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Also many thanks to you, my readers, for, well, reading! Thanks for giving your support and giving me the reason to spend so much time and energy on these stories. If you enjoy this or any of my works please let me know by commenting to show your support! I also enjoy constructive criticism in comments so critique away!

Fantastic Desire

a Ren-Faire side story, by Coffee Pilot

Chapter 2

Derrick was now quite sure that he was not, in fact, dreaming. That he had indeed, for reasons beyond his comprehension, transformed into a satyr. And, he knew he should be quite distraught about the whole situation, but strangely, was not.

He'd lost none of his mental faculties, and was at heart the same person he'd been before. It was just that now he was also a satyr, with ten times the confidence and twenty times the libido of the man he'd been before. Not only had his brain been rewired for lust, but the huge plum-sized gonads hanging heavily within his thick scrotum were injecting him with inhuman amounts of testosterone. His love for Kay, before a mere candle, now burned as hot and as passionate as the sun. He knew that he'd been turned into a thing straight out of Kay's fantasies, that she must have had something to do with it, and that it most likely involved the strange ring she'd just put on. And oddly enough, he couldn't have been happier.

It was unfortunate though, Derrick thought, that she was still trapped in the boring form she'd been born with, when he had been given such a magnificent body. One look at her room would tell anyone that the thing she

loved most were faeries. It would be wonderful if she could be transformed as had he; given the fairy body she so wanted. Though, what he truly craved now, was a nymph. A gorgeous, voluptuous, insatiable nymph. One who could help relieve some of his fierce lust. *Oh well, another time*, he mused. *But I know Kay needs me now*. His erection throbbed again.

Kay indeed needed him. The rampant desire afflicting her earlier had returned, now even stronger than before. Derrick's lust now stoked the fire already smoldering in her loins. She lowered a hand and began massaging herself, the ring glowing ominously upon it.

"Oh God Derrick, you're right!" she said finally responding to his question. "I need you so bad!"

She practically leapt into his arms, wrapping her hands tightly behind his back and her legs around his waist. Derrick needed no further enticement. Grabbing her ass so tightly it made her squeal, he speared her hot cunt with his shaft.

"Owww!" Kay shrieked, as his thick, fifteen-inch member rammed through her slick but nonetheless too small vagina, butting up against her cervix with still a several inches to spare.

"Fuck, Derrick! That hurts! You're too big!"

"Unnnn-uh," Derrick huffed, feeling disappointment and frustration that he couldn't fit inside her, while simultaneously upset that he was hurting his love. "You're too small!"

Derrick heaved Kay up and down on his shaft, his powerful arms bulging as they supported her weight. His hips bucked, pistoning his cock in sequence with Kay's body. It was a lot of work. Each thrust required a conscious effort to not fully insert himself and injure Kay. He knew if he went wild he could easily tear her apart. She was heavy too, and though he was an order of magnitude stronger than before, he was still truly exerting himself to support her thick body. His lusty mind wished fervently for two things: that Kay were large enough to accept his massive tool, and that she have a smaller, lighter form. One more befitting the numerous faerie figures she adored so much.

The gems on the ring sparkled even brighter. So strong and so pure were Derrick's animalistic desires, that Kay's body began to change immediately.

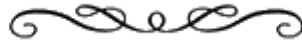
Kay felt a momentary discomfort in her belly. A cramp, at first like a bad period, but then she could feel Derrick pumping deeper into her, and the strangest sensation as her organs gave way and rearranged themselves, giving her stretching vagina all the room it needed. It started to feel oddly pleasant, but then she cried out sharply as her pelvis stretched, joints popping, her hips widening, both to give her organs room and to give her a more womanly appearance.

"Ungggh, you... uh-hnnnn, ok?" Derrick grunted, concerned but not ceasing his sexual onslaught. Happily he found that he could now completely bury his cock into her twat. He slammed her crotch against his, eliciting a shriek of pleasure from Kay as her clit ground against his tight pelvic muscles. Her love-button swelled, stimulating her to higher and more mind-blowing pleasures than ever before, just as Derrick wished it would. Her legs splayed wide around his thick thighs. She was practically doing the splits now; she'd never been this flexible before!

"Oh, God Derrick! Something funny just happened to me," was all she got out before he squeezed her ass towards him, causing her to cry out yet again in a maddening mix of pleasure and almost-pain. He watched with a smile as her torso thinned out, slowly yet noticeably. She was definitely getting lighter, easier to hold, easier to fuck. But his smile grew even broader as he noticed some of the fat wasn't simply burning off, it was moving; melting off her midsection to be re-deposited in more feminine locations. His fingers could feel her buttocks changing, becoming fuller yet firmer, tighter and more defined. Even better, her breasts were growing, slowly but steadily. She was moaning constantly, and breathing heavily, her breasts heaving up and down with each cry. Every third or fourth exhalation they'd come down just a little bit lower on her chest, jiggling more as well. After a minute they'd gone from barely handfuls to ripe grapefruit. This just turned Derrick on more, and he needed to get his hands on her new assets.

He carried her, still impaled on his shaft, over to the bed, taking small, shuffling hoof-steps, his thick member pulsing inside her. He noticed she was still getting lighter, and warmer, as if a furnace had been lit inside her. Ever so gently, he lay her down on the bed, letting her ass which was larger and

rounder yet tighter and sexier than before slip from his grasp. Then he descended upon her quivering, whimpering form, to ravage her as she'd only dreamt of before.



Kay awoke. At first she was sure everything had been a dream, until she sat up. The weight of her two large breasts was unexpected, pinning her to the mattress for a moment before she tried again with more effort. Finally upright, her breasts tugged down noticeably on her chest. She clasped them in her hands experimentally, feeling their extra heft. Then her eyes caught a glimpse of the naked form next to her. She looked over and saw her boyfriend, the satyr.

Derrick was still passed out on the bed, long hoof-tipped goat legs spread wide, his limp penis retracted into its thick sheath-like foreskin that seemed more than a bit animal. Amazingly it was still nine inches long flaccid.

"What happened to us?" she whispered quietly to herself, afraid to wake Derrick.

Her whole body felt... off. She had to see what else had changed. Hopefully it was nothing as radical and dehumanizing as Derrick's transformation. How the hell was he going to function in society? Kay swung her legs off the bed and hopped off. The jiggle of her breasts bouncing was strange, but expected. The longer than normal drop to the floor though, was not.

She hurried to the bathroom. The lights were off yet she managed not to bump into anything. The dark seemed... brighter than normal. Flicking the light switch that was higher up than she recalled, Kay blinked rapidly as her eyes adjusted.

"Fuck me, I'm hot!" escaped her lips upon seeing her reflection. She had lost a considerable amount of weight, and was now almost skinny. Her boobs had swollen to the size of grapefruit. And they were perfect breasts. While she'd been surprised by their weight earlier she realized now that they were amazingly pert and firm, almost gravity defying. It was like the breasts she'd had as a college student, just several sizes larger and now perfectly proportioned for her body. Her waist had narrowed and her hips had widened

slightly, giving her a great hourglass figure. Her stomach paunch had completely burned away, leaving behind sexy defined abs. Below them, perfectly framed by her widened hips, her pussy seemed slightly larger, and much more defined; the cleft between her swollen labia much more noticeable. Judging from her eye-level over the vanity she was indeed shorter, by at least a few inches, though if anything her legs seemed longer in proportion to her torso.

She let out a sigh of relief as she turned a few times, checking herself out in the mirror. No fur, nothing weird, everything besides her body shape seemed the same. She just had a dead-sexy body now. She could play this off by just wearing her old clothes and gradually buying new ones, pretending she'd become very serious about her exercise for a change. She hopped on the bathroom scale, excited to see how much weight she'd lost.

"132? Wow, I lost 35 pounds in one day!" She giggled to herself. This was wonderful!

Still, the burning issue was, what had done this to her? More importantly, what had happened to Derrick? Kay felt like she should know the answer, that she had somehow caused this, or at least been a part of it. She strained to think back to yesterday, trying to remember how these transformations had come to pass. There was the Faire, and her new friend Stefanie. Wow what a great time they'd had in the corset shop! After that she just remembered getting hornier and hornier, and fucking Derrick. Then Derrick was a satyr, and he'd banged her brains out. Then it was this morning.

You MUST come see me again, she recalled Stefanie saying. That was it, the only possible answer! Stefanie had to know what had happened.

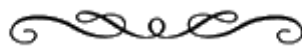
Recalling yesterday's events brought back other memories though, even more vivid than the ones she sought. Kay couldn't stop thinking about just how good it had been having sex with Derrick. With Derrick's huge, amazing cock. Kay found herself beginning to masturbate before the mirror, her new beauty turning her on even more. A hand went down to her moistening snatch, the other up to her enhanced bosom.

"Damn I'm sexy," she told herself, fingering her cunny. Suddenly, all the lust she'd felt yesterday came flooding back to her. "Ohhhhhhhhhh," she let out a

long, needy moan. She felt a strange sensation in her nethers, and looking down, saw that her once perfect dainty vulva, was now gaping slightly in anticipation. Curious, she pushed her fingers deeper, and let out a squeal of surprise when all four fingers slipped completely inside her with barely an effort.

“Holy shit!” Kay exclaimed in surprise. “What the fuck happened to my snatch?” As if it had a will of its own, her still exposed thumb ground itself into her clit, blasting her cares away with the erotic stimulation. Her legs became weak as arousal radiated out from her groin, and she slowly collapsed to the floor. Sliding downwards, she reflexively clenched her hand, and without meaning to her whole fist slipped fully inside her vagina. Her ass now on the floor, Kay stared dumbfounded at the visage of her small hand, up to her wrist, comfortably enveloped within her fuck-hole. Her pussy lips, which looked completely normal before, now engorged and distended. Despite the shock, Kay could not resist the pleasure her enhanced organ was giving her. She found herself, almost against her will, pumping her hand in and out. She felt around a little, and completely wilted as her fingers tickled her much larger and more sensitive G-spot.

It felt good, really good, and in a few minutes she’d brought herself to a pleasant orgasm. Yet as her juices leaked out from her stretched hole, she realized masturbation alone could not fulfill her need. She knew exactly what would though, and it was just down the hall.



Kay sauntered back to the bedroom, beginning to enjoy the sensations of her newly sexualized body. Derrick was still asleep, though one of his strong, manly hands now clutched his slightly erect phallus, and a smile was on his face. Obviously he was dreaming something quite nice.

She hopped onto the bed, and crawled towards his crotch, intrigued by the sensations of her larger breasts swaying heavily below her chest, her erect nipples jutting out in the cool air.

The head of his penis was just now jutting from its foreskin, a large pink snake emerging from its brown lair. It called to her, like a drug, and Kay found her lips parting, her mouth lowing open. His hand held the bottom in its grasp,

but that was no matter, there was still plenty of room for what she wanted to do.

Kay had rarely given Derrick blowjobs before, it just seemed gross, and she hated the taste of his semen. But now it all seemed so natural to her. She stuck out her tongue, and began licking delicate circles around the tip of his shaft. It throbbed happily in response, pushing out another inch, and Kay continued to service it reverently. Her tongue danced upon the growing phallus, encouraging more and more of it to leave its home. Her eyes lit up as his cock stretched from nine to ten to twelve inches under her tongue's lashings, her saliva glistening along its length. Unable to resist anymore, she opened her mouth wide and took it in. It felt even more enormous inside her mouth than it looked outside. Slowly at first, but picking up speed, she worked it, though she could only take the last five inches.

Derrick groaned, the stimulation bringing him slowly out of sleep. Kay decided to speed things up, and grabbed his nutsack gently in her hand. She was shocked at how big it was. She hadn't paid much attention to them last night, what with all the other changes to his body, but his balls were now more than a handful for her! She fondled the hefty plum-sized orbs, in awe of their size and heft.

Meanwhile, Derrick's cock swelled to its full fifteen inch length, almost making Kay gag as she pulled back.

"Well, Good Morning to you too sweetie," Derrick said with a yawn. He looked down at the beautiful girl sucking him off as best she could. It was too bad she was only working the last third of his dick, a real nymph would do much better.

Suddenly something clicked in Kay. She felt an itch in the back of her throat, her mouth felt strange, and her lips tingled. She pulled off of Derrick, a look of concern on her face. Her hand clasped her throat as she swallowed several times reflexively.

"What's wrong Kay?" asked Derrick, honestly concerned yet smiling as he watched Kay's lips puffing up.

"I, I don't know," she replied still trying to figure out what had happened.

She licked her lips and could feel them puffing up, becoming thicker. "You know none of this is right, right? Something really strange is happening to us, and we're just fucking each other like everything is normal."

"No," he replied still smiling, "we've never fucked like this before, this is much better than normal," and with that he reached down and gently guided her head back towards his throbbing cock. She did not resist, in fact she hungered for it. *I guess we can figure things out after we finish*, she told herself, taking his shaft back into her mouth.

It was different now, she easily slid the first six inches into her mouth, then eight, then ten. She realized that his cock was not only filling her mouth, but was pushing down her throat too, and she wasn't gagging at all. In fact it felt strangely good. She began bobbing her head up and down over Derrick's groin, her fuller, thicker lips pinching down on him as she went, his shaft drenched wet in her saliva. Kay felt a strange sensation as her esophagus opened up like a sword-swallower's, a river of lubricating saliva filling her mouth and throat, jaws opening wider than she thought they could to accommodate the over two-inch wide base of his cock. She couldn't believe what she was doing but before she knew it her lips were wrapped around the folds at the base of Derrick's thick, sock like foreskin, over a foot of his cock inside her. She paused, freaking out a little at what she'd just done, worrying she might be injuring herself. Then her libido took back over and her tongue was again playing with Derrick's cock, her lips stretched wide, teeth ever so gently applying pressure to his flesh, as she moved back and forth over the bottom portion of his member. Gently at first, her tongue playing with the folds of his nigh sheath, lips pressing in and milking him with force she didn't know they could exert. Soon she was kissing his pelvis, all 15 inches of his penis somehow enveloped within her.

Back and forth her head bobbed atop his shaft. She could feel its thick length bulging from her throat, distending her neck like she was a snake swallowing its prey. As she worked him, she reached a hand back to service her own genitals which were crying out now with a renewed demand for attention. Her other hand continued to caress his balls, imagining how much cum must be building up within them.

"Oh fuck babe, yeah, that's the ticket!" Derrick moaned, the added stimulation pushing him closer to release. He stared down at her head, idly

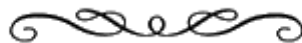
wondering what she'd look like with longer hair. Ass length hair. Maybe red. Then suddenly, his focus was brought back to his massive shaft, and the gorgeous face bobbing up and down atop it.

Derrick shuddered, clenching the sheets in his hands as she took him over the edge. His body tensed, groin muscles spasming, his cock pulsing within Kay's body. He shot his load into her, straight down her throat. Her eyes went even wider as she could feel her stomach being pumped full of his seed, not even tasting it as it bypassed her mouth, only feeling it pumping through his cock like water through a firehose. As his orgasm passed, she slowly, carefully, extracted herself from off his shaft. His head popped back into her mouth, finally giving her a taste of his juices, which she discovered tasted oddly wonderful. She kept his tip in her mouth for another minute, dutifully cleaning him off, swallowing everything, before letting go completely. Still kneeling on all fours, she tried to process what had just happened, panting, looking down in wonder at the thing that had just been down her throat.

"Oh fuck Kay that was amazing! Damn you're good!" Derrick complimented her.

"How the hell did I just do that?" She asked in shock, groping her own body for answers. "You're fucking huge! How can I take you all the way up my cunt and down my throat?"

"How am I a satyr?" Derrick retorted, "Who cares? It feels great doesn't it? Didn't you always want us to be a more exciting and romantic couple? Now we are." He sat up quickly, and before Kay had time to reply he had grabbed her shoulders and pulled her into a deep kiss. Kay found she couldn't resist returning his affection, and they began to make out. At some point, the fire in Kay's loins reminded her of what she really wanted from Derrick, and he gladly obliged her, his still hard cock more than ready to fulfill her needs.



It took an hour, but the couple finally sated their massive libidos, at least for a time.

"Oh, shit!" Kay exclaimed. "It's Monday isn't it! I need to be at work in," she glanced at the bedside alarm clock, which announced it to be 9:45, "15

minutes! Fuck!"

She jumped out of bed, her new, heavier breasts thankfully firm and not overly bouncy. First she took a lightning quick shower, just enough to cleanse her body from the funk of sex. She then ran to her closet, grabbing a few different things to try that would hopefully fit her. Most of her tops were fit for wearing with a corset, and with no time to put one on her options were rather limited. After a few tries she found something at least presentable, and zipped back to the bedroom for Derrick's opinion.

"So, how do I look?" With no bras to fit her, Kay had settled on tastefully made tie-dye t-shirt she thought would fit. It wasn't exactly work-wear but being the manager and the only employee during the morning she figured she'd be fine. It should have been loose, what with her being much skinnier and shorter now. Instead it fit quite well, her bra-less boobs taking up the slack up top and the bottom hanging loosely around her waist. The vibrantly colored swirls and patterns of the shirt did well to hide the bumps of her perky nipples showing through the cotton.

Derrick, more than amused by Kay's frenetic flitting about, looked her over. She definitely looked much better, gorgeous even, but he was a satyr and as such desired nothing short of impossible beauty. Besides, she still wasn't close to being a cute little fairy, and that was what she really wanted deep down inside, right? Well, that was what she wanted, and what a part of his conscious mind wanted for her. On the other hand, his base satyr instincts wanted a nymph. A nice horny, big-titted, bubble-butt, breeding hipped nymph, and Derrick found it impossible not to mentally drool at that image. The ring had a way of giving form to people's true wishes; mixing subconscious lusts and desires with conscious thoughts. And so, absorbing and reflecting Derrick's mixed mental messages, Kay's body continued to change. Smaller, cuter, yet ever more sexualized.

"What the?" Kay said, startled by the tingling warmth in her chest. She looked down to see them swell ever so slightly, pulling her t-shirt up and out a little bit more. She looked back up and saw Derrick still staring at her, smiling.

"My boobs just got bigger!" she announced incredulously.

"Mmmmm," he acknowledged her, "they've been doing that."

Kay frowned at his obvious lack of concern. "I hope they don't get too much bigger, I think they look perfect like this."

"Yeah," he grunted, "hopefully nothing more will happen to you," he lied, thinking, *if you wanted to be in control you wouldn't have wanted a satyr for a boyfriend*. Being a satyr now he was a bit fae himself, and could vaguely sense the power emanating from the ring. He had a feeling that if he just kept fantasizing about his dream nymph she'd soon be exactly what they both truly wanted. Maybe by tonight she'd look even better! "Have a good day at work!"

"Uh-huh. What are you going to do?"

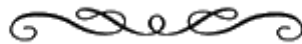
"Call in sick, maybe see about telecommuting till I can figure something out. Not quite sure yet."

"Okay, see you tonight!" She blew him a kiss and ran out the door.

Then it hit her.

"Shit!" she cursed, realizing the significance of this being Monday. That meant the Faire wouldn't be open to the public again till Saturday.

"We're going to have to go a whole week before I can figure this out! Unless I can get a hold of Keelin and track her down." Like Derrick had said, hopefully nothing more would happen in the meantime.



Kay arrived at work just in time, a customer already waiting at the door, looking at the hours sign and checking her watch.

"Sorry!" Kay called rushing up to unlock the door. The woman looked at her in relief.

"Oh good, I was just about to leave, been waiting here since 10."

"I totally apologize for the inconvenience. It's just been one of those crazy Mondays."

“No worries,” the woman assured her. Kay was glad the average customer of a New Age bookstore was generally the forgiving type.

It was a quiet morning, which made Kay glad. She didn’t feel like attracting any more attention. Every few minutes she found herself tugging at the hem of her t-shirt, trying to adjust it lower, as it kept pulling up and exposing a few inches of her midriff. It wasn’t that she minded showing off, especially as she now had a belly worth showing off, but it wasn’t very appropriate for work. She sighed in resignation, looks like I’ll be buying some new clothes, she thought, I really don’t need to put anything more on my card.

Sometime after noon, a college-age boy who was a regular at the shop, Austin, Kay thought his name was, walked up to the counter with several long bags of various incense sticks.

“All ready to check out?” Kay asked cheerfully.

“Yep, sure am. So where is that older lady that normally works here?”

“Oh you mean Janet, the owner?”

“No, not her, the other one.”

Kay was dumbfounded, there weren’t any employees older than her besides Janet. All the other girls were college-age themselves.

“Ummm, I’m not sure who you’re talking about.”

“Oh, sorry, hey do you go to State too? I don’t think I’ve seen you before.”

Kay wondered what the deal was with this kid. She’d sold stuff to him at least a dozen times before, and now he didn’t know who she was? And he suddenly thought she looked like a college student herself? Something wasn’t adding up.

“It’s, uh, Austin right?” the young man nodded affirmative. “I’m Kay, the manager, you don’t remember me?”

Austin looked dumbstruck, "Woah! Kay? Wow you're looking good!"

Something clicked in Kay's brain. She suddenly found herself very interested in this boy's attention, despite her being several years older than him, and despite her having a completely happy relationship with Derrick. The idea of being attractive to him thrilled her.

"You think so?" Kay replied after a brief pause.

"Yeah! Are you wearing different makeup or something? Don't take this the wrong way, but you look a lot younger than I remember."

"Oh, I'm just trying some new style stuff, that's it," Kay fibbed to Austin, knowing he was just trying to make small talk and not interested in real information.

"So," she said coyly, "you think I look cute?" Kay batted her eyes at him. She realized that Derrick never came to her work, and that most of the customers probably didn't even know she had a boyfriend.

"Yeah!" Austin replied with honest enthusiasm. "Heck, I think you look hot!"

That made Kay smile. She hadn't been hit on in years. As her heart quickened and her body tingled with the first hints of arousal, she wondered how far she could take this.

Austin was good looking. Athletic and trim, but not heavily muscled. He'd ridden his bicycle to the store, and he looked like the typical modern, active college student who did as much outdoors as possible.

"You have a really nice body Austin, you must work out a lot," she cooed, her voice taking on a sexy, almost juicy tone that she'd never used before.

"Nah, I just bike and rock-climb and kayak and stuff. I guess it does pay off though."

"Oh it pays off all right," she stretched forward across the counter, the base of her t-shirt stuck between it and her belly, keeping it fixed as her torso

pushed forwards, causing it to cinch tightly around her breasts, her nipples becoming visible through the taut cotton. "Tell me Austin, do you have a girlfriend?" She could see him change his stance as his pants became tight, his penis growing erect as he tried not to stare at the large, tightly wrapped orbs before him. The top of her cleavage beckoned to him from her neckline.

"Ummm, no," he managed to keep from stuttering. "No, I guess I just don't have the time for one."

"Ohh? How surprising. I'd think I stud like you wouldn't be able to keep the girls off him at college. Especially a sensitive one like you who burns incense and shops at this store."

"Oh, well, you know, I mostly hang out with the guys. But, uhh, maybe you'd like to go out sometime?"

There was an immense fire burning in Kay's loins. She could feel her nipples pressing hotly against her t-shirt. She felt so alive, so free, so caring only for the moment. Her hands shot out and grabbed Austin by the shoulders, pulling the startled student towards her. Before he could react their lips were pressed together, her tongue diving through his lips and ransacking the inside of his mouth. He did not reciprocate the attack, nor did he resist, he merely stood in shocked pleasure as the horny shop manager molested him, untucking his shirt and reaching one hand up and under to caress his chest, the other down to grope his package through his boxer-briefs. He could feel her firm breasts pressing against him through their clothes, and wondered what they'd feel like in his hands. The attack lasted but a minute. Kay pulled back to her side of the counter, grinning foxily. Austin just stood, one hand on the counter for support, mentally trying to recover from the surprise assault.

"I'm not your normal dinner and a movie type of date," Kay said seductively. She had to restrain herself from pulling off her clothes and trying to fuck the kid right then and there.

"Damn," was all Austin could say. He felt violated, but at the same time, he'd totally enjoyed it.

"Tell you what, I've been running the store all morning, I need a break. Why don't you watch things while I run to the restroom quick."

“Uhhhh, ok?” he said, rather confused.

“Just stand behind the counter here and say ‘hi’ to anyone that comes in. I’ll be right back,” she motioned him to take her place as hurried to the restroom.

Kay shut the restroom door with trembling hands. She needed a few minutes to cool off, and to see what had happened to her face. She couldn’t believe what she just did, nor that she seemed perfectly willing to make out with someone, who she barely knew, at work, in plain sight. A kid several years younger than her to boot! Her body was on fire, she felt the strange tingly sensation she’d felt last night and again this morning. *What the hell is happening to me?*

Taking deep, focused breathes to calm herself, she tried to shake the arousal that had flooded her body. After a moment she turned to face the mirror. Obviously, from what Austin said, she looked younger, but but that didn’t prepare her for what she saw. No wonder Austin hadn’t recognized her at first

Kay stared at the reflection in the mirror. She did indeed look much younger, several years younger in fact. She could easily pass for being 20ish, nearly the same age as Austin. It was like a creepy, much more beautiful version of her college graduation photo, with perfect, unblemished skin and tight, angular yet soft features. The faint lines of age even a girl of 28 has, the slightly uneven pores and small bits of acne, all were gone. She looked almost elfin; a picture of beauty one would expect to see in makeup ad.

Then she noticed her hair. It had been shoulder length before, now it hung noticeably longer, maybe three inches past her shoulders. She ran a hand through it, noting it felt much softer and more luxurious than before. Her split ends had vanished, and it possessed the full volume and silkiness she normally could only achieve via an expensive trip to the salon. Even odder, it looked like her roots had changed color! All the new growth that had occurred was not her normal dark brown, but bright red! *Holy shit! I’m changing into some kind of horny supermodel!* Derrick’s changes seemed over and done with in just a few hours, yet she was still changing. She tried to convince herself that she needed help, that she should go see a doctor.

She opened the door. Austin was still dutifully behind the counter, his sexy cute body hiding beneath his t-shirt and jeans. He was reading a book, and hadn't seen her exit the restroom. Suddenly, an impish thought sprouted in her mind, excising her worries for the moment. Silently she skipped through the store and no sooner had she reached Austin than she had his pants unzipped and his cock pulled out.

"What the hell Kay?" He cried, his attention now very much off his book. She was down on her knees, stroking his cock back to full erection with one hand while delicately extricating his balls from his pants with the other.

"Sssssh! No one can see me, I'm behind the counter; you just keep watching the store like I said."

Austin quickly weighed his options and opted not to fight her. She not only held him in a very compromising situation physically, but could totally embarrass him or even get him arrested if they made a scene. He leaned forward slightly resting his hands on the counter before him, and tried to keep an eye out for any passersby.

Soon Kay had his dick back to full erection, and had taken it into her mouth. Part of her was distraught that she was cheating on Derrick, not only in public, but in a totally carefree manner with a random acquaintance! Another voice in her head reassured her, promising that a horny satyr like Derrick would not be jealous, knowing that none could compare to him, merely happy that she was getting some satisfaction at work. That second voice soon won out and she continued merrily sucking off Austin for several more minutes, before he could take no more and exploded into her mouth. Greedily she sucked it all down, ensuring there would be no mess to clean up. It tasted so good, so sweet, almost as good as Derrick's. It surprised her, as before this week she'd always found cum to be salty, gross, and unbearable to swallow. Now, she relished the flavor.

As she stood back up, she noted Austin had all but collapsed forward onto the counter from the pleasure. Weakly he still bucked his wilted member back and forth, his orgasm having been so mind-melting that even as he saw a group of people approaching the store outside, he couldn't bring himself to put his dick back in his pants and zip up.

“Hi folks! Welcome to New Realities!” Kay said cheerily as the trio of college boys entered the store. She felt much better now that she’d satiated her desire, at least for the moment. Even though she hadn’t come it seemed the mere act of getting a guy off was soothing to her libido.

“Hi,” said one of the boys, who was tall with black shoulder-length hair, wore an AWOLNATION shirt, and seemed roughly the same age as Austin. “Hey Austin, what gives? You said you were just zipping by here and would be out in a few minutes. We’ve been waiting for you in Gamestop. And why the hell are you behind the counter about to pass out?”

“Oh, shit, hi Dale,” Austin said looking up. He nervously forced himself to stand while discreetly putting his junk away. He was very glad the store did not have an all glass counter.

“Heyyyy boys,” Kay cooed seductively while strutting towards the new arrivals. “I was just showing Austin some of our special stock. Maybe you should come here more often? I’m *sure* you’d enjoy it as well.”

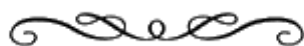
“Uhhhh,” Dale tried to find the words to respond to Kay’s flirting. He certainly hadn’t been expecting to run into such a cute girl when he came looking for Austin.

“I’ll be sure to bring them by.” Said Austin as he hurried to the door, more than a little embarrassed about what had happened. “Come on guys, we got a movie to catch, right?”

Dale and the other guys lingered for a bit, intrigued by the beautiful new face at the strip mall.

Kay continued to smile at them as they filed out the door, her heart racing, trying to make sense of the emotions running through her. Was this lust? Desire? For all these men? She’d always wanted to look sexy and be admired, but never had she felt like this before.

“Ugghh!” she groaned, running her hands through her hair. “What the fuck is wrong with me?”



Kay arrived at the mall having finished her decidedly odd day at work. She'd decided a new bra was in order, her old ones now hopelessly too small.

Curiously, instead of going to Penney's or any of the other reasonably priced department stores, she found herself drawn into Victoria's Secret. Not only that, but she found herself eying some of the more risqué styles of underwear on the mannequins. Sheer bodysuits and negligees obviously designed to put everything on display attracted her gaze as she walked into the store. The idea of flaunting her beauty was a new and strangely appealing concept to her, but she was here for underwear and knew she probably couldn't afford much else.

Explaining her need of help in finding something to fit her, she was quickly led to a fitting room by an overly peppy salesgirl.

"Wow girl you sure got blessed with the sexy genes!" said the salesgirl, Cindy, as Kay removed her shirt, revealing her full breasts jutting out proudly. "I hope we have something that will fit you; we don't stock much for girls, uh, at your end of the spectrum."

Kay blushed, she was thrilled about her new body, but definitely not used to the attention.

"So you said you don't know your bra size?"

"Yeah, uh, I've gotten a bit bigger lately, guess I'm a late bloomer," Kay explained.

"No sweat, lots of girls are confused about their bra size anyway, especially girls as well endowed as yourself."

Cindy whistled slowly as she finished taking Kay's measurements.

"Well you're a solid 32DDD by my measure, lucky you. That's seriously the largest cup-size we have in stock! Any bigger and you'd have to go down to Nordstrom's to find something. Honestly you're on the line with needing a 30 'FF' or 'G' but I think you can fit into what I stock here. Do they hurt your back at all? You have such a small frame" The sales girl seemed both envious of

Kay's assets yet happy that hers weren't so huge.

"Umm, no, not that I've noticed." Kay was suddenly unsure about her breast growth. Would she have back problems in the future? Would they get in the way? Her new-found self-confidence kicked in though, and she assured herself that all would be fine. These babies were a blessing, not a curse, and they weren't *that* big. Kay had seen many women with much larger breasts; certainly hers wouldn't be much trouble. *Cindy must have a skewed view of breast size from dealing with tiny waifs all day*, she thought.

"Hey, as long as you have that tape out, can you tell me how tall I am?"

"Sure!" Cindy said pulling her measuring tape vertically. "Let's see, looks like you're 5'5", don't tell me you're getting taller too! I'd really be jealous of you then."

"No," Kay said, knowing that she was 5'7 a few days ago, "definitely not getting taller."

The first bra Kay tried was a traditional full-cup underwire. It fit her well, supporting her heavy rack, which in all honestly, barely needed any support to begin with. Still, it covered her breasts almost completely, showing just a bit of their tops and her cleavage. She couldn't stand it; her body had to be free!

"Do you have anything... ummm," Kay gulped nervously, hardly believing what she was about to say. "Anything more revealing?"

"More revealing?" The salesgirl asked with a sly smile. "You want to keep it sexy, huh? Not afraid to show off the goods? Good for you. I admire a girl confident in her femininity. Let me go get you some low-cut lace bras for you to try." The girl darted out of the changing room. Alone for a moment, Kay eyed herself in the wrap around mirrors. She imagined an audience in the reflection, and found herself stripping seductively out of the overly conservative bra. Now topless, she shook her rack, giggling as she watched her bouncing bosom in the mirror. Her new boobs were so perfect, she loved them. When Cindy returned with a knock on the changing room door, Kay didn't even bother covering herself as she opened the door.

"Oh, uh, excuse me," said the startled salesgirl, as Kay continued to grope

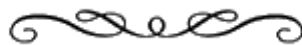
and play with herself.

“Oh no, don’t be shy,” Kay said with a coy smile. “These girls just beg to be shown off.” Kay reached out and plucked the new bra from Cindy’s nervous grasp, her pert breasts jiggling ever so subtly as she dropped them. It was a floral patterned, black lace demi-cup bra. She deftly pulled the expertly crafted cups over her rack, humming a pleasant ‘mmmmmm’ at the gentle pressure being exerted upon her flesh. Her boobs were forced tightly together, the bra ever so slightly too small, but it made her cleavage look fabulous. Her nipples grew erect, poking gently through the sheer lacey fabric that showed at least as much as it hid.

“Here,” said Cindy, holding out a pair of matching panties. “These go with it.”

Without a second thought Kay stripped her own panties off, unabashedly further exposing herself to Cindy’s view. Snatching the lacey panties from the sales girl’s hand, she quickly worked them up her legs and around her pert bottom, letting out another ‘mmmmmm’ as they cinched up tight around her crotch, her firm butt-cheeks prominently outlined by the stretchy fabric. She looked herself over in the wrap-around mirrors, admiring the sensual look the underwear gave her, and thinking how it was just the perfect thing to wear to work.

“Wonderful,” Kay said with a smile. “I’ll take them!”



The price of the underwear, however, turned out to be not so wonderful. Glumly she’d put it on the card, knowing there was no way now she could buy any other clothes, and would have to make do with what she had till her next paycheck.

Leaving the mall, Kay next swung by Derrick’s place to pick him up some clothes. Loose, baggy clothes. Hopefully they’d be enough to hide his radically different leg structure and let him get out of her apartment.

Derrick lived in a small rented bungalow house in an older part of town. Derrick liked it because it kept him close to his downtown office. Kay adored it

for its antique, folksy charm. It was quaint, built in the '40s, with an open air front porch. She'd been hoping to move in with him if their relationship ever really took off.

Approaching the door she could hear music blasting from within. A deep bass was pounding, passing easily through the house. Someone was inside. Kay tried the door and found it unlocked. It swung open with a creak, to reveal quite the unexpected sight.

Derrick was nude, dancing by himself in the center of his living room while A-ha song 'Living Daylights' blasted out of his computer speakers. Seeing him up and about for the first time and not stumbling about she was struck by his height. His new legs had noticeably added several inches, making well over six feet. His new proportions made him look sleek, sexy, and graceful, words she'd never have used to describe him before. He held a gallon bottle of Gallo Red table wine, which was about half gone. He spun, jumped, and head-banged like a typical white guy at a club, except he was a naked, cloven-hoofed satyr. Had it not been for the music his hooves would surely be making quite the racket on the hardwood floor. Looking around she saw his work clothes tossed on the sofa, along with scarf and a pair of her high top boots.

He saw her standing in the doorway, and gleefully motioned her in, hopping over to grab a remote and turn down the music.

"Hey Kay! Wow, what time is it? I was totally going to call you but lost track of time. Anyways, you're here now. Have a drink!" He pranced over to her and offered the wine bottle. Walking up to her, she noticed his horns had grown slightly longer since this morning.

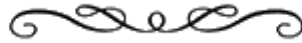
"Ummm, so you wore my boots and scarf and your clothes and went to the liquor store?"

"Yep! I realized that I just had beer in the fridge, which is great, but I really had a hankering for wine. I managed to make my pants fit with a liberal use of scissors, and since my shoes wouldn't fit I had to borrow your boots. Used the scarf to cover these," he pointed to his ears and horns, "got a couple odd looks, but I managed."

"Shit Derrick! What if your little disguise hadn't worked? Driving home is

one thing, but the liquor store?"

He laughed, "Hah, yeah, what are they gonna do? Call the cops and report a satyr on the loose? And like I said, it was no big deal, I just looked like a strangely dressed guy with a weird walk. No one is going to get worked up about a crippled hipster at the liquor store. Heck driving was the worst part! Took some getting used to sitting on my tail and working the pedals with these hooves. Now come on, have a drink and tell me how your day went."



Kay broke down and accepted his offer. Derrick disappeared to the kitchen, but rather than returning with a wineglass, he held a matching set of pint glasses which he filled from the wine bottle. He handed Kay one and took the other, reclining on the sofa, still nude. Her gaze traveled from the chiseled pecs and abs of his upper body, down to the equally muscled goat-man-deer like hybrid of his lower body, before settling inescapably upon his mostly flaccid yet still imposing shaft.

Kay thought about saying how there was no way she'd be drinking that much wine, but figured she could just give it to Derrick. She plopped herself into a chair and explained her encounter with Austin, her apparently younger looking face, and the changes to her hair. Derrick just took it all in, like it was completely normal, including her ravishing of a college student.

Time flew by as they chatted. Kay found herself becoming surprisingly less tired, even though she was drinking an awful lot of wine. Soon she had a heady buzz from the alcohol. Her skin grew flushed and her nipples were poking noticeably through her top. Derrick was periodically stroking his member, which now was semi-erect and throbbing erratically. Either he didn't care about his lewd display or was too drunk to realize it, for he kept conversing as if nothing were amiss, despite blatantly masturbating his giant phallus.

Kay tried to ignore it, tried to look Derrick in the eyes as they spoke to each other, but her gaze kept drifting uncontrollably downwards. And she could feel her nethers growing slick with desire for what she spied.

"Looks like we both need a refill," said Derrick, giving his empty glass an unhappy glare.

“Oh no Derrick, I still have plenty,” she said, holding her glass up. Kay crossed her eyes as she stared at the almost empty glass, wondering first how she drank so much wine, and second how she did it without realizing it.

“Hah! Funny girl!” Derrick chortled as he got up and fetched the wine bottle, his gate decidedly wobblier than before.

Kay stared at him as he walked. His rock hard ass visible beneath its thin dusting of fur was amazingly sexy. In fact all the muscles of his long stag-like legs and chiseled human back looked positively statuesque. She felt herself getting even more turned on as she imagined groping and squeezing that ass which any male model would envy.

“I’m moving in with you,” she told him bluntly, “I don’t care what happens to us but I love you so much I just want to be with you.”

“But of course, my little nymph,” he replied. The word tickled her brain, nymph, was that what she was becoming? A slutty little nymphomaniac? Did she even care? She knew she should care, but this was just too much fun. Fuck it. As Derrick brought her refilled glass, she stripped down to her new lacey bra and panties, flinging her clothes off with urgency as if she couldn’t stand them covering her flesh.

“That’s the spirit!” He said, handing her the glass. “Cheers!” They clinked their glasses together loudly, with the casual violence of happy drunkards, then both threw back to guzzle what to most would be an extraordinary volume of wine. Bright red drops spewed from the sides of their lips as they joyously and carelessly indulged the potent beverage. Wine splattered upon Kay’s bosom and belly, drops running across to define the curves of her semi-reclined form. Derek licked his red-stained lips at the sight before him; the smell of cheap wine mixing with the musk of both their increasingly horny bodies. Huge smiles formed on their faces as they lustily eyed each other’s exposed bodies; both knowing what would soon come next.