

The Ballad of Maggie

A Puzzling World Story

by Randomking

“Boom! Head shot!” It was Sunday, and Maggie was getting the last bit of relaxation out of the way before a rather grueling week of coursework would begin. She needed to blow off steam. Actually, she was really hyped up. It had been a while since she had engaged in some silly digital violence.

“Ah, come on!” her roommate complained. “I fucking had you that time!”

“Oh, bullshit! My sniper perch was perfect that time.”

“Alright. Maybe it was, but I think next time, I’ll not handicap myself with my lower arms.” Beth had been altered by something or another a year ago, and her legs had been replaced by a pair of arms. It was both a handicap and an asset.

“Maybe next weekend. I needed that, though.”

“Well, when you have to dump a boyfriend for cheating, it helps to kill things.” There was a pause for reflection. Then, “Are you dropping by the grocery store tonight? I could use a few things.”

“I wasn’t planning on it. I guess I could use the fresh air, though.” What was with her? Since she dumped her boyfriend on Friday, she had been really frisky. Maybe she just needed a new squeeze.

“Yeah, you were a bit more fierce than usual with the double katanas. A walk would do you some good.” They gathered some shopping bags and the pushcart and got to the door. Given her lack of legs, Beth had to piggyback on Maggie. Sure, she could use her wheelchair, but it was just easier to do this with friends. Beth had long thought that something about her own transformation had made her more affectionate. Something about hugging someone with all four of her arms made her feel really cozy and connected. Oddly enough, most people didn’t seem to mind after an embrace or two.

They clambered out of the apartment as they planned their week, Maggie getting a lot of exercise from the haul. And how. She walked like she was training for a speed walking competition, almost

breaking into a jog. Beth had to complain a few times about the rough jostling to get her to slow down, but they got there without any spills.

The market itself was a nice mid-range place that advertised a lot of organic and natural foods but also had a good selection of inexpensive produce. They made good time, moving through the aisles efficiently, Beth hanging off of the side of the cart like a monkey to grab the various items. At the checkout line, Maggie found herself to be more flirtatious than usual, and she even gave the cashier her number. Beth didn't think he was handsome or clever enough to warrant such attentions, but she conceded that Maggie's behavior was normal for a recently singled girl.

Classes reconvened the next morning, and Maggie's focus was really bipolar. In one moment, she was furiously jotting notes-- and notes about her notes. The next, she was looking over at some dude's ass. This was the weirdest rebound, she thought. She hit the campus convenience store after her afternoon class and picked up a pack of condoms, since she realized that she needed to get a one-night stand out of her system.

Then, she saw a little island by the personal items. Oh dear, she thought. It was one of those Be Your Sexiest!® things. When all of the weirdness entered the world, corner stores, mall islands, and super markets would spontaneously gain a Be Your Sexiest!® rack of items. Somehow, the stores' purchasing systems would have their bar coding and inventory management updated to account for the items, and shopkeepers would hypnotically sell the goods, even after they had been instructed to refuse their sale. Fortunately, the "products" did not have permanent effects, and someone even developed an app to track when a store carried them.

Given her mood, Maggie felt compelled to take a look. All of the packaging featured lewd pictures and erotic slogans, and Maggie felt a sudden jolt of sexual energy. If she was going to sleep with a random guy like she planned, some of these items might help. She'd heard the horror stories, of course, but really, the only long-term effect of any of the Be Your Sexiest!® stuff was embarrassment, and these days, people tended to forgive you for some sort of bizarre impropriety. There were various toiletries, sexual aids, and lingerie on the shelf. Eventually, she picked out a razor with shaving gel, a pack of assorted condoms, and a dildo, since she could in fact strike out. She

even made sure to read the labels, since you never knew what these things would do. They were generally vague, and people tended to complain that they understated the side-effects. Her purchases were:

Be Your Sexiest!® Smooth and Beautiful Razor and Shaving Gel

We guarantee you have the smoothest and longest lasting shave that you have ever had! This product will never nick your skin, and it handles so well that you will not want to put it down until you are gloriously fabulous! Be ready to be fabulous!

Warning: Completely wash off the shaving gel, since hair growth suppressants in the shaving gel can cause various side effects.

Be Your Sexiest!® Transform Your Knight Condoms (6 Assorted)

Latex condoms are uncomfortable and so unsexy, so we created a magical material that practically disappears! Cumsluts, rejoice, for this condom doesn't stop the jizm! It removes all biological pathogens and sperm, making sex safe and spoogetastically messy!

Warning: Without partnered sexual release, priapism may occur. Erections may last as long as 48 hours or until external assistance is given.

Be Your Sexiest!® Guaranteed Orgasm Dildo
(Blue)

Sometimes, a girl (or an adventurous boy) needs a good, hard fucking. A finger can rub a clit for that nice orgasm, but only a phallus, real or rubber, can give you that deep down orgasm. We guarantee that this dildo will not let you down!

Warning: Prolonged use can lead to vulva or anal discoloration lasting up to two weeks.

Back at home, Maggie set to work on her class assignments. She was distracted, yes, but she was also a good student. She had three papers to write for the week, plus one problem set. Papers were getting easier and easier for her, since she became a practiced writer, but that problem set... Maggie was not a math person, but even with her English major, she had to complete a math class. It was frustrating, so she set it aside. She needed to finish

one paper for tomorrow. By ten p.m., she was happy with her paper. It was time to go to a club and get some strange.

Quickly, she showered. She pulled out the new razor and set to work. That box was right! The razor easily did the job in one pass and left a pleasant tingling sensation in its wake. As she worked her armpits, she found that she could be as careless as she wanted, because despite the unearthly keenness of the blade, it wouldn't nick. After her pits, she went after her legs, and somehow the razor guided her hand over her snatch. She generally kept a trimmed landing strip, but she was compelled to shave it bare, and suddenly, she was both proud of the job and awed by the power of magic.

In truth, it was her first real experience with magic. Oh, she knew people who had been affected-- her apartment mate was one of them-- but it had never been personal before. She followed those instructions about cleaning away the remaining foam, and she felt her skin. Even going against the grain, it was utterly devoid of the slightest stubble. It actually felt really sexy to her, and she realized that felt another compulsion-- show off.

She hit her closet and found a party dress. Yes, she had one, since her first roommate insisted on taking her clubbing when she was a freshman. To be honest, she didn't enjoy the experience at the time, but she was seeing Trey at the time. She put on her most ridiculous push-up bra and started to pull up her panties when all of a sudden, her arms wouldn't respond. She let them drop to the floor, and she was back in full control. A couple more tries showed Maggie that she simply could not make herself put underwear on. Well, that was strange.

“Hey, Beth!” she called.

“Wazzup!”

“Could you come here for a minute?”

Beth crawled into the room. “Jeez, Maggie, cover up!”

“I, uh, can't, so I wanted your help.”

“What do you mean you can't?”

“I think it's the razor I bought. I used a Be Your Sexiest!® razor I got at the store,” Maggie said sheepishly.

“Oh. Why the hell would you do that?”

“Look, I really want to get laid right now-- I think it’s a rebound thing-- so I figured that I’d use some of their stuff.” Maggie’s face was flush. This all might be a mistake.

“Uh huh. It’s a good thing that it’s not permanent like my condition. Alright, you want me to put the panties on you?”

“Yes, please.”

Maggie sat on the floor and lifted her legs, but once Beth got the feet through the leg holes, Maggie involuntarily struggled. “Oh, come on!” Beth said.

“I... I’m sorry. I guess this stuff really puts the zap on you. I guess I’ll go without.”

“You’re still going?” At this point, Maggie could practically see Beth’s respect for her drain away.

“I think so. Look, I don’t usually do this kind of stuff. Just think of it as catharsis.”

“Alright. Just make sure your hair and makeup is crazy, so no one will recognize you.”

“Good idea.” Maggie put on her party dress, even though the skirt only went down about a third

of the way to her knees. She quickly put her hair in pigtails, caked on the makeup, and spritzed herself with this glitter spray she impulsively bought six months ago. It was getting close to midnight, so Maggie rushed out, almost forgetting how exposed she was. The late night air quickly reminded her, though, and she felt a rush of adrenaline and undirected passion.

The club was only six blocks from campus, and it was not too busy. It was a Monday night, after all, and most folks had morning classes. Still, Maggie bravely entered and headed for the dance floor. The numbers were not in her favor, though. That was a problem these days, since magic seemed to skew the sex ratio. There were a few weird creatures that would feed on maleness, and some people used magical spells to curse men with unwanted femininity. A girl couldn't be too picky, so Maggie looked at her options.

There was one guy on the dance floor alone, and he was a terrible dancer. He seemed to try, yes, but he was just failing badly. Maggie figured she'd give it a shot. Her mood was lowering her standards, but as she got closer, she realized he didn't seem so bad. He wasn't a movie star, but he

looked fine. Maggie moved even faster when she saw a competitor also considering him.

“Wanna Dance?” she shouted.

“I already am!” he said.

“Riiight... How about with me?”

“Oh. Yeah, I’ll dance with you.”

Maggie moved close. She was going to get this done. Ordinarily, she wouldn’t take a risk, but she pulled his hand onto her waist and to get things moving. The unnamed young man looked at her with a bit of a shocked look. He was clearly unused to this sort of behavior in women, and Maggie only hoped that her forwardness was not too much.

After a half minute of awkward half dancing, he asked, “What’s your name?”

Great, Maggie thought. He doesn’t get the whole scene. Well, no matter. “M...” She realized that she might not want to state her full name, but she finally decided to give it. “Maggie.”

“I’m Josh.”

“Hi, Josh. Look, I’m going to be honest. I want to get laid tonight.” She could barely believe she was saying this. At the moment, she almost

imagined the scene as being outside of herself. “We can dance if you want, but I kind of want some action. I hope I’m not being too presumptuous.” Presumptuous? she thought to herself. Aren’t I supposed to play dumb here?

Josh looked a bit shocked. “Uh...” His face’s color changed as fast as a cuttlefish’s camouflage-- his usual Asian tan to sheet-white to beet red. “Okay. I think I can do that.”

They continued to sort of dance. Really, they just shuffled their feet, as neither was used to this. Finally, Josh said, “Where?”

“Excuse me,” Maggie said.

“You want to... Where do you want to do it?”

Right here, she thought. She went ahead and put her hand on his crotch. She could feel a bit of a hard-on in there. He briefly flinched, but he was into it. “Let me think, she said.” She guided his hand to her hip. The way his hand moved, it was hiking her skirt. He was clearly clumsy in the moment. Looking into his eyes, it was apparent that he realized her partial nudity.

“Okay,” he said.

“You can use your hands a bit here, you know.” He obliged, evidently making sure that she didn’t just have a high waistband. “Look, my place would be fine.” He nodded. “Let’s go.” As they made their way off the dance floor, Maggie recognized a transformed girl from one of her classes. She had two sets of legs and a sort of torso in between them. Maggie hadn’t realized it before, but she evidently had six breasts along that torso. She had great control of those four feet, since she managed to dance with them. The other girl and guy with her were trying to keep up. Evidently, the girl noticed her, too, and she winked.

Great, Maggie thought. It was then that she noticed that her skirt was bunched up, and she pulled it down. I should feel embarrassed, she thought, but I’m not. I’m on a mission.

“You’ll have to be quiet. My roommate is probably asleep or trying to get to sleep.”

“Sure,” Josh responded. He looked around the apartment, still cluelessly bewildered. Maggie grabbed his hand and tugged him into her room.

“Did you bring a condom?” she asked.

“I really wasn’t expecting any action.”

“Right. Let me see.” Maggie grabbed one of the Be Your Sexiest!® condoms. “I picked this up today, but I should warn you that it’s a Be Your Sexiest!® condom. As long as I help get you off, it doesn’t look like there will be any negative effects.” Josh had an apprehensive look, so Maggie continued, lowering her voice into a purr, “And I will get you off.”

“Isn’t the whole point of condom usage to prevent bad stuff?” he asked. “I mean, will these even work as condoms? That magical shit seems pretty dangerous.”

“Look,” Maggie said, her sexual frustration now fully in the reins of her rational self, “The package says, ‘It removes all biological pathogens and sperm.’ These things can be misleading, I’ve heard, but they don’t lie.”

“Alright, what the hell.”

She unwrapped a “Strawberry Cream” condom while he disrobed. She hadn’t used a condom in a long time, since she and Grant were fluid-bonded-- she really hoped he used a condom with the tramp he cheated with. She was all for safe

sex, and she preached it on social media. She wasn't going to be a hypocrite. She read somewhere that guys would dig condoms more, if the woman put it on and tried to make that sexy. It had been a while, but it seemed like a fun thing to do.

The condom was a bright red one with soft beige bumps that looked like they were supposed to simulate strawberry seeds. She took a moment to admire his dick. It was a handsome phallus, she had to admit. It was a nice size that she could imagine penetrating her. "Mmm..." He shaved. That was nice. Her ex-boyfriend demurred at that suggestion a while back. Come to think of it, he used rather misogynistic language when he did, but Maggie was blinded by love at the time. This set was all nice and smooth, and she gently caressed him from the shaft down to the ballsack, making sure to linger a moment before she began unrolling the magical rubber down the link of his cock.

Once the ring reached the base, the sorcerous transformation began. The latex, or whatever stygian material substituted for latex, absorbed into his skin, but the bright red strawberry color remained, and the "seeds" became bigger, as if they were designed to act like stimulative ridges. His cock head warped a bit to look like an actual

strawberry fruit, and then a tuft of leaves sprouted around his penis's base. She stroked it again.

"How does it feel?" she asked. The weirdness of the situation only fueled her lusts.

"It's like the condom isn't on," he said.

"Great, let's fuck."

"You don't want oral?" he said, looking maybe a bit disappointed.

"I am so revved up right now. I just want you in me." She then doubled down on the dirty talk. "Don't make me beg."

He clearly wasn't sure if that was code for making her beg, but banging her seemed really enticing. She pulled off her dress and unsnapped her bra in seconds, then she lay on the bed, her legs wide open in unquestionable invitation. He was gentle, and he took care to line things up, but Maggie wouldn't have it. She practically forced him down and used all of the weak leverage her position allowed her to set a frantic rhythm. He was in, and she could feel his whole length. Each stroke made the strawberry seed nubs massage her pussy walls. Still, she needed more.

"Mmm... Roll over," she ordered.

After a couple more thrusts, he managed, “Okay, yeah.” Now, she was in her game. Why had she taken the passive position? She needed to be in charge. She had been in charge up to this point, and lucky Josh was just along for the ride. Well, Grant was dominating in bed, and Maggie couldn’t complain then. Right now? She reveled in her wanton dominance. Rocking her hips, she ground her clit into his pubic mound and drug his length through her inflamed cunt. She intended to stifle her orgasmic cry, and ordinarily she would have used a pillow, but she was on top, and her pillow was a yard from her face.

“Oh, fuck yeah!” she yelled a lot louder than she intended, but she was a woman possessed. “Give it to me!” He was into it now, too, having caught up to the intense stimulation that this insane rendezvous provided him. He cupped her breasts and tweaked her nipples, causing her to gasp again and scream as a second wave of pleasure crashed over her quivering frame. He bucked, as he started spilling his seed. She could feel the first two pulses of ejaculation, and that combined with the new attention to her tits, boosted her into an immediate and unprecedented third orgasm. At this point, she was utterly unaware of the screaming and lewd swearing that streamed from her mouth.

That third one did it, though. Her strength suddenly left her, and fatigue washed through her now aching hips. A strong odor of strawberries overwhelmed the room, and she looked down at a wide-eyed and stunned Korean-American man. He looked a bit uncomfortable, so she dismounted, and what seemed like a pint of bright pinkish red runny goop spilled out of her pussy. She looked down at his magically demented member to see that the little leaves around the base were wilting, and there was even more goop oozing out of his penis.

“Uh, did it break?” he asked, still too dazed to intone it with the appropriate level of panic. Postcoital endorphins also put a damper on any sense of proper concern.

“Uh, no. The package said that you still get the cum. Apparently, it’s a lot of cum.” She brought some to her mouth. It tasted like strawberries and cream, alright. Her bed was a royal mess, too. There was so much semen that there wasn’t just a wet spot; there was a little puddle. “Um, get off. I want to prevent this from getting too bad,” she said pointing at the pool of pinkish jizm.

“Oh, I got off. By the sound of it, you...” he started to quip, but a loud rapping came at the door.

“What the hell, Maggie!” Beth screamed.

“Quick, get dressed,” she hissed at Josh. He looked down to his penis, which he was happy to see returning to normal. Still, there was a problem. He saw the bathroom and figured he’d clean up a bit first.

Maggie opened the door.

“Jesus Christ, Maggie. Since when were you a nudist?” Beth sniffed. “What? Did you fuck on a quart of strawberries?” Beth then crawled into the room.

“Uh, privacy?” Maggie proposed meekly.

“Given your volume, I think you’re past that point tonight. I was trying to get some sleep, you know.”

Maggie always tried to be a good housemate. Really, her sense of courtesy was generally quite good. A wave of guilt and shame washed over her. It wasn’t about the sex, though. She was kind of proud of her initiative and apparent sexual prowess that she showed. It was about mistreating Beth, whom she really liked. “Sorry.”

Beth stared at her face for a full minute. It was flushed, and the sweat, smeared makeup, and running glitter combined to make her look beyond sorry. “Look, wash up, and we’ll talk about it tomorrow. You’ve got to walk me in anyway.” She turned to go back to bed. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight. I’m really sorry.”

“I know.”

Josh staggered out. “I’m sorry,” he said.

“For what?” Maggie asked.

“You said to be quiet with your roommate. I should have found a way to help.”

Maggie snorted. “That’s sweet, but you should head back. I need to figure out what the hell to about my bed.”

“Do you want my number?” he asked.

“Sure. Leave it on my desk.”

He found a post-it and a pen. “It was fun. I’ll see you around,” Josh said.

“Yeah. See you around.”

“He was nice, at least,” Maggie said. They were walking toward campus. It was a slower pace than usual. Maggie’s thighs, hips, and abdominal muscles were quite sore.

“Like, MRA nice guy?” Beth asked.

“No, no. I mean an actual nice guy. I feel kind of bad for kicking him out.”

“Eh, you apparently really needed to get laid. I haven’t gotten any action since the accident, and I don’t think I’ve ever needed a fucking as much as you did yesterday.”

“I know.” A brief gust of chilly wind kicked up Maggie’s skirt. She almost fell over keeping it down.

“Still no panties?” Maggie asked.

“Yeah, I looked up internet reports on Be Your Sexiest!® shaving supplies. They keep you from wearing panties for a couple of weeks. You can start wearing knee length skirts and normal shirts after twelve hours, though. I can put on a full skirt in a couple of days and pants in a week. At least, I don’t need to shave for two or three months.”

“Huh. You make it sound like it’s almost worth it.”

“I’m on the fence right now. I have to admit that I feel really smooth. I might have shown a whole club my pussy last night, though.”

“And I was starting to feel special about seeing it last night.”

“Look, I am really sorry. I didn’t mean to disrespect you.”

“I know. I’m not too mad. It was out of character for you.”

“Yeah, but I still feel like getting some more, maybe this weekend.”

“You calling Josh?”

“I don’t know. I wouldn’t mind another tumble with him, but I feel like sowing my wild oats. I’m not ready for another relationship now.”

“Okay, so long as I don’t lose anymore sleep over it.”

Maggie sat down in her Early British Novels class and sighed. After the long walk carrying Beth most of the way, it felt good to relax her sore muscles. She was ten minutes early, so she drew her phone to check on the news and other things, but she sensed a figure nearby. She looked over to see the four-legged woman that she saw in the club the previous night.

“Hey, I’m Nichelle Schmidt. I think I saw you last night.”

Great, Maggie thought. More stupid consequences of last night. “Uh, yeah, I guess? What’s up?”

“Well, I’ve seen you around campus with that girl with arms for legs, and I thought you might be interested in joining my club.”

Well, that took an unexpected tack. “What club?”

The fellow student reached into her purse to pull out a card. “I run the Society for the Acceptance of the Transformed here. We’re all about making sure that transformed people keep their rights and have good lives.”

“I’m not transformed, though.”

“Right, I know. We recruit non-transformed supporters, too, and you hang out with... what’s your friend’s name?”

“Beth.”

“Okay, cool. You hang out with Beth, and that means you don’t discriminate. Plus, I’m, like, 80% sure you had used a Be Your Sexiest!® shaving kit last night. Your kitty was smooth, girl.” Nichelle kept her voice a bit low for that last part.

Now, the embarrassment that she didn’t feel the last night came rolling in. Red-faced, Maggie said, “Um, and why is that important?” She checked the room to make sure that they didn’t have an audience. Things were fine.

“Well, if you’re willing to dabble in magic, you’re probably going to do fine with our group.”

“I thought that the transformed learned a hard lesson about not dabbling with magic.”

“A lot of us, yes. Me? Well, let’s just say that not all transformed are the victims of some curse.” She winked.

Slightly stunned, Maggie asked, “You did that to yourself?”

“Kind of. It’s a long story, but here’s the thing... Are you for gay rights?”

“Of course.”

“Why?”

“Well, I don’t think we should discriminate against people because of who they love.”

“Okay, a pretty stock answer. Do you think gay people have a choice about their sexuality?”

“For the most part, no. I guess some of the magic stuff might affect things, though.”

“True, but back when people were really debating the whole gay marriage thing, some people insisted that it was important that gays didn’t have a choice about who they could love, right?”

“Right.”

“Well,” Nichelle continued, “would it matter if they did?”

“Probably not.”

“The same thing goes for the transformed. If someone chooses it, the Society platform is that

the person should be given the same respect as someone who didn't choose it."

"Are you suggesting that I want to be transformed?"

"No, no. I mean that you were willing to play with magic, and everyone has some idea of the risks."

"I thought the Be Your Sexiest!® stuff was never permanent."

"That's mostly right. I've heard of addicts to it, though. There can be permanent effects for them."

"I didn't see that on the internet."

"You probably didn't look long enough. Anyway, magic is always risky. If you're willing to play with it, I don't see a problem. You should come and talk to us. We're meeting Friday night to talk about ourselves. It's going to be a getting-to-know-you kind of meeting. For some, it's kind of like therapy." Nichelle then backed off and found her seat on the floor. Maggie looked her over. At the club, it was clear that she had six breasts on the middle torso area. It looked like the

clothes she wore in class tended to drape, so no one would be able to tell that.

“Oh good, you’re here,” Beth said. She took off her gloves that she wore for mobility. They were tough leather with hard rubber pads and made for durability, but they tended to get a little gross, just as the bottoms of shoes do.

“Yup, how was class?” Maggie asked.

“I’m managing the shit out of data.”

“I don’t know what that means.”

“It’s all IT jargon, so you wouldn’t get it.”

“Uh huh. Hey listen, I met this chick in class today, and she wanted to know if we wanted to join her club.”

Beth’s eyes narrowed. “What club?”

“The Society for the Acceptance of the Transformed. She gave me a card. It’s in the top pocket.”

As Beth rooted around the pocket, she said, “Yeah, some dude asked me about that about two weeks ago. I figured he was just a creepster.”

“Well, she said it was about helping people like you. I think it might be interesting.”

“Interesting? That’s not how I like to think about my condition. I haven’t really met many of my kind, though, so... why not? You weren’t planning to do anything but get laid on Friday, were you?”

“Hey, I’ve got all weekend.” Maggie wasn’t totally sure she wanted to wait until the weekend. Self control, she told herself.

“Why are you wanting to go, anyway?”

“Well, the girl who talked me seemed really nice. She also mentioned that she saw me at the club.”

“Okay, that’s weird. She didn’t blackmail you or anything?” Beth only heard silence, so she continued, “You know, a dark cult of transformation, using leverage to get fresh victims. That sort of thing.”

“Heh. No, she said that she thought I was using that magical razor and said that those interested in magic are welcome to come. I think she could teach me some things.”

“What things?” Beth asked.

“I don’t know. She seemed wise, somehow, you know? She talked about how magic was risky but that it wasn’t all bad. You probably find that offensive.”

“A little, yeah. Look, it’s okay, though. We’ll go, and we don’t have to go again.”

That evening, Maggie had an evening Documenting the Theater film class. Beth was doing the dishes. She had a sort of monkey bar thing installed, so she did them upside down. It worked for dishes, but unless she got an asbestos suit, she wasn’t going to use it for cooking over the stove. “She rocks... She flips! And she sticks the landing!” Arms didn’t weigh as much as legs, so Beth could accomplish unusual feats of acrobatics.

She went past Maggie’s room when she caught a strong whiff of strawberries. “Again?” she said. The laundry basket was overstuffed with Maggie’s bedding, and it wreaked of strawberries. Something about that smell... Oh dear, Beth thought. That magic shit has a life of its own, doesn’t it? Beth wasn’t asexual or anything, but her

romantic self-confidence took a big hit after the accident, and she just really didn't tend to think about sex much. Last night was a different experience, though. She saw Maggie naked and oozing erotic energy. She could remember that enflamed pussy and tousled hair. The smell brought her back, but it seemed to contain a bit of its own aphrodisiac properties.

She started to leave when she saw the spilled contents of Maggie's shopping bag. That dildo... Beth once considered getting a sex toy, but she could be pretty handy on her own. Plus, she was raised in a conservative household. But there is sat unopened. Maggie owes me one, anyway, she thought. Beth grabbed it and brought it into her own room. She unwrapped it and looked it over. It was blue with blue speckles in it. It had a phallic shape. Well, sort of. She'd never seen a dick like it, not that she was all that experienced. The head? Was that what it was? Well, the head was kind of long, and it had these little flappy flanges coming up the base.

She closed her door and stripped down. She then closed her eyes and remembered her last boyfriend. He was a loser, but there were good times. One of those times worked for her. It was when they discovered doggy style. She thought it

would look stupid, but it felt great. Yeah, there we go, she thought. She lubricated, and she started to insert the fake phallus. “Mmm...” It had been a long time since anything but a tampon had been in there. The stretching felt nice, and she went slow. “Ah,” she said, laying back.

She used her upper arms to play with her substantial tits. They weren’t this big before the accident, but since they were not especially abnormal, few knew this. Only she knew that her nipples were pretty sensitive. For most women, squishing breasts was uncomfortable, but since the accident, she actually liked them getting squeezed. It was one reason she liked hugs so much. Now, she could mash them and tweak them. Her lower arms started working the dildo, and it felt pretty good.

That said, she was always a clit-centric girl, so she stopped thrusting the toy and used her lower fingers to tweak her love button. The dildo kept her filled, and the breast-play and clit play combined got her moaning. She trembled, mouth agape, making little inhalations with hoarse moans. “Oh, fuck yeah!” she shouted as her clitoris lit up. She felt like she was having an orgasm in each breast, too-- not just her nipples but her whole set of boobs.

She came pretty hard. It was sweet, and she lay back a bit.

“Okay, time to play some games,” she said to herself. She started to pull the toy out, but when it was almost there, it stuck. “What the hell?” She tugged harder. By the time she was using all four hands, it kind of hurt. It slid in and out okay, but when it reached the last inch or so, it just stopped, like it was glued it. She looked at the package. “Oh, shit. It’s magic.”

She read the label. The warning was about prolonged exposure. She reread the package. It said nothing about getting stuck. Then, the door to the apartment opened.

“Hey, Beth, I’m home!”

Fuck, should I tell her? Yesterday, I saw her hoo-haw. What the fuck? “Hey, Maggie, I think I did a dumb thing.”

There were a couple of light thuds and then, “Shit, did you know my room still smells like that strawberry jizz? What did you say?”

“I said, I think I did something stupid.”

Maggie was at her door. “You need some help?”

“Um...” Beth’s heart raced. This was pretty ridiculous. “Yeah, the door’s open, but promise you won’t laugh or get mad.”

“Okay.” Maggie cautiously opened the door and beheld the her naked friend awkwardly sprawled out on her bed with a blue dildo most of the way out of her twat. “Okay, you decided you were lonely and started playing with my impulse buy.”

“Pretty much,” Beth said. “This sucks.”

“What’s the problem?”

Beth started to cry a little. “It won’t come out!”

“Did you read the package?”

“Yes, it didn’t say anything about this.”

“Okay, hold on.” Maggie turned to Beth’s computer. “I found a webpage that talks about these things. Hold on... Here we go. ‘The package only warns about discoloration, but the real “danger” is hinted at in the product description. You have to get off primarily from penetration. For some, this is difficult, but the magic makes it possible for those kinds of people. The longer the

dildo stays in, the more discoloration there will be. The discoloration appears to be in proportion to the added internal sensitivity. If you can't get off now, wait, and try again. Walking may be awkward."

"Walking is always awkward for me."

"True. Let me take a look."

"I guess that's fair after last night."

"This will make us even."

"Yeah, no hard feelings."

Maggie gave the dildo a tug. It stuck. She pushed it in a bit, and Beth squirmed. Her inner labia were now an artificial color of blue. There were even reflective blue flecks in them. Another tug, and it was apparently still stuck. "I don't feel comfortable fucking you with a dildo," Maggie finally said.

"Uh, right. Look, I'm a bit too scared and pissed off right now anyway. I think I'll keep it in for a bit. They said it would get easier to finish the longer it stayed, right?"

"Yup. It says here that the discoloration can last up to two weeks, but that's only in extreme circumstances."

“I’m not showing off my crotch anyway... unlike some people here.”

“I’ll pretend I didn’t hear that. Let’s shoot at each other for a bit. It will get our minds off of things.”

“Okay,” Beth said as Maggie left the room. She found her panties and stuffed the dildo all the way in. That felt better than penetration usually did. It still stuck out a bit, so there was a slight bulge in the panties. She put on a shirt and her specialty shorts.

A couple hours later, Beth returned to her room, having bested Maggie in most matches. Once again, she disrobed. “Great,” she muttered. Her pubes were bright blue. She used her hand mirror to see that her whole crotch was blue like the dildo, all the way from her anus to her entire pubic mound. Once again, she assumed her jilling off position and got to it. The dildo glided so smoothly now, as it seemed to keep so much of her juices in her vagina. “Wow...” It was like her cervix was a second clitoris. She grabbed her pillow and screamed into it, as she guided each thrust to pound her newly sensitive inner cunt. Pretty soon, her

mind was filled with images of being fucked senseless by a faceless man with an enormous cock.

Slam! She was pretty sure that she was drooling. Pound! Was that pussy juice running down her ass? Slam! Yep, it dripped. Furiously, she forced the magical toy to bang her white hot cunt. She orgasmed alright. And she kept orgasming for at least five minutes straight, when she gingerly withdrew the dildo. In her addled mind, Beth considered whether it was worth it. She hadn't really lost anything, except some dignity maybe, and the only one that had any dirt on her about it was someone she had just heard getting fucked the night before. It was a bad idea to play with magic like that, but orgasming like that was catharsis. Would Maggie want the dildo back? That would be weird.

The two friends showed up at the North Classroom Building for the meeting. They wound their way into the basement to find Nichelle chatting with a young man. "Hey, I'm glad you guys came. There are some rules, though, okay?"

"Alright," Beth said. "What rules?"

“Well, for now, the club is pretty much ladies only. My boyfriend Chris is going to stand watch outside. There are some creeps out there.”

“No problem for us,” Maggie said.

“Right. Because a lot of the transformed can look normal most of the time, we have a rule about meetings like this being all nude.”

“Nude?” Beth asked, suddenly considering the state of her groin.

“Yep. Look, for some, it’s just more comfortable. It helps us talk about things, too. Everyone is curious about us, even each other. Different transformations look different. It’s not so bad; just make sure not to leer at us freaks, okay?”

“Uh... I’m not so sure about this,” Beth said.

“Me neither,” Maggie said, “but I think we should do it. I assume you have a no camera or cell phone rule?”

“Of course. Oh look! There’s Britney and Joy!” Two normal looking women walked down the hall hand-in-hand. Maggie and Beth looked at each other, shrugged, and then walked into the door.

The club had put up a set of dividers to separate a dressing area from the main area. They quickly disrobed and went into the main room. It was a classroom with rolling desks and. The club modified it by adding a few bean bag chairs, large pillows, and a towel rack.

Beth took a bean bag chair, while Maggie pulled up a desk next to her. Already, several women were in the room, some of them obvious transformees. Others looked pretty normal. Both girls decided not to ogle and chatted nervously. A couple minutes later, Nichelle entered and said, “Okay, let’s get started. We’ll tell our own stories, okay? Then, we’ll need to elect leadership. I’m founding president, but it’s only a temporary position until the club can elect a new leader.”

There were ten of obviously transformed people and four other not-so-obviously transformed people or just untransformed at all like Maggie. “I’ll start,” Nichelle continued. Nichelle reclined on a large pillow near the whiteboard so that her lower torso lay sideways, and her upper torso was upright. Her extra six breasts were clearly visible, as were her two vulvas, one between each pair of legs. “My name is Nichelle Schmidt. I’m a junior majoring in political science. Okay, so my own transformation was two years ago. I tried some of

the Be Your Sexiest!® pantyhose. It makes your legs longer and gives you this really sexy walk. The trouble is that when you sit still, you kind of have to put your legs in a sensual pose, or you get really uncomfortable. That got me into some trouble in class, you know?

“Anyway, I thought the leg effects were kind of cool, and I decided to see what others were saying. Sure enough, there is this group of amateurs working with magic, and some of them had figured out how to pick apart the magic in Be Your Sexiest!® stuff. They used some spells they made, and I thought it would be neat to try them out. Well, I worked up a little ritual on the pantyhose, and it backfired. That’s when I grew the extra set of legs and pussy. At first, this was a big problem, you know? I had to find clothes, tell my parents... Shit, they didn’t take it well and still don’t. It worked out okay, though. I learned so stuff about magic, and I try little things from time to time.

“Like these boobs here,” she pointed at her six lower torso breasts. “I was trying to get a bigger rack-- don’t judge me, okay? Yeah, I kind of screwed that one up, too, but it’s okay. I’ve made it work with my boyfriend, and now I like them. I’ve been thinking about getting more below the original

pair. I mean, more freakishness wouldn't do much to me at this point. So, yeah, that's me."

This girl is a bit nuts, Maggie thought. She seems alright, but she's missing a screw or two.

At that point, one of the girls walking in from earlier spoke up. Disrobed, she had a penis-like organ jutting from her crotch and laying against her leg. "Hey, I'm Britney. Um, senior in philosophy." She coughed. "I have STFCS. It's this disease... a contagious disease that makes boys into girls and makes girls grow a big clit. I looks like a penis, sort of, and it kind of works like one, I guess. I'm not really sure where I got it, but it turned my boyfriend George into Joy." Joy raised her hand, a half smile on her face. "There were a couple other guys I dated that got transformed, too, but they don't go here anymore. Okay, about my thing... Well, I'm horny a lot."

Joy nodded vigorously and said, "Forgive her, if her when she gets a boner. I've got to fuck her, like, three times a day, or she gets really frustrated, and she gets mooney or mad, or she gets, I don't know, sad maybe? It's not her fault, but I like fucking her, so it's cool."

"Yeah, like she said. I get horny a lot, but it's okay. I get fucked, and that's still a lot of fun.

I've talked to a couple of others like me, and they said that it never feels like a chore, even if their lovers get a bit tired."

Nichelle asked, "Is school okay?"

"Yeah! It's great now. I mean, at first, I couldn't manage things very well, and I talked with a counselor. He showed me how different handicapped people cope, and we treated it like that for a while, and we did okay. Then, I learned how to juggle things better. Actually, I think it makes me a better student, because I was never this organized."

"What did your parents say?"

"Um. Well, that's hard. They think they raised a slut. I guess they're kind of right, but at this point, I have to stay monogamous, because I don't want to spread this thing around. That's hard, because I, like, see a bunch of hot chicks in this room, and I just kind of want to... Sorry, I got carried away." Her enlarged clit got bigger, raising a bit on its own. "Um, yeah, it makes you like girls, like, a lot. I still like to look at boys, but I don't want to spread this thing." The erect organ seemed enormous on her female frame. The tip of it reached the bottom of her cleavage. When she slouched to indicate she didn't want to talk

anymore, it briefly caught under her left breast and sprung loose. It then flopped a bit and came to a rest on her left nipple. She sat on her hands.

Joy seemed mesmerized by the thing and, smirking, looked back to the room. “So, yeah, I’m Joy-- I used to be George-- a senior in history and communications. Um, I slept with Britney in a one night stand. Then, two weeks later, I felt really sick and then became a girl. I don’t really want to be one, but the experts I talked to said that there was no way back. Boys who magically turn into girls don’t even respond to hormone therapy, and surgeries get magically reversed, so here I am. I think I’m still a guy at heart, you know? I like all of the old stuff, like action movies and first person shooters.” Beth and Maggie looked at each other and rolled their eyes at that. “I do okay, though. My parents are pretty cool with things, except that they don’t like that I’m still with Britney. They don’t get all that. Uh, let’s see. Yeah, I find occasional magical stuff that helps me keep up with Britney’s needs, because that’s, like, intense. I like that part, though.”

“What kind of magic stuff?” Nichelle asked.

“What? Oh, there are a few things that help. I have a little supply of Be Your Sexiest!® lube that

works pretty well, but you have to avoid addiction. That happened once, and it wasn't a good time. Well, it kind of was? But not for my grades. There's this vulva peach tree over at Terrance Park, and I can use that, but I was told not to use it too much. I also have a recipe I've been working on using some little magic bits from different places. It sort of works, but dosing is stupid hard."

"We'll have to compare notes later," Nichelle said.

"Um, okay, I guess." Joy's expression reflected the discomfort with Nichelle's magical predilections that the most of the room seemed to share.

The room's attention switched to the next desk where a small woman sat. She seemed a little annoyed that she would have to speak, but she started, "I'm Wyona, a freshman. I haven't gotten a major yet. I'm un... What was it? Un..."

"Undecided?" Joy offered.

"Yeah, undecided. I used to be Wyatt, but this summer, I was skinny dipping in a lake with my buddies, and this stupid monster attacked us. It used its, uh, what do you call them? Tentacles, yeah. It used those to grab our parts. Most got

away, but I'm not a fast swimmer. It grabbed my dick and totally sucked me off. Then, it made me what you see now. That's pretty much it."

"But you decided to come to school," Nichelle said.

"Yeah, I did. I mean, I was going to go somewhere else, because my girlfriend was going, but she dumped me, yo? Yeah, that sucked, but what can you do, right? She wasn't mean or anything, and it wasn't her fault or nothing. My folks were cool, though. I told them the whole story, and they said they did some skinny dipping when they were kids, so they just said it was an accident, and I wasn't in trouble or nothing."

"Okay, Brandy, right?" Nichelle said, turning her gaze to the next person.

She was the only one in the room with any clothes on. She had a pair of plastic panties on. "Hi, I'm Brandy. I'm a freshman, too. I want to be pre-med, I think. Yeah, so... I was in high school last year, and I made out with this boy under the bleachers at the football game, right? Well, I didn't know he had a girlfriend, or I wouldn't have done it, because I'm not a bitch or anything. This fucking bitch, though, she thought it would be funny or something to curse me. She had some spell she

found somewhere, and she cast it on me. Now, my pussy puts out pheromones. Like, a lot of them. I can't take off panties like this in public, or we'd all be fucking on the floor in, like, five minutes. They're crazy shit. They make you want to fuck anyone."

"Whoa... What happened to the girl that did this?" Joy asked.

"She got in trouble, and she's in juvee now."

"Right. What do you do about your, you know, thing?"

"Oh, shit. Yeah, so I'm not immune to my juices, and they're always going. I have this mask I can wear, but it only works for a bit. Usually, I just take 'em off in the shower, and then I totally have to, you know... Well, I have this waterproof vibrator. Anyway, if I cum and then dry off fast enough, I just put on a new pair."

"Can you, like, bag your scent?" Joy asked, a hopeful look on her face.

"Why would I do that?"

"I'm looking for help for me and Britney, right?"

“I guess I could. I’ll see what I can do tonight.”

The next one in line went ahead and jumped in. “So, I’m Chelsea, a Junior.” Her enormous boobs had drooling vulvas instead of nipples. Their inner labia splayed out, and the clitorises stood up proudly from their hoods. “I’m a French major; my project is about how the French are adapting their words for new magical phenomena, since the Académie has to approve works. It’s really cool how they’re dealing with things. Anyway, about three months ago, I was backpacking in Belgium, and I found this big tree.” Chelsea, as a rule, liked to gesticulate when she talked, and she was utterly unselfconscious about how this made her incredibly elastic breasts bob around, bouncing and wiggling.

“Ungh...” Britney moaned, apparently involuntarily.

Chelsea stopped. “You okay?”

“Uh...” Britney tried. “I, uh...” Her grand clitoris looked slightly bigger than it had been just a minute before.

Joy said, “She really needs to get off. We can leave.”

“It’s cool,” Nichelle said. “Go ahead and do that for her now, and then she can hear everyone’s story.”

Britney looked surprised, and she shuddered, her hips rocking as if on their own accord.

Joy smiled. Apparently, she got some sort of pleasure in breaking barriers with her girlfriend. She gripped the base of the great organ and pulled it into her mouth.

“Oh my god!” Britney cried. Her eyes were as wide as a comedic cartoon character, and her hip undulations became uncontrollable bucking. Joy’s fingers went from the base of the clitoris into the folds of her quivering labia and then into the vagina. She rammed her fingers in and out as she expertly mouthfucked the end of the clitoris. The stunned room watched in amazement as Britney quickly orgasmed. Her voice rose to feminine screams, and Joy tried to take in as much as she could until she had to release Britney’s cocklike appendage from her mouth. Still, a couple of spurts of what looked like semen erupted from the end.

“It’s okay. It’s why we have towels and cleaning spray,” Nichelle said. She was already on her feet, getting those things.

“I’m sorry. Britney said, her face red from both euphoria and embarrassment. “I, uh... I just...”

“It’s okay, baby,” Nichelle said. “Society will have to accept more than just our presence at some point. They’ll have to accept our sexuality. I mean, we can’t be expected to starve ourselves or make ourselves ridiculously uncomfortable. People will have to get used to seeing naked parts and maybe even some public sex. The people in this room, they understand it at some level, I’m sure.”

“Shit,” another glob of cum flicked from her softening clitoris. “I mean, okay, yeah...”

“No one disrespects you for that in here.”

“Okay, thanks, I guess.”

“Right.” Nichelle was helping Joy wipe down the area. “Okay, Chelsea, why don’t you continue?”

“Sure. That was kind of hot. Alright, so there was this tree there. My hiking group thought

it looked funny, because it had this big part at the base that looked like a pussy, and there were these knobs on it that looked like tits. Well, I got down to pose for a picture of me licking the tree cunt, and it spurted sap all over me. Within an hour, I had these babies.” She lifted her boobs proudly with her hands. “Yeah, the pussies on them are always wet, but it’s so much fun to play with ‘em, even though a lot of guys are kind of freaked out by them. I just put some absorbent pads in my bra, and I make it through the day just fine. My old boobs were normal size-- I wore B or C cups, depending on the brand-- and they would hurt if I bounced them. These, though? I wouldn’t even wear a bra, if I didn’t need to use the pads.”

Nichelle nodded. “You sound like you prefer the new you.”

“I wouldn’t go that far. I mean, these suckers get more attention than I’d usually like, and I’ve freaked out a couple of dudes. Now, I make sure to make sure that a date knows that I am transformed first. I don’t say what my transformation is, but I want to make sure that I don’t get another freak-out situation. That makes life harder, but you know, when life gives you lemons, you make lemonade. That’s my philosophy.”

“Alright, Jennifer, wasn’t it?” Nichelle said to another woman.

“Yeah, I’m Jennifer,” she said. She was in a bean bag chair, her legs spread wide to accommodate her titanic pussy. The mound alone jutted from her crotch several inches. Her pussy lips curtained out nearly to her knees, and her clitoris was the size of her fist. “I am a sophomore in geography. This happened to me this summer when I was at home. I saw that there was this vulva peach tree in the backyard, and I heard somewhere that they could be trouble, so I decided to cut it down. I was alone, so I got our chainsaw and got at it. Those things must be conscious or something, because it fucking attacked me like those apple trees in ‘The Wizard of Oz.’ Those peaches splattered all over me, and one really juicy one hit me square in the face. I ran into the house to shower, but I guess it was too late. Now, I’ve got this giant cunt.”

“Do you cope okay?” Nichelle asked.

“Well, yeah. I mean, I got this seamstress to help me out, and now I can hide it in a skirt. I’ve learned that I have some muscle control over it.” Without moving anything else, she waved her labia around and made her clit bob and circle. “It’s kind of a fun trick, and I found out that my orgasms are

out of this world. I think that I might have some sort of mind power with them, but it's a little hard to focus when your whole world becomes pleasure. And, I don't get many dates. Actually, none, since I'm a bit afraid to even try that game."

"Mind powers?" Maggie asked.

"Yeah, like I think I have telekinesis or something."

"Whoa..."

"There is so much about magic that we don't understand," Nichelle said. "Anything else you want to mention?"

"No, that's it. Just me and my giant cunt over here."

"Right. I never caught your name," Nichelle said, addressing an enormous woman sitting cross-legged on the floor. Maggie was pretty sure that she had seen the woman somewhere before.

"I'm Petunia," she said in a powerful but feminine tenor. "I am a senior in sports medicine. I was on the basketball team, but I got kicked out." She must be at least seven and a half feet tall, Maggie thought. Her body was powerfully muscled with visible corded sinews and perfect tone all over,

even when she sat there, relaxed. Her bosom was quite large and firm with small nipples poking out erect. “I’m sorry, it’s hard for me not to be loud. I was cursed by a teammate my sophomore year. She put something on my towel, and at first, there was no problem. I thought someone just put shaving cream in my towel or something.”

“That night, I went to fuck my boyfriend, and when we came, it was super-amazing. He kept coming and coming, and we were doing great. When it was done, though... He was a she, and I was taller and stronger. We, uh, broke up. I still found him... her? I still found her attractive, but she was all freaked out and wanted her space. I was hurt, because I thought she found me ugly. Anyway, my ball game got awesome. People thought I must have juiced or something, and that bitch who cursed me must have been pissed. I was stronger, faster, had better reach. Yeah, I was kicking ass.

“Well, a couple of months after the accident, I thought I’d play the field some more, and I tried to date this new dude. He was on the hockey team, and I thought he was super-hot. Yeah, when I fucked him on, like, the fifth date, it fucking happened again! He became a she, and she thought I did it to him! I said, shit no, it wasn’t me. I don’t

play with magic! Well, I thought, fuck her, right? She can go play on the field hockey arena, the dumb bitch. The third time it happened, though, I found out she was right. Fuck, right? I mean, it sucks that I can't go and fuck a dude, because they won't be dudes anymore, but look at me! I was the ultimate baller. I could fuckin' slam dunk. Bam!" The room shook at the strength of her voice.

"Then, I thought, I can go fucking pro. Another boost, and I'll be the best fucking basketball player the WNBA has ever seen. Shit, I might be able to be the first NBA player, you know, compete with the men. I found the weaselest asshole on the men's team I could fine, you know? This dude, I fucking knew he had hit some bitches. Well, he had it coming, and I could do it. I fucking seduced that motherfucker, and then he was a she, and she was stupid pissed, but I was bigger than she was now, and she got scared. She told the school, and the laws and rules didn't do shit about this situation, but they could kick me off the team for illegal enhancements."

"You don't do that anymore, do you?" Nichelle asked. She looked a bit rattled, and Nichelle was pretty much never rattled.

“Do what? Turn guys into girls? Nah, I quit. See, one of the things that happens when I do that is that I take a little of their sexuality. Now, I see women like most straight dudes do. I’m probably more like lady-boner over there now.” She pointed to Britney. “I guess I’m a lesbian, right? Well, it’s cool now. The first three dudes? They were accidents. That last one had it coming, whether I wanted to be stronger or not. It is not cool to beat up women.”

Joy spoke up. “It’s taken me some time, but I don’t think being a woman is a punishment.”

Petunia laughed. “Well, not to you. But it was to him. I made it a punishment.”

The room was silent for a moment, until Nichelle spoke up again. “Alright, Mina and Talia, what’s your story?”

Two women shared a bean bag chair, one of them holding the other. “I’m Talia, and my mute lover is Mina.” Mina had a vulva running vertically where her mouth and nose should be. Talia, by all appearances, was unaltered. It was pierced in several places: through the clitoral hood and six points along each labia. “We were lovers before Mina’s transformation.”

“First, what are your majors?”

“Oh, sorry. I’m a European history major, senior year, and Mina is a music major. She specializes in piano. She’s also a senior. Yeah, so ours is a tragedy made good. We discovered some a Be Your Sexiest!® stash last summer, and we got the chapstick. We were hanging out in Arizona, since Mina was playing at this nightclub, and I tagged along as a waitress. Anyway, it was dry, and I’d read that the Be Your Sexiest!® chapstick would really help, and way it put this big pussy on your face sounded like fun. Mina is a sub, and we made a weekend of it. If it looked like it was wearing off, then we’d re-apply or just apply it right over her pussy face. We made this awesome game of it, and it was so hot.

“Well, work time came around again, and it didn’t wear off. It turns out that we did exactly what we were not supposed to do. She was stuck. I think we could have broken up, because I knew it was my fault, and Mina knew it was my fault, but we made it work. We learned some sign language, since Mina can only make a couple of sounds.”

“What sounds?” Nichelle asked.

“Go ahead, honey,” Talia said. She caressed Mina’s abdomen. Mina made several sensual groans, like a woman desperate for sex. “That’s mostly it, I’m afraid. I do my best to make it worth her while, though. I have to say that she she is improving her piano skills rapidly now.”

“Okay, Amrita, can you tell your story?” Nichelle asked.

“I can, though there is not much to tell. I am Amrita, a sophomore in computer science.” She was a small woman of dark complexion. She had two more pairs of small breasts under her original pair. Each was topped with a mahogany brown nipple that stood two inches from wide areolae of similar size. “About 2 months ago, I was working on my friend’s deck-- I’m really hand with a nailgun-- when I encountered a boob-mouse. They’re these breasts that walk around on little legs and sometimes attack people. I tried to shoo it, not know what it was. There’s this mouth on the underside, and it bit me.

“Boob-mice have a paralyzing bite, you see. I fell backward, and it jumped onto my left breast and started sucking, making my nipples big. It did the same with my right and then sucked on my chest below that, so I have what you see here. It was

scary, but each time it did that, I orgasmed. When it was done, it stood there for a few seconds, vibrating. Then, it split into two and ran away. Now, I have these. They are not too bad, but they are really sensitive, and they're hard to hide. My friend made a custom padded bra that covers them all, and makes me look like I have bigger boobs instead of big nipples."

"What did your parents say?" asked Nichelle.

"They do not know. I am not sure what to tell them, but I do not see them often, since they are in India. I am sure that they will not quite understand. For now, I work on my degree, and I am doing well."

"How about you, Maggie?" The conversation had gotten to them now.

"I'm Maggie, a junior in English. I'm not transformed. I'm just here for my friend Beth."

Nichelle pressed, "But you are a little transformed now, right? You've used Be Your Sexiest!® stuff, right?"

Maggie blushed. “Yeah, I used their razor once, and I fucked a guy the other day with one of their condoms.”

Nichelle said, “Oh, I’ve been meaning to try their condoms. How was that?”

“Uh... I... It was fine. It was a bit messy, though.”

“Do you like the razor? I’ve been a bit nervous to try it, but I’ve been thinking about trying to reverse engineer the magic.”

“It’s a nice shave, yes, but the exhibitionism was a bit much. I’m not a prude, but I want some degree of modesty, you know?”

Nichelle nodded. “Absolutely. What is your story, Beth?”

“I’m Beth, third year in Information Technology. About a year ago, I was at this scuzzy dive bar in Baltimore with my boyfriend, and he thought that he would surprise me with some breast enlargement pill he bought from a self-described witch. Well, he managed to get me to take the pill, telling me it was ecstasy, and this happened.” She pointed to her body, showing her large breasts and

her arms for legs. “I dumped his sorry ass, right? I mean, that was really shitty.”

“How is it fitting in?” Nichelle asked.

“Well, I’m kind of handicapped and gifted at the same time. My general mobility is not so good, but I have extra hands, and I can climb really easily. I also have these larger breasts now.” She cupped them for emphasis. “There is more to it than that, though. They feel good when they’re squished and squeezed.” Maggie was surprised at that admission; she had only ever known about the leg and arm situation. “I know it’s weird, but that’s the way it is for me.”

“And what do your parents think, Beth?”

“They’re okay. I think they wanted to put a hit out on my ex, but they’re over it now.”

“What about the blue crotch?”

“Oh, this is embarrassing. I, uh, accidentally used a Be Your Sexiest!® dildo, and it can discolor you. I think it will go away.”

“And you, Ann?” Nichelle said.

“It’s Anna. I’m a history major. Sophomore. I chose my fate.” She had three heavy

breasts in one row and a second set of arms that seemed to fidget with her nipples and pussy as a matter of course. She occasionally shooed them away. “When I was in high school, I saw this porno of the sexy chick with three tits, and it stuck with me. I did my research and figured out how to make it happen for me. Well, my mom was really pissed, but I was really happy about it. I think I liked the attention. Then, I realized that they were kind of heavy, and I thought that could hold me back.

“I figured out how to add a new set of arms. They’re super-useful, but if I don’t consciously control them, they like to fondle things. It makes dating kind of hard with the mixed signals and all, but it’s fine. Then, I saw this other porn with a chick who had a tongue that came out of her pussy, and I figured out how to do that, too.” A six-inch tongue snaked out of her snatch and waved around before withdrawing. “That was good, but I botched the spell, and there wasn’t enough room in my pussy for the tongue and a dick, but I found another spell that turned my anus into a new pussy.” She stood up and bent over to display this alteration. “This one turned out to be pretty great, because I just don’t poop anymore. It just goes away somehow, and the only other effect is a little bit higher libido.

“Anyway, I like to mess with magic, and I collect spells and stuff, so if you want to experiment, I’m happy to help.”

“I see that we need to compare notes,”
Nichelle said.

“Sure.”

“Have you ever changed someone else?”
Talía asked.

“Mmm... Yes. My roommate last year. She wanted bigger breasts. I cast that spell, and she’s got bigger breasts. There was a little problem, I guess. Her boyfriend came to watch, which I was totally cool with. As the spell makes the effect, her mind opens up to suggestion, and he didn’t know it. She was getting off on the whole thing, and he was a bit too encouraging. He said, ‘You just love big tits, don’t you?’ Well, she’s had a raging breast fetish ever since. She eventually dumped him and started dating a chick with big boobs. It worked out for me, though, because he’s my boyfriend now.”

“What about your family?” Nichelle asked.

“They think I’m nuts. I probably am, but I stay positive.”

“Okay, so that’s all of us for the first meeting. Now, we need to elect officers and sign this paperwork for the university.”

“That was a trip,” Beth said.

“No kidding,” Maggie replied. “Do you want to stick around this thing?”

“Well, I volunteered for secretary, so I guess I’m in until the end of the semester. I think it will be good for me, so long as it doesn’t turn into weird-ass orgies or something. I felt a bit better about my situation, you know? I mean, we both got naked! Naked! And we didn’t really embarrass ourselves.”

Maggie laughed. “That was weird, but I ended up not minding it. I mean, I only had one naked pussy. Some had more than that.”

“Right? And can you believe that a weirdo like Nichelle or Anna has a boyfriend? I’m starting to think that I might not be so hopeless after all.”

“We’ll get you hooked up, alright? This weekend, we will get you laid, and you’ll love it!”

“Whoa, whoa, one-night-stand-Maggie. I’m too honest a woman for that.”

“You can be honest about being a hussy.”

“Yeah, yeah... Oh, I meant to tell you, remember the chick with the clit-penis-thing?”

“I’m trying to forget some of that. Why?”

“That Be Your Sexiest!® dildo looks like her clit. I thought it looked weird, but I guess I’d never seen a clit like that before.”

Maggie contemplated that for a moment.
“We can look it up when we get back.”