hearing the cat calls as she strode straight to her room.

“I think it’s my fault.” I prompted.

“Your fault. How is anything ever your fault?” she asked. “You’ve gotta be the most unobtrusive person in the world.”

I turned to her, and just to show her what I was talking about, I flexed my arm and she blinked at the size of the heaving muscle that was there, complete with the thickened vein over the top.

“Oh wow. That’s quite a... muscle.” And she blinked. “Ohh... now I know why Lita’s upset.” And I nodded before relaxing and standing there in the water for a moment before shutting it off and going to towel off.

And then turning, looking at Artemis who was doing his best to make it *look* like he was cleaning himself by licking a paw and washing his head, but his eyes were still half open and he was looking at all the naked women here through the cracks of his eyes, I smirked and picked Mina’s towel up and threw it over his head.

“Mina... how could you bring Artemis in here?” I mused and dressed before grabbing Archimedes.

“Heh... I guess you’re right. Shame on you Artie.” Mina said in mock shame.

“Is it my fault she brought me in here?” Artemis mewed and then pushed the blanket from his head. If anyone else heard him they ignored it, but then he stopped, seeing Archie in my arms as I walked off with him. The last thing I heard from him was: “Wait a minute... isn’t that...” before I turned a corner and left the bathroom.

Math courses were cramped. Math was used for so few courses that the more advanced the math class the smaller the classroom was till it got to the point where I was in now in my calculus class, which was a small classroom, smaller than the classrooms at high school and every available space was taken up by a desk to the point one had to slide sideways to get to the desks in the back. Heaven forbid you were overweight, then you’d never get in.

I was somewhere in the rear middle, this was a breeze class for me, simply because I knew so much mathematics already. I could do this sort of math in my head. But there were others here who couldn’t, obviously, and needed help, and they came to me more often than not for it.

Archie was snoozing in my book bag by my seat, his head laying on one fore claw while the other students filed in, took their seats and the professor – a balding old man with spectacles – entered and began to write the lesson. I was distracted, for sure. My loins were throbbing between my legs and I was thinking of Sol’s magnificent prowess in pleasing me now that my pussy had loosened enough to allow him to slide in with less effort, filling me with his energetic seed more easily now being that there was no longer the effort of penetration. I swallowed suddenly, remembering the vanilla like mucus that he exuded from his prick, and while I thought those thoughts a slick of juices slid from me to moisten yet another of my new panties. Yesterday, my panties were so soggy I had to wring them out in the sink first before depositing them in the hamper.

But because of this mind-state, I didn't realize or acknowledge right away that something was wrong.

And then I heard the huffing and puffing, and realized that the masculine and feminine breathing weren't in my memories of last night, I blinked and opened my eyes, processing the information as my numbed mind continued coming awake. And then I noticed that a man and a woman that were each in front of me were both gripping their desks, leaning back and breathing heavily... so heavily that the other students were trying to edge away from them and not doing very well at that in this cramped room.

"Is something wrong with them?"

"What on earth are they doing?"

"Sounds like they're having sex."

Looking about I saw that the professor was still working in his usual monotone while the pair of these two were churning and slowly tilting their heads back in apparent ecstasy. There was a ripping sound and then there was a squeak as the man's desk moved, another squeak as it moved again, and then it started to rise and then tilt. Then when the desk tilted enough where all could see what was tilting it, there was a series of gasps at the phenomenally building tower of a huge cock that was lifting it and pushing it over!

I was among the other students who rose and backed away from it, the thing so powerful that it didn't wait for the zipper and button to break and it simply burst through the front of his pants and had arched upward to start tilting a heavy metal desk.

There was more ripping and our eyes were drawn to the woman, whose breasts were even now ripping her shirt across the breasts, the nipples engorging and thickening, rolling over onto her desk as they both billowed and churned, claws sliding from their fingers as they grew, musculature growing hotly on the pair of them amidst their hypertrophic prowess. And then both rose, turning, her breasts undulating, his prick waving before him, its mass thickening, and her breasts billowing well beyond the alphabet as they pressed together, drooped and rode over her arms.

"W-what's happening to them?!" someone gasped, and I saw one person escaping out the window here, which was on the second story floor.

I witnessed the changing man's flesh whitening, becoming pasty, and the woman's flesh darkening turning blacker than ebon. And both grew, both surged upward, both lengthened steadily with seams popping and clothing rending from their bodies, each growing in tangent with each other, heaving past six feet for her, seven feet and then eight feet for both of them. Cock and tits and now her cunt kept growing and swelling, her hips widening to snap open her zipper and their arms lengthening.

Their faces were becoming masks, facial features disappearing as flesh seemed to melt like wax, and the pair of them rose up in the center of the room... all while the professor continued to teach.

"...and the integer of the expression sigma equals..."

Clothing ripped apart as the pair of them grew heavy with muscle, chest muscles heaving forward equally, shoulder muscles detaching sleeves from shirts, her bra bursting about her middle as rib cages heaved outward, biceps growing thick and triceps swelling equally thick, forearms broadening and lengthening, claws becoming like knives.

Tail stubs swelled over their butts, she getting broad hips while leg muscles tore through pants and underwear, shoes bursting as they rose up atop toes, just before sections of their flesh ripped open revealing opposing colors below, black on him, white on her, but then his cock broke open with grooves opening up along the sides, leaving a glowing red disk near the head, her breasts doing the same except hers had more disks and bisected the nipples. And then with backs heaving into great curved things laden with muscle,

they both arched backward, flexing arms and tensing, facing the class, and before I knew what was happening they both... climaxed!

His jism sprayed over the class and her milk sprayed over them as well, covering everyone including me in a white paste. There were screams and shouts as the fluids sprayed from them, and then both surged forward, leaping out through the wall, shoving it all out of their way and hurtling out into the air, and once there, there was more screaming as these two strange creatures continued to attack others with their juices.

It was then that with me and the other students strangely violated I felt a weight on my back and little feet pattering up it, and turning to look I saw Archimedes appear at my shoulder in his reduced shape.

“Those were Void Walkers! He’s already here, he’s already that strong?! Are we too late?”

“Void Walkers?” I repeated, our conversation being held in hushed tones, but with the screaming and crying and the people trying to brush themselves off in a panic, we could’ve been shouting and no one would notice.

“He’s growing too fast if The Void already has Void Walkers. Damn it... I thought we had more time!”

And then I heard screams behind me, and I whirled in time to see a puddle of milk or semen or whatever it was start to surge upward, unfolding arms and legs and a stubby tail, opening black eyes and dripping with fluids briefly before it all solidified into a rubbery like concoction.

“An Infection...” Archie breathed. “A spontaneous growth of an infection from a second generation infection? They can do that?!”

“What?!” I choked.

“I’ll explain later. You must defeat them!” Archie hissed. “And you’ll need help!” he said just as two more of those creatures slid upward from the ground, each shaping in identical ways.

I took that moment to lurch past them, breaking out of the class room even as the professor continued to teach. “...and if X equals Y then Sigma equals...”

My name is Lita Kino, also known as Sailor Jupiter.

I was angry... Anger fueled determination; determination led me to do remarkable things at times, accomplishing untold sacrifices that wrought magnificent rewards. And so there I was in a Gym, already sweating profusely, wearing a tight yellow leotard as I pumped some iron, trying to push my limits like I used to, work those biceps, work those thighs, get them huge, get massive piles... beat Amy.

I had competition, competition worked far better than being by oneself and trying to achieve. Competition gave one a measurement in which one could be graded by and work toward, and a measurement in which one could achieve beyond and be better than. In all my life I thought I’d never have to compete physically against Amy...

Screw my training regimen... I was the strong one on the team. That was my spot... my spot because... because I had no other spots to be. I wasn’t beautiful, I wasn’t smart, I was strong, I was stalwart, I was the fighter... it was my job to be the bulwark! My job to clobber the bad guys, and seeing Amy, the weakest and smallest of our team growing taller and stronger and more beautiful, seeing Mina with breasts bigger than mine now when I was the largest stacked member of the team... I was being left behind. But no more. I was going to beat them all! I was going to get strong, I was going to get tough... and there would need to be some sacrifices... Like my skating.

I had to be useful.

If that meant that I gave up on the Olympics... then so be it...

And so while I was throttling that bar of weight up and down before me, feeling the mild arousal of burning muscles, my chest aching from the exertion; all of a sudden I heard a high pitched chirping. I ignored it. The chirping returned and this time as I grit my teeth in exertion and glanced at my gym bag nearby but ignored it again. The third and fourth and fifth rings and finally voicemail. I gasped and continued doing my reps, but then the chirping of my cell phone began again.

Cursing under my breath I set the bar and rose, panting, looking at my bag, and then opening it, wiped the sweat from my brows and then looked at the phone, seeing Amy's happy charming picture as she appeared several days ago as a wispy little fem looking happily at me. It was like she was mocking me by calling me. I needed to update that picture.

Flipping the phone open and holding it to my ear, I answered her.

"Yeah?" I greeted without a hi, hello or how-do-you-do?

"Lita... oh thank goodness I reached you. We need help."

"Help?" I blinked. "What sort of help do you need weak little me for?"

"How's this for an explanation?" and then I heard her utter something I'd not heard her utter in two years. "*Mercury Crystal Power, Make Up!*" her voice echoing through the speaker and my eyes widened. There was a pause as whooshing and crystal sounds rose up about her, and I stared at the phone. "Now hurry! I need you!" she shouted. "I need Jupiter! I'm at the school. Don't worry about where I'm certain you'll find us..." and she hung up.

"I'm needed..." I breathed and closed the phone. "I'm needed!" I squealed, and grabbing my bag, stuffing the phone inside it, I grabbed my wand, stuffed the bag into a locker, found a private place, and waving the wand, I uttered my transformation phrase: '*Jupiter Crystal Power, Make up!*' and I succumbed to the power of Jupiter's magic.

The magic took me, lifted me up off the air. In times past this change, this transformation had become... sensual for me. I wasn't sure about the others, but the sensations of the transformation tended to give me a fix of sexual satisfaction. As I rose up into the air, my flesh illuminating, the clothing I was wearing was torn off from me before it disintegrated into the ether, disappearing to be held at a later time and reformed when I returned to normal. But this invariably left me naked and open to the wind.

To feel the magically created winds that chaotically whirled around me, kissing the skin of my flesh and breasts, licking at my nipples and sex, made me feel the arousal generated from such sensations, like being embraced and kissed by your lover amidst torrid lovemaking on a cloud.

The glowing light that suffused me cleaned my flesh like in a long hot shower, styling my hair, drawing it up and making it straight and clean before applying makeup to eyes, face and lips and painting my fingernails green. But it was that glowing light that I enjoyed the most. It prickled my skin, added millions of kisses to the wind's caresses to my bodice, but for me it did something else. It strengthened me. It made me tougher.

I was a woman, and a woman throughout time has always had the short end of the stick in nearly every regard. It was a woman who was considered frail and weak, especially in comparison to the men who ran the world. It was a woman who had to make the compromises and the sacrifices throughout all of time to support their men. I hated being weak. I hated appearing weak, which was why Amy's most recent growth frightened me. I had to be the strongest! Stronger than everyone else.

But as a woman, I also had the undeniable sensation that no matter how strong I got, I'd never be stronger than a man. But that's where the light that suffused me now changed that. Working out, no matter how much weight I could lift or curl or squat or push, it was still hundreds of pounds less than what a man could do. I was stronger than most women, true, but most men were still stronger than me. Till the light suffused my body.

The light changed regular strength into supernatural strength; it pushed into my muscles and tendons, and without actually making me larger or thicker or anything, it made me many times stronger. I could lift a car over my head and throw it like a shot put. The light made me strong, super strong, abnormally strong, and that feeling of strength in a woman's body filled me with a level of intense eroticism now that I was a woman. It was sensual as a young woman, but now that I was an adult woman it was nearly orgasmic feeling my strength and durability rise like that.

I embraced that power, flexing my fine feminine body with the thick biceps and long curvaceous and feminine muscular legs. Pressing both thighs together I felt my pussy throb and beat, pulsating at the base of its pelvis it sat upon and made me sigh nasally.

And then my uniform and armor appeared.

Jewelry like earrings and a tiara, with an ornate choker formed, just before the ribbons for clothes appeared to wrap around me from shoulders to crotch, wrapping briefly and then snatching suddenly into my sex and butt to form a body suit. It was enough to make me aroused even further, enough where my sex glistened with the glittering nectar of a woman's juices, right before a second layer of ribbons wrapped my breasts up in a sort of breastplate made to separate, lift and hold firm the breasts but likewise served as white armor that was conceivably a part of the body suit I wore.

Thigh and arm wraps then traced themselves from the fingers and toes then, sliding up the ligaments, right before high-heeled shoes, a glittering skirt and short sleeves, the sailor flap down the back, a bow and finally a pair of fairy-like wings appeared at the back. Of those final things, the item of pride I felt that my magical girl transformation gave me was the high-heeled shoes.

High-heeled shoes on a heroine was always a badge of honor, it proved that female heroines were better than male heroes, simply because we did the same acts a male did, wearing less clothing most of the time, wearing high-heels while still looking good.

The transformation left me and I lowered onto those heels with a click before posing, flexing both arms and feeling the feminine mounds bulge and throb and pulsate, and I smiled at the sight of thick veins throbbing over those biceps now too.

"Look at *these* guns, Amy." I smirked, and this was in only a few hours of work.

But now my friends, my sisters needed me. Hurrying to a window and lifting it with one hand to open it, I slid outward and vaulted outward into the open air, and by sheer power of leaping ability sailed through the air as if I were flying.

My name is Mina Aino, or Sailor V.

Finally... I could do this:

'Venus Crystal Power, Make Up!'

Serena right beside me who arrived as quickly as she could likewise did the same.

'Moon Crystal Power, Make Up!'

Dual transformations as we both lost our clothing, all of it disintegrating in favor of the energies that our transformations blessed our bodies with. Serena grew those beautiful feathered wings though before they turned into her fairy wing bow at her back, but the pair of us touched down, magically empowered like we were long ago.

Though... my chest armor, the hard white plate that hemmed my breasts in seemed to compress my chest a little more than it used to and the swells appeared beneath the curvature of that breast plate. I'd not fought in two years either, so this was going to be different.

Amy had called us, called us with urgency, told us that there was trouble, we came and found trouble...

"I thought all this was over." Serena gasped as she and I arrived at Amy's side as she cast shards of ice at these... these creatures, but they just shrugged her spells off as if they were nothing.

"What are those things?!" I gaped at the small white things as they started destroying everything that was in their way, breaking down trees and carrying them off, ripping wooden benches out and making off with large pieces of metal or stone.

"It's better that you don't know." Amy grit out even as one of the creatures snarled at us and rushed us. Serena squealed and Amy froze, luckily I was there to kick the little bugger off and shoot it with a hastily made pulse of light."

The creature tumbled away but skidded to a stop, clawing at the ground to get itself to stop before it chattered noisily at us, and suddenly several of the other little white creatures focused on us as well and began to advance on us.

"We may have to use our stronger spells." Serena said at last, and with a whooshing sound, Lita joined us and we faced the advancing creatures.

"Ew! What are those things?" she asked, seeing our attackers.

"Where'd they come from?" I added.

"From those!" Amy said and pointed to a pair of... creatures, one decidedly male, the other decidedly female that were going around...

"Ah... are they doing what I think they're doing?" I said with a sick look on my face as the pair of them were spraying what I could only explain as sexual juices on people.

"Yes!" Amy cried, and summoned a big ice chunk and threw it at one of the advancing creatures and it was snatched up within the ice chunk and held inside the thing. Two more creatures appeared from out of nowhere, snatched the little one up in the ice and ran away with it, ice cube and all. "The big ones are creating the little ones, and the little ones are tearing everything apart for some reason. I can barely effect the little ones, so I calculate that my chances against the big ones are about a million to one!"

I stood there watching as the female of the larger two grabbed someone running by and pushed him to her crotch, and suddenly there was a spray of juices as she force fed him her nectar. Looking to the male saw him doing the same thing, force feeding hooga to another person.

"Good thing we're here then." Lita smirked and flexed. "Come on... with four of us here, these guys are going to go down!"

They were called Police. A security force, not even a military as of yet. Their vehicles with their emergency lights blaring, they approached while those damnable Sailor Scouts were already preoccupied with other things... Ha! These Sailor Scouts are only a fraction of the power I'd dealt with before. This will be simple, and if these Police were all that hampered me now, then I was sure to conquer this world.

My Void Walkers had done my bidding well. The level of infection was climbing, and I was already delving into the minds of so many new members of my hive which allowed me to use their minds to gather power for myself. These policemen nonetheless held information that would be useful. They had protocols and procedures, access to weaponry, so I commanded my Walkers to take them.

Two cars, each car with two individuals in it. Good, one of the four was a female. I needed more females.

They piled out of the side of their vehicles on the side opposite my walkers were, using the machines as cover as they both turned to face these police, and drawing their weapons they shouted "Freeze!" which meant for my walkers to stay where they were. They of course didn't.

Good... excellent. Put fear in them first and then take them.

The policemen and woman began to fire at my Walkers with their simple projectile weapons. This planet was so archaic! Projectile weapons?! Phah! I laughed as their bullets impacted the bodies of my walkers, splattering hot lead against their incredible muscles and hardened flesh. The Walkers both arrived and with a single arm each, threw their vehicles aside like they were toys, and with their weapons empty, they were busy reloading when my Walkers each took one policeman by the face, palming their heads and gripping their flesh with their claws and force feeding them more of the infection as the Walker's own flesh liquefied and poured into the eyes, ears, nostrils and mouths of the policemen. Their gurgling was music to my ears as those policemen and one policewoman joined the Hive. And then setting the four downward, the four stood there as their minds were rapidly taken over by my will.

And then I commanded my new Walkers to return to the Hive. "Yes our master." The three males and one female all said in unison and got back into their vehicles. Using their incredible strength they removed the devices from their vehicles and bodies that allowed the other policemen know where they were, and the four drove off with sirens off. I commanded the other remaining two, the Walkers those damnable scouts knew about already, to continue spreading the Infection.

"At once, our master." The remaining two Walkers, the male and female said. They were serving me well. "Your wish is our command, our master."

And I took pleasure in feeling the sexual release of my Walkers producing more Infection Drones, their mucus escaping penis and vagina, and from the female's breasts. Many more Drones were created for my Hive.

Excellent, this world will fall in only a matter of time.

I am Amy, Sailor Mercury.

I was panting, my uniform torn in several places, and I'd been separated from the other Scouts. Those little soggy looking creatures were unstoppable! They could only be delayed not stopped... and when they finally got to one of us, the things they tried to do... I shivered and stood covering my crotch with one hand, heaving for air.

They tried to invade you, tried to shove themselves down your mouth or get up into your naughty bits head first, splashing against your body and hardening to immobilize you... I still felt sick from the sensation.

Skirt ripped off, a gash at the side that had wounded me with a long cut and one half of the fair fairy wings I had on me had been torn apart, I could calculate our probability but I already knew that it must be astronomical for us to succeed.

“We’re lost.” I panted.

“No!” someone shouted, just before there was a loud flapping sound, and with a lunge Archimedes landed in his full dragon form on a branch. “No it’s not. He may be stronger and you and your fellow scouts may be a fraction of the power you had when you faced him last, but that doesn’t mean you can’t still win.”

“Archie shut up!” I whimpered, feeling like I failed my lord. “Look at us! They’re winning! We’re throwing combined efforts against them and doing nothing more than to delay them! They’re winning, we’re going to lose!” there were tears in my eyes. “We’re going to fall, Archie, there’s nothing we can do. I’ve already done the math and I can’t see anything that will even stop them...” I fell to my knees and sobbed. “And I was so happy, I thought I was strong enough to defeat them... but I’m not.”

There was silence and then an explosion off in the distance as something volatile blew up, and Archie leaned forward, holding onto the branch with his tail and lower legs, then extending toward me, he stretched his neck out so that it was closer to my face.

“I know of a way...” he said simply and I blinked, and with a gasp I looked up at him. “You tried to do everything yourself last time. That’s why you failed.” Archie said with his face stern.

“L-last time? Y-you mean...”

“When you and all the scouts, Sol’s daughter and all the enemies of the Sol System perished.” Archie said quietly. “The wheel was your fault because of one mistake. You... didn’t... listen.”

I was stunned into immediate silence. “You are wise, you are stalwart, wiser than all others, several of your companion queens combined even! But Serena came up with a plan, you ignored that plan, and I was the only survivor of the cataclysm that devastated all the planets and demolished everything that had been created then.”

More tears, heavier tears than before, entered my eyes. “A-and it’s all happening again...” I moaned.

“No! Don’t give up, don’t surrender. Damn you, my queen... what do you think I’m telling you all this for?!” I was silent. “Remarkable... even with your incredible, powerful wisdom, you still don’t see the answer?” I shook my head fiercely and Archie reached out and bonked my head harshly. “Then let this servant school you!” and he even threw up a pair of west side gang signs with both hands. “You... don’t... always... have... the... right... answer!” I swallowed. “You’re wrong now. The answer is not *‘to loose,’* the answer is not *‘to fail,’* and why?”

“B-because s-someone else has an answer?” I replied.

“Yes!” he threw his hands up in triumph. “Yes! Someone else has an answer... I have an answer, my queen.”

“W-what... what’s the answer?” I moaned, shrugging my shoulders.

“If you don’t have the strength and power to defeat The Void’s minions now, then what must change in order to defeat them?”

“More strength and power. But we’re at our limit! We’re all super right now... there’s...” and Archie bonked me on the head again with his fist. Funny... that little fist felt like a full-sized man’s fist when he struck me. “...W-where... where do we get more power from?” I asked after being so harshly corrected by him and he smirked.

“From the most unlikely of places.” Archie smirked and pulled himself up onto the branch by the strength of his prehensile tail. “From inside yourself.” I blinked. “Rise... quickly, or everything will be lost.” I rose and stood, wobbling because one of the heels of my shoes had been broken. “Face Sol, raise your right hand to him, spread the fingers wide.” And I turned to the fading sun that was even now starting to set and raised my right hand, spreading the fingers. “Finally, say the words ‘*Sol Power Evolution*’ and draw your magic in.”

“No wand? No Crystal?” I asked.

“No, none... now quickly while he still shines above the water.”

And I turned, faced my Lord Sol, and closing my eyes delved as deeply as I could, and then drawing on the power within me I said the words Archie directed me to say.

*‘Sol... Power... **EVOLUTION!**’*