

# “Nymph”

Written by BB47 - 2013



Warning, includes strong sexual themes. Intended for Adults only.

Andrin checked his pocket again for the hundredth time during their long trip back from the Solstace festival. He knew that the small, avocado-sized seed, carved with strange markings was quite safe in his deep coat pocket, but he felt the need to touch it just to be sure. These old roads caused the wagon to bump and jolt suddenly and he didn't want to take any chances.

“You alright there, son?” asked his Da, as he lightly slapped the reins to keep their old mare, Tula from slowing down.

“Yeah, sure.. wha.. why do you ask?” he said nervously, instantly mad at himself for acting defensive. *Breathe*, he told himself, *act natural!*

His father just grunted in a non-committal way.

The truth was that he was not a dishonest fellow. His parents were wonderful, salt-of-the-earth kind of people and he had never felt the need to be untruthful around them before.

But things had changed over the past year. *He* had changed. His 16th naming day had come and gone and he was no closer to finding a suitable mate than ever before. His sexual urges had become a stumbling block for him, over the past year, he had turned into a veritable ball of hormones - no.. worse.. he couldn't go a moment without thinking about sex. He found himself aroused by all manner of different things and knew that he needed to find a woman for him to channel his desires. He was quickly growing out of control. About a year ago, he had found an old lore book among his parents things when he was cleaning up the attic. His reading skills were quite poor, but it wasn't the words he was interested in; for among the pages had been all manner of drawings and sketches. It was a book on the rare magic creatures that inhabited their world. Gnomes, elves and sprites decorated the pages with their funny faces or gnarled hands. But, it was towards the back of the book that he had come across the drawings of the nymphs. Their divine forms and voluptuous bodies had instantly inflamed his lust. These few images had become his

complete obsession and the focus of all of his masturbatory activity. He sought their likeness wherever he looked. He realized a deep-rooted obsession and desire for extremely large breasts. He didn't know where his fixation came from, but come to think of it, it seemed that all of the women he knew (which wasn't many) were quite well endowed. Even his own mother had a huge bosom.

Since magical creatures were few, and banned from human villages, he had never really seen one. Socially, he found himself isolated within the paltry population of his childhood village.

Therein lies the problem. They were farmers on the far eastern outskirts of Noblash; their village was tiny and unfortunately for Andrin, there were not any eligible young ladies even close to his age except a very odd girl, Penelope, who was sequestered by her parents for some reason; it was rumored that she was deformed in some unspeakable way and he had only ever seen her small figure from a distance when they were much younger. Penelope's parents were rumored to be the richest family in the southern part of the kingdom and that they had old ties to royalty. Supposedly they owned quite a bit of land. And her father was some sort of retired military man. Although, that made no sense.. Andrin hadn't heard of any need for military for over a century since the humans had won the Black War against the Dracals. There had been a long period of peace. Perhaps he was some sort of ceremonial guard or something.

The next closest available female was either twice his age or half his age; obviously, neither would do. Not that he hadn't considered lying with the widow, Ms. Thames, she certainly seemed willing enough, and her huge bosom was strangely appealing but her age was too great a hurdle. However, if he didn't do something soon he'd probably sleep with anyone. He was already masturbating 4 times a day.

So it was his lust that had drawn him to the tent of the alchemist at the festival. Normally, per his father's strict instructions, he would stay alone with the cart on the outskirts and wait for his father to return. But this year, he snuck off as soon as his father was a good distance away. He was worried that someone would see him, so he had a carefully constructed story involving a foot rash if he was caught. He had never been inside the festival before.. but fortunately, it was easy for him to find the tent from the alley behind without really being seen.

The visit with the alchemist had been short and concise. He quickly explained his problem with his desires for a female companion and his struggles with his lust and asked for a remedy to suppress it. The old, wrinkled potion maker stared at him for a few moments, but then cackled and got a sneering look in his eyes. He quickly explained that a young man could not contain his passion, he could only redirect it. If 'lack' of a woman seemed to

be his problem, then perhaps he would be interested in 'growing' his own "temporary" desire... for a price.

Despite Andrin's shock and disgust at the suggestion, as the old man explained the idea, he realized that he could not betray his own desires any longer and minutes later found himself leaving the tent in the possession of the funny carved seed with all of his savings in the hands of the crooked-smiling alchemist. As he turned to leave, the dirty old man spoke up.

"Lad, might I offer a wee bit of warning," he squinted, "ye must plant the seed on the full moon.. and visit it as much as ye may like for a month... hehe.. enjoy yeself.. but do not visit tha' seed on the next full moon no matter what ye think.. heed me words, lad, heed me words."

Andrin just shrugged, not really understanding the big deal. Walking out he saw a small group of girls over by another tent. They were all pretty and varied in age, but every single one of them was large chested. He felt himself get hard. He blinked and rubbed his eyes as he circled around the tent.. and then stopped to glance back. His heart beat furiously with his arousal from the sight of them. At first glance, he thanked his luck that all of them were so curvy.. not that he would have the courage to talk to them. The short blonde pretty one, who looked about his age, looked like she had stuffed two large melons up inside her dress. He glanced over at the shopkeeper and he wasn't staring or leering at them.. he almost looked bored, like it was completely normal!

*Wow! he thought, they must all be related to have such a similar propensity for large breasts. God, I would love to spend the day with them!*

Come to think of it.. these were the first girls his age that he had ever seen in life. He stayed for another minute just watching them from his hidden spot.

Dirty thoughts of what he would like to do ran through his mind. Shaking his head, he turned to scurry back down the back path. He couldn't get the thought of them out of his mind. Why hadn't the shopkeeper noticed them? Was he blind? Minutes later he was back to the cart. And was lost in thought when his dad came back.

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"Have you gone to visit Penelope like I suggested, lad?" asked his father, jolting Andrin back to the present bumpy ride home.

"Wha.. oh.. no, da. What if she's just a muley hunchback or something, da? I don't want to

start somethin' and then have to worm my way back out.. it would be just plain uncomfortable," he blurted.

"Hunchback?" his father whispered. He just glanced strangely at the boy and shook his head and then looked back at the road.

His parents had obviously noticed his strange behavior and not being stupid, they realized that he was in need of a female companion. They had encouraged him to pay a visit to Penelope's farm and at least find out if she was courtable. Anything was better than his preoccupation with mythical creatures or false fantasies. His father had caught him reading the book and had sat him down to explain that magical beings were a waste of time and absolutely nothing like real humans. Everybody knew that faeries or nymphs didn't have emotions or feelings like humans and that they were ephemeral, transient beings.. just unfit imitations of a real flesh and blood woman. Plus, there were reports of strange side effects, not always positive, from being in contact with them.. they were drenched in spell dust. He needed to leave the childishness behind.

But two nights later, in the light of the full moon, he quietly slipped out of his window and made his way quietly down the old east back road that eventually led him to the edge of the Great forest. The road wound and passed several farms on the way, including Penelope's, but all the lights were out, as could be predicted in this sleepy little village.

He knew these woods like the back of his hand and deftly made his way to an old secret hollow where the moon shone brightly through the open treetops.

He quickly planted the seed in the center of the clearing and then nervously pulled his trousers down exposing his flaccid manhood. Remembering what the old creepy man had said, he needed to focus all of his energy on the image of the most beautiful and sexual creature that he could imagine. He reached into his long coat and flipped open the book to the exact page that he knew so well. Within a minute he was fully erect and fully stimulated. As his eyes bored into the drawing of the petite, yet voluptuous nymph, he let his thoughts wander up her sculpted thighs, small waist and lovely breasts. It didn't take long for him to climax and aim his spurting juice at the small mound of dirt where the seed had been buried.

The ground seemed to glow for a second and the milky white semen was absorbed fully into the soil. His eyes grew wide and he suddenly grew scared by what he had done and found himself scrambling back out of the woods and didn't stop running until he was home.

What he didn't see was the curtain shift slightly from a delicate white hand on the second floor window of a lone farmhouse as he ran by in the bright night.

For the next week, Andrin kept his head down and worked hard in his father's fields trying to forget what he had foolishly done. The days were long and cool and the work certainly kept his hands busy but his mind continued to wander. He found himself fantasizing about large breasts again and just couldn't get them out of his head. It all came back to that seed. He decided to go see it that very night.

Once again, Andrin slipped out in the darkness of the late night to go investigate the hollow deep in the forest. The night was dark, so he brought a small lamp, but he kept it covered until he was far away from where anyone could see him. As he walked into the hollow he immediately saw an iridescent pink sprout that seemed to glow brighter as he approached. He marveled at the sight of it. Up until now, he had honestly disbelieved the claims of the strange old man. Hope surged inside of him as he considered the possibilities of this little plant.

He dropped his pants again and set to work fertilizing the little stem with his own seed. Once again, it seemed to absorb it as soon as it shot onto the soft forest soil. The leaves sparkled as though they were alive as he backed away to return the way he had come.

As he was walking back in the dark, for a moment he thought he saw a small movement coming from the upper window of Penelope's farmhouse. But when he paused to focus, all was still. He figured it must have been his mind playing tricks on him and he hurried home back to his bed.

From that point on, almost every night, he slipped out in the dark, careful not to wake his parents or disturb the animals. He was careful and quick with his 'fertilizations', and throughout the month, the small plant grew large and pink until it formed a massive bulbish, flower-like pod, a little bigger than a bushel of potatoes. It shimmered and sparkled like nothing he had ever seen and at times there seemed to be something moving inside of the iridescent petals. It became excited whenever he approached and became satiated as soon as the soil sucked in his warm seed.

With the final waxing of the moon, he realized that the time had come. He was nervous the entire day; he accidentally tripped over the plow into the wet dirt and then pinched his finger under Tula's bridle. But none of those things could distract him from the excitement he felt about the upcoming evening.

Before he knew it, he stood before the large exotic plant with only a small sliver of the moon in the sky. Sensing his presence, the bulb began to pulse and shiver, and suddenly each one of the tightly wrapped petals gently unfolded to reveal a small diminutive female crouched into a tight ball within its depths.

He stood there quietly at the edge of the barely moonlit circle, seemingly dumbstruck. The small being had her head tilted forward concealing her face. A beautiful mane of pink and green hair flowed around her small body like a covering. He could see her breathing, but otherwise she was still.

He carefully took a couple of steps closer to the flower. His proximity caused small dots of light to appear that seemed to chase themselves along the edges of the unfolded petals while the whole fauna surged like a glowing heart beat.

Halfway unbelieving what he was seeing, Andrin reached down slowly and touched her soft shoulder with his thick, calloused finger. In response, he heard her inhale and turn her head to gaze at him with her oversized bright green otherworldly eyes.

The drawings in his book had done her an injustice; the sumptuous child-like face that now studied him seemed exotic to his eyes. She was amazing.. he had never seen anything like her. With a fluid grace, she calmly rose and turned to face him. His eyes grew wide at her obvious nakedness and he turned his head to look away in embarrassment.

“You needn’t look away, my beloved,” she spoke softly with a strange accent as she closed the gap between them. Her voice was clear and high, but filled with the sounds of the forest. “My figure is yours to look upon,” and she reached up on her tiptoes to turn his face back towards hers.

He nervously looked back down through her lithe arms; the feel of her tiny hands on his face sent chills up his spine. She was quite small, even on her tiptoes the top of her head only came up to his waist. Her obviously non-human face stared up into his with a look of rapt adoration. No human could have eyes as large and exotic as hers were. Her tiny nose sat perched above her full plump bee-stung lips. He couldn’t help but notice the points of her ears as they peeked out of her glorious, color-filled, shimmering hair. His eyes darted down and he could see two beautifully swollen breasts protruding out from her small torso. They were slightly disproportionate to her body, each one the size of a large orange and perfectly smooth. Her figure was definitely *not* child-like at all, instead it seemed to be a ultra-petite yet curvaceous version of an adult woman. Her small torso sloped down to a wasp-waist that was no bigger around than his wrist but then flared back out to a

voluptuous, fertile set of hips. For some strange reason, he found himself wishing that her breasts were even larger, but was still incredibly turned on by her form.

“Master, I’m hungry,” she spoke seductively, somehow drawing attention to her mouth with every syllable. Her hands slid down his chest, tracing the muscles beneath the surface with her fingers. Without taking her eyes from his face, her deft hands found the buckle to his trousers and he felt the rough material fall to his ankles.

His manhood was already swollen and ready. It hung out heavily, pulled by its own weight, an even 9 inches long and decently thick. A small gold ring with strange writing and a small ruby nested in the top could be seen wrapping the base where it met his body. He still remembered his father asking him to provide his erect measurements last year. At first he was embarrassed and confused, but his father stated that they needed the measurements for the crested cock-ring. He distinctly remembered his stoic father seeming a little let-down when he gave him the numbers.. but it was probably only his imagination. It seemed to him that he had a good sized cock. When he quietly slipped it on in the bathroom on his 16th birthday.. and the matching one that went on the middle finger of his left hand, the clear stones both glowed for a moment and then turned red and permanently attached. His father didn’t talk very much about it.. only that it was traditional and that all men wore the rings. He noticed his father also wore a matching red ruby ring on his left hand.

He didn’t say a word, instead he stood perfectly still, desperately hoping that this was not a dream that he would awake from. Her luscious mouth eagerly kissed and licked his long turgid rod.. sucking and bobbing over and over down the swollen head. She seemed desperate to pleasure him. Her unblinking eyes stared up at him with a look of complete longing while she forced his manhood deeper and deeper into her soft mouth. He was an average fellow in height and weight, but even so, her Lilliputian fingers on one hand could not complete the circuit around his girth. This contrast alone was enough to excite his latent feelings of manliness and prowess, quickly providing the impetus for him to finally climax directly into her willing mouth. His orgasm was fast but as delightfully strong as it was intense. It was the first time another person had ever touched him sexually and it drove him wild with lust. He could not believe how incredible it felt to be touched in this way, he immediately craved more.

However, the arrival of his seed into her warm mouth generated a strange response. Bright glowing light seemed to radiate from her skin. Her eyes rolled back into her head and she moaned in complete ecstasy. Before he knew it, she had slipped back down into a sleeping fetal position atop the unfolded petals of the giant flower, seemingly satiated for

the evening. With a slow motion, the pulsing flower folded up around her like a chrysalis, tucking her away for the remainder of the night.

Andrin pulled his pants back up and stumbled back out of the clearing. His mind whirling from the events of the evening. He was so distracted that he didn't even remember crawling back into his bed. In the dark of his room, he reached down to feel his crotch, touching himself to remember her movements. He pulled one hand out to see if there was any residual smell left on his body and noticed small glitter specks on his hand glowing in the night. *What is this?* he thought to himself. He knew the faerie dust had magical properties.. he wondered if the exposure would harm him, but figured it was just residue from her ministrations. Plus, it smelled wonderful.. like a sweet flower in the summer breeze. He dreamed incredible dreams of passion and pleasure that continued throughout the night.

The next day, he was full of energy and excitement. He completed his work and even found the time to pick some flowers for his mother. She commented on his positive attitude and thanked him for the gift.

"What's gotten into you, lad?" asked his father over dinner.

"Oh.. nothin'," he smiled to himself, anticipating the coming evening, "I just feel really good today."

"Well, hopefully it has something to do with Penelope?" his father suggested.

"Uh.." he stalled, suddenly worried that he had drawn far too much attention with his new attitude. He quickly realizing that he needed to make sure his parents didn't suspect anything about his late night trysts. "Uh.. yeah.. uh... I.. I've been thinking about her lately," he lied.

His mom stopped chewing and stared at him. "Well.. it's about time you listened to your Da!" she exclaimed. "It's not healthy for a young man to be without a wife, that's what I say. So, when are you going to pay her a visit? I've been missin' the pitter patter of little feet around here for quite some time, and I ain't gettin' any younger, that's for sure."

"Oh.. well... soon, yeah.. soon," he said and tried to smile reassuringly at his mother.

He could tell that his lie had worked.. his mother's face became dreamy and her eyes were already twinkling with the thoughts of grandchildren. His father however, looked



suspiciously at him as he took a sip of aged brandy.

“Lad,” his father said, “a word outside.”

On the front porch, his father walked past him to the rail and stood staring up at the stars. Without facing him, he cleared his throat.

“Lad.. try not to be too judgemental about Penelope, eh?”

“Uh.. sure, Da... but .. but do know what’s wrong with her?”

Not much for talking, he exhaled and took a sip from his cup. “I’ll let ye be the judge of that, let’s just say, she’s not like other girls.”

“Well, Da.. I wouldn’t know.. there aren’t any other girls in our district..”

“Yes, Lad, but you have *seen* other women, haven’t you?”

“Sure Da, a few.. Ma, Mrs. Thames.. you know, but what do you mean? Is she ugly? Is she crippled?”

“Sort of.. in a way, Lad.. in a way.. well.. you’ll see soon enough.. just please try to keep an open mind.”

Andrin could tell his dad was frustrated for some reason. He realized that despite being close to his parents, they had never really spoken to him about relationships or even girls before. Everything he knew he had picked up in passing. And sex was quite obvious to anyone who worked with animals on a farm. He had the distinct impression that he was missing something.

For the next several days, he could hardly wait to sneak off and visit his little nymph every night. At first, it was almost the same thing every time, he would arrive, she would emerge from the bulb and commence to sucking him dry of his fertile seed. She would bask in the fulfillment of it and then retire back to her flower. Every day she seemed to appear a little bit taller and fuller.. her breasts continued to grow.. they were growing increasingly disproportionate to her figure.. but they were still soft and round and pert. She spoke a little bit more and more each time as if her language and intellect was maturing along with her figure.

He, himself also felt different, as if he was changing as well. He had never felt so strong

and virile. His cock ring even seemed to be a little tighter than before. His daily chores didn't tire him as they used to and he felt like his muscles were growing. His mother asked him every single day about Penelope.

That night, on his way to see the nymph, he noticed that moon had been waxing and was almost full in the sky.

He knew it was time for him to visit Penelope the next day.. or at least make an effort. His experiences with the nymph had given him confidence and had increased his libido. He decided that he would leave early that next afternoon and perhaps if the visit went fast, he would have time to go see the nymph afterwards for the last time.

The nymph was definitely ready to see him. The iridescent flower bloomed as soon as he came close and she giggled and skipped to him as he came into the clearing, her long hair fluttering behind her. She was as tall as his stomach now and her breasts swayed and bounced as she moved. Almost immediately she fell to her knees and began her earnest work upon his eager cock.

Within a few minutes he had ejaculated hard into her soft mouth. She positively glowed from the seed. And normally she would quickly return to her little nest.

But tonight she paused and looked up into his eyes as she licked her huge lips.

"Master.. I can sense that you are thinking of leaving me..", she said almost sadly and innocently. Her small hands continued to downward stroke his spent penis.. almost lovingly. She continued to lick the extra seed from the tip. There were actual tears in her eyes.

Andrin was taken back. He hadn't expected this kind of emotion from the nymph.

"Are my breasts not beautiful?" she asked.. and she arched her back and pushed her large bosom up for him to see. They were indeed intoxicating. Each breast was now larger than her head. Her hands slid up to massage the protruding nipples.

"In two days time the moon will be full," she whispered, "do not be afraid.. I can sense it in you. But do not believe what they say.. they are jealous. Only certain men can do what you have done.. most nymphs will never mature like I have.. you are special and wonderful. They only want to keep the secret from you.. the secret of wishes beyond your wildest dreams."

She swayed and grew drowsy with the effort. The effects of his seed were taking over. And so she turned and crawled back to the bulb, he had a fantastic view of her delicious

posterior.. and her breasts were almost touching the ground as she went on her hands and knees.

She turned one last time. “Do not be afraid, my love.. remember the wishes that I can grant..” and then she curled up into the bulb and fell asleep.

Andrin stood there shocked for a moment. Amazed by the words she had spoken. How had she known he was planning on leaving her? Was she telling the truth? His mind exploded with erotic images and ideas of what he could wish for. But he shook his head, pulled up his pants and quickly headed back. Had he not been confused, he might have noticed the other figure crouched low in the bushes.. gently sobbing to herself.

The whole next day he was troubled. Conflicting images of the nymph rose in his head. But he knew that somehow, the answer to his direction would lie at the top of the hill once he figured out the riddle that was Penelope.

He changed out of his work clothes and put on his nicer things kissed his ma on the cheek and headed up the road to her house. Before he knew it he found himself standing at their gate feeling quite nervous about this strange encounter. There was some sort of strange royal looking symbol that Andrin didn't recognize on the gate. Inside a rainbow circlet, It looked to be a shadowbox picture of two people having sex, standing on top of another creature that seemed to be dead on the ground. Yet it was obviously a caricature.. the man's penis was way too big and the woman was far too buxom. Perhaps he was looking at it wrong.

He heard a noise distracting him from the symbol and a huge older gentleman came around the corner of the barn and walked up to the gate. He held a massive black-bladed scythe on one broad shoulder and wore a mean scowl on his face. He had to be the tallest man Andrin had ever seen. He seemed like a giant. Andrin could see a large gold ring on his hand with a gem that was glowing a bright greenish-blue. He didn't know they came in different colors or that they could glow.

“Afternoon.. you be Aaron's son.. don't you?”

“Yessir.”

“I don't suppose you be comin by to see me daughter?”

“Yessir, is she here?... I mean.. can I.. m m may I see her?”

"You look a strong lad.. but quit your fiddlin.. I won't be lettin' me Penelope around a dimwit. You a dimwit, boy?"

"No. no sir."

The old man's eyes sparkled a little as he squinted at Andrin's left hand for a moment.

"Hmm," he smirked ".. well.. I guess it is what it is.. . hurry on then.. she's around back in the field."

Andrin stepped quickly around the intimidating man and followed the path around to the field of tall corn.

Before long, he heard the sound of someone singing.. it was a beautiful haunting melody.. and so he followed the sound until he discovered the source.

As he slowly moved through the corn stalks he came upon a clearing in the middle. There was a large stump and she sat there facing the other way singing that beautiful song. He paused, secretly watching her from behind.. studying what he saw.

She was wearing a large straw hat.. but her large blonde braid came down the back of her sun dress to rest on the stump. Her figure from the back seemed mostly normal, she was partly concealed by large shawl.

*Blonde.. hmm.. good, he thought.. I like blondes.. but what about the rest.. about what people said.. what did they mean?*

He was so nervous.. but her beautiful voice seemed to calm him so he just stood and listened until she stopped.

"You can come out now Andrin," she said suddenly. Still facing away.

He jerked, surprised.

"You know my name," he said, smiling.. speaking to her back.

"Of course I do. Do you not think I would know everything about the only available man my age in the entire district?" she giggled, still facing away.

He walked slowly into the clearing.

“Uh.. you have a beautiful voice..” he said nervously.

“But that’s not why you came.. of course,” she mused. “I’m no fool, Andrin. We’re both of age and this is the first time you’ve ever come to visit. You know what people say.. that I’m different... that there is something wrong with me.. you’ve finally come to see for yourself.”

“Uh...”

“You could have come over before.. but you waited.. and I want to know why?” she continued to face away, seated on the stump.

He was shocked. He had never thought that this visit would go like this... she certainly wasn’t the feeble cripple that he had envisioned.. certainly not mentally.

“I believe you deserve the truth,” he cleared his throat, “my Da says you aren’t like other girls... I ..I don’t know what that means.. but.. until a year ago, I didn’t ever really think about girls.. the way I do now.. but I’ve.. li’ve changed recently.. things have happened .. and .. but.. I’m here now.. aren’t I?”

With that simple confession, she quickly turned her head to look back at him.

And her face stunned him into silence.

She was gorgeous. Quite unlike the cartoonish nymph in the forest, Penelope’s face was human and real. Blonde hair framed her blue eyes and rosy cheeks. And when she spoke, her full mouth smirked with a knowing smile. He was mesmerized. He took a step forward.

“Stop,” she said lightly, her glossy lips parted slightly.. her large eyes blinking slowly, “you really don’t know.”

“I really don’t know what?” he asked, confused, still stunned by her beauty.

“That’s amazing,” she said quizzically, tilting her head, “can I ask you a question?”

“Sure,” he said, staring at her.

“Have you ever been around any other girls?”

“Why does everyone keep asking that?” he said, curious again. “Everyone knows the answer, you are the only person my age in this entire village.”

“But haven’t you traveled out? Don’t you have any family somewhere else? Haven’t you been to the festivals?”

“Um.. well.. to be honest.. not really.. all of my family lives far away, and my parents don’t want me formally attending the festival until I’m 18. I hate to say it, but I’m kind of sheltered in a way.. and it’s becoming apparent that there is a bunch I don’t know. I did see a couple of girls at the festival this year.” He took a step closer to her.

“Please don’t come any closer... you have waited this long to meet me.. so now.. you must again wait to discover my “problem”.

“Didn’t you notice anything obvious about the girls you saw at the festival?” she hinted.

“Well.. “, he swallowed, feeling a little embarrassed, “they were all very buxom.”

“I see.. and how did that make you feel?”

“I.. well.. it made me.. well.. how do think it made me feel?” he stammered.

“Do not be ashamed of your feelings, Andrin, but keep in mind not every girl is shaped the same.”

Intrigued, he studied her figure from the angle that he had stopped at. From what he could see, even with the large shawl, she seemed normal. He couldn’t figure out what everybody was making such a fuss about... perhaps her legs were messed up somehow.

Confused, he asked, “do you want me to go?”

“It is time,” she said, “but remember this.. it is not a woman’s or man’s appearance or attributes that makes them beautiful.. the physical attractions of this world will always fade with time.. true beauty.. and true sexuality comes from within.”

He felt his cheeks go hot with her last comment. Women were not supposed to speak in this manner. What kind of woman was this, that she would speak so candidly of sex? Did

she share the same kind of intense lusts that he himself felt? Perhaps it was his imagination, but she seemed to be staring directly at his left hand.

Blushing.. silently, he turned quickly, hoping that she had not noticed the bulge that had formed down the leg of his trousers as they had spoken. He walked back through the field.. lost in his own thoughts. For the first time, he felt a new emotion rising up in him. Her face shone in his mind like a beacon.. and her words rang true in his heart. This was a real woman.. a real person.. with real emotions. Sure, she was kind of bossy and strange. And once again he wondered what could be wrong with the rest of her body.. but her face was so pretty.

By the time he was walking through the gate of his yard.. he realized that he wanted to talk to her again.

His mother and father watched him silently go up to his room and get ready for bed. His mother smiled a knowing smile.. recognizing the signs. She hugged his da in delight.

It wasn't until the next morning that he realized that he had completely forgotten about the nymph. It was a good thing too, because this evening was a full moon. He guessed that it was over. He had done the right thing.. used the nymph for confidence and now it was time to move on. He thought about what the old man had told him, and about how the nymph had enticed him. Yes, he still felt lust towards the nymph in the forest.. but.. like his Da had said.. it wasn't real, it was a false feeling. He thought about what the nymph had said about granting his every wish... it seemed amazing.. he wondered what kind of wish she meant.. but he knew it was probably just more illusion.

What he felt when he thought about Penelope was real. She was real.. only.. he was still unsure about her "deformities".. what could it be? Would it be more than he could bear? Well.. it was best for him to wait and see.

So, he tried to clear his mind and think of neither.. but Penelope's beautiful face kept floating up in his mind. He decided he had to see her again.

That afternoon, he cleaned up again and told his parents that he was going to go visit her again. His father, once again, looked at him strangely.

As he waited by the gate, the front door to the house opened and an older woman wearing a large apron came down the steps to meet him. From her face, he immediately realized that this had to be Penelope's mother. She was older, but was still quite beautiful with striking similarities to her daughter with sandy-blond hair. But his eyes didn't stay fixed on her face for long.. jutting out from behind her strained apron were the two largest breasts he had ever seen or even imagined. He almost laughed in amazement. They wobbled and

bounced as she approached him.. seemingly impossible and extremely erotic at the same time. They were gigantic and protruding, each one easily as big as the prize-winning watermelons he had seen at the fair. They started beneath her collarbone but came out to their full distance right below her rib cage.. Even in her modest work dress, a huge bulging line of cleavage could be seen. They were almost as wide as long.. and bulged so far out on the sides that her arms were hidden behind them. She would have trouble touching her hands around them. She had very nice, child bearing hips, but didn't seem overweight. She must have had an amazingly strong back to support the weight. He forced himself to bring his eyes back up to her pretty face, even as he blushed furiously. His cock had begun to swell with arousal.

"Me husband tells me you be visitin' with lil' Penelope," she said seriously as she came to a halt and she crossed her arms to rest them on top of her giant bosom. She tilted her head to one side to size him up. Her eyes lingered for a long moment on his crotch.

"Uh.. yes, maam," he blushed, trying with all of his might to keep his eyes on her pretty face.

"She's a special girl, me daughter," she said carefully, "a bit of a late bloomer or perhaps a non-bloomer, if ye see me meaning."

"Uh.. I'm not sure what..."

"Are ye daft?" she shook her head in disapproval. "Don't be pretendin' ye cannot see me assets, boy," and with that, she slightly arched her back to which caused her giant bosom to heave in his direction.

Andrin's eyes went wide and he sputtered and blushed furiously, losing his breath at this surprising display.

"All the women in me line be well endowed and proud of it," she smiled at his reaction. "Some less, some more... and all of them talented beyond legend in the marital acts," she wobbled hers slightly to indicate herself as the latter.. he couldn't help but stare. "And all the husbands match their wives as well, if ye get me meaning.. none below a green.." she frowned for a second and her eyes darted towards his hand and she winked, "ye may not be surprised, but me figure still be highly prized in many parts of Noblash, I was once almost betrothed to a Blue-Duke," her eyes became dreamy, "men would come far and wide to seek me hand.." she sighed, "but alas, when they passed the decree to ensure the "purity" of the noble line, whatever that means, I was left for nill." She exhaled dramatically, making her straining bosom sway. "Luckily, I was able to find a man of suitable .. stature..



in order to avoid disgracing me family tree .. but lil' Penelope, see... she.. she never grew. We done gave up hope for the lil' lass of ever attracting a man, much less a man of exception.. so if ye be seekin' to be part of our family for the wrong reasons.. or hopin' that me daughter will ever become attractive.. ye need to leave now, lad."

He was dumbfounded. He knew he must look like a fool, just standing there with his mouth half open, trying to absorb and process what this beautiful, incredibly overdeveloped woman was telling him.

She squinted her eyes and glared at him, "perhaps what me husband says be true.. methinks ye be a dimwit.. ah.. alas..." she reached over to open the gate and invite him in. "Perhaps even a dimwit be better than no wit at all.... ah.. me Da would turn in his grave if he could see me considering a red.. ah.. " she frowned, obviously distraught over this whole situation.

As he walked in, she walked right up to him. Although she was much shorter than him, he felt like a little child in her presence. Her proximity made his cock swell to almost full hardness. It started pushing out from his pants. Normally he would have turned away or tried to hide his bulge, but she basically pinned him against the fence with her giant breasts. They bulged up deliciously as she pressed against him. He could feel her large nipples pressing into him like fingers. She smelled wonderful..

"Alright, i'll be needing to check you to make sure the stone aint pretendin'. It's me 'Right' as mother."

And with that, he felt her hand reach down inside of his trousers and she began to fondle his hard manhood.

His eyes went wide and he froze, not understanding what was going on. Why was Penelope's mom groping on him? What in the world was going on? She looked him straight in the eyes, and smiled almost seductively. Up close, he realized how attractive she was. Despite her age, she was still extremely beautiful. Combined with her assets, he realized that she was one of the most attractive women he had ever been around.

She pressed in closer causing her expansive cleavage to push up almost under her chin, and she slipped her hand around his girth and slid it the length of his cock only once, she lightly fondled the head squeezing some of the precum onto her fingers and then she reached down further to grope his balls.

He almost jumped out of his skin. He was horribly confused. But then a moment later, she

pulled her hand out and took a step back still keeping total eye contact with him. She brought her fingers up to her mouth and sucked on the fingers with the precum on them. Her eyes shut in brief consideration.

Andrin stood there like a deer, his mouth open in amazement. He still had no idea what in the HELL was going on.

“Hmm.. yes.. definitely red.. such a pity. Well, ye better be gettin’ on to visit with her, lad.. poor Penelope, please be kind and let her down easy if you can’t bring yourself to continue with her.”

And once again, he was directed towards the field.

His mind was in a haze.. he kept trying to make sense out of the encounter with her mother, but he almost felt as though he was in a dream. Why had his parents never explained all of this? Everything he seemed to know was upside-down. He was so confused. And what was all that nonsense about getting groped by her mom and the talk green and red?

He made no pretense at trying to sneak up on her. She must have heard him coming, because she stopped singing before he found her sitting facing away from him on the stump. This time she was holding a parasol which completely blocked herself from his view.

“Hello Andrin,” she said softly, in her sweet voice.

“Hello Penelope.”

“Have you come to try to get a glimpse of my deformity again?”

Her sweet voice seemed to snap him out of his confusion and he smiled at her abruptness. “I have to admit, today has been very confusing,” he stated with a grin.

“Why?” she said coyly, “whatever could you mean?” she giggled. And for a moment, the parasol dipped as though she thought about turning to face him.. but then it snapped back into place.

He paused, “First, I think you are playing a game with me.. “ he grew serious, “I saw your face yesterday, Penelope, and .. and.. you’re beautiful..” he said softly. “Why would you hide? Why would anyone want to hide you away? And why would your mom molest me

and speak of the color of my rings? I seem to be missing something important here?"

"Oh".. she simply said, putting her hand to her face.. overcome by his confession. "You really don't understand, Andrin.. you truly are naive... Thank you for the compliment.. you don't know how nice it is to hear someone say that.. especially you.. but.. no.. I'm not playing any game. It is not my face that people find disturbing.. it's my.. well.. it's something else. And as for my mother.. If you can be patient, i'll explain all of that in due time."

"Something else.. hmm.. well, be that as it may, I really enjoyed talking to you yesterday and would like to continue talking to you, if you don't mind."

"Yes.. I would like that," she said timidly.

He sat down on a smaller stump at the edge of the clearing and continued their conversation. They shared and spoke of many things for what seemed like hours, carefully avoiding the subject of how she looked or any related subject. He learned a lot about her parents and where they met, exactly how big their property was, and her thoughts on school subjects. Finally when it was time for him to go, she carefully lowered the parasol and peeked over the edge.

His breath caught as her gorgeous blue eyes sparkled at him from above the material. She looked like an angel. She was a vision of loveliness. He felt himself become dramatically aroused at the bare glimpse of her face.

"Will I see you tomorrow?" she asked.

"Of course," he said, as he rose to leave.

"Andrin."

"Yes, Penelope?"

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why are you pretending.. pretending to like me?" she asked softly.

"I'm not pretending."

"But.. is something wrong with you, then?" she asked.

He chuckled.. "i'm not sure.. "

"Are you.. did you..when you met my mother today.. didn't you find her attractive?"

"Yes.. I'm afraid I did.."

She slowly stood up, still holding the parasol in front of her like a shield. "You know that I'll never be like her.. I'll always be ugly.. and you're ok with that?"

His pulse raced. "Penelope, there is something inside of me, a driving need.. a craving for a woman with .. assets.. like your mother. But until today, I never realized that our entire culture was based upon it." He breathed. "Actually, I have a lot of questions, and for now, you are the only person I know who can answer them.. but that isn't why I'm here.. I can't get you out of my head. I can't stop thinking about you."

"I've been a hypocrite," she whispered softly.. a longing look on her face, "here I am worrying about what you think of me and the whole time I've already judged you unfairly because you're a red."

"A red? What does that mean?" he asked.

She almost sputtered.. "what.. wha.. wait a second.. you really don't know ANY of it?" her eyes were incredulous.

He shrugged.

"How is it possible? Andrin.. the ring on your hand is linked to the ring on your manhood."

"Yeah.. so..."

She rolled her eyes, "so.. the color indicates your.. your.. size...", she almost whispered.

"What!?", he flushed, jerking his hand behind his back. "What do you mean? How? ... Why?"

"Well, not only your size, but your prowess, as well," she explained. "I just can't believe that

you don't know..."

"Wait," he interrupted, "explain... what do the colors mean.. what does red mean?"

"Andrin," she said, "red is the lowest.. but not the smallest.. the men from outside of Noblash do not wear the rings at all and are said to be much smaller than you. They are banned from our country. But in our society, the colors are defined by the rainbow, from red to violet, with the intensity of the glow displaying the level of pleasure that the man can generate in himself and his mate."

"Wait.. so.. I'm the smallest and lowest of our society?"

"Well.. no. There's one person who's definitely lower than you."

"Who's that? My da?" he guessed.

"No, Andrin.. ... me," she said softly and ashamedly.

"What?! How are you lower than me? I've never seen women wear any kind of color or ring. How are girls judged?" he exclaimed.. but in a flash.. he knew the answer before she said it.

He stared at the place concealed by her parasol.. her breasts, her figure..

She saw him look and she nodded slowly and sadly in confirmation of his thoughts.

"So..that's what this is all about? You're not as developed as other women? And because I'm red, nobody thinks I'm worth anything? 'Poor Andrin, Poor Penelope.. there both worthless, so let's put them together?'" he grimaced.

With that one statement, she let the parasol drop away to the ground and there she stood. Her long flowing blonde hair was plaited all the way down to her calves. She had the most beautiful face he had ever seen, but it was perched upon an extremely thin, flat chested, undeveloped body, wearing a small sun dress. It simply looked like she had never gone through puberty and still had the body of a child. She looked at him with an expression that bordered on shame and hope mixed together..

If not for her sylphine figure, she would have been perfect.

As he stood there frozen, staring at her, it all made sense.. it all suddenly clicked. And then his genetic predispositions and hormones kicked into high gear, instantly blocking him. Something deep inside of him, something “bred” into his very being *forced* him to associate true beauty with buxomness and curviness. He could not deny it. This was the idea he had been missing. And now it made sense to him why his parents had hidden it from him. They “knew” that he would have to meet Penelope with an open mind.. they wanted him to not judge her in advance. But her lack-of-figure was impossible to ignore.

He stared as hard as he could.. *willing* himself to become sexually attracted to her. He hoped that he would be able to suppress his inner urges and be able to “see” through her deficiency and be attracted to the wonderful person underneath. The beautiful face and hair and eyes.

But he couldn't... and he was instantly ashamed. As he looked at her thin figure, he realized that as beautiful as she was, as wonderful as her personality was.. that he didn't.. couldn't... feel sexually towards her.. there was no attraction. No physical attraction. Yes, he could “try” to learn to be attracted to her, but it would be a lie.. he would always hope for something he couldn't have, the world around them would be a constant reminder.. and it would rip them apart.

And she saw it in his eyes... and immediately she knew.. he was too weak..

Tears burst from her beautiful eyes and she turned and fled into the cornfield, sobbing in despair.

“Penelope,” he called out, “no, wait.. wait!” But he had nothing to say. And she didn't turn back.

He stood there for a moment. Pissed at himself, angry at his parents. Angry at this world.

“Shit!” he spat as he walked over and kicked the stump she had been sitting on.

“Damn it!” *Well, I screwed that one up!* he thought. *What the hell is wrong with me?*

But he knew. He knew now that it was the way of the world and it explained everything. The busty girls at the fair, his mom, the old ladies in the village.. the fact that there wasn't a single woman that he had ever met that wasn't blessed up on top.. more than that.. who wasn't curvy all over, come to think of it. And what was worse was that he was extremely attracted to the idea of it. He was a product of it. He longed for it, needed it.

Just one question remained.. why? Why was everyone bred this way?

He stomped out of the cornfield and towards the gate. As he came down the path, he could see Penelope's mom standing in the yard, staring at him shaking her head in disapproval. She knew. Even despite the way she looked at him, he couldn't help but feel an incredible attraction to her insanely curvy figure. From the side, he could see behind the apron that had blocked his view before. Her waist was extremely small and her curvy rear sloped out behind her only adding to her allure. *Ohhh.. God!* he thought, getting turned on even more. Finally, he understood why they felt that Penelope was deformed and ugly. He couldn't help but be attracted to these extreme proportions. His mind was reeling from the intensity of it. It was as if his mind had been opened to a whole new world of sexuality.

He practically rushed out of the gate - and in a last second decision, he turned right towards the forest instead of left towards home.

*I've done something wrong that I need to fix*, he thought to himself. It wasn't right the way he had handled himself around Penelope. And it wasn't right the way that others treated her.

He had to do something, anything. And despite the warnings from the old man, he was hoping that wishes could come true.

He knew that the nymph had some sort of special powers.. he could feel himself reacting to the dust.. he could swear he was changing, getting bigger and the nymph was obviously able to change. Perhaps he could somehow convince the nymph to share her powers with Penelope.

It was dusk as he headed straight for the hollow, but immediately realized something was different. The flower had changed color from pink to red. He hoped that everything was fine and that his little nymph wasn't sick or worse... He looked up into the sky and there it was.. the full moon shining down on the chrysalis.

As he approached the petals opened and he realized that her hair had also picked up strands of red as well. Something was different about her. Her eyes had a different cast to them. No longer did she seem as innocent as before.

She approached him slowly and she paused to smile glowingly up at him. She reached down and cupped her swollen breasts.

"You came! Look, they are growing so big, Master, just like you wanted," she said softly as

she squeezed her olive-skinned bosom, "please make them even bigger." They did seem larger than the two days before.

"I need to feel your seed working within me, making me more beautiful," she beautifully smiled. "All I want is to pleasure you, my love.. to become the desire of your heart. I know the desires you have for my body," she spoke as though he was the only thing in the world.

"Please.. please.. enter me. Plunge your large manhood into my depths.. fill me with your seed.. I.. I.. need it.. I must have all of you," her plump glossy lips quivered with longing and emotion.

Her breasts heaved with their weight. He was immediately intoxicated by her body and her sexuality. This was all new.. She had never mentioned actual sex before.. Up until now, everything had been oral.. - But he ripped his eyes away from her figure and decided to ask her his question.

"I need to know something, can you make changes in others?", he asked.

"Of course, Master, I can make changes in you.. Is that what you desire?" she said as she reached forward and started undoing his pants.

"Well.. partially... yes, but.. Wait.. what kind of changes? Can you change my.. my.. m m manhood size? Can you change the figure of another person you haven't met?"

For a flicker of a second, her knowing eyes grew irritated at the mention of another, but they quickly softened and became alluring again. "don't worry, everything will be fine", she smiled, "let me show you what to do.."

She deftly removed his trousers again. He was secretly excited by her changes.. she was becoming more real, more seemingly human, instead of just some sort of brainless sex doll. But his motives had changed. Beneath it all, he couldn't stop thinking of Penelope. Somehow, he would figure out a way to use this nymph to help Penelope. If it could change him, then why not Penelope? And in his heart, he knew he loved Penelope.. and now all of this activity with the nymph seemed somehow wrong.

With both of her hands holding his erect manhood she said, "lie down, my beloved." He easily complied, sitting down on the soft grass and then lying back in anticipation. She followed him down, placing her cute face close to his and straddling his strong chest. She smelled of flowers and sweetness, he felt intoxicated by her aroma. Her soft lips gently



pressed against his as they began an erotic wet kiss where her soft tongue moved in and out of his mouth filling him with her blissful taste. He felt even more light headed than before, but then a surge of lust rushed through his body and gathered into his already pulsating manhood. There was glittery spell dust all over his face.

He moaned with pleasure... shaking with the desire to penetrate her juicy body. Sensing his need, she slid herself back until the head of his rod was pressing hard against her tiny hairless opening.

"We're almost there.. "she moaned, "any minute and you'll be mine to feed from!"

Without hesitation, she pushed hard, sliding his pole into her hot, wet depths. She gasped as he entered her.

He almost came at the first thrust from the tightness, but he focused his mind and tried to make himself last a little longer. He couldn't help but stare at her amazing small figure in the pale moonlight. Wet sparkling glitter-like wetness covered his crotch as she began to pump her wide hips over and over onto him. He grabbed onto her pelvis to join her in the rapid grind of her thighs. Her sexy flowing legs gripped each side of his body. Her waist had remained the same extremely small circumference - in contrast to her slightly larger breasts which bounced with her increased motion; swirls of color danced across her skin and circled around her erect nipples.

He couldn't hold himself much longer and felt himself getting ready to cum inside of her.

"Ohh.. did you like this Master?," she said, grinding herself on his pole. "Do you like my huge breasts?" she asked shaking her bosom back and forth.

"Uh," was all he could say as he stared at the magnificent breast flesh swaying before him. He couldn't help himself, he reached up and felt each soft pliable mammary, and then squeezed them tightly and began to play with them, tweaking her engorged nipples as he fondled them.

She giggled in glee, pressing herself forward into his groping hands.. doing everything she could to present herself as a gift to him. He was on the verge of orgasm. His body surged with the need for release.

"Oh.. yes!! Now I have you.." she moaned.. and her eyes gleamed with a burning light, a glowing ripple passed through her figure and she began to glow red. Her hair turned

burgundy, with iridescent light. No longer was her face cute and innocent.. but she had somehow become overripe.. slutty and vixenish... she licked her red bee-stung lips. His mind was too overcome with lust for him to realize the consequences of the change; instead he watched as her breasts began to glow again with a red light.

His fingers were snugly wrapped around her bountiful orbs and to his enjoyment, he felt them growing slightly in his hands.

He felt them push out against his fingers as the cleavage line where they touched together grew longer and deeper. She moaned and shook with pleasure, her nipples also expanded and small beads of the glitter-like nectar formed around the tips. He couldn't help himself, he leaned in to suckle the growing breasts, drawing the sweet nectar into his mouth.

They expanded far beyond the capacity of his hands, the slightly red skin pressing together and outward from her tiny torso. They remained soft and pliable, exactly like he had imagined in his fantasies. The nectar was sweet and spicy, it ran down his throat and brought a bright heat into his mind. He felt his lust rise again inside of him yet he was able to hold back his orgasm like never before and he easily flipped the faerie onto her back so that he could further enjoy her massive boobs while he prepared to enter her yet again.

She squealed as he manhandled her impossibly voluptuous figure.

"Yes!! More! Give it to me.. give it all to me!" she laughed from below him - spreading her legs wide and planting her tiny feet so as to tilt her pelvis towards his crotch, "force your enormous shaft into me! Fill me with your hot seed!"

The lust blazing through him was amazing! He felt more alive than ever before, like an animal in heat! Glittery drool ran down his chin as he massaged and squeezed the watermelon sized breasts that had blossomed in front of him. His eyes were blazing with desire. He couldn't get enough! He wanted more! He needed more! He had no idea he could feel such passion but the touch of her breasts in his hands drove him crazy. His body was covered with the spell dust like he had taken a bath in it.

He reached down to grab himself so he could guide it back inside of her only to realize that his fingers no longer touched when he grasped himself.

He knew it to be impossible, but there it was.. A bit longer and a bit wider! And without missing a beat, he was ready to use it!

Again, he pushed the head against her tiny opening and with a thrust of his hips slid the thick meat inside of her. She gasped and squealed as he entered her, her eyes rolled back into her head as her mouth opened wide in a rictus of ecstasy.

Over and over he pumped and forced his organ further up into her tight body. He had to grab onto her jutting hips to gain enough leverage to jam himself farther and deeper. She cried out into the night, begging for more, egging him on. Her giant jugs wobbled and shook, surging up under her chin and practically concealing her face as he pulled her into him. Slowly, he felt himself start to lose track of everything else.. only able to focus on her. Any second now he would orgasm.

"Now I have you.. you stupid human!" she scowled in between grunts, her eyes growing dark. "The tables have turned.. uh!.. Oh yes!.. you are now MY slave.. and I will drain you until I become the most powerful succubus this world has ever seen!.. uh!! So Big! Yes! Yes! Fuck Me!.. oh!!"

"NOOOO!!" screamed a high voice and a figure came barreling out of the bushes to crash into Andrin, sending him sprawling onto his back into the soft grass.

His mind was still a blur, his cock throbbed with the need for release, but for a moment, his mind seemed to clear as he realized that he had become trapped by this creature.. but who then had knocked him over?

It was Penelope. She stood there panting with tears in her eyes. Angry and sad at the same time. The nymph was in shock for a moment, but then began to slowly rise off the ground. Angry that her momentary triumph had been briefly interrupted.

"Andrin! How could you!?" shouted Penelope, "you know that it is a sin to cavort with these creatures.. especially on a full moon. Are you crazy? I knew that you were having your little fun with your nymph .. I watched you come out here night after night.. and I can't believe I even felt sorry for you because you were so lonely.. But then I catch you doing this! You need to stop this! This is wrong! Even though I'm ugly.. This is not the answer! These creatures can't help you.. they only seek to feed off of your sexuality until you are dead. She will lure you with false promises and numb your mind until you become nothing more than the sex object that she started out as. We need to go. This is dangerous.. there is more here than meets the eye...". But she froze...staring.. even in the midst of her tirade she couldn't help notice the larger erect manhood standing out from between his legs. She was amazed.. shocked! Wasn't Andrin supposed to be a red? The stone on his cock and hand now both glowed a pale yellowish orange.

"Ahhh, so this is the one in your thoughts?" spoke the voluptuous nymph, to Andrin, noting Penelope's stare at his cock. "And here I was worried that I would have to convince you to go kill her.. but she was so kind to come to us."

Andrin's thoughts were still a bit hazy. He was incredibly affected by the nymph, even her voice brought him pleasure. But then there was this girl. This beautiful girl, despite her skinny and plain figure, who somehow seemed to focus his thoughts. It occurred to him that she was so much better than this nymph.. If only.. If only she was curvy.

"You stupid human, do you think I cannot sense your thoughts? Both of your thoughts? The moon is full and this is my hollow and I am coming into my full power. You both desire extremes in each other.. hmm.. this could be interesting." She walked slowly over to Penelope, who seemed somehow frozen in place for some reason.. her eyes were glassy. "Poor little girl.. you would die for a figure like mine.. wouldn't you?", she lifted her heavy breasts and squeezed them while she smiled evilly.

Penelope eyes were fixed on the busty nymph. It was too late, the insanely high pheromones, mixed with the magical dust and the presence of Andrin's erect manhood had swirled around Penelope and overrode her ability to control herself. As it was, it was taking all of her focus to just keep from touching herself. She knew that she was beginning to be trapped by the nymph..

Penelope nodded slowly to the nymph, agreeing with her.

"Well, perhaps I can make that deal with you my dear," she smiled and ran her hand down Penelope's cheek.. tracing the single tear that had come from her beautiful eyes.

"Oh.. don't cry my new little slut.. one human is good.. but two is even better.. especially with a new one with such horribly insane cravings as yours," she said to Penelope. "Yes, this is good.. by using both of you, and taking full advantage of your inbred perversions, I could easily speed up the process, Ha! With just a few modifications to your bodies and I could reap all the benefits, yes! this will work out nicely. So.. tell me my dear.. does your poor little naive boy over there know the true extent of your... problems? Haha! He has no idea how fucked up your libido is from your parents does he?"

Andrin was confused again. What was happening? What other problems could Penelope have? He knew he should leave. His mind screamed at him to run away.. but his body wouldn't let him, the power of the nymph was too great. He seemed to be frozen in place

while the nymph considered what to do. And it appeared that she intended to somehow involve Penelope in this whole mess. *What have I done!* He would have cried if he could.

Penelope nodded no to the nymph and the nymph laughed.

The nymph turned and curled her finger towards Andrin. "Come here, you fool," she said.

Andrin shuffled over to Penelope.

"I believe that little miss Penelope has something to tell you.." she cackled. Andrin noticed that the nymph was still changing. Her skin had somehow begun to molt as if there was another creature inside of her trying to get out. Her breasts were insanely large and there were fine lines running across her skin and face.

She pushed Penelope towards Andrin. His cock had become less turgid during the confusion, and it now hung heavily down between his legs. The weight of it causing it to swing like a pendulum.

"Go on, bitch, tell him what you want most..", she rasped.

Penelope looked slowly from Andrin's chest to his cock, then up to his eyes. "I.. I'm.. addicted to a large manhood..." she gasped, embarrassed.

So *what?* Thought Andrin. If he had guess correctly, every guy in Noblash was well hung.. from what he now understood every man was hardwired to like buxom, curvy women and based on the actions of her mother, every woman seemed to likewise by born loving a man's private part.

"Oh.. you can do better than that, you whore. Not just a large manhood.. go ahead tell him... go on.. how big.. how big do you like it, you slut?! How big? Is Andrin big enough right now?" she practically yelled. The nymph reached over and grabbed his big cock and lifted it up with her small hand. It was probably now eleven inches long and as thick as his wrist. It was huge.

"Well!? Is this big enough? Is it?" she spat.

"N.. n. no." cried Penelope.

Andrin rapidly clearing head was now interested. Bigger than his current size? Huh?

“She’s a fucking pervert ,my dear, stupid Andrin.. you aren’t even half the size that she “Secretly” dreams about.. Ha! All of you are perverts.. you think you are so smart to ‘increase’ your abilities to protect yourselves from us. But we have adapted.. and now, you have made a mistake!.. you are trapped by your own lusts and I will turn them against you!”

She reached up and grabbed their hair and forced both of their heads down until they were eye-level with her enormous breasts. She forced her oversized thumb thick nipples into their mouths. They had no choice.. her power was too great. Although both of them resisted with all of their might, she seemed to have some sort of command over them.

“Now suck me, my Children!” she screamed in pleasure.

At once, the nectar exploded down both their throats. It was like a wave of pleasure rippling through their bodies. Penelope tried to scream but couldn't stop drinking the plentiful liquid. Her crotch and tiny breasts were set on fire. She immediately had an explosive orgasm and liquid flowed down her legs. Aldrin also drank, but Penelope was sucking like a machine. The nymphs head was tilted back, her eyes closed in rapt pleasure. Penelope drank hard and completely drained the breast she was sucking.

As promised, Penelope's thin boyish figure immediately began to change. Her hands groped and massaged her burning chest which quickly began to expand out. From almost nothing, they witnessed her changes occur. The small egg sized breasts turned into oranges. She squeezed them and they bulged further, filling her hands and filling out into grapefruit. Gasping, she held onto them tightly as they slowly grew into melons. He realized she had become as large as one of those girls that Andrin had seen at the festival. But the metamorphosis was too fast and she passed out.. Slipping onto the ground.

Andrin's concern was enough, for him to overpower the urge to suck and he broke free before finishing to see if she was ok. The nymph looked lopsided with one drained sagging breast and one half full. Something writhed beneath her skin.. almost as if the body that he saw was stretched over someone else.

He dropped to his knees to help her and felt the sensation of his cock touching something. He looked down and was shocked. From his kneeling position, his cock was actually touching the ground! And it was seriously thicker now, the nectar was working too well. Giant veins ran up and down it.. It almost seemed fake, like it wasn't even his.

He heard her stir and his eyes snapped back to Penelope. Her new bosom strained

beneath her much smaller clothes. Her shirt was almost skin tight from the pressure and they seemed to be still growing. It seemed her waist was even smaller and she had begun to form hips. It was incredible.. And he was very attracted.. His giant cock sprung into action, pulsing and shifting as it inflated. Lust inflamed him.

Her eyes flickered and she awoke, sitting up. Her hands immediately went to her chest.

"Oh! Oh! My God.. This is insane.. " she exclaimed.

"Yeah, whatever.. Shut up you whore and hurry up with his cock.. I made him more your size," said the nymph as she looked down at them.

Penelope looked over at Andrin's giant inflating snake and her eyes grew large with Lust.

Her hands flew out, but she paused. "May I?" She asked. Andrin nodded just once.

Her tiny hands wrapped themselves around his mighty shaft, barely able to complete the circle thumbtip to thumbtip and middle to middle. His cock ring had also grown and now shone a dark blue.

"Your're bigger than my father," she whispered..

"Wait," she said, "ive always wanted to do this," she dropped her hands and focused on her swelling breasts. She inhaled quickly and the seams finally gave in and split. Her creamy white breasts exploded out of the filmy ripped material. She ripped off the rest. They were each almost the size of her head now, yet her torso had hardly changed. They looked like giant spheres jutting out from her tiny figure. Each huge nipple was even larger than the nymphs had been. Andrin couldn't help but stare. She grabbed each one of her newly formed orbs and moved in to wrap them around his turgid pole.

Then she slowly began to tit-fuck the oversized monster. She wasn't in a rush. She savored every moment, she loved feeling his manhood slide up through her breasts.

"Yesssss.. " crooed the nymph. She was standing above them, and somehow she was focusing energy around them.

"Yes, my slaves, you will feed me with your lust!"

Penelope moaned and continued to slide her full bosom up and down his shaft. Andrin also moaned in pleasure and bucked his hips involuntarily as she sped up. Faster and faster she went, sweat and glitter covered their bodies. His cock started glowing,

iridescent sparkles, like the nymphs bud swirled down through his cock. His balls began to swell outward, glowing and pulsing with a bright light.

"Yes! Yes!" Screamed the nymph. "Make him cum, make him cum! It's mine!!"

He couldn't hold back any longer. His mind was saturated with stimulation, his new giant cock was swollen as hard as a rock. Her glorious breasts pushed and shoved against him in an unstoppable pattern. They were so plump and soft and sexy. She was gorgeous. The nymph had "fixed" her problem and he no longer felt any hesitation at her figure. He felt an ungodly pressure mixed with pleasure coming from his balls.

All at once he yelled in release and a stream of glittery cum shot out of his cock. The nymph moved to intercept it, but Penelope was faster and caught the stream in her sumptuous mouth. The second stream was even bigger and Penelope quickly moved in to snap her mouth over his giant head and gobble the ejaculate like a fountain.

"Get out of my way, you bitch!" Yelled the nymph, trying her best to push Penelope away from his massive cock. They fought.

"That's MY cum, whore!" Screamed the nymph as Andrin continued to pump into Penelope's tight locked mouth. She swallowed as fast as he could, and it burned twice as hot as the nymphs nectar. He was cumming so hard that overflow burst out of nose and ran down her face. Penelope came instantly.. Multiple orgasms racking her tiny body. But she held onto his arm sized cock like a lifeline.

The nymph's face turned into a rictus of evil. She screamed. Her delicate fingers became like claws and she scratched and beat into Penelope's soft back and grabbed her hair. Penelope couldn't withstand the onslaught, was ripped away and crumpled to the ground in a bloody bruised clump.

The nymph grabbed his pulsing cock only to suck the last drops of his mighty orgasm.

"Fuck! Fuck! You slut!" She screamed at Penelope. And kicked her hard. Penelope moaned. Andrin's mind and body was in a haze.. But he noticed that the nymph had cloven hooves instead of feet. He squinted up at her, his body still shook from the powerful ejaculation. She didn't look the same. Some sort of metamorphosis had been taking place.

On the ground another change was taking place. Andrin's spell-enchanted sperm was



running through Penelope's veins... Not meant for a human, it was causing side effects.

Penelope moaned and rolled onto her back. Sparkled lights ran across her skin in ripples. Her breasts heaved and she cried out in painful pleasure, arching her back in a spasm. The melon shaped breasts continued to grow even larger. Her soft skin bulged and wriggled, as the melons grew to the size of watermelons, almost as big as her mothers. Her hips bucked and they watched as her waist shrunk to the same circumference as her dainty throat, but her hips jutted out in the full breeder style of her mother. An aroma of sex filled the air from her hairless dripping pussy. Her hips lifted up a bit as her skinny ass filled out like a balloon. Penelope tried to look up around her breasts, but was still disoriented from the changes. Her face was as gorgeous as ever.

"How dare she steal my power!" She grumbled, visible bones from some other creature were now pushing under her skin, her teeth were pointed like fangs. "Now I will have to cast the spell again! I should kill the little bitch! But I need her to complete the rite."

She looked up at the moon. "Argg! we only have a limited time.. Too much has wasted.. We must do this Now and quickly!"

She reached over and grabbed Andrin by the hair and shoved his tired face against the half swollen breast again. He had no choice.. regardless of logic, he simply had to do what she said. Her reddish skin was now mottled with black cracks and missing pieces. The demon that the nymph was becoming struggled to escape the skin it was trapped inside. She held Andrin to her nipple until her breast was empty of the burning nectar. He spasmed and immediately came alive again.. Lust scourged through his veins and his crotch burned again.

Without waiting, the demon-nymph grabbed his enlarging cock and physically pulled him over to Penelope's prostrate body and shoved him on the ground.

"Now fuck her! You pig! But this time, the cum is mine! You will save it for me Only!"

Andrin looked down and realized his cock ring now shone a bright violet. His penis was bigger than a horse's and almost thicker than Penelope's tiny waist. He had no idea how he was going to fit. His body felt awesome, his muscles bulged out of his arms and legs and he knew he was much taller and larger than he had been before.

Her curvaceous body was glorious, a sexual dream come true. Her curvy legs were spread wide and her giant breasts rocked lightly with her breathing.

She parted them slightly and looked up at him through her bulging cleavage. It ran from her belly button to her chin. Their eyes locked.. Both knowing they were trapped by the web of seduction. Both knowing that this might be the end. She stared at his gorgeous body amazingly attracted to his new form. She nodded for him to proceed, knowing that this may be their last moment together.. her beautiful eyes and pouty mouth had stolen him, heart and soul. It was a look of love.

The nymph punched him in the back and scratched his flesh.. Crack! Blood ran down as she whipped him with her new tail. "I said, Fuck Her Now!"

Andrin pushed his giant double fist-sized head against her tiny wet crack and to his surprise her lips spread wide to accept him. Immediate warm pleasure rushed over him and he slid deeper. She moaned in disbelief at his girth. Her hips rose to meet him. Wetness gushed around his monster and he pushed even farther into her. He could see the outline of his bulging cock as it pushed up through her belly.

"Oh God! It's too big.. uhh! So Big! Uhhh," cried Penelope.

The nymph began her enchantment again. With a burst of lust burning through his brain, he grabbed her tiny ankles and began pumping back and forth in sheer abandon. Penelope screamed again, her breasts flipped and flopped across her body. Somehow he was able to push deeper and deeper into her cavity, stretching through her waist and traveling up into her.

Pleasure rang through his cock. Penelope cried out as yet another orgasm rocked her. Milky liquid dripped out of her thumb-thick nipples. But he didn't stop, he plowed into her over and over and over, he lost track of time. The voice of the nymph grew louder.. yelling and cheering. The nymph stood over them running her hands over their bodies.. chanting a spell in some other language and moaning. Penelope cried, tears ran down her face in pleasure, orgasm after orgasm seared her mind. His mighty cock stretched every part of her.

Once again, his balls began to throb and grow. Glowing light shone from his expanding sack, his testicles were as big as oranges. He felt the urge to cum. The demon-nymph knew it was time as well, because she started screaming for him to give it to her. He turned and looked at the nymph-demon thing. It was disgusting. The beautiful creature had peeled away and a black evil monster stood in its place. All it needed was his cum to finish the process and tie it to the human world so it could begin its reign of lustful terror.

Penelope was crying, Andrin was pulsing and pumping, the cum was almost there.. He felt himself ready..

But then a flash of light appeared behind the demon and without warning, a half dozen men and women ran into the clearing. Each one was naked but they carried sickles. The men were partially erect, their large girth swinging between their legs. The women were all huge breasted and glorious in their nudity. At the front of the bunch was Penelope's father.

The demon turned and attacked - some sort of blast detonated out of its hands like a ring of light. Immediately each of the humans was soaked with an amazing urge of attraction towards the demon. To each one, she became the object of their desire. Andrin felt the wave as it radiated out from the beast and several of the adults fell onto the ground, the demon shimmered before him and turned back into the trollop that he had seen earlier that night. He knew it was an illusion, but no matter. Others still fought with their sickles, despite the powerful spell, the demon's sharp hands came against the steel sickles. There was a horrible fray of blood, shouting and screeching. But Andrin could not pay attention. His focus was still on the amazingly buxom, sex goddess that he was still penetrating.

No longer able to hold on, he fully came into Penelope's gaping cavern. Penelope almost sat straight up and grabbed onto Andrin's large arms, pulling her massive orbs into his chest. She cried out over again in pleasure as he grunted and shot his load up into her womb. His orgasm lasted for well over a minute, but felt like an eternity. The most powerful orgasm they had ever felt consumed their minds. Completely spent, beaten and worn, they both collapsed to the side, still holding onto their beloved.

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Andrin heard the dinner bell from out in the field and walked up to the house. As he approached he heard swift little feet running up to him.

"Dada, Dada!," called his oldest son. He reached down to sweep him up in his arms. "Dada, tell me again about how grandpa killed the Dracal and saved your life."

Andrin smiled, it would be years before the little ones would understand why it was so important for the humans to be so sexually extreme, so that the Dracal magic would have less effect on them.

At the top of the hill, Andrin saw his beloved Penelope in the distance and made his way up

to her. She was surrounded by two more of their children running around her. As he approached he smiled again.. even after these few years, he still found himself aroused in her presence. After all, after the accidental final infusion of his enchanted seed, she was no longer the least, but now the most attractive and curvaceous woman in all of Noblash. Noticing his look, she smiled and turned slightly to the side in her traditional Noblash apron, which acted like a bra.. showing off the biggest breasts anyone had ever imagined. They swayed back and forth from her movement. Somehow, they were magically enhanced and stuck out farther than her extended fingertips could reach - almost twice the size of her mothers! The apron wrapped up around the ends but stopped about six inches up, so that her pure creamy smooth bosom was exposed all the way up to where they joined her chest under her collar bones. It was a sight to behold.. and they were so wide that she could barely fit through any door frame as she passed through. They looked too heavy for her to carry, but for some reason, it wasn't a problem. Accompanied by her gorgeous face, tiny waist and extreme bubble ass, she not only looked erotic, but men could barely stand to be in her presence without becoming instantly erect. Andrin was now the highest ranked man in Noblash.. violet rings were only seen in nobility.. so now there was talk of giving them both titles. Time would only tell how extreme their children would be.

Andrin smiled again as he reached his wife and bent down to embrace her for a delicious kiss. Her breasts smashed against his giant form.. for he was now taller than her father and quite strong. Her small hand reached and grabbed his aroused cock running down his pant leg.

"I'm ready when you are.. my love.." she whispered, giggling and licking his ear. And with that, he scooped her up and carried her to the house.

The End.

