

### Chapter 3: Sex Ed

A few months later, the summer had since ended, and Elisa was back in school. Elisa hadn't transformed since the incident with her mom, which had her on edge. The last time she'd transformed was when she had lost her virginity, and the memory haunted her. But now that she was back at school, Elisa began to worry that Diana might come out at any moment, in front of everyone.

Unfortunately for her, she did.

Elisa was in her science class, her teacher going over moon phases. The teacher had pulled up an image of the full moon at the front of the class, and everyone's attention was fixed on the projection.

Elisa could feel a familiar sensation building inside her. "No, no, no," Elisa thought, her heart racing. To everyone else, the image of the moon was normal, but in Elisa's vision, it was that familiar pink hue that she had grown to fear. The sensation grew stronger, and Elisa gripped the edge of her desk, her knuckles white.

She began to pant, her breath quickening, her body heating up. She could feel the change coming, and there was nothing she could do to stop it.

"Elisa?" the teacher said, a hint of concern in her voice. "Is everything alright?"

"I-I don't feel so good," Elisa managed to say, her voice strained.

The sensation surged through Elisa, and she felt her body beginning to change. "No, not here," she thought desperately, her heart pounding in her ears.

But it was no use, the transformation was underway.

Elisa started to moan, her body beginning to get taller. All of the other students and the teacher looked at Elisa, in shock of what was happening.

"Miss Carter, are you alright?" the teacher asked, his voice laced with concern.

But Elisa couldn't respond, the sensations overwhelming her. Her clothes tightened, straining against her expanding body as her features morphed, her buttocks and hips filling out and turning her pants into shorts. "No..." Elisa moaned, her voice changing as her vocal cords elongated. "Please, no..."

But the transformation was in full swing, and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Elisa writhed in her chair, her back arching as her breasts swelled, her chest pushing against her shirt.

"Miss Carter?" the teacher asked, his voice tinged with fear. "What's happening to you?" Elisa could only moan in response, her body continuing to change.

The young girl could feel her transformation reaching its climax, and she knew she wouldn't be able to stop it.

Her classmates stared at her, their eyes wide and their faces pale, the terror of what was happening written plainly on their features.

"N-no, please... not here," Elisa begged, her voice breathy and sensual. "Oh, god..." The young girl's nipples began to harden, her breasts tingling and growing larger. The sensations were too much for Elisa, and she threw her head back, golden hair emerging from her head and flowing down her back. Her skin grew smooth and radiant, and her eyes glowed pink.

Her facial features morphed into that of a more mature and beautiful face, with her lips becoming plump and pouty.

The sensual transformation continued, and Elisa's moans and sighs filled the classroom, her classmates watching in horror and amazement.

"Ohhh..." she groaned as she writhed in her seat, her voice sultry and alluring. "Mm, yeah... That feels so good." "Miss Carter..." the teacher gasped, his eyes widening.

"It's okay," Diana purred from within Elisa's mind, her voice smooth and sensual. "Just relax and enjoy the show." Diana's transformation was nearly complete, and the sexual energy in the room was palpable. "Oh, god..." Elisa whimpered, her body quivering. "I-I'm... I'm..."

"That's it, sweetie," Diana purred from within her mind once more, as Elisa's hands roamed over her curvy body. "Just let it go."

Elisa convulsed, her body wracked with pleasure. Suddenly, Diana pushed her chair back and stood up as her mind took full control, her body on full display. Her breasts were massive and perky, her hips were wide, and her ass was round and full. She swayed her hips seductively, her thighs rubbing together. "Enjoying the view, boys and girls?" she cooed, her voice husky.

Elisa's classmates could only stare in stunned silence, their faces flushed.

"I must say, I'm not used to being let out this early on in the day," she smirked, her hands roaming over her voluptuous body as she looked towards the teacher, "but I'm not complaining."

The teacher stared at her, his mouth agape, his eyes wide with disbelief. "W-what..." he stammered, his voice trembling.

"Relax, handsome," Diana said, her voice sultry. "Just let me take control." She approached him, her hips swaying seductively. "And then, we can have some fun."

The teacher gulped, his eyes locked onto Diana's voluptuous form. He could feel his arousal growing, and he was powerless to resist. "M-Miss Carter..." he whispered, his voice shaky.

Diana chuckled, a low, sensual sound. "Not quite," she purred, her hands tracing circles on his chest. "I'm Diana. But you can call me whatever you want." She leaned in, her lips brushing against his ear. "Because I'm about to make your wildest fantasies come true."

With that, she sat the teacher down in his chair, sitting on top of him and pinning him against the desk, her massive ass grinding against his crotch.

Diana turned to the other children, smirking seductively.

"Now.... who's ready for a bit of Sex Ed?"

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#### Chapter 4: Same Day, Another Story

Meanwhile, at home, Amber was in the kitchen preparing dinner. She hadn't been able to stop thinking about Elisa since the incident, and she was worried that her daughter might hate her.

Worst still, she couldn't stop thinking about Diana and what had happened between them. She'd never experienced anything like it before, and it had left her feeling confused and conflicted. She wanted to be there for Elisa, but at the same time, she felt guilty about how much she had enjoyed her time with Diana. "Am I a bad person?" Amber thought, her chest heavy. "Is it wrong to enjoy being with a version of my own daughter, even if it's not really her?"

The 40 year old sighed, her shoulders slumping. She shook her head, trying to clear her thoughts. Of course she wanted to support Elisa and be there for her, but... it's not like there was an entry in the parenting handbook for what to do if your daughter transformed into a 20 year old vixen and seduced you into having sex with her. The guilt ate at her, and she longed for a way to make things right.

Meanwhile, the TV was on in the living room, with Amber periodically looking towards it as she cooked. There was some kind of werewolf movie on, and it had gotten to a scene where the lead actress was about to transform into a werewolf for the first time. Amber looked towards the TV, seeing a shot of the full moon in the sky. Though for some reason, to Amber, the moon looked.... pink?

"Strange," she thought. Amber couldn't take her eyes off the screen, the scene captivating her.

Suddenly, Amber doubled over, a sharp pain tearing through her. "What's going on?" she cried out, her voice strained. The pain intensified, and Amber fell to her hands and knees, the knife she was holding clanging onto the floor as her body wracked with agony. "What's happening to me?" she thought, her voice a desperate plea. She began to moan loudly, her cries echoing throughout the house.

Her upper body pressed into the floor, her lower body raised in the air, her ass up almost as if presenting it to someone ready to fuck her.

"Oh god..." Amber whimpered, her body contorting. Her back arched and her neck strained, her body tensing. A low, primal moan escaped her lips, and she gritted her teeth, trying to resist the urge to cry out. Her thighs slowly began to grow, pushing against her sweatpants, and her ass expanded, filling the fabric.

"M-my... ass..." Amber groaned, her cheeks burning with shame and embarrassment. Her asscheeks rippled and bounced, her hips widening and her waist growing thin. "No... please," she begged, tears streaming down her face.

But it was no use. Her body was changing, and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Her breasts began to swell, pushing against the kitchen tile as they expanded, her blouse straining.

She rolled over onto her back, gazing at her newly developed chest. "So... big..." she breathed, her voice trembling as she couldn't help but bring her hands to her breasts, squeezing them.

"Oh, god," she thought, her eyes squeezed shut, "is what happened to Elisa.... happening to me?"

The changes didn't stop there, however, and soon her face was morphing into a younger and more attractive visage, her lips becoming plump and her cheeks growing rosy. Her hair began to lengthen, her ponytail becoming undone as her hair began flowing down her back in brown waves.

Amber shut her eyes, her mind being shut out as she could feel someone... else, taking over. Her breathing became heavy and ragged, her breasts heaving as they continued to expand. "Mmm," she moaned, her voice sultry.

Suddenly, a wave of pleasure surged through her body, and her eyes snapped open, her pupils glowing pink. "Oooohhhh, that's it," the voice said, her eyes fluttering.

The transformation was now complete, and the 40 year old was no more. Instead, a beautiful woman, with brown hair and the figure of a goddess was laying in her place. "I'm.... Estelle."

She sensually rolled over, rising to her feet. Her clothes were now ill-fitting, her top struggling to contain her massive tits and her pants straining against her curvaceous hips and thick thighs.

She gazed at herself in the reflection of the oven door, admiring her new look. "Seems when Diana had some fun with Amber, it must've created me... Interesting." Estelle smirked, her eyes gleaming. "Well, well," she mused. "This should be interesting..."

Suddenly, she sensed something. A far away presence. It was.... Diana?

She smirked. Looks like she and Diana had some sort of psychic link, being able to sense when the other is active...

"Seems you're having a fun day, huh, Diana?" she thought, her eyes flashing. "Mmmm," she thought, licking her lips. "Maybe it's time I paid a little visit."

And with that, Estelle began to walk towards the front door, her hips swaying seductively, her clothes straining against her curvaceous form.