

#6

Got Wood

by Choker Guy

“Come on now,” you wave off your friend’s comment. “You believe in ghosts too?”

Some in the round are snickering. Jake isn’t. He stays on point.

“Can you disprove it?” he challenges you.

“What? That’s not how it works!” you counter. “Obviously I can’t disprove ghosts, goblins and ghouls. But you’re the one making the claim, so the burden of proof is on you.”

“I never said there are ghosts in the forest,” Jake rolls his eyes at your strawman. “All I said was that it’s creepy. Surely, you won’t deny that?” He’s confrontational today.

“Show me a forest that isn’t!” you blurt out. “Don’t deny it, you just said something shady goes on in the woods, which doesn’t sound like you’re talking about animals and shit.”

“No I didn’t,” Jake remains stubborn.

“You kinda did,” Tyler throws in from the side, noticing the veins in your temple pop out. You’re relieved somebody is listening. Jake now finds it harder to avoid the obvious issue.

“So you’re claiming it’s all strictly normal in there?” he asks, now almost timidly.

“Yes!” he gets a unanimous response from everybody, even Marco, who’d been quietly enjoying the heated debate from the sidelines.

“Fine,” Jake puts on a winning smile, evidently planning something. “Then I suppose you wouldn’t mind camping there overnight?” For a moment, you’re hesitating. “Right, Andy?” he pushes you. Everybody’s watching your reaction.

“Not on principle, no. But I’m not going to waste a day just to prove you wrong.”

Now the laughter is directed at you.

“So you *do* believe the stories?” Jake doesn’t let up.

“No, I don’t!” you insist. “Just use your brain for a minute. I’m sure our parents all told us the same stories. Never clearly identified these supposed ‘monsters’ that were roaming the woods. But in every case they only attacked children. Why would beasts care about their prey being a child or not? It’s painfully obvious that our parents told us these stories so we wouldn’t wander into the woods and get lost or injured. Besides, we’re all 18, so technically, we’re adults now.”

“One more reason to go inside,” Jake grins. “Nothing to fear, then.”

God, it sucks to be a guy. You feel those stares upon you. Everybody expects you to prove your “masculinity” with something as dumb as this. Tyler cuts in at that moment.

“I’ll help you,” he suddenly offers. Now all eyes are on him, including yours. “Hey, haunted or not, venturing into a forest at night on your own is retarded. You can probably forget about phone reception in there, and while neither of us is a boy scout or some shit, it’s better to get lost together than alone. Also, my father has a flare gun I can borrow. If any kind of animal comes too close, that should scare them off quite nicely.”

Well, it’s still a shit deal, but that’s a start. “Alright, you’re all pestering me to do it,” you begin. “But I’m wondering what I’ll get out of this?”

“Oh, I have something in mind, don’t worry,” Jake smiles his devilish smile.

“Whatever that means,” you counter. Him grinning like that means one of you gets fucked over, and given the situation, it wouldn’t be implausible to think that somebody was you.

“Don’t pout, you’ll love it, I promise,” Jake assures you, still grinning like a little shit.

“Alright,” you groan. “I’ll do it. Like I have a choice.” Cheers go around the table. “And thanks for the help, Tyler. Probably a good idea not to go alone.”

“Don’t mention it,” he answers shyly, almost blushing. Weird.

With that, the conversation kind of runs its course, and you’re not at all unhappy to have some time to pack things. Before you can do that though, Tyler intercepts you right outside your house.

“Dude, Jake just told me,” he laughs, looking around as if to make sure that nobody’s listening.

“Huh?” You don’t follow.

“Oh, he didn’t tell you?” he asks, and you shake your head. “He couldn’t say anything with Marco there, but apparently he hooked up with his sister. Jake said if we pull it off, he’ll let us have a go at Lisa.” Tyler can’t believe his luck.

Good old Lisa. In high school she had a... phase. To get to the point, she was the town bicycle – if you can call this backwoods dump a town – but puberty had been kind to her. She turned out hot as fuck later. Sadly, she knows it, and knows it well. Never did she give the friends of her “deadbeat” brother the time of day, but apparently that’s changed now.

“Anyway, I gotta pack my things. See you later, Andy!” Tyler interrupts your thoughts and hops back home like it’s Christmas tomorrow.

At your own place, your parents are pretty much quiet. They seem to take the news of you going camping for the night quite well.

“Don’t go into the forest though,” your mother cautions.

“Why not? Not a child anymore, right?” you counter. “But no, of course we won’t go there, why would we?”

“Lots of things you done that make no earthly sense. Age don’t matter neither, I don’t want my son sleeping in such a dreadful place.”

“Yes Mom, you got me,” you sigh. “We were planning to go into the forest to live there. Our highest aspiration was to become hermits that scare folk who pass by. Those who don’t get frightened would be rewarded with wise tales we’ve learned living in the wild.”

“Great, would love to see the day you walk through that door with some wisdom in your skull,” your dad turns it around on you.

“Arthur!” your mother squeaks, before addressing you again. “And you, don’t talk back. Ain’t called for. Keep up that attitude and you’re stayin’.” For a moment, you ponder doing just that. It would make a fine excuse for staying here, but an obvious one at the same time. Jake would call you out for it just as if you’d declined to go, and besides, the image of a naked Lisa is constantly weighing on your mind.

“I’m sorry,” you apologise to your mother. “May I be excused?”

Your parents both nod as you dab your mouth with the napkin, cleaning off some soup. Dinner's definitely not something you'll miss tonight. Actually though, your parents are quite nice with the sweets and such, packing some for Tyler, too. Hopefully he'll bring some of his own stuff.

Sun setting, your parents see you off at the door. They keep you for a bit longer, reminding you that they'll be gone for the night. Just from today until Sunday, tomorrow afternoon or something. Shit, you forgot. You'll get back at Jake for ruining the one night you could've had the house to yourself. Tyler's all ready and waiting, waving from the distance. So you're really going to do this... this is so stupid. You meet up with Tyler, walking to the edge of the forest together. Marco and Jake are already waiting for you there.

"Scared yet?" Jake teases, of course.

"Easy for you to say, you won't have to sleep with roots and insects pushing into your back," you shoot back.

"Ouch, grumpy already. Maybe you've been possessed by an evil spirit already," he tries to touch your shoulder to calm you down, but you slap his hand away. Tyler holds you back before you do something stupid.

"Calm down Andy, he's just egging you on. It'll be fun."

"Yeah, sorry, you're right. So, we're going inside and come out tomorrow morning, right? Nothing else you want to tack on to make it harder?" you snap at Jake.

"Nope, I'll be good on my soft mattress, sleeping like a baby. I'm sure you won't cheat and come out early. Right?"

"Right," you confirm. Before Jake has another opportunity to goad you, Tyler asks you to come along so that you can find a good spot to make your camp early. It's a decent, but not enormous distance you delve into the woods before you find a somewhat cleared area, largely devoid of any trees and roots that would disturb you in your sleep. Fortunately, you've often slept in a tent in the yard, for sleepovers and such. Sure, it doesn't quite make you a master survivalist, but it does help with setting up the tent while you're pitching another one in your pants, thinking of your reward. It's clear that's what's on Tyler's mind as well, who you have to shake out of his daydreams at regular intervals.

After a good twenty minutes of sweating, the tent is standing proudly. Nice! Tyler and you unpack some of the stuff you brought, most importantly the six-pack he snuck out. Popping the bottles open with a satisfying sound, you down some beers together. Any conversation you start dies within minutes, though. Living in a small town, you see each other every day, so there's not much to say. You don't have a lot of options in terms of activities either. Tyler briefly contemplated grilling some marshmallow, but you remind him in a mock-up voice that only *he* can prevent forest fires. Laughing, he agrees that it may put a quick end to your trip if you fell asleep. Inevitably, you end up at *that* subject.

"Do you really think Jake can get us to fuck Lisa?" Tyler asks excitedly.

"You can never be sure with Jake. Did you see that grin at the table? Maybe he was inwardly laughing at Marco for whoring out his sister, but I can't shake the feeling he might be pulling something on us. Then again, he *does* have a way with women. Lisa always seemed kind of taken with him. And we both remember that incident in the men's toilet stall."

“Those lucky fuckers,” Tyler reminisces.

“We may join their club soon,” you smile back at him. “Can’t wait to throw a fuck into her. Just imagine those ripe melons bouncing up and down beneath you, so suckable...”

Despite some awkward pauses, the evening passes relatively quickly. Both of you are starting to yawn at increased frequency, and Tyler is the first to point it out.

“I think it’s time we catch some shut-eye. Or at least one of us. Want me to stand first guard?” he laughs uncomfortably. While he presented it as a joke, you feel mutual agreement here that having somebody to look out a bit couldn’t hurt. Really don’t need a bear stumbling upon your camp.

“Actually, I think that might be a good idea. If your battery goes dead, you can just grab my phone,” you push it over to him, “and play on that to kill time. Don’t have reception here anyway.”

“Great, thanks man.” Tyler lets your phone lay there on the edge of the tent for now. You don’t care though, you could use some rest. Still a little exhausted from having to do the brunt of the work, sleep finds you quickly.

Just as quickly as you found it, you are ripped out of it again. Grumpy, and still very tired, you rub your eyes and reach for your phone. It’s still there, Tyler didn’t use it. God, why is it so bright in here? Checking the time, you see it’s just barely 11 PM. You couldn’t have slept more than two hours. What the fuck is Tyler doing out there, did he shoot that flare gun like an idiot? Nah, too bright for that. Lowering your phone, you see the whole front of the tent illuminated. All of it except for an inexplicable shadow in the centre. It’s weirdly shaped like an hourglass, but with a wig and legs. An odd first thought perhaps, but no actual human has a waist as thin as that, so you ruled it out straight away. Disgruntled, you sluggishly move to investigate.

Outside, you’re met both with what you expected, and the exact opposite of that. Before you, there’s a gorgeous woman, the very image of sexual perfection, conforming even more closely to the hourglass shape you just saw than her shadow did. What you did not expect is the bright light she’s enveloped in, as well as her feet not touching the ground at all.

With great strength, you tear your eyes away from her magnificent, round ass to catch a glimpse of the woman beyond her. She’s the exact opposite to the naked angel hovering before you. Her back is crooked, her clothing ragged, her laughter wicked. If you didn’t know any better, you’d say her hands, which are stretched out into the air before her, are what is suspending the gorgeous woman in the air. If you didn’t know any better, you’d say these hands are also the source of the immense light, filling the apparent angel’s surroundings.

If you didn’t know any better, you’d say this old woman is a witch.

And she’s looking at you. You’re shaken into lucidity, but it’s too late. Out of the corner of your view, you see the floating wet dream turn into a walking wet dream, as your own feet fail to take hold on the slowly retreating forest floor. The height you’re suspended at isn’t enough to induce vertigo, but just barely disables you from reaching the ground. Not only does the witch have her full attention devoted to you, the bombshell is giving you a look that could only be described as “hungry”.

Your entire body goes stiff as she approaches you. All that’s left moving is your eyes, darting back and forth between the beauty and the beast. Neither of them are very active, until the

former reaches you and undoes your pants. Despite the conflicting emotions of horror and arousal, your underwear would be crying out loud under the strain of your erection if it could.

“Looking forward to it?” the crone asks you while you’re being undressed.

“What?”

“Looking forward to fucking that innocent young girl in town?” she elaborates. Panicked, you decide, on instinct, to play dumb.

“I-I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Your friend’s sister. Lisa. She was supposed to be your ‘reward’ for spending a night in my home, was she not?” the old lady inquires more pressingly.

“First time I’m hearing about a bet. My friend and I were just having a nice day in the woods,” you lie, now a little more clear-headed.

“Oh *really?*” she draws out her words in a sceptical manner. Her face distorts frighteningly before she speaks up again.

“We may join their club soon. Can’t wait to throw a fuck into her. Just imagine those ripe melons bouncing up and down beneath you, so suckable...”

The woman’s voice is a perfect recreation of your own, like she recorded those words you clearly remember saying mere hours earlier and played them back to you. Once again terrified, you try to run, both forgetting that you’re powerlessly floating in the air, and realising that you actually can’t move your body apart from your head. At this point, conversation is over. You have nothing to say, nothing to remark. By now, you’re naked, yet you can’t say that you feel any colder for it; to the contrary. Then, after a short break, the witch – you’re certain of her identity now – speaks up again.

Men and women, all alike

Craved the old hag on a spike

Spoke ill of her, broke her trust

Now consumed by ceaseless lust.

Mist surrounds her, dancing around her old, unsightly form, and with one wave of her hands, shoots out in every direction, settling in a wide area. As suddenly as her voice rose, so do now the elements she summoned, a light fog settling throughout the forest, as far as your eyes will allow you to look.

You’ve been staring at the witch for some time, but you’re forced to stop when there’s a sudden wetness in your crotch. Your head shoots down, just barely seeing the angel from before being quite the devil. Nonchalantly, she started licking your glans while you were distracted, treating your dick like a lollipop to nibble on absentmindedly. She tries to take some of it into your mouth, looking up at you in the process and making you twice as hard as you were before, if that’s possible. Those eyes, though...

“Tyler?” you ask, shocked to see that glimpse of familiarity in her face, yet no look of recognition is returned, not in the slightest.

“Tracy now,” the witch corrects you, cackling her evil laughter. She makes more gestures with her hands, like an ancient choreography. You lose sight of her when your head reflexively shoots back, jerking from the pleasure you feel when your cock tapped Tyler’s throat. Your arousal denies you any clear-headed examination of the implications, but you do notice her mouth coming ever more closely to your pelvis. Weirdly, your glans does not seem to penetrate her any further, though logic would dictate that it should. Another jolt of excitement jumps through your body as Tracy faithfully continues her bobbing, sucking cock like she was born to do it. Your meat’s every inch is wet with her saliva. Lost in pleasure, your hand seeks to stroke Tracy’s hair, but fails to do so in light of its current paralysis. As you continue to get serviced, the witch has recovered enough to speak up once again.

I send you my two faithful slaves

To punish he who not behaves

But if you’re honest, pure of heart

The slut stays with you, stays your tart

At that moment, your eyes roll back into your head. You grunt in orgasm, nothing like any you’ve ever had. For one thing, your dick is so sore you can’t even feel your ejaculation. It doesn’t matter though. The sensations more than make up for it.

It takes you a minute to notice you’re actually lying on the ground, with Tracy on top of you. Still panting, you make little use of your limbs, especially since this dream girl has resumed her ministrations. Her hand rubbing over your crotch, while her lips are kissing your nipples, her tongue licking your chest, you could get lost in the moment. And you do, until you’re startled by something. Sitting up in shock, various realisations manifest themselves.

You regained control of your body, obviously. Good.

While you sat up, a counterweight threw you off-balance. That counterweight is currently still weighing down your chest, pulling you further forward. First your eyes take note, then your hands speed upwards to confirm what is impossible.

Tracy is smiling at your recent discovery, putting her lips back to work on yours, distracting you again. Her huge, admittedly fake-looking knockers are now pushing against your smaller ones, still cupped by your hands, and straining against them. Apparently, your transformation is far from over. Which brings you to your third realisation. The one that startled you in the first place.

Tracy’s fingers *in* your crotch. Inside. Given what you saw – and felt – happening to your chest, you have a solid idea what happened between your legs. If only it didn’t feel so incredibly nice, if only this wasn’t an absolute dream woman throwing herself at you, there might be a glimmer of resistance forming within you.

As it is though, none appear. Instead, Tracy is having her way with your body. It’s sort of funny how you craved nothing more than to have control of your body again, to have solid ground beneath you. Now that you do, you relinquish and ignore it, simply bathing in the exquisite attention your plump lips are getting, while your unseen pussy still has at least three fingers rubbing all its sensitive spots. Tracy’s other hand is roaming all over your body, her mouth now kissing your neck.

Within seconds, your occasional grunts turn into constant mewling, and from that into piercing, high-pitched screams that would make any neighbour jealous. Almost passively making a mental note that you're apparently a screamer, you feel your legs wrap around Tracy's wasp waist on their own, drawing her closer without your consent, but with your approval. Her flexibility is remarkable, still finding every spot on your body, each somehow an erogenous zone now.

Now her lips caress your shoulder, and you have to ask yourself which part of your body she hasn't blessed yet. Indeed you note how different this kind of arousal feels. Previously, you felt heat in your loins and only there, whereas now your whole body feels as if set on fire. It moves differently, too. Perhaps more importantly, it moves on its own. Right before clarity can reassert itself, the witch raises her voice for one final time.

Fuck her silly, have your fun,

But wait a day,

Jump in the hay,

Feed your balls,

Into my dolls,

Mark my words, you will be one.

Another climax rocks your body, making you doubt all you thought you knew about anatomy. Never before in your life have you had two consecutive orgasms this fast, this powerful.

Then again, never before in your life did you have a female sex organ.

As soon as you reach that second peak though, Tracy calms. In turn, so do you, knowledge and control seemingly returning to you. Among other things, the fact that it should really be Tyler, not Tracy, and that there should be a decently-sized cock swinging between your legs. Legs that will not move, as much as you dare them. Once again you find yourself paralysed, though not at all held up into the air by unknown forces. You feel your chest heaving, your pussy pulsing, your lips trembling; yet what you don't feel is control.

You're given a minute of rest, though restful is not how you'd describe it, before your body is standing upright. Every step, every flex of every muscle was felt, but undoubtedly you were not the one commanding their actions. Strands of red hair are falling into your face, but... shouldn't it be light brown? Maybe it's the lighting or—ah, fuck it. Who are you kidding? The forest is brighter than a football stadium. You're a redhead now, plain and simple. While your sense of balance should be completely off, your body doesn't show a hint of the radical changes it just underwent when it was getting up. It's as if you always looked like this.

"Hmm, you look marvellous, Amber dear," the witch swoons while looking at you. That's not your name! And yet, your body reacts immediately upon hearing it.

"I don't want to keep you for too long," she continues. "You are to rest for the night. Your bodies will need the energy come dawn. For generations, your town has mocked me. All I wanted was to be left alone in my little piece of the woods, but no. I was mocked and humiliated, became an old witch that does anything from eating babies to summoning the plague. None have felt my power, yet they saw fit to deride my appearance. I suppose beauty fades, but vanity does not. They'll get what they crave once my two beauties have their way with them," the

witch announces while stroking both your and Tyler's cheeks. "Now get some sleep. Return to the village tomorrow and show them their deepest desires."

"Yes, Great Mother," both your body and Tyler's respond simultaneously. Once more you're powerless to stop yourself – or perhaps your body, rather – as you find the tent coming closer, your back slowly lowering itself to the ground, your eyes close, and your mind shut down without resistance.

The next morning, you're as well-rested as you remember ever being. Not having to move your body yourself does constitute a burden less to worry about, you suppose. Speaking of, you feel your field of view rise as whatever force controls your movement now is just waking up. Evidently, Trac—Tyler's experiencing the same, rising at the exact same time.

Even your morning routine is completely mirrored by your friend. It doesn't come close to any routine you ever had. The bags you brought mysteriously had their contents replaced. That definitely helped when your body felt it was necessary to put on make-up. Heavily. Your hands are expertly whizzing around your face, applying more products than you could even count. There's mascara and dark eyeshadow, that much you know. Lipstick, sure. But all the pens and brushes that fly across your face, you're stumped. To finish things off, your hands stroke your hair, brushing it backwards, tying it together behind your head, only two strands in front falling down to frame your – admittedly – lovely new face. For a second, the woman in the mirror just slightly parts her lips and stares at the mirror. God, you're so hot! Well, uh, she is. The girl in the mirror.

Said girl has no time to lose, though, and is set into motion once again. She walks back to the duffle bags, retrieving her only change of clothing, while her friend is getting dressed just the same. Her ensemble is quite distinguished, though utterly unsuitable for a trip to the woods. The tall heels are only the first obstacle. Their straps almost reach your knees, delightfully digging into your calves, accentuating their thick allure. Just like last night, there's not even the slightest sense of imbalance. Your body is as stable on heels as a life-long stripper would be, and the comparison isn't as easy to deny as you'd like.

The underwear laid out for you is closer to lingerie, really. Both top and bottom are black lace. The bra is actually so flimsy that your nipples are easily pressing through. Fortunately, you're not going to be left standing in your underwear. On top of it goes a luxurious black evening dress. Up top, it covers your modesty nicely, but it has a cut in the side that almost reaches your waist. No matter how you stand, the side of your panties will always be presented to the world, as well as a good portion of your cute butt. To accessorise, you feel yourself putting on lovely, dangly earrings, countless little strands of diamonds that dangle down your pierced earlobes.

Turning around – hah, that almost makes it sound like you're controlling your movement – you see your friend has finished dressing up as well. Her tastes are more... mundane? Her shirt is almost unspeakably ridiculous, to start things off. Granted, it covers her up, but that's a technicality at this point. This outfit doesn't hide anything. As tight as it is, it would be obvious to kids who don't even know what a bra is that she's not wearing one. Barely visible, it reads "Look at my" atop her massive beach balls, and then "BOOBS" below, with the "OO" circling her pierced nipples. You had expected a bad pun at least, but this is quite something.

Moving down, it's relieving to see that she at least wears panties. Less so when you notice them riding really high on her hips, their straps clearly, intentionally poking out of her denim hotpants. Her ass is accentuated nicely by the fabric, or lack thereof. It's so big, you think she'd be near-

symmetrical if you looked at her from the side. On her feet, like everywhere else, she barely wears anything. Her heels have a two- or three-inch transparent platform, and are kept from slipping off by just one thin strap of translucent plastic running across her toes. Tracy notices you staring, though of course it's not really your choice. Uh, you mean Tyler notices.

"Like what you see?" she asks you, smiling. Your only response is a roll of your eyes. At last, your body reacts in a way you'd intended, though you're afraid it was likely a coincidence.

"Stop fooling around, we've a job to do," your body scolds her, dragging her away from the camp.

"Oh, all business, are we?" she jokes. "Don't try to hide it, I can see the juices running down your thigh from here."

Your body doesn't try to hide it, not that it could, but you feel a sense of shame going through you at being found out. So that's what that cold sensation on your legs was. Could be you're a bit of a squirter now. Well, your body is.

Pushing those thoughts out of your head – or her head? – you try to just take in the scenery to distract yourself from this alienating experience. Your body and Tracy's are walking with a purpose. As you're carried further, you can see some lights. You're nearing the edge of the forest, clearly. Through the fewer and fewer trees, you think you can make out shapes. Houses, roads, street lights.

People.

More precisely, two of them. Could it be Jake and Marco, waiting for you? Oh fuck no, this is bad. Instinctively, you turn to Tyler, trying to coordinate a plan. And "trying" is the crux of that idea. You can't coordinate with him, you can't talk with him, you can't even look at him out of the corner of your eyes. Helplessly, you are carried one perfect, trained, heeled step at a time towards the two people you were betting with. Technically, you won, but you don't really feel like celebrating your grand victory.

You and your fellow hottie step out of the edge of the forest, leaving the treeline behind you. You're met with dropped jaws and surprised faces. Well, wouldn't you be? Tracy speaks up, to your surprise.

"Hii boys!" she coos. "Whatcha doing here looking at trees?"

"Uh, what are you d-doing in the woods?" Marco asks back, shaken by your beauty. Tracy starts to stammer now too, not sure what story to tell them. Seems like you became the smart one of the group. Lucky you!

"Taking a dip in the lake. Quite refreshing, I have to say," you save her, and she breathes out loud.

"Where do you have your swimsuits then?" Jake asks, suspicious, yet bad at hiding the same kind of excitement Marco is experiencing.

Your body decides to go for subtlety, shooting him a suggestive smile with one playfully raised eyebrow. Needless to say, the effect is lost on Tracy.

"We went naked, silly!" she points out, giggling. Her laughter sends her fake tits just barely jiggling, drawing her attention. "Oh my, look at those nips," she daintily touches them, "they're

still so hard..." Her absentminded comment devolves into something resembling a trance. Tracy blocks out her surroundings and just starts to outright massage and play with her nipples, even moaning at regular intervals. It's hard to draw the guys' attention back to you, but your possessor tries to move on.

"So, you two any good at swimming?"

"Not rea—ow!" Marco starts, but gets jabbed in the ribs by Jake.

"Terrific swimmers, we are. Love swimming. The lake, huh? Great place for a swim, I agree," Jake stammers. You know he's lying, of course, since you know he's scared of the forest. You're not sure whether your body knows.

"What a coincidence," your lips form a smile, ignoring the obvious lie, "to meet two handsome young men who share our passion. There's two of you, and two of us. What do you say we pair off and practice together?"

The two guys can't believe their luck, and you don't know if you would do any different in their situation. Tracy—no, *Tyler*! Tyler has finally got his attention back on the conversation, though you can tell he's still squirming, uncomfortable. Horny. Your body looking at him gives you an opportunity to take him in. Adding to your despair, there's still no look of recognition in his eyes. Then again, you haven't seen your own. Maybe you look just the same. Tyler's body only recognises Amber, as your body only recognises Tracy. Is he just as trapped as you? Or is he enjoying every second of it, like his body is suggesting? You're not sure it matters, since "Tracy" seems to have other issues.

"Swimming? I thought we were going to fuck them?" she asks, tilting her head. Your body shares a brief look of "what can I say" with Jake before addressing Tracy again.

"Well, uh, I won't tell you what to do. Have fun."

"I will!" she squeals happily, taking Marco's arm and disappearing in between houses. That leaves only Jake and you.

"Guess we should take this somewhere more private as well?" you heavily suggest, and he agrees. Taking his arm like you're going to a gala – and you certainly look the part – you let him lead you to a quiet place. At first, you were surprised that both Jake and Marco had forgotten about you and Tyler, but now you notice that he's actually leading you to your place!

"Friend's out," Jake tells you, "should have his room to ourselves. My parents are a bit nosy, and we can reach his room with a ladder through his window."

"What an adventure!" your body smirks playfully. You feel a sort of sensual anticipation growing. It's getting harder to contain and deny your arousal.

"By the way, I didn't catch your name," Jake comments while fetching a ladder, setting it up to reach the window of your room. Your hands drift into your crotch, just for a second, in an attempt to suppress that building need. When it proves fruitless, your voice sounds like smoke and silk, both smooth and dirty.

"Amber," your body almost breathes its name.

"Nice to meet you, Amber," Jake responds politely, yet forgetting his manners when your body noticeably arches its back, "really, really nice... Umm, anyway, my name is—"

“Jake,” your body cuts him off.

For the first time, Jake hesitates. The ladder is set up, but his movement stops. He turns around to face you.

“How do you know my name?” he asks, suspicious for the second time. You can feel your body getting antsy, nervous. So your possessor isn’t perfect after all! This could be your chance. Come on, Jake!

“Oh, I’ve heard tales of your... technique. You think I’d just offer ‘swimming practice’,” the innuendo is palpable as your body responds, “to just about anyone? Do I look that slutty?” you feel your face scrunch up in its best pout, coupled with some heavily faked doe eyes.

“Heh,” Jake laughs, “I’m glad to hear word-of-mouth is finally making the rounds. I suppose I’ve got a kind of altruist side.” Fuck, Jake always was too fond of compliments. So much for that opening.

That chance gone, he steps aside, allowing you to climb the ladder. As your body goes up, taking each rung cautiously, you feel flushed with another wave of heat. Why, though? It’s not that your arousal ever calmed, it’s just another onslaught on top of it. Your right leg is theatrically swinging over the window, your body taking a break on the windowsill.

“Like what you see?” your body mimics what Tyler’s told you back in the woods. Only now do you notice how cold your leg is. Your possessor intentionally swung over the window to expose as much skin as possible. That’s also why Jake let you go first, to catch a glimpse at you! What a sleaze!

“Fuck yeah,” he breathes out quietly, unable to keep the expletives contained now. A moment later and you’re both in your room. Clearly, your body is done teasing.

“Help me with the zipper, darling?” you hear Amber’s voice ask while she turns around and draws her hair over her shoulder. Well, looks like there’s still some teasing to do. Jake stands behind you in the blink of an eye, fumbling with the mechanism. He’s more nervous than he lets on. It’s funny, you always saw him as a bit of an alpha male, the way he asserted himself in conversations. It’d be even funnier if you weren’t sitting in the mother of all glass houses when it comes to masculinity. Your tight dress is coming loose as the sound of the zipper fills your ears. Your back exposed to a stunned Jake, you feel your hands sneaking out of the dress and around Jake’s shoulders. His lips, already parted, are sucked on by yours. It takes him a full minute to actually start moving himself, reciprocating Amber’s advances.

You like to distance yourself from what your possessor is doing, using your body, but it’s made difficult if you can feel everything she does. By now, you want Jake as much as Amber does. She won’t make much longer to claim her reward. The make-out session is being slowly but surely moved towards the bed, until Jake can’t step back further, forcing him to sit down. Your body reveals itself to him almost fully, when your legs step out of the already loosened dress entirely.

“My turn to help you out of your clothes,” the tempting, gorgeous voice escapes your lips and rings in your ears. Initially, having the zipper on your dress pulled down made you feel abashed, vulnerable, but it doesn’t compare to the sensation of undoing Jake’s. You know what awaits you once those pants come off. What’s hiding behind those white drawers you’re staring at. Now it pops right in your face.

A sizeable cock, notably larger than yours used to be, is staring right at you. It twitches impatiently, just as your lips tremble in anticipation. Inwardly screaming, you feel your lips engulf the male appendage, then clamp down on it as your mouth rubs it up and down its length. Your tongue is running over the bottom to slicken the stiff organ. For the time being, the action remains relatively slow and tame. One thought already crystallises though.

He tastes *so* good.

Only your thoughts are still under your control, and even they betray you. Normally, you'd be revolting, kicking, screaming in disgust, but you feel those fires within you grow calm and benevolent. The feelings that were oppressing you have turned into your reward. Your reward for pleasuring your friend. Your reward for *sucking cock*.

None of these realisations can stop your head from bobbing in Jake's lap. To the contrary, it picks up speed, and your humiliation knows no bounds. Now Jake is drawing his fingers through your hair, complimenting your cock-slurping skills as your mouth gets truly noisy. Your tongue has long ceased lazily dragging over the underside of the rod impaling you, though you found the underside is actually a good spot to pay attention to, many memories that you don't remember ever having tell you. Regardless, you're licking dick from every direction now, which aids greatly in easing your lips down the incredible length of Jake's phallus. His hands are resting on your head, basically forcing you to deepthroat him. More memories that seem utterly unfamiliar are flooding your brain, suggesting that this is by far not the first time.

As time goes on, you start to feel... weird. Inside your head, you're still screaming, telling yourself that you absolutely hate every second of this. Yet what you *feel* is dictated by your body, and without a doubt, it's in love with attention. No better way to get it than to whore it up, given what body you find yourself in. What it doesn't like though is that its fellatio is constantly disrupted by internal noise, which puts you at a weird disconnect. On one hand, you remember who you were – and by now, many things that you think you weren't, but can't be sure about – and want to stop sucking dick, but on the other hand, your body is telling you those very thoughts are what's making you feel bad. This cognitive dissonance is messing you up, but it's not quite as intoxicating as the jizz pooling in your mouth.

While you were contemplating your demise, your lips never stopped getting busy, and neither did Jake's hands. He was kind enough to leave you some room to maneuver, so you weren't forced to swallow. Yet. His entire load is resting on the back of your tongue, where you keep it for now. Your lips part, presenting it to him.

“Whea wud oo ike ik?” you hear yourself offering him the choice.

Jake's hand brushes a strand of hair behind your ear, his every touch tingling magnificently, followed by him tracing a finger down your neck and chest, squeezing one of your breasts to force out a restrained moan, and finally coming to rest on your belly, tickling it slightly. Obediently, your lips close again, and your internal screams are muffled by the seemingly deafening sound of swallowing Jake's cum.

At that moment, the fascinating, delicious taste barely registers with you. What's more curious to you is how it goes straight to your head. Of course not literally, but it feels like it. Your brain suddenly feels a hot and sticky mess, like it's been sprayed with his semen, too. Thoughts start running through your head in your voice, sounding exactly like you. It's not just an imitation though; it's like you're compelled to say them, like you drank truth serum just now.

“God, he tastes good.”

“And that length, too!”

“I hope he’s got good stamina.”

“He has three minutes before I thrust my wet snatch on his rod for round two.”

As quickly as you have these thoughts, they’re gone again. Still, they leave a clear trail behind, a noticeable aftershock. You still know that you hated giving Jake a blowjob, but you are also aware that you just admitted to yourself how good he tasted, no matter how forced that confession felt. Besides, it wasn’t really you that gave him the blowjob, it was Amber. That’s right, Amber would never do something like that if Amber didn’t force her. Wait. What was your name again?

Unbelievable. Are you that much of a cock-craving slut that you can’t even remember your name? Okay, bad thoughts. Concentrate. You remember it was something with an “A” sound at the beginning. A... A... Amber! Shit. You can feel that name taking hold. Give it another load of cum and you’ll likely be *convinced* that you’re Amber. But no way, you’re not going to let that happen. You may be trapped but you’re not going to—

“Hold on,” you interrupt your thoughts, “three minutes are up. I promised to jump Jake’s cock again.”

Your body takes you up on the promise you made right away.

The afternoon passes quickly when you’re having such a good time. This guy is a real catch. Amber likes them studly, and Jake sure checks all the boxes. Currently, he’s checking your asshole. You’re not sure yet, but you’d wager he finds it quite snug and comfortable.

“Jesus, your pussy was a tight fit, but this beats it all,” he praises you from behind. You giggle at the nice comment, losing your composure there for a moment. Almost sounded like Tracy, oh my.

Speak of the devil, steps can be heard from the ladder. While you’re losing your anal virginity – at least that’s what you told Jake, and your first three times don’t really count, do they? – Marco and Tracy are hopping in through the window. You’d say they were interrupting you, but Jake’s faithful, unrelenting thrusts are anything but interrupted.

“Hey you guys!” Tracy chirps upon entering. She seems her usual cheerful self, though her smile is somewhat more restrained than normal. You’d ponder the implications if your brain wasn’t currently running on cocks.

“Hey, uhh,” Marco starts, “should we maybe come back another time?”

“Why?” Tracy asks, legitimately not getting the clue.

“Because they’re busy,” Marco hisses under his breath.

“Wanna join them?” his girlfriend playfully grabs him, but he resists her advances. There’s that restrained smile on her face again. Cock-starved, you get it. Of course it’s a big secret to Tracy, so she comes over to whisper it straight in your ear.

“He’s been like this all day! We fucked once and only because I kinda forced him. I need some cock!”

“Hmmm, cwock,” you mumble drunkenly, barely able to focus on your friend’s face anymore. Fortunately, your sexual senses are running on overdrive, so you can tell your reward is coming ten seconds before Jake actually coats your insides white. You let out one sharp, loud squeal to mark your orgasm. One of many. Jake pulls out of your hole noisily, allowing you to make the most of his ejaculation. Beautiful, more juice for Amber.

For a few minutes, you just lie on your back while the other three have some meaningless conversation. In between, you hear praising of your sexual proclivity though, which you do appreciate. When Jake’s cum starts trickling out of your rear pussy, Tracy thinks you’ve had enough rest. She walks up to you again.

“Honestly Bambi, I’m going crazy. At this rate, he won’t even fuck me tomorrow. I’ll be stuck with him forever!” she panics, getting a bit too loud for your taste.

“Scream a bit louder, why don’t you,” you chastise her a little. “And I told you to stop calling me that.” Tracy just childishly sticks out her tongue. “What am I supposed to do?”

“Sounds to me like you’ve been having nothing but cock and cum on the menu all day long!” Your thoughts drift off to the many happy memories that were made today. You have no worries at all that you’ll fulfill your purpose tomorrow. “How do you do it?”

“I don’t know,” you respond honestly. “Jake just wants it all the time. So do I... Come on, how hard can it be? You’ve got knockers like a pornstar! If I can do it, so should you.”

“Gee thanks, that’s a lot of help. Why don’t you offer Marco... you know, a *mangy twat*?” she suggests, making you recoil.

“Excuse me?” is all that you can bring forth. You’ve got a beautiful pussy!

“Oh come on, you know what I mean. Like you and me and Marco,” she explains.

“Did you really just—” you interrupt yourself, pausing briefly. “...Trace, I think you mean *ménage à trois*.”

“Fine, whatever,” she waves you off. “Please?”

“You know I can’t,” you try to console her. “Not while Jake is still the way he is.” Tracy knows you’re right, but pouts regardless. She offers a deal.

“Okay, you got the easy one. Finish Jake off quickly and then you both help me with Marco. Please, please, please?” Perhaps it’s more begging than offering.

“Alright, alright. How hard can it be getting a bimbo laid?” you reluctantly agree. Tracy throws herself at you, hugging you tightly. You nearly choke on her plastic tits. Not an entirely unpleasant sensation either, you have to admit. Erotic asphyxiation aside, Marco and Jake apparently finished their little chat and are getting restless.

“What are you two chatting and cheering about?” Jake asks you.

“Oh you know, girl stuff. Shoes, make-up, RomComs—“

“Cocks!” Tracy adds, unnecessarily. Jake doesn’t mind at all, stifling laughter.

“Only good things to say, I hope?” he asks, smiling at you.

“The best,” you bite your lips, grinning.

Marco is getting visibly uncomfortable and asks Tracy to leave with him. Hardly able to say no to him – and hoping there'll be sex back home – she cautiously climbs down the ladder with Marco surely peeking up at her tight ass. At least you don't remember him climbing up this slowly, when he was going first as well.

Once you have the room to yourself, Jake and you are immediately jumping into each other again, almost like a coordinated move. There's no playing around this time, you just ride his cock until you both agree it's time to catch some sleep.

Only you're not getting much of that. You've had sex all day long, with few breaks, and still your snatch is crying for more. You look at the clock. 8 AM. Still pretty dark outside. It's been hours since your last fuck, but more importantly, it has been more than a day since your awakening, and your subsequent meeting with Jake. You can't have sex with him if he doesn't want to. But as long as he's asleep, he can't really resist either, can he?

Driven both by purpose and by need, you cautiously mount Jake's sleeping form. A little nudge and he lies perfectly still on his back, out cold. You wager you can change that. For now though, let's take advantage of it. It's not easy, but you do your best to rock your hips only slightly. Despite your intense craving, you manage to commit to not waking Jake up too quickly. After five minutes of little more than teasing yourself, you emit a little squeal though. Inevitably, Jake shifts around a bit before finding you mounted on his pelvis.

"Am I that irresistible?" he murmurs, half-asleep.

"Like you wouldn't believe, haa-nn," you suppress a moan, losing control of your voice.

Fortunately, you don't have to worry about that anymore, since Jake woke up and seems fine with a round fourteen or fifteen or wherever you might have left things last night. Right away, you can tell it feels different somehow. Jake's body is like dough beneath you, never giving you a lot of support. You're in constant danger of slipping off, alerting him to something being wrong, but the passion, the need inside you is keeping you focussed.

The drawback is that his dick is... well, drawing back. Every consecutive thrust of yours comes up shorter, frustrating you. When he's no more than an inch or two, you give up. Flipping one leg over him, you turn around. You slide your wet snatch backwards over his belly, his chest, until it rests on his mouth. Your own moves to likewise kiss his quickly diminishing sex.

Jake's only half-lucid, but that won't stop you from achieving your well-deserved climax. 69 definitely achieves some more than his tiny, pathetic "manhood" did. Especially now that you can feel his lips plump up, his suction on your pussy his incredible. Two little bumps start pressing into your belly as well, though their growth stops short still. Jake's little pee-pee continues to escape your mouth, retreating further up his body. By now, this feels more like clitlicking than cocksucking.

These new sensations ought to alert Jake at some point, but so far, he's ignorant even to the slight octave shift his grunts underwent. Your muff mostly muffles them, which probably helps. It's incredible how oblivious Jake is to his changes. There's not the slightest reaction from him.

Maybe you're not one to talk though. For a good few minutes now you've been licking away at his folds, not noticing that his sex has already split and bloomed into femininity. In your defence, he has developed labia you could get lost in. Delicious. To complete your task down there, you kiss Jake's thighs goodbye before you reluctantly turn around again.

Easier said than done, you realise. You try to draw yourself off his face, but he doesn't quite want to let go. One look at him and you have to stifle a laugh; apparently dick-sucking lips are good for pussy-licking as well. He's sucking on your snatch so tightly, you actually have to carefully wedge one of your well-manicured fingers between his lips to release the vacuum with a satisfying popping sound.

It's time to finish him off, you decide. Actually, you could use some finishing off yourself, your needy slit is killing you! It'll have to take a backseat though, as you're facing Jake again. Eh, can't hurt to get a little something for yourself. You grab one of his hands and direct it towards your snatch, letting him play with your folds a little. Better than nothing. Excited, you start kissing Jake, having trouble drawing your lips past his, but you manage. You're running your fingers through his lengthening, raven black hair, while your clit is rubbing over his stomach. Once you find his facial structure soft and pleasant enough, you start another trail down, licking his cheek, his smooth jaw, his delicate chin, his throat – which is finally capable of moaning like a proper whore – to settle on his slowly developing chest.

As soon as your lips start massaging *her* bumps, they quickly turn into breasts, growing into boobs, until they finally become full, overflowing *tits*. Your neck has to stretch to still reach Jake's nipples, she must be an H-cup at least. It's amazing what fate – with a little help from the Great Mother – can do. It has to be said: She was a slut before, fucking you nearly without pause. Now she has a body to fit her libido. When you notice her bloom is complete, you free her tit from your lips with a loud, intentional pop. You smile at her and she smiles back.

“Jessica?” you suggest.

“Jacqueline,” she corrects. “But Jackie for my sisters.”

“Hmm, exotic, yet slutty. I love it!” you swoon. “Perfect name for a stripper, or a whore.”

“Pretty good, isn't it?” Jackie asks rhetorically, and laughs in that smoky, husky voice of hers.

Your first initiation is complete. Fire explodes in your loins, and your first and utmost desire is to pop Jackie's cherry. However, your second thought drifts to Trace. She asked for your help resolving her problems with Marco. The sun has come up a while ago, meaning you already have less than 24 hours to turn him or Tracy will be stuck with him. Probably not the worst fate, all things considered, but for Tracy? Damn, she'd wither after a half week of celibacy.

“I'd love to stay long—ahh,” you moan as Jackie sucks on your nipple softly, “st-stop that, hmmm.” She actually listens and does pull back. “I'm sorry, I'd really love to, but one of our sisters needs help. Listen, we haven't really had time to build ourselves a shrine here, you're our first convert. And perhaps our hottest...” you trail off as your eyes drift over Jackie's lithe, yet incredibly busty form. “Anyway, none of the houses are cleared out, so we couldn't choose an outpost yet. Why don't you visit our Great Mother? She will prepare clothing, make-up and accessories for you and you can get acquainted with our mission. Once you're ready, head back here and pick your target. Try to grab the attention of one person, we can only work on one conversion at once. So when in public, try to keep those knockers covered,” you grin.

“Sure we can't stay a few minutes longer?” she asks while teasing your nipple again.

“Hmm, sadly not. We have our orders,” you have to disappoint her. Nonetheless, she obeys her nature, covers herself with a towel, and heads out into the woods. Looking at the clock, you see you've spent quite some time transforming her. Time to throw on some clothes yourself and go.

It's not a tall order to find Tracy and Marco; they're on a stroll through the still-empty roads, like a goddamn high school couple. Tracy is noticeably desperate, squirming with every step. Marco, of course, is completely oblivious to her pent-up pressure. You hurry to approach them, trying to relieve Tracy of her torturous boyfriend as quickly as possible.

"Hey you two lovebirds, what are you doing?" you greet them, slightly out of breath.

"Oh, hello Amber," Marco turns around, visibly annoyed. "Just watching the sun rise during a *private* walk."

"Sweet, can I join you?" you purposely ignore the edge in his voice.

"Y-yes please," Tracy musters, barely capable of speaking two words. Marco naturally doesn't like you tagging along, but he's unfortunate to have decent manners. He knows he can't exclude the friend of his girlfriend, so you're allowed to intrude on their little "date".

"So that's all you're doing, just walking about?" you tease Marco a little, trying to steer the group in the direction of your house. It works, sort of. Getting closer at least.

"Yes, Amber. Couples do that sometimes," he responds, clearly losing his patience. "Speaking of, where's Jake?"

"Sleeping it off," you grin. "You two doing couples stuff already, wow. Gotta say, you do look cute together. I'm kind of jealous, to be honest," you bite your lip, gazing deeply into Marco's eyes. "What do you say we... share some of our love?"

"Wh-what are you talking about?" Marco starts to stammer.

Without saying a word, you point to Tracy, mouthing her name, then to Marco with a "you", then to yourself almost whispering "me", and hold out your arms before you, rocking your hips back and forth, dry-humping the air. Unsurprisingly, Marco is still taken aback by your sudden proposal, but your trained eyes, having seen plenty of cock in their time, immediately notice the bulge growing in his pants.

"I couldn't! I m-mean Tracy would hate it! She's totally straight, and, I mean, I want to be faithful to her and such. R-right, Tracy?" he looks to his girlfriend, as if needing her permission to not cheat on her. Unlucky for him that she doesn't seem to register much, almost sleeping. Oh dear, if this goes on she'll pass out from cock withdrawal. A bimbo's burden is never truly appreciated. Few people ever see them like this. The ordinary ones rarely have to fear dickless nights. Yet Marco's distress comes at the perfect time for you. He doesn't even notice that all three of you are headed straight for the ladder leading into your room.

"It all stays between friends, doesn't it?" you try to sell him. "Hasn't Tracy indicated, even in the slightest, that she'd really like to enjoy you... that way? Maybe even specifically with me there? It's not really cheating if she's included anyway, you know."

Marco thinks for a second. "She did mention something like that... three or four times. I thought she was joking."

"Joking four times?" you ask, raising an eyebrow, though you immediately realise that it wouldn't be too much of a stretch, given who you're talking about. Marco just shrugs.

"Oh look, walked right by my place," you play it up like it was coincidence. "Would be so easy to just climb in there and have some fun... Come on," you take Marco by the hand.

That turns out to be a good plan. He never was very stubborn, it's easy to just pull him along for the ride before he has a chance to decline. Like a true gentleman, he carries Tracy up the sturdy ladder, finally taking note of her near-death experience. At least that's what she'll describe it as afterwards, you expect. You enter your room first, noting the distinct smell of... "sex", though that doesn't even describe it. It's more like the smell of orgy. Fitting, you think.

Marco sets down Tracy, who's barely capable of standing on her own, but she manages. Continuing your strategy of not giving Marco a chance to resist, you push him onto the ruffled bed, sending Tracy right behind him. For the first time in a few minutes, she actually makes a noise, squealing slightly when she lands on her boyfriend, already more alert than she was before.

"Um, Amber?" Marco speaks up. "This bed is absolutely soaked."

You're startled. It doesn't take long for your mind to put two and two together, and your hand shoots to your crotch, feeling it. *Soaked.*

"Uhh, don't worry about it, it's fine!" you wave him off, plunging Tracy's head on his dick to shut him up for the moment. Within seconds, your bimbo sister is back to normal, squealing and giggling happily at her late rescue. There's no hesitation in her slurping and sucking; she's more lively than you think you've ever seen her.

Standing here in the back, seeing these two hot people throwing their clothes to the side, two naked forms fucking each other, turns you on yourself. Tracy's well-used labia are staring at you, beckoning you. No point in denying those perfect lips a union with yours. Kneeling on the carpeted floor, you tightly snap onto Tracy's crotch from behind. Her relieved moans up front tell you she's been waiting for you to do that. Your tongue thrusts forward sharply, searching and finding all her pleasure centres. You're friends. *Good* friends. You'd be lying if you said you had to search long for Tracy to be reduced to a powerless puddle of sex.

"What the fuck?" Marco suddenly mutters to himself, and you're immediately alert. Detaching from Tracy's perfect pussy is a shame, and Trace makes her discontent known by playfully kicking you in the shoulder, but you're more concerned with her boyfriend. Looking around her round ass, you see Marco staring at his own junk, with Tracy's mouth still firmly attached. Only his length isn't quite deserving of that name anymore. Acting on impulse, you rush to the side of the bed and quickly plant your snatch on Marco's face.

You're lucky that he was never really one to exercise much. Two women putting everything into getting off are enough to keep him planted on the mattress. Already, you can feel his lips becoming more eager, more suitable for cunnilingus. Reaching behind, you pat his head, stroking through his hair to encourage Marco, whose rebellion is quenched at that moment. Emboldened by your success, you decide you won't limit yourself to the use of his mouth, sliding your sopping snatch all over his face, holding onto his neck for stability, using his nose and every other bump you can find to get you that little bit closer to that eventual, mindblowing orgasm. When it hits you, your voice must carry through the entire village, and you check up on your lover to see that he doesn't drown in your juices. Being a world-class squirter comes with certain hazards, though you can testify that they're well worth it.

Looking down after shifting position, you notice that "he" has changed quite a bit since you last saw him. Staring back at you is a lovely Latina, with eyes so dark you could fall into them and lose yourself as if in a void. Her hair is just as black, nearly reaching her untransformed chest.

“Y-you taste nice,” she compliments you meekly. “Shame that you’re always making such a me-*heeeess!*”

“Tracy, don’t overdo it down there, she’s not even finished blooming yet,” you jokingly chastise the bimbo still on pussy-licking duty.

“Showwy!” she apologises, squishing the Latina’s lips with her own.

“Excuse her, she’s insatiable, that one,” you explain to your new sister. “What lovely name would you happen to go by, dear?”

“Don’t worry, I don’t mind at all,” she smiles, exhausted. “Her tongue feels really, *really* nice, actually. Oh, and my name is *Maria*,” she tells you, her pronunciation as hot as morning coffee.

“Gorgeous name for a gorgeous woman,” you praise her. “Still lacking some tits on the way to womanhood though. Getting right on that,” you tell her bluntly.

“O-okay,” she hesitantly accepts your offer. “What’s the plan for the clean-up?”

“Oh, you let me worry about cleaning up, honey,” you respond, trying to focus her attention. She’s a little weird, isn’t she? “Just enjoy yourself.”

“N-not a p-problem,” she stutters when she has to endure that trinity of pleasure: cunnilingus, nipple play and the exciting transformation. She’ll get to feel a lot of cock in her lifetime, but dicks or no dicks, whether gay, straight or bi; nothing feels quite like initiation sex. While you’re sucking away at Maria’s puffy nipples, noise can be heard downstairs, distracting you.

“Art, what in God’s name do you think you’re doing?” a screeching voice tears through the house. “Arthur, get that harlot off of you!” the somehow familiar voice demands.

“Hmm, Arthur, make me your harlot,” another voice cuts in, much more pleasant, almost soothing, and without a hint of joking in her voice. Jackie must’ve caught one, nice.

Back in your bedroom, you notice Maria’s chest somewhat stagnating. Surely, she can’t stay a diminutive B-cup? Yet all the signs clearly indicate that she will. Nothing you can do about it then. You raise up and try to take in all the sights. Her face was already mentioned, but damn, there is no way to overstate her beauty. It’s not so much raw sexuality, like Jackie turned out, but a sort of elegance. Maria could own any red carpet she wanted. If only there wasn’t her extraordinary shyness. No matter what, when you’re picking a host, there are some things you can’t get rid of, for better and worse. Her rather lacking bust doesn’t do much to enhance her curves, but turning around, you see a *serious* ass to make up for it. Maria’s hips flare out so beautifully, they catch the eye immediately. You laugh, wondering whether she’s going to fit out the door. Her shapeliness continues with those honey thighs, wrapped around Tracy’s neck. You’re jealous, you’ll admit, that she’s stuck in between those sweet, soft legs, and not you. Cynical voices may say Maria’s elegance is competition to you... Fuck those voices, you say.

Steps can be heard. They grow louder. Feet are stomping on the stairs, coming closer. The door swings open. A middle-aged woman stands in the doorway, stunned for a second.

“Arthur! What are all these... these *sluts* doing in Andy’s bedroom?” she cries out. A response never comes. You feel stirring beneath you. Maria’s legs drop to the bed, off Tracy’s shoulders. You rise, walking over to the noisy woman with a smile on your face. Footsteps from behind tell you you’re not alone. The woman’s screams cease, then transform into cries for more, as soon as she feels the loving embrace of three lithe, young women, tending to her every desire.