Magic Man

*In the beginning*

By R@gnaroCker

*Disclaimer:*

*This is a work of erotic fiction. You don’t like? Then why are you here? If you’re too young, beat it kid. Everyone else, welcome to my first piece of fiction. It’s intended to be a two parter, if you like, convince me to continue and complete the second part sooner. This segment was mulled over for nearly two months as it is.*

I don’t know what happened the day this gift (curse?) came to me. I just woke up in bed just knowing something visited me last night. A presence, of unimaginable power, but it seemed like a dream. I’m Jason by the way, a sixteen year old boy from an average city in North America. I live with my mother who’s raising me on her own. Like most teenage boys I’m one big hormone, noting all the blossoming girls around me. Unfortunately, I’m the typical social wallflower, and I really don’t like the attitudes of my peers. I’m frustrated and shy to say the least.

Anyways I get up from bed after that dream feeling AWESOME, wondering why I take a look in my bedroom mirror. Hmmm, nothing out of the ordinary, I have nothing to show for myself you see. I’m an average 5’ 5”tall figure with no muscle tone to speak of really, brown hair, blue eyes, but no acne (thank God). Right away, I start thinking about my peers at school; particularly the female variety and I get a boner. Hmmm, bit faster than I expected too. My penis is only 5 inches which is why I never felt confident in the “men’s department”. Always wondered why some of the boys in the locker room after P.E. class were sporting boners while coming out of the showers, sometimes wondered if they were gay, or if they were just too proud of their “equipment”. Anyways I was idly wishing I was twice as long, and before my eyes my penis was spouting like Pinochio’s nose, giving me a huge sensation in the process making me cum all over the floor instantly. My dick fountains upwards shooting cum up on the mirror, while I lose balance and fall backward in the rapture of the moment.

Then that dream came back to me, how else to explain my dick growing out to ten inches in seconds. I was seriously getting weirded out here, the details are sketchy but the dream was intense and real enough. Something or someone came to me in my sleep and told me it had stolen something from the gods. Said he had to ditch this power as he had to run and hide. So, until he can get back to reclaim what he’d taken, he said I could do anything I wanted. I remember asking “what was this thing you’ve stolen”? Before disappearing, he responded, “why nothing short of the key to this reality”. The proof was in my hands, a ten inch boner, now fading away. But if that wasn’t the clincher, I was disappointed about having to clean up after myself, and like that, all of the cum had disappeared. Next thing I wanted was to get dressed, and there I was standing now, and in my usual street clothes. I’d briefly, thought I’d try on some high fashioned clothes, but decided to put that off for now; just didn’t want to attract undue attention.

I was however going to have to restrain this power from going off at the slightest whim. On this I thought on for awhile, trying **not** to surprise myself with another granted wish generated by random thought. So, I stated clearly to myself that I wanted things to only come about when I thought of something; and replied in thought, “exactly”. I’d say, “I wish”, in answer to my thoughts, but that too easily done and may cause more trouble that way. People think that phrase all the time in answer to wishful thinking; it just never comes true automatically for them, though. Still to try an experiment; I’d thought of having a nice cold cola in my right hand, I even concentrated on that act. Nothing showed of my efforts until I said/thought, “exactly”; and a bottle of cola instantly appeared as I imagined it. *Good stuff*, I thought, and went to leave my bedroom drinking it down quickly.

Since it was just me and mom, we didn’t need any more than a small bungalow. It’s a single floor home, two bedrooms, and totally unpretentious. I’d thought about zapping a nice lavish executive style house, with great furnishings and all, but I’d wanted to take things slow for awhile. I‘ve read quite a few parables and morality stories and I figured if I got thinking too big too soon I may end up destroying something precious, like the earth itself. Who knows, from whom this thief had stolen this power and hid in me, if I got too big in my ambitions, those ‘higher beings’ in looking for that thief could think the thief was me. On the other hand, if this thief could take it back at any time, I may not get much time to have some fun. I was therefore quite anxious to get started, as I entered the kitchen to the smell of bacon and eggs.

Mom was the perfect picture of the harried overworked working mother, cooking breakfast. She did get an allowance paid out from dad’s life insurance when he died. Unfortunately, the stipends were to only last for ten years, and it’s been eleven now. Fortunately, the house mortgage was paid in within that time, so we’re ‘okay’ with only her income. I could zap a lot of money into her bank account, but how to explain its presence? I could alter reality to accommodate that, I suppose. I wondered how’d that come about though, I mean the magic in me could use a wide latitude in interpreting how the money was produced. I’d thought of a few scenarios that would not be pleasant at all, at least, not for my mom’s well being. Still, my idle thoughts took a nasty turn in regards to mom, and my personal demons started rationalizing it all away.

It started innocently enough though, as mom started serving breakfast on the table. As it was Friday morning, mom had to leave for her office job and I to school, we started the day at pretty much the same time generally. She’s in her early forties and though she was by now dressed for work, and had yet to apply her make-up until after she finished eating; she looked positively fat and dumpy with a slight black coloring under her eyes. She looked ‘out of it’, being at the end of the work week, she was just going through the motions. So, I’d thought I’d help, but first I figured she’d notice if I did anything at all, and freak out. So, I thought that she wouldn’t notice anything happening to her via my power, and completed the thought with ‘exactly’. Even at this point, knowing it was my mom, and the potential changes, my heart was pounding in my throat. I just wanted her to feel youthful again, so she can get on with her day with more ease. I knew she wouldn’t react to anything I did while using my power, and even if for some reason she did, I could, ‘take it back’, by rewinding time, or erase the incident from her mind (or so I hope).

I reasoned that I needed (desired?) to see the changes first hand for what I had in mind, so I ‘thought’ her clothes away, concluding with ‘exactly’. Okay, so, there she was getting all the cups and plates of food on the table, and perfectly stark naked to boot. Then she sat down totally oblivious to her state, and began eating. Like I said before, fat, dumpy, ‘matronly’, one could say. I wanted to broach the subject and find out what reason my altering her reality could had have to ‘convinced’ her to walk around the house in front of her son while naked. I asked if she was feeling chilly being naked and as casually as you can imagine, she glanced at her body, and said she wasn’t. So I asked her, “Well...shouldn’t you be dressed when at home?” She then gave me an indignant look and said, “Jason dear, I have to wear those restrictive clothes all day while out of the house, you know how much I like to feel free and unrestricted at home. Now eat your breakfast, ‘Mr. Prim and Proper’. You know people are allowed to do whatever they please in the comfort and privacy of their own home; after all, everybody does this”. *Ah*, I thought, the magic had provided a different ‘moral compass’. So, I thought, about what she said, figuring that she had her mind changed to think her behaviour as normal... interesting. If I hadn’t figured in advance to force her not to notice what I was doing, I know she’d be freaking out right now. I for one was feeling really beside myself for even going even this far. I’d thought this power was very corrupting, but I rationalized it by my next move. I’d thought she’d feel better having a body that was 25 years old, and I concluded with, ‘exactly’. Hmmm, instant transformation, and she’d looked much more firm, though apparently, even at the age of 25, she was heavy set. Then I noticed something else, I did intend for no one to really figure out the differences she’s been put through. So, here I was, presented with a woman, with a 42 year old head, and a 25 year old body. I did think ‘body’ after all and intended it, but the contrast was still, ahh, unique.

I wanted to gauge again how much she noticed. It was my intent that though she wouldn’t notice she had a young body again, she would reap the benefits of feeling better and being more energised. So, I asked her how she felt. She said she felt great, frowning now, she repeated she hadn’t felt this good in years. Looking herself, up and down, she started listing all the chronic aches and pains she’d been having for years; now all gone. I’d thought I go further and give her perfect health, and weight, concluding with ‘exactly’. Whoa, I thought, she’s really getting to be a ‘hottie’, and she still didn’t catch on. She did seem to be enjoying her morning now, with a big grin on her face. It was after all, exactly what I wanted, and I thought her clothes back on, adding that it and all her clothes be tailored to her new figure concluding with, ‘exactly’. A brief thought flitted across my mind of mom with nice big breasts, and that was greeted with the correct reaction of disgust and fear about corruption.

With that and breakfast concluded, we did our usual routines to get ready to get to our respective places of work and toil. I was soon out the door and down the street, five blocks to school I went like every other day. Remarking to myself, just how much more spring mom had in her step, while she got herself ready. As I walked down the street by myself, I figured people at mom’s work place, would still notice the differences in her. So, I thought that everyone she knew, aside from me, will not notice anything new about her, that in fact, she always looked and felt the way she did to anyone who knew her and concluded, ‘exactly’. But I still kept her face and head as is; ‘mom’ was mom after all.

By the time I had that figured out I had reached school, and I was noting the usual crowd. It was an okay place as far as I was concerned. As I said before I was a wallflower at school so nobody paid me any attention, and for the most part, I preferred it that way. It was about this time that I realized I hadn’t thought about myself, other than that of my bigger dick that is. I thought about having an athletic body, just 5% body fat, perfect health, great teeth, sight and hearing, concluded with ‘exactly’. Now having been a teenager I was already feeling fine beforehand, but now I felt super, like I was ready to bounce off of the walls. Oops, my clothes didn’t go with it though, had pain in tight areas all of the sudden and before anyone had noticed I had all my clothes fit me perfectly, concluding with ‘exactly’. Whew, that felt better, and like with mom’s clothes, I’d set all my clothes at home to fit me as well, ‘exactly’. Hehe, pardon the pun. I was really getting to enjoy this new power; the confidence building in me was phenomenal. Striding across the school grounds and up the steps to one of the buildings many side entrances, I was feeling just wonderful.

So as I was walking down the hallway towards my locker, I noticed a girl with nice looks and decent tits. I wanted to feel her up without anyone else, or even her noticing. I could freeze time, but then it occurred to me that, eventually, the whole world would have to be frozen in time. Think of it, I’d freeze the people in the hallway, but how much of it? How about people venturing into the hallway and getting stuck in the at the fire door entry, as the time field takes hold of them? I’d time freeze the school, but that’ll be even worse at the school entrances and exits with people getting frozen in time there. Should I time freeze, the block, the city, the world? If I’d gone that far, the ‘powers that be’, particularly the ones whom this power was stolen from would take notice. So, taking a cue from an old Star Trek episode, I sped up myself, to make it appear that everyone else had stopped in time, at least from my point of view. With that in mind I concluded, ‘exactly’, and sure enough the world froze.

Now I could play all I want, with whomever I want and get away with it. I strolled up to her, ogled her and then tried to feel her up. To my shock and disappointment, she was hard and stiff as stone, even her clothes was like bending a tin can. Hmmm, well live and learn, besides, it was still a great effect, for getting in and out of places I’m not allowed in. Indeed, after I’ve had my fun at school today, I’ll visit a few banks, maybe make a few withdrawals. I was at least able to make her clothes disappear ‘exactly’, and got a boner just looking at her, naked in a school hallway. The incongruity of the scene made me real hard, and I wanted to screw her right there, but then she’s still hard as a rock. I stood there and bopped my new ten incher till I was weak in the knees, and spewing all over her, then I popped her clothes back on, ‘exactly’. Heheh, that smell and stickiness would leave her wondering where she got her ‘gift’.

I returned to standard time, ‘exactly’, after I stood back from her and composed myself. The first thing she did was scream, as she was apparently in terrible pain. I was feeling sorry for her, so I needed to know why she was in pain; she was telling her nearby friend that she felt like her skin had been hit very hard. So I decided go with a new power, ‘X-rated vision’, to see perfectly clearly under everyone’s clothes, ‘exactly’. Just like that, everyone appeared naked before me but I knew they still had clothes on because, as per shoes, their feet never really touched the ground. I looked at her and, OH MY GOD, everywhere I’d had touched her in my accelerated state, she’d developed blood blisters. I froze the scene by my time acceleration spell, and stood there staring. The confidence I had started to have earlier, had vanished. I wished her well again, ‘exactly’. I wiped the incident of her pain and screams, from everyone’s memory, except me, ‘exactly’. Then returned to standard time ‘exactly’, just then someone came up to me and mentioned that I appeared to be moving without moving. I was mortified, I realized as I sped myself up when someone was looking right at me, then when I returned, I would’ve just reappeared in a different pose. Well, at least everyone else appeared to resume their normal lives, and I wiped that mistake from the observer’s memory, ‘exactly’. Well, at least I can do the trick of mind wiping a specific incident and still get out of difficult explanations.

Anyways I got to the first class, and we got to our usual seats, and everyone still appeared naked to me, including the teacher, which was to me embarrassing because he was middle aged guy. Seeing his wiener held down and shrivelled by his invisible underpants, I must’ve been blushing a furious red because I noticed that the girl to my right was staring at my odd reaction. Fine then, I thought to myself, I’m either going shrink away from using and enjoying this power, or I’m going to take it by the horns. I noted that everyone who normally attended was already here, and knowing that no one intrudes when class is in session, I didn’t have to speed just myself up, I sped up the whole class ‘exactly’, it could be weeks before the hour was up for them. I did this so I can do everything to everyone here and experiment as long as I want, all the while being in the same time frame as they are, within the confines of the classroom. Next thing I did was put everyone in a magical trance, ‘exactly’. I turned off the x-rated vision, ’exactly’, walked up to the front of the class and looked back at them. Hmmm, now no one was going to notice what I’d do to them and I also get to touch as well. I was thinking about what to do next while looking at their numbed faces, arms hanging limply at their sides. I ordered the boys to the back desks, and girls to the front desks. They complied in an autominous fashion

Well, first things first, they were in a magical trance, so what I said was law, as I told the girls and brought the power to bear into this statement, ending with the usual trigger word. All the eighteen girls would now receive sexual thoughts from all the worlds human inhabitants, minus all the negativity associated with sex. You’ll get their pleasure and fantasies, with no thought of consequences. They will not find release through orgasm unless I say so; I would refine those conditions further in a moment, concluding with ‘exactly’. They started writhing already as I continued, I added they will get these thoughts in their heads only when they look at me, thus despite themselves they just had to leer at me with eyes already in a state of intense avarice and lust. These thoughts are to be incorporated into their personalities and that their personalities be brought to the fore while still in trance mode, I concluded with ‘exactly’ (this statement brought the intelligence back to their eyes). By now they were flicking their tongues, squeezing their tits while fingering themselves, winking and smiling at me whenever my eyes had graced them. Then I wound a spell that the girls were connected psychically with each other. When one of the other seventeen girls gets an orgasm the girl I’m currently screwing will feel that girl’s orgasm as well as her own. That’d potentially give her combined orgasm of 18 times normal, as well as multiple orgasms. None of them will have an orgasm unless I’m currently engaged in intercourse with one of the girl at that time. At which time whoever is engaged with pleasuring themselves in whatever fashion, can get relief from her horniness. No one can approach me to touch me unless I purposely go to them first, otherwise they must keep a respectful average distance of five feet from my person (that was to prevent them from raping me). Then I told them, “They can have a portion of my power only as far as modifying their clothes, makeup, hair and bodies, telling them to use the power to attract me since they all wanted me. The only proviso in that last statement is I preferred to see their real faces in general”. I wanted this, so that I could still recognise the girls for who they are, as those girls I’ve in school with for the current year. Knowing who they are at least in public life, and how’d they’re acting with total abandon now, was a turn on for me, I concluded with ‘exactly’. At which point it seemed their faces fine tuned to accentuate who they are, but in a totally slutty way.

By then, they all wanted me badly; they were all writhing and stroking their twats furiously. They seemed to realize all at once, that they won’t ‘get theirs until they can entice me to approach at least one of them, so right before my eyes they began to use the enormous sexual knowledge that was pouring into their heads to that effect. Morphing before my eyes they started with changing clothes, 16 year old girls started wearing slutty high heels platform shoes and boots, short mini’s, see through shirts and bras, teddies, corsets, fishnet stockings, PVC, rubber, etc. These were continuously changing, in their desperation to attract me NOW rather than later. The makeup on their faces started looking real slutty as well (thick even), so I made a side command regarding this, that the makeup was to actually be the real color of their skin and lips, this because didn’t like the thought of kissing paint. Their hair started changing into real exotic hairdo’s and colors that had no business being on girls from a middleclass working neighbourhood. I decided then to line the classroom walls and ceiling with mirrors to help their visualization. For about a half second they were shocked after seeing what they had wrought upon themselves, and then they were even more turned on. At this point they figured out they can change their bodies. First thing was the fat and dumpiness went, that was easy enough, which provided the clue that they can do even more to themselves. Some became more adult, others tried longer shapely legs, rounder rumps, slim waists, no hair ‘down there’, but they knew all boys liked tits. Tit’s spouted along with their tops accommodating for the growth. The average tits size being around sixty inches, and taking on unusual firmness and shapes, some being perfectly round, others trying torpedo type profiles jutting out, and with various nipple sizes and lengths.

I decided to help out with suggestions to help me decide; telling them what turned me on was incongruities. For example, small slim girls who had no business wielding huge breasts. All at once they were no more than five feet tall, slim, and sporting whoppers. I continued listing examples, mixing young and old features, to this they added 5 year old heads with adult hairdo’s, etc., to sexy bodies (damn by now I’m way past hard), innocent with corrupt (sexy nurse, schoolgirl and nun costumes appeared, among others). I mentioned trying mismatching body parts, when I said that to the girls, things got freakish, some sported elongated/shortened limbs, or animal parts. I was beside myself by this time thinking how easy it was to get them to do these things to themselves willingly. The girls were reaching sexual overload, some had their eyeballs rolling up saving themselves from further overstimulation by looking at me, still drilling their cum buckets with their hands all the same. But they were addicted by the sight of me by now, so they always returned their leering, avarice, lustful stares back at me. Continually morphing themselves, using the craven imaginations I had provided for them. I told them to stop with the animal parts though, that was too freaky even for me, and they complied.

I briefly looked at the boys in the back and had a delicious thought. First, figured I wouldn’t get to service all the girls all the time, and they would be humping anything they could find. I zapped all the girls and boys desks into short cushioned benches that could be stood over by people while riding their partners. Secondly I thought; why should the lead girl have all the sexual orgasms of their female peers? Why couldn’t I have the same from the thirteen boys now lying otherwise uselessly on their backs? I popped off the boy’s clothes, and ‘wired them’ into my own erection. I noted that all their rods were now sitting up oozing precum since they were getting excited within their trance state, from the feedback they were getting from me. The girls were too focused on me to notice what was behind them, particularly after I popped my own clothes off. All the girls’ eyes had a truly fanatical look now, actually getting scary to look at the way they were looking at me, as they were drilling for gold while longing for my dick. I approached one girl, Amber Brown; with her now looking like this [chris6.jpg](http://expansionmansion.com/media/main.php?g2_itemId=23164) and her beaming a smile at me like she’d won the lottery. As I ready to mount I looked up momentarily to tell the other girls to look behind, and to mount the standing forests of woodys they would find there, as for the rest, I popped some vibrators. Then when I looked down again Amber had changed again into this [WR0881](http://expansionmansion.com/media/main.php?g2_itemId=58210), “damn”, I thought, as I started ramming her.

Right off as the girls were already hot and wound up tight as a drum, all eighteen orgasmed their best orgasm they ever had, and Amber received all of it in one go. She stopped moving and I ordered her not to close consciousness so she’d get it all. I could see her eyeballs roll back, and felt her slit clench so hard it threatened to cut off the blood pressure to my own woody. Fortunately, the other boys’ bodies, even in their entranced state started to respond. Since the boys’ were going about it mindlessly though, I was spared them going all off at the same time, just in rapid succession instead, a never-ending orgasm streamed through me, or so it seemed. Me and Amber were both blissed out, though I still had enough of a mind to keep humping her. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed and Amber was still riding the Mount Everest of orgasms. Then the girls in the room started to space out the timing of their own orgasms. I had to suppose so anyways, because Amber started to move and twist again. Good thing too, ‘cause I could swear she was starting to turn blue.

Then when she opened her eyes she gave me this look that was unexplainable, but the impression that I got was that, even without trances or magic, I owned her. I chanced it by removing the world wide sexual input, and trance control, as well as the connection to the other girls, while preserving her memory of the events. I wanted her honest reaction even with my rod still in her. I could swear that she was going to say something like, “you monster”, but a flash of terror flashed in her eyes, her mind did a flip-flop followed quickly by desperation. All this I could easily read on her face. Eventually she said rather tentatively, “M-my fuck master, I’m your sex toy forever more. Forget those other bitches; you can’t serve them all at once. Anyways I can be anybody you ever wanted, all at once.” She instantly changed rapidly, into various female stars and singers, all with sexual enhancements, finally settling on this [Kelly Madison](http://expansionmansion.com/media/main.php?g2_itemId=45768).

“Any ‘body’ I ever wanted, eh?” An idea came to me, as for the briefest moment Amber’s eyes flashed uncertainty, seeing what had flashed across my own face. With a the trigger words necessary, I placed the classroom, and everyone back to their original starting position, double checked on everything while keeping the class frozen in time while I and Amber went towards the back, taking up two desks there. I said, “My sex toy forever? Very well, you’ll be given your own set of powers through me. The world wide sexual thoughts and desires will still be fed through...” at which she interrupted. “Sorry master, but that ‘spell’? was a headache, I mean all at once”? She said, “It all came together as a white noise, the desires were felt, true enough, but can you modify it so that my mind can disseminate the worlds thoughts minutely in a matter of nanoseconds, streamed one after another? Hmmm, the desires all at once, the thoughts themselves streaming, that would be nice.” “Fine” I said, “and for that helpful suggestion, I’ll cut you some slack, I want you constantly percolating without rendering you an invalid, so a minimum of five desires and thoughts at all times, and I’ll let you control the amount above that. “Ohh, thank god”, she said “I think you’re going to be a great master”. “Thanks” I said, “It’ll only get better my little sex toy, for to be my one and only, at least for the most part, you’ll be loaded with lots of extra features. Your worldwide sex reception, will be fed to your nipples and clit in a mnemonic/sympathetic fashion from your brain, in other words, as you get turned on so does your sexual parts; directly”, I said, “I think I’ll call it ‘hotwire’”, I concluded with ‘exactly’, and she was just purring with hotness. “UMMMmmm, this is just a delicious level of horniness, the five minimum that is, thanks master”. Heh, from what I remembered of the old Amber, the formally shy introvert was now quite sexually exotic all of a sudden. Your tits will now orgasm on their own in response to the “hotwire treatment”, spurting vanilla favoured milk, your cum juices will taste like banana cream, concluded with ‘exactly’. Yeah, the sight of her nurses uniform wet with milk soaking through was erotic, to say the least. For awhile there she couldn’t stop squeezing those massive tits she was now sporting.

“Of course you still have your shape, clothes and makeup changing ability. But though I want you to be sexy all the time, I don’t want people to stare, I don’t want to share you with other people at all, so you’ll be totally unnoticeable to anyone but me”, I said, “You’ll be able to walk down the street naked, buy groceries in a thong bikini, the effect will be so strong that you could slap somebody in the face, but they’ll still not recognize it was you who’d done it.” Amber said, “Ermm, okayyy, but don’t leave me lonely honey, I don’t want to be alone.” “Not to worry”, I said, “You’ll still be able to converse with people for needed things, but the reason will be made quite clear. By the way you’ll note that your ‘unnoticability’ will pass onto me from whenever we’re fucking, to holding hands”, I concluded with ‘exactly’. Next, you’ll be able to phase through inanimate objects and assume zero weight and mass at will. I said the trigger phrase and it came true, and to demonstrate, we held hands and left the classroom, while I let the class rejoin the normal time frame. We turned around and while holding hands went back in, shutting the door with a slam, no one in the class even flinched.

Next we got naked and paraded in front of the class while holding onto each other, no one even noticed; all the eyes were still locked onto the teacher while he was giving his lesson. I had her assume her weightless state with no mass, and had her mount my rod, I tell ya, it was as easy as masturbation heaving her up and down like she was a blow up doll, suspended from my dick. To demonstrate why I wanted her to be able to phase through inanimate objects, I walked her, still attached to my penis, to an empty desk, asked her to phase, and sat down. “Oh my GAWD”, she said, “We can fuck in a student’s desk; awesome”! As her torso was sticking out of the desk I sat down in, she kept pumping me, and then she decided it was time for another change [1164](http://expansionmansion.com/media/main.php?g2_itemId=58298). “Holy cripes”, I thought while we had our orgasms and had it loud, heh it was such a turn on with everyone sitting around us and the teacher droning on. So, we stopped and rested, while I explained another power I was going to give her.

I explained I wanted to give her the ability to possess anybody’s body. “You did say earlier that you could be, ‘anybody’ I ever wanted, well here’s your chance, I said, “you could phase into and take over the bodies of other people in varying degrees”. “For example, just take over the mind to rewrite the motivations and history of that person”, I said, “or take over the body over, other than the head and listen to their freaking out, that they’ve ‘lost control’ of themselves”. “Your powers will carry over too, change their appearance till they can’t recognize themselves, then leave them and their bodies like that, I explained. “Your ‘hotwire’ effects, juices, phase, weight/mass, everything carries over while you possess them”.

“Ohhh, that’s positively evil my master, ‘wicked’”, as she writhed on my slowly shrinking member. Which I corrected by another spell that I’ll always get a perfect hard-on whenever my member touches her skin and it perked right up, after the usual trigger word that is. Which got me thinking, who’s getting more corrupted? The ‘hotwired’ thoughts are definitely and constantly giving her new ideas and encouragement in this area. As evidenced by her next suggestion after I told her my next idea. I wanted to give the whole female demographic of those who attends this school daily, a magically physical illusion of super sluts. Other than strictly keeping their female faces intact to enhance the incongruence of slut teachers and students. As I was getting into explaining the details to Amber, she had a better alternative in mind. “An altered reality zone”, she said.

The details goes like this, the why of it is, we (she now, and I) like the see the plain ‘nobody’s’ of girls and women here get corrupted into their ultimately sexual form, and for us to be present while the effects take place. Those outside this zone will be totally indifferent to what’s happening inside the zone; indeed those inside the zone won’t notice they’re changing either. The zone will be fifteen feet in diameter around my person, wherever I go. All females will undergo a full body makeover in a space of ten seconds (growing tits, slimmer waists, wider hips, beestung lips, fuller hair, etc., while still being in their regular street clothes, which at this point is only changing to fit the new dimensions of their bodies. The next ten seconds they spend in my zone and their clothes morph into sexually provocative stiletto’s, corsets, teddies, halter tops, mini-skirts and shorts, etc. Then finally during the final ten seconds, accounting for a total of thirty seconds; with sexy makeup and jewellery changes (or face coloring, as I still don’t like the thought of smooching a painted face), their demeanour will change to that of wonton sluts. All the while, they won’t notice the changes to themselves or the others around them. Thirty seconds to go from zero, to super-slut I thought, and I get to watch, cool. I carefully thought it out also noting that the effect would cease in a reverse fashion when I leave the area where they are; and added my trigger, I then watched the girls around me get slutty again. Amber was so proud of her suggestion; she changed again [WR0335](http://expansionmansion.com/media/main.php?g2_itemId=39088).

Right around then the buzzer for the first recess sounded, Amber mounted my rod like a jockey and we were first out the door. She was enjoying the spectacle of being able to ride me down a school hallway filled with students, as we were half naked and with her bumping up and down my shaft to the motion of my stride; as I explained that I wanted to try this new effect out in the cafeteria. As we got there, I spied two plain looking girls sitting by themselves at the far side. To be sure they’d don’t just get up and leave when I sat down in front of them, I thought that they’d be intrigued by my company when I sat down, as Amber hopped off, I said my trigger word. Sitting down across from them at the table observing them, after seven seconds they already looked like this [10.jpg](http://expansionmansion.com/media/main.php?g2_itemId=25758), another ten more seconds they looked like this [1151](http://expansionmansion.com/media/main.php?g2_itemId=44238), ummm ‘*Marvy*’ I thought. Amber, who was sitting down next to me fingering herself, wasn’t to be out done by a couple of rank amateurs; changed again into something literally eye popping [Hood 126](http://expansionmansion.com/media/main.php?g2_itemId=20772); I said, “Amber, that form’s a keeper, stay like that awhile”, she answered with a smile. The girls across from me got to the point of being sluts and giving me all sorts of sultry looks, and there I was just enjoying myself, watching them and the scene around me. Amber suggested adding another ten second transformation to the end of the initial 30 seconds of my ‘sex zone’. A more environmental addition, whereas everyone (boys included) would think this behaviour was totally natural.

She explained the gist of it to be sure I got it right in my head when I cast the spell. Essentially, if everyone had always believed thus kind of behaviour was natural; boys would act like they were fed up with having to fight off sluts at school every day. The girls would respond in kind, being even more blatant, because ‘Hey, everyone does it, I gotta top them to get the boys attention’. “So the other boys would act cool to the scene, but you get to enjoy strip tease shows just walking down the halls, female staff and teachers included, that is if you in the area for 40 seconds”, Amber said. I thanked my lucky stars I came up with the ‘hotwire’ spell, ‘cause I’m sure that’s where she’s getting all these nasty ideas. I added this ten second addition on to my sex zone, and watched as the girls in my area, including those who were in front of me, start humping the furniture and stripping. I soon had an average of at least three girls feeling me up and/or rubbing their inflated fun bags against my torso. I realized that eventually it’ll get annoying then I’d want to get moving, but as long as I’m in motion, it shouldn’t get too bad.

Ten minutes of recess to go and I decided to see these effects on the teachers by heading to the teachers’ lounge. I got back up and Amber hopped on my dick, and off we went. Amber’s ‘indifference effect’ was wonderful in the sense that even when I loitered on the way to the teacher’s lounge; which I did a couple of times, the wild girls in my ‘sex zone’ didn’t pull me under with their come-ons. I’ve seen some other unfortunate boys get trapped under groups of horny girls. We got to the teachers’ lounge with eight minutes to spare and we went inside immediately. Two men and three women were present; the women were Mrs. Beasley, Miss. Connors and Ms. Kellerman. I watched it all at once, viewing them all as best I could.

I’ll start with Beasley though, sixty years old, overweight at 230 pounds, and iron grey hair worn in a bun, wearing a lab coat; as she’s the science teacher, old fashioned stockings, black horn rimmed glasses, sensible shoes and makeup, ...what makeup? A stickler for procedural discipline, she never liked students who goofs off in class. When they do she gets out the yard stick, now it’s not so much the threat, it the sound she makes with it that thing slapping the table right in front of the offender.

When the changes started, it’s like the lab coat was a living thing. Moving as her body parts was moving to their new sizes and positions. Fortunately given her large size her lab coat started off fairly snug to begin with, given that, it seemed to stay that way throughout. Having the effect that it was tailored made to as her waist slimmed, her hips stayed wide but shaped into a perfect ass, and her fat chest was rendered a more shapely sixty inches of boobage. Her hair let loose and fell down her shoulders turning a lovely brown, lips puffed out, and the nose slimmed. She suddenly noticed that her eyesight had changed and took off her glasses, and that was the first stage done, a lovely woman in dull but tight clothing. Whereas, we start with her shoes morphing into knee high five inch stiletto boots with skin revealing lacing on front, stockings turning into fishnets attached to garters now showing as the lab coat got shorter, not even covering her red thong underwear as she was sitting in a low couch. The lab coat became sleeveless and seeming to lose buttons almost down to the belly button, revealing breast cleavage in a red lacy over the shoulder boulder holder bra. That did it for the second ten seconds. Finally in the last ten seconds her face assumed heavy fiery blush, hot red lips, mascara and raunchy eye shadow. Then her demeanour went from self disciplined to slut as she slouched down, opened her legs and started lightly stroking her twat with her eyes closed. Gawd what a difference, I wanted to jack off right then.

Then there was Miss Connors a new teacher, twenty five, sweet and nice. Most boys takes her Home Ec. class just because of her rather than the subject she teaches. I’d watch her go to slut level under my ‘sex zone’ spell, but I had in mind that when she’d revert after my departure that she stops at ‘sexy in slut clothing’, and an additional spell, changing every article of clothing she has at home to reflect that. I’d thought it’d be awesome to have a “sweet and nice” twenty five year old teacher, teaching class dressed like a stripper, without playing the part, so no heavy makeup either. She’ll have an aura zone around her to accommodate her new image of herself; she’ll think the more outrageously skimpy and sexy, the more conservative she’ll look. Heh, Sears would look like a sex clothing store to her from now on, while an intimate apparel shop would look like ‘normal’ to her. So that she doesn’t get fired for her outrageous clothing, this zone would let every male and female adult and female students view her as conservatively dressed, and every teenaged boy as tongue tied when they plan to talk about her to anyone outside of other teenage boys (including written/text messages). I can imagine the consternation of her and the girls in her class when they notice all the boys walking around with hard-ons and staring at her. HAH, she’ll guess what’s happening and dress even more ‘conservatively’. Next year, if I’m still around, I might take her class.

But for now, let’s review her changes. ‘A’ cupped breasts ballooned out to beach balls, waists was already perfect, and made more perfect as her hips flaired out, and her butt rounded to a beautiful heart shape. Lips turned puffy, as her shoulder length blond hair grew down to her ass. Next as she was wearing a sweater and jeans with flat sandals, they in turn changed into a braless fuzzy halter top (ohhh, nice nipples), real tight mini spandex shorts that showed off her ‘camel toe’, and eight inch red platform stiletto shoes that had laces going up over her calves. Then the face coloring and sluttiness was next, as she sported hot pink lips, mascara, and rouge on her cheeks. She then she turned around from facing the lounge’s kitchen counter, jumped up on it and started squeezing her new melons in ecstasy. She was lactating so she soon took off her top and moaned, “Does anyone want cream in their coffee”?

Ms Kellerman was the girls P.E. teacher, whom most people suspected she was a dike, though she never had any complaints of improprieties. She started out with the usual t-shirt over a sports bra and sweat pants likely over a pair of shorts. She did wear t-shirts that was sort of tight to show off her fitness level, and thus her validation to teach P.E. She’s 30 years of age; with shoulder length brunette hair tied in a pony tail, and lightly muscled with little fat, very little breasts to speak of. Trim would be the word and tall too, around 5’9”. She had the lounge’s T.V. remote checking out the sports scores.

Overall, she went from gym teacher to slutty gym teacher in dress and manners starting with her boobs of course, as her tight t-shirt and sports bra started stretching out to ridiculous proportions. Her ass inflated a lot due to her previously trim behind, along with the width of her hips. Almost imperceptivity her legs grew out even more (she’s gonna be an Amazon). Then she took on even more muscle, not quite filling out to female weightlifter status, but strong in appearance none-the-less. Then her clothes started, the sports bra disappeared while her t-shirt became tied up like a halter top with a knot right under her melon sized tits. Then her sweatpants also disappeared, revealing her gym shorts which quickly shortened to a thong that was jammed up her crotch and ass, leaving nothing to the imagination. Then her sneakers developed into 8”platform stiletto running shoes. Her pony tailed hair split into two, over each of her ears, giving her a puppy dog appearance. That does it during the first twenty seconds, the next ten seconds she slouched down into the couch she was sitting in and started figuring her clit, while still obliviously flicking through the channels. Still, with her being a gym teacher, her makeup didn’t get too heavy, mascara and lipstick with eye shadow was all she wrote.

The last ten seconds changed all their demeanours as even more as garish slutty makeup increased on their faces along with bangles on their wrists and ankles and loop earrings suddenly appeared on newly pierced ears, noses and nipples, (yeah, that’s how tight their clothing were). Struck in awe, I let go of Amber and the science teacher locked her eyes on me, reached out and dragged me down for a one-on-one encounter. While the apparently lesbian gym teacher had gotten up from the couch; walked over to the home economics teacher who was by herself sitting on top of the counter sucking on her lactating breasts, Ms Kellerman then proceeded to help Miss Connors relieve her of her milk while fingering her twat.

The two male teachers had to roll their eyes in resignation. One of which got up, admonished me for being in the teachers’ lounge, while he dragged me up off of Mrs Beasley. Apparently, he did not want any students in the teachers’ lounge encouraging the horny female teacher’s behaviour. Saying he had quite enough of this behaviour from the school girls in class as it is. He then proceeded to push me out the door, while Amber walked out afterwards to join me. She looked at me a little miffed at not being able to have more fun with me at the teachers’ expense, but I was thinking there’ll be plenty more fun today anyways.

Besides, the bell for the next class was about to ring, Amber hopped on my dick and off we went then. I asked, “Amber, don’t you have any other classes to attend”? She said, “what, and miss all the fun? Besides, nobody would notice me anymore anyways”, she concluded with, “I have an important question to ask you when we get to your next class anyhow”. “Fine”, I said, “besides, at least my next class has a female teacher”. We got into the classroom, and this time I took a seat that’ll likely have the teacher in range of my ‘sex zone’. As everyone filed in, the girls taking up the seats within fifteen feet of me had started their changes, then lastly, the teacher Mrs. Nicola Rhodes strolled in and went straight to the blackboard and picked up a piece of chalk.

Nicola Rhodes was like so many other average girls and teachers in everyday life. She was around thirty eight years of age, and well to coin a phrase, ‘totally tubular’. She wasn’t as thin as Popeye’s Olive Oyl, but just didn’t show any features through her clothes, which were today, a white short sleeved blouse, ankle length jean skirt and flat white sandals. She’s a good teacher, in fact, I kind of like her for her clear and concise delivery on what is sometimes a sexual subject, while never encouraging any sexual jocularity. As she started the lesson on biology, her ass started to inflate to a nice and firm heart shape. She was facing the front blackboard while writing down her material for today’s lesson, so I couldn’t see the frontal effects from my vantage point.

So, I had to content myself with the rear view only, as her legs grew long and shapely. Mrs Rhodes clothes automatically shifted to fit in their manner of regular street clothes during the first ten seconds. The next ten seconds and those same clothes lost their formality shifted to racy, then to downright tight and revealing. Then during the third ten seconds, and she rubbed out some of the material she’d written down on the chalk board and drew a couple of boobs, *“HAH”*I couldn’t believe she did that. She moaned as she wrote down “breast tissue”, then during the final ten seconds, while moaning and fingering herself with her free hand changed her name on the board from Nicola Rhodes to Nikki Roads. When she finally started turning towards the class, she looked like this [0604](http://expansionmansion.com/media/main.php?g2_itemId=44624). Damn, “that’s one sexy lookin’ teacher”, I’d thought. I decided I wanted her to stay that way like with Miss Connors, and with the usual trigger word, I’d got her to live a ‘normal’ life in the same vein as I did Miss Connors earlier, with the added proviso of her being able to give ‘personal lessons’ in biology in front of the whole class. Her biology class will for now on be a sex class, and the boys will compete to be “A” students’ for now on in order to have the best lessons in sex education, with the students sitting in their seats answering the questions of ‘Nikki Roads’ while she is showing her new sexual prowess while riding a students’ cock for demonstration purposes.

Then we’d all get to try out the day’s lesson with each other while she graded us on our performance. In this the boys enthusiasm waned a bit because, while under my ‘sex zone’ spell, in their minds, the boys had always gotten propositioned and/or fucked by every girl in school. Ergo, I had (according to the ‘sex zones’ alternate reality) the best marks in this class as I wasn’t under the influence of my own spell and thus I appeared to be relatively gung-ho. But I’m getting a little ahead of myself here thinking this. For now, I was the one getting the ‘personal lesson’ on top of Nikki’s desk today, as the whole class sat and watched the lesson like it was an everyday thing. Hmmm, nice having Mrs Roads as a prostitute of a teacher for biology.

In any event the rest of the day continued on like this, and by the time I got out of school, I was physically exhausted and well sated. Thank God it’s Friday. ;-) *Author’s note: The Rest of this story is of a non sexual nature, designed to set up the next edition deliciously, if you’re pressed for time and still looking for ‘excitement’, you can skip the rest.*

As I and Amber were walking towards my home and she remembered those questions she’d been wanted to ask me. She was rather hesitant as she probably rightly figured it to be a ‘touchy’ subject, asking me how I got my powers seemly today, after all these years of being a ‘nobody’. After consideration I didn’t seem to feel any threat in this question, and told her about the powerful being in my dream this morning. Well, she kinda panicked; seeing this power would be temporary as this ‘thief’ may come back at any time and to reclaim what he’s stolen. We stopped and talked about for awhile. The main points came out as being that

1). Whoever this is must be powerful in his own right and possibly very ancient. Messing with him would be quite serious. *It’s the main reason I never considered trying my luck at keeping this power.*

2). If he could steal it from other mystical beings probably as powerful as he, what’s to stop him from taking it back from me. *Though I had already had formed an idea about how that could be done.*

3). Finally, to cease the threat, I had to attack and over take him in return. *The same idea that brought me my defence can be used in conjunction with an offence.*

I thought about Star Trek again as my inspiration, the ‘Next Generation’ Star Trek, in fact. See, I figured that to take this power away from me, he’d have to be able to grab a hold of it in order to take it back. So what if I made it as ‘slippery as an eel’. Seems when the Borg wanted to grab hold of the Enterprise by use of a tractor beam, the Enterprise tried to stay free by changing it shield’s frequency modulation rapidly. So, I needed a defence that would simultaneously sense an attack occurring, and adjust frequency as well as set up a point defence. I set up a shield to make sure all the raw power of my power was completely within me, inside the shield. Within the shield were placed thousands of magically powered microscopic notebook computers (the best and fastest kind), all networked together, programmed to this task of defence and multiplying into the eventual billions. I figured alone without this to aid me, I’d be overwhelmed. But I also figured that a magical being like this one would have never needed or considered needing a computer, which was a relatively recent human invention. These computers floating within my shield would achieve a semi sentience, subservient to my defence, whims and needs. Gaining its own intelligence from the complete knowledge found on the internet.

In offensive considerations I figured that this being would be offended that I would put up a fight to begin with. If, and that’s a big ‘if’, I’m right about my defence, he’ll be ‘put off’ by my shield’s defences, and use more raw power to compensate. He’ll be ‘pushing’ through the defences while trying to ascertain its complexity. The computers within would have to sense the level of output being thrown up against the shielding and its main source of direction. If the estimation the being’s output, as is deemed by me and my computers to be more than 55% of his total power. That’ll leave us that approximate margin of error of 5%. Then with whatever power we’d have left to spare, we’ll grab hold just behind his attack and close to the source. We’d draw his power in that way, while converting it to our use. I didn’t want to attack him directly, as I figured he’d have his own defences to respond to an attack. If he’s pushing himself, I might be able to tip him off balance before he can recover by pulling/sucking on his power before he realizes it.

Also, I thought that if he escaped me and he tries to recover the power through the past, I had to send this defence backward through time; to the first nano-second he gave me this power. Then I said the trigger word and felt, more like a **god** than ever before. Then it happened, this being must have felt the shift in my power because he reappeared. I immediately teleported only myself, to the middle of a desolate desert (I didn’t want anyone to see this exchange or get involved). He appeared there right after my arrival, and let me tell you, he was pissed. During his rant he introduced himself as Loki, Norse god of mischief, an ancient and powerful wizard in his own right. Before he had passed it off to me he was trying to convert the power that he had stolen from the other gods, to his use. Odin; the most wise and powerful of the gods who had escaped the initial magical assault largely unscathed rendered the procedure useless, the power’s frequency stuck on or near that of ‘Midgard’, my dimension. Loki fled with Odin now hot on his trail so Loki couldn’t find enough time to kick start, the conversion procedure again; the power was now useless for his takeover of ‘Asgard’. He had to dump the power here, where the dimension’s background frequency noise could best hide it. Now he considered his decision to be a major blunder in his bid to escape quickly and quietly. He should’ve known the treachery of humans would rear its ugly head, just didn’t figure on a young boy, getting the balls to try it. He was angry at the fact that a battle to get the power off of me would be like a beacon to draw Odin here. That’s when a smile grew on his lips, he flung one arm straight up and fired a shot, sending a beacon, then disappeared.

Then the big guy appeared, Odin himself. Well, long story short, I won a battle that wasn’t really conclusive. I drew off half of his remaining power, while using perhaps a quarter of my own. At least that’s what my computer intelligence within my ‘psychic shield’ (as I now call it) concluded, I was in fact more powerful than before. During the battle, my computer Intel, told me that Loki’s next probable move was to assume we’d draw ourselves out and leave each other relatively powerless, in comparison to Loki’s own power level. So Loki must have gone back to assume control of ‘Asgard’, and then come back at us later and pick up the pieces. I called a truce, telling Odin of what happened, that now that I have this power I wasn’t going to give it up, and finally, what I understood of Loki’s chances of a takeover. Definitely not a happy camper, Odin disappeared.

But it got me thinking, that if these legends were true, then what about others? I asked my ‘Psychic Shield’ to scan for other sources of magical beings and probable dimensional doorways. In fact, it managed to scan the earth’s surface and atmosphere. Using my magic’s own frequency as a beginning reference, and the frequency of the ‘Asgard’ power signatures, it obtained info of other sources of magical beings, items and dimensions. All for the most part, extremely dormant, like they were asleep a very long time. I got the answer as to why almost just as soon. The Big guy, God, Yahweh, Jehovah, Allah, Brahma, however you call him; has an imposing presence, a weight came bearing down on me that was stifling. At once I knew that this dimension was his alone, as knowledge of the ages were expanding my mind, both from His source as well as being disseminated by my ‘Psychic Shield’.

It’d take too long to get into detail, but the gist of it is, that all the other sources of magic retreated into pocket dimensions of their own to either get away or avoid a direct confrontation. If I wanted to keep what I got, I gotta leave this earth behind. The ‘Psychic Shield’ had gotten all the info it needed, so I whipped up a bauble on an elaborate chain, and within that bauble, I created a duplicate universe of my own, complete with its own earth. This gem’s earth’s relative size being subatomic to this reality meant that my power would be massive once I went within this gem and call my home forevermore. To appease the Big guy I rescinded all operating spells in hoping to buy more time. It did, but I felt there was an hourglass out.

I teleported back to Amber, apparently she’d noticed her plain state right away, I can tell you, as she was well...agitated to say the least. I figured that mom was currently on her way back from work too, probably feeling all the worst as she was her old self again. But I needed to get this show on the road and teleported her, Amber, and me back home into the living room. Mom was disorientated, Amber’s was aghast, and this needed clearing up quickly. I applied my palms to their foreheads and gave them the whole story as I experienced it. Mom was still shocked at the way I took advantage of people earlier, but came quickly to the fact that I’m preparing to leave soon. The ‘Bauble’ was out for them to see, as I explained what’s in store. I told them I created my own reality, were I am God. Once I go inside, this ‘bauble’, it would disappear to the bottom of the ocean, I wouldn’t want to have anyone discover for a million years, and it’ll be magically cloaked. I intended to this to be a one way trip after all.

Telling them what’s to be found inside, including billions of galaxies, quintillions of planets, and another earth exactly like this one just for a start. That since I was the creator, I was God, and whatever I do to people and their reality found within it was not to be considered a sin. Explaining that since these beings had but a tiny fraction of my own soul, to animate them into a state of life they were mine to do as I please. I invited both of them to come with me, telling them that they’ll be Goddesses in their own right, living forever in whatever fantasy their hearts would desire. They could have their own galaxies to fool around with, empires to command, men and riches to possess. I made no bones about it, having no challenge in life would get monotonous. If that was to occur they can decide to be ‘born’ into a mortal life. Anything their hearts would desire would be possible. But the choice was theirs to decide, but it had to be soon, like within thirty minutes.

Amber said, “yes”, straight away. Mom needed more convincing, so I applied my palm to her forehead again, in order to show her all the things she had to deny herself all these years. Then I got slowly more and more elaborate in my presentation, visually showing her all the adventures and things that’ll be hers. What sold her was when I took her around a representation of the solar system, showing her how she could explore space under her own power. That and I told her how real the environment was inside; how it contained everything, every fact, and all the knowledge that mankind understands about this universe. Plus the scans my powers were conducting currently of this reality, to confirm the science. Life will be real in effect, but we’ll be able to break whatever rules we want at any time. When she said yes, we were gone.