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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 1

The Ring of Desire lay forgotten for a time. Steven, now Keelin, had dropped it into her coin purse, but neglected to tie it shut before a potion had transformed her into a busty bimbo. Subsequently, it had slipped out when Allyn brought her back to his loft, rolling into a dark corner under her bed. Allyn had sensed something magical within her purse, though he couldn't be sure it was the ring. He had checked it, but finding nothing, figured whatever he'd seen must have been lost at Kalliana's. Anyway, he'd been far more concerned with Maria at the time, and as such the ring remained where it had fallen.

Scholars of magical artifacts had long debated the exact origins of the ring. Some said it had been made for a King who wished to keep his court in line and filled with strong knights and beautiful ladies. He'd give the ring out, on the pretense of showing that person favor, and enjoy as they were slowly shaped to his wishes, before taking it back and giving it to someone else.

Others claimed it was forged long before that, by a rogue faerie blacksmith. A puck, who wished to add a bit of mischief and fun to the world, and so he crafted the ring and gave it to the first person he saw, gleefully

watching as people's hidden desires and fantasies came to life.

Still some believed it to have been the work of a Djinn. That it was given to a sultan as the result of a wish, and that it was used to create the most exquisite harem of breathtakingly beautiful women ever seen.

No matter the truth, all who knew of it and its abilities recognized it as an extremely powerful and dangerous artifact. One that had an uncanny ability to slip from the grasp of one owner and to another when the time was right, eluding any who sought to possess it for too long. In short, it was not a plaything.

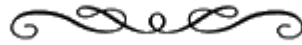
Keelin knew none of this. It was a gorgeous, sunny day at the Faire, one week before Allyn would take her and Maria through the gate to Avalon. She had just finished a performance at the adults only, rated 'Rrrrrr' *Bawdy Pirate Show*, and returned to her room in Allyn's loft to count her tips. She gleefully dumped her earnings onto the bed, only to have a number of dollar coins bounce off and onto the floor. She cursed as they rolled about, the uneven floor boards sending them chaotically about. Rounding them up, she got down on her belly to retrieve those that escaped under the bed. She stretched her hand out, fishing around for the rogue coins. She got one, but then, behind the far bed leg, she grasped something else. Pulling out and opening her clasped hand, she was surprised to see the Ring of Desire resting in her palm. It was a bit dusty, and seemed much less sparkly than it had when Maria wore it, but nonetheless was the same ring she'd stolen from Kalliana's last month.

"Will you looky here! I'd forgotten I'd grabbed you." she said to the ring. "And to think you've been under my bed the whole time!"

Keelin wondered what to do with the ring. Originally, she was going to give it back to Maria and wish her free from her curse. Allyn had made it quite clear though that it would do no good, that the ring could not override such a strong curse. She certainly wasn't going to put it on herself! She was done letting others control her fate.

"Maybe I should give it to a man? Remake him with my desires the way men remade Maria," she giggled at the thought of having a well-endowed man-slave to always fulfill her needs. "Not sure if I want to get stuck in that kind of relationship just yet," she decided, placing the ring in her coin purse

and this time securely fastening it shut. "I'll just hold onto it for now."



Kay was an attractive, if plain girl. 5'7" and 165 pounds, she was reasonably tall but carried more than a bit of extra weight. She wasn't fat by any stretch, but she certainly wasn't skinny! It didn't help that she only had C cup breasts, which seemed quite small on her frame. She wished she could lose some weight, or have bigger boobs, but anytime she tried losing weight it seemed to come from her boobs first! She'd thought about implants, but as a manager of a small new-age bookstore, there was no way she could afford it.

She had found a little bit of salvation in the form of the Ren-Faire and Steampunk scenes. Corsets were not only back in style, but were available in a nigh infinite array of designs and styles. And, with modern technology, they fit much more comfortably than those of old. They definitely gave her figure the boost it needed, and with a bit of makeup and the right clothes on top, she looked positively sexy.

She even had a boyfriend now, though he wasn't much of a catch. His name was Derrick and though he was quite cute, smart, and had a fun personality, he was rather unemotional and didn't seem to have the first clue as to what romance was. Plus, being skinny and just an inch taller than her, he weighed less than she did, which just seemed embarrassing somehow. Still though, he was hers, and she loved him, and they did make a good couple.

This Saturday Kay found herself at the Renaissance Faire unfortunately alone, as Derrick had to work this morning. *Not that he really seemed interesting in coming*, she grumbled mentally, *he totally could have gotten out of working if he'd tried*.

Kay flashed her season pass at the front gate. She'd gotten it free as her store's owner also had a stand at the Faire, which Kay helped her run on occasion. There would be no work today though; this day was going to be all fun.

After enjoying a show and a few street performers, Kay found herself perusing the latest selections at *Lady Cordelia's Corset Shoppe*. Not that she could afford a new corset, but she loved seeing and trying on the latest styles.

It was amazing how a modern sense of fashion had combined with a formerly antiquated way of dress to give rise to such a range of options. She eyed an elegant green brocade overbust corset, obviously made to be worn without anything over top of it.

"That would look great on you!" chimed a peppy female voice from behind, startling Kay.

"Ummm, you think so?" Kay said, turning to face the commenter. "I'm afraid I don't have the figure for it. Too much down here and not enough up here," she said, motioning to her midsection and bust.

"Nonsense!" said Keelin, who herself had just come out of the dressing room wearing a sensual, tightly cut, black satin corset with red taffeta accents. Her perfect hourglass figure looked poured into it; full breasts barely held in check by the tight cups, which served to highlight her impressive cleavage. The perfect taut skin of her breasts looked fit to burst if squeezed any further. "You just need to cinch it up a bit tighter around the waist. You'll fit it."

Kay was unsure about taking advice from this stranger, being more than a little jealous of the girls' physique. But Keelin was a charmer and soon she and Kay were in the dressing room together. Kay loosened up, and as they tried on different corsets together she quickly found herself lamenting about not just her body shape but also her relationship with Derrick.

"I just wish he was more into me, you know? I mean if I came home looking dead sexy in one of these he'd probably just complain about how much money I spent on it."

"You don't want to just dump him and get a new boyfriend?"

"No, I mean, I do love him, he's a great guy. Besides, I had a hard enough time getting a boyfriend to begin with; I don't want to be single again."

Suddenly, a great idea came to Keelin. She knew exactly how to solve this problem.

"Hey Kay, can you put this ring on? I just want to see how it looks with what you're wearing."

“Oh, uhh, sure I guess, wow that’s pretty.” Keelin tried to keep from grinning too wide as she slipped the ring onto Kay’s finger. It was an exquisitely beautiful piece of jewelry, and she was flattered to get to wear it, even for a short while. They continued trying on different corsets, including many much more risqué than Kay would ever think to put on herself. All the while, Keelin did her best to focus her desires onto Kay. She wished the girl would enjoy her own sexuality more, get a bit of a libido boost. She wished she’d be much more forward with her boyfriend like Keelin was with men, more honest about her desires and dreams, embrace her passions and fantasies. And of course she wished Kay would lose some of the weight she hated, and get a better figure. But wait! Ohhhh! She didn’t want her body to change too much; she had a better plan for that!

Time flew by and soon the girls had been in the store together for over an hour. Kay was surprised the manager wasn’t getting tired of them, but the lady seemed to know Keelin and regard her as a good customer. Also, for some reason Kay couldn’t place, she seemed to be getting aroused.

Keelin smiled as she noted Kay becoming more and more flushed. Kay also didn’t realize, as Keelin was making all the selections, that she was trying on ever tighter and tighter corsets. Finally, in the dressing room between fittings and stripped to just her panties, Kay broke down.

“Oh, ummm, God I’m sorry Keelin, I can’t try on any more. They’re just making me so damn hot!” Kay couldn’t believe she’d just said that to this girl who she barely knew. She also couldn’t believe that she was in a changing room with her, practically naked, with her nipples standing at attention. Her face shone beet red.

“Feels good, doesn’t it,” cooed Keelin, giving one of Kay’s nipples a gentle squeeze. Kay quickly jammed her hand in her mouth and bit her index finger to stifle a moan, wondering, *why doesn't it bother me that this strange girl is playing with my nipples? I should be freaking out but I'm not.*

“This isn’t the corsets girlfriend, it’s the ring!” she pointed to the ring before Kay’s eyes, the one she’d forgotten she was even wearing. Its green gems glittered brilliantly under the dressing room’s large incandescent light. “You ran into just the right person today Kay, that ring is the cure for your

relationship!"

"Oh my God! What is this thing, magic?" Kay couldn't believe just how good she felt.

"Sure is," whispered Keelin, "but keep it a secret. Here is what you're going to do. I want you to take the ring, and go home, but do *NOT* put the ring back on, okay?"

"Okay..." Kay repeated, unsure of where this was going.

"Now, when you see Derrick, have him wear the ring, and it will make him feel as good as you do. Getting nice and randy for you should kick your relationship up a nice notch, eh? Now, once he's to your liking you'll have to put the ring back on yourself for best effect, and then you two will be the perfect couple! Oh, and then, you *MUST* come back and see me again, soon, okay?" *So I can get the ring back off you, don't want anything too crazy happening.*

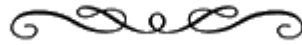
Keelin gently clasped Kay's hand, and removed the ring from her finger. She placed the ring in her open hand, and folded her fingers shut over it. "That was only a taste of how good it can make you feel. Remember, you put it on him first, *then* you can put it back on."

The two girls then redressed, Kay in her jeans and t-shirt, Keelin in a tight, black and red corset she'd fallen in love with. "Hey," Kay asked as they got ready to leave the store, "so I think you sold me, which of those corsets should I get?"

Keelin smiled impishly, knowing that soon no clothes Kay now owned would be fitting her. "Oh, well, why don't you hold off. I'm sure once Derrick's come around he'll want to help pick one out with you." With that she grabbed the changeling to be around the waist, noting that just in the last hour she'd shed several pounds around the waist and gained over a cup size. She kissed her, deeply but quickly, then broke off and waved farewell before Kay could react.

"See you soon girlfriend," Keelin called, disappearing into the crowd. Kay just stood in shock for a moment, returning the wave, wondering what the

hell had just happened in that store.



Kay drove home quickly from the fair. After leaving the corset shop she'd tried to calm herself down, see some shows, and get the most of having come out to the faire for the day. It was all for not. Watching a juggling act she'd found herself scissoring her thighs together, trying to scratch the itch that burned in her loins, all the while imagining what she'd really like to do with one of those juggling pins. In the end she'd had to bolt, afraid she might just start masturbating in public.

Now she had to keep a serious eye on her speed as it seemed her foot just wanted to push the accelerator down more and more. At one point she caught herself doing 80, when the highway was marked at only 55. She cursed and braked quickly down to a more reasonable 60, hoping no cops were watching.

She fingered the ring in her pocket, wanting to put it back on, but heeded Stefanie's firm warning to make sure her boyfriend wore it for awhile first.

Her nipples were still erect; in fact they'd never gone down since the corset shop. She could feel them pushing against her bra, tingling, wanting to be played with.

She dug her phone out of her purse and dialed, then hit speaker so she wouldn't get pulled over for talking and driving. She strove to maintain focus on her driving as her mind was pulled between the road, the phone, and her body's desires.

"Hello? Kay? How's the Ren-Faire?" asked Derrick on the other end.

"Uhhh, it was... good. Say, I've got a bit of a problem. How soon can you get off work?"

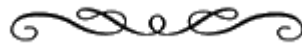
"Oh geez Kay, I was planning on being in the office quite awhile. I thought you were gonna spend the whole day at the Faire."

“Well, something came up. I really need you to come to my apartment. Now.”

“Now? Kay, What’s wrong? Is it an emergency?”

“Kinda!” she squeaked, finally giving in and pleasuring herself with one hand through her pants, sparks of excitement shooting through her body.

“Okay okay!” Derrick sounded legitimately concerned now. “Let me close things up and I’ll be there in... twenty, thirty minutes! Gotta go!” he said, and the line went dead.



It was a long drive home from the Faire, so Derrick was already anxiously waiting for Kay as she raced into the lot, parking her Civic very crooked in her carport. She hurried to meet him at the door, fumbling with her keys as she walked, giving Derrick a look of relief as she unlocked the door and let the couple into her apartment.

“Thanks for coming home early!” she exclaimed, as she slammed shut and locked the door behind them.

“Uh, no problem, just please tell me what this is about,” Derrick was visibly concerned by his girlfriend’s strange behavior.

“So Derrick, I was at the Ren-Faire, and I found something that you simply must try!” Kay said excitedly, grabbing him by the arm and dragging him into her bedroom. The room was decorated in the manner of someone enamored with high fantasy. Various artwork prints covered the walls, depicting faeries, nymphs, satyrs, centaurs, dragons, and elves. Numerous figurines of the same subject littered the shelves and other surfaces. The entrancing smell of scented oils hung heavy in the air.

“Seriously? You had me leave work early to show me something from the Ren-Faire! What did you buy now?” asked Derrick, not amused but now a little curious about the latest acquisition in her collection. He felt she spent way too much of the little money she earned on such things, her normal excuse being she got a discount at the bookstore she worked in.

“That’s the best part! It was free, look!” she held up the ring for him to see. “A girl gave it to me at the Ren-Faire. It makes whoever wears it feel really good!”

“A ring that makes you feel good? Good how?”

“Like, oh, how to explain,” Kay thought for a moment, then grabbed Derrick’s crotch and gave it a squeeze. “Good, like I want to rip your pants off, good.” She grinned impishly at him as he jumped in surprise.

“Wait,” he said cynically, “you’re telling me that this ring makes you feel horny? That’s just crazy. What is it, one of those BS magnetic things?”

“Hey now,” Kay said defensively, “I don’t know what makes it work, I just know it works, I mean,” she paused as she stripped off her t-shirt, her small but erect nipples visible under her thin cotton bra, “do I need to spell this out for you?”

“Oh,” Derrick said little shocked. First, that Kay looked noticeably thinner, and her boobs were overfilling her bra like it was a size too small. Second, it wasn’t that they never slept together, they often did, it was that they were both rather shy, reserved nerdy types and were rarely this forward with each other. Their sex usually just kind of happened and was of the quiet, slightly awkward variety.

“Did you lose weight?” he asked, curious how he hadn’t noticed before today.

“What? Ha-ha, no I wish.”

This made him even more surprised when she advanced on him, tossing her shirt aside, and plunged her tongue down his throat.

The kiss lasted for some time, as Kay’s tongue explored Derrick’s mouth, their lips locked tightly. At some point she began dry-humping his leg, grinding his jean covered thigh against her crotch. After what seemed like an eternity for Derrick she suddenly broke it off, nipping his lip playfully as she hopped back from him.

“Owww! What the hell’s gotten into you?” he exclaimed, sucking on his lower lip and thankful that she hadn’t drawn blood.

“Ahhhhh,” she sighed, another wave of arousal washing over her, “I’m telling you babe it’s that ring! I just wore it for a bit at the Faire and now I’m feeling freaking amazing! I am way beyond just horny hon.” She continued backing up till she reached her bed, whereupon she kicked off her sneakers and started undoing her jeans. “Come on Derrick! Man up and get over here!”

Derrick did as instructed, his dick was hard as a rock but it still felt weird having his bookish girlfriend ordering him around like this. *Oh well, I sure ain’t gonna say no to sex*, he thought unbuckling his belt and removing his own pants.

Now down to just her bra and panties, Kay practically ripped Derrick’s shirt off over his head as he stepped out of his pants, his pace of undressing not fast enough for her. Once he was also down to his underwear, Derrick hopped onto the bed, a large bulge in his boxers, waiting for Kay to join him.

“Oh geez,” Kay sighed, a little disappointed that he wasn’t reciprocating her aggressive behavior. She reached down to the floor and fished the ring out of the pants pocket she’d stowed it in, then climbed into bed as well, crawling up and over Derrick on all fours. “Here,” she said sternly, shoving the ring onto his left pinky, “maybe this will make you a little more fun.”

Kay now began humping her panty clad crotch against Derrick’s boxer clad one, as she usually did to get herself wet enough for actual penetration. It wasn’t like she needed to; she was plenty wet already, but she figured a bit of a familiar warm-up was a good way to start things off. As she did so, she began wishing as she often did that he’d show her a little more feeling and emotion when they had sex, and for Pete’s sake that he’d take the lead for a change. Her eyes wandered from his face, which though cute and smiling up at her seemed to carry little excitement, her gaze fell upon her framed print of Cabanel’s *Nymph and Satyr*. Oh how amazing and thrilling it would be to be ravished by such a creature! To be literally chased down because you were wanted so badly. To be taken by something that was the pure embodiment of virility and sexual power! “Mmmmmmmmm,” she closed her eyes and moaned, imagining Derrick as a lusty satyr, ravishing her in such a wild and animalistic way.

Oh shit I can't believe how horny I am, she thought, groping her bra covered breasts. I've never had thoughts like this during sex before. God I need a big fat cock in me! I wish Derrick's were bigger. Mmmmm, a big strong satyr, that's what I need. Uggh, I'm so wet right now it feels like his cock could just push through my panties and up my cunt. Shit where are these lewd-ass thoughts coming from? Fuck it, who cares? I just need to be fucked!

"Fuck me Derrick! I need you to fuck me, right now!" she commanded her boyfriend.

She saw his pupils dilate wide, his smile fell open into a broad toothy grin. Without warning, Derrick grabbed Kay strongly around the waist, and with a strength neither knew he had, lifted her completely off him, then flipped her over onto her back, simultaneously rolling and flipping onto her so that in a matter of second their positions had been reversed.

"Ohhh!" Kay exclaimed in a mix of glee and shock, "Look who finally decided to be on top for a change!" She noticed that indeed his whole affect had changed; he was no longer just happily enjoying this, he had a true look of carnal hunger about his face now. An almost scary look of passion was in his eyes as he kneeled over her.

Derrick indeed felt different. He felt more alive, invigorated, and horny than he ever had in his life. Before, he was more than happy to have some fun sex with his girlfriend, now he didn't just want sex, he *needed* sex. Greedily he ripped first Kay's bra, then her panties from her body, noting that her panties were quite wet.

Kay just lay there beneath him, her legs wide in anticipation. She grasped a breast in one hand, and groped her snatch with the other, running her fingers through her unkempt bush and roughly stroking her clit. She smiled as he brought her soiled panties up to his face, inhaling her scent with a deep snort that made his eyes flutter and almost roll back into his head.

"God you smell good Kay," he said in a voice much lower than she was used to.

"I told you babe, that ring got me all hot and..." she paused, her mouth

hanging open in mid sentence, a shallow moan escaping her lips as her eyes drifted from Derrick's face down to the large tent in his boxers, "...bothered."

Derrick snorted her panties again, his nose curling up a little, before tossing them away and hurriedly ripping off his own underwear, exposing a penis Kay could swear seemed larger than she remembered.

Good, Kay thought licking her lips in anticipation, *the ring must have him so horny, it's like he downed a dozen Viagra!* Kay could also swear that Derrick seemed more muscular, actually having some definition to his arms, chest, and legs where before there was none. She discarded the thought though, obviously her lust addled mind was giving her 'beer goggles' of a sort, and she paid no mind to the fact that his thighs weren't just thicker, but much, much harrier than before, nor that his penis and the surrounding skin were a shade darker.

Without a word, and with none of the gentleness or hesitation that normally defined their sex, Derrick plunged his manhood deep into Kay's ready vagina.

"OOohhhhhhh!" Kay moaned in delight, so loudly it even surprised her. Her normally tight vag was so wet from her lust that Derrick's cock rammed right in to the hilt with hardly any resistance. The wild, lustful look still on his face, Derrick began pistoning in and out of Kay with slow, steady strokes.

It wasn't long before Kay was moaning with every thrust. "Haa-haaa-haa, yes! Faster you animal!" she cried. Derrick obliged her and sped up his movements. His balls began slapping noisily against Kay's thighs, though neither noticed that they were slowly growing, becoming larger, heavier, and covered in a fine layer of fur.

Kay was awash in ecstasy. They'd never fucked for so long without him coming. Normally she was lucky to get five minutes out of him, luckier still if she could get off herself without helping things along with her fingers. But now? She'd lost track of time as Derrick just continued to pound away at her. Oh and her eyes hadn't deceived her before, as he definitely felt much bigger than normal! She was glad the ring seemed to be making him as horny as she was, if it made his dick bigger, then that was even better!

Eyes closed, moaning like a porn star, Kay alternated between clawing her bed sheets and groping her breasts. This was by far the best sex she'd ever had in her life. And she'd never felt so full before! Derrick's cock just seemed to stretch her more and more, and he just kept banging away like a rutting beast! Occasionally she'd open her eyes and gaze lovingly at her much improved lover. She noticed now that his hair, once a light, sandy brown, had darkened to a deep espresso color. It had also gone from straight and flat to a very curly, thick covering atop his head. She didn't care though, her mind only concerned with the pleasure she was receiving, and she closed her eyes again.

Now Derrick paused, pulling back into a kneel between Kay's legs, then leaning backwards. Kay could feel his dick pulling out of her with a wet slurp, feeling many inches exit her yet somehow the tip staying inside. Wrapping his hands under her buttocks, he firmly hoisted her rear off the bed, bringing her groin up to his, again impaling Key upon his member.

"OHHHHH!!!" Kay shrieked, as her hole was stuffed painfully full with his swollen member. Her eyes shot open, the pain shifting to raw pleasure as her clit pressed firmly against Derrick's flesh as he began grinding their pelvises together. It was amazing. Both that sex could feel this good and that Derrick was somehow holding her completely off the bed and forcefully moving her ass back and forth atop his cock. She wrapped her legs around his ass, her arms around his shoulders, and held on for the ride.

In just seconds she was moaning constantly at the top of her lungs. Her orgasm which had been building for some time now suddenly exploded out from her nethers and shot out across her whole body, reducing her to a wide-eyed, convulsing, panting, whimpering form held tightly in Derricks arms. He kept bouncing her atop his crotch as she came, desperate to bring about his own release. His grunts, which had been steadily increasing in volume and frequency, now became a loud, boorish roar that joined Kay's own cries. Kay could feel him coming; the volume of seed was so great. Her own orgasm, just now beginning to fade, was reignited, and she came again, squealing even louder as Derrick pumped his cum into her.

The couple's rapture lasted for some time. They held each other tightly, their cum pouring out of Kay's overstuffed love box, some dripping onto the sheets, but much of it soaking the long, shaggy hair that had grown down the backside of Derrick's thighs and around his pendulous sack. The fronts of his

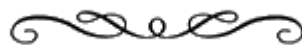
thighs, down halfway to his knees, had only a light coating of hair, normal for many men, but Derrick had always been on the less hairy side.

Once they caught their breath, the two engaged in a long, passionate kiss. They frenched each other lovingly, tongues intertwining, until finally Derrick gently laid Kay back down on the mattress.

She was still seeing stars when Derrick pulled out of her, so it didn't really register on Kay that he pulled almost a foot of cock out of her gaping cunt. In fact she'd gotten so used to having it in her that the sensation of it being removed was startling, and she felt hollow, a little drafty even as it took her muscles some time to recover and close back up after the pounding they'd received.

"I, uhfff, I'll be back babe, gotta hit the john," Derrick said gruffly, sliding off the bed and hobbling out of the room. It was hard for him to walk, his feet felt really stiff, his muscles cramping and making him walk on his toes and the balls of his feet. He was still strangely aroused, and he absentmindedly stroked his still hard, eleven inch penis as he stumbled to the bathroom.

Kay watched his exit through lidded eyes. *That sex musta made me dizzy or something, cause I'm still fantasizing*, she thought watching him. That was her rationale for what she saw. His back and ass muscles looked chiseled from rock. Just walking she could see his glutes flexing powerfully. At the bottom of his hard buttocks, thick hair the same espresso brown as on his head began. It fell in curly locks all down the backs of his legs, which looked somehow off. *Never knew good sex could make you hallucinate*, she mused, looking about the room at her collection, including the earlier painting, before her eyes settled upon her small replica statue of Clodion's *Satyr and Nymph Carousing*. She could swear Derrick actually looked a little like the satyrs she'd been envisioning earlier. *Oh well, guess that's what I get for having my head in the clouds*.



Derrick meanwhile had made it to the bathroom. It had taken some time as he kept having to steady himself with one hand on the wall, and he couldn't seem to take his other hand off his engorged phallus. He was still horny, but fucking Kay had certainly taken the edge off, restoring his brain to somewhat

normal function.

He flicked on the lights, illuminating himself before the vanity mirror, and was shocked by what he saw.

He was totally ripped. His pectorals were chiseled upon his chest and his biceps and triceps bulged visibly under his skin, which itself looked bronzed as if he did nothing but lift weights in the sun all day. And his hair! Not only had his short, straight hair become an unruly thick mop of much darker, curly locks, but he now had a thick line of chest hair running from between his pecs down to his groin, where it joined an even thicker mass of curly pubic hair.

What the hell had happened to him? He managed to detach his right hand from his cock and ran it up his chest, confirming with touch that his new muscles and hair were in fact real. Running his fingers over his scalp he got an even bigger shock.

"What the!" he exclaimed, feeling his ears which till now had been obscured by his hair. He rubbed them between his fingers, verifying what he thought he'd felt, then pulled his hair aside so he could see them in the mirror. He wasn't mistaken; they'd become pointed. They were still human looking, but they were longer, their tips now coming to elongated points, and they appeared covered in a thin peach-fuzz layer of soft, brown fur.

This is crazy, he thought, this can't be real, I must have passed out after fucking Kay and be dreaming now. Remembering why he'd come here to begin with, he grabbed a glass and filled it with water from the tap. He downed it quickly, then downed another, hoping the water would both quench his thirst and rouse him from whatever altered state he was obviously in. He paused for a second, looking himself over in the mirror. *Still the same, well I guess it's not a bad dream, I've always wanted to be buff, guess I should enjoy this.*

All this time, Derrick had neglected to inspect himself below the waist, so enamored was he with his upper body. Having slaked his thirst though he now had to pee. He hobbled over to the toilet, feet still oddly sore, calves still refusing to relax. Grabbing his penis, Derrick finally gave it a good look over, and was again shocked. No longer fully erect, it was still huge, at least eight inches long. His foreskin had thickened considerably, and had taken on a dark

brown color. It covered the first seven inches of his member, only the glans sticking out. That at least looked normal, if noticeably larger than he recalled. His pubic hair appeared to be softer, silkier, blending almost seamlessly into the thickening forest of hair that had spread across his legs.

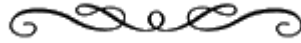
Leaning forward so as to bend his semi-erect prick down enough to hit the bowl, Derrick placed one hand on the wall ahead for support, the other clenching his dick as he released his bladder. He sighed in release, maybe now it'd go down to a more normal size, not that he was complaining about having a big dick in this dream.

Looking down as he went, he looked closer at the thickening body hair upon his legs, which made his new chest hair pale in comparison. It was thicker around his groin and the tops of his thighs, though his skin still clearly visible, but from just above his knees down he was positively shaggy. The backs of his legs in particular, had thick curling locks of hair that looked like they should be on some animal, not him. Then he noticed his feet. His toes looked deformed; the third and fourth on each foot grossly swollen, bigger even than his big toes, which seemed smaller, and on each the nail had become thick and dark, and much larger. The skin around the nails seemed to be retreating, as if the nails were taking over his toes. The other toes on each foot appeared smaller and atrophied. He tried again to relax his cramping feet and calf muscles, to put his heels down on the floor, but he couldn't seem to make them respond as commanded. No matter what he did, the only way he could balance was on his deformed toes.

Finished with his business, Derrick turned round and sat on the toilet, wanting to better inspect his feet. As he sat, he noted it would be nigh impossible to pee sitting down in this form, his dick hanging out past the rim of the bowl. He soon found himself forgetting about his changed feet, and once more playing with his cock.

Damn am I horny, he thought stroking his large member as it once again grew hard. He found his lust returning, concern that this dream seemed all too real evaporated as his swollen testicles pumped more hormones into his blood. He smiled as his slick dick pushed out of his foreskin, pumping it as it grew to nearly a foot long. His left hand massaged his balls. Easily the size of Mandarin oranges, they'd kiss the water inside the bowl if he let them hang loose. Soon he was slapping his huge shaft against his newly defined abs, its

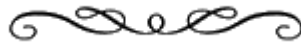
tip reaching easily past his navel.



Lying there in repose, finally coming off of her orgasmic high, Kay could feel Derrick's jizz still steadily leaking from her. Not wanting to stain the mattress, she figured she'd better clean up. She winced as she stood, her loins feeling like they'd been torn in half.

"Owwww," she said massaging her womb, her labia below only now fully closing, "just how big did he get? I've never been too small for him before." Despite feeling as if she may have been injured, Kay found herself turned on by the idea of a cock so huge it bottomed her out. Grabbing a few tissues she sopped up the mess as best she could, thinking, *that was so good, maybe we could go again soon?*

Needing a washcloth to properly clean both herself and the bed, she headed for the bathroom, pausing at the Clodion sculpture on the way, still enamored with the randy satyr and nymph it depicted. They looked so happy, carefree, and erotic. "Is it bad that I look at my boyfriend and imagine something else?" she whispered to it. *No*, her thoughts replied, encouraged by Keelin's desires to give in to desire, whimsy, and fantasy, *you should want what you want*. "Hmmm," she mused, "such cute little hooves..."



Reclining on the toilet seat, Derrick could swear his cock was still growing larger as he stroked it. He'd been a hard and fully erect eleven inches a few minutes ago. Now, he was sure he'd grown to over a foot long, and swollen even thicker. He knew he should care about these changes, be freaking out and calling a doctor, but he was much too horny to care. Instead, he was relishing the sensations his giant cock gave him. He felt so much more sensitive than he ever had before, and yet, he could tell he now possessed far greater control and endurance over his tool. The kegel muscles in his groin felt larger, tighter, more powerful, and as directly connected to his brain as his hands and feet.

Now his engorged phallus reached the bottom of his ribcage, its head staring him in the face from just over a foot away as it slapped noisily against

his sternum. It felt amazing. The smooth dark brown of his foreskin stretched tightly over the bottom half, except at the base where it had thickened substantially, a second fold of dark skin belying its size and flexibility. The still human tip extended fully six inches past the ring of his foreskin.

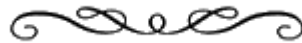
Derrick could feel another orgasm building. He leaned back, legs outstretched, knees wide apart. He tensed and stretched his muscles to enhance the sensation of building pleasure. Glutes, quads, hamstrings, and calves, all flexed and tightened, his feet nearly banging up against the bathtub as he stretched. His penis bobbed strongly within his grasp as he stroked it, his groin muscles pulsing rhythmically. It felt really good, yet really strange, his muscles and joints feeling out of alignment; there was more sensation coming from his feet and legs than he'd ever known. His toes especially, felt filled with pins and needles, and a strange numbness in places. Suddenly, there was a tapping sound, as if something hard was rapping on enamel. Looking down past his cock, he saw his feet had become even more distorted. The nails on his two swelling toes had formed split, claw-like hooves, the toes themselves stretching out several inches in length; skin stretched tight over thickening bone and tendon. On either side, his other toes were tiny, almost vestigial, and his big toe had shriveled to a stub. He flexed them, and found the growing toes quite controllable and flexible, much more so than before, while the atrophied ones remained limp and unresponsive. It also occurred to him that he had to be getting taller, his legs longer, as the space between him and the tub was getting more and more cramped.

For some reason this transformation, though slightly painful, did not affect his arousal, and he continued to masturbate as his legs reshaped themselves. He found himself breathing deeply and quite vocally, grunting gutturally as his attention shifted rapidly between his hugely erect phallus and his shifting bones and musculature. With his legs splayed wide he could easily see the changes happening. Every so often his ecstasy would be broken by a sharp twinge of pain from a bone shifting or a massive cramp as muscles grew and shrank, causing Derrick to snort, roar, and kick his spasming legs. Upon his head, he could feel his ears tingling, sounds changing as they grew out, becoming long and, most oddly, controllable, and pushing through an increasingly unruly mop of hair that tickled his scalp and neck as it spread out.

He watched as his thighs thickened and lengthened, becoming much larger, deeper, and immensely more powerful, with easily twice the muscle

mass. They also stretched wider apart, giving his enhanced genitals more room. His heels pulled back towards his knees as his feet continued stretching in length. Some otherworldly anesthetic kept what should have been debilitating pain in check, as Derrick watched the metatarsals of his stretching feet fuse together, forming two bones out of five. Still though, there was pain... too much pain for a dream. Derrick winced as his tibia collapsed in on themselves, slamming his back rearward and knocking off the toilet tank lid which crashed to the floor, cracking in half. His tibia and calves shrank to less than half normal length as his feet continued to elongate.

With a series of loud, panting grunts, Derrick came, spewing his seed about himself and the bathroom. He kicked his transformed legs wildly, gouging several cuts into the fiberglass tub.



Kay could hear the noise coming from the bathroom. At first, it was just Derrick's grunting and she decided to leave her newly randy boyfriend alone as he did his business. *Don't wanna embarrass him now after such a good performance*, she thought smiling to herself. Instead, she fetched a washcloth from the kitchen. Returning to scrub the sheets, she was startled a few minutes later by a loud crash.

"Derrick!" Kay called out, but received no reply. She hurried back to the bathroom.

"Derrick! You okay in there hon?" Again there was no reply, but she could hear his grunts and cries, along with a series of loud banging noises. She tried to open the door but he'd apparently locked it. She strained her ears, but couldn't tell whether he was in pleasure or pain. She knocked again, but still nothing. Finally, after several more minutes, the commotion ceased. Kay waited impatiently; worried that he might have had a seizure or something. But just as she considered calling 9-1-1, the door opened.

Kay was so close to the door when it opened that all she initially saw was Derrick's face. He had a rather dreamy look about him, and his complexion had darkened from white to a bronzed olive, but other than that, he seemed normal. Then she noticed his ears poking out from his curly hair-long, pointy, goat ears that stuck out almost sideways.

She backed up with a start, eyes wide, looking over the creature her boyfriend had become.

“Oh my God! Derrick! What happened?!”

“Hey Kay, ugghh, I don’t know. *This* all just happened. Tell me I’m dreaming.”

“Na, nnn, no,” she stuttered. “You... you’re a satyr!” her brain frantically tried to find a reason for what the hell was happening. *My God! The ring! It’s gotta be the ring!*

“That’s what it looks like, isn’t it?” he said with a low chuckle. “Give me a hand here; I think it’s going to take awhile to figure out walking like this.”

Derrick took a couple wobbly steps through the doorway on his reshaped legs, cloven hooves clicking on the laminate floor, supporting himself with the wall as he went. His reshaped legs were, for the time being, as awkwardly useless as they were obviously powerful. Kay rushed to his side and took an arm, but in doing so her still naked body brushed up against his dick, causing it to jump to attention. It caught them both off guard, and their eyes met as they both looked down at it. Kay froze, mouth open, not knowing how to respond. She wondered if her earlier thoughts had something to do with this; it was too coincidental for it to be otherwise.

Derrick smiled at her, lifting a hand to caress her face. Kay could feel the ring as it brushed her skin. “You want it, don’t you?” he said as his penis stiffened once more, pushing against Kay’s belly. His deeper voiced was filled with an aura of power and confidence it’d never had before. “I know you do.”

Kay’s nakedness was suddenly embarrassing and somewhat frightening to her. Before it was just a dream, now the half-animal creature with a foot long cock was before her, lusting for her. Yet for some reason it turned her on! *God he’s so big*, a part of her mind thought. *Such a big, strong, sexy beast. I want him!*

“Uhhhhnnnghhh,” Derrick moaned, eyes half-closing in pleasure. “Oh fuck Kay I feel so good!” Kay watched wide-eyed, in both horror and fascination, as his cock grew another few inches, its tip taking on a deeper, ruddier hue. Derrick gave it a few almost subconscious jerks with his right hand, a large dollop of precum drooling out from the tip. Had she looked up, she would have seen small horns emerge from his forehead. The bony protrusions burst through the skin of his brow, blood trickling down his face as they quickly grew to two inches in length, curving slightly backwards and complimenting the goat ears that hung low in pleasure as he reveled in the ongoing changes. His leg and body hair thickened further, and his balls ripened into yet larger, lemon sized sperm factories. Behind him, a small goat’s tail grew out above his ass, completing his satyr transformation.

But Kay could not take her eyes off Derrick’s cock as it continued to grow. Part of her hungered for it, another part of her mind fought back against her lust, screaming; *what are you thinking? This isn’t normal! This isn’t right! You have to stop this!*

Breaking free of her trance she grabbed his hand, pulling the ring off. Suddenly a suggestive voice flitted through her mind, commanding words she couldn’t resist having been given them while wearing the ring. *Once he’s to your liking you’ll have to put the ring back on yourself for best effect*, she recalled. Without even meaning to, she found herself putting the ring on, and promptly forgetting she’d ever done so.

