

JOB DESCRIPTION BY GUNSLINGER



When he took
the phone sex job
he never thought
that pretending to
be a girl would
lead to real
CHANGES!!!!!!

“No, mom, I haven’t found a job yet.” Jason sighed into the phone. He closed his eyes and massaged his brow as he listened to his mother’s voice.



The muscular, dark-haired man shifted in his seat. “Yes. I remember you told me that choosing to become an actor was a bad idea.” Of course he remembered - she never let him forget. Nor did she ever let go of the topic she suddenly switched to next. He sighed again. “No, mom, I’m not seeing anyone right now... Uh huh... I know, but...” It was impossible to get an word in edgewise against her vocal tirade.

“Look, mom...mom... MA! I have to go, okay? Yes, I’ll talk to you next week. Love you. ‘bye.”

With great relief, Jason dropped the receiver into it’s cradle, stretching to do so. His shoulders slumped wearily as his mother’s shrill voice echoed in his mind. Ever since he’d moved to L.A. to get away from her over-bearing presence, his weekly telephone calls had been near exact carbon copies of one another. It was starting to get a little more that annoying, he thought angrily.

Giving the phone one last, angry glare (which he'd never dared to give his mother), Jason Dixon pushed his muscular, six-foot three body out of the worn easy chair. Grabbing his keys from the table beside the door, he slipped on a pair of sandals and trotted down the stairs of the apartment building to retrieve his paper.

Reading the headlines, he slowly mounted the staircase and absently re-entered his apartment. Dropping his keys in their usual place, he kicked off the footwear, the wandered over to the kitchen table. Collapsing onto the chair, he spread the paper on the table and flipped over to the employment section of the paper. Picking up a pen, he began to scan the job listings looking for work.

Twenty six years old, Jason was finally starting to live his own life. Until three months ago, he'd lived in a large, rambling old farmhouse in Iowa, the sole offspring of a shrewish, overweight woman who had raised her son alone ever since her husband had died when the boy was three. Definitely over protective, Mrs. Dixon had raised her son in an oppressive atmosphere. In retaliation, Jason had started to rebel at an early age.

Since she didn't want him involved in sports ('You'll break your neck playing those damn games!'), he'd joined nearly every team he could in both junior and senior high school. Likewise his decision to become an actor came almost immediately after his mother's angry tirade about those 'useless, shiftless, overpaid people in Hollywood'. After he'd finally graduated from the states only collage offering Film classes, the decision to move out to the coast had been easy.

Where, he found almost immediately, an acting degree from a school in Iowa meant next to nothing. As one agent had put it - 'That and a quarter will buy you a cup of coffee'.

Like hell it would. The cheapest cup of coffee to be had in California was seventy-five cents, and could double as roofing tar. The death of his father had been on the job, and the insurance had left Mrs. Dixon fairly well off. He'd come to the coast with a old, but well maintained Mustang, and a few grand in his pocket to 'tide him over'. Now, that nest egg was almost gone, and the pressure to find work - any work - was increasing. Still, Jason would rather end up as a bum in L.A. then ever go back home again. Well, maybe not. Time was running out, and he was beginning to get desperate. Now, as he sat hunched over the paper, he scanned every single listing for the slightest chance for employment, and a continued life away from his mother. The ad, three pages in and halfway down the page, almost slipped by him. The heading - LADIES! NEED TO EARN EXTRA INCOME FROM THE COMFORT OF YOUR OWN HOME? - meant that he almost skipped it completely, until the tiny disclaimer at the bottom of the ad caught his eye.

'Applicable male applicants may also be selected.'

Mentally shrugging, Jason went back to the top of the add and read the whole thing.

It was an add for 'phone sex girls'.

Oh, it didn't state it that way - adult tele-entertainers was the wording used. But the possible income, up to ten grand a month, looked nice. The way Jason figured it, that number was greatly exaggerated - still, half of that would be more accurate, and five grand a month was nothing to sneer at.

Now, most men would sneer at the idea of doing this work. Not only pretending to be female over the phone, but to have a verbally simulated sexual encounter with another man? No way.

But Jason seriously considered it, for two reasons.

In film class, he'd learned he had an amazing gift to imitate voices, male AND female.

And, he was really, *really* desperate.



Picking up the paper, he carried it over to the phone. He sat for several minutes, staring absently at the paper in indecision, the finally, reaching forward and picking up the receiver. Before he could change his mind, he punched in the number listed in the add.

"Omni Tele-Entertainment." A rusty voice answered after four

rings. "Can I help you?"

"Uh..." Jason said uncomfortably. "I'm calling about that job listing. The one in the paper."

A short pause. "Look, buddy, you do know what we're looking for, don't you?" Jason took a deep breath. Calling his talent into play, he forced his voice into it's higher registers and replied in a breathy, sensual voice. "Oh, yes, I know what you're looking for. I know *exactly* what you want." He couldn't believe how utterly stupid he felt 'coming on' to another guy, but if it paid the rent...

“Is that really you buddy? Holy Shit! That’s amazing!” The voice, previously lack-luster, had taken on some animation.

“Oh? Do you really zink zo?” Jason asked in a sexy soprano with a French accent. He switched suddenly to a warm, chipper contralto with a strong southern accent. “Y’all think I’s e can get a job? Earn me some greenbacks?” There was a couple of seconds stunned silence at the other end. When it spoke again, the hoarse voice was filled with reverence. “Mister,” it said, “you sound sexier than most of the women I got working for me. I can guarantee you’ll earn at *least* eight grand a month, if you still want the job.” Well, it wasn’t a job to brag about - and definitely not one to write home about - but it would pay well. Jason and ‘Gordon, call me Gordo, McNair’, the owner of the rusty voice, discussed it. Gordo promised to come by the next morning. He’d bring a phone technician to install a second line into the apartment, and have Jason sign the employment papers.

When Jason finally hung up, he sighed. As odd as it was to think about what he was going to be doing for a living, at least it beat the hell out of having to go back home.

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Gordo was as good as his word.

A short, ferrety looking man with a shock of greasy hair, he showed up first thing in the morning wearing a rumbled brown suit that looked like he’d slept in it. With him was a bored looking man in a blue jumpsuit, wearing a tool belt and carrying a red phone in one hand.

While Jason and Gordo had signed the necessary papers, the telephone guy had installed the phone. Unlike regular phones, the red device had no key-pad - merely a red light and a small switch.

“This is how it works,” Gordo had explained, showing Jason the phone. “Whenever you’re available, you push this switch up, and the red light goes on. That means the main switchboard knows it can route calls here. If you ain’t available - even if it’s a bathroom break - you switch it off. This phone’s got a special ringer, see, so you’ll know which phone is ringing.”

The pay structure was equally as easy. Jason would earn a buck fifty each minute he was on the phone. He set his own hours, working as many hours a day as he wanted. Of course, the peak hours - five in the evening to five in the morning - were the best to work, if Jason didn’t mind changing his sleeping habits to accommodate it.

Now, having watched the little man and his silent companion leave, Jason gingerly lowered himself into the comfortable easy chair beside the new phone. Warily, as if afraid it would bite him, Jason reached out and flicked the switch, to

be rewarded with the glowing red light. Since it wasn't peak hours, he settled back into the chair and tried to read a book, since it might be some time before anyone got routed to him.

The first call came twenty two minutes later.

Startled by the low, thrumming ring, Jason quickly put down the book - which he'd been unable to focus on - and took a deep breath. With a slightly trembling hand, he reached for the phone. Taking a deep breath, he picked it up.

Shifting into a low, sexy female voice, Jason said "Hi. I'm Veronica. What's your name?..."

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Two days later, Jason was feeling more comfortable - if no less weird - about his new job.

He had shifted his sleep cycles to match the peak hours, and was doing good business - his phone was very rarely on the hook. He'd learned the basic trick to this line of work, as well - let the client set the tone, then give him what he wants. It worked well.

It still felt weird though.

He'd just hung up from a call when the phone buzzed again. Picking up the receiver, Jason picked a voice that was simultaneously cheerful and sexy, and said. "Hi! I'm Randi. What's your name?"

The voice that replied held a faint undercurrent of amusement, as if it's owner was indulging in a private joke. "Hi Randi. You can call me...Joe."

The hesitation before the innocuous name didn't surprise Jason. Many of his callers gave fake names. "Hi, Joe."

"So," Joe asked, "where are you from, Randi?"

Jason faked a bright, sexy laugh. "I'm a true California girl, Joe." It was a standard 'opening', and Jason always matched the birthplace to the voice - Yvette, his 'French Maid' was from St. Lo, for instance. Jason had thought it would lend verisimilitude to Yvette if he didn't pick the obvious, Paris.

The next question was pretty standard, too. "Describe yourself for me, Randi."

"Well, I'm laying on my bed," Jason started, making it up as he went along. "The phone is between my long, sexy legs. The long, red fingernails of my left hand are lightly stroking my crotch. I'm using the other one to hold the phone to my ear."

"Go on." The voice, still laced with humor, urged.

Jason gave Joe a giggle. "My long, wavy blonde hair is spread out beneath my body. It doesn't quite reach my firm, sexy ass. It stops at my really slim waist."

Jason paused, then threw in “I had to exercise a lot to get my waist so wonderfully small.” He finished that statement with a giggle.

“What about your face?” the voice urged. That was a little unusual - most callers didn’t care about the *face*, after all - but not unheard of.

Well, since he’d said he was a blonde... “I’ve got pale, blue eyes and really long lashes. But people say the best part of my face is my sexy lips.”

“And your breasts? How big are they?” Joe asked.

Jason paused for the barest instant. This call was unusual. By now, the other voice was usually getting excited. Also, with a loaded question about ‘her’ breasts - usually, tits or boobs, actually - the tone usually gave some indication of what the caller wanted to hear. But Joe’s voice was the same calm, amused voice as when they’d started.

Jason decided to ‘Go-for-broke’. “They’re huge.” He cooed, hoping that Joe liked ‘em big. “Absolutely *enormous*.”

The voice still held no trace of either approval or disappointment. “The nipples?” “Really big, sexy ones.”

“What kind of shoes do you like to wear, Randi?”

Definitely getting weirder. By now, they’d be into the ‘sex’ part, not discussing footwear. “I *love* high-heels. The taller the better. They make my walk so sexy.”

Joe continued with his questions. “And what type of clothes do you wear?”

Jason was really starting to wonder about this guy. “I love sexy clothes that show off my fabulous body. Clothes that really turn men on.” He said. Where the hell was this going?

Then again, Jason thought, it didn’t really matter. As long as Joe stayed on the line, Jason kept making money.

“So, Randi, what do you do for fun?” Joe asked next.

“Oh, I love to be in public and turn men on.” Jason improvised off the cuff. “One of my goals in life is to give every man who sees me a raging hard-on. I want to be a walking ‘come on’ to every dick on the planet.” Jason ‘giggled’. Randi was quite the bimbo, Jason thought with a smile.

“What about sex?” Joe asked. Still, the same amused tone.

“Oh, I love sex. I’m so great at it too. I have this incredibly long tongue, so I give mind-blowing head. My cunt is really tight, and I know *just* how to use it. I also love getting tit fucked - in fact I just love the feel of cum on me, everywhere.”

Finally, it was getting back on track. Joe's next question was heading in the right direction too.

"Tell me, Randi." He asked, "What's your ultimate fantasy?"
Hmm... "I'd love to meet this group of guys - collage students," Jason said, making it up as he went, "who are all, like, perfect studs. They'd invite me to this party. I'd get all dressed up, really sexy, and go to their frat house. We'd party for a bit, then they'd ask me to strip, right? So I would, real sexy like. They'd all get really turned on, and it would get all their *huge*, thick cocks hard."
Jason paused for a second to see whether Joe liked where this was going. Apparently he did.

"Go on," he urged, "tell me every kinky detail." Oddly enough, his voice was still level. Oh well, let's see if I can't change that, Jason thought. He didn't realize that, for the first time, he was actually enjoying a call. It was a challenge, and Jason loved challenges.

Kinky details, hmm?

"Well, this is what would happen...."
Half an hour later, voice still perfectly level with a hint of amusement, Joe thanked him and hung up.
For some reason, Jason felt vaguely... cheated.
Hours later, the odd call was forgotten, blurred by the dozens of roughly similar calls in the interval.

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Jason yawned and blinked, rolling over to check the time on the clock. The late afternoon sun was kept off the apartment by the drawn blinds, leaving the apartment dim.

Jason rolled out of bed and stretched mightily. Slipping a bathrobe on over his boxer shorts, he headed to the kitchen and started a pot of coffee brewing, then popped into the bathroom for his 'morning' ritual of shit, shave, shower and shampoo.

Returning to the kitchen, he fixed himself a cup of coffee. Opening the fridge, he leaned against the open door and tried to decide what to make for 'breakfast'. Just then the phone - his regular phone - rang. Letting the door to the fridge swing shut, Jason carried his coffee mug into the living room. Taking a sip of the steaming liquid, he put the mug down and picked up the phone.

"Hi, Randi speaking." He said in a bubbly, sexy voice.

And stopped dead, a shocked look on his face. He hadn't tried to use a feminine voice, and why the hell had he called himself Randi?

A voice was issuing through the receiver, trying to extol the virtues of a long distance company, but Jason wasn't paying attention. Absently, he hung up the phone.

"What the hell is going on?" he asked out loud, hearing the same chipper, feminine soprano. He cleared his throat repeatedly.

"Testing, testing.... What the fuck is wrong with me?" he said angrily, unable to change to sound of his voice to anything other than the same bright, sexy voice. Closing his eyes and forcing himself to calm down, Jason concentrated on producing his own, male voice.

"I am Randi Dixon....FUCK!" He finished. Not only had he still used the same voice, but he'd said Randi when he'd tried to say Jason. Jason tried to say his own name again, then again when he failed. No matter how hard he tried, all that came out was 'Randi', in a feminine voice. "This is too fucking weird."

He took a deep breath and tried a different line of attack.

"The name of that guy from the horror movies is...Jason."

So far, so good. He smiled at the sound of the name he wanted to say, even if it was in a sexy, feminine voice. Next step.

"My name is the same as his."

Okay. Now, the sneak attack.

He concentrated hard. While he spoke, he pretended he was that horror character. He was that guy, so, his name would be...

"My name is Randi"

"GOD DAMN IT TO HELL!" Jason roared. Well, tried to, any way. The cute, sexy voice he was helplessly speaking in was particularly ill suited for roaring. What the hell was going on?

For the next twenty minutes, if anyone had walked into the room, they would have gotten a complete surprise.

They would have seen a tall, muscular young man with dark hair, stalking around the room angrily. In a sexy, chipper voice, he kept calling himself 'Randi', and cursing.

Jason had given up on Jason - now he was trying to call himself by any name but Randi. No matter how much he tried, that was the name that emerged from between his lips.

Finally, mind whirling in frustration, anger and confusion, Jason collapsed into his easy chair. What was going on was simply impossible. How could *his own voice* betray him?

Suddenly, his whirling mind latched on to an answer. It must be psychological.

“Sure!” Jason said in the feminine voice, snapping his fingers. “I have a subliminal problem with my new job, and it’s my psyche acting up!” Well, that was a relief. Of course, identifying the problem was only the first step in curing it.

Jason rooted around in the table until he pulled out the telephone book, and flipped open the book to ‘psychiatrists’.

Not knowing any of the ones listed, Jason picked one at random. Balancing the book in one hand, he cradled the receiver between his ear and shoulder and punched in the number...

...only to receive a recording with the hours the doctor was in. A few more calls with similar results soon convinced Jason that every shrink in the city called it a day at four o’clock sharp.

With a sigh, Jason hung up the regular phone, and slumped back in the chair. Replacing the phone book, he reached over and flicked the switch on the red phone. Seconds later, it’s odd warble filled the apartment. Jason picked up the phone.

“Hi! I’m Randi! What’s your name...”

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Five hours later, slightly punch-drunk with fatigue, Jason hung up the phone and switched it off. He still planned on taking some more calls - but after he got some coffee in him. Standing, he stretched mightily and wandered into the kitchen. Opening the fridge, he groaned. There was no cream.

“Oh, shit.” He murmured in the sexy feminine voice. He had used it so much during the evening, he was actually used to it now, and barely noticed it.

Grabbing his wallet and keys, he stepped outside the apartment and locked it, then headed towards the nearest convenience store, two blocks away.

The heat of the day had faded into a pleasantly cool evening without a sharp edge of chill. Dressed, as usual, in jeans and a sweatshirt - he kept the AC in the apartment pretty high - Jason felt completely comfortable, and the walk was a good way to get the kinks out of his body.

At the store, he purchased the cream quickly. He might have temporarily forgotten he was stuck with a feminine voice, but it didn't matter. Aside from a single grunt, the cashier was silent, and Jason had no great urge to start a conversation.

With the creme in hand, he started to walk home again. He had only gone a few dozen yards, however, when something happened. He fell down.

"What the fuck?" Jason exclaimed, the confused obscenity sounding strange in a sexy, chipper voice. He looked down to see what he could have tripped over. His own shoes. Suddenly, they were too big for his feet. Like wearing clown shoes, he'd just stumbled out of them. How the hell could *that* happen? He sat beside the footwear and stared at them. They seemed unchanged. Confused, Jason reached down to pull off his socks - and stared at his feet as he gasped.

They were smaller, more slender, daintier.

They were extremely feminine feet.

Glancing around to make sure nobody was watching his strange antics, Jason grabbed his shoes and socks, and ducked into an alleyway. Quickly, he undid his jeans and slid them down.

"Un-dirty word-believable!" Jason gasped. All of the sudden, he felt the great need to sit down again. He pulled his pants back up before doing so. Not for decorum's sake - that was the furthest thing from his mind right now. He pulled them up so he didn't have to stare at the long, shapely and complete hairless feminine legs that extended from his crotch to his new, dainty feet. Even his ankles were shapely. At least his, um, *equipment* was still intact - though it *did* look odd nestled between two smooth, womanly thighs. Stunned, Jason slowly clambered to his feet. Barefoot, carrying his shoes and socks in one hand and the cream in the other, he walked home, mind spinning. Letting himself in, he locked the door behind him with a relieved grunt. Hesitantly, he piled his load on the table, then slowly peeled off his jeans to get a good look at whatever had happened.

There was no doubt about it - his legs were no a very sexy, long pair of women's legs. Running a hand up and down them to verify their reality, he not only felt their silky smoothness on his palms, but felt his palms through the legs. The felt completely normal in terms of response to stimuli - the just didn't look normal. Not on him, at any rate.

Staring down at his transformed appendages, Jason came to only one clear-cut, undeniable fact.

It wasn't psychological. The subconscious might force a man who had the ability to sound like a woman use it, but it couldn't turn a pair of hairy, masculine legs into smooth, sexy feminine ones.

Jason decide to go to bed. It seemed an odd decision, but it was well thought out. Going to sleep now meant that he'd awake early enough to go see somebody about this tomorrow - if he decided to. He wasn't quite sure who he would see about this, if, in fact, he decided to see anybody at all. It was just so damn weird!

With that less than cheery thought, Jason toddled off to bed on his new legs.

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Jason slowly awoke the next day at just after noon. For a few minutes, he just stared stupidly at his clock, wondering what had possessed him to wake so early. Then everything flooded back, and he sat bolt upright while yanking of the covers. As he completed the motion, several things clamored desperately for his attention simultaneously.

The first was the golden cloud that fogged his vision as he whipped forward. A mass of pale blonde hair falling in front of his eyes - apparently, from his own scalp.

The second was the hands grasping the covers. Slender and dainty, with long, clear nails tipping each supple finger. The hands were attached, via shapely, slender wrists, to smooth, less muscular arms completely lacking his normal, dark coating of fine hair. In other words, a woman's arms.

That perfectly matched the same long, silken legs he possessed. "Holy fucking SHIT!" Jason cried, tumbling out of bed in shock. He stared for a few seconds at his? Hands, then used the long-nailed fingers to grasp and hold a hank of the blonde hair for observation.

Unsteadily, he clambered to his feet and walked into the bathroom, his breath tight in his chest.

The mirror confirmed his worst fears. His face itself was unchanged, but now it was surrounded bay a mane of platinum blonde hair that trailed in gentle waves down his back, in a snarl of 'bed-head'.

And below his unaltered face, two feminine, graceful arms sprouted from shoulders that were no longer broad and muscular, as his had always been. No, the feminine arms were attached to feminine shoulders, above his hairy chest. "This isn't happening" Jason tried to assure his reflection, in that damned sexy female voice.

His reflection didn't buy it. Well, neither did he.

He decide that, embarrassment be damned, he was going to see somebody about this, and damn soon. If he could only figure out who to see. This wasn't exactly your run of the mill medical emergency - somehow, Jason doubted that the Los Angeles County Hospital's ER saw dozens of cases of spontaneous metamorphosis on a daily basis.

Quickly, Jason showered - trying hard to ignore how the altered portions of his body felt...and failing - and shaved. Then, he rummaged through his dresser for some clothes. Like many bachelors, laundry day wasn't exactly something he looked forward to, and most of his things were dirty. *Very* dirty, with a rather distinct aroma.

Finally, Jason pulled on his gym clothes, which were clean because he'd never actually gotten around to signing up at a gym. A pair of black track pants and a gray medium-weight sweatshirt. Not great, but it covered his arms and legs - he sure as hell wasn't wearing shorts and a T-shirt.



Then he brushed out his new, longer hair and fixed it into a ponytail, which he stuck through the back of a faded black ball-cap. With a pair of sunglasses, it

was a very 'California' look - lots of guys had ponytails like that, although not many in that particular shade of blonde. Still, it wouldn't warrant a second glance.

The next problem was his hands and feet. He wanted to disguise his dainty hands, which was secondary to his other problem - all his shoes were too large for his smaller feet.

He solved the shoe problem by pulling on white athletic socks and a pair of strap sandals. The straps weren't designed to tighten that much, but he poked a few extra holes to make it work.

His hands turned out to be simple - the sweatshirt was one of the types with the large 'pouch' pocket at the midriff. After locking his apartment, Jason simply stuck his hands in the pouch, and sauntered off.

He'd decided to see a psychiatrist after all. For one good reason - if he showed up in the ER, the doctors would assume that he was nuts. So, if he went to a psychiatrist first, got him to believe, then had the psychiatrist arrange for Jason to see a doctor of some kind, he'd avoid the whole hassle. Jason was fairly proud of that chain of logic, actually.

He even had the presence of mind to have the correct change for the bus in his right hand, tucked into the pocket. Until then, he'd never realized how awkward it was to board a bus without using your hands, but he managed. The only time his hand emerged from hiding was one quick motion to drop the change in the fare box, over and done so quick that the driver couldn't have seen the hand, if he had of been interested in doing so.

He wasn't, of course.

Thankfully, this time of day the cross-town bus was nearly empty. One old lady sat, half nodding, just behind the driver. Jason picked the seat at the very rear of the bus, where he could take his altered hands out without anyone being able to see them, due to the seat backs between him and the two others at the front of the noisy diesel vehicle. He relaxed as the bus rumbled away from the curb. His relaxation vanished twenty minutes later as the bus continued to trundle through its route.

The old lady had gotten off a few stops ago, and now Jason was able to stare blankly at the front of the bus without anyone thinking he was a weirdo. The driver was obscured by a small partition behind his seat. Then, without warning, several sensations struck Jason.

The first was that somebody had grabbed his balls and was gently squeezing the. At the same time, there was a tightness at his hips and ass, while his ass felt as if he was being pushed further down in the seat.

A casual glance down showed what caused the sensations. His previously slightly baggy track pants were now stretched taut over his suddenly wider hips and significantly fuller ass. The tight material clearly outlined his limp cock, and the taut fabric was what was squeezing his scrotum uncomfortably.

“Ah, shit.” Jason whispered to himself. Making sure that the driver couldn’t see, Jason set about repositioning things for more comfort while he silently swore to himself.

It was a major effort to force his hands down the front of his straining pants, but he finally managed to find a position for his dick that wasn’t too uncomfortable - tucked back between his legs. He found the smooth crotch it created disturbing - a casual onlooker couldn’t tell he had a cock at all.

Suddenly, Jason was overwhelmed with the conviction he was doing the wrong thing. Going to a psychiatrist would be dumb - after all, the psychiatrist didn’t know what Jason had looked like. The story would sound nuts. Hell, Jason was living through it, and it still sounded nuts. The doc would figure that Jason had always looked that way, and had repressed Homo- or Trans-sexual tendencies, or some similar shit.

Without thinking, Jason reached up and pulled the cord. All he knew is he had to get off the bus and do some rethinking before his did something stupid. The bus pulled up to a stop, and Jason rose and headed for the rear doors.

And immediately found that his wider hips wanted to move differently than he was used to. With a wider center of gravity, they tended to swivel and sway.

Trying to minimized the motion, Jason quickly departed the bus.

The driver, watching in the mirror, saw a young, slim-shouldered man with long blonde hair getting off his bus. The guy was wearing a pair of pants that fit his crotch and ass like a second skin, and the guy wiggled his hips as he walked like a bad parody of a woman’s stride.

“Fuckin’ faggots” the driver muttered, pulling away.

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Jason, left alone on the sidewalk of a part of town he wasn’t familiar with, while his body was turning traitor against him, did the only thing he could think of. He ducked into an alley.

He needed time to think. Things were rapidly getting out of hand. Hell, they'd already gotten out of hand - and they weren't even his hands anymore. Not really.

"All right, Jason, think!" he whispered to himself, trying to pace up and down the dark alley. He discovered the only way to keep from having over-exaggerated hip movements was to make smaller steps. And swing his now feminine arms to counter balance. It worked - if he didn't mind performing an exact copy of how a woman in flats walked.

"This is just fucking crazy." He said, as viciously as a cheerful, sexy voice would allow. "It can't be happening!"

But he knew it was, and he had to find a way to deal with it. Because, who knew what might happen...

Before the young...man...could even finish the thought, he felt a... - a tugging sensation is the best way he could describe it - at his waist. Stopping short, he sighed, and lifted up his shirt tail.

And groaned at the sight of a remarkably slender waist above the smooth curve of his womanly hips.

"I don't fucking believe it."

He resumed his pacing, his small, oval track a perfect metaphor of the way his brain spun uselessly, trying to get a grip on this unbelievable event. Finally, he decided that if he was going to be confused, he might as well be comfortably confused. There was that bar he'd passed just around the corner...

"Damn!" Jason swore angrily. "I can't go into a bar like this. I'm a freak. I walk like a woman, I sound like a woman, my hands are..."

He drifted off into silence as the thought bloomed in his mind. He tried to push it away, but it kept coming back to circle in his mind like a school of sharks circling a raft full of tasty castaways.

Sighing heavily, he realized he had no choice. If he had to sound and walk like a woman, then the only way not to draw attention to himself was to not be a man with a woman's voice and walk - but be a woman. Not a terribly attractive one, granted, but hey, not all women are beautiful.

Jason decided it was worth a shot - he really wanted that drink right now. With another sigh - he seemed to be doing that a lot more often than he used to - Jason pulled off his cap and slung it into the garbage, fluffing his mane of pale blonde hair into a halo around his head.

Next, he took off his socks. Stepping back into the sandals, he balled each sock up separately, then shoved them under the sweatshirt, which he rolled the sleeves up on. He left the sunglasses on.

Without a mirror, he couldn't accurately judge the results, but his mental image was close. With the tight crotch with no sign of a penis, and the womanly arms, he looked like a big-boned, flat-chested and not terribly good looking woman. Working up the nerve, he headed over to the bar. Pausing - hesitating - for a second out side of the door, he finally opened it and went inside.

Nobody paid any attention to him. The few patrons of the dimly lit hole-in-the-wall bar looked up, saw an unattractive woman - who was probably a lesbian (technically, they were right) - and went back to their drinks. Jason ordered a beer, in the feminine voice his was stuck with, and the bartender didn't even give 'her' a second look as he handed it across. Taking his drink, he retired to a dark corner booth and tried to work out a plan of attack, something he could do about whatever was happening to him.

It didn't do much good. Despite the "lubrication" provided by the beer, his mind continued to come up blank. He couldn't figure out how or why this was happening, or how to stop it, much less reverse what had already happened. It was like some urban myth, a modern horror story told by teen while swilling forbidden beer and looking at illicit magazines.

Yet, it was happening to him. It wasn't a myth, or a story - right now, it was his life.

The only thing that Jason got out of the whole thing was the time intervals between changes. Between his voice changing and the legs was five and a half hours, or there about.

He was asleep during the change to his hair and hands, but so far, each change had happened one at a time. In conjunction with what he already knew, he jotted ideas out on a napkin and worked out a rough time frame, that worked out like this: 5 and a half hours 2 hours 5 hours 1 and a half hours, and so on, right down the line, coming closer together. Which meant the next change should occur...

Jason quickly checked his watch and 'guesstimated' at what time the last one occurred. A short time span between the hips and waist, which meant the next one was due in four hours, give or take. About five-thirty in the afternoon. Of course, knowing perhaps *when* didn't tell him *what*, or *why*, but it was a start - plus, he could be sure to be alone at the time, so he didn't freak people out. Which meant he could get nice and drink before having to try and deal with the whole thing.

So, he did.

* * * * *

“Miss?...miss?!...*miss!*”

It finally dawned on Jason that the bartender was talking to him. “Yesh?” He slurred, somehow managing to sound sexy and chipper even drunk. “It’s five twenty...you asked me to...?” The burly, florid face man ran off, hoping to jog the royally drunk woman’s memory.

“Oh, yeah. I...gotta go powder my face.” Jason managed, the most creative thing he could come up with while this drunk. Staggering, he managed to get to his feet and stumble towards the bathroom. He was just opening the door when the bartender was at his side, turning him gently around.

“Uh, that’s the men’s. This is the ladies.”

It took Jason several seconds to realize why the bartender was turning him towards the ladies room, but finally nodded. “Shanks.” The bartender shook his head as the lesbian stumbled into the bathroom, then returned to watching over his bar.

Inside the washroom, Jason collapsed on one of the toilets and blinked at his watch. He wasn’t quite positive what, exactly, he was waiting for, but was sure that he’d find out before too long.

Twenty minutes later he sighed. He must have screwed up - nothing had happened. He staggered upright and headed for the door.



He almost missed it. A sweeping glance in the mirror in his condition wasn't a lasting impression. But it was just enough to bring him back for a closer look. Adrenaline flooded through his system at the sight.

A stranger was looking back at him.

His face was completely altered. It was a bright, somehow Southern face, with bright blue eyes and a pert nose. But by far, the most memorable feature was the soft, full lips below the nose. Even without any lipstick they looked full and inviting.

All of the sudden Jason was nearly sober. Stunned, he slowly ran his fingers across the sexy/innocent young woman looking back at him from the mirror. "Damn, I *hate* being right." Jason said sadly. If he was right this time, that meant he could expect another change in about half an hour - something he wasn't looking forward to.

Walking with only a slight stagger, Jason went back out to the bar and headed for the door.

The bartender glanced up as the woman walked through - and his jaw dropped. Still flat-chested, she was definitely more attractive, her face considerably more sexy.

“Holy shit!” he whispered. “When she said she was going to powder her face, I had no idea...”

* * * * *

Leaving the bar, Jason walked over to the bus stop and began to dig through his pocket for change - and cursed. While royally drunk, he'd spent all his money, not leaving him bus fair. Worse, he'd left his ATM card at home, and couldn't draw any cash. With an angry shake of his head, he began his hike home, knowing it would take at least four hours to get there from here.

At least the sandals were fairly comfortable to walk in. He kicked himself for wasting the entire day. He should have found somebody to help him - someone who knew him. Which meant going back to Iowa, and his old family doctor. If nothing else, maybe he could get a prescription for a sedative.

Which would be great, because he was hovering very close to the edge of panic. The sheer absurdity was actually what kept from panicking. He was so busy trying to deal with what was happening rationally that he didn't have time for panic. It was too new, too different, to allow anything but confusion - and to some degree, awe - to control him.

He checked his watch for the fifth time, finding that the time period between changes was almost up. Quickly, he looked around, and discovered a nice, secluded alley to duck into and wait out the change. Taking a seat on a garbage can in the far back of the alley, he closed his eyes.

“Please, not my cock. Don't take that.” He whispered to whatever force was doing this to him. As long as he still had that, he wasn't *really* a woman, no matter how much he might look, sound or walk like one. Five minutes later, he got his wish - sort of. After the change, he did have his cock still.

When the change arrived, he was staring down at his crotch, where he'd shifted his penis so it was once more clearly visible through the taut cloth. Then, he felt a pressure in his chest, and the sweatshirt rapidly began to bulge outward. His view of his crotch was blocked out as the sweatshirt, propelled by blossoming breasts beneath it, bulged out...

...and out, and out. The growth rapidly passed an average B cup, slipped past C and D, and all but skipped past DD and DDD without even slowing.

Jason found himself slowly leaning forward, pulled downward by the mass of his growing endowments. They grew heavier as they expanded, finally stopping. Despite the fact that he now had tits hanging from his chest, Jason, amazingly, ignored them. Their growth had blocked his line of sight to his cock, and in panic he grabbed his cock, sighing in relief as he felt it still in place. Rearranging his cock so it was once more invisible, he at last turned his attention to his new endowments.

They were huge...no, enormous. His sweatshirt was strained to the limit by the mass of breast flesh behind it, and Jason had to struggle to pull the tight material up and look at his new tits.

Easily a JJJ cup, his enormous tits were round, firm masses of creamy flesh topped with large, thick, pink nipples. Hanging from his slenderer chest, they seemed to weigh a ton.

“Holy fuck!” Jason gasped, lightly touching them. “They’re gigantic!” With an effort, he managed to pull the shirt back down over his gigantic, firm tits. They were so large that the shirt barely covered them, leaving his amazingly slender waist bare.

Jason knew that anybody looking at him would see a huge-breasted, sexy woman. He looked and sounded like one, and nobody could tell that hidden between his legs was a cock. To the rest of the world, he was a woman. A teen-aged boy’s wet dream, brought to life.

Jason stood up - and almost fell over, unbalanced by the weight of his enormous tits. Carefully, he walked up and down the alley, getting used to the feel of his body.

With each step, his huge tits swayed back and forth, the shifting weight a completely new experience for Jason. When he was fairly sure he was accustomed to the shifting weight, he left the alley and began to head home. Every step he took drove home the changes. The swivel of his womanly hips, the gentle bounce of his huge tits, the breeze blowing over his slender, feminine waist... He felt like crying, in anger, fear, and confusion.

Then Jason discovered the other part of being like this. Leaning against the side of a Z-28, eyeing him with amazement - and lust - was a young man, a smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

Great. Not only did he have to walk all the way home, but the entire time put up with men like this one...

The thought occurred to Jason like a flashbulb going off, and he couldn't stop the smile that came to his full, soft lips. She let it remain, as she walked directly towards the young man, who flushed at getting caught staring.

"Look, uh..." the young man stuttered.

"Hi, I'm Randi. What's your name?" Jason asked in his sexy voice.

The young man's jaw dropped. He couldn't seem to make his eyes reach her face, focusing several inches lower. "Uh...Steve."

"Steve, I need some help. I'm trying to get down to Brodbent street. Can you give me a lift?" Jason asked with a smile, knowing exactly what the answer would be.

Twenty minutes later, he was dropping into his couch. As weird and annoying as having Steve stare at her tits the entire time had been, it was cheaper than cab fare.

In the privacy of his own apartment, Jason finally gave into his impulse. Going into his bedroom, he stripped off his clothes and walked naked into the bathroom, and started running water for the tub.

While the tub filled, he turned to face the full length mirror on the back of the door, and get his first real look at his altered body. Staring back at him was - almost - an unrealistically sexy woman.

Along, wavy mane of platinum blonde hair framed a face that was simultaneously sexy and innocent. Bright, pale blue eyes - looking particularly brainless - poised above a pert nose above full soft lips.

A slender neck led down to slim shoulders, which in turn exploded out into huge, firm round tits that defied reality, then shrunk down into a remarkably slender waist, before swelling back out for the wide womanly hips.

Long slender legs led down to trim ankles and dainty feet. The only flaw in the picture was the cock and balls nestled between silken thighs. A cock that was rapidly getting hard as Jason looked at his unreal body - he was turning himself on!

Turning away from the mirror, he shut off the water and climbed into the tub. He set about washing his altered form.

He started with his hair, finding it awkward and difficult to wash and shampoo the mass of hair - he knew now why women didn't all have long hair. It was a real pain. It also seemed to weigh a ton when wet, trying to drag his head back.

Next he soaped and washed his legs, feeling their smooth, soft skin under his slender, dainty fingers. Then, he started to wash his newest alterations - and his plan for a simple plan went out the window.

He was amazed at how good it felt as his hands slid over their bulk. When his hands reached his now-engorged nipples, a bolt of pleasure rocked him. Closing his eyes, he began to play with his sensitive nipples, caressing and fondling his tits.

Soon one hand slid down to where his cock stood at rigid attention. He began to jack off, waves of pleasure rebounding back and forth between chest and crotch, until he shot his load.

Embarrassed at what he'd done, Jason quickly cleaned off and hopped out. For the next half hour he sat, naked, on the toilet, using the blow-dryer on his hair and cursing it. Finally, it was dry. He walked back to his room and crossed to the closet, trying to ignore the way the cool air-conditioned air felt on his swollen, pink nipples. He slid the closet open...

...and staggered backwards on his bed, shaking uncontrollably.

"No. No, it...I..." Jason stammered, staring. Lined up neatly along the bottom of the closet was shoes. Women's shoes.

All of them with heels of various styles and heights.

It was odd, but the sight of the shoes hit Jason harder than his own changes. The human body was a living organisms - it grew, healed, got fatter or thinner - it was changeable, and what had happened to Jason was only a matter of degree and form of change. Give enough hormones over long enough time, Jason could have achieved a form nor to different than the one he now wore.



But shoes - those should never be able to change.

In front of Jason's shocked eyes, another change occurred. The clothes hanging in the closet began to writhe and change form, becoming what Jason was sure was feminine clothing - and in the sizes to fit his altered body.

Although he'd quite smoking six months ago - he'd started simply because his mother had disapproved - Jason had a sudden, overwhelming craving for the calming influence of nicotine. And a drink. Several drinks, as a matter of fact.

He didn't have any booze or smokes in the house, and he knew what going out would involve, but right now, all of Jason's being was focused on one thing - getting that smoke he wanted so desperately. The thought of dressing in women's clothing, of going out in public like this wasn't enough to derail his urge, no matter how unsavory the thought was. He couldn't shake his need for a smoke. And, of course, several ounces of the Ethanol of his choice. Any first year med student could have diagnosed the symptoms. The clammy skin, the shaking hands, the illogical and disconnected thought processes. Jason was deeply in shock, his mind not firmly anchored in reality. In the same dazed manner, Jason began to dress. First, he rooted through his drawers, finally emerging with a bra and panty combination. Quickly he pulled on the black, French cut lace panties, tucking his cock back out of sight. Then, he struggled awkwardly to put the huge black bra on. He finally put it on backwards, clasped the hooks, turned it around and pulled the cups up over his gigantic tits.

The next part of dressing was a little more difficult - apparently, there was nothing in the entire wardrobe that could be called conservative. So, Jason was faced with the task of finding the least uncomfortable outfit for him to wear. He finally settle on a pair of black jeans and a black velour T-shirt.

The jeans he had to struggle into, as they were literally skin tight. Likewise the T-shirt, which clung to the curve of his massive bosom.

Lastly, he slipped his dainty feet into a pair of black leather pumps with a three-inch heel, the shortest in the collection. Dimly, through his shock-induced haze, he was not surprised to find that he had no problem walking in the heels. His wallet had turned into a black purse. Jason grabbed it and headed out. Locking the door behind him, he walked in a daze down to the convenience store and bought a pack of cigarettes while the clerk openly ogled 'her' outrageous figure.

"Where's the nearest place I can get something to drink?" Jason asked the cashier, and was told that there was a night-club just around the corner. Walking with the least sexy stride he could manage in the heels, Jason ankleed off the club. As he strode into the building, and was enveloped in the music, he didn't notice the many pairs of eyes tracking him as he went to the bar and got a scotch. Settling into a booth, he lit the cigarette and drew it deeply into his lungs, following it with a sip of his drink.

"Hey, gorgeous, can I buy you a drink?" A voice asked, and Jason turned to see a tall, tanned 'surfer' type leering at him.

"No." Jason tried - and failed - to put ice in his cheerful voice. The man shrugged and walked off. Jason finished his drink.

The alcohol started to kick in. Unknowingly, it was the best thing he could have done - settling his nerves, the scotch began to pull him out of his shock, and his mind steadied.

About to get up for another drink, he looked up in surprise as a bottle of beer was placed on the table in front of him. He looked up to see a young, intelligent looking man with a shock of dark hair, and bright, intelligent eyes peering through a pair of glasses.

“Mind if I sit down?” he asked politely.

“Look I’m not...” Jason started, only to be interrupted.

“I saw the last guy. Um, no offense, but the way you look, you’re going to get hit on a lot. I figured if I sat with you, it might deter other guys.” He held up both hands. “I’m not trying anything, I swear.”

Jason saw only honesty from the man’s face. It made sense, too. Jason waved the bespectacled man to sit down, and held out it dainty hand. “I appreciate it. I’m Randi.”

“Jeff.”

Jason sipped at the drink. He’d planned to get another scotch, but found that the beer hit the spot better. “Thanks for the drink.”

Jeff shrugged his shoulders, then smiled and leaned forward. “So, what’s a nice place like this doing wrapped around a girl like you?”

Jason laughed, spraying beer.

* * * * *

“Excuse me, I have to use the...uh, little girl’s room.” Jason said, rising to his feet. Jeff nodded, and Jason headed off, reminding himself to use the women’s bathroom.

To his surprise, he’d actually enjoyed the last two hours. Jeff was an intelligent, amusing guy, and for the first time in his life Jason hadn’t been faced with the undercurrent of competitiveness that men projected when they talked to each other. It was only now, with it gone, that he realized it had even existed.

Opening the door to the restroom, Jason almost stopped dead, and forced himself to go in. Nervously, he avoided meeting the eyes of the other women in the room, reminding himself that, to them, he looked like he fit in perfectly.

Going into the stall, he relieved himself and flushed the toilet. He was just swinging the door open when it felt like a flashbulb went off in his brain.

Jason stopped, shocked. Stepping back, she swung the door of the stall shut and assured herself that her cock was still in place. It was.

She frowned. It was about the right interval, but nothing had seemed to have changed. What's more, she'd never felt that 'mental flash' with any of the other changes.

Just then, she felt his cock under her hand twitch - and slide out of her hand, moving inwards. In shock, her hands touched her crotch, feeling the moist wet slit that had replaced her male equipment.

"I've got a cunt" she murmured, wide-eyed. For some reason, it didn't throw her into a panic like she expected. She waited for the horror, and it refused to come. Standing, she pulled her jeans up and headed for the door. She didn't realize that her walk had changed - she was now moving with a sexy, hip swinging strut that emphasized her firm, ripe ass, and did enticing things to her enormous tits. Arriving back at the booth, she unconsciously gave Jeff a bright, enticing smile. "Hey there, handsome, I'm ready to head out."

"Want me to walk you home?" Jeff asked, trying to figure out why she was all of the sudden quite obviously coming on to him.

Randi was wondering why the hell she'd called him 'handsome.' So, it came as a surprise to her when she agreed. What's more, as they walked away, she found herself taking his arm, and pressing her huge tits against him.

'What the hell was going on with her?' she wondered. She hadn't yet noticed that she was now thinking of herself as Randi. Her memories weren't affected, but her thought patterns had changed.

Arriving back at her apartment, she unlocked the door and pushed it open. So, she was facing away from Jeff when an odd look suddenly passed over his face and was gone.

"Hey, Randi." He said, "me and my frat brothers are having a get together tonight. You want to come over?"

'No, I don't' Randi thought, and was shocked to find herself smiling at him saying. "I'd love to, Jeff. Just let me get changed."

Jeff smiled back. "Sure. I'll go back to the club and grab the car." He turned and walked off.

As if in a dream, Randi found herself going into the apartment. Shutting the door behind her, she helplessly found herself heading towards the bedroom, undressing as she went.

She struggled to stop herself, but it was like she was a passenger in her own body, unable to control her actions. Twenty minutes later, she was climbing into Jeff's car, and he headed off to the frat house.

Opening the door, Jeff led Randi into the frat house. Walking into the living area, Jeff cleared his throat to get the attention of the other nine frat boys, sitting around, bored, while a local rock station pounded away on the small Sony stereo.

"Guys, I'd like you to meet...Randi!"

The guys looked up uninterestedly - then slowly rose to their feet, jaws hanging agape, as the living wet dream walked into the room with a sexy sway.



She was balanced atop black platform shoes with six inch heels. From the shoes rose a pair of long, shapely legs encased in black nylons. The nylons disappeared under the short, tight black denim skirt that hugged a firm, sexy ass

and full womanly hips. The waist of the skirt was circled by a white leather belt that cinched tight to a deliciously slender waist. Above that waist was a black silk shirt, that strained outward, struggling to contain a massive pair of tits. The shirt's top buttons were open, revealing a delicious display of mouth watering cleavage.

If the gaping young men could have raised their gaze higher than that, they would have seen a slender neck, circled by a slender gold chain. Above this was an innocent yet amazingly sexy face. Full, soft lips, curved in an enticing smile, were a sexy shade of gloss red, below a small, upturned nose. Bright blue eyes sparkled below slender, arching eyebrows.

The whole package was complemented by a gorgeous blonde mass of hair, falling in gentle waves to her waist.

Randi saw the ten men gazing at her unbelievable body with lust - and to her horror, it was exciting it. Her stomach felt as if she was on a roller coaster, the thrill thundering through her veins, complemented by the hormones thundering through her.

She found herself moving forward, swaying to the beat of the music that filled the room. Smiling helplessly, she found her hands rising upwards. They lightly caressed the soft fabric pulled taut over her huge mounds.

Then, in a swift motion, she tore the blouse open, buttons popping off. She seductively removed the ruined blouse and let it drop, and swayed sexily with the music.

At the sight of the lacy black bra barely encasing her enormous tits, the young men clapped and whistled, bulges starting to form in their crotches as they settled in to watch her strip tease.

At the sight of their naked lust, Randi found herself laughing, a clear, bell-like tone. Swaying, she pushed her hands through her hair and wiggled her hips. Her hands slid to her bra encased tits and gently massaged them, before sliding across her flat stomach to undo her belt and skirt. She managed to remove the skirt by a few powerful gyrations of her hips, revealing her lacy black panties. Next, she removed her bra, setting her firm, round tits free. Her nipples were engorged atop her firm tits, which swayed as she moved to the music. Finally, with a flourish, she slid off her panties, exposing her wet cunt to the horny youths, who applauded.

"All *right!*" one of them called, eyeing her form lustily. Helplessly, Randi found a hungry smile on her lips as her eyes unerringly locked on the enormous bulge in his pants. She jiggled and swayed over to him.

“What’s your name, big boy?” she asked, gently caressing his crotch. Randi was horrified by the urges and thoughts running through her mind, but was unable to stop herself.

“Brad.” He replied, smiling widely.

“Do you have a fantasy, Brad?” she asked, bushing her endowments against his chest. “Because I’m going to fulfill your - all of your guys fantasies tonight.” There was a general intake of breath at the thought. Brad’s smile widened, and he nodded. “Oh yeah, I got a fantasy. Even better, I’ve got the key to the drama department’s costume and prop room. So you can really fulfill my fantasy.” Smiling helplessly, Randy wiggled into the skirt, and strapped on her blouse, leaving the rest in a pile on the floor. “Lead on, guys.”

* * * * *

Backstage, Randi heard Brad clear his throat, the signal he was ready. Randi struggled one last time to stop herself. He succeeded - for all of maybe two seconds, then helplessly wiggled out onto the stage. The stage had been set up to look like a posh sitting room in an elegant mansion. Seated in the leather armchair was Brad, dressed in a paisley smoking robe. He smiled at Randy as she swayed on onto stage. She was dressed in a ‘French maid’ uniform. The costume was too small in the bust, and barely covered the nipples of her enormous tits. “So, Monique, did you empty the tub?” Brad asked, trying to fake an English accent.

Randi found that her talent for voices had come back. “Oui, monsieur.”
“And the garbage. Did you empty that too?”

“Oui”

Brad smiled. “Then there is only one thing left for you to empty, my dear.” With that, he opened his robe, revealing a huge, erect penis, throbbing slightly with each beat of his heart. “Make sure you empty it completely.” Helplessly, Randi approached Brad and sank to her knees before him. Struggling mightily - and failing - she slowly bent down, her hand encircling his worm, hard cock.

Then, she opened her full, red lips, and commenced her first blow-job. Her warm mouth closed over his shaft, filling her with his ready man meat. She was shocked to find that it didn’t *feel* as disgusting as she’d expected - the feel of a hard, throbbing cock in her mouth was actually kind of...pleasant. She applied a light suction and let her incredibly long, supple tongue played with the head of his cock as her hand stroked his veined, throbbing dick. Although

this was her first time, she was performing like a skilled cock-sucker, knowing just the right rhythm to keep. To her horror, she found the sight of her own long nailed fingers wrapped around a hard, thick cock amazingly arousing. Using a combination of suction, tongue and hand, she slowly built Brad to a climax. His stiffened - and a wash of hot, salty cum flooded her 'eager' mouth. Helplessly, she tried to swallow the seemingly never ending flood. Gulping furiously, she was unable to keep up, and some dribbled from her mouth to splatter on her mouth-watering cleavage. After she'd finished draining Brad's gushing cock, she licked up the trails of cum running down the slope of her enormous bosom.

* * * * *

"Ah, my darling, it's finally time." With those words, Jeff, dressed in a tuxedo, embraced Randi. His lips came down, and she 'willingly' met them with her own. They kissed passionately, Jeff reveling in her long, supple tongues ministrations. Gently, he led her towards the bed and began to remove the straining wedding gown she wore, while she helped him out of the tuxedo. Nearly nude, she tumbled on to the bed, where Jeff began to massage and fondle her huge endowments, occasionally sucking lightly on her swollen nipples, causing pleasure to flood from them.

He stripped off her soaked panties. His cock was erect, almost thirteen inches long, and remarkably thick. As she stared in horrified fascination at the enormous dick hanging over her hot, wet pussy, she was terrified to discover that not only was her cunt hot and ready - but she really, *really* wanted it right now. And then his massive organ plunged into her waiting cunt, and all thoughts were washed from her mind on a wave of pure pleasure. Jeff began to pump, slowly and rhythmically, and little shudders of ecstasy shook Randi's body. His speed began to pick up, and the waves of pleasure began to build. She had never experienced such a sensation of being so completely . . . filled, as if for the first time in my life she was whole, with his gigantic penis filling her empty cunt, building me to a climax.

They orgasmed simultaneously, and he pumped hot cum into her spasming cunt as she screamed with the force of the multiple orgasms thundering through her body like an explosion of pure fulfillment.

"Oh, God!" Randi gasped, never knowing *anything* could feel so good...

* * * * *

Randi, dressed in an ill-fitting Army uniform watched 'the General' slowly walk around the desk that she was tied to in a bent over position.

“We have ways of making you talk, my dear.” The general told her in a poor German accent.

“I will never talk” she promised, wiggling slightly to relieve the pressure of her laying on her huge tits.

“Oh, yes you will.” The general promised, dropping his pants.

And after he'd finished fucking her tight, soft ass with his huge cock, she told him what he wanted to hear...

* * * * *

“Now, this experiment is to determine the quantity factor.” The ‘doctor’ told her. “Will you disrobe and lay on the examining table?”

As the doctor undressed, Randi shucked the hospital gown and lay back on the table. The doctor promptly climbed up and straddled her, laying his huge cock in the valley of her massive tits.

“Now, let's see if I can produce enough to soak not only your face, but your neck and tits to.”

It turned out he could...

* * * * *

Randi screamed in ecstasy, the cow-bell between her tits ringing madly as the ‘cowboy’ rode her off into the sunset...

Randi swallowed desperately, almost succeeding in keeping up with the flow her master, the sheik, was pumping into the mouth of his latest harem girl...

Randi tore off the apron as her ‘husband’ began to suckle her tits. Then she forcefully pushed him back on the table to and climbed atop him, to provide him with a proper sendoff before work...

...the policeman pounded mercilessly, punishing the ‘hooker’ for her crimes...

...the ‘damsel’ moaned as the knight in shining armor filled her ass with his ready ‘sword’...

...The phys. Ed. Teacher made sure the cheerleader would get that passing mark she needed...

...the nurse most decidedly helped her patient's problem with impotence...

* * * * *

Randi finished putting on her clothes after a shower to wash off the cum that had covered almost every inch of her impossible body.

“Gee guys, thanks for all the fun.” She giggled brainlessly, twirling her finger in her hair. “We’ll have to do it again some time!”

There was a general murmur of agreement from the guys. She turned to Jeff, who was waiting to give her a lift home. He lead her outside, and Randi followed, looking forward to getting back to the apartment and fucking his huge cock again.

No single thought - except sex - stayed in her empty mind more then a few minutes. Her I.Q. was only slightly higher than the average rock’s, and her sex drive was the highest on the planet. She perfectly fit the image of her body - and air-headed blonde California bimbo.

Jason should never have described his ‘fantasy’ using the phrase ‘..and they’ll fuck my brains out.’

THE BEGINNING...

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