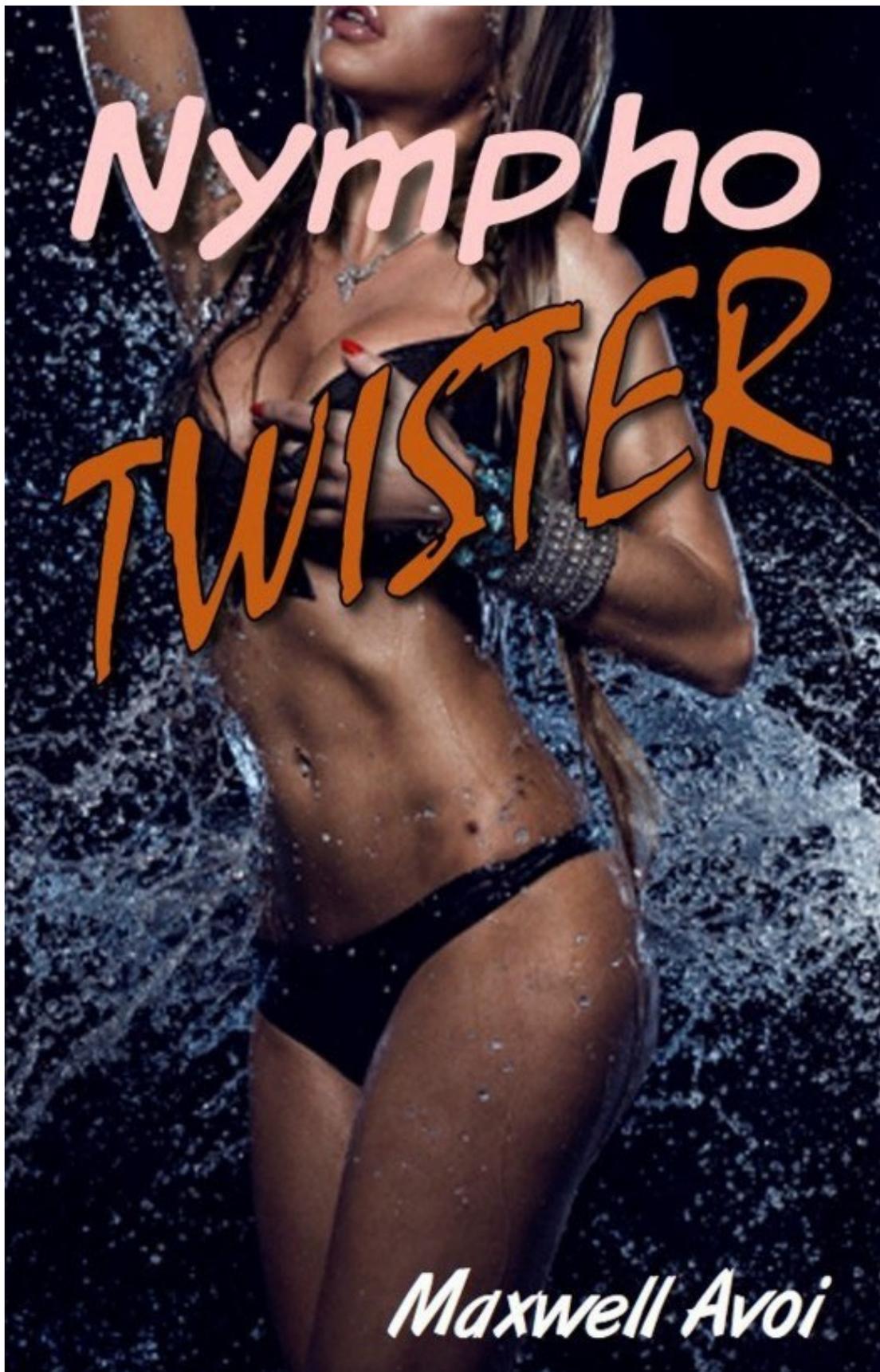


Nympho

TWISTER

Maxwell Avoi



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Nympho Twister

By Maxwell Avoi

Smashwords Edition

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This storm was not here to fuck around. It didn't bother with things like torrential rain, nor vast amounts of thunder and lightning, though both of those acted as heralds. The sky turned first black and then a sickly green before dropping baseball-sized hail, and then came a black, churning column that resembled nothing so much as the finger of an angry God.

The tornado ripped through uncounted square miles of empty real estate, destroying trees that had stood for decades with the same ease that it ruined the shrubs beneath them. Nothing stood in its way. The only saving grace, according to the satellites that tracked such things, was that the area that it ruined was uninhabited. There were no structures or dwellings there; the tornado's path left no scattered homes or dreams.

Or rather...there were no visible structures. When the tornado was through and lifted back into the sky, it left behind one man-made casualty: a base that had been rigged to not appear on any casual satellite feeds. The storm had done such a thorough job of ruining the base, scouring down to the bedrock in a few instances, that nothing remained that could be identified by anyone who didn't know what he was looking at. Men in Forest Service vans and Secret Service sunglasses took care of what little was left and by the next day there was no sign that there had been anything there.

The base's contents along with the dozen or so unlucky scientists and test subjects, had been sucked into the vortex and...let's go with dispersed, shall we? None of the scientists or subjects survived; humans aren't meant to stand up to winds that can shred telephone poles. The rest of the base, including the chemicals in development, scattered throughout the sky. Most of it rained down in tiny chunks over the course of the next hour or two.

The chemicals, aerosolized by the action of the wind, dispersed through the storm. There they were combined in ways that had never been intended, electrified by stray lightning bolts, and subjected to more intense ultraviolet radiation than their makers had designed them to withstand. Chemical changes previously unseen occurred within the storm clouds, which began to take on a distinctly pinkish hue.

What goes up must, inevitably, come down. Elsewhere, over a much denser

population center, it began to rain.

Paul loved to run in the rain. Something about jogging in the rain made everything seem so much more...intimate. Not many others liked to be outside during that time, and the falling water formed a natural muffler that cut off the sound of passing cars on the main road. He could just be with himself and the track, and not have to worry about making conversation or interacting with other runners.

When the clouds opened up they blessed him with soft rain that soaked more than hammered. He had wondered whether the strange-looking clouds were going to rain or explode or what, but it seemed that they were just there to deposit a bit of water and then move on. They were nice clouds. The idea made him want to laugh and since no one was around to think that he was crazy, he did so. He giggled at the idea of the nice clouds, and he licked some of the falling water off of his lips.

The water was sweet! It was such a strange thing that he did it again, and then he stopped and turned his face up to the sky. The rain looked like a billion stars from this angle, and it trickled down his throat in a way that made him shiver. It felt like the rain was caressing him, going through his thin shirt and sliding fingers across his skin. It was everywhere, in his hair and clothes, and it all felt good in a way that he had never sensed from rain before.

He felt like he was melting at the same time, like he was becoming one with the running water. Paul thought that it felt like the time that he had done some incredibly good weed with his friend Hunter, and the thought made him shift and stretch. He wondered where Hunter was right then. Hunter should stand out in the rain like this. Everyone should.

Besides, Hunter was super cute.

Paul shook his head and then tilted it upward, opening his mouth once more. The melting feeling remained. Why had he thought that Hunter was cute? Paul had never thought that way about any guy ever before! Now that it was there, though, he couldn't seem to shake the idea. It made him laugh again, more of a giggle. He thought about Hunter's laugh, how deep and commanding it was, and about how Hunter had stayed with the gym-work that had kept him in such good

shape throughout the years. Hunter had a body-builder's body, with bulging muscles that made Paul ache to think about.

Paul wasn't getting hard, which was weird, but he felt like he usually did when he was getting hard. The thought of Hunter's muscles was turning him on! It was so weird and the rain felt so nice that he giggled again.

By the time that he remembered that he was supposed to be running and not just drinking rain, Paul was completely saturated. Now he could even smell the rain, something like ozone and flowers, and he thought that it might make him smell that way. That was okay! He took another few sips of the rain and started to run again, but he had trouble. The melty feeling stayed with him and now it felt like he was not only stoned but also drunk. The ground seemed closer than usual, and his feet had to move further to find it. He looked down to check to make sure that his feet were okay but he couldn't see them past a weird swelling on his chest. Had the rain made him sick?

He pushed at the swelling and that set off another wave of really intense good feelings...it was like the soft mounds were connected to his cock and his spine and all over! It felt so good that he giggled again, and he forgot why it was that he'd even stopped. Paul looked around and then headed for the bleachers. Something told him that it was time to sit down and just...enjoy the rain.

He stretched out on the metal bleachers with his face pointed at the sky and opened his mouth, his body feeling like it was melting into something really, really nice. It wasn't long before he was pumping his hips moaning from the sensations that spread through him.

Ronnie Davis was out hiking when the rain caught him. He swore softly as he felt the first few trickles drip through the canopy and onto his shoulders. He had hoped to make it back to his tent before the rain started, but he figured that he still had another hour or so of hiking before he got there. "Gonna show up all wet, never fucking get dry, gonna mold..." he muttered to himself as he stalked through the woods. The simple pleasure of the day was gone, snatched away by the rain.

As he went, though, and his clothes became more saturated, he felt his spirits start to lift. The water felt warm and soft on his skin, and when he tasted it, it

seemed sweet. He kept going, moving quickly, and he was surprised at how strong he felt. He had been hiking most of the morning through some pretty rough terrain but he felt as if he'd just woken up from a long nap. Energy surged through him, and he took each step with surety that the ground would not only bear him up but speed him along. That seemed to be the case.

The only problem was that something was wrong with his boots. He ignored it for a while, that all-pervasive sense of energy flooding him and bearing him along, but finally he stopped and sat down on a convenient log. He knew that problems with his boots could lead to more serious trouble if he didn't address them now.

The rough bark felt awesome against his ass but he felt as though he was sitting on a cushion. The tree was just a weird shape, he figured. He hiked one foot up on top of his knee and frowned a little. Something was wrong. Something about the shape of his leg? Was it longer? And why did his chest feel so strange?

It was too much to worry about all at once so he undid the laces with his graceful fingers and moaned softly when he slid his foot out of the boot. It felt so nice, like the best foot rub in the world! Nothing was wrong with his boot that he could see, though he was having a hard time concentrating. He felt so good, all over, like the rain was massaging not only his skin but the muscles and bones beneath.

Finally he turned the boot upside down so that it wouldn't fill with water, and he turned his head up to face the sky as the rain fell from the pink clouds. The water was so sweet, and it made him feel even better the more that he drank of it.

Jimmy sighed when the first few drops of water hit him. He was out in the middle of the lake, in his tiny boat with his cooler and his fishing gear. He had just settled in when the rain started up, and he was in no real mood to go back to the shore. He didn't know what the color of the clouds meant as far as lightning, though, and he knew that he didn't want to be out here in the middle of the vast expanse in a boat made of tin.

He cranked up the trolling motor and started back toward shore as the rain started to fall in earnest. It was weird stuff; it tasted sweet on his lips, and he tilted his face up to taste it again just to make sure. It felt nice, too, like it was

rubbing him down all over. He had a hard time keeping his mind on the boat and he damn near hit a stump instead of the shore. Finally Jimmy maneuvered the little boat up on the mud, where it beached gently.

He sat there in the boat just enjoying the rain, the taste and the scent and the feel of it. He didn't really notice when it started to fill his boat now that he was on land. Soon enough he was sitting in a few inches of the sweet water, his head cocked back and his mouth open as he just enjoyed the sensations.

By the time that he fell asleep Jimmy was in about six inches of water, and he floated as he slept and changed.

Paul didn't know where he was when he woke up. He opened his eyes and stared up at the clouds, wondering why he was on something cold and hard rather than inside and in bed. It was really hard to concentrate but he remembered the rain and then the weird swelling. His thoughts were scattered, like a bunch of scared chickens, and he giggled at the image. He felt amazing, full of energy and heat, and he wondered if he had slept the whole night there.

When he sat up and stretched he saw that it was merely early afternoon. He hadn't slept there all night; he had probably just been there a couple of hours. He had fallen asleep in the rain! The thought was so funny that he giggled again but he stopped when he looked down at his chest.

It was still swollen and for a minute he thought that maybe his shirt was all bunched up or something. When he pulled it down, though, the swelling stayed and just bunched up again. His shirt felt weird, like it was too big, but it was the same kind of tank top that he'd always worn for running. It was all wet, but now...now he could see what had happened.

"Oh my God," he said, touching the heavy breast that sat on the right side of his chest. Then he touched his lips. The voice coming from there hadn't been his! It sounded like some...girl! The idea made him giggle. It was so hard to focus and everything was all distracting. His skin was so soft and sensitive, and he could feel himself starting to react to the feeling of his clothes touching him. Even the bleacher seat felt really nice now.

Paul gasped when he touched the breast. It felt better than anything. It felt so

nice that he forgot what he had been thinking about. The feeling shot through him, turning his insides to a glowing mess that felt all hot and wet. He opened his eyes wide when he remembered what had surprised him, though. His voice was way different! His lips felt weird, too, though they had set off feelings almost as nice as the ones from his new breast.

Were his new tits both like that?

He raised his hands and squeezed his boobs, gasping and moaning softly. They were both like that! And even more! He touched the hard nubs at the tips of his breasts and damn near passed out. "Oh my God!" he cried, not worried about the girlish tone of his voice.

It felt like lightning! He squeezed more, lifting and massaging his new breasts, and he squealed softly every time he touched his nipples. Paul knew that there was something that he should be doing, or upset about, or something, but he couldn't think straight through the pleasure that was filling him. He had never felt so hot and wet and ready for...for something.

He barely noticed when one of his hands let go of a breast and drifted down to the soaking juncture between his legs. In another time, under different circumstances, he might have noticed or cared that his cock was gone and that his shorts were both longer and much tighter than before; like his shirt, they now contained a radically different set of flesh.

He slid his hand beneath the waistband of his shorts, and with only the faintest whimper of surprise he put first one and then three fingers inside of himself. A tiny, fading part of his mind whispered that this wasn't right, that he should be doing something about what had happened to him, but there was no way that it was going to be able to overpower the pure lust that burned inside of him.

Paul rammed his fingers in and out as he squeezed and kneaded at his new breast, and within seconds the waves of pleasure threatened to overwhelm his altered body. They met up with one another, teamed up, and then surged even higher until there was nothing else in the world. Paul clamped down on his hand, crying out in a breathless voice that was nothing like his old one.

He calmed slowly, his body quivering and his hands reluctant to leave his flesh. He still had his eyes closed when he heard a voice say, "Ma'am? Are you all right?"

Paula opened her eyes and couldn't stop herself from licking her lips when she saw the two men standing there.

Nick looked over at Steve. "Did you hear that?" he said.

Steve looked in the same direction and said, "Kind of like a scream?"

"We should go check it out."

"Why us?"

"Well, we're armed, and if there's a problem then we should be able to help out."

Steve tried to come up with an answer to that, but by that time he was already staring at Nick's retreating back. He sighed and slung his rifle over his shoulder after checking the safety. Apparently hunting was suspended for now so that they could go be super heroes.

The two of them moved through the woods as quickly as possible given the terrain. They had come up there to hunt, hoping to find a deer for a little extra meat for the winter. Instead they'd found something that might be more dangerous. Steve sincerely hoped that it wasn't a bear. Bears were bad news and their rifles would do little more than piss it off if it was a big one.

Nick stopped and said, "Did you hear that?"

That was a low moan that gradually ramped up into another cry. The moaner was clearly female, and now that they were closer she didn't sound like she was in distress. Nick turned red, and Steve rolled his eyes.

They were close enough that they could see the small tent in the clearing up ahead. It was shaking, and the sounds from inside grew less and less distressed and more and more like a woman having a wonderful time. They didn't know if she was on her own or not, but whoever was in charge of her pleasure clearly knew what they were doing.

"We should go," Nick said, nodding back toward their previous position. Steve nodded, turned, and tripped over a branch. He fell into a shrub that yielded, did

not break, and then rebounded to throw him through a bunch of branches to land in the clearing next to the tent.

There was silence for a moment and then the front of the tent swished open to reveal a half-clothed woman. “Who’s there?” she cried as she crawled out. Her shirt and bra were missing, and Nick had time to think that she clearly needed the support of the latter before her eyes locked onto him. She stood, unconcerned that her pants were undone and were bunched up around her knees. She stood tall and strong, her shoulders nearly as broad as her hips. She was within shouting distance of six feet tall.

“What the hell are you two doing here?” she said, her voice more amused than angry. One hand, wide-fingered and stout for a woman, toyed with the nipple of her right breast as she spoke. She had that smooth-skinned look of a strong woman, her breasts perhaps larger than they needed to be but by no means out of proportion. Nick wasn’t complaining.

“Uh, we...sorry, we heard something and we came to see if everything was okay,” he said. He glanced down at Steve, who was sitting there staring at the Amazon with his mouth open. “We were just leaving. Steve. Steve!”

“Oh,” she said, frowning for a moment. She looked confused as if she wasn’t sure what was going on, and Nick wondered if she was high or drunk. Then she smiled, the kind of smile that a woman in her state of undress had no business using outside of the bedroom. “Well since you’re here...are you two looking for a good time?”

“I...it...” said Nick.

She stepped closer to Steve, walking right out of her pants as she did so. Her long, strong legs were smooth, just like the rest of her. She wore only her left sock now as she approached him. “How about you?” she said, offering him a hand up.

Steve took it, looking hypnotized. She said, “I’m kind of new to this, and you guys caught me at just the right time. Do you think I’m...I’m hot?”

Steve nodded, wordless.

She smiled, frowned, and then smiled again. “Good. Good! Because I have to

tell you, I am hornier than I have ever been before in my entire life.”

There was silence after that pronouncement until Nick said, “Um. Do you need some help with that?”

“I thought you would never ask. Do you guys have names?”

“Nick,” said Nick. “That’s Steve.”

“Nick. Steve.” She looked back and forth and nodded, and then she turned away to present a view of the best ass that Nick had ever seen in real life. “Call me Ronnie.”

By the time Jimmy woke up, night had fallen. The water that had filled his boat was cold, though no less sweet than it had been. Jimmy woke because of a light flashing across him, and then a voice saying, “Holy shit, she’s alive.”

“What...” said Jimmy, raising one hand to shield his eyes. It wasn’t his hand, or his arm. He didn’t know what was going on but he knew that he was in a place that sloshed when he moved.

“Get that light out of her face,” said another voice. “Ma’am, are you all right?”

The light moved and Jimmy could see two men standing there looking down into his boat. They both wore the uniforms of the local police, and one was older than the other. The young one was gawking at Jimmy, who didn’t know what the hell the man’s problem was. He was cute, but that was secondary.

“I guess I fell asleep,” said Jimmy, trying a sheepish grin. It fell away when he realized how much his voice had changed; it was much higher, and breathy. He sounded like a woman trying to be a parody of a little girl.

“Are you inebriated, ma’am?”

“No, I...why are you calling me ma’am?” said Jimmy. He sat up, finally, the sweet water rolling off of him, and he looked down at himself to make sure that everything was okay. Everything was not.

His view was obstructed by two of the biggest breasts that he had ever seen in his life. They seemed to be attached to his chest, and the insanity didn't end there. Through the rippling water that still filled his boat, his legs looked longer and slimmer, totally smooth. His skin had gone from farmer-tan to creamy white, and long blonde hair was plastered to his head and shoulders. There was nothing between his legs but a growing warmth.

He was completely naked. There was no sign of any clothing anywhere, giving everyone involved a clear view of the spectacular flesh that he now wore.

“What the fuck?” Jimmy whispered, staring down at his altered body.

“Ma'am, I think we're going to need you to come with us. Don, go get a blanket, boy. Jesus.”

The officer with the flashlight turned and half-ran back toward a squad car parked nearby. The older officer knelt and, staring into Jimmy's eyes with a sort of determined focus that Jimmy found attractive, said, “We were told that a man named Jimmy Heath was out here on the water, and that he didn't come back in after the rainstorm that passed through. He was reported having a boat like this one, ma'am. Did you see anyone here before you fell asleep?”

Jimmy was overwhelmed by the weirdness and gave vent to a sudden giggle. “That's me!” he said. “I'm Jimmy Heath!” He giggled again, barely holding onto his sanity. What the hell had happened, and why did he feel so strange? It was like he was turned on.

“Um, ma'am, you don't quite match his description. Now I'm not sure what you're on-”

“I'm not on anything, officer, but I'd like to be on you.” Jimmy's mouth fell open when he said that. What the hell? Where had that come from?

The officer rolled his eyes as the younger man approached carrying a blanket. “Like I said, I don't know what you're on but I think we'll take you back to the station so you can sleep it off, all right?”

“Aw, but I want to sleep with you. Or Donnie.” Jimmy raised one hand and waved at Don with his fingertips, wondering if he had gone completely insane and was in a ward somewhere.

“We’ll see about that when we get back to the station,” said the older man in a tone that suggested that he was humoring the crazy/stoned/drunk woman. He kept his eyes averted as he wrapped the blanket around her shoulders, though Don stared openly at Jimmy’s new body.

The older man put one arm around Jimmy’s shoulders in a way that was more controlling than comforting, and the growing...whatever it was within Jimmy seemed perfectly fine with that. He was surprised at how easily he melted against the older man’s body, at how perfectly he molded against it. “Are you going to save me, officer? I’m so grateful,” said Jimmy, rolling his eyes as he rolled his tremendous hips against the older man’s.

“Miss, I need you to settle down, please.” The older man’s eyes flickered downward, glancing at the enormous breasts barely hidden, and Jimmy knew somehow that it wasn’t that the older cop didn’t want to fuck; it was that something was holding him back. Maybe he was married.

Didn’t want to fuck? Where had that come from? What the hell had happened to him?

There didn’t seem to be any answers. While Jimmy’s mind struggled with the reality and tried to understand the changes, his body had no such conflict. He snuggled against the older cop, and he grinned at Don in a way that would have led to something had they not been heading for the police car.

By the time that Jimmy was secured in the back seat he had managed to squeeze the older cop’s groin twice and had felt hardness there once. It was as if Jimmy’s hand was possessed. He didn’t even notice at first when he lowered the blanket so that it puddled around his waist and gave Don a spectacular view of Jimmy’s enormous new breasts. Even when Jimmy did notice he didn’t feel any particular hurry to cover up again. Don’s stare made that hot, damp feeling even stronger, and it was quickly taking over.

By the time that they were on the main road again Jimmy was squeezing and caressing himself. He didn’t want to but the heat was so strong that it felt like it was making his body do things on its own. By the time that they were pulling into town Jimmy was panting and moaning with a combination of pleasure and need for release. About the time that they pulled into the parking lot of the police station, Jimmy curled forward and strained soundlessly, mouth open wide, as

catastrophic ecstasy shattered every nerve in his body. He drew in a deep breath and screamed, the sound cut off abruptly as his body clenched up again. He had never felt anything like that before, had never imagined that such pleasure could possibly exist.

And the absolute worst part of it was...by the time that he was calmed down and recovered enough to allow them to help him out of the squad car, he felt the need starting to ramp up again. He wanted to be filled, to be fucked hard, and this time the desire was coming faster and stronger.

-across the county, in the wake of the earlier storm, people who were caught out in the rain are reporting potential physical effects. The CDC has been notified and they urge anyone who feels that they have been affected by what's being called Sweet Rain to head to your nearest medical center for testing and evaluation. As of now there is no reason to be alarmed; the effects appear to be non-dangerous, and the CDC hastens to assure everyone that any effects are likely to be temporary. A partial list of the effects include alteration in skin color and texture, changes in hair and eye color, alterations to-

Paul lay there gasping on the ground. He had spent the last hour or so alternately fucking either...he had no idea what their names were, in fact. They were both seniors at the high school the track belonged to, that was all that Paul knew. They had displayed the endurance and recovery of men their age, and between them they had caused quite a bit of pleasure.

Paul wanted to get up and run, to get away from the boys and the sirens that they had for cocks. There was nothing special about either the boys or the cocks that they sported, but Paul had been unable to stop himself from first stripping off his own clothing and then coming for them when they had done the same. One of them. Thinking perhaps a bit more clearly than the others, had led everyone behind the bleachers. The ground there was neither clean nor pleasant but by that time Paul had been so engulfed by the lust that had come roaring up out of his altered body that he would have fucked them on broken glass.

And oh, the pleasure. He had experienced difficulty in keeping his new voice down, yelping and moaning with each thrust. The feeling of their cocks inside of

him had been alien and precisely what this new body wanted. A sort of animal instinct had taken over, leading Paul to do whatever it took to satisfy them over and over and over. He was covered in their juices, along with streaks of dirt from the ground.

They had stopped when the boys had fallen asleep. They had collapsed right in the middle of sex, first one and then the other, and now they were snoring softly on the ground next to Paul. He wedged himself out from underneath them, horrified to find that not only was the lust still there but that it felt stronger. There wasn't going to be much relief from them, though; they were limp and out of gas.

Paul struggled back into his clothing. Now that there were no men around who needed to fuck him, he could think a little more clearly. Something had happened to him, something that had turned him from a normal male into this hyper-charged, over-sexualized female form. He had jumped at the chance to fuck the two boys and everything that they had done in the course of fulfilling that mission had felt spectacular; just the sensation of being stretched when the larger one had filled him had made Paul go off like he was full of dynamite. The orgasms had been endless, frequent, and gigantic in a way that made his mouth water even now.

He shook his head and tried to focus. This wasn't right. He needed to get some help, to find out what had happened and to see if there was any way to cure himself. He looked down at the sleeping boys and saw that there was no help there for either his incessant lust or his desire for help with his new condition. Paul sighed and headed for his car, hoping that he could make it there without jumping someone else. Much more used to his body's altered dimensions now, he had little trouble keeping his balance.

Paul got to his car and drove off, heading for the local hospital. Maybe there would be someone who could help him if he could get them to believe the insanity. He would call ahead and see if they could send out a female doctor to meet him outside. Maybe if she blindfolded him, he wouldn't lose his mind at the presence of another male? It was worth a shot.

Behind him, beneath the bleachers, the two boys shifted and sighed as they snuggled together. They felt more and more comfortable as they slept; the skin that they were pillowed on became softer, and their bodies started to round out

instead of displaying the angles of the teenage male athlete. By the time that they woke up an hour later, there was nothing left of either of them to indicate that they had ever been male. One was short and slim and the other was tall and curvy, and both of them were confused.

“What the hell happened?” said the little one, not recognizing her friend.

“I...there was this hot chick who really wanted it,” said the tall one.

“And I helped her with that,” said the slim one, grinning for a moment.

“Maybe...maybe someone could help me that way.”

The taller one’s eyes became a bit glassy as she nodded. “Yeah. You know, I never thought about it before, but I could sure use some, ah...”

“Some cock.”

The nod again. “Yeah. Yeah, some cock.”

“I bet there are people inside who’d help. Some of the football team?”

The tall one closed her eyes and shook her head for a moment as if trying to shoo off a fly, and then she opened her eyes and said, “Maybe...maybe all of the football team.”

They helped one another up and headed toward the high school, neither of them bothering to put pants back on. The way that they felt, they wouldn't have needed pants for very long anyway.

Ronnie was glad that he hadn't brought the cot along. That would have made things difficult when trying to fuck two guys at once. He knew that he shouldn't have felt this way, that there was something wrong about his arousal when it was directed toward Nick and Steve, but for the life of him he couldn't quite remember why. His new body felt powerful and strong, and he had been glad to find a couple of guys to boss around.

He had been perfectly clear about who was in charge the whole time, even when he'd been on his hands and knees with one cock between his legs and one stuffed down his throat. Steve and Nick hadn't argued, and had seemed a bit scared of him, and Ronnie had liked that. When he'd first turned into...into this, he'd been scared. Then he'd been horny and that had both surprised and overwhelmed him to the point that he hadn't been able to think of anything else.

Then he'd seen the two guys out there watching his tent and he'd felt nothing but relief. Finally, said something deep inside. He knew that he shouldn't have wanted anything to do with them, that he should have covered up and pretended to be asleep or something, but the lust had been a roaring bonfire by that time. Masturbating had done little to damp it. He'd been so turned on by the sight of them that he'd felt himself dripping down his leg, and he had found difficulty in even walking straight.

The two men had no trouble with her looks, her strength, or her desires. They had scarcely consulted with one another before diving into the sleeping bag on the floor of the tent with her. Since then they had done little beyond pump, explode, and go for more. Ronnie had climaxed again and again, his altered body blasting ecstasy through him like a runaway train, causing him to scream helplessly as he came and came. Even now, even after uncounted orgasms and having been fucked in every way that he could think of, Ronnie wanted little

beyond more.

Sadly, Nick and Steve were not going to be able to help him with that. They had fallen asleep in the middle of sex, leaving Ronnie to fend for himself.

Masturbation, while sweet and not carrying that strange mental stigma that the sex had, was not enough to satisfy Ronnie even for a moment. The sex hadn't quenched the fire, but it had damped it down enough for him to think.

He had to get home. He had to figure out what had happened to him, and see if there was some cure out there that would help him. Ronnie struggled back into clothing that was alternately too small and too large, and he called it good enough. He grabbed his keys and his phone, leaving the rest. His truck was only a mile away, and he knew the trail well enough.

Ronnie set off into the woods, the lust burning and growing with each step. He worried that this new, alien body would force him into having sex again, and his mouth watered at the idea of being in bed with another man. Maybe three guys this time. He could command three guys to do his bidding, and maybe they would be enough to finally kill the fire for a while. It sounded...like fun. Ronnie chuckled and kept walking, his long legs carrying him quickly.

An hour later two women crawled out of Ronnie's tent. One was short, plump, black, and had the best ass that either of them had ever seen. The other was tall and white and blonde, and had the kind of wet-dream curves that she hoped would attract...someone. She frowned as she tried to think past the lust and the strange fog that filled her mind, and then she giggled. "Oh, a man!" she said. That's what she wanted.

"What?" said the other woman, holding her head and shaking it. The desire filled her as well, and her friend's words had planted a few images in her head that she felt shouldn't be there.

"That's what I want. I want cock!" The blonde looked proud of herself.

"That...you know, that sounds pretty...good?" said the shorter woman.

"Where could we find some guys?" said the blonde.

"Back in town, I bet, but...I mean, shouldn't we get to a hospital or something?"

“What for? Oh, to find a cute doctor?” said the blonde, giggling as she started to rub and knead at her massive breast.

“I...yeah, actually. I mean, just to take the edge off.” The black woman licked her lips, enjoying the feel of them now that they were plump and soft. “Yeah. Just for a little while.”

They headed off into the woods, following the same trail that Ronnie had used earlier.

Jimmy rubbed herself through her pants, trying to get some relief. The strange desire that had filled her throughout the ride in the police car had gotten even worse when she'd gone inside the station. There hadn't been too many people inside but were all been men and none of them could keep their eyes off of her altered body, with its gigantic breasts and its hips and ass fit to stop traffic. Jimmy couldn't blame them, and part of her wanted them to come to her so that they could just settle down there right on the floor and fuck and fuck until-

She closed her eyes and fought it off, barely holding the need at bay. She survived processing and then found herself alone in a cell, where she sat down and immediately started touching herself. Her altered body felt so strange that she had no idea what to do about it. Obviously the police weren't going to believe her about who she really was, and she had a hard time focusing on the problem through the lust that roared and growled within her.

Jimmy had never wanted women. Before this change she had always felt attraction toward men. In a small town like hers, though, acting on that attraction would have been unthinkable. She had barely ever thought the word “gay,” much less applied it to herself. Sex and relationships had just been things that she had ignored, buried deep, and tried not to think about.

Now, though.

Now she had the kind of body that men would appreciate. Her attraction accorded with her desires, and she wasn't sure why she was reluctant to indulge. She was sure that anyone out there would want to, but something held her back. She stopped rubbing at herself and went to the sink, where a steel mirror was bolted to the wall.

Her eyes were different, wider and startling blue now. Her hair looked like ravens swimming in ink, soft and fluffy now that it had dried. Her lips...for the first time, she understood a little bit about what men liked about a woman's lips. The frank eroticism of her altered face imprinted itself even on her.

...and she couldn't make herself stop touching herself. Jimmy fought with her body, was able to stop for seconds at a time, but the rampaging need inside of her kept getting stronger until all she could do was try to stay sane while her tiny hands took her to heights that she had never imagined before. Her high voice was a cracked bell as she cried out again and again over the protests from the other prisoners.

It did nothing to stop the lust; it didn't even slow the lust down. Stopping was impossible by then and going on only made her desire stronger. She was barely aware, after enough orgasmic pleasure that she had lost track of the number of climaxes, of hands pulling at her and leading her down the hall. She ground her hips against the nearest man, helpless in the face of her own lust, and when they left her alone she thought about crying.

Instead she just kept on, her hands feverish against her glorious skin as she came. She wound up on the floor, distantly surprised to find it padded but much more concerned with her body's desires.

When the door opened and she saw Donnie standing there, sweating, she spread her legs without a moment's thought. She had long ago gotten out of her tattered clothing in an effort to expose more of herself to her hands, and now she lay on the padded floor trying desperately to find some relief.

"Please!" she moaned, half sobbing. "Oh please fuck me! Oh please!"

Donnie looked back behind himself and then came in, pulling the door shut behind him. He wagged his club at Jimmy and said, "No funny business or you'll get the end of this instead."

"Anything! Oh now!" Jimmy hated begging but there was nothing else for it. She just had to have something to stop this raging lust.

She kept playing with herself as Donnie tugged his pants open, and she even came once while he settled between her legs. When he pushed her hands aside and sheathed himself inside of her, though, it set off another climax that had her

arching her back and clawing at the floor while trying to scream. “Yeah, you love that, don’tcha,” he said, leering at her through a fog of sweat and onion breath.

“Please!” she moaned. “Fuck me fuck me!”

Donnie set to work and eventually her wild cries died down as their groans and grunts mingled. The other prisoners, what few there were in the drunk tank, were mostly glad to get a little sleep.

They were surprised, a half hour later, when the most gorgeous woman that they’d ever seen approached the cell, naked, carrying the keys. “I gotta have more,” she said, her voice a little rough. Jimmy opened the door to the cell and went willingly into the hands of a half-dozen prisoners, and soon her needs were being met as well as mortal man could meet them.

A half-hour after that another woman came to the cell. She was slim and pretty in a Japanese sort of way, dressed in the ill-fitting remnants of what appeared to be a police uniform. She appeared reluctant at first but within the hour she was on the floor right next to Jimmy, sucking and bucking for all that she was worth. Observant bystanders, none of whom were involved with the impromptu orgy, might have noted that the name on her badge read “Donald.”

-are urging everyone to stay inside until the situation is contained. The physical changes brought on by the chemical spill appear to be contagious, and officials are warning residents to stay inside until victims are quarantined. Do not open the doors to strangers, and if you think you have been affected please contact the nearest-

Officer Samuel Ledgewick was in no mood for any bullshit. He had just heard that there might be a disturbance down at the precinct house, and there was something going on at the local high school as well. Dispatch had told him to head toward the school, and since then there had been only terse, intermittent communication from the main office. They appeared to be dealing with something, maybe something related to the outbreak, and it made for a tense work day when dispatch was occupied.

Just as he was pulling into the drive that led to the high school, Samuel slowed and stared. The drive was packed with cars heading out, as if the school day had ended and the parents were there to pick up their little darlings before they got loose and burned down half the town. Samuel shrugged and started down the drive, only to be forced off the road by oncoming traffic. They were using both lanes!

That was enough of that. Using the siren, Samuel was able to force his way down the road until he got to the main school. There he found what he could only describe as a madhouse. A half-dozen of the best-looking women that he'd ever seen were making out with anyone who came into view; at least one couple was going at it right there on the front lawn. "Hey!" he yelled, bearing down on them with all the authority of the local police behind him.

They barely looked at him before going back to what they were doing. Samuel wrestled the boy off of her, and he came loose with a sad sucking noise. The woman looked up at him and said, "Oh hey, officer. Want to fuck?"

She was a well-stacked redhead and in other situations he might have been intrigued, but there was too much going on around him. He pulled the boy further away while the woman went up on her elbows, and Samuel said, "Get dressed. Then get the fuck out of here. Go home."

The boy nodded, his eyes wide and glassy. Samuel didn't have time to deal with any possible drug abuse; the sounds from inside the school were several orders of magnitude worse than what was going on outside. He barked a situation report into his mic as he strode inside, and dispatch returned vague promises of backup when it became available.

Inside was more of the same, compounded by more of the gorgeous women chasing others around. In truth, they weren't doing much chasing; they were taking advantage of the boys and their hormones with little struggle. Samuel took a moment to reflect that nothing like this had ever happened to him when he was in school, and then he started pulling couples apart. More than one of them were simply fucking right there in the hall, and those were the ones he tackled first.

Samuel's problem was that he didn't watch his back. By the time that his backup arrived, they found him buried at the bottom of a pile of laughing, horny female

flesh that was more than happy to open up, invite them in, and engulf them as well. An hour later, they were no longer part of the solution.

Ronnie headed home, her altered body making short work of the distances involved. The only problem was that the longer that she walked, the more her mind turned toward the delirious hour that she'd shared with...what were their names again? The men in the tent? In another situation she might have been upset at the idea of having sex with other men, but she was clearly no longer male and there was something about the change that was making that pretty easy to accept. Probably it was all the orgasms.

The thought of those orgasms made her slow a bit more. She wouldn't mind having a few more of those. Sure, there were parts of her that wanted nothing to do with that, but they were merely mental. Her body was in control and it wanted to get laid, hard.

As she got closer to town she saw strange activity. There were cars scattered around, and then she saw that they'd been pulled off the road somehow. By the time that she got to the real roadblock, the one manned by soldiers with weapons, her brain wasn't working well enough for her to figure out what was going on. She just pulled at her shirt, tugging it off to reveal her strong torso and unbound breasts, and she walked toward the soldiers with smiles and open arms.

They loaded her into the back of one of the trucks after removing the tranquilizer darts. She snored happily there in the darkness, besieged by dreams of men and fucking, fucking...

-martial law in effect within the city limits. Please stay inside your homes. This situation will be contained by the National Guard. Looters will be dealt with harshly. Repeat, martial law is in-

Paul was feeling better by the time he got home. He had been forced to stop and masturbate a couple of times to take the edge off of his new desires, but the strange lust was starting to fade. The mist that lust had put over his mind was

also fading but he found that he could put the images of being with the boys out of his mind if he concentrated hard enough. He checked around the outside of the house, hoping that no one saw him in his ill-fitting track clothes, and found that no one was home. That was good; he didn't want to have to explain to his wife why he looked like an oversexed bimbo.

That thought was so insane that it got filed with the memories of sex. It wasn't needed and he didn't want to harbor it, not really.

He got back inside and, after a moment's thought, went to the bathroom. He was sticky with...he was sticky, and he wanted to see about cleaning off a bit. Paul only allowed himself one glance in the mirror. The woman looking back was gorgeous in a tousled sort of way, her heavy breasts straining the front of her tank top. He opened the medicine cabinet so that the mirror faced the wall, allowing him to strip in peace.

Just a half-hour before, he knew, the sight of his own altered body would have caused him so much lust that he would have been forced to finger himself to orgasm at least a couple of times before showering. Now, though it was interesting, it didn't ignite that fire. The fire was embers; hot, but not raging.

It died down further as he washed, resolutely ignoring his body's fading attempts to get him excited. By the time that the shower was over and he felt half human again, he found that the melting-bones feeling was coming back. Dreading what it would do to him this time, he settled down on the floor and closed his eyes to allow it to do his work.

A half-hour later, Paul was back to his old self. He felt himself all over and let out a whoop that vibrated the windows in his house. Now if he could just do something about the memories that still strained at the back of his mind...

"Sarge?" said a soldier.

"What, Private?" said the man with the stripes on his uniform. It had been a long day and it looked like it was going to be a longer night. Enforcing discipline was tougher than he'd expected; they hadn't planned on having to keep the soldiers from fraternizing with an enemy that wanted nothing more than frequent, enthusiastic fraternization.

“Sarge, I think you need to see the prisoner. The first one.”

“I’ve seen her, Private. If she’s awake and offering sex, don’t accept. You know the drill.”

The private looked back at the truck and then to the sergeant again. “Sir, things have changed. You really ought to go take a look.”

The sergeant sighed and stood. “This had better be important.”

They headed for the truck, the one where they’d thrown the woman earlier. She had been sleeping then, a victim of the tranq guns that the soldiers carried. She had been a pretty amazing figure of a woman, too, and in other circumstances he might have-

He stopped and stared into the truck. The door was locked closed, of course, so there was no way for anyone to have gotten in or out, but there was no sign of the woman anymore. Instead a tall man with dark brown hair stood at the door, looking confused.

Ronnie blinked at the afternoon sunlight streaming through the tiny window. “Hey, guys, can anyone tell me what the hell is going on?” he said, waving at them.

When Jimmy woke up, he found himself at the bottom of a heap of the most gorgeous women he’d ever seen in his life. He was also in a jail cell, but that seemed secondary. To his surprise he found that he was also male again, though he remained naked and covered in the juices of his enthusiastic, unstoppable lovemaking. He seemed to be normal again, and the release of tension from that discovery was enough to make him sag back against the concrete floor.

That was enough to wake up the nearest woman, a naked little blonde with a rack that wouldn’t quit. She blinked and looked around, confused, and then she saw Jimmy staring at her. She grinned and reached for his cock, and though Jimmy offered up token protest she was soon busily stuffing it inside of her.

Jimmy was caught between surges of fear and pleasure as the little blonde bucked and moaned on top of him. He enjoyed it, sure, but he was worried that

he was going to start turning back into the fuck bunny that he'd been just hours before. Still, it felt too good to stop, and soon he found himself gripping her hips as he geysered into her. It was the first time that he had ever had sex with a woman, and he found that it wasn't as bad as he'd thought it would be. He still wanted men, but now...maybe there was another option.

Minutes later he was still himself. Not only that but he was still hard. He and the blonde took the opportunity to celebrate those facts as the other women started to wake up around him. Before long he was at the center of the pile again but this time he was the subject of fawning worship and lust as himself. He found that he much preferred this version.

By the time that some of the women started turning back into their normal forms, Jimmy had worked his way through most of them. He showed no sign of getting soft, and he felt energy surging through him to ensure that he didn't have to stop or even slow down. The other men, as they recovered, merely fell asleep from shock or exhaustion. None of them had the same blessing that he'd gotten, and he figured that it had something to do with his having gotten a stronger dose than all the others.

Whatever had done it, Jimmy was ready and willing to take full advantage of what had happened. By the time that he and the women were done, most of them had turned back into their normal forms. He kissed the last one, a cute Japanese woman, and then stole away to try to find some clothes so he could get back to his rowboat.

Jimmy's consternation when he found that the boat and its contents were gone was mild and barely worth registering. He figured that with his new energy and a cock that jumped to the ready when he wished, he would have other things to do besides fishing soon enough.

-are encouraged to resume normal activities. Repeat, the chemical spill has been contained, and the martial law situation is now over. Any residual effects should be reported at the nearest medical center. Citizens are encouraged to resume-

“So what can we do to stop it?”

The man in the white coat stared at the one with all the ribbons on his. “Stop a storm, colonel? I’m not sure that’s possible.”

“Can’t we release some counter-agents into the clouds?”

“I’d rather not be the one accountable for seeding a storm with unstable chemicals, colonel. The indications are that it’s gradually losing power as it goes anyway. I suspect that it’s going to burn itself out and ground the chemicals by this time next week.”

“What happens then? Won’t the chemicals be in our ecosystem?”

The scientist blinked, surprised that the colonel knew such a word. “I...well, the thing is that they’re unstable in their current form, sir. They tend to grab on to other things in their area and change properties. I would be very surprised to learn that the storm doesn’t cause itself to go inert well before the chemicals are flushed from it.”

The colonel nodded and stared at the projected spread of the chemical storm, stroking his chin as he did so. “And it can’t be traced back to us?”

“I don’t see how.”

“And all the traces of the chemicals...there’s no indication that they’re still in play?”

“All readings show that they’ve turned themselves into inert forms, sir. I’m sure that’s what will happen with the storm. This time next week, there won’t be anything left of the cloud or its effects. At worst we’ll have to isolate a few people for a day or two.”

The colonel nodded. “Well, I guess that’s the best we can expect from this sort of fuckup. No long-term effects on the victims?”

“Nothing that we’ve found. The chemicals flushed through them and then out, and they’ve all resumed their normal forms.”

“Good. Keep me apprised if anything changes.”

“You got it.”

Somewhere in a different laboratory, two other scientists were looking at a tank full of pink liquid. “We got it from a rowboat?” said the first one.

“That’s what caught it. The owner was reported kidnapped, and a strange woman was found in his boat. The officers responding to the call didn’t take the boat with them. I assume that they had other things on their minds.” The grin that the second directed at the first made the first feel a bit grubby, but he grinned back.

“So you’re sure that we can replicate the effects?”

The second grinned wider. “Replicate and improve. This stuff is amazing, and it reacts really well to any alterations. Grabs right onto them and doesn’t let go.”

“Super. What do you think we’re going to be able to do with this?”

“Sex change on a temporary scale, libido enhancement on the same timeline, and I imagine that we can work out alterations to the time scale and the results. It’s going to be a monster.”

“Well, just as long as we’re careful about it. No one is suffering from any long-term effects, right?”

The second scientist shrugged. “Mental, maybe, if they remember what happened. Being turned into a hot chick and having to fuck a bunch of guys is the sort of thing that can stick with you. No one seems to have had any long-term effects, though, according to the records that we, ah, acquired.”

“Excellent. Get our guys on it, and we’ll start work tomorrow.”

Five miles south of town, Jimmy pulled over to let a hitchhiker in. The day was blustery, with rain spitting down from time to time, though it wasn’t anything like the rain or the clouds that had hit during the weirdest day in town memory.

The hitchhiker, a younger guy with messy hair and soft eyes, reached over to shake Jimmy’s hand after getting in. “Nolan,” he said. “I’m heading toward Florida, so any distance would help.”

Jimmy clasped the man's hand and felt a strange surge of power flow from himself and into Nolan. He grinned and said, "Jimmy. Can't promise I'll get you that far, but we'll get you some of the way down the road."

They talked for a few minutes and then Nolan fell silent with a strange expression on his face. He slumped back in his seat and started to groan quietly as his face softened further. Jimmy pulled to the side of the road to watch the transformation, his eyes wide and his face locked in a grin that made his cheeks hurt.

When Nolan next opened her eyes, they were unchanged. Everything else about her was different, from the elaborate curves that strained the front of her shirt to the glorious ass that did the same to her pants. She looked at Jimmy, frowning as if trying to remember something important, and then her eyes locked on Jimmy's crotch and the bulge that waited there.

"What, ah...can I..." she said, half-reaching for him.

"Knock yourself out," said Jimmy, grinning. "It's going to be a long ride."

Nolan's mouth watered as she reached for Jimmy's cock. She wasn't sure what had happened or what was happening, but she was sure about one thing: he had what she needed.

Far to the east, a pink cloud floated above the ground as the storm system headed for another small town.