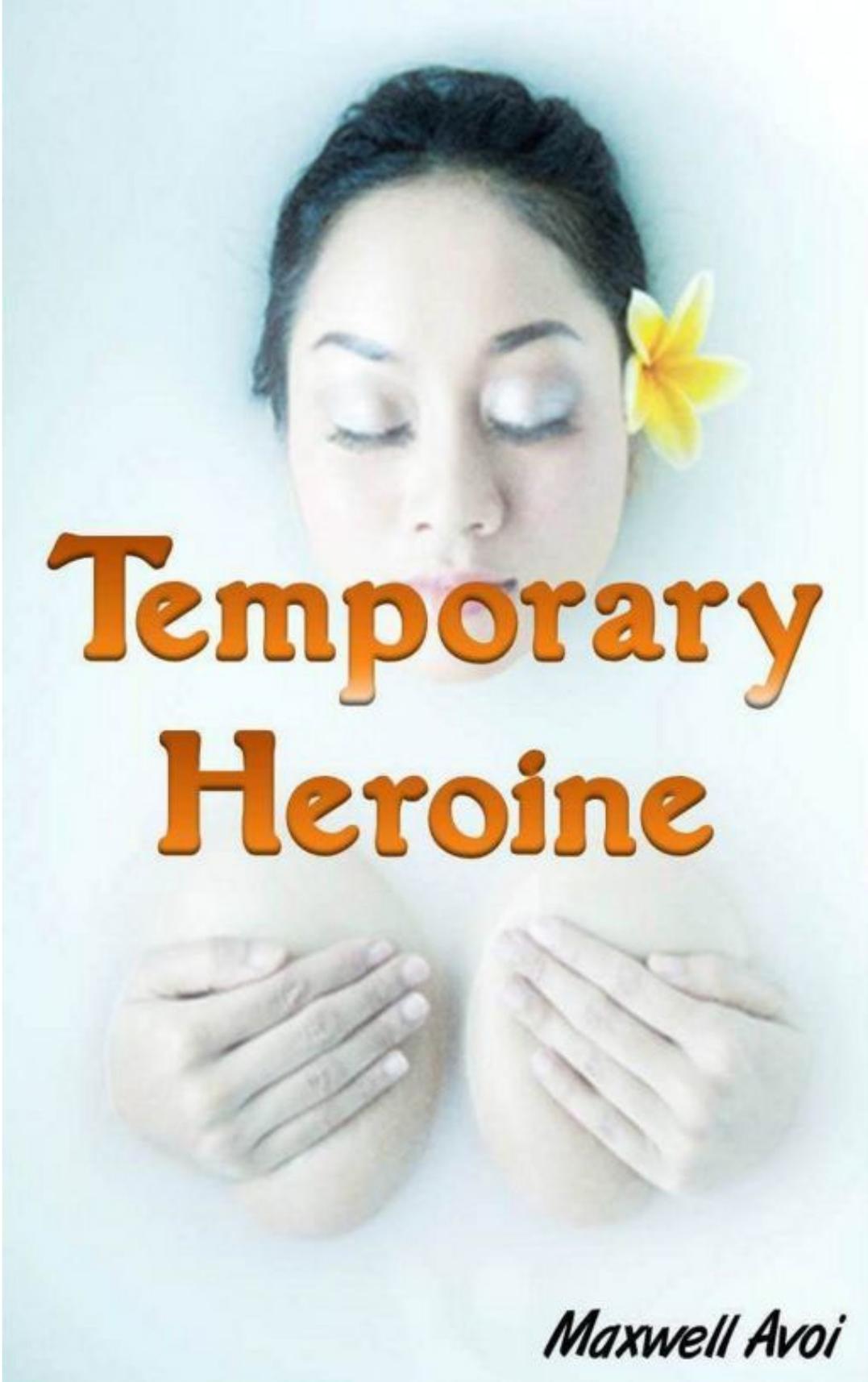


**Temporary
Heroine**

Maxwell Avoi



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By Maxwell Avoi

Smashwords Edition

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“Third place goes to Austin Mitchell for his representation of Doctor Strange!”

I stepped forward and gave a sickly smile while I waved to the crowd. There was some polite applause, I picked up my certificate and coupon for Chili's, and then the announcer went on to say who had been better than me. Again.

The costume hadn't even started out as Doctor Strange. I was supposed to be Mister Fantastic, but there was a problem with how the spandex had turned out so we'd raided the drama class's closet and come up with a passable Doctor Strange. It was a good thing that ConVex took place in our hometown; if it had been anywhere else we would have just been part of the crowd watching the competition instead of just being losers in it.

Something like this always happened. I loved costuming, loved cosplay, loved dressing up as favorite characters, but something always screwed it up. My Thor outfit had actually caught fire. Melted blonde wig is not a great look or smell for anyone.

Dane met me at the bottom of the stairs. Dane Bailey was my best friend, not to mention my partner in crime when it came to raiding theater wardrobes. “Hey, better than nothing, right?” he said as I approached.

“Dammit, Dane!” I growled. I pulled him aside so that I could snarl at him in relative peace. “If you hadn't been so sure about the damn hydraulics, maybe you would have tested them before I tried the costume on!”

“Yeah, but come on, it ended up all right.”

“Sure, once we scrapped everything but the temple highlights.” Doctor Strange and Mister Fantastic had similar hair which was the only thing that we'd kept from one costume to the other once the hydraulics had turned me into something that looked like Doctor Octopus with a Mister Fantastic skin mapped over me.

“Look, we'll work on it! ConDense is happening next month, we'll get something together for that and we'll totally win.”

We turned and watched the winner of the contest pick up his prize. Fucking Daryl Lazzener. Tall and thin to the point of emaciation, with flowing blonde

hair and nothing else going for him, he was a regular winner for two simple reasons: he had a trust fund and lots of time on his hands. Where most guys would use that kind of situation to swim in girls, Daryl was a hopeless nerd who spent most of his vast free time creating elaborate costumes that sometimes managed to make him look like less of a frightened mop. I hated that guy.

I stormed off toward the car. I couldn't wait to get home and get this terrible costume off. In truth, it was better than I wanted to admit; Dane knew his stuff even though he wasn't brave enough to wear any of it in public. He took classes in theater arts and had actually done most of the sewing and alterations to make my costume look as good as it did. I just wished that he would tone down his "special features" a little and spend more time in making sure that the costumes were wearable without injuring myself or others. I also wished that Daryl Lazzener would get hit by a cement truck.

I sat fuming in the passenger seat until he came around and jumped in. The car was his, so he drove. It was just as well; I'd probably have run people over out of sheer irritation.

I had calmed down by the time we pulled into our driveway. Dane bounded out, the memory of the loss already faded along with the sting of defeat. He said, "Hey, what's that?"

A box sat on the front steps. "It's a rhinoceros, obviously," I said.

"Nice. Must be a miniature one." He picked up the box and said, "It's from a lawyer. And it weighs an actual ton, geez."

"Huh. Can we get inside so that I can get this stupid thing off, please?"

Dane moved aside so that I could go in. Once in my bedroom I stripped out of the costume and took a shower, washing the white streaks out of my hair. I dressed in sweatpants and a ratty t-shirt and found Dane in the kitchen with the box open on the table.

"So is someone suing you?" I said. I admit that I wasn't totally unhappy about the prospect.

Dane gave me what he thought was a withering look before he went back to reading the letter that had come with the box. I looked inside and saw a wooden

chest and a couple of old-looking books. They were marked with symbols I didn't recognize but that managed to creep me out anyway.

"So what is all this crap?" I said.

"Looks like I had a great aunt," he replied. "I didn't even know I had a good aunt. Hah!"

I met his volley with silent staring and he got on with it. "Okay, um, great aunt Ermintrude, good lord, looks like she died recently and left this to the youngest of the Bailey clan. Actual words. The lawyer says that they don't know what it might be, though it's possible that the books are valuable. And that's pretty much it."

"Ermintrude?"

"Right? But seriously, these look interesting." Dane reached in and pulled out the books and then the wooden chest. He left the books for me, knowing that I wouldn't be able to resist them, and then he opened up the chest. "Holy shit, man, look at this. Aunt Ermintrude must have been a mad scientist."

The chest was full of vial after vial, each one marked with variations on the symbols on the books and each one filled with a different colorful fluid. It smelled like a barbershop had exploded. "Ooooookay, you got the crazy relatives," I said.

"No doubt. Man, this is great! I wonder what all this is worth, huh?"

I shrugged and picked up one of the books. "Beats me, dude. I'm gonna flip through here and see what was so great about aunt Ermintrude."

It turned out that she was an incredibly boring woman. The books were her journals, wherein she recounted a billion miniscule details from daily life. There were probably scholars somewhere who would have loved to know about this crap but I wasn't one of them. I went through four or five pages before I gave up and started flipping through them.

I stopped when I noticed a mark next to one of the words, "beauty," in the midst of Ermintrude burbling about roses. The mark was small enough that I wasn't sure if it was deliberate or if a fly had shat upon the paper but when I went and

got a magnifying glass I saw that it resembled the marks on the outside of the book. I couldn't find its exact twin but I redrew it larger so that I could compare it to the other one.

On impulse, I also checked the box. I looked over the vials and had to go down into the third row before I found one that was labeled with the same mark. I double and triple checked to be sure and then I went and found Dane.

Three hours later we had about half the vials decoded. They were all different things, some of them quite specific. Dane was ecstatic. "Think of what this means!" he crowed.

"I think it means your great aunt designed puzzles and hated you," I said, shrugging.

"No, what if the labels mean something somehow? Like...what if these vials can do things?"

"You do think she was a mad scientist."

"I dunno, maybe." Dane looked unusually thoughtful and was quiet the rest of the night, working away at the symbols. The next few nights passed the same way and the vials gradually picked up new labels as he deciphered them, the box growing a small forest of Post-It notes. I couldn't be bothered; I had school and work to deal with, and the ravings of a boring crazy woman just weren't a high priority for me.

"You know she wrote something else in the backs of the books, right?" said Dane after a few days.

"Like what? How to create Frankenstein's monster?"

"Looks like something even stranger, but I'll let you know."

After three days Dane had translated about half of the things that his great aunt had written in the back of the books. By that time I had completely lost interest; I was much more concerned with school and playing video games than in the moldy books.

We also had another convention coming up in three weeks and I wanted to have

a decent costume ready. I hadn't mentioned my entry to Dane; I told myself that it was because he was so busy with the books and I didn't want to distract him but really it was because I didn't want him to fuck up my costume again. I just quietly didn't mention it to him and he didn't seem to notice that I was working on a Daredevil outfit.

Two weeks before the convention I came home to find a girl sitting on our couch. She was hyperventilating and had the wide eyes of someone in a panic attack. She wore clothing that was outsized for her, and she had messy hair and no makeup. I noted in passing that she might have been cute had she taken more care of herself but I was more concerned with the fact that there was suddenly an unknown girl on our couch.

"Dane?" I yelled down the hall, not taking my eyes off her. Her head snapped my way as she became aware of me.

"Au...Austin?" she said. She spoke as if she didn't know how her mouth worked. I didn't know how she knew my name. I'd never seen her before in my life. A girl like that makes an impression, and not a good one.

"Who the hell are you, and what are you doing in our house?" I said, trying to keep myself from panicking. She wasn't very big or dangerous-looking but there's just something about coming home to find that there's a stranger in your space that freaks you out no matter what size they are.

"It's me!" she said, putting her hands to her heart. She shuddered when she did so and jerked them away, as if she'd touched something hot. She glanced down at her unremarkable chest (thanks to her baggy shirt the best that I could say about her was that she did in fact have boobs, though they didn't appear very impressive) and then back to me. "It's me, Dane."

I sighed and rubbed my eyes. "Okay, ha ha, very nice. Let me guess, you're his newest girlfriend. Well, lemme tell you, I think he might not be worth the effort if this is the best joke he can come up with." I raised my voice again and shouted down the hall. "Okay, you can come out now, totally freaked out here, woo hoo."

She didn't move from her spot but her eyes got wider. "Austin. It really is me."

"Look, joke's over." I tossed my bag on the couch and went into the kitchen. It looked like a mad scientist's laboratory had exploded in there and it smelled

worse than it looked. I had no idea where Dane had gotten all the lab equipment but it would have done a fair-sized chemical lab proud. Or he was cooking meth. I didn't care as long as he didn't burn the place down and as long as he left enough space to make food.

The girl had followed me into the kitchen. She held her pants up with one hand and shuffled to keep from tripping over the baggy pants leg. "Austin, it really is me. Look, I took one of Great Aunt Ermintrude's potions and it turned me into this!"

"Fucking seriously?" I said. "That's what he's got you doing? Lady, you could do a lot better."

She glared at me and I had to admit that it looked a lot like Dane's glare. Obviously there were fumes in the place that were affecting my mind. She went over and picked up a beaker that had half an inch of green liquid sloshing around in the bottom. She held it out to me and said, "Drink it."

"What? No."

"Go on! You don't believe me, then drink it!"

"God knows what the hell is in that. Seriously, the joke's ov--"

I stopped when she made a deep groaning noise and suddenly swelled. Her entire body just swelled inside her clothing, altering in fundamental ways as it did so until Dane stood there in her place. His clothes were twisted around on his body in ways that didn't look comfortable but he had a look of pure joy and relief on his face.

I was a bit taken aback. I'm proud of myself for not running or screaming or peeing or anything. In fact, I managed to muster the brain power to ask some relevant questions. "Buh," was my opening salvo, followed by a shrewdly considered "Yih."

Dane stared at me, his relief swiftly changing to concern. "Dude! Dude, don't faint."

Fainting was another thing I avoided, though it was close. I leaned pretty heavily on the counter behind me but I didn't faint. I said, "What...what the fuck is..."

“It’s okay. I swear. It’ll be all right. Stay right there.” Dane went to the cupboard beside the fridge and poured me some Old Granddad, the whiskey that is guaranteed to fuel tractors. I took the cup from him and drank, then spent the next minute or two coughing and wheezing, wondering if the enamel was going to fall right off my teeth.

“What the fuck,” I managed.

“I told you, dude! Great Aunt Ermintrude!”

“What about her?” I considered the cup and then pushed it away.

“I figured out how the stuff works! The potions and stuff!”

“Potions.” I wasn’t tracking very well. All in all I thought I wasn’t doing badly.

“Potions. Like this one.” He held up the beaker with its half-inch of green as evidence. “This is the one that turned me into that girl you just saw.”

“I want to scream bullshit,” I said.

“I know, right? I made it up just like she said in the instructions and it worked great!”

“Why did you turn yourself into a girl?” Sure, there were other things I could have asked, but the fact was that I’d seen the results with my own eyes. There was no way that he could have faked what I’d just seen.

“Well, uh...it was sort of one the easier ones in there.” Dane shuffled his feet and looked embarrassed; he busied himself with straightening his clothes so that he wouldn’t have to look at me.

“Easier. What instructions are you talking about?”

“Well, um...it looks like Great Aunt Ermintrude was kind of a magical thief,” he said. “I know that sounds stupid, but really!”

I picked up the cup and headed into the living room, enamel be damned. “Okay, come tell me.”

He followed me into the room and sat down on the easy chair that faced my seat on the couch. After a moment to collect his thoughts he said, “Okay, you know I’ve been decoding the stuff in the back of the books she gave me. Well, she left a lot of weird information about that box and the potions inside.”

“Potions.”

“Dude, will you get past it? Do I have to turn you into a chick to get you to believe it? Anyway, yeah, potions. She tells about how to use them and how she got them in the first place. It looks like she used to break into magician’s houses and steal whatever she could get her hands on. She used the potions to make herself look like someone they knew, sometimes. She was brilliant!”

“Oh, I can tell. Brilliant enough to leave that box to her most gullible grand nephew.” The words were more reflexive than anything; I had seen him change even if I couldn’t figure out how he’d done it.

“Right! But dude, just imagine what we could do with this. I haven’t even scratched the surface of what the potions can do.”

“Okay. Show me what you have so far.” I drank the rest of the whiskey, spent a few moments gasping, and then followed him into the kitchen. He had a thick notebook in front of him and he was flipping back and forth through pages covered with his spiky handwriting.

“Okay, um...I chose the one I did ‘cause it was the easiest. Like I said, I haven’t translated everything yet. The deal is, you take the basic potion and then mix it with others to modify it.”

“What happens when you run out?” Besides a party that the madness is over, my tone added.

“Can’t!” He held up a bottle to show me...something. I didn’t know what he meant by it and my confused expression eventually sank in. “Oh! I mean, um, when you use some of a potion, you just replace what you used with regular water and the bottle changes it into more of the same potion.”

“That’s...incredibly convenient.”

“Yeah! I figure it had something to do with the magical stuff that she stole.”

Dane started to pull vials out of the box, referring to a cheat sheet he'd taped to the inner lid.

I picked up the notebook and began leafing through it. I had to give him credit; he'd done a lot of work in translating the weird symbols. I was just getting to the part where Great Aunt Ermintrude had gone to some kind of formal ball thrown by a vampire when the sound of shattering glass made me look up.

Dane stood there staring in horror at the broken glass and spattered blue liquid on the floor. I immediately recognized one of the vials from the box, smashed beyond all repair. "Holy shit!" said Dane.

"You dropped it," I said. He nodded. "And it was one of the magical potion bottles." He nodded again. "Let me guess, it was a valuable one."

"Um, yeah, kinda. See, the book says, um, that every potion has to begin with a base, right, that the base alters everything else that you put in there, and, and—"

"Dane."

"Uh, there are only two bases. One masculine, and one feminine."

"And you broke one of them."

"Yeeeah. The masculine one."

I closed my eyes and counted pretty high before I opened them again. "Okay. What does that mean?"

Dane knelt to pick up the shards of glass, but it was obvious that they weren't going to be worth anything any time soon. "Um. It means that we can only use the feminine base, which means that the potions can only turn us into women."

"Of fucking course it does."

"Dude! I'm sorry! Look, it's okay, though, the potions wear off after an hour. More, if you add the right bottle, but yeah, they totally wear off."

I gave him a baffled look. "What the hell does that matter? I'm not going to be taking any dick-removal potions, so who cares?"

He sighed. “I know you didn’t get very far into the notebook, so you don’t know, but...one of the potions lets you look like someone else. Like a specific person.”

“A specific woman? Oh, yippee.”

“Even fictional people.”

I opened my mouth and then closed it again. Then I narrowed my eyes and said, “What are you saying here?”

He tried not to grin at my sudden change of expression. “You heard me.”

“So if you put the right potion together, then the person who drank it would turn into whatever they wanted to?”

“Whoever. And yeah. Pretty much an exact match. I don’t know about the powers, but...”

He knew exactly why I was suddenly interested. “What, clothing too?”

He nodded. “I’m pretty sure. Probably even good enough to beat Daryl. I’ll have to do some more translating, though, which is gonna take a while.”

I shook my head. “Nope. I’ll help.”

I was curious now because the whole potion thing might suddenly impact one of my interests: cosplay. I didn’t want to turn into a female character but I was suddenly sure that something in Great Aunt Ermintrude’s books would show us how to get around that little problem.

I was wrong. It took us four days, working together whenever we were awake and even skipping classes, to figure out the rest of the translation. There was a lot of cool stuff there and if even a tenth of it worked then we were going to be set for life. With that kind of situation it was easy to be short-sighted about certain things; once your needs are met then you’re free to pursue petty things. Things like a hobby based around dressing up as your favorite characters from comic books and movies.

The problem was that we hadn’t found a way around the lost bottle. Ermintrude didn’t even mention the situation, obviously not having considered that her

favorable nephew might be clumsy enough to break one of the bottles. When everything was translated we sat there staring at the box for a long time.

“We can’t share this with anyone,” I said. “I mean no one. Can’t tell anyone about it, nothing.”

“Agreed!” he said, far too quickly.

“That includes any girlfriends you want to impress.”

“What, impress them by turning into another chick?” I glared at him and he wilted. “Fine,” he said.

I stared at the box. “I’m only thinking about this because of the costume contests.”

“I know.”

“Shit. What do we do first?”

He grinned. “Do what I did!” He pulled the bottle of female base out of the box and poured about a teaspoon into a shot glass. Then he went to the sink and put some water back into the bottle until it was full again. True to Ermintrude’s word it didn’t look like anything had been removed from the bottle. He held the glass out to me.

I took it and thought about it. “Okay, only lasts for an hour, right?”

He nodded. I nodded back. “Right. I’m gonna go put on my robe first. I saw what it did to you.” I had no desire to be trapped in wadded clothing.

I went and took off my clothes in my room, leaving only my boxer shorts. I figured they couldn’t get too messed up if I actually turned into a woman. I felt insane just thinking the words but I was willing to try. The desire to win a contest, to see Daryl humbled, was strong enough to make me try something that felt utterly nuts.

Dane was still waiting in the same spot when I came back. I said, “Aren’t you going to have some?”

He shook his head. “I want to make sure it works right on you before I start experimenting.”

I glared at him. “You just want to see me as a woman. Sicko.”

“Will you take the fucking shot, please?”

I took the glass from him and stared at it for a moment, taking deep breaths. “Does it hurt?”

“No. Just feels weird.”

“Fuck.” I sucked in a huge breath and drank the liquid. It tasted of mint, somewhere between spearmint and wintergreen. It felt cool, the same way that alcohol feels warm, and when it hit my stomach the coolness spread like booze spreads its burn.

The thing was it didn’t die down like booze did. It just kept spreading, the coolness heralding a strange compressing sensation. I closed my eyes as the force pulled at me from the inside, my muscles and bones shortening as I changed. It spread up and down at the same speed, feeling as if ice water was flowing into me. Everything it touched it changed. Most of the changes were compressions, and I started to wonder how small this thing was going to make me. It didn’t take long for the transformation to finish but it felt like decades.

Finally it stopped. I opened one eye and then the other when I saw that Dane was taller than he was before. It took me a moment to realize that I was the one who’d shrunk. Perspective is a strange thing; a shift of a foot in either direction means nothing on a cosmic scale but to us humans it’s monumental.

I looked down, away from Dane’s grin, and was surprised to find my robe brushing the floor instead of my shins. I could tell that my new body wasn’t going to win any contests; I was short and plump, which at least meant that my boobs were decently sized. My fingers and arms had that rounded, baby-fat look. I turned away from Dane to open my robe and look down at myself.

My whole body was softer, without nearly as much hair as I was used to. The boxers didn’t feel strange though there was a void that I was going to have to investigate soon. My hair was the same length, of course, and so were my nails; I was unshaven in either leg or pit, just like I had been in my real form. My boobs

were the stars of the show, then; they drooped slightly, the nipples pointing up and out in a cheerful manner. They were probably handfuls, at least for my normal hands, but from my perspective they looked enormous. I closed the robe again, feeling as though I was watching someone else do it.

When I turned back around, Dane said, “Not bad, bro. A little chunky, but not bad.”

“This...” I said, wincing and putting my hand on my throat. The skin under my fingers was soft and unfamiliar, as unfamiliar as the sensation of my elbow resting atop one soft breast. “This isn’t...this isn’t my voice,” I managed, swallowing a few times. Inside my head I sounded as though I had some sort of blockage but I knew that wasn’t the case; I just had a smaller throat and vocal cords, which led to the much higher voice. Even my tongue and my teeth felt different; I was self-conscious about things I’d never even considered before.

“Man, you’re doing great,” said Dane. “I totally freaked when it happened to me.”

“I don’t think I’ve made it that far yet,” I said, stopping with every third word to try to clear my throat. I went to sit down and discovered that the bar stools around the counter were much higher than they’d been. I levered myself up onto one, my robe gaping open in the process, and when I sat down I felt like I was sitting on a pillow. It took me a few seconds to realize that it was just my ass, much plumped and more rounded than before.

I looked up to see Dane staring and realized that my robe was hanging open on my left side, exposing a nipple. I fumbled it closed, blushing. Guys weren’t built with that ingrained cover-the-boobs reaction that girls learned early on; I had to remind myself that I had things to cover now.

“This is bizarre,” I said.

“Tell me about it. So, you believe me now?”

The evidence was hard to deny. I sighed and nodded. “How long will I be like this?”

“Another...like 58 minutes. Seriously, you’ve gotta breathe.”

“Yeah, yeah.” I wanted to panic but I forced it down. Dane had changed back, after all. I was sure that I would change back too and that there was no reason for me to get upset here. None at all.

Nope. Not me. That racing heartbeat had to belong to some other woman.

“So how does the costume thing work with all this?” I said, desperate to distract myself from the reality of my new form.

Dane shrugged and sat down at the table, pulling out one of the notebooks that we’d used to translate. He flipped through it for a while and finally said, “Oh, okay, here. If you want to become an exact copy of someone, you have to have something like a fingernail clipping or lock of hair, but it says that seven different ‘images’ would work too.”

“Images. So I guess what, we cut out panels of comic books or something?”

“I guess? It’s not like I’ve done this before, dude. Girl. Whatever.” He grinned when I scowled at him.

“Okay, we know we can turn into the person. Probably. What about the outfit? Will she come with clothes? ‘Cause I sure didn’t this time.”

“Yeah, I saw. Well look, even if the new form doesn’t come with clothes, we can still take care of that. I can do measurements and make a costume.”

I gave him a look that said I had my doubts about that plan. “You’re talking about just a regular costume, right? No explosions or weird shit built into it.”

He looked hurt. “Well, I mean, if the costume needs a little something extra, I think-“

“Because if we have a copy of the actual person, then the costume is just window dressing, right.” My tone made it clear that I wasn’t asking a question. Now that I was getting used to my new form and the sheer screaming insanity of the idea that I’d turned into a woman, I saw more and more similarities between my real self and this new skin. I was good at the not-really-a-question tone and so was she. It was oddly reassuring.

“Yeah, yeah, fine. Boring costume go,” he said.

“But we have to figure out who I’m going as. What’s the next con?”

Dane pulled out his phone and started tapping the screen, searching for his calendar function. Finally he said, “Unless you mean the one in two weeks, then Midsouth Con, in Memphis.”

“Okay. That’s one of those general conventions, right?”

“Yeah. But they have a cosplay competition. Um. I’d sort of been planning to set up a dealer table there, actually.”

I did my best to look interested and supportive while I wanted nothing more than to close my eyes and wince at the words. Dane caught my expression, though, thanks to having come to know me very well over the last few years. Apparently the new face I wore wasn’t different enough from the old one to let me hide my true feelings.

Dane wasn’t just a theater nerd; he also loved comic books. He loved them so much that he’d created his own series, a four-color superhero jaunt about a busty heroine named Adonia. “Empowered by the gods, and just as beautiful!” said the first cover. Dane was good at a lot of things but writing wasn’t one of them. We’d argued about it several times, usually with me taking the position that he needed to find a professional writer to balance out Adonia’s eye-catching adventures and costume. So far he had a half-dozen issues and he took them along to the conventions in the hopes of both selling them and catching the eye of one of the big-name comic book publishers.

“Well that’s not going to stop you from helping me with the costume, right?” I said quickly, trying to head off the explosion.

He looked down, instead, his face set in an expression that was a strange mix of embarrassment and determination. “Actually, uh,” he said. “I was really hoping that I could get you to, you know, cosplay as her. For the con.”

I opened my mouth to protest, but then I shut it again. The idea actually had possibilities. Adonia did have a pretty amazing costume, and it could help his sales. We would just have to pass along a few issues to the judges so that they would know who the hell I was and we would be golden.

I realized that I wasn’t trying to decide whether or not I would do this but

whether I wanted to be Adonia or some other hero. Heroine, I amended. Obviously the idea was crazy. The whole situation was crazy.

“I’ll do it,” I heard myself say. “How long do we have?”

He grinned at me, and I felt something stir within me at the sight of his smile. I had never realized it before but Dane wasn’t a bad-looking guy. I shook my head and blinked, willing the thought away. It went without any problem, just a passing idea that weirded me out worse than the void between my legs.

“We’ve got three weeks,” he said. I was surprised; Dane often put things off to the last minute. I guessed that since his beloved comic book character was on the line he felt that he needed to get it right this time. I mentally ditched the Daredevil costume without any reservations; it hadn’t been going well anyway.

“Okay. Three weeks. What’s the first step, then?”

“Gotta get a potion together that will turn you into Adonia.”

I felt a deep thrill of fear at those words. It was interesting to think that only hours ago I would have just laughed at the idea. Now I was scared because I knew that it could work. I got down off the bar stool, being careful to keep my robe closed this time, and I headed for my bedroom. “Okay,” I said. “You’re the expert, so I’m gonna let you get to it.”

“Where are you going?”

I smirked back at him. “Are you kidding? I’m only gonna be a woman for like another half hour. I want to take advantage.”

The sight of Dane’s face turning bright red made me laugh all the way to my bedroom. I closed the door and sat on my bed, listening. Dane moved around a little bit and then went quiet, probably reading. Either that or he was listening for any sounds that I made.

I moaned quietly, then louder, then worked my way up into full-on vocal orgasm just like Meg Ryan. I bounced on the bed a little to add a little bit of squeaky springs, doing my best to keep from laughing as I went. I couldn’t imagine Dane’s reaction but I cracked myself up trying.

The thing was, by the time I was “done,” I really did feel kind of turned on. It’s hard to listen to a screaming orgasm without feeling something, even if it comes from your own altered lips. I opened the robe and inspected my body, still not used to my new perspective.

When I touched my breast I expected to find that it was a wonderland of sensitivity. Instead I found that it felt just like touching my chest as a man. Oh, granted, there were some more nerves and the nipples felt nice, but it wasn’t a huge difference. Still slightly turned on, I gingerly slid my hand south and found the opening that had replaced my cock. I shivered; it was one thing to touch my new boobs but this was totally different. No man had ever felt a woman’s equipment from this vantage before without major surgery.

I spread the lips open, touching my new labia with nervous fingers. It felt like the outside of my cock, and rubbing against the lips made me suck in a surprised breath. That felt both good and wildly different at the same time. I had years of experience with the way that I felt when I was hard but I had no such buffer here. The sensations rippled through me and I jerked awkwardly. Once I was used to how it felt I rubbed some more until it started to feel very nice indeed. Then my thumb brushed up against something hard and I jerked again. Another moment’s exploration told me that I had found the...that I had found my clit, that tiny pearl that was the wonderland of sensation that my breasts weren’t. It was almost painful to touch and I was very careful as I swirled the tip of my finger around it.

It magnified the sensations that I got from the rest of my body, magnified them and added to them. I was still clumsy, as I would have been with a woman I’d never touched before, but I was willing to give it a try and see what a woman’s orgasm felt like.

That was when I started to change back. It felt just like the initial change but in reverse. I choked off a groan of irritation as my body shifted and altered, finally lying back on the bed in resignation. The change was quick and easy, giving me the strange feeling that it was something that my body had always known how to do.

I put on my pants and a shirt once I was myself again and then I headed into the kitchen. I was oddly thirsty, and Dane grinned as I downed three glasses of water. “Took me like that the first time, too,” he said. “I was all thirsty when I

got done.”

I gave him my middle finger and he snickered. I sat down at the table and said, “So how does this work, anyway?”

He held up the notebook. “Still working it out. I mean, unless you want to half-ass it, jump in while we have no idea of how it works or what it might do to you.”

A chill shot through me. “Uh, no, that’s okay. You just work it out and then we’ll try it.”

“Aw, you trust me,” he said, grinning. I rolled my eyes and picked up one of his issues of Adonia. She was about a head taller than the non-powered characters in the series, raven-haired and sporting curves that only a super heroine could manage. I felt a strange series of emotions when I thought about becoming her: anxiety was the big winner, followed by anticipation, fear, and curiosity. Did I really want to do this?

Well, part of me said no and part of me said yes. I’d done a couple of parts in the theater where I played a woman, but never a believable one. Maybe if I just thought of the whole thing as a part, a role that I had chosen to play at the conventions, I’d be able to get through it without too much trouble. The idea appealed to me.

I slapped the comic back down on the table and got up to go study for an upcoming test. Even though I lived in a world where magic had suddenly become real, I still had tests and other responsibilities. It sort of sucked the fun out of having encountered magic for the first time. Dane stayed where he was, not worried about anything besides the notebooks and trying to figure out how to make me look like Adonia.

Two days later he told me that he had it. I was skeptical but he walked me through his notes and showed me what the notebooks said, and it seemed to be legit. He’d used seven panels of Adonia from various comics, covering the complete range of her appearance as his artwork had matured. He’d added the panels to the female potion base along with a couple of other things to make sure that I got the right look, like a drop of the potion that changed hair to jet black. The result was a mixture that was clear and just as blue as her eyes in the comic.

I poured some of it into a shot glass and held it up against the light. There was the faintest line of grit along the bottom, which I assumed was the remnants of the paper. I said, "Robe time."

I went and changed while Dane waited. I took a little extra time to make sure that he was crawling out of his skin with anticipation, mostly just to mess with him, and then I came back and picked up the shot again. I reminded myself that I was just going to be playing a role, closed my eyes, and drank it down.

The change came on me faster this time and was much more comprehensive. I felt myself getting taller immediately and I closed my eyes to fight against the vertigo. That just made things worse, as if I was falling and rising at the same time, so I opened my eyes again. I found that I was taller than Dane, but I was still growing.

Other things were going on too. I didn't want to move my head from its carefully chosen position, for fear that I would fall, but I managed a couple of glances downward. I couldn't see much beyond the way that the front of my robe was swelling outward, and I soon stopped trying. I reached down to hang on to the nearest bar chair as I kept getting taller, wondering if I would ever stop.

It didn't help that the rest of my body changed at the same time, curves appearing and expanding where I hadn't had them before while I felt my cock and balls recede into me again. My legs felt particularly stretched, and the increasing weight of my hair threatened to pull my head back. I felt freakish and misshapen.

When the changes finally stopped I didn't feel any better. I stood there swaying like a tree with all but the last fiber cut, waiting to see which way it was going to fall down. The weight on my chest pulled me one way but it was partially countered by the way that my hips and ass had grown. I was perhaps a foot taller, though, so no amount of counterbalancing was going to make me feel graceful. I let go of the chair, checked to see if I was going to topple over, and then made sure that my robe was tightly wrapped. It fell to just above my knee now, exposing a length of what I had to admit was amazing calf. Dane just gaped at me.

I said, "This is nuts."

My voice was laughable, high-pitched and girly to a degree that made me sound

as if I'd been huffing helium. "What the fuck, Dane?" I squeaked.

Dane put his hand over his mouth as if still contemplating me, but I had known him for long enough to know when he was trying not to laugh. I glared at him and turned to head for my bedroom. The swift turn was a mistake; thanks to all the different curves and masses of flesh, my balance turned to shit immediately. I stumbled once, twice, grabbed a bar chair to recover my balance, and took the chair down with me when I fell on my well-padded ass.

I had never heard a mouse swear before but I gave a credible impression of it. Dane, suddenly concerned, came to see if I was okay. I was, but fear had turned to anger. The anger spiked when I realized that my robe had fallen open during the tumble. When Dane offered to help me up, I swatted at him and got up on my hands and knees to crawl into my room.

I slammed the door and managed to make it up onto my bed. It wasn't so much that my body was awkward as that the person driving it had no idea how all the new features worked. I sat there catching my breath, letting the fear and anger drain out of me in spite of my sore butt and the almost-certain bruise on my arm where I'd been hit by the falling chair.

There was a tentative knock. "Are you okay?" said Dane.

"Yeah," I admitted. "Just kinda sore."

"Are you going to come out?"

"Not for a while." If ever. Never was looking to be a good option.

"Oh. Um, okay."

He went away and I was left by myself in the body of a nearly naked super heroine. My mirror reflected part of a flawless leg and a bit of my arm. I steeled myself and scooted over so that I could see the whole effect. My enormous breasts bounced wildly with each scoot and I had to remind myself that I wasn't sitting on a cushion; that was actually my ass.

My robe was mostly open by the time I got to a suitable vantage point and I had to admit that Dane made pretty amazing-looking women. Every part of my new body was exaggerated or perfect, and sometimes both. From my breasts (not

quite the size of my head) to my waist (strong but slim) to my hips (epic) and my legs (long, perfect, eye-catching), everything had been designed carefully and assembled with loving care.

Previously when I'd changed my face had looked like a feminized version of my usual one. This time there was no trace of the truth. I looked...noble. I had a strong jaw and a nose that was straight enough to have been manly on a lesser woman; on me it was just formidable. It was set above a wide, mobile mouth that had lips on the plump side of excessive. My eyes were the main attraction, though, bright and direct, blue pools with tiny flecks of gold ringed by lashes that matched the inky flow of my hair. Mine was a classic beauty, from a time when women ruled and no one questioned their right.

I was struck by a strong wave of anxiety. It all just felt so unreal. The gigantic tits had been strange, as had all the other changes, but looking into a mirror and seeing someone else's face unhinged me. I reached up with one strong hand and touched my cheek; the sight of the woman in the mirror doing the same thing was more difficult to wrap my head around than even the void between my perfect legs.

I gripped the blankets as gray panic swarmed over my field of vision. I must have made some noise of distress because Dane knocked on the door and asked if I was okay again. I said, "Fine, just...just give me...I'm fine." I didn't sound fine. I sounded like a chipmunk in severe emotional distress.

He hesitated but eventually he left me to it. It took me a long time to get ahold of myself. It had everything to do with suddenly being disassociated from my identity. I was scared and confused even though I knew what had happened; the fear came from a deeper place than I could easily reach with my mental reassurances.

I lay back on the bed, an awkward position thanks to my newly expanded behind. I propped myself on a pillow and closed my eyes, breathing deeply in an effort to calm myself. The maneuver just emphasized the weight of my breasts, but that was less disquieting than the sight of another person's face in place of mine.

That was not to say that the feel of them sitting on my chest was therapeutic. They were heavy, and everything I did seemed to remind me of them. It took me

a long time to get myself calmed down to the point where I thought I might try standing, and I never lost my awareness of their weight and motion. I didn't know how women could function with them.

I also never quite lost consciousness of the new equipment between my legs. When I'd been a female version of myself it had been kind of fun, almost an adventure to have my own pussy, but now it just added to the lurking panic. I forced myself to remain as calm as possible and stood up.

I swayed for a while. I had two main problems: the giant breasts trying to pull me over and the extra eight inches or so in height. They made me feel as though I was about to fall even though the floor was level. I took a nervous, short step and then another, eventually making my way to the closet. The robe barely covered my heroic curves and I wasn't about to give Dane any more free shows.

Nothing else that I had would fit. It had all been bought with a guy in mind, a guy eight inches shorter and much less curvy than the form I now wore. I eventually wedged myself into some sweatpants that hovered on the edge of bursting, but there was nothing that would go over my tits. Eventually I just re-wrapped the robe and tied it securely with the belt I hadn't bothered to wear before. The effect was strange, sort of laundry-day chic, but the sheer appeal of the woman in the mirror wearing the crappy clothes overcame the base elements. I remembered that it was me in the mirror, me looking that hot, and I fought off another panic attack.

Somewhat clothed, I took baby steps to the door and opened it. Dane sat on the couch, on the end closest to my door, and he sprang up when I tottered out. He stared at me, looking me up and down until I cleared my throat.

"I cannot believe this," he said. "You're perfect! I mean, except for the costume, you're...that's exactly how Adonia looks in my head!"

"Then you've got a heroine who can barely walk without toppling over," I said in that squeaky voice. I braced myself carefully before using both hands to lift my massive bosom. "These are ridiculous."

"Oh, come on, she's just like all the other heroes out there," he said.

"She's just like all the other heroes and their cows, maybe."

He looked down, a blush blossoming on his cheeks. “Look, so I like boobs, okay? I didn’t think anything like this would ever happen.”

I started to laugh. It sounded silly and it made my new tits jiggle enthusiastically but I couldn’t stop. After a few seconds I recognized a note of hysteria in the high-pitched sound and I managed to choke it off. Dane kept staring at me, this time at my face. He looked scared and I couldn’t blame him. The situation was incredibly weird. Not that he had anything to fear to from me. If I’d had Adonia’s powers, maybe, but right now I was as unsteady as a new fawn.

I dropped awkwardly onto the couch and said, “So this is just for an hour, right?”

He nodded. “Yeah, I mean...I was careful to only use stuff that wouldn’t change the duration. So we could test it.”

“Okay. Okay. So there are other things that would make it last longer? Like what kind of things?”

“Oh, um, Aunt Ermintrude talked about stuff like, ah, well the thing that would probably help the most here is this potion that’s supposed to add grace. Like, ah, physical grace in moving around and stuff.”

“That would be amazing. Because I gotta tell you? This body is so different that I’d probably be more comfortable as a giraffe.”

“Look, again, I’m really sorry.”

I sighed, snapping a seam somewhere. “Well, it’s not like you forced me to drink it.”

“I’ll try it next time, okay? I mean, if we’re going to do the cosplay thing with this, then we have to get, like, measurements.”

I snorted. “Massive, tiny, massive. Done.”

He managed a laugh. I started to laugh along with him but I felt the hysteria bubble up from deep down and lapsed into silence. “So what other things can we do with these potions?”

“Well, um, I think that we can actually give you some of her powers.”

“What, seriously? What are her powers? Uh, I mean, what are they again?”

He frowned. “You didn’t read them, did you.”

“I did! I swear I did! It’s just been a long time, is all.” I hadn’t, in fact. I was a fan of superheroes but I just hadn’t gotten around to reading the Adonia comics past the first one. And it had been a long time.

“Well, it’s not important. I probably can’t get that to work anyway, so no big.”

I was about to insist on knowing what her powers were when I felt the cool burn of the change start in my belly. I leaned back on the couch, closing my eyes as I felt myself start to shrink. It was strange, though not as weird as seeing someone else’s face in place of mine. I hated to think that I was getting used to the process already.

Moments later I was back to normal. I still wore the same things but beneath the cloth I was my usual male self. I gave a huge sigh of relief, the emotion compounded by the fact that I didn’t have to move the weight of those enormous tits to do it. I got up and strode into my bedroom, steady on my feet and strong in step, and I looked into the mirror to see myself as myself again. The quiet panic faded and I slumped my shoulders in pure relief as tension fled with it.

I looked up to find Dane standing in the doorway. “You okay?” he asked.

I blew out another deep lungful. “Yeah. Yeah. Sorry.”

He snorted. “Right, like you didn’t have a good reason to freak out.”

I shrugged and followed him back out into the living room. “So how long do you think it’ll take you to get a costume going?” I said.

“Once I get the measurements? Not too long. I mean, the biggest thing is going to be attaching the shoulder plates to the cape and the rest of the costume.” He shook his head. “I need to get more of her comics printed. I bet I sell a lot more of them once I have a real, breathing Adonia for people to see.”

“Yeah, well, you’re not going to have a real Adonia unless you get the bugs worked out.” I was surprised to find that this was true; in spite of the fear and near-panic I was willing to try that body on again if I had some help stabilizing

it. I wondered if Aunt Ermintrude's potions might be addictive. It was either that or I had weird shit buried in the back of my head that I didn't want to think about.

The thing was that even though Dane and I had discovered something amazing and were planning to use it for something insane, life went on. We both still had to go to work and school, even though I wanted to grab people in the streets and scream that magic was real. I decided against that approach, not being interested in being locked away.

So between one thing and another it was nearly a week before I got home to catch Dane wearing Adonia's body. She stood in the middle of his work area, frowning at a tape measure that she held in one strong-fingered hand. She was stark naked, showing off the goods in a casual manner. I stood there holding the door open for a few seconds, staring in shock and a purely biological appreciation of her exaggerated form.

She looked over at me and frowned. "Can you shut the door, please? I don't want to give a free show." Her chipmunk voice was still in full force and some clinical part of me made a note to figure out how to fix that. Dane moved her arms to cover herself as I closed the door and averted my eyes. She plucked a blanket off a nearby chair and wrapped it around herself, covering everything from her armpits to her knees.

"So, um, hi," I said, not sure what to do or where to look.

"Hey. Um, I was taking measurements. For the clothes, you know."

"Right. Yes. Sorry."

She gestured, almost losing her grip on the blanket. "Oh, it's okay. I should have left a sock on the door or something."

"I'll just, ah..." I nodded toward my bedroom and then headed in the same direction.

"Right, sure! I'll let you know when I'm done, or changed back, or whatever." She nodded, smiling widely as if selling toothpaste, and I felt myself become painfully hard in the space of a few heartbeats. I wasn't sure what to think about it; I usually didn't just go rock-hard at the sight of even a hot woman. There was

something more going on here. It was like her smile, her movements, everything about her went right to the base of my brain and screamed, “Fuck her!”

I headed for my room, as aware of her presence as if she was the sun beating on my back. My cock was so hard that I worried about coming in my pants right there. What the hell was going on?

I tossed my bag onto the bed and then followed it, sitting on the edge. My erection didn't fade and neither did the image of Adonia in my mind. I couldn't stop thinking about the glimpse I'd gotten, about her face and her smile and that magnificent body. I knew that it was just Dane wearing her body but something had really gotten into my head during those few seconds.

I finally reached into my pants and started to stroke up and down. If it wasn't going to go away on its own I would have to work it out myself. I pumped twice before I heard a tentative knock on the door. Before I could say anything the door opened and Dane as Adonia stood there wearing nothing at all. I realized that my hand was still in my pants, wrapped around my cock, but I made no move to remove it. Something about her, whether it was sight, scent, aura, or whatever, made me want to keep my hand there. It made me want to keep stroking.

She didn't seem repulsed. She looked down at my crotch and licked her lips. It was only then that I realized that her nipples were hard, standing straight out from her enormous tits. She looked confused, as if she was half drunk, and I felt the same way. I didn't say anything. She acted like she was going to, but all she did was hitch in a breath or two that shook her bosom in slow waves.

She approached and each step made me harder. I knew it was Dane in there but the knowledge didn't matter anymore. Raw biology was in charge and she seemed to be in the same situation. She reached out for the waist of my pants, bending over the bed so that her breasts rolled forward and then hung. She undid the button and then the zipper, very deliberately, and then the two of us worked to slide them down.

She crawled up onto the bed and I only let go of my cock when she finally positioned her hips and slid down onto me. I rolled my own hips upward, sliding as deep as I could get, and she gave a breathless yelp.

She lifted her hips and rocked back as far as she could get, me helping her all the

way. We tried to pick up speed, tried to establish a rhythm, but we were both so turned on that it wasn't a hundred heartbeats before I thrust upward and held it as I came. She matched me, grinding down onto me as her yelps turned into deep groans while her muscles contracted around me. She was so tight that I thought she would crush my cock, but the pleasure made me forget about my concerns. The sight of her stomach muscles fluttering as she came and came was enough to keep me going as long as I could.

Then the explosion was over and she collapsed on top of me, breathing hard. Her breasts bulged between us and her body felt amazing under my hands. It was several long breaths before I could gasp out, "What...what..."

She shook her head, her long hair rustling over my skin like an angel's feathers, and then she raised her head to stare into my eyes. "It was like...just...I couldn't help..."

She trailed off and her eyes widened. I didn't know what had surprised her at first and then I felt it: I was getting hard again. Not just swelling or getting a little turned on. It was the same kind of arousal that had been a precursor to this little interlude. I was hard, and when she moved her hips against me I groaned. I looked up and saw that she was glassy-eyed with lust as well, and she made no move to remove herself from my bed or my cock.

Seconds later she started to grind against me again. I met her rhythm, starting slow and then moving faster until we were banging away like we hadn't had sex in a year. She braced herself on either side of my chest as she slammed against me, her gigantic breasts thrashing and so huge that they bounced off of my chest with each thrust. I was just as transported, locked in the grip of an unstoppable lust, and when we finally came together again we filled the room with our helpless cries.

She fell on top of me again but only for a moment. She fought through the sleepiness brought by the spectacular orgasm and forced herself away from me. I felt my cock slide out of her with a soft pop but didn't offer a word of protest. Now that my lust was sated I remembered that this was Dane that we shouldn't be doing anything like this.

As she pulled away from me and got off the bed I felt my cock harden again. I saw her nipples stiffen but she kept forcing herself further away from me. I

stopped myself from reaching for her and she finally got up to leave.

She made it as far as the doorway and then stood there for long seconds, swaying slightly until she braced herself on the doorframe. She was just as magnificent from behind as from the front and the sight of her made the tide of lust swell higher. I got up and approached her, my eyes tracing the awe-inspiring arc of her hips and her ass. Her breasts were visible from the sides, bulging to either side of her chest. When I got close enough I could hear her making tiny whimpering noises as she braced herself and tilted her ass toward me.

I reached out to fondle a breast and she shivered. I soon had both hands full of them, my shaft pressed between her buttocks, and she gave little moans of need as we moved together. I found the spot, sliding into her easily, and it wasn't long before all she could do was desperately hang on to the doorframe to keep us from tumbling forward. I pistoned into her, fucking as hard as I could, encouraged by the noises and by the waves of unstoppable desire that filled me.

Over the next hours I got to know every inch of Adonia's ridiculously proportioned body. We fucked on the floor, on the couch, on the kitchen counter, in the foyer...everywhere and in every position. It wasn't a matter of conscious thought; we just joined in whatever position offered the best chance of getting us to simultaneous climax the fastest. Whatever Dane had done, it bypassed our minds and went straight to the reproduction urge, with a special helping of re-energizing power. I don't know how many times we came together but it was well into the teens by the time whatever it was gave up its grip on our exhausted bodies. I guess even magic can only go so far. My last clear memory was of me lying naked on the floor, my chest heaving as I helplessly reached for Adonia to fuck her one more time.

When I woke up it was dark. I had no idea where I was or how much time had passed. My whole body ached. I gradually became aware of the sound of running water from a room nearby. I lifted my head and looked around in the gloom, weak streetlights filtering in from outside and tiny LEDs from various electronics gradually coalescing into a picture. I was on the floor of the living room. What the hell had...

I got a sudden memory of Adonia, naked. Then the rest of it came flooding back, all the bits and pieces turning into one huge tapestry of screaming sex that burned its way into my mind and wouldn't go away. I closed my eyes and

groaned when I put my head back down on the floor. My muscles ground against each other, pain shooting through me as they protested. It hurt as much as the memories did.

Eventually I managed to lever myself up onto my knees. My overstressed muscles complained about every move; I felt as though I'd been beaten by enthusiastic people. Getting to my feet was a lot less fun. Dull pain mixed with afterglow radiating from my balls. My cock felt as though it had been flayed. The rest of me wasn't much better.

I staggered to my bedroom and then the bathroom. It was the only full bath in the apartment and now I was glad; it had been ages since I'd taken a bath but soaking in hot water felt like just the thing. Once I did that maybe I could think about how I could look Dane in the eye again.

I fell asleep in the tub, luxuriating in the heat. When I woke up the water had gone cold but I felt a lot better. I got up out of the tub, careful to make sure that my wrinkled fingers and toes didn't slip, and I dried off in stages. I moved like I was a hundred years old, which is about how I felt. I took the time to apply some balm to my poor reddened cock and then went to get dressed in something that didn't involve underwear. I had no desire for any chafing in my life.

I'd slept through the afternoon and the following night; it was about five in the morning. It made sense; my body had expended an extraordinary amount of effort and needed to recover. I couldn't even guess how Dane was feeling.

I staggered into the kitchen, wondering when I was going to be able to walk like a normal person again. The idea of going to class was laughable and I absently made plans to call in sick to work with a bad case of death or something. Anyone who wanted to argue with me could just trade skins with me for a few minutes.

All plans were knocked out of my head when I saw Dane was sitting at the counter reading through one of Aunt Ermintrude's notebooks. He looked up when I walked in and gave me a weak smile. "Uh, hey," he said.

"Hey yourself." I had no idea what to say after that. Instead of speaking I just went to the fridge and pulled out some orange juice. I could use the nutrients. I needed to not see his face for a little while longer; had there ever been a more awkward morning?

When I had thoroughly poured a glass of juice I couldn't think of any other way to keep from turning around that wouldn't be incredibly obvious, so I turned and leaned on the counter.

Dane didn't look up from his notebook. I saw that he had several copies of his Adonia comic on the table next to him as well. She was just as lushly proportioned and strong-featured as she had been the night before, though this time rendered in ink on pulp.

Dane looked up at me and held out one of the comics. It was a later one, one that I hadn't read. "Here," he said. "It's the one that tells about her origin and powers. And, um...look, I'm sorry about how things turned out yesterday, but I'm going to work on the mix and make sure that it doesn't happen again."

I took the comic, staring at his face. "Are you saying that what happened was all because of Adonia's powers?"

He nodded, then shook his head. "Sort of. Look, just read it. I'm going to try to see where I went wrong." He gathered up the notebooks and took them into the living room.

My brain felt like it had been beaten as soundly as the rest of me; the thought of focusing on something as trivial as a comic book appealed immensely. At the same time I knew it wasn't trivial. That comic contained clues about why Dane had turned into a woman who was such a raging nympho that she had taken me with her.

I sat down with my juice and started to read. Adonia, real name Addison Walker, blah de blah...as before, the artwork was good but Dane's writing was kind of pedestrian. There was nothing that I saw that was going to give Spider-Man's "With great power comes great responsibility" any competition.

About halfway through I slowed and then went back to make sure that I'd read everything correctly. From then on I went slowly and absorbed every word. Addison had grown up beautiful; she looked exactly like her eventual hero form by the time she was in college. She also harbored a secret: Addison could tell when someone was looking at her with lust in his (or her) heart. She found that she not only could feel it but that she could actually draw power from that lust. Anyone who looked at her while thinking about sleeping with her just added to the ball of power that grew inside her. She could use that power for her heroic

stunts, like flying and putting bad guys to sleep. She could even cause others to think lustful thoughts about her, adding to her power when she needed a boost. The reason that she'd turned out so beautiful was that every drop of lust that she absorbed altered her slightly, making it easier for her to absorb more.

I closed the comic and went into the living room. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

Dane shook his head, not looking up from the notebook in his lap. "It's how her powers work, man. I just, you know, got the mix wrong."

"You sure did!" I cried, tossing the comic into his lap. "Do you seriously think that I want that to happen to me?"

He looked up and I remembered that I hadn't been the only one that the previous day had happened to. "No, dude, no I don't. Look, I fucked up, okay? I got the mix wrong and couldn't control her powers. I was only doing it to see if there was some way that I could make it easier for me to walk."

I blinked. "To what?"

"To walk. You saw how you were when you first tried her out. Falling all over the place with those tits and that ass. I thought that if the potion helped me to be more like Adonia, then maybe I could be more, you know, steady on my feet."

I gaped at him for a moment before I started to laugh. “You weren’t...you weren’t ever on your feet, though,” I gasped out between guffaws. I started to laugh harder, the awkwardness and fear melting away now that we were relatively safe and normal again.

Dane tried to look angry but it wasn’t long before his mouth quirked and he snorted. Pretty soon we were laughing together. The laughter had a note of hysteria to it but after what we’d been through we needed the release.

It wasn’t until we were done laughing that I realized that outside of my aching muscles I actually felt good. No matter what the truth was, my body and lower brain were convinced that I’d just spent several hours fucking an incredibly desirable woman and they were willing to give me an endorphin rush as a reward.

“Okay, okay,” said Dane, still laughing weakly. “But seriously. I’m gonna work on the mix, okay? I think I went after it all wrong.”

“No!”

He laughed again. “No, seriously! Look, I got the measurements for Adonia so I can start making the costume, and I’m gonna work on changing the mix so that, you know, that doesn’t happen again.”

“Appreciated. But what does that leave for me?”

He shrugged. “Test out the potion, I guess, when I have it ready to go.”

I sobered at the thought. The idea of being locked into that form, unable to stop myself from fucking Dane...it sent a deep thrill of fear and something else through me. I didn’t recognize it at first, probably didn’t want to, but later I realized that it was excitement. “Just enough to make sure that I can walk straight, right?”

He didn’t answer immediately. I frowned and said, “Right?”

“Oh, come on, Austin. Think about it. We could be actual superheroes.”

“Superheroines.”

He waved that away with an impatient flick of his wrist. “Yeah, but so what? We could actually do this!”

“I can think of like a hundred better things to do with those potions, man. Seriously. The fact that we’re using them to win a cosplay competition probably means that we need to have our heads examined.”

“Nah, we’re using this as a testing field, that’s all. Just think of it that way. But look, sure, we could do different things with this, but can you think of anything that would be better? We could change the world!”

“As women.” I honestly didn’t hate the idea as much as I thought I would. Something about it even appealed to me.

“Will you get past that? Yes, fuck, I’m sorry I dropped the other jar, but what we have is what we have.”

I sighed and sat back. “Dane, it’s a lot to take in after the last couple of days. Can I just think about the competition for now?”

“Fine. Fine! Okay, I’m gonna head to the theater department to see what we’ve got on hand for making the costume. You don’t want any special enhancements, right?”

“No more than Adonia’s already got.”

He snorted and tossed the notebook in my direction. I caught it and said, “Hey, there is something I can do. If you’ve got her measurements I can go get her some regular clothes.”

“Oh, good plan. Sure, here.” He went to his work space and copied down some numbers from a piece of paper he had tacked to a corkboard. Most of them didn’t mean much to me but the bust, waist, and hip numbers were sure heroically proportioned. He had even worked out that she was a G-cup.

“Jeeze, man,” I said, staring at the letter.

“Look, if I’d thought that we would ever be wearing her I would have made her a C or something,” he said.

“We have such weird fucking conversations in this apartment. Who even knew that they made letters this high?”

Dane nodded but he was obviously on to other things in his mind already. “Okay, I guess I’ll see you later. You okay?”

It was a difficult question to answer. I finally went with, “Yeah, yeah, just go do your thing.”

He went. I stood there holding the paper with Adonia’s measurements, wondering if I had the strength to actually get up and go out into the world. I finally decided that I did. I found one of the vials that contained what I thought of as Essence of Plain Adonia and tucked it into one pocket in case I needed it. Dane had made up several bottles of it a week before and had split them into doses that he kept in the fridge. According to Aunt Ermintrude, they’d keep for about two weeks that way before turning into plain water.

There wasn’t a chance in hell that I would find a bra to fit her outside of a specialty store, so I didn’t even bother going into those parts of the stores. I headed for the mall and after a little bit of searching in the regular stores I went over to the ladies big and tall place. That’s where I found what I needed, though the staff gave me strange looks as I sorted through the stacks of clothing. Even there it was slow going; most of the clothes were geared toward Big and not so much Tall, but I persevered. One of the staff helped me convert some of the measurements into sizes so by the time I left I had a stack of shirts, jeans, even panties. I figured I could get socks anywhere, and shoes weren’t going to be much of a problem.

I found some sneakers and socks in another store and headed home, my wallet noticeably lighter. I felt good, though, as though I’d accomplished something.

Once home, I took off my clothes and stood staring at the potion for a moment before drinking it. Part of me screamed and scrabbled around in the back of my head, panicked at the idea of becoming something like Dane had been the other day, but the rest of my mind knew that it was safe enough. Another part of me actually looked forward to the change. I wasn’t sure how to feel so I tried not to think about it as the coolness spread through my body.

I held on to the edge of the couch as the changes flowed through me. It seemed like it didn’t take as long to do its job this time; either I was getting used to it or

the potion was working faster. When everything settled down I stood and arched my back, stretching and thrusting my gigantic breasts out in front of me. The sensation of being stretched and off-balance was almost gone; I felt normal, as if nothing had happened to me. In fact, I felt good. I was pain-free for the first time since waking up after fucking Dane.

I decided not to follow that train of thought. I went to the pile of clothes and picked up the panties after admiring myself in the mirror for a minute or five. There was a strange doubling sensation as I looked; my libido knew that I had fucked this woman but my mind knew that I was actually her. It made my head hurt a little. My primitive lizard brain had yet to get used to the idea that she was me now. That must have been where some of the panic came from.

I sat down smoothly, sliding the new panties up my sleek legs. They nearly stuck at the hips but I worried at the underwear until I got it up and over. They were smooth and snug, white against my pale skin. I went to the mirror again, one arm over my massive tits as they thrashed with each step. It was...well, the woman in front of me looked like a goddess. I let go of my breasts and struck a few poses, smiling seductively and marveling at how natural it all felt. I had no sensation of falling or loss of balance this time.

I re-supported my tits and went back to the clothes. I picked up the jeans and slid into them, this time encountering more resistance from my hipline. The denim didn't stretch nearly as much as the panties had, and it was a long struggle to pack myself into the jeans. When I did they were skintight. At least I didn't have any trouble doing the snap thanks to my slim waist. I went back to the mirror and whistled. When I turned around to see the effect from the back, it was almost painfully hot. I felt my nipples tighten up at the sight of that ass in those jeans. It didn't matter that it was my ass; I was still mentally male and there are certain things that just set a guy off.

When I let my breasts go this time I shivered a little at the feeling of the air currents brushing lightly over my hardened nipples. They felt like they were ridiculously huge, which was a coincidence because they were precisely that. They were just as sensitive as they were large and it was hard to keep my mind on the job at hand.

I picked up a t-shirt and rolled it over my head and arms. It stopped at my tits and I struggled to force the hemline down over them. It hurt a little but even the

pain felt good. It was a very weird effect. Finally I was able to slide the fabric over my bosom, my nipples shooting wild signals of delight as the shirt slid over them inch by inch. By the time I got it down to my waist my breathing was deeper and I felt hot. I pulled my long hair through and let it cascade down my back as I went back to the mirror. As tight as my shirt was I thought that I might be able to avoid having my breasts bounce everywhere, but they were almost as active as when I hadn't worn anything over them. Thanks to whatever Dane had done to the potion they didn't hurt and they weren't even really uncomfortable, but it felt strange to have parts of my body thrashing about as if to attract attention on their own. And I knew they would, too; there was no way that people wouldn't stare at my chest.

I sure did when I got to the mirror. The red shirt looked stressed to the limit though I knew the stretchy material would hold. My nipples, still rock-hard and sending me all kinds of wonderful signals, were clearly visible through the shirt. If anything, it made my enormous breasts look even bigger than they were. No human woman had ever looked like this.

I was surprised at how easy it was to move around even in the tight clothing. I didn't have any problem at all getting my shoes and socks on, and the only serious issue that I faced while walking around after that was being knocked unconscious by my own bounding bosom. I would have to think about what to do about that.

Dane came home as I was testing the clothing, testing the movement. He wandered in and glanced at me. "Oh hey, wow. So I guess you...you went to... uh..."

He looked at me again and kept looking. I stared back at him and when he dropped his armfuls of bags and cloth I saw that his cock was so hard that it strained against the back of his zipper. My nipples stood and then started to ache as heat flooded me. I forced my eyes closed and said, "No...NO."

I gritted my teeth as I struggled for control, trying to figure out a way to stop myself from fucking him into the ground the way I had done with Dane earlier. I had gotten ahold of the wrong bottle or something, had turned into the full-powered version instead of the awkward one. Didn't matter. I had to figure out how to control my power before my brain shut completely off and turned me into Adonia the fuck-bunny.

Dane had said...oh God, what had he said? He'd said that her power came from other people wanting her! Right! And who the hell wouldn't want such a fine piece of ass as this, maybe I should take off my shirt and...no! I had to focus. I had to...there had to be some kind of power flow somewhere. I delved down into my mind and body, searching, grabbing desperately at anything that I could find as more and more of my brain shut down from lust.

I made one last grasp with my mental hand and felt heat. It wasn't the sexual heat that filled my magnificent body, making my breasts heave and my hips twitch toward him. It was something else, something that felt separate from me. I grabbed hold of it and immediately felt the lust fade. It didn't just fall away but the incoming energy stopped feeding it.

I was in a difficult situation. I had no idea what to do with what I had, and what I had already absorbed was still burning brightly within me. When I opened my eyes I saw that Dane was already down to his boxers. I was riveted, unable to look away from his cock, and I could tell that he was going to come for me. There was no more power coming from him but something was flowing from me toward him.

I searched around the spot where my power hid and found the outflow valve as well, cutting it off. The flow of energy stopped and Dane blinked in momentary confusion.

My burst of victory fell flat as he kept coming. I realized that I wanted him just as badly as he still wanted me and that there was nothing I could do about the lust that already filled me. My nipples were rock-hard, my panties soaking, my breath and heartbeat racing. I had to do something before disaster struck and biology overcame my mind. I struggled to concentrate, to think.

I lost it when he reached out for my breast, rubbing his thumb over nipple as he squeezed. It felt like bottled lightning, like nothing I'd ever experienced before, and I knew then that there was only one way that this was going to turn out.

We struggled to peel my jeans off, the material skin-tight but finally giving in to a determined dual assault. I made little gasps of pure need, sounding like a starving animal finally presented with hot food. My brain was being used for three things: hanging on so that the power didn't discharge or increase, realizing that this was Dane and that I had to stop, and getting my magnificent body into a

position where I could fuck Dane. The last of the three was the most powerful by several orders of magnitude but I grimly held onto the first even as my panties came away. I pulled my shirt up to my neck, popping seams as my gigantic breasts leapt out to bounce around while Dane struggled with my panties.

In the end, that's how we did it. I still had my shirt on, pulled up for access to my chest, and I still had my pants and panties wadded up around one foot where they had caught on my shoes. Dane didn't even get his boxers all the way off; he just pulled them down the minimum amount, frenzied by my power, and when he pushed into me we both groaned in satisfaction. He was a lot bigger than I was as a guy, and the process wasn't as quick, but he buried himself in me before too many seconds had passed.

It's hard to describe how it felt. At the time I was so overcome by raw lust that I didn't care that it was a man hammering me. I wrapped my long legs around him to encourage him, my cries of pleasure growing with each thrust. I felt as if he was invading me, taking what he wanted even though I gave it to him gladly. I didn't feel it, particularly, when he came inside me. I just knew that I was packed full by his cock in a way that I'd never felt before and the sounds of him climaxing were enough to set me off. I clenched every muscle in my body as I came, pulling him tight against me as I bucked helplessly, screaming at the pleasure of it. I shuddered as I came down, feeling as if I was falling into a pit filled with warm honey.

It took a while for us to realize that we were still connected. Dane turned red and pulled out with a popping noise that sounded like a cork coming out of a wine bottle. He got up on his knees, his cock rapidly deflating. His expression was a combination of post-coital slackness and apprehension.

I was scared too, worried that the lust would come rolling back and that we would be forced back together. At the time the fear was more powerful than the confusion brought on by my reactions to what had just happened, but I was sure that would come later.

A minute passed. Another, and Dane still crouched between my legs with his cock out. It just wasn't erect, and by the time the second minute came to a close I was starting to feel a little silly and self-conscious about my position. I had a firm hold on the power in my head and it seemed that we wouldn't be forced into fucking again.

I won't lie. The idea made me a little disappointed. There was some leftover lust bouncing around inside me and whatever part of me was interested in becoming a woman was also intrigued by sex this way. I still had a tight grip on the lust power, so tight that I wasn't sure if I would ever be able to unwrap my mental "fingers" from the conduit, so I didn't have anything else coming in to disrupt my equilibrium. I decided to just make do with the leftover interest that still filled me.

Eventually, eyes round, Dane pulled away. He stammered, "I, uh, there...it was just..."

"Yeah, me too, I know. Just put your pants back on." I struggled with my shirt, wrestling it down over my tits to at least try for a semblance of decency. With some work, once Dane was out from between my legs, I got my panties pulled up. Our combined juices leaked out to stain the cloth but I wasn't particularly concerned about that.

Once they were on and my pants were off, I said, "I think I figured out what went wrong and how to fix it. Or at least keep it from, you know, happening again." I tilted my head toward the spot on the floor where we'd most pleasurably satisfied one another and he blushed. I wasn't angry or even upset. If anything I felt that we were even now. The afterglow from my orgasm helped make that decision for me.

"What? How?"

"It's what you told me about Adonia's powers and how they worked." I felt silly talking about this in Adonia's chipmunk voice but I didn't have much choice for the next three hours or so. "How she takes in energy when people look at her and then she discharges it to use her powers."

"Okay..."

"There's this...I dunno, this reservoir." I tapped the front of my shirt between my breasts, and his eyes moved to the spot. They stayed there as I kept speaking. "And I can sort of cut off the flow to it, so that it doesn't suck up any more power or use what it's already...hello, eyes up here."

"Sorry! Sorry." He didn't look sorry but at least he went back to looking at my face. I still couldn't be mad at him; with tits like mine, who could blame him for

staring?

“But the point is, I think that’s what caused, you know, us the other night. I fed power in and you bounced it back out, so it was like a feedback loop. It was not easy to shut it off.”

He looked down, shame-faced. He had managed to put on his boxers and shirt by that time but he looked naked again for a moment. “Yeah, but you were able to do it. I wasn’t.”

“Dude, I almost didn’t. We were almost right back where we were a couple nights ago. And I knew sort of what was happening.”

He nodded but I could tell that my words hadn’t helped much. I had to get him onto another track so that he’d stop beating himself up. “So, um, what’s in the bag?”

He looked over at the bags he’d dropped and his face brightened. One thing about Dane was that he was hard to depress for long. “Oh! I’ve been working on the costume most of the day, is all, and I’ve got a lot of it done.”

He went over to the bags and started rummaging through them while I struggled to get back into my pants. I had to stand and jump up and down a little to force them around my hips, the operation causing my bosom to thrash wildly. Dane stared openly until I glared at him. He went back to his bags while I zipped and snapped up. The pants weren’t a lot better than being naked but they made me feel more comfortable. I could feel his interest in me, or at least in my body, but I kept a tight grip on the power to keep it from overloading us again.

Dane started pulling out swatches of cloth that resolved into a partially-completed costume. I watched with interest; Adonia’s costume in the comics was a silver-age classic style with dark blue spandex and mask, and a golden star over her heart. There was a cape over one shoulder and dark red boots and gloves. It was a simple look but well-designed enough that it was very classy.

Dane had done most of the work on the body already, and he’d found boots and gloves in the theater department’s storeroom that would work after a little bit of alteration. “I haven’t done anything about the cape or the mask,” he said, “And after, um, after seeing you today I’m a little worried about the underwear.”

“Why’s that?”

Dane blushed again. A part of me that wasn’t totally over the lust for him noted that it made him look kind of cute. While I bludgeoned that part of my mind to death with a brick, Dane said, “Well, um, down low you can probably do without, but up top you’re going to need a lot of support and that’s going to bulge through the material unless I’m careful about how I design it. And even then, it’s going to have to be a strong bra. There are probably going to be lines.”

I looked down at my jiggling breasts. “Part of me is unsympathetic, oh person who created this body.”

“I know, I know. Maybe this is a bad idea.”

“Oh we are not giving up after all that we’ve been through. And besides, any other super heroine would give us the same problems. They’re all built this way. Well, maybe not quite this way, but...”

“Yeah. Well, maybe Aunt Ermintrude has some ideas. Um, by the way, been meaning to ask...since I made changes in the formula, is it easier for you to move around?”

I nodded, my hair swishing with the motion. “Yeah, it feels more, I don’t know. Natural.”

He nodded back and took his cloth over to his work area. I went back to my room and peeled back out of my jeans. I lay there on the bed, a shockingly sexy woman just watching television, until I felt myself start to change back. The shirt was too big for me by the time I finished. I don’t even want to talk about wearing panties while I was in my normal body.

I felt a strange sense of loss when I changed back. I couldn’t deny that being Adonia was exciting in its own way. I didn’t know what that said about me, whether I was interested in being a superhero or a woman or what, but I knew that I halfway looked forward to being her again now that I knew how to keep from fucking Dane to death.

In the darkness as night fell, I stared at the ceiling. Finally I had to admit to myself that even the sex hadn’t been so bad.

The next week went by without any changes or other strangeness beyond a lingering memory of becoming a world-class nympho for a while. Dane and I didn't talk about first time, which may have been a mistake but I was unable to figure out a way to open the conversation. Eventually the anxiety faded, at least from our conscious minds, and we were able to interact like the friends that we were.

We fixed the problem with the underwear through application of Aunt Ermintrude's potions. It turned out that one of them altered the wearer's clothing to fit the new form, which would have come in incredibly useful the first few times. Still, live and learn. We also found a mix that would alter Adonia's voice, which meant that we wouldn't have to worry about her sounding so squeaky and airheaded.

I tried the altered mix one afternoon, keeping my eyes closed as the changes swept over me. For some reason it was easier to deal with that way.

I kept them closed when the changes finished; I felt totally comfortable in my new body but I had to make sure that my power was clamped down and wasn't going to overflow when I looked at Dane. I opened one eye nervously and didn't feel anything beyond a distant quiet interest. I opened the other and looked in the mirror. I'd worn my regular clothes as part of the test and was pleasantly surprised to find that the magic had altered my pants and shirt so that they fit my new exaggerated body quite well. They looked the same outside of the alterations to accommodate my incredible curves.

Even more impressive, I had somehow grown a bra during the change. It held my gigantic breasts in a loving grip that included padded shoulder straps and four or five hooks in the back to deal with the massive weight. I turned at the waist, enjoying the way that the bra seemed to take weight off of my shoulders and back. Sure, my back was still tense and I didn't want to carry those monsters around for very long, but it was a lot easier with the right equipment.

"Nicely done," I said, and Dane gasped suddenly.

I turned to see him half-bent at the waist as if he'd been kicked in the balls. "Dude, are you okay?" I said. He closed his eyes and made a strangled sound as the front of his pants darkened suddenly. I stared in shock but I was distracted by the way that my voice sounded now that we'd altered it as well.

Gone was the chipmunk. In its place was a woman. I sounded normal, if somewhat low-pitched for a woman, but there was something about my voice that had undone Dane. I said, "Dane, are you-"

"Sh...shut up!" he gasped out. I closed my mouth, opened it, and then closed it again.

It took him a few deep breaths before he could stand again. I smelled a familiar smell in the air, metallic and hot. I had made him come in his pants with just a few words.

He held his hand out flat as if to tell me to stop and said, "Okay. Okay. One of Adonia's powers is her voice. She can stun people with it. I never came right out and said it in the comic, but I figured that she stunned them by, you know."

I stared at him, my eyes widening as I thought about the possibilities. Then anger lit inside me; this idiot had done this to me and now he was making like it was my fault, that I shouldn't talk? "By making them come so hard that they couldn't walk?" I said, speaking slowly.

It was amazing to watch. I kept my eyes on his crotch as I spoke, and his cock tented out the front of his pants further with each word. By the time I was halfway through my sentence he was fully erect, and by the time I finished he was throbbing his way through another climax. He curled over and sort of fell backward onto the couch instead of sitting down. I rolled my eyes.

"Stop, seriously!" he said. I took mercy on the poor guy and shut up before I sent him into another spasm. While I waited for him to recover I checked on the power that pulsed inside me. I realized that it was not as deep or wide as before; something had made it dwindle. The only thing that I'd done that was related to Adonia's powers was use that magical voice on Dane, so I clamped down again. I made sure that there was no power leaving me when I said, "Sorry man. Is this better?"

He nodded, scowling at me. "One of your powers, huh?"

"I didn't know, really." My voice sounded the same to me but there was no undercurrent of arousal to it to bother Dane. He got up and went to his room, coming back with a fresh pair of pants after a brief wash break. By that time I had my shirt off and was admiring myself in the mirror wearing nothing but my

bra from the waist up. I felt his return this time. It was strange to feel him coming rather than see him; it felt like a heat source moving close enough for me to feel, but it wasn't heat. It was his desire for my body that I sensed. I wasn't sure how I felt about that. I wasn't totally against it. Maybe he'd put something else into the potion this time.

I looked over at him. "Two things. First, is the top ready to try on, at least? I figure we might as well, since we're here."

He nodded. "It's not finished or anything, but we can try it to see how it looks, yeah. What's the second thing?"

"I think we should go out tonight."

"Say what?"

"Go out. Like to a restaurant somewhere. Nothing major, just a regular place. Me as Adonia and you as you."

"Like...like a date?"

I rolled my eyes again. "No, tard, I mean just to see what it's like for me to be around big groups of people. I know I can keep myself under control when it's just you, but when I got to a costume contest there's going to be like a thousand people staring at my chest."

"Not just your chest." He grinned.

"Yeah, thanks for that. But anyway, I need to practice being around groups, is all."

"What if there's, like, a problem?"

"Like if I lose control?"

He nodded. I crossed the room and sat down next to him, my encased bosom bobbing along with me. I'm not saying that I loved the feeling of them moving around but I was getting used to it pretty quickly. I said, "Well, we have to find out sooner or later. The only people who're going to be interacting with us at the restaurant are the servers and the host, right? Everyone else is going to be just

staring at me, but they'll leave us alone. It's a good place to start."

He nodded, distracted by my endless cleavage for a while. "Well, okay. I guess we could give it a shot. But if you lose control..."

"Then they'll remember shit being started by this woman, not by anyone else. I bet there won't even be anyone there who could describe you. And once Adonia's gone, she's just gone. She comes from a bottle."

He nodded again, sighing. "Okay, when do you want to head out?"

I tilted my head, thinking. "Let's not tempt fate. How about an early dinner, maybe at that buffet you like."

"Oh, right on, with the sushi."

"Yeah, that one. Five o'clock. I'll drink at four and take an extra vial with me so that we're covered if I start to change back."

"Cool."

After that was nailed down I tried on the top and admired myself a little longer. It was just stretchy enough to emphasize all of my womanly muscles. It looked classy, the starburst on my chest drawing the eye to where it was going to land anyway. Dane took some pictures and stuck a few pins into the costume, making muttering notes to himself along the way. I was impressed at how professional he got when it was time to work on the costume rather than ogle the hot chick.

Then I took the top off and he went back into ogle mode. I slipped my real shirt back on and headed for my room to try to get some study time in. I didn't get a lot done, mostly because Adonia's body was an incredibly distracting one to wear. Everything was more sensitive, and though I felt natural in her body I wasn't yet habituated to it; something like the feel of my arm brushing the outside of my breast as I turned the page would distract me since I wasn't used to feeling it.

I told myself that I was glad to eventually feel the change take over. Mostly I wasn't lying, though I'd grown awfully comfortable in that exaggerated flesh. I glanced at the clock and was surprised to find that I'd been in Adonia's form for around six hours. I'd expected three. One more thing to ask Dane about.

I took the opportunity to take a nap before getting ready for the date that evening. I was surprised at how uncomfortable the word “date” felt, even in my head. It wasn’t a date, not really, though it might look that way from the outside. After all, we were two normal, hetero guys.

It’s just that one of us would be wearing the female body of a teenage wet dream. And simultaneously trying to make sure that she didn’t fuck the other one unconscious. So yeah. No reason to think that it was a date.

I had strange dreams during my nap, dreams that involved screaming and being trapped somewhere that didn’t allow me to move but caused all kinds of pleasure at the same time. I woke up sweating and breathing fast, my shorts sticky. After a shower I dressed and shuffled into the kitchen.

My timing was good; it was about four thirty. I found the latest mix and poured half of it into a plastic water bottle. Not the most mystical of containers but I didn’t care. The whole situation was just beyond weird anyway, so I didn’t take extra time beating myself up over using a squeeze bottle for a potion. I drank off the rest and stood there gripping the corner of the counter while the change swept over me.

By this time the alterations felt almost comfortable, partially because part of the potion was meant to allow me to feel normal in Adonia’s skin. When I opened my eyes and looked at myself, I blinked in surprise. I wasn’t wearing the same jeans and t-shirt combo that I’d worn earlier that day during my change. I went to the mirror to confirm.

The woman in the mirror was spectacular in a long sundress done in bright yellows and whites. It dipped a little in the front, giving a hint of the cleavage that hid there, but it was made to cover my chest entirely other than that. That’s not to say that it was made to draw attention away from my breasts; the dress acknowledged their massive size and showcased them in tight material. I turned and found that it was laced up the back, which allowed the dress to hug my belly and waist as well as my enormous bosom, and from there it flared out over my hips in an eye-catching sheath that followed my legs down to the knee. There was no sign of a bra or panties, though I felt that I was wearing them. It was just a well-made dress that appeared to be tailored to my ridiculously-proportioned body. I also wore different shoes, sandals that were laced with ribbon up over my delicate ankles. I was bright and sunny and spectacular. The sight of me took my

breath away.

It worked on Dane, too. He came in and stood there staring with his mouth open. “Holy shit,” he whispered. “Austin, is that you in there?”

I nodded and grinned at him. I could feel his lust pounding at my defenses, though I didn’t have any trouble keeping it out. I also didn’t have any trouble keeping my power under tight control, not sending any of it out at him. I was proud of myself and hoped that I’d have the same restraint at the restaurant.

“What happened?” he said.

I shrugged, still staring into the mirror. “No idea. You didn’t change the mix, right?”

“No, it was the same one that you used earlier. Same batch, even.”

“Weird. Maybe it has something to do with mindset? Like, I was thinking that this is kind of like a date, so it dressed me like I was going on a date?”

“Man. Lucky guy.”

“Seriously.” He contemplated me for a few more minutes before I turned away and looked at him. Dane was dressed in what he always wore, which made sense because we were just going to the local Chinese buffet. “You’re taking out a woman like me, and you’re dressed like that?” I teased.

He flushed and looked down at himself. “You said it wasn’t a date.”

“Of course it’s not a date, but that’s what everyone else is going to think. I thought you were an actor!”

“Okay, okay! Geez.” He turned and went back to his room while I kept grinning. When he came back he was wearing a nicer shirt and a tie, of all things. Granted, it was a Looney Tunes tie, but still a tie.

I laughed, and he joined in. We headed for the door. I let him drive since I wasn’t sure of my skills in this new body. Stepping out the front door was kind of intimidating. It felt like I was suddenly stripped bare and put on display while everyone in the world stared at me. No one was, of course, no more than any

other time, but it was the first time out of the house while wearing Adonia's body and I was nervous.

I picked up the pace, getting to the car before Dane did and getting in before he could open the door for me. Once there, I fumbled with the seat until I figured out how to push it back; whoever had been in it before me had been a midget. I realized then that I had been the last person in that seat and tried to push the thought out of my mind. Dane was very interested in how the shoulder strap on my seatbelt split my breasts while I fumbled to snap it; by the time I was done I felt flustered and frazzled. I considered calling the whole thing off, but I had to know how to operate in a roomful of people in case there was a problem. This seemed like the best way to do it. I had to stick with what we were doing.

Dane, to his credit, did his best to calm me down on the way to the restaurant. I was on the trembling edge of panic a few times but his constant stream of jokes, questions, and observations along the way kept me from freaking out. I felt profoundly grateful for his help and friendship by the time we got there.

When we got to the restaurant and went in I no longer had to imagine things; all eyes were on me. Male or female, it didn't matter: people wanted to stare at me. I could feel their regard in a way that I'd never experienced before and this time I knew that I wasn't imagining things. Part of Adonia's power was the ability to tell when people lusted after her. There were lots of people doing precisely that when I walked in.

The power picked up on all of them and reacted to them. I had to keep a much tighter hold on my power than before, enough that I lost track of a lot of my surroundings. I followed Dane to our table on autopilot once the hostess found one for us, and the poor lady had to ask three times before I told her that I wanted Coke to drink.

I sat down and let Dane go to the buffet before me. I wanted a few minutes to collect myself and get used to the new strain of a whole roomful of people staring at me.

It was harder than I ever thought it would be to keep my power from reacting to them all. It wanted me to let go, to just overwhelm the whole room with a wave of raw lust and see where it took me. I struggled with it, breathing quickly, until I realized that part of the problem was that I hadn't choked off the intake. I was

swelling up like a balloon with nowhere for the power to go; no wonder it wanted to pop!

I concentrated on shutting down that part of the flow but at first it seemed like it was too powerful. Then I got the bright idea of using the power itself to help me choke off the flow, and that worked. The flow stopped immediately, and the strain from holding it back on either end dropped until it was almost nothing.

At that point I only had two problems. First, I wasn't used to maneuvering this body in traffic like the swarm at the buffet, and second, I still had this glowing mass of lust energy built up inside. In the comics Adonia would have found a super villain to arrest and thus burn off that energy, but I wasn't that lucky in the real world.

Dane must have sensed something or seen something on my face because as soon as he got back to the table he said, "You okay?"

"Fine, I'm fine." I waved it away, but he sat down very quickly as his face turned red. I realized that some of my power had leaked into my voice. I took a few seconds to make sure that everything was tightened down again before I said, "I'm fine. Sorry. Just a lot coming in all at once, that's all."

Dane relaxed a little when my voice didn't make him spew into his jeans. He said, "Should we go?"

I shook my head. "I can do it, it's okay. Just...have to focus, that's all. It's fine."

I got up and headed for the buffet. I moved effortlessly when I didn't think about it, my hips swaying at just the right times to avoid collisions while my shoulders maneuvered my breasts out of the way. When I stopped to think about what I was doing and how I was walking I immediately ran into a server carrying a pitcher of tea. It splashed over both of us and I went into a mortified few seconds of trying to apologize. The server, obviously irritated, told me that it was all right and entirely her fault. She went to get a mop while I headed for the bathrooms.

I didn't realize where I was until the door behind me opened and one of the biggest guys I had ever seen in real life walked in. It was then that I looked to the side and discovered that I was standing in the men's room. He just stared at me, not sure what to do or say, and I was in the same boat for about two heartbeats.

Then I let my power trickle out. It wasn't a conscious decision; I was just so full of desire that it felt like the power was going to explode out of my ears if I didn't do something about it. I had to sate it. I saw his eyes widen and the front of his pants tent as he looked me over. He had enough presence of mind to lock the door behind him before he headed for me.

He wasn't particularly handsome. His skin was the color of a Hershey bar. Nothing made any difference to me as long as he was willing to put that cock to use. I pulled my dress up, faintly thankful for the potion having made access to easy, and pulled my panties down. He unbuckled a belt I could have used as a bullwhip and pushed down his pants and boxers to reveal a cock that was big enough to give me pause even in my lust-addled state.

Fortunately I was so wet and ready that I dripped. I analyzed our surroundings and turned around to grip one of the sinks with both hands. He came up to me from behind, clearly visible in the mirror, and he positioned himself without a word. I felt the girth of him between my cheeks and I had time to worry that I wasn't going to be able to take him before he started to sink into me. I closed my eyes in combined bliss and pain, biting my plump lip as he stretched me. I'd had no idea that I could feel so full.

He groaned along with me, pulling my massive hips toward him as he went deeper, and I had to fight to keep my power from inundating the room and then the restaurant. When he touched bottom his balls swung forward to bump against the backs of my legs, another sensation I never would have imagined a month ago. Now it just felt wonderful even though I thought he might rupture me from the inside.

He pulled out with an effort. "Damn girl, so tight," he muttered, sliding in again. It was easier this time; he had learned about my inner angles and I had stretched a bit. I dared to push back and he delved even deeper into me for a moment while I moaned. It was hard to keep myself down to a low moan but I managed it; I had enough difficulties in my life without someone discovering what we were up to in the locked bathroom.

Once we'd established that I could take him and how deep he could go he picked up the pace. Soon he was slamming into me until all I could do was hold on for the ride and try to keep from screaming with the pleasure that flooded my magnificent body. I gave myself over entirely to my role, bucking and

whimpering with pleasure without ever once worrying about what it meant to be fucked by a man. I arched my back and he sank his hands into my hair as we came, his hot seed filing me and then spurting out around the bottom of our joined flesh. We came and came, holding each other up as the orgasms rolled through us like storms.

When it was done I opened my power again to keep him wrapped in a cloud of pure euphoria. I hadn't even known that I could do that but it seemed to work. He gave me a silly smile and slapped me on the ass before heading for the bathroom stall to take care of whatever it was he'd come in here for. I cleaned up with some paper towels and put myself in order.

The whole thing had taken four minutes. Dane wasn't even concerned yet by the time I got back to the table. The pulsing ball of energy was still there but it was small enough for me to deal with now that I knew how to keep the intake closed. Relaxed heat and a delicious ache radiated up from my groin through the rest of me.

"You okay over there? Kinda quiet," said Dane.

"Hmm? Oh, fine. Lost in the teriyaki." I gave him a smile that could have lit up a football stadium and went back to my food.

We spent the rest of our time there talking and eating as if we hadn't done either in weeks. It was strange how much I wanted to hear about Dane's opinions and activities. I amused us both by making up Adonia's day, casting her as an aspiring phone-sex operator by night and meter maid in uniform by day. Both images appealed and by the time we were done and ready to pay the check I was surprised to find that the glowing power inside me was larger in spite of my best efforts to keep the intake shut off. Apparently, sustained attention was different from random lust aimed my way.

I saw my partner from the bathroom sitting with a woman and I gave him a wink as we headed out. The woman he was with popped him in the chest for staring at me and then gave me a glare as I walked out the door. I wish I could have told her that her relationship was safe but that conversation would have taken hours and probably some kind of restraints.

"So, anything else while we're out and about?" said Dane once we were back in the car.

“Oh, not for me, thanks.”

“So are you sure you’re okay? You seemed kinda spacey there a few times. And you were in the bathroom a while. I thought maybe you’d gone to throw up or something.”

“Oh, no, nothing like that. Just...calming myself down. And yeah, it was fine once I learned what to concentrate on and how to close off the power.”

“So you think you’re ready for the convention?”

I took a deep breath and nodded, aware that it drew his eyes to my chest. Poor Dane. I ought to give him a quickie when we got back. I blinked and shook my head, wondering where the hell that thought had come from. “I...ah, yeah, I think I am. As ready as I’m gonna get, anyway.”

“Okay, good. I’ll have the costume ready by that time too, okay?”

I nodded absently, staring out the window. Sure, my power had sucked up some of Dane’s regard, but that didn’t mean that I...what? Wanted him? Wanted any man? Did the power alter my mind as well as giving me the ability to do things? I resolved to read those Adonia comics after all.

Dane did not get his quickie when we got home. I was concerned with the idea, not because it filled me with revulsion but because it didn’t. It just felt like a normal idea, along the lines of buying someone a Coke when they were a little short at the theater; in my current state, giving Dane a quick fuck felt like something that friends just did. The idea had popped fully formed into my head without consideration of my true form or orientation. The power that I held inside me was starting to scare me.

How would I ever know which ideas were mine and which were Adonia’s? The ones that led me to having sex with men were probably hers but there was that sneaking suspicion that I actually enjoyed my time as Adonia. If that was true... then did it mean that I enjoyed my time with those men? Fully enjoyed, I mean, not just glad about the pleasure? Was Adonia real outside myself?

I went to bed feeling very confused about things, rubbing and kneading at my magnificent body until I fell asleep. The power flooded my mind at that point, leading me into endless dreams where I was penetrated at every point by a

constant stream of willing partners. I came and came and came, loving every second of it.

It was a disappointment to wake up in my real body. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply. Something in me wanted to be a woman. It was that simple. Whether it was brought on by the potions or had always been there, it was there now and I had to deal with it.

I thought about going and getting the potion again but that felt sort of like being an addict. I didn't want to be that person. I was tightly balanced on the line of wanting to be Adonia and wanting to be myself; in neither place was there room for being addicted to anything, even pleasure.

As the time for the convention got closer I stayed away from the potion. Gradually my desire to become Adonia faded. It never left entirely and I never lost that tiny thrill when I thought about becoming her. Dane made steady work on the costume but when he needed someone to act as a model I told him that he had to do it himself; I wanted to stay away from her form as long as possible to try to sort out how I felt about everything. He thought it was a little strange that I refused to change but he just shrugged and used the old, one-hour potion for his tests.

By the time the convention rolled around I was anxious to see what the costume looked like. I had simply stayed away from that part of the apartment every chance I got, so I was out of the loop. Dane had me sit on the couch while he changed and then put on the costume to show off.

In spite of the inherent unsteadiness that came from switching to Adonia without any stabilizing additions to the mix, Dane looked absolutely spectacular. The material clung lovingly to her form, a little thicker at the top where I would be wearing a bra, but outside of that looking sleek and classy. The shoulder pieces were just right to balance out the relative slimness of her shoulders, and the cape swirled and draped heroically as she walked back and forth on sturdy two-inch heels. Her unbound breasts bounced wildly with each step, giving ample demonstration for the need for a bra in the costume. I planned to have the potion make one for me.

I clapped, staring openly at her incredible body. A lovely blush drifted down her cheeks and under her mask. She hadn't altered her voice this time so it was back

to the chipmunk squeak when she said, “Think it’ll do?”

“Are you kidding? Once the judges understand who it is, there’s no way that we won’t win first place for the rest of our lives.”

“Yeah?”

“Fuck yeah. So when the judges come up and say, ‘What’s your name?’ what should I tell them?”

She shrugged, jiggling. “Adonia, I guess.”

“Just have them make the check out to you?”

She nodded. “Split the sucker half and half.”

I had to agree. After all, Dane had put in a lot of work over the last three weeks. It was our standard arrangement anyway; it shouldn’t change just because I had to wear some tits to get the costume working.

Dane went to take the costume off and pack it away. The next day was Friday, the start of the convention, and we wanted to have enough potion going to make sure that I could keep Adonia’s form as long as we needed to.

As I watched Dane mix the potion the night before the convention I tried to take note of everything he was doing. He still had a lot more experience than I did with both the notebooks and the mixing but I wanted to be able to come up with my own mixes when I needed to. He explained each step, sometimes sounding as though he was teaching a little kid but mostly just playing it straight. When he got to the parts of the mix that would increase the duration, he slowed and then looked at me. “You know,” he said, “We could try something different if you wanted to.”

“What’s that?”

“Right now the duration’s like six hours. I could make it longer, and then we wouldn’t have to worry about keeping track during the convention.”

A thrill shot through me but I quashed it. “How much longer are we talking?”

He went back to the notebooks. “Well, it looks like I could make it last a whole day...and then after that the shortest time is a week.”

“Whoa. Man, I don’t know if...”

He held up one hand to stop me. That was good, because I wasn’t sure how I was going to finish that sentence. “You don’t have to, I know it’s kind of a big jump. I just thought that it might help us to not have to worry about keeping track, that’s all.”

“Make it for a week.”

He widened his eyes in surprise but he wasn’t as surprised as I was to hear the words come out of my mouth. “Are you sure?” he said.

I hesitated a moment before nodding. “We can deal. And the potion makes clothes for me, so...”

“Yeah, but only one set.”

“So we’ll re-wash and wear it again, geez. Or buy some t-shirts or something. But yeah, a week. I can do a week. Like you said, it’s to make sure that I don’t suddenly change back because we lost track of time. Go for a week.” I realized that I was babbling and forced myself to shut up.

He said, “Okay, your choice.” I watched him put three more drops of something into the potion and then move on with the other things that he had to do to make it work. The thrill remained, humming like a buried wire just below the level of my conscious mind. I was excited and scared at the same time. Dane took the mix over to the stove and heated it on the range for a few minutes until it turned clear and blue. It looked innocent, sitting there.

I picked it up once he’d cooled it off in some water. We both looked at it nervously. I finally took a deep breath and said, “Well, bottoms up, I guess.”

I drank the whole thing and closed my eyes as the change swept over me. It wasn’t any harder or faster than before but in my head it felt like a hurricane tearing through me. I didn’t feel different or strange when it was done but the presence of the ball of energy in my gut told me that I was in Adonia’s body again.

I opened my eyes to see Dane grinning at my chest. I looked down. I was wearing tight jeans again, and a t-shirt with a split down the center that hinted at the massive cleavage below. The t-shirt read, "I went to Midsouthcon and all I got was stared at." I quirked my lips in a grin, taking mental note of the fact that I was wearing the kind of bra that would leave the smallest visual footprint when I wore my costume; apparently the potion took note of the user's mental state and desires when forming clothes. I looked fairly normal, clothing-wise, but it was hard to disguise the fact that I was a super heroine stuffed into everyday clothes. I would never have made it with a secret identity.

I felt the desire growing in me and I sighed as I cut off the intake and then the outgo. "I have to remember to keep everything clamped down, that's all. It would suck to lose control of the power during the contest."

"Or you know, any other time at the convention at all."

"Point."

"So what are you gonna do when you're not blowing people's eyes out at the contest, anyway? You have three days of convention to do."

I shrugged and sat, brushing my hair out of the way so that it could tumble down my shoulder and obscure one breast. I didn't even realize that I'd done it until it was done. "I figure I could stand around outside your booth for a while and help sell copies of the comic. At least some of the time."

"Yeah? You'd do that?" He looked surprised and very pleased.

"Of course, dude. I mean, come on, without that comic we wouldn't have this, would we." I gestured at myself, running my hand up and down to take in my whole delectable body. It wasn't as if Dane needed encouragement to look but it was fun to feel his regard.

"Wow, thanks!" he said.

"Sure, man, no problem."

After a little more talk we drifted back to our rooms. I still felt a little conflicted about why I'd wanted to try this for a solid week but now that I had taken the potion there wasn't a lot I could do about it besides deal with it. Fortunately, the

potion had made it so comfortable to be in Adonia's body that it was easy to deal with.

I wondered what to do about pajamas and finally settled on just taking everything off and sleeping nude. It felt pretty amazing to slide between the sheets like that, every part of my amazing body giving off delighted signals to the other parts. For the first time since becoming Adonia, weeks ago, I felt normal and comfortable in her body. I grinned up at the ceiling, imagining what it would be like to slide into bed next to a man who was ready for me. I entertained the idea for a few seconds before firmly closing that door in my mind. I was a man, after all, however little I resembled one at the moment.

Just before I fell asleep a traitor part of me whispered that I could just pretend I was on vacation, and the idea appealed to me enormously. It would allow me to do whatever I felt like doing while wearing this body.

I wanted to do that. My final conscious thoughts were that since I was stuck in this form I might as well enjoy it to the fullest.

The dreams were the same ones that I'd had the night before, but much more detailed and much clearer in focus. I was Adonia. I was on all fours. I had at least three cocks in me at all times, and I wanted more and more. I climaxed over and over, each time bringing my partners with me so that I could move on to new ones. I don't know where I was; I could see nothing but a sea of legs and willing cocks needing to worship me.

I woke up feeling relaxed and practically glowing from the nighttime activities. I didn't know how much of it had been real or had bled over into other people's dreams, but I had the sneaking suspicion that I wasn't the only one who'd had a wild night.

Dane didn't say anything about any dreams but I noticed that he took a long time to get up and moving. He's a morning person, so that was different. I helped him move boxes into the back of the car. Dane had a lot more comics this time, the results of an extra printing in the hopes that my presence and inevitable win at the costume contest would boost sales.

An hour after we woke up we were on the road. The convention was slated to start that afternoon, and it would take most of the morning for us to get there, sign in, and set up Dane's table. The drive was long but I hardly noticed. The

sheer novelty of being in Adonia's body while doing such normal things was enough to keep me awake and interested in the world around me.

I took the opportunity to read through all of Dane's comics, though, to get a better handle on what I might be capable of. I found out that the name Adonia meant "lover of Aphrodite," and was the female form of the name Adonis. Her powers came from lust and regard for her beauty, something that I was getting very familiar with, and she could use them in a variety of ways. I got the impression that she suffered from Superman Syndrome, gaining powers as needed, and that led me to wonder whether I could do other things that weren't detailed in those pages. The idea made me grin, and I had to remember to clamp down on my power again. Letting it loose in the car would have led to a very interesting accident.

I could see that I was going to have to relax and enjoy Adonia a little more than I had initially anticipated. In spite of my best efforts I could feel the stares around me and the desire directed toward me when we stopped for food and gas. It was a little tiny trickle of power that got through my defenses, but it was there. I knew that a bigger crowd would give me more in spite of everything. I had to find a way to vent some of it besides fucking every man in the tristate area.

I suppose it was a measure of my comfort with the situation that the prospect of that scale of sex sounded more annoying than disgusting. I was going to be at a convention, my brain said, and there would be things to do! I couldn't stop for sex every ten minutes.

Memphis has several convention centers but Midsouthcon was held at the Hilton. I was always amused by the way that such a stately hotel was overrun by nerds for three days, but the staff didn't seem to mind and we were mostly careful not to irritate them.

Registration and setup was easy enough. I stuck with my regular outfit; the costume contest rules recommended not wearing the costume in the halls before the contest, so I was stuck in relatively normal clothing until then.

I helped Dane set up, trooping back and forth with boxes of comics. I drew stares from the other dealers, from the convention staff, the guests, and from the hotel staff. I was surprised to find that I thought of my lack of ability to blend into the crowd as fortunate; some previously unrecognized streak of

exhibitionism was rearing its head. I started to understand that this wasn't going to be a quiet, under-the-radar sort of event. I stood out and would require something like a full suit of armor to keep from doing so.

Well, so be it. I started to enjoy the stares as the first conventioners began to trickle in. There's a reputation, unfair or not, that fantasy and comic book conventions are largely male. Rare, goes the preconception, is the female who dares to roam those hallowed halls. Rarer still is the hot female. I dealt with those conceptions in a simple way: I just ignored them. I was there to have a good time, tits or not, and the fact that so many nerds fell all over themselves to help me just added to the fun.

When I wasn't at the dealer's table I was in the gaming room. I found several games I hadn't tried before and once the game-masters reclaimed the ability to speak they welcomed me to their tables. I wound up at a table that was demonstrating a superhero game and played well into the night as the heroine Adonia. By the time I realized that it was four in the morning we had been playing for hours. The others were tired, even exhausted, but I felt full of energy.

Too full, perhaps. I checked the internal reservoir and found that it was pretty high in spite of my efforts to keep it sealed. There had simply been too many people staring at me with lust for too long and I had to do something to burn off some of the power.

Figuring that it paid to advertise I told the other players to find Dane's booth tomorrow and tell him "Austin said that they were supposed to get an origin issue for free." Over the hours we'd played they'd gradually accepted me as one of their own in spite of my appearance.

When they were all gone I helped the game master, Hal, pack up his sheets and dice. He was a big, round guy with a quick laugh and an incredible imagination, and he'd led us through one of the best games I'd had in a long time. When everything was packed up he said, "Well, good game. Guess I'll see you around the convention, huh?"

He turned to go and I put a hand on his shoulder. I said, "We don't have to say goodbye just yet. Can we go up to your room and talk for a while? I'm all wound up from the game."

His eyes widened behind his glasses and he stammered an affirmative. I slid my

arm around his and we headed for the elevators. I did most of the talking at first but eventually he relaxed enough that his quick wit came to the fore. He really was fun to talk to, and I was glad that I would be able to make his convention memorable.

Outside his door he fumbled with the keycard for a moment before figuring out which end went in the slot, and then he ushered me inside. There wasn't much about the room that jumped out at me; it was just like all the others. Hal stood there uncertain as to what to do until I helped him get his bags and box to the floor where they wouldn't be in the way.

Then I stepped forward and bent down to kiss him softly. He shivered and pulled away, saying, "Ah, I'm not, um..."

I smiled at him. I could feel his desire for me. "Not what? I just wanted to thank you for such a wonderful game."

"Oh, well, um..." He flapped his arms a little, obviously uncertain as to what to do next. That was fine. I knew what to do. I stepped closer and hugged him, smiling down at him.

I said, "It's okay. I really want to do this. With you."

He smiled weakly. "Do...this?"

I nodded. I moved my face closer to his so that he wouldn't panic, and when he moved to meet me it was a glowing moment of triumph.

Even with my power and body it wasn't easy to get him into bed. Women didn't throw themselves at overweight geeks and he struggled with a lifetime's insecurities and rejections. His humor was born from pain, so I learned to let him play with me in bed. We played together, enjoying one another's bodies until he felt that it was okay to move on to the next step. I was surprised to find that I liked his touch as much as he liked to touch me, and by the time the first conventioners were starting to wake up we'd finally progressed to the point of connection.

Thanks to his weight, we had to find creative ways to fit together, but thanks to Adonia's flexible form we didn't have any problems with that. I shut down my intake, easy enough when there was just one guy adoring me, and I used the

existing power to fuel us as we came together again and again. Part of his desire was to bring me pleasure in thanks for sharing his bed, so I climaxed many more times than he did, but I made sure to let him know how much I appreciated it.

I left the room about seven in the morning and drifted to the room that Dane and I shared. Hal was exhausted and sleeping when I left, a smile still playing about his lips. I bent over and kissed him again, discharging more of my power to make sure that he had extraordinarily pleasant dreams.

I got back and collapsed into bed, suddenly tired for the first time since getting to the con, and I barely heard Dane head into the shower as I drifted off. When I awoke it was only about three hours later but I felt refreshed and relaxed. I showered and put my clothing back on before heading off to find Dane. I smiled as I thought about Hal and what we'd done with one another; apparently my conversion into Adonia and sex with several men had broken down whatever walls had caused me to dislike being a woman in the first place. I reveled in it now. I caught myself strutting down the hall instead of just walking, my enormous breasts thrust out and my hips swaying.

When I got to the dealer area Dane was already at work. When he saw me, he rolled his eyes and went back to talking to the customer standing there. I was surprised to see how many of his comics he'd sold.

I sat down and smiled at the nerd trying to buy comics, waiting until he was going to say, "Hey, looks like business is good."

"Yeah, how many people did you tell to ask for free comics?" he said, turning to me with a scowl.

"Good morning to you too. I told like six guys. The ones who were at my game last night."

He rubbed his face. "I've given out free comics to something like thirty guys so far."

I blinked. "Uh, okay, well, it's time to stop, then."

He sighed. "Next time use a stamp on their hands."

"Will do. Outside of that how have things been going?"

“Pretty good, but there are all kinds of rumors flying around here. Did you really flash a GM just so you could have a bonus level on your character?”

“What? Of course not.”

“Well, that’s just one thing I’ve heard.”

“Yeah? People are talking about me?” I found that the idea pleased me. He frowned at my expression.

“Yes. People are talking about you.”

“You know what probably doesn’t help? The fact that I look like a nympho sex goddess from that one series of comics. What was it…”

“Yeah, yeah. Look, try not to get kicked out of the convention or something, okay? I don’t know what’s going on with you, but it’s starting to freak me out.”

“Seriously? Come on, dude, you know what it’s like, being in here. How it feels, and what the power’s like.”

“Yeah, but I swear you’re not even fighting it anymore.”

“Aunt Ermintrude’s potions made it kind of hard to do that.”

“Don’t blame my aunt!”

“Excuse me?” said a voice. Dane and I both turned to look at the new speaker, a short guy with frizzy hair. He shifted uncomfortably under our combined gaze. He held up the origin comic and said, “Austin told me to-“

“Drop it. Fuck off,” I said. He did, scurrying away without a backward glance. Dane rubbed his face again.

“Okay, look, I’m gonna go get some food, take a look around,” he said. “Can you run the booth for a while without freaking out more people?”

“I can try!” I saluted and gave him a smirk. He just shook his head and headed out. I was used to him being the cheerful one but for some reason he just didn’t seem to be having much fun. I figured it was because he just hadn’t had a chance

to see the convention proper yet. I just hoped that he'd get back in time for me to go to a couple of the seminars and Q&A sessions I wanted to hit.

What I found was that my face and body were intimidating as hell to a lot of the people at the convention. As the dealer's hall filled up with more people coming in I got more of them who were brave enough to approach the hot chick but still I wasn't doing very well as far as sales. Most of them wanted to hit on me. It was fun and felt good but I wanted to show Dane that I wasn't just some freak he'd dragged along.

I delved into the power inside me, nervous about using it. So far I'd only tried it on myself or one other person; I'd never tried using it on a crowd. I inhaled deeply and then blew out all the air as slowly as I could, imbuing the breath with my power. It wasn't much, not enough to send anyone into a climaxing frenzy or turn them into a sex-crazed zombie, but the power was there. It drifted out over the crowd, breathed in and mixed with the atmosphere until it inundated everyone. I saw heads start to turn my way, drawn by the power, and pretty soon I was surrounded.

They didn't know why they were there and most of them didn't want to admit that they just wanted me, so they turned their attention to the comic books on the table. A couple of them tried to get a free comic but I shut them down quickly. Business was brisk once I learned how to absorb whatever dose of my power they'd breathed in. Once that was gone they would stand there blinking until they wandered off, wondering what had made them come to a pretty low-interest booth.

Well, it was low-interest besides me, of course. I'm not ashamed to admit that I worked it, smiling and laughing at their lame jokes while making each person feel like the most important one. I say "person" instead of "guy" because my power brought everyone to the booth. I had no more trouble flirting with the geek girls than I did the guys, though some of the girls left looking bewildered. I figured that I'd managed to snag some straight ones in my little web, and the idea made me smile.

The problem was that the power I took back in was more than I'd sent out. I realized it when I saw Dane struggling through the crowd; the power glowed brightly inside me, more than I'd had when I started, and still I felt it out there working its way around the room.

Dane sat down next to me, glanced at the dwindling stacks, and then stared at me. I could see my power glowing in him as well and he obviously had a hard time keeping his eyes where they should be. I leaned over and whispered to him.

“I did something, but I think it’s going to be more than I expected it to be. This...ah...might kinda suck, um...”

He nodded, staring down at my huge tits. I could tell that he wasn’t listening to me. I leaned away, closed my eyes, and started to inhale. I felt like my lungs would rupture by the end of it but I finally managed to pull every drop of power out of the air.

The problem was that now it was inside me. I fairly shook with it, the desire threatening to overwhelm me. I stood up and pushed my way through the crowd, desperate to get away before I erupted into a volcano of pure sex.

I stormed through the main halls, looking for a way to get rid of some of the built-up energy, and I finally found a tiny seminar room. There were perhaps a dozen people there, evenly split between men and women for once. I had no idea what the seminar was about but I had to get rid of some power before I spent the rest of the convention fucking anything that I saw.

I stood in the doorway and let the power flow into the room, filling it to the brim with pure desire. I slammed the door closed once I had my internal levels down far enough to manage. I stood there with my back to it. After a minute or three, sounds of passion started to come from the other side. I could feel the power dissolving into the seminar attendees, and I felt bad about using them like that, but I had to do something.

After a while the noises died down a bit and I snuck a peek into the room. The chairs were pushed to the side to clear an area in the center of the room. It was occupied by a mound of pulsating, moaning humans who all appeared to be trying to fuck each other at once. I closed the door and sidled away; the power would wear off eventually, leaving little beyond embarrassment thanks to a built-in side effect of suppressing things like disease and pregnancy. I stopped in surprise at the thought; I hadn’t realized that was one of the facets of my power but it seemed to be the case.

I was tired suddenly. Without the buffer of extra power in my system the events of the last few days caught up with me. I went up to our room and set two

alarms, one on each side of the room, so that I would have to get up to shut them off. It would suck to miss the costume contest after all of this. I washed my shirt, panties, and bra in the sink and wrung them out hard before hanging them up and slipping into bed wearing nothing at all.

I dropped off fast and slept deeply. One of the benefits of being in Adonia's super-fit body was that I slept well. Even when I had dreams of sex the entire time, I awoke refreshed and feeling good.

That was the case this time; I actually woke up one minute before the alarm went off. I left myself plenty of time to take another shower, and I did so. Another side effect of the power or the potion was that I managed to look incredible in spite of having no makeup or knowledge of how to apply same. Similarly, my hair was magnificent as soon as it dried. It occurred to me that I was living an awfully easy female experience but I wasn't sure how to change that even if I wanted to.

I dressed, the costume going on easily. When I went to look in the mirror I shook my head in wonder; Dane worked miracles with a needle, that was for sure. I looked just like the woman from the comics.

The thought reminded me of a little detail. I went to one of the boxes in the corner of the room and picked up a dozen copies of Adonia's origin story. They were for the judges so that they could see what I was trying to look like. I didn't want to get filed under "generic super heroine" after all this.

Then I took a deep breath, tucked my key card into one of my shoulder attachments, and strode out of the room into the hall. I immediately drew stares from a group of guys the right age and appearance to be part of a fraternity. I held my head high and my shoulders back and they gaped as I walked by. I could hardly blame them, given my appearance. I gave them a grin and a wink before the elevator doors closed. I could feel their lust roaring after me and it gave me the opportunity to clamp down on my power intake as hard as I could. I couldn't keep everything out but I could keep myself from overloading as I had earlier.

The elevators opened and I stepped out like a queen greeting her subjects. Quiet followed me as people turned to look, silence spreading in a wave through the crowd. Many of them had read the Adonia comics by that time thanks to our little campaign, and they knew who they were seeing. I smiled and nodded to the

other conventioners who were brave enough to wear costumes of their own; we were all heading in the same direction to compete in the same event and there was no reason not to be gracious.

By the time I got to the door of the masquerade room, I found that I traveled not in a spreading ripple of silence but a bubble; people starting whispering to each other as I passed and then moved into full-on conversation when I got far enough away. I could feel their stares on me, on my chest and my ass and legs. The cape whipped and rippled around me, alternately displaying and hiding parts of my magnificent body, and I walked with my head high. Let them look. They should look. Thoughts of being a man were the furthest things from my mind at that point. I was a spectacular woman and proud of it.

When I got to the masquerade room I ran into more of the same. Even the contestants stared at me. I double-checked to make sure that my outflow of power was choked off but it seemed that my sheer confidence and proportions were what drew the eye. I was fine with that. I marched up to the judging table, my gigantic breasts bobbing softly with each step, and I handed out copies of the Adonia comic to everyone there. I smiled and chatted with them, laughing at lame jokes and dropping a wink now and then. Finally I decided that it was time to turn away and I nearly knocked over Daryl Lazzener.

He had been standing right behind me while I talked to the judges, waiting for his chance to explain what his costume was all about. His eyes widened at the sight of me and widened further when he looked me up and down. I smiled and stuck out my hand. “They call me Adonia,” I said.

“Hugah,” he said, trying to untangle his tongue. He was dressed as...son of a bitch, he was dressed as Doctor Strange. His costume looked a lot more like the good doctor than mine had, probably because he’d planned it to be correct from the start. It was just like him to show me up by beating me with the character that I’d been wearing the last time I saw him. Too bad he hadn’t figured on Adonia.

“So nice to meet you. Daryl, right?” I extended one hand and he took it automatically. I waited until he nodded to lean closer, my breast pressing into our linked hands. I said, “Austin and Dane say hello, and you’re gonna lose.” I smirked at him, squeezed too hard, and dropped his hand before he could react.

I heard him sputtering behind me, and it sounded sweet.

The contest was fun. I didn't have a skit prepared like some of the entrants but that was okay; I used a little bit of my power to make my cape swirl around my ankles as I stepped onto the stage, and then I posed several different ways until I found the one that seemed to draw the most desire from the crowd.

The hardest part was keeping myself from accessing the power that flowed in my direction. Drips of it still got through, gradually swelling my reservoir but not to dangerous levels. By the time I got offstage and the next contestant came on I had only about doubled my ambient power level. It wasn't comfortable and I would have to get rid of it somehow, but for the time being I could deal with it.

I had to admit that there were some pretty impressive costumes out there. A voice whispered to me that I was cheating to go out there like this. I quieted it by pointing out that we had created the potion that led to my current state through trial and error and that it was as much a product of our own skills as the costume that hugged my every curve. I relaxed and chatted with the other contestants as we waited for the contest to run its course. They were naturally a little more expressive and confident than many of the other folks at the convention, so I managed to have actual conversations with them in spite of my looks. We were all very complimentary about each other's costumes and I caught myself wishing that we had worked harder on mine.

When the last act was done we trooped out onto the stage again for the award ceremony. I got into character mostly by standing there with my fists on my hips as the "breeze" made my cape flap. When I saw Dane I gave him a slow, heavy wink and then went back to my stone-faced heroic expression.

There was little surprise when I won first place in the superhero division and then best in show. Daryl placed third. I'd thought about doing something like unleashing my power on him when he was onstage but I wanted to win this one as fairly as I could. After the contest was over we got to go down into the crowd and meet adoring fans.

I tightened my grip on the intake portion of my power as much as I could before following the others. I was immediately swamped by guys who wanted me to sign their comics. The girls were a little less frantic, mostly wanting to know about how my costume worked, but some of them were there to be as close to

me as possible as well. I was lost in a sea of humanity, their desires beating down on my mind, and when I saw Dane standing there I grabbed onto him like a life preserver. Dane was calm and witty, immediately presenting himself as the designer and creator of the costume and the comic. Geek conventions being what they are, this announcement diverted perhaps two thirds of my adoring fans onto him. The rest were just there to meet the hot chick in the costume and maybe cop a feel. I felt a lot of hands on me during that half hour.

The only low point was when Daryl pushed through the crowd to confront us. He was seething as only a thwarted geek can. "I'm going to have you both disqualified," he snarled at us. "I know that she's a professional! Professional what I don't know, but no one who looks like her isn't a professionaaaaAAAHHHHH!"

He choked off his last word with a girlish rising shriek as he clapped his hands to his crotch. When he finally collapsed to the floor, victim of one of the most extreme orgasms of all time, we left him there to writhe while I pulled Dane away. "He's gonna be down for about five minutes," I whispered into his ear. He fought a grin as we left. The expenditure of power had felt good; I was back down to maybe three times what I thought of as my base state.

Once free of the crowds, Dane practically jumped up and down with glee when I handed him the checks. "I can't believe it worked!" he said.

"Me either, but let's not tell the whole convention, huh?"

"Right, right! We need to get back to the table and get ready to sell the comics, okay? Are you okay for that?"

I nodded. "I think so, as long as it's not too terribly long." I leaned over to whisper in his ear again, giving him a display of my magnificent cleavage at the same time. "The power's building up, Dane, and I really want to celebrate with you."

He moved his head away and stared into my eyes, incredulous. I grinned and nodded before heading for the dealer's room. He followed and I could feel the force of his stare on me as we walked.

Maybe I would just change back and find that I hated being a woman when I was normal. Somehow, though, feeling the power and confidence that filled me, I

doubted that. More likely I'd spend more time as Adonia until I figured out how to use my new power to make the change permanent. I'd never felt so amazing. I planned to reward Dane well and thoroughly that night, and in the days to come I looked forward to being not only a superhero but also a heroine.