Emily was walking quickly to class, she was very upset, the dream she had last night couldn’t be real it just couldn’t! However she wasn’t sure, the strange mark on her belly in the form of a mystic star proved otherwise.

She was letting her hobby get to her. Occultism was just an entertainment; it wasn’t like she really believed in it. It was nothing but superstitious nonsense and material for her roleplaying games. The ceremony she did on her necklace was just the silly dreams of a teenage girl looking for her mother.

The symbol on her stomach was probably an allergic reaction to the dust in the attic that’s all. As for her libido she was a horny teenager with her hormones completely messed up, it was natural. Although it was also strange, she never thought she wanted sex so badly, she masturbated now and then but that was it.

That was what she was telling herself but a feeling of uneasiness and uncertainty continued chasing her. She couldn’t quite remember what happened last night; she was performing the ritual when something spoke to her and then just a flurry of images, very obscene and dark images. And the being it felt..familiar somehow, even comforting.

That voice, the being that spoke, it was like it was awakening something inside her. She could barely remember it but she saw herself becoming something dark and..well not evil, no, but primal, beautiful, powerful and terrifying. It felt like and omen, like a promise. The being said that they would meet again very soon and that she should prepare herself. Then she woke up in her bed sweeting and afraid.

She had woken up feeling really weird. It was like the world had become clearer, her senses sharper, she could perceive more details. She was full of energy, she felt like she was about to explode and for some reason she was really horny. She masturbated both when she woke up and in the shower, but that only had calmed the itching a little bit before it came back, it just got worse as the day advanced.

It was the third class and she was on her limit, it was like there was a volcano in her pussy. It felt warm and swollen all the time, which was starting to worry her and if that wasn’t enough her mind could only think of sex. She tried to push it back but she couldn’t, her head would fill with porn images, the more she tried to block them the clearer they would become in her head.

And also there was the hunger; it was a lot more subtle than her libido. It was like a hole inside her that had been growing all day, neither food or masturbating could satiate it. It was getting stronger and it was becoming painful, she needed something but she couldn’t point out what was it.

She was so distracted that she bumped into someone without realizing it, her books fell to the floor and she immediately went to retrieve them. She was nervous and scared; she hated attention and didn’t want anyone noticing her state. She needed to go to the bathroom and relief herself, she was losing it.

“I’m sorry I wasn’t looking”

“Don’t worry for me, worry for yourself Emily, are you all right? You don’t look good”

Emily raised her head and looked at Brandon. He was her school crush, he was the blond captain of the basketball team, yeah total cliché, but he was different. Seriously he was the nicest person in the world, anti-bulling, treat everyone good and don’t throw trash…etc he was almost a saint. He was also fucking hot, all beefed up from all that training, Emily wanted to fuck him senseless….Dam it! It was starting to affect her mind!

They were going to the same class and the same dojo. Apart from occultism and meditation, exercise and kicking butt was her other hobby, it helped her focus and relax. They were nice to each other but never got too close. She was just too shy, with few friends and not very popular; she never got the courage to tell him she liked him. By the time she managed to get enough audacity to ask he was already dating someone.

That made her very sad and frustrated so she tried to refuge herself in her studies and most importantly in locating her mother. Her father wouldn’t tell anything about her so she tried searching answers on her own. Yesterday it had been her birthday and as a birthday wish she confronted her father about her whereabouts.

He had told her that she disappeared when she was a baby, when Emily asked for the reason he would always say that it was complicated. They had a very heated argument which ended with her crying and running to her room. Because she wasn’t finding anything she tried that ridiculously ceremony and now look what was happening.

She had always fantasized about her, part of the reason she studied occultism was to feel close to her, she only left her with her necklace and a book about mysticism. Sometimes she liked to imagine that she was some witch on a secret quest.

Back into the present she felt bad about how she looked; she didn’t pay much attention to her looks that morning, to many things in her head. Not that she did normally but she at least made the effort to look decent. She wasn’t much to look at anyway, black hair, grey eyes, pale skin, thin lips, a little bit of acne and skinny, those were the attributes that described her. She just had a c cup and a regular ass, no sexy features whatsoever. She wasn’t ugly but she was far from hot.

She was a Goth more because she liked the fashion than the lifestyle itself. She was wearing a black t-shirt with a leather jacket with no sleeves. Underneath all a net that covered her whole torso and her arms; she forgot to put a bra today which was strange, she was really picky with that.

From below she was wearing a black skirt and underneath a tong, she didn’t know why she chose a tong, she did it instinctively, she made many weird choices that day. In her legs she was wearing a pair of purple stockings and black boots. She had leather wristbands, fingerless gloves and jewelry in her hands.

She also had a strange necklace; it was a red jewel, the only thing she got from her mother, she always carried it everywhere she went. She didn’t put much makeup today and her hair was loose and long in her back. Wait a second…..Why she was thinking about these things? Since when did she care about her appearance?

“Here let me help you”

“NO!I mean…….Really there is no need”

She didn’t want to sound so brusque but she had the feeling that if she stayed next to Brandon more time something terrible would happen.

“Please I insist let me”

With that Brandon kneeled next to her and started helping, in one moment he accidentally touched her hand, that was the last straw. The thing that she had been holding back inside of her gave a sudden jump, something inside of her wanted to get out right now and it would not wait anymore. Her pussy was on fire, she was so wet that she was sure her tong was drown; she even could feel some of her pussy juices falling down through her legs.

The feeling was unbearable; she curled herself with her head on the floor and grabbed her stomach in a doomed attempt to hold it back. Brandon looked really worried and put his hand on her back. She was breathing heavily and fast.

“Emily is everything fine?”

The fire inside of her grew even stronger; she was so horny that she was sure she could set something on fire just by touching it. She couldn’t take it anymore so she stopped fighting it and set it free. The moment she did it she also regretted it. Memories of her night came to her, memories of fire, of passion, of darkness, the demon speaking to her, the things she did, ….. she just made a terrible mistake and it was too late to do nothing about it.

The pain was substituted by a warm sensation all over her body that made her feel great but it was no less intense or agonic. Then slowly a pulsation started to surge inside her. She felt trapped and cornered, she needed to run and satisfy herself.

She pulled herself on her knees, looked at Brandon with hungry almost mad eyes, grabbed his face with both hands and gave him a deep passionate kiss. It was a really sweet kiss and she was so hungry…..

It was just a moment but it felt like an eternity and she wanted it to last forever, the taste was exquisite. Emily suddenly realized what she was doing and she pulled back. Brandon looked at Emily with a surprised expression and also a hint of desire. People on the corridor had stopped scandalized and started murmuring pointing at them.

Emily panicked and pushed him aside, what the hell was wrong with her today? She was never this impulsive. She ran as fast as she could, she was completely embarrassed, people in the school would be talking about this for months!

Before she knew it she was at the girls changing room, she closed the door behind her and she leaned in one of the walls, luckily there was no one at this hour.

She was hyperventilating; it was hard to breath, to move, to think. She passed a hand through her forehead, she was sweating profoundly. The words of the creature and the images of her dream were becoming clearer in her memory. It was female and incredible beautiful. She was accompanied by two creatures that looked like very handsome Minotaur’s. She was giving her a gift, a birthday present; she said that she was answering her call and giving her birthright because she loved her.

The warm feeling became stronger, she knew that she was changing, she didn’t know how or why but she knew that it was happening and she couldn’t do anything to stop it.

The change started in her chest; at first she thought that it was just her breathing and the fact that she was grabbing it but no there was no mistaken it, with each pulsation her t-shirt felt tighter.

“What the hell is happening to me?”

She tried pressuring her arms against her chest and she felt it, her boobs were pushing out, expanding slowly but surely. She couldn’t believe it; she put her hands in her face wishing that it was an illusion but no, she was growing.

It wasn’t just her tits, her whole body was growing. The little fat she had was disappearing and turned into muscle. Her stomach was filling itself with rock-hard abs and her biceps started showing out more and more every time she flexed her arm.

She could feel how her tong was inserting herself in her ass and in her pussy as they both expanded along with her hips. Her legs were stretching so she was becoming taller. Her senses were sharpening and becoming more accurate, it was insane.

Her body had become so sensitive that even moving proved to be an agony; she couldn’t help but let scape a moan as she moved to the mirror to see what was happening. She leaned on the sink and looked at herself in the mirror. She was sweating a lot but that wasn’t what picked her attention.

Her necklace was shining more and more as time passed, oh god she couldn’t believe it was happening, everything was true, it hadn’t been a dream! The being! its identity was important but it remained occult in her mind.

The rest was perfectly clear, she had kissed her and she had turned into a demoness of some kind and then done all kind of obscene things with her and her companions. She told her that soon she would awake her true nature.

“Please let this be a nightmare, let it not be real I don’t want to become..that thing!”

But it was a useless plea. All over her body the feeling became more intense. She saw how her face was becoming more and more beautiful by the moment. All the little incorrections and spots in her skin were disappearing but the shock were her lips. Before they were thin and now they were growing till they were very full, as a final touch they darkened till they were completely black. However the changes to her face were far from over.

She felt pressure inside her mouth, her tongue felt inflated and as a reflex she stuck it. It was now long, purple and forked like a snake. She moved her jaw as she felt a slight pain in her teeth, moving her tongue inside it she found out that she had grown fangs. She watched in horror as two protuberances formed in her forehead only to explode and turn into two hurled white horns. Her ears started to rise as they became more and more pointed.

Her pale and dirty skin started to change color from pink to red. It became smoother, softer and perfectly clean, all her body hair was falling off. Her nails became black and started sharpening and elongating till they turned into talons, they leaved marks on the sink as she grabbed it stronger trying not to fall to the ground.

Emily then realized that the symbol in her abdomen was also shining, she could tell because inch by inch her tshirt was going up thought her belly. As her tits grew they were pushing her t-shirt up. They went from c cup, to d, then double dd and then e revealing more and more cleavage.

Despite her fear it was strangely mesmerizing and erotic to see them grow. It was as if something form inside of her was filling them and she hated to admit it bur it felt good. She was starting to feel a lot of pressure and pain as her clothes tried to contain her expanding boobs.

She felt an intense itching above her ass as if something wanted to tear her skin and get out. Suddenly a red tail ended in a trident appeared, extending itself till it was four foot long. It started shaking like crazy to the sides. Her ass had already reached 40 inches in wide. If someone had looked down her skirt it was like her pussy and ass were trying to eat her tong, it hurt but at the same time it felt great.

She wanted to take her clothes off but the changes were becoming faster and stronger, from time to time spams would shake her body. She could barely move, it was a miracle that she was able to stand still. All her efforts were focused on keeping herself up and conscious.

She just couldn’t take it anymore. She was in shock, she couldn’t believe what was happening, her mind was completely overwhelmed by the sensation, she couldn’t think, she just could feel.

She threw his head back and made a sound that sounded like a mix between a moan, a scream and a hiss as a flood of pleasure filled her. She had her eyes closed and smiled, the anguish had banished and now she was enjoying the feeling, the sensation of constraining grew even more as her clothes were stretched beyond their limits ready to give up at any moment.

As if it were answering her reaction the growth had accelerated. One by one the buttons of her jacket started popping out till it broke out. It opened violently letting her tits free to keep growing. A small rift appeared in the center of her t-shirt, with each pulsation, with each breath, her boobs grew making the rift bigger and bigger, bit by bit.

Her nipples were fully erect, becoming longer and very sensitive like the rest of her body. The sensation against the tshirt and the feeling of rubbing against the fabric was making her go crazy. She tried to move and adjust her clothes to find some relief but it was useless, the pressure against her tits was so hard that her clothes were becoming transparent, showing the skin underneath.

She wanted it to end so she arched her back and her body made one final push. Her t-shirt finally gave away, with a long ripping sound it was separated in half. Her two breasts burst out of it, it was a huge relief. She opened her eyes in time to see in the mirror how they bounced like two balloons.

Enormous was the word that came to her mind, she just didn’t know how else to describe them. They were the size of two over-swelled basketballs minimum. They sustained themselves in an impossible way, as if they were defying gravity. The pulsation was continuing and she could see how they were pressuring against the net more and more as it inserted itself in the flesh of her now colossal bosom. It was only thing left containing them, the growth had slowed down but it looked like it would follow the same fate as her t-shirt.

Emily moaned again as she received another shock of pleasure, the feeling started to concentrate on her lower body. She lowered her head and raised her ass. She grabbed the sink even harder without realizing how strong she was now; it was breaking it and turning into dust.

Her ass had grown 50 inches at least, her pussy was now perfectly shaved and puffin out. It was completely wet and soaking, her engorged clit protruded out if it. Her tong seemed like it would resist but it finally snapped, incapable of holding them back anymore. Her ass was now jiggling happily and free all around, her skirt reached her knees before but now it was barely able to cover her ample booty.

The feeling and the spams were fading away, like they were backing of for a moment in order to give her time to breathe. Also the growth seemed to slow down and finally stopped. When she regained a little control of herself she picked the net in her chest with both hands and ripped it apart.

She needed to let her two flesh mountains free and feel the air, the net was cutting their circulation and leaving marks. They bounced again in all their glory no longer captives in their cloth prison, standing firmly and satisfied, defying anything to contain them. She started to breathe more slowly, once she calmed down she shook her head and looked at the mirror.

The being that looked her back looked like a porn fantasy right out of hell. She put her hand on her mouth to keep herself from screaming. She started sobbing; she didn’t know how to react. All sorts of contradictory feelings were going through her head. She was a demon, a monster and some kind of sexual parody. There was nothing left of her old self, her change was complete.

As much as her new appearance horrified her another part of her was happy. She couldn’t negate that now she was the hottest girl in the school, hell probably the whole city or even the state. She radiated sensuality and beauty in equal parts, a dark temptress who could seduce everyone, her victims at her feet begging for just one touch. Her dark side was perversely happy with this thought but Emily was terrified of it.

Emily decided that to not go insane the best option was to stop crying and inspect her new body. Like her sensei taught her: Control yourself, focus on the moment, analyze the situation and push aside all distractions.

Of her clothes her jacked and t-shirt were ruined, only the net remained, it was broken in the center were her giant tits proudly showed themselves. It was still intact above and below them, the same in her arms till their wrists. It was pressed against her flesh but it helped to mark her muscles and her tits quite obscenely, which to her surprised she approved.

Below her, only her skirt remained, her tong laid broken between her feet. Every time she moved the skirt would flip showing her big butt and wet pussy. Her purple stockings were broken in some places but remained largely intact. Thank god she bought her boots a couple of sizes bigger, now her feet fitted them perfectly.

She had grown a couple of inches taller. Her body was perfectly toned like that of an athlete or a swimmer. She passed her hands through her abs and flexed her arms in order to see her new muscles. Her red skin was impossibly soft and polished, almost like marble, it felt great to touch it. Her legs also looked ravishing and were as toned as the rest of her body.

Then she started touching her impossibly perfect face, it looked more a Photoshop face than a real one, like some incredible woman from a fashion magazine. She passed both hands through her horns, they looked like those of a goat, but they weren’t ugly, they were curling around her hair elegantly.

Her hair now was radiant and silky, as if it had been hours in the hairdresser. She touched her ears; they were like those of an elf from world of Warcraft, she even could move them a little. Her eyes now were of a perfect purple color without any mark of them, as if she was wearing contact lenses.

She passed her thumb through her juicy and sensual black lips, marveling at how good they looked. Then she opened her mouth, both up and down she had fangs like a vampire. She extended her tongue; it was now twice as long and forked in the end. She was astonished at how flexible it was and how much she could control it.

It was while she was inspecting her tongue with her hands that she discovered how sensitive it was, she could taste even the air. In fact all her senses were incredible sharp. The worst by far was her skin; even the slightest caress would make her feel on the verge of orgasm. It was starting to be overwhelming but somehow she managed to tone them down, she didn’t know how exactly but she knew she just needed to focus to control them and adjust their intensity.

Then she looked at her hands. Her rings and other jewelry had broken due to the growth, the same as her gloves. They were incredible delicate and elegant, however her nails had turned into razor-sharp black talons. She was disgusted by them until she noticed that they retracted in reaction to her feeling. Curious she calmed down and concentrated, as result they elongated even further than before, they were like cat claws and she could control them.

It was then that she noticed the marks in the sink. It looked like a beast had used it to sharpen her claws and then smashed two big chunks of it. O dear god just how strong she was? What kind of monster had she become?

She caught a glimpse of something moving fast in the mirror, when she looked she realized it was her tail moving. Her tail…...it sounded so strange in her head. She grabbed it, it moved in a sensual and mischievous way, as if had a mind of its on, despite how alien it felt Emily had to admit that it looked cute. She could move it at her will if she focused her attention on it, also she found out that with a little bit more of concentration she could stretch it or even make it wider.

Finally she sighted and prepared herself, she had no choice but to pay attention to the most “big” change. Her two massive and perfectly shaped orbs called breasts, with a pair of hard and long nipples in each one.

They looked totally ridiculous and completely unrealistic yet she couldn’t help but feel proud about them, they were without a doubt the image of the perfect boobs. They were astonishingly firm and shiny, as if they were part of some kind of artistic masterpiece in the form of a flesh statue.

When she moved they bounced elegantly, as if they were accompanying the movement like two dancers following a song. There was something soothing about them as she followed their flow in the mirror.

It was time for some tests; reluctantly she put her hands on her tits and squeezed them gently to see how they felt. The moment she did it she felt a wave of pleasure coming out of them. They felt amazing, not too hard or to soft and they didn’t felt heavy at all. It was then that the shock had disappeared reminding her how horny she was and how hungry.

Her mind now clear started to fill again with all matter of erotic content. She tried to block them and for a moment she felt a massive surge of willpower that pushed them right back. But it was useless, they wouldn’t disappear and in very little time they regained the lost terrain, the necessity was simply too strong.

In panic she tried to get her hands off her boobs but it was too late, her body started to act on its own. She started rubbing them slowly and in circles, sometimes she would squeeze them together, she liked the feeling of skin rubbing skin. She realized that she couldn’t cover all their amplitude with her hands, they were too big.

Without realizing it she pinched her nipples. The moment she did she gasped and moaned as the pleasure intensified, she was savoring the moment. It felt so good that she got carried away; she mashed them so hard that she thrust her nails in her tits making them bleed. There was pain and ecstasy at the same time, she watched astonished as her wounds healed almost instantly and her blood disappeared.

She smiled, her doubts were gone and only the growing pleasure remained. She picked one of her boobs and started licking and sucking it wantonly. Her tongue curled around her boob and her nipple, savoring and caressing it mildly, the sensation was incredible. Looking at herself doing it in front of the mirror only made her even hornier. She was moaning freely now not caring as to who might hear her.

A wicked idea crossed her mind; she just had to see it. She stopped touching and licking her boobs for a moment and started to jump, the way her tits bounced up and down was hypnotic and so…filthy, she loved it. She couldn’t contain herself and laughed a little bit.

She never understood the necessity of other girls to expose themselves or change to look like sluty bimbos but she was beginning to see the allure of it. Sex was wild, primal and irresistible; it was a source of immense power. By controlling such source of desire you could make people do whatever you wanted. Pleasure was merely a sweet extra; sex above else was about domination and the relation between the dominator and the dominated. Emily found this idea very attracting and was greatly disturbed that she felt that way.

Then she turned around and bent to have a better view of her ass in the mirror. It was the sexiest and biggest bubble butt she had seen in her life. She started to shake it; it was as hypnotic as her boobs bouncing. She had nothing to envy from those girls in the mtv music videos.

She couldn’t resist and she slapped it a couple of times. She saw waves forming along her skin, it was almost like jelly and the feeling was great. Then she paid attention to her pussy; it looked like a delicious and greasy hamburger dropping its juices on the floor. She put one of her hands on it to feel it, it was as hot as an oven and soft as a kittens pelt.

Then she realized that her tail had stopped moving, as if it had been waiting for something. Without warning it suddenly went down like a flash and started rubbing itself against her pussy quite viciously. The action caught Emily completely by surprise, she trembled and almost fell to the floor, she moaned like a bitch in heat. Emily could order it back if she wanted, but the truth was she didn’t wanted. Her hips were moving on its own as her tail increased its movements, rubbing her pussy even faster.

Emily did one last attempt to resist and failed. A tiny voice in her head told her that this was wrong, that she was a good girl and not some common whore. The primal beast inside of her shut the voice without any contemplation and forced her to focus on her sensations. It was time to have some fun.

She leaned to the ground on her back and renewed her previous pleasuring activity, the floor was cold but she didn’t mind. She took turns with her tail and her hand in order to take care of her needy pussy, it felt infinitely better than other times.

She didn’t realize it before but her fingers were longer and more nimble, something she was grateful as she fingered herself. Luckily her claws retracted naturally while she was doing it. She didn’t know why but she knew how to move them to have the most pleasure, and honestly? At that moment she didn’t care how or why.

Her moans were becoming louder and more frequent. She was squeezing her breasts harder and pinching her nipples faster, her tongue was avidly licking every inch of their red flesh. From time to time her tail would move to her mouth and she would suck it. Part of her was revolved but the other one enjoyed tasting her own juices.

The activity continued, the orgasm was building inside of her and she knew that it would be huge. She had bit her lip due to the pleasure, a little bit of blood spilled out and she licked it, it tasted delicious. She accelerated the rhythm moving her whole body up and down, she was rubbing her tits like crazy, happily playing with them, feeling them bounce and move. She wanted to devour them and she eagerly sucked and bitted her hard nipples, making slurping noises along the way.

Her tail had stopped rubbing and inserted itself inside her pussy, moving in and out faster and faster while her hips accompanied the movement instinctively. Her tail became fatter and fatter; Emily could feel the pressure in her pussy as it grew to the point that she felt it was going to split her, the pleasure was maddening.

Finally she arched her back and felt the strongest most intense orgasm of her live. She had masturbated before but nothing could compare to this. It was like her whole body was feeling the orgasm at the same time.

Her eyes became white; her mouth was open wide in a scream of pure ecstasy. Her tail went out of her pussy and became rigid. Then she squirted all over in front of her forming a poodle. The orgasm lasted for a couple of minutes in which she though that she would melt away.

Finally it stopped, she gave one sight and her body became numb. She rolled to one side, she was panting and drooling. Her long tongue was out of her mouth; her face was a mask of pleasure. She hugged herself and adopted a fetal position as she enjoyed the last remnants of the orgasm.

Her mind became completely clear. Her libido had calmed for the moment but not the hunger, it was still there and waiting, growing, teasing her. She didn’t know what was happening or what to do. Her heart and her head were in conflict with opposing feelings and toughs. For one part she felt rapt and more alive than ever but she also felt ashamed and disgusted at what she had become. In the end Emily buried her face in her tits and started to cry in desperation.