

Mini-Story: Kinks (Multi TFTG)

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After a chemical accident, Larry gains the power to transform others and himself anyway he chooses. It doesn't take long for power to go to his head, but is a karmic retribution looming for him?

Kinks

The first time Larry realised he had the power to change the form of anyone he touched happened as a complete accident. He worked at a chemical plant, you see, and was a man in his mid-forties with a chubby figure and greying hair. He went about his job with a degree of monotony, until one day when moving a crate of chemicals it accidentally spilled all over him. He was instantly rushed to the decontamination room, and after several health check ups it seemed that was that: no harm, no foul. Just a two month paid time off courtesy of the company to avoid any nasty legal action. He happily took it, spending it with his mousy brown-haired wife Olivia, who wrote reviews and edited magazines from home.

Nothing really changed for several days. Larry was happy to have time off, while his wife was happy to have an extra set of hands around the kitchen. But then, while out shopping for groceries, something very strange happened. Unbeknownst to his wife, Larry could be a little bit of a pervert. Nothing that would ever sabotage a marriage, but he had his weird kinks, and his normal ones, and his eye often wandered in public when he saw a very beautiful woman. He was just wandering down an aisle and leaning over to grab a frozen pizza when a rather gorgeous young thing reached for the same one. He laughed awkwardly as their hands connected, and so did she. She was a brunette with a pixie cut and adorable dimples, and the only thing he thought she was missing was a nice pair of knockers to really make her body the full package. Especially if they were the kind of big tits that were absolutely *desperate* for a man's touch.

Suddenly, the woman whimpered as he focused on that thought. To his astonishment, she stepped backwards, groaning as her chest rapidly expanded, popping off the buttons of her shirt and revealing a huge pair of tits that were nearly the size of her own head.

"Ohhhhhh, what's h-happening to m-me!? Why have my boobs grown so big!?"

Larry was transfixed, but had no idea what to say. The woman grabbed him his his shirt and pulled him close. She was sweating, horrified but desperate.

"Oh God! I need you to touch them! They're s-so needy, so sensitive! Please, I'll let you cum on them, rub your dick on them, *anything!* Please just play with my goddamn tits, I need it so bad!"

Larry, shouting apologies, fled, leaving his groceries behind. The last thing he heard was the woman running to another nearby man and giving the same offer. That one was more willing, evidently, because while Larry was starting up the car in a panic, he saw the young man helping the young woman straight to his car. Larry killed his engine, and instead watched the two go at it, right in a public space in the back of the man's car. He unbuckled his own trousers, made sure there was no one else around at that hour, and began to stroke himself.

He had a kink for what had just happened, and more were already awakening, especially since the poor woman was insatiable. Evidently, her new life would be governed by a need for that man to keep her huge breasts caressed and pleased as often as possible.

When he got home, Larry tried to figure out what had happened. It had to have been the chemical spill giving him a power; there was no other explanation! He decided to try it on himself. Standing in front of a mirror, the door locked so Olivia couldn't see him, he touched his body and focused on what he wanted to change about it. There was a jolt of power, and suddenly his gut deflated, gaining powerful muscles instead. His hair turned dark again, and even his age reversed, going back to his early thirties when he was in his prime.

"Holy moly," he said to himself, examining his now-handsome face. "I can change anyone I touch. Olivia! Come here and don't freak out! I've got something amazing to show you!"

Olivia did freak out a little, but was sceptical until Larry demonstrated his power on his wife. She had a couple of simple requests to change herself, and he was happy to give them, though he made sure to sneak in a few of his kinks in there as well without her permission. He made her hair more shiny as requested, and de-aged her back to her late twenties just like she'd asked. He also helped her waist become thin just as she wanted it. But he also had a little fun making her boobs bigger, making them a ripe pair of D-cups, as well as making her hips wider and her behind more pronounced.

"Larry! What on earth are you doing?"

"Just having a little fun, my dear. Don't tell me you're going to complain about looking like a gorgeous pinup model, hmm?"

"Warn me next time! Hell, ask me! I'm not complaining, but I'd rather not look like a total . . . well, it's done. You can change me back later."

"Maybe, but first see if you like it. After all, I tried to see if I could give you a bigger libido as well."

Her eyes went wide. "Is that why I'm f-feelilng so hot all over a sudden? Ohhhhh, Larry, you devious man. This is such a *you* thing to do. But - mhm - I need you. You better do all the house chores in return for what I'm about to do to you!"

What she did was give him the best sex he'd had in years, topped after several hours of lovemaking and quite a few orgasms with a finishing blowjob, the first she'd given him in a long, long time. It was the best day of Larry's life up until that point, but he was just getting started.

From that day, while on leave, Larry explored the limits of his powers, doing everything he could to bend the forms of others to his will and see what he could get away with. He'd always had a number of kinks for transformation and unwilling transgenderism, so he decided to pay a visit to some old bullies and horrible colleagues of his from his past jobs, even from way back in high school. Jerry Schoe had always mocked him for being 'girly' back in school, so Larry decided to turn him into a girl himself - a hot twenty five year old who felt compelled to become a stripper, and didn't have the intelligence for anything else. Larry got to enjoy a nice lapdance before leaving, and was nearly tempted to fuck his old bully. A toxic coworker named Angela Yarne was turned into a dairy cow - she'd always been a 'cow' anyway, and now her instincts would guide her to reproduce. Larry got off on being the first to drink her new milk. But then he felt a bit bad, and decided to make her a *cowgirl* instead: a woman who could pass as human if she covered up her horns and tail and udder, but had huge bowling-ball sized breasts that needed milking three times a day.

"But if you let me drink from those big, ripe titties, then I'll make it only twice a day, Angie."

She let him, and what started as simply indulging in a lactation fetish escalated to full on sex. He penetrated her hard, and she moored in ecstasy as he did so. In that moment of touching her, he decided it would be cute to leave her pregnant, so he heightened her fertility, ensured she was knocked up with twins, and left her with the deal he promised. Of course, pregnancy would make her need to be milked five times a day anyhow. It didn't matter: he had no plans to raise her kids.

Others were changed, all to fulfil his increasing lust for power and control, and his many kinks. A man who'd insulted his previous weight as giving him 'manboobs' was given the ultimate test of Larry's power: he was turned into a sentient bra that he then gave as a present to Olivia. She thought it was lovely, until she realised he was enlarging her breasts to E-cups to fit the cups. But he'd ensured the man would orgasm each time he was worn by her, and that seemed amusingly humiliating, particularly since Olivia would never know.

There were other changes, and they increased in frequency, losing any excuse of karmic retribution. Larry changed a diner waitress to have a big ass that she couldn't help but sway, and made another female customer into an ultra-horny slut who was desperate to suck his cock in the backroom. When he found out a woman at a party was a lawyer, he thought it would be hilarious to turn her into a literal 'shark' woman to show what he thought of her profession. Right before a crowd she gained grey skin, a dorsal fin and powerful tail, as well as a sharp, shark-like face. He raceswapped several attendees at a bank, and when a male manager made him wait,

he decided to transform him into a sexy harem woman who felt compelled to 'service' all her customers in the most erotic ways.

The changes kept escalating. He made centaurs, succubi, hippopotamus-women, living panties, and even joined several men together, forming them into a sexy three-headed woman who was tall, three-breasted, and utterly subservient to him. Using his power, he was able to change the mind of an influential individual, allowing him to have a secret property where his new collection of transformed individuals could live without drawing the attention of the police or the press, and he could visit and fuck them to his heart's content each day, all while pretending to Olivia that he was going back to work, his two months of free time up.

But the changes were never enough. Larry wanted more, more, more, and always in further extremes. He changed his own body, experiencing some time as a ludicrously powerful barbarian type, or as a centaur stallion when he fucked his neighbour, who he'd transformed into a sexy female centaur. He'd gotten her pregnant too, thought that one had been entirely by accident. He even gave himself wings so he could pleasure his succubus in mid-air, the former middle-aged accountant now utterly overcome by lust.

But still, it was not enough.

It was Olivia who put forward a more radical change that could grant him the pleasures he sought. He was surprised to hear such a kinky side from her, since she hadn't asked to be changed much further at all since the discovery of his powers, and seemed content with his stronger body.

"Why don't we swap roles?" she asked

"Swap role? How do you mean?"

"Well, you have this amazing power, right? Why don't you make yourself a woman, and I could be a man, and we could see how the other side feels it."

Larry was intrigued. "I'm not sure . . ."

"Oh come, Larry. I know you have your . . . desires. You've already given me big tits - don't you want to feel what it's like to have an even bigger pair? Hell, we could have a fun time playing out a quick fantasy: me as the alpha hunk, you as the submissive, ditzy bimbo slut. Doesn't that just sound like the hottest thing ever?"

It did. It really did. Normally, Larry wanted power. Control. But this was a different kind of taboo, and Olivia argued it further.

"It could be *dangerously* sexy," she said. "Of course, we'd prepare it and everything. We'll have a safeword, and we'll only do it for an hour the first time, so that everything is above board. But wouldn't it just be the wildest thing ever if you made yourself like a total submissive bimbo and had me in charge, just for a little bit? It would be unlike anything either of us have ever felt."

Larry had to concur. He nodded eagerly. "Yes. Oh my dear, you are perfect. We'll change right away. I can't wait for this. Just be gentle with me, and make sure to handle it appropriately."

"Don't worry, husband. Of course I will. I'll handle everything."

He changed her first. She became a large alpha male, tall and muscular and devastatingly handsome. Strong beyond belief, and mentally full of confidence. Then, with just a bit of hesitation, he lowered his own intelligence, raised his own submissiveness massively, and increased his libido to astronomical levels, just as he had for his former wife. Then, he made himself the hottest bimbo alive, complete with calf-length blonde hair, G-cup tits that sat perfectly on his chest, and an hourglass figure that just spoke of fertility.

"Mhmmm, oh God. I'm like, so dumb and soooooo horny!" she exclaimed.

Her new husband stroked her back and pinched her ass, making her moan.

"Then let's take care of that," he said.

He did. Multiple times. Larry - now Luna - had never felt such pleasure. The new Oliver fucked her again and again, cumming inside her powerfully to the point where she almost walked a little bowlegged afterwards. The female orgasm was so powerful, and her body so perfect to elicit. But when the hour had passed, and it was time for 'Oliver' to order things back to normal, he simply smirked.

"Luna, my dear, did you really think I would let you turn back? I know you can't until I give permission, because you made yourself so submissive. But I won't let you. Ever."

Luna was confused, and her lowered intelligence made it hard to figure out what was going on. "Wh-what? Why?"

"Because I know all about your secret ranch, and all the transformations you've been conducting. Those poor people! Luna, five of them are pregnant already, and not all of them with human babies! I know everything!"

"But how? I, like, kept it all a secret!"

The massive Oliver folded his arms. "My bra talked to me. Your bra now, I suppose. You didn't realise the poor man could do that, did you? It communicates mentally with its owner, and from what it told me I was able to follow you in my spare time and see just about everything. God, Luna, you absolute pervert. I always knew you had kinks, but this power has put you out of control! There's a poor woman trapped as a fountain who'll be orgasming forever because of you. I hope she enjoys it, because even being able to control you I'm not sure I'll be able to have you wield your power successfully. We'll just have to see if we can reverse some of the damage at least."

"I'm sorry! I'm, like, super sorry! But you'll change me back, like, after, right?"

But Oliver just shook his head, smirking. "Luna, you know I can't do that. I'm afraid we're going to have to live like this, me as the powerful, dominating husband, and you as my sexy servile bimbo of a wife. I'm sure you won't mind. We'll try and use your powers for good from now on, and only target anyone who really deserves it. But for now, I think it's time to get you accustomed to your new body, before we head to the ranch and show everyone the new you. What do you say, hot stuff, ready to be made a woman again?"

Luna wanted to scream, to cry, to plead. But already her nymphomania was rising, and she desperately needed her husband to fuck her. She bit her lip, and squeezed her sensitive tits together.

"P-please," she said.

"I'm not changing you back."

"No, please fuck me. It's soooo hot. I can't help but love being your submissive little bitch. It's, like, my biggest kink yet."

She wasn't even lying.

The End