

Mused

A person is shown from the waist up, wearing a teal denim jacket over a white crop top and blue jeans with rips. They are standing against a blue background with floating white letters. The word 'Mused' is written in a large, orange, cursive font at the top.

Maxwell Avoi

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By Maxwell Avoi

Smashwords Edition

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I sighed and sat back in my chair, pressing the heels of my hands against my eyes. The word processor was open to my list of story ideas, ideas that had at one time inspired me and caused me to grope for the keyboard with the pictures burning in my head. Now they just lay there on the screen, dead.

“What does that one even mean?” I said, staring at something that made no sense at all. Some of the ideas came from dreams I’d had, and at the time they’d made perfect sense. Now they were just gibberings.

I pushed away from the desk and took a walk around my room, hoping for some kind of inspiration. The stacked books and silly posters on the wall did nothing for me; they looked like the words on the page, just dead and flat in spite of previously-perceived vibrancy. I was a writer, sure, and I’d had a lot of fun doing that, but maybe it was time for me to throw in the towel and try something different. Maybe the fast-food industry had room for a college graduate who had a spotty work history.

A knock at the door roused me from my funk. I didn’t know who might be there, but anything was better than just pacing. Maybe it was an evangelist of some kind. Those were always fun. Or maybe a salesman? Even better! I didn’t like yelling at people so instead I used those annoyances of daily life as opportunities for improv theater. I opened the door, ready to launch into some character or another, and was disappointed to find nothing there but a small box.

There was no address tag, nothing to indicate that it had been delivered by anyone. It was just a simple brown box with my name on top, and nothing else. It wasn’t even my real name; it was the one that I used for writing what I called smut. I looked up and down the hall but there was no one in evidence; it had either materialized in place or it had been delivered by the Flash.

I picked it up, didn’t hear any ticking, and brought it inside with me. I opened the top, unsurprised to find that it wasn’t even taped, and inside I found a small box of the sort that was used to house jewelry. A folded piece of paper lay atop it.

I opened the paper and found, written in a hand that struck me as feminine, a note that said, “These will help. Wear only one at a time. Enjoy yourself!”

Curiouser and curiouser.

I put the note aside and opened the small box. Inside were four rings, each of a different style and metal, but each looking large enough to fit on my fingers. One seemed to be made out of gold, and it bore a shield for a design. The second was carved from dark wood, with what seemed to be some kind of skull that sported a pair of horns. The third was stainless steel, etched with circuitry. The last one appeared to be made from one single large gem, totally clear, with facets that glittered in the light like diamond.

There was nothing else in the box. I looked under it, checked inside, even tore open the padding to see if there was another clue, but there was nothing. Just “Enjoy!”

Someone was messing with me. Someone who knew where I lived, and that I used that pen name, and that I was having a hard time with my writing. That was a bunch of weirdness all at once, and it fascinated me. The note didn’t sound sinister so I figured what the hell. I could try out what it said to try and maybe the rings would help get my creative juices flowing. Already I could feel ideas starting to emerge from the murk where they hid when they weren’t being written.

I picked up the golden ring with the shield and inspected it. There was no inscription or anything, but it looked...dynamic somehow. It made me think of a ring that had been made for hard work and to stand up to terrible abuse, even though you wouldn’t want to make such a ring out of gold. It could have been just painted to look golden, for all I knew; I wasn’t a metallurgist. I shrugged and slipped it on over the middle finger of my right hand. I didn’t know why I’d chosen that finger; it just felt right.

As soon as the ring was snug against the base of my finger, something hit me harder than I had ever been hit in my entire life. I felt myself flying through the air and then I struck something hard, flat, and brittle that crumbled around me as my flight continued. I broke through another such barrier before coming to a rest halfway through a third. By that time I was able to look around and see that I was surrounded by rubble from the building that surrounded me; holes in the walls I faced showed where I’d broken through them, and the open sky beyond showed my point of origin. I wasn’t in my apartment.

Before I could figure out any more, I heard a deep roar and then a huge voice cried, “Courtesan! Come out and play, you slut!”

Courtesan? But that was one of the characters from my series of superhero smut. She was the star, strong and tough and able to fly, and she suffered from an ongoing need to sleep with anyone she found even remotely attractive. What the hell was happening and why was I not hurt?

I didn’t have time to ask any more questions as a giant head appeared in the building’s newest opening. It wasn’t even remotely human, except for the cruel eyes. Instead it was a bull’s head, nine feet across from horn-tip to –tip, and his red eyes were locked on me. “There you are!” he cried, and he started shouldering through the hole that I’d made just moments ago.

“What the hell?” I cried, trying to back away from him. “Taurus?”

He wore nothing but a pair of shorts that barely covered what needed to be covered, and his body was human-shaped except for his head. He was at least ten feet tall, and he rippled with muscle. He snorted and I felt the heat on my skin as he snickered at me. “Got my name right, slut,” he said.

I barely heard him. I had heard my own voice and it didn’t sound anything like my real one. It was higher, with richer notes that made me sound like a woman. I looked down, scared of what I’d find, and I closed my eyes when I beheld my body.

It was just as I’d imagined all those times writing about her. I wore a midnight-blue spandex outfit with tiny winking stars, tight against the longest legs I’d ever seen. There was a silvery belt and a weight on my shoulders that I knew was a set of shoulder pads and a cape made out of the same material. There was a mask on my face and decently-sized breasts sitting on my chest, proud and round and showing just the barest hints of cleavage.

I was wearing the body of the Courtesan. I looked up at Taurus again and I felt what I’d described so often while writing about her: a heat in my groin that first stirred and then lit, spreading throughout me and becoming pleasurable tingles along the way.

Taurus stopped reaching for me and looked away. “Oh no,” he grumbled as he closed his eyes. “Doctor Infinitus told me the secret! As long as I don’t look at

you I'm safe! Too bad I can still smell you!"

I bet that he could. I was starting to feel damp between my legs. The whole situation was so insane that I had no idea of what to say or do, but Taurus took that option from me when he reached out and seized me by the shoulder. He picked me up and threw me back out the hole that I'd just made, and I saw that we were at least a hundred feet off the ground. All around me was the city that I'd described so often, the near-future city of Thunderous, arrayed around me in dizzying three-dimensional color.

It would have been more impressive if I hadn't been falling from a hundred or more feet in the air. I forced myself to think past the panic for just a moment. So much of what was going on around me was crazy that it just straight-up overwhelmed my ability to comprehend it, but I knew one thing. I knew about Courtesan's powers. I figured that if I was, somehow, insanely, Courtesan right then, I had her powers. One of them was the ability to fly so I concentrated on flying.

Just like that, I stopped falling. I hovered about fifty feet above the ground, my hands still straining to stop a fall that was no longer taking place. I stood in midair, laughing, and then I tried a little swoop. It worked great; I could simply will myself to fly wherever I wanted to, and then it would just-

BLAM.

There was no pain from the blow but the shock was incredible. I turned in the air as I flew away from the impact point, and I could see Taurus falling near me. He had jumped out of the broken building and either punched or kicked me on the way down; I knew that he couldn't fly, but I knew that a fall like this wouldn't do a lot of damage to him either.

I didn't have time to think about anything else before I slammed into the pavement. People scattered in all directions as I bounced off the ground and staggered back to my feet. Everything looked smaller, as if it was all farther away, and I realized that I was probably taller than I had been. If I really was the Courtesan, and the evidence suggested that I was, then I was not only taller than I was in normal life but was also wearing high heels.

Taurus landed next to me, making the ground shake, and he turned to direct an evil grin in my direction. His head wasn't entirely bestial; he still had enough

Human features that he was able to show emotion. Right now he felt triumphant.

Then his face went slack and I saw the front of his shorts bulge even more. At the same time I felt a surge of lust shoot through me that was stronger than anything that I could remember. It didn't matter that I was having the world's most intense hallucination or that I seemed to be not only a woman but a superheroine at the moment: I wanted to fuck this guy, fuck him right into the ground.

He wanted the same thing. I took a step toward him and reached out for him, and he growled a denial deep in the back of his throat. I felt that I should be doing the same thing but the incredible lust that filled me was calling the shots. I said, "Can't you think of something else that might be even more fun?"

My voice was still different, and now it was deeper, throatier, and there was a purr in the back that rippled all the way up from my soaking pussy and out through my lips. Taurus made one last sound of protest before he reached out and touched my hand.

As soon as he did so I lifted the two of us up into the air. It was glorious in spite of the circumstance to watch the ground fall away, but I didn't have time for admiring things like that. A dozen different sensations buffeted me, most of them alien and all of them powerful. I knew what I wanted, what this body needed, and I didn't see a way to stop myself from doing that.

As we slowed I felt my clothing start to disintegrate. By the time we stopped it had faded away like a kind of mist into the air around me, leaving me completely naked. Perhaps even more important, Taurus's clothing, what little there was of it, had done the same. I knew what I wanted, or at least what this body wanted, and there was no way that I was going to be able to stop. The urges far overpowered my weak mental protests.

Taurus knew it as well. His pupils were pinholes now, the rage gone and replaced with something else, something just as primal but not destructive. I smiled at him, my full lips curling as if I'd used that very expression at least a billion times. I knew what he didn't; he didn't have to look at me for my powers to work on him. They worked just fine through simple touch. I knew all about them. I'd written them, hadn't I?

Now they were carrying me away and I went with the flood of raw need without

even a whisper of protest. I pulled him closer to me, and despite his size it felt like I was maneuvering a drifting feather. Taurus outweighed Courtesan, outweighed me, by hundreds of pounds, but none of that mattered.

I sighed when he finally drifted between my long, long legs. They were spread wide, for easy access, and I was so wet that I wondered whether my passion was watering the earth beneath us. The fact that this was crazy, that I was a man trapped in a fantasy of my own making, meant nothing. There was only Taurus and that beautiful cock of his.

It was bigger than any that I had ever seen before, whether in real life or on a screen. He was erect, fully so, and he shook with the desire to fill me. I shook right back but I kept it slow. I wanted to be sure that I was in control of him before I let him do what he wanted, what we both needed so much.

There came a time when neither of us could wait even a moment longer. I angled my hips without thinking about it, and he thrust forward. The strength of his gigantic body suddenly came to the fore, but Courtesan would not have been who she was if she hadn't been able to accept that strength.

I sighed and moaned quietly into his ear as he pushed, sheathing himself with a combination of strength and determination. No normal woman would have been able to take even half his length, and would have struggled with his girth, but I was no normal woman. He bottomed out inside of me, my inner resources just enough to handle all of him, and then we started to pump our hips against one another.

Taurus, true to his name and his nature, wanted to rage and rampage through me, plundering as he went, but somehow I knew just the right deft movements to cause his thrusts to lose power. We moved together rather than taking from one another, and while we were both fierce we were working together.

Taurus bellowed into the sky as he worked, frustrated with me, but I kissed him quiet as I accepted all of his strength and rage. Before long we were settled into a rhythm, one that would have shattered a mountaintop if we'd been on top of one, but a rhythm none the less.

"Are you...oh are you ready?" I whispered, my voice little more than a modulated sigh at that point. The pleasure within me was boiling, boiling, and I felt like I was at the center of the sun. I knew through my powers that he felt the

same, and that I was the only thing keeping him in check.

“Now. Now!” he cried, fucking me frantically.

“Yes. Yes, now,” I said, and both of us exploded. A supernova of light filled the sky as I came, turning our passion and our strength into a display that was known to the people below as Courtesan’s Stars. Taurus bellowed again, helpless as I drained him of everything that he had to give. He drained me as well but I didn’t let him have any of my power. Instead I took it from him, turning it into more light even in the middle of the most powerful pleasure that I had ever imagined.

When I was able to think again we were drifting in midair. Taurus was asleep, unconscious for at least a day or two. I was clothed again, my body neither sore nor soiled. I knew that it had all happened, that I had fucked Taurus unconscious, but there was no sign on my elegant form to show that had been the case. I took hold of his hand and we began to drift downward, much more slowly than we’d ascended. Below us, there would be a special team of police waiting to take the super villain into custody. There would be reporters waiting to ask me questions, even though most of them would steer away from the ones that everyone really wanted to know.

As I drifted downward, the world got darker. I stopped but the fade continued. I closed my eyes as the world went completely black, and then when I opened them again I was standing in the hallway of my apartment. I looked down and saw that I was normal, that I wasn’t a woman any more, and that I held the clunky gold ring tight in my right hand. I wasn’t wearing it any more.

I dropped the ring and staggered to the hallway mirror, staring at myself in it. I pressed my fingers against my face, my normal, boring face, and I made a noise that was caught somewhere between a laugh and a squawk. I staggered back to the table and sat down, my legs dropping me into the chair as if my strings had been cut. I stared across the table at the boxes and the rings, and I sat there for a long time.

It had happened. I was sure of it. Even now I could feel the remnants of the pleasure from the orgasm that had nearly destroyed me just moments before. I had flown. I had been a woman. I had fucked a supervillain unconscious.

It was crazy. It was amazing. It was...I didn’t have words for it, for the first time

in my life. I just knew that whatever funk I had been in, it was gone now. Ideas for stories simply bubbled up inside of me, and I scrabbled for a pen and a notebook to start writing them down.

Minutes later the flow eased and I went to my word processor to start transferring them. I picked a likely-sounding topic and dove into it, writing from a sort of quiet island that I only found myself occupying when the writing was going very, very well. By the time that I took a breath and sat back to stretch a bit, I found that I had been writing for three hours and had just over five thousand words finished. It was the most that I had accomplished in days.

I turned the processor off and went back to the table. The rings were still there, along with the boxes, and I picked up the gold ring. Could it really have happened the way that I thought it did? If that was the case...then magic was real. It had to be. I laughed out loud and carefully put the ring back into the box.

Writing consumed the next few days. I had found my groove, thanks to the ring and what it had done to me, and I was eager to get things written. I did what I'd always done, which was to simply get the words out and then dump them into a file to mature. I saved the editing for my less manic-feeling phases; for now I was just concerned with putting out copy.

It faded eventually, as all inspiration does. By the time that I got back to what I thought of as normal, I had finished the rough drafts for a half-dozen stories and I was only about halfway through the list of ideas that I'd had after my encounter with Taurus.

Of course I'd tried to figure out what the other rings might do. I'd spent long hours in the evenings trying to match them with stories that I'd written, but finally I'd just given up. I was sure that each one represented something, some world that I'd put down on paper, but damned if I could figure out the symbolism. Instead I just stowed them in a book safe that I'd made years ago. I didn't want anyone seeing them and taking them away from me.

It was nearly two weeks before I really thought about them again. Anything will fade with time, even the emotions from the most incredible experience I'd ever had. I was a straight guy, no matter what I wrote about, but the memory of those exhilarating few minutes as Courtesan was something that I cherished. That was why I wrote these stories, after all: I wanted to try to know what it was like to be

someone as radically different as a woman.

Over time the inspiration faded and I found myself thinking about the rings more and more. Would they do anything for me again? Should I try to use Courtesan's once more, or should I try a different one? Was the magic limited?

I found myself thinking more about the rings than I was about my writing, and I knew that I had try them again. I dug around in my shelves until I found the book safe. I was half afraid that the box would be gone but it was right where I'd left it after fucking Taurus to sleep.

I picked up the gold ring with the shield and stared at it for a moment, but I finally put it down. I had enjoyed my time as Courtesan, particularly since it had been temporary, but maybe the other rings would do other things. There were possible other experiences lurking there.

I picked up the one made out of the dark wood, the one that had the skull with the horns engraved on it. The horns were curly, as if from a ram, and the skull had an almost goofy expression; it wasn't scary at all. I shrugged and started to put it on the same finger as I'd used for Courtesan's ring, but I stopped. It didn't feel right. I wound up putting it on the index finger of my left hand instead, where it slid down and fit as if it had been made for me.

Between one blink and the next my entire world changed. I went from sitting at my table in my apartment to sitting on the edge of a bed in a place that I'd never seen in real life before. It was a bedroom, one that was dominated by the bed upon which I sat, but nothing like mine. This one obviously belonged to a woman; it was cleaner, for one thing, and the pink satin sheets were another clue.

I closed my eyes and shook my head before looking down at myself. Courtesan had been tall and slim and elegant, only losing herself in her own eroticism when overwhelmed by lust from her powers. This body, though...this body was made for sex and knew how to present itself.

I thought that I knew this body but when I made my way to the closet I knew that I was right. My every movement screamed sex, even though I wasn't used to this body. I should have been awkward or uncertain but each step was sure. My hips swung precisely and my heavy breasts shivered each time my foot hit the floor. I could feel the heavy silken weight of my hair swishing behind me. Only one woman I'd written about moved like this: Mistress Dee, AKA Screaming

Delight, who owned the Unmatched Bliss strip club.

I opened the closet and nodded at what I found there. Mistress Dee liked to dress in a way that showed off her body and left no mistake as to what she wanted to do with that body. The closet was crowded with leather and latex, with a tiny portion of it left over for things like business outfits and casual clothing.

I didn't know what the ring wanted me to do this time but I could guess. I closed the doors and headed for the bathroom. This was a golden opportunity, since nothing seemed to be attacking me, and I wanted to take full advantage. I wasn't just a woman; I was a woman who was halfway to being a succubus thanks to the strange magic that had changed her so early in my writing career.

I stood in front of the mirror in the bathroom and shook my head, a half-smile on my plump lips as I surveyed the damage. I had imagined and described Dee as a wet dream. Now I was reaping the results.

Dark red hair cascaded down, flowing in rich waves to about the bottom of my new, perfect ass. That ass was so round and so plump that my hair rested atop it; I was sure that I could rest other things on top, things like soda cans and perhaps a full meal for two if the mood struck me. My hips matched my ass, wide and firm and leaving no question as to whether they belonged to a woman. They were the perfect handles for any man who wanted to come along behind me and bury himself in-

I blinked and shook my head, my smirk widening into a grin as I realized how quickly Dee's programming had taken over. The image of a man bending me over the counter and taking me from behind was vivid, and I felt a rush of desire at the idea. The desire didn't go away, either; it just stayed, building quietly on itself as I surveyed the rest of my body.

My skin was flawless, smooth and soft and taut over barely-described musculature. Dee was not fat, but she wasn't Hollywood slim either. She had the kind of soft strength that drew the eye and the cock.

My waist was strong, though small, and it looked even smaller thanks to the amazing expanse of hip that flared below it. Above it my new breasts sat proudly. They were the shape of teardrops, each tipped by a wide, perky nipple that hardened as I stared at myself. These breasts were much larger than the ones that I'd worn as Courtesan, though they were still within the realm of normality.

I had the face of an angel that ate men and made them like it, with full lips and the wide eyes above high cheekbones. There was a slight cruelty to that face, which surprised me until I remembered some of the scenes that she'd taken part in thanks to my word processor.

I turned to the rest of the room and was unsurprised to find that Dee didn't have a shower. She didn't believe in them. Instead she had a wide, deep tub with plenty of built-in benches and other accoutrements to make bath time a little more fun for everyone. I was sorry that it was just me there, and I gave that wicked grin again. I adjusted to being a sex-craved woman pretty quickly now that I knew what was going on.

I ran the water, my tiny fingers making ripples in the stream as I waited, and I started to play with myself with my other hand. The first touch made me gasp out loud; I knew that Dee was sensitive but I hadn't quite realized just how sensitive she really was. I also hadn't understood how horny my writing had made her; even my barest touch made heat surge.

I managed to keep my hands off of myself until I was in the bath, and then I lowered myself into the hot water. Any ordinary person would have been driven from the water, screaming, by the heat. Mistress Dee was the closest thing to a succubus that one could be without demonic blood, though, and to me it felt like coming home. I sighed as I settled into it, and then I groaned when I felt one tiny hand settle on my right breast.

I started there, massaging and tugging gently at my nipple, but I certainly didn't stay there. The water made me slick and hot, and the heat inside kept me going. Soon I was barely breathing, my nose just above the water as I slid my hands over every voluptuous curve of my spectacular body. Everything worked; Dee was made for pleasure, both for herself and her partner, and now I was reaping the benefits of that little bit of character development. The heat built inside and I swore that the water around me was boiling as I reached for my first orgasm in her body.

Then it struck, the fire turning into a furnace inside of me, blasting through every cell as I screamed with the power of it. There was nothing that I could do to stop myself from screaming again and again as my body bucked and writhed against my hands, my lovely legs clamped tight around my wrists and fingers.

It went on so long that I thought that maybe I'd screwed something up, that I'd broken something and that I would be able to do nothing for the rest of my life but buck and scream from raw pleasure until I went insane, but finally it started to slack off and I was able to grip the sides of the tub. Shudders worked their way through me from time to time, but soon I was able to take control and pull myself into a limp sitting position. No wonder Dee didn't like showers; I would have killed myself if that had happened in a stall.

I sat there for a few minutes, just watching the air while I waited for the change to reverse itself and for me to go back to my normal life. Nothing happened so I shrugged and picked up a soft scrubber.

I was just getting down to the business of actually washing my amazing new body when I heard the door open. I looked up, surprised, and only remembered to cover my floating breasts when I saw a shirtless man walk in. He gave me a grin that cut right through every defense and male impulse that still remained in my mind, and then he said, "Since when are you so modest with me?"

The voice...that voice. It was as if someone had made a drill out of sound. It purred into my ears, right through my brain, and started vibrating in my pussy with every word that he spoke. His face was almost as devastating, with his clear eyes and strong chin. I said, "Oh my God."

He gave a sort of growl and I saw the front of his shorts tent outward. Whatever he was hiding in there was going to tear its way free soon if we didn't deal with it. The sight of him, his size and strength along with that ridiculously sexy voice...well. I couldn't do a thing to stop myself from saying, "So why don't you get in here with me and we'll see about taking care of some of my shyness?"

He laughed and twisted his hips, and his shorts slid off to the floor. Released from its prison, his cock fulfilled every whispered promise that its outline in his shorts had made. It was ten inches at least, as big around as my normal wrist, and it trembled as he moved toward me. Its wielder looked unconcerned with things like modesty. I didn't have the focus to spare on his face. I was locked on to his cock. I licked my full, soft lips and said, "I think that I'm not as shy as I was."

He laughed, the sound cutting into me and igniting everything inside me again. I had noticed something, though, and so I purred, "You want me to kiss it and

make it better?”

Sure enough, his cock gained another inch and a darker color as it hardened further, and he groaned. Dee’s voice had a similar effect on men that my new playmate’s had on me, and suddenly I knew who he was. “Sam!” I said.

He tilted his head a little, slowing to a stop as he lowered one foot into the water between my legs. “Yeah?” he said.

“I...nothing. You just look really good.”

He smirked. “You look even better.”

Sam was the “house name” for Savage Pleasure, which had been what this man had been called during his transformation. He had gone through a different sort than Dee’s, and had wound up as the ideal lover for nearly any woman who beheld him. Mistress Dee was the same thing but she had started male and had ended up female, becoming a sex-crazed succubus for any man who wished to be her partner. Which was most of them, in my stories, and I had written several times about how Sam and Dee used one another to keep their urges under control.

Now it seemed that I was going to get a first-class example of that, and I was more than willing to go along for the ride. What did I care? I knew that it was going to feel fantastic and that there wasn’t going to be any long-term inconvenience for anyone. Even if she wasn’t just a fictional character, Dee couldn’t get pregnant. She and Sam started most of their days this way so that they could keep their magically-driven urges from causing them to rape the first person that they met.

Thus rationalized, I spread my legs to allow him to join me in the tub. There was plenty of room, and when the water overflowed it went right into a specially-built drain made to take care of that very eventuality. I smiled at Sam, who smiled back and moved closer. Soon he was on top of me, his strong body pressing me back against the hot enamel of the tub, and I moaned softly into his ear.

He said, “Lost some of that shyness then?”

I moved my shoulders to rub my breasts against his chest and said, “No shyness

here, mister.”

“Well then what do you want from me?”

“Take that cock,” I said, leaning in to lick at his earlobe, “And shove it so far up my aching snatch that I feel it in the back of my throat.”

It was handy, being the person who wrote the dialogue. I knew just what she would say in that situation.

Sam chuckled and I felt his heat and hardness come to bear. In keeping with his status as the perfect lover, he didn’t even have to aim. He just pushed his hips forward, and he slid into me without any difficulty at all. I angled my hips to meet him, my body driving itself, and I cried out when he stretched me. “Fuck yes!” I shouted.

Sam laughed, that sound again, and I felt my body sprinting toward the finish line. I bucked hard against him, lost in the pleasure of it, and when I came I arched my back and screamed even louder than before. The last orgasm, compared to this one, was about a six. Sam just kept on pumping while I wailed and clawed at him, my body taking over entirely as it struggled to fuck him ever harder, and by the time I came down he was hitching in quick, deep breaths and moving a little less smoothly. Then he cried out and pulled me close, and I felt him spurting inside of me. I felt conquered and exalted at the same time, and I started bucking with him again.

A normal man would have needed some time but magically-charged Sam had no such issues. It was only a breath or two before we were both fully into it again, this time lasting a little longer now that the edge was off.

“Are you doing okay?” he said, his voice and eyes full of concern.

“What?” Was I...how could I possibly have been doing any better? “I...ah, fuck, I...so great! Why? Fuck!”

He chuckled a little and said, “You’re usually not quite this into it.” Judging by his breathing and tone he might have been discussing having a driver’s license renewed, or picking out a lunch spot in the middle of the week.

“Just...just want it so much, so bad today!” I cried, the pleasure starting to short

out my mind. “So hard, fuck me yes! Fuck me! Deep! Yes!”

Sam gave the facial-expression equivalent of a shrug and kept on doing what he was best at. At no time during the entire conversation had he been anything but the ideal lover, at least when it came to our bodies, and my supercharged nerves appreciated his every touch. When I came again I realized that my first climax had been more like a two, and the second one had been about a five.

This time the water around us did boil as I fought for breath. Sam came at the same time that I did, and neither of us could make a sound. I felt as though I was in some timeless space, connected to my lover by a ribbon of pure ecstatic energy that filled and annihilated me at the same time. My first whooping breath after so long without air came back out as a heartfelt, uncontrolled scream that probably killed every dog in a mile radius. Sam roared as well, emptying himself in a burst that taxed even our magic powers.

Coming down from that monstrous orgasm was an ordeal in itself, but by the time that that we were back to somewhat normal I was shocked to discover that I was still horny. Sam seemed less shocked, which made sense; he'd been living with this magic for longer than I had, even if I'd been the one to saddle him with it.

We rocked together for hours, the water sloshing around us. Our bodies put off enough heat that it never got anywhere close to being cold. We came together every time after that first one, huge explosive orgasms that rolled through us like tsunamis and left us only wanting more. By the time I looked at the clock again, hours had gone by and we were nearing lunch time. I finally, reluctantly, allowed him to pull away and we sat there smiling at one another.

"It's been a long time since it seemed like you enjoyed it that much in the mornings," he said, that marvelous voice rippling through my glorious flesh and making me want to fuck him just one more time. Or a hundred. I felt not the slightest bit of self-consciousness about that idea; I had lost any lingering problems with being a woman around the third climax.

"What can I say?" I said, sounding like the deeply satisfied woman that I currently was. "Sometimes I just want it more than other times, you know?"

He nodded and patted me on the shoulder, then leaned in to kiss me on the cheek. I was surprised; Sam and Dee had a strictly platonic relationship outside of regular enthusiastic sex. I touched my cheek and smiled at him, and he actually blushed. This man who'd spent the last several hours simply fucking me into the ground managed to look embarrassed.

I said, "Well, you never disappoint."

He laughed. "You either. Now let's get ready for the day, huh? Club's not going to run itself."

"Right. Thanks for a lovely morning."

"You too."

I barely heard him. I felt as though I was tumbling through a tunnel, everything around me stretching and distending until it all snapped back into place. I sat

there at my kitchen table, in my regular body, holding the ring with the skull on it. There was not even the slightest residue of the spectacular pleasure I'd endured again and again, and for a moment I considered putting the ring back on. Finally I just turned it back in to the box and closed the top. I had enough inspiration for a little while.

Just like when I'd used the ring to become the Courtesan, I found my head pulsing with possibilities. I could barely write them all out, they were coming so thick and fast. I felt exhausted by the time that I was done with the first wave but at the same time I was full of a sort of nervous energy that drove me to write. I alternated between getting the first part of a new story down and adding more ideas to the growing list.

The ring that had allowed me to visit Dee's body and world went back into the box with the others, and I went to work. I wrote harder than ever before and published plenty of material. I found myself running out of ideas just a little bit sooner than the last time, though I was able to put that down to increased writing speed rather than a lack of inspiration. Just the thought of being beneath Sam as he pounded into me was often enough to kick off a story idea or two just when I needed one. I wound up taking even longer to use up Dee's inspiration than when I'd been the Courtesan.

But eventually the well went dry. I knew what to do, though, and I was both willing and strangely eager to do it. I dug out the box and looked at the remaining rings before choosing the stainless steel ring, the one etched with circuits.

I sat down on my couch, and then I stretched out so that I would be more comfortable. After all, I figured I was going for a long trip, so why not go in style. Then I slid the ring onto my little finger on my right hand and closed my eyes.

A gigantic shockwave shook the floor underneath me, and I fell to my hands and knees. I struggled to find a safe point and was unable to; another shock rocked the floor and sent me down flat on my face. I cried out as I squashed my breasts, both from the pain and from the fact that I had breasts again. Their existence was both foreign and welcome, and I wondered where the ring had dropped me.

"Fire forward arrays!" someone cried, and I struggled to my feet to hit a button

that I had never seen before. I looked around me as the building that I was in shook with a strange vibration and surged with the noise of something huge powering up.

It wasn't a building, I realized. I was standing on what could only have been the deck of a star ship, and if the pattern with the rings held true then I was standing on the bridge of the Federation Vessel Wilder, under the command of one Captain Velnek.

I didn't have time to do much else as I heard that same voice bark out, "Report!"

"They're turning tail, sir!" I said, my body taking over my voice. "They're running!"

There was a cheer from the rest of the bridge as I watched the tiny speck representing some other ship flit away into the darkness.

The man in the Captain's chair shook his head and said, "Good shooting, Commander."

"Thank you sir. Looks like those classes came in handy," I said. My voice was like velvet and smoke, sexy even when half-raw and coming down from a panic.

"I'll have to see to it that everyone gets some of those classes from now on. Doctor!" he cried into the open air. Another voice answered, and they exchanged terse phrases while he asked about the status of some sick crew members. "When can I get them back on the bridge?" he said.

I looked around then, surprised to see that no one on the bridge was wearing the sort of uniforms that I had written about in my starship erotica. Everyone seemed to be either an extremely well-made woman or man, all of whom were wearing brief clothing. I had established my own gender but I wasn't sure of my identity yet.

"Commander, feel free to take your people back to the recreation section. They've earned a rest, and there'll be regular bridge crew coming to replace them in a moment. It looks like medical has figured out how to deal with that virus."

"Glad to hear it, sir," I said, giving him a salute. He looked me over once and

grinned, and I grinned back without thinking about it. Captain Velnek was tall and strong, his blue skin sheathing amazing musculature.

“I’d like to come and see you for a situation report in a few minutes, Commander,” he said, nodding to me. I nodded back and held my hands out to the other crew members, herding them onto a transportation lift that took us into the bowels of a ship that I had only imagined before then.

“The virus wasn’t all bad,” said a green woman with feathery antennae. “The Captain needed some help from me once or twice, but it was nice to see a J’quellan with a normal sex drive for once.”

I laughed. If I remembered my species right (and it had been a while since I’d written my last Federation story), she was a Vakleth, known as much for their outrageous sex drives as their abilities in bed.

I just wasn’t sure what that made me. I had the dark skin, black instead of dark brown like the Human range, but I couldn’t quite remember the rest. Certainly whoever I was inhabiting had the biggest breasts I’d ever seen; the weight from my chest was incredible and I couldn’t see much past my bottomless cleavage.

The lift stopped and everyone filed off. I turned to another Vakleth woman and said, “See to it that everyone’s okay, and get everyone settled. I suspect that we’re going into pursuit mode pretty soon.”

She nodded and herded everyone down one hall. I followed my feet to a nearby door labeled “Commander Nyrah.”

“Oh shit,” I said as I entered my room and regained control of myself. Commander Nyrah was in charge of what I had termed recreation on the Wilder. She and her cadre, the ones who’d just left me, were responsible for making sure that morale stayed high onboard the ship. What had led to the harem being in charge of the bridge was hard to fathom, but I was sure that my writer mind was already hard at work coming up with a scenario.

The thing was, if I was Commander Nyrah, that meant that I was a Yseleth, which meant that I was a shape-shifter. As soon as the door closed I felt a wave of dizziness come over me, strong enough to make me stagger and have to put my hand out to the wall to keep my balance. When it was over I felt lighter; that massive weight on my chest was much reduced, as was the size of my breasts. I

still had the coal-black skin with the grayish highlights but I felt slimmer overall.

I went to a nearby mirror, and I gazed at myself. I was beautiful, which made sense. Yseleths were a created race, one that was meant specifically to be the best of all possible consorts for their partners. That meant that there was a certain level of physical beauty no matter what form they took. Now, with my reduced breasts, I looked like a beautiful, healthy woman rather than a freakishly-endowed one. I was sure that I was desirable either way (I was certainly so now), and the thought of being desired sent a current straight down to my new pussy. In keeping with the reasons for their creation, Yseleths were constantly horny and eager to please their partners. I was in for a ride.

My door tweeted quietly and I went to open it. As I approached it I felt the same wave of dizziness again. It wasn't as strong this time so I was able to keep my feet, but when it passed I felt that the weight had returned to my chest. I pressed my hand to the wall to steady myself, and then I opened the door.

Captain Velnek stood on the other side, looking distracted. How any man could be distracted by anything but my now-giant breasts, I had no idea. I said, "Captain, please come in."

He did so, standing there in the hallway. I said, "Can I offer you something to drink, sir?"

He narrowed his eyes and said, "I was hoping that you could help me out a little, Nyrah."

I smiled as if I had no idea what he meant. I knew whose desires had shaped my new form. "How do you mean, sir?"

Velnek growled a little and put his hand on my shoulder. I could feel the heat and the strength of him through the thin material of my uniform. "You know what I need," he said. "Seeing you on the bridge like that, bending over, that sexy ass in that uniform...even in the middle of battle you got me going."

"Why Captain," I said, pretending to be shocked. "You don't mean to take advantage of a crew member, do you?"

He growled again, a smile lingering around his lips, and the need that had filled me at a low level since my most recent change surged even higher. He reached

out with both hands and simply tore the front of my uniform open, spilling my gigantic breasts before he pulled me closer. I gasped and pretended to fight, not giving enough of a struggle for him to think, for even a moment, that I was serious.

“Captain, please!”

“I need relief, and you’re it!” he said, and then he pushed me over toward my couch. I stumbled and went down on one knee, my enormous breasts thrashing everywhere, and he said, “Take off your pants. I’m going to fuck you like you’ve never been fucked!” With quick, vicious movements he started to undo his own uniform.

I moved more slowly, appearing reluctant. Somewhere in the back of my mind I knew that Velnek liked the fantasy of power, the struggle, and the thought turned me on even further. I blamed my new body and the instincts that I had written into it; who would have ever thought that I would actually be living this fantasy?

I felt simultaneously scared and excited, a blend of emotion that this body assumed to mean that I wanted to be turned on even further. Velnek reached for me and pulled my uniform pants away from my body, struggling with the fabric as it passed over my hips, my newly rounded ass. I was soaking wet; I could smell my own arousal, and apparently he could do the same. Judging by the bulge in his underwear, I was going to have a close encounter of the enormous kind.

Velnek stood me up and then pushed me over, causing me to bend at the waist so that I could grab the couch. He kept one huge, strong hand between my shoulder blades, holding me there while he fumbled with his underwear, and then suddenly I felt something hot, hard, and huge pressing against my ass.

“Teasing me,” he muttered. “You’ll learn now!”

“Please Captain!” I said, my voice breathy and pleading. I could tell by the way that he moved that it turned him on even more to have me beg.

Then he pushed his knee between mine, forcing me to spread my smooth legs, and suddenly his cock was at my new pussy. For an instant it was at the entrance, as if waiting for an invitation, but then he shoved his hips forward and speared me on the biggest cock that I’d ever felt, outside of that belonging to Taurus. I

vaguely remembered writing that giant member into the story some time ago, and the mixture of stretching and pleasure made me glad that I had.

I cried out as he sank into me, deeper and deeper. No Human woman could have taken all of him, but I was no Human. He settled into me an inch at a time, until I had taken it all. I felt fuller than I could believe, barely able to keep my balance as he started pistoning in and out of me. The motion was familiar thanks to my time with Sam and Dee, and the pleasure was enough to make me wail, clawing at the couch beneath me as he pounded, pounded...

I came hard, screaming with total abandon as he kept slamming into me. I could no more stop myself from screaming than I could fly, and he redoubled his efforts as I climaxed around him. I was barely at the end of my first orgasm before another one leapt out and swept me away, my own body tearing at itself with claws made of purest ecstasy as I growled and screamed again and again.

“Take it! Take it!” he cried as he slammed his hips back and forth, and I did. I came again and again, apparently without limit. Velnek reached around to squeeze my gigantic tits, his fingers digging in roughly, and that set off another climax that had me unable to even scream. I mouthed the air, desperate to breathe, but there was no room left in my body for air. It was all taken up by cock and pleasure.

When he burst within me I barely felt it. It was the apex of his tension, a smothered roar, and then he slumped down onto my back for a moment before regaining his feet. He pulled free of me with a slurping noise, and I felt nothing but pleasure and contentment instead of that pulsing need.

When I turned around to face him, he kissed me and I kissed him back. It was more friendly than romantic, though there was no denying the undercurrents from our actions. “Did I hurt you, Nayra?” he said.

I was surprised to find that he hadn’t, in spite of his roughness. I vaguely remembered writing something about shape-shifter physiology being damn near impervious to conventional damage. I chuckled and shook my head. “No, it felt wonderful. But more importantly, Captain, do you feel better?”

He nodded and then looked away, shame ghosting across his features. I tilted my head, my hair swishing gently over my cheek, and I said, “They’re just urges, Captain. I told you before that the only time to worry about them would be if

you indulged them without a willing partner. I'm always, always willing. Okay?"

He sighed and nodded, and then I pushed one giant breast up against his bare chest. I said, "Want to go another round? Maybe a little more conventional this time?"

He looked like he wasn't sure, but the hardness stirring against my leg put the lie to that. I led him to the bedroom in my quarters, delighted to find that the oversize bed that I'd mentioned in one scene years ago was still there.

This time he was gentle, solicitous almost to a fault. It made no difference to my body; I experienced any number of quiet, sweet climaxes that took my breath away. There was no violence or screaming this time, though I stopped breathing a few times from the intensity of the pleasure that he brought me. When he finally came again I used all my skill to make his orgasm go on and on, until he was panting and nearly asleep.

Then I wrapped myself around him, kissing him gently, and together we slipped into slumber.

I woke up a moment later on my couch, in my real body, feeling as though I'd slept for an entire day. I got up and put the ring back in the box. There was only one left, the one with the large gem, and I wondered what would happen when I used it. I had a while before that would become necessary. Until then, I needed to write.

The words came easily, just as they always did when I had some solid inspiration behind me. All I had to do was think of how it felt to be Nayra, with the incredible body that the Captain had given me, and I had more ideas for stories. The thoughts of the wild pleasure, of my massive breasts thrashing beneath me as he entered me from behind, of the quiet cuddling in Nayra's bed...everything was inspiring.

And like anything else, eventually it wound down. After a month or so it was hard for me to remember things clearly. After two, I had sucked all that I was going to get out of my experiences. I was reluctant and excited to put on the last ring. I knew that it would be amazing, whatever story it put me into, but I was worried that it might be the last time. I had no idea which one of my stories that I would enter; the rings seemed to put me into my most-visited worlds, and I had already gone to my big three.

Halfway through month three I decided to try it anyway. I had no ideas anymore, and whenever I sat down to write all I could think about was the ring. I decided to bow to the inevitable and just go for it.

I took the last ring out of the box, admired it for a moment, and then carried it over to the couch. I stretched out, closed my eyes, and put the ring on.

Nothing happened. There was no sensation of falling, or of winding up in another world in the middle of whatever was taking place there at the time.

When I opened my eyes I was still in my apartment. I looked around, but there was no sign of any change. I got up, feeling and looking normal, and I went to the mirror to see if anything about me was different.

I looked exactly the same as I always had, but there was something odd when I looked in the mirror. Three women were standing there behind me, all of them smiling at me. I whirled around, surprised, and found myself alone in the hall. When I looked in the mirror, though, there they were again.

I knew these women. I had been all three of them. I recognized the Courtesan, with her tall grace and breathtaking elegance. There was Dee, her smoldering sensuality barely kept in check and her eyes glowing with lust. Finally there was Nayra, with her coal-black skin, outrageous body, and gentle smile.

“So what’s this?” I said. “What happens now?”

Courtesan said, “Now you decide whether you accept our gift or not.”

I narrowed my eyes. “Which gift is that?”

“Each of us has something that we can give you,” said Dee. Her augmented voice made it sound like she meant something hard, fast, and in bed. I felt myself getting erect at the sound of it.

“Are you talking about changing me?” I said.

Nayra nodded. “I think you always knew that this was how things would turn out.”

“What would I do then?”

“Whatever you like,” said Courtesan.

“Whoever you like,” said Dee, licking her lips.

“However you like,” said Nayra, smiling again.

“But I wouldn’t be me?”

“You wouldn’t have the same life, but you would be in control of yourself. There would be no possession,” said Courtesan.

“Just blessings,” said Nayra.

“And pleasure,” said Dee. She purred like she was in the midst of an orgasm.

I thought about my life. I lived by myself in a crappy apartment and barely made ends meet with my stories. I didn’t have any serious prospects, and my friends were more acquaintances than anything. I looked up at the mirror and into their eyes, and I saw, above everything, compassion.

“All right,” I said. “I accept. Do what you’re going to do.” If nothing else, this would make a great story.

They reached out for me, and I closed my eyes when I felt their hands touch my shoulders and neck. Now I felt changes, felt myself shifting and warping beneath their collective touch, and I almost pulled away. But there was nowhere to go, and I had agreed to whatever they were going to do. Why not see what the plan was?

As my body changed in subtle and profound ways, I kept my eyes closed. I was surprised at how little disorientation I felt. When I felt Courtesan wrap her arms around me from behind, pressing the length of her strong, elegant body to mine, I kept my eyes closed. She pressed closer and closer, until I felt little difference between her body and mine. Then Dee embraced me as well, and even though I had never felt Courtesan let go I could no longer feel the heroine’s arms around me. It was as if she had pressed herself into me, becoming one with me. Dee did the same, her body almost too hot to touch but comforting nonetheless. Finally Nayra wrapped her arms around me, her enormous breasts pressing first against me and then into me in a way that was too intimate for words.

When I could no longer feel them, when they seemed to have fully integrated into my body, I opened my eyes.

The woman staring at me from the mirror had the Courtesan's height and strong elegance, her air of being able to deal with anything that the world could send her way while remaining composed and calm.

Something in her heavy-lidded eyes and the way that she stood with one hip cocked to the side made me think of Dee, as well. There was that sense of barely-restrained erotic passion in the lines of her body, of being half a breath from simply tearing her partner's clothing off and having her way with him. I could feel it deep inside, too, the arousal that lurked there, waiting to erupt in a frenzy of lovemaking that would leave me and my partner (or partners) barely conscious on the floor. There was no limit to it beyond the limits that I imposed on myself; I was in control of my own lust.

I could see Nayla, as well, because my body displayed the kinds of curves that surpassed Courtesan's or even Dee's. Nayla had gifted me with colossal, soft breasts and hips that flared out in a way that seemed to defy gravity. I could see her in my dusky skin, as well, and the coal-black hair that cascaded down my shoulders. My mouth was wide, my lips full in a way that I had rarely seen even in advertisements. My clothing was altered, now, in the same subtle and profound ways. It clung to me, emphasizing my miraculous curves and lines.

I was a woman. I was tall, strong, and confident, and from the look of me I was more than prepared to enjoy myself fully in bed, on my own terms, with whomever I desired. I grinned into the mirror, the expression filling my face with such erotic promise that I felt my nipples tighten.

"There is one last task to perform," said Courtesan's voice in my head.

"And then we can find some men to take to bed," said Dee. I could feel her smirk.

"Put the ring back in the box," said Nayla.

I did so, moving easily. There was no clumsiness in my gait, no sense that I had ever been anything but the spectacular woman that I now was. I plucked the ring from my finger and put it in the box with the others.

“Good. Now we must travel a bit,” said Courtesan. “After this task is completed, you will not hear from us again.”

“But we’ll be with you,” said Dee.

“Always,” said Nayla. “In your body, and in your stories.”

I understood. I gathered up the box and put it in a small bag, and then I left the apartment. I continued to move easily, marveling at the way that my new accoutrements bobbed or swayed as I did so. I attracted many interested gazes along the way, and I cast a few back in return. There was no self-consciousness, no worry over whether I should be attracted to men or not; I was, but I was also attracted to women. It felt perfectly normal, and I supposed that it was, now.

I rode the bus, smiling gently at those who stared, and I kept my lust barely caged. I wasn’t sure what people saw when they looked at me; I was barely aware of what I looked like. I knew that I was something that could scarcely be believed, though, and I was content with that for now.

I followed my tiny feet, which seemed to know where to go, until I found myself at a door that I’d never seen before. It was a rough-looking apartment building, though it seemed clean enough on the outside. I raised my hand to knock, surprised at the sight of my own tiny fist, and I rapped three times. There was a slight hesitation to my movement; I knew that I could simply leave if I wanted to, and that the magic would make sure that I wasn’t seen.

I decided to wait instead. When the door opened, the man standing there was short and broad, though not particularly fat. He looked more dense than anything, with a wild beard and kind eyes. He stared at me, those eyes flicking up and down as he took me in. “Can I help you?” he said, his voice a bit weak.

“Hi there,” I said, flashing a smile that I could tell made him hard. My voice was Dee’s sexy purr, one that cut through the brain and seized the cock. “I’m Daisy. Are you that writer? Davey Hardroad?”

He blinked and looked nervous, but he said, “I...yes? I mean, that’s a pen name, but yes?”

“This is a special delivery, Davey,” I said, offering up the box. He looked at it and the massive bosom beyond it, and I felt my nipples tighten pleasantly at the

strength of his regard. He reached out and took it, and frowned when he opened it.

“What is this?” he said. I saw that the rings were completely different now, probably related to his stories in a way that I wasn’t familiar with. I made a mental note to look up his writing when I got home.

“This is inspiration for your stories,” I said. I gave him a slow wink and said, “Something to make girls like me feel all hot and bothered.”

I reached into my front pocket while he gaped at me and pulled out a pen. I took his free hand and wrote down my phone number. “And this is my number. I think you’re kinda cute. Why not give me a call sometime? But don’t call until you try the first ring, okay? Then we’ll have something to talk about.” I leaned in and kissed him on the cheek, reflecting that he didn’t smell bad at all. Kind of spicy.

“Trust me. This will change your life.”

Then I turned and left him there, my hips doing the talking for me as I headed out into a whole new life full of inspiration.