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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 3

As the week progressed, Kay continued to notice subtle but ongoing changes to her body. Her hair was still growing, and fast. Her now flaming red roots continued to sprout hair at an alarming rate. It now hung several inches below her shoulder, almost to her mid-back. Besides being red, it had much greater volume than she'd ever known before, her hair seeming fuller, healthier even. It also seemed to be developing a bit of waviness; the ends of her locks looping around instead of their former boring straightness. Not knowing what to do with it, at first she'd tied it into a simple pony-tail. She soon grew uncomfortable with the restriction though and released it to hang freely.

Elsewhere though, her body seemed to be losing its hair. After being rather itchy at work Tuesday afternoon, she'd found her panties full of shed pubic hair. In the shower a bit of scrubbing resulted in the rest of her pubic hair, and all the hair of her arms and legs, ending up in the drain. Drying off, she noted even without lotioning her skin was wondrously soft. *Sweet*, she thought, *no more shaving and no more razor-burn*. Deep down though she knew this should worry her.

Her shrinking seemed to have stopped; at least she hoped it had. 5'4" was plenty short for her. Her proportions were definitely altered though; her legs seemingly longer, and more shapely, her torso smaller, thinner. It was like she'd been given the proportions of a runway model, albeit a very short one.

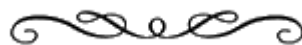
Kay found her behavior was changing too. She found herself walking around the apartment, completely nude, at all times. She didn't even care if she walked past open windows. She'd even linger, brushing out her red locks as she stared out, subconsciously hoping to give some passer-by a view of her naked beauty. She was swiftly becoming more and more comfortable showing more and more skin. On Tuesday she'd traded her normal long slacks for calf-length capris. By the end of the day she found herself planning to wear even shorter knee-length capris the next day.

Wednesday morning after sex with Derrick, she found herself running late for work. She kissed her satyr goodbye, grabbed her purse, and walked right out the front door without a shred of clothing on. It wasn't till she was in her car and pulling the seatbelt across her bare breasts that she realized she was completely nude.

"Oh my God! What am I doing?" she screamed at herself. Her hands flew to cover her indecency. Nervously she looked around, hoping no one was watching, before darting back to the house. She panted, adrenaline pumping, freaking out about what she'd just done. Kay could feel it though, her arousal level growing, the inadvertent bit of exhibitionism turning her on ever so slightly.

Derrick was sitting on the sofa, drinking wine, watching TV and idly stroking his mostly flaccid penis. He'd clearly seen her come into the house naked, yet didn't seem at all disturbed by it.

"Forget something babe?" he said being completely nonchalant. Kay glowered at him, racing to get dressed and not be any later to work than she already was. Before she headed back out she taped an impromptu sign to the front door, which read, 'Are you wearing clothes?'.



At work Kay's thoughts became increasingly errant. She felt overdressed, like she was hiding her body beneath her boring work clothes. Clothes which seemed less and less capable of fitting her. She swore her new 32DDD bra must have shrunk in the wash. That or she was still growing. Yesterday it had been a perfect fit! A bit snug, sure, but in a good way. Now it felt tight and restrictive, her breasts tingling beneath it. The short knee-length capris she'd donned had become too loose on her waist yet too tight on her hips. Her belt cinched as tight as it would go; they hung off her hips, baggy around her legs, like some ridiculously loose skater pants. Her panties would have been exposed front and back, had her shirt not also been long and baggy enough to hide them.

She felt like she needed the attention of everyone in the store, both male and female, and in a very sexual manner. She didn't just want to flaunt her new found beauty, she wanted to use it. The idea of changing into something much more provocative, or even stripping down naked right there behind the counter, seemed very tempting.

She chided herself for thinking such things. What would Derrick think of her flirting with the customers, of her parading her body out for everyone to ogle?

Making matters worse, it seemed the store had become suddenly popular with the male college crowd, most likely due to what she'd done with Austin. They'd come in, browse the store, pretend to be interested in buying stuff, and of course try to chat her up. The crazy thing was, she loved it! She couldn't seem to get enough attention. Flirting now came naturally to Kay, and she was learning to use it to her advantage. Soon every interested boy was buying something or other, just to get a chance to talk with her more. Sipping her free mango smoothie, she put out a tip jar, and within an hour over \$20 had been deposited into it.

Slowly, without even realizing it, Kay started to unbutton her blouse as she flirted. First one button, then two, then after an hour all the buttons down to mid-chest, giving her customers a wonderful view of her bulging bosom tightly squeezed by her lacey low-cut bra, which revealed as much as it concealed.

As she chatted with a young man about the Tartanic album he was purchasing, she noted he seemed transfixed by her chest, unable to meet her gaze for more than a moment. Nervously he paid for the CD, then to her glee dropped ten dollar bill into her tip jar. She smiled, twirling her long hair as she realized she could wrap him around her finger as easily as she did her red locks. After several minutes more flirting he reluctantly left as another man approached the counter. Kay giggled as he said goodbye, still having difficulty looking at her face and not her chest. It was only when she looked down to ring up the new customer's purchase that she realized her nipples had slipped free from their confines, and that she'd been giving a lot more of a show than she'd intended. Hurriedly Kay fixed her bra, the new customer failing to hide his disappointment as she speedily rang him up then excused herself from the counter.

*This is getting out of hand*, Kay told herself as she buttoned her blouse back up. She pulled out her cell and hit Derrick's number. Maybe talking things out would calm her mind.

"Mmmm, hey Kay," came the gruff, guttural voice of the satyr over the phone. "What's up?"

"Oh God babe! I think I'm losing my mind," Kay quickly spilled her worries, speaking as quietly as possible so the customers in the store wouldn't hear her.

"Ummmmmmghh, really? You want to show off like a stripper for everyone?"

"A little!" she squeaked, ashamed of herself. "What are you doing anyway Derrick? You sound distracted."

"Ohhh? I was watching TV, mmmmmmm, now I'm jerking off to you wanting to be an exhibitionist. My huge cock is totally hard for you now. What do you think about that?"

Kay was dumbstruck, almost dropping her iPhone. Derrick never spoke this straight-forwardly about sex before. Sure they'd been banging each other's brains out the last few days, but he'd never talked to her over the phone like this before. Then again, she had wanted him to be aggressive and exciting.

“Kay?” Derrick prompted her, “You still there?”

Kay’s heart was pounding, the image of Derrick’s giant cock in her mind. She took a deep breath and managed to utter a tiny, “Yes.”

“What are you wearing?” she could almost hear him smiling through the phone.

“My work clothes, you saw me leave in them.”

“How boring,” he clucked, “you have a corset on underneath your shirt, right? You’d look so much better without the shirt.”

Derrick was right; under her simple button up work blouse she wore her form-enhancing underbust corset. A week ago it gave her rather stocky figure a hint of an hourglass, now she had an hourglass without any help and the corset, cinched tightly, merely helped exaggerate it. Yet it was an underbust corset; it did nothing to hide her breasts. And yet a part of her didn’t care, she kinda wanted to show off her perfect, firm, irresistible breasts to everyone. She knew she couldn’t though, indecent exposure and all. But Derrick was right; she had to get into something a little more... seductive.

“Come on Kay,” he whispered through the phone, “live a little. You’ve always talked about loving fantasy, now we’re living one. Get into it. Revel in it.” The words rolled off his tongue, a subtle command that danced before her mind’s eye.

“Have fun at work, can’t wait to see you,” he finished. The line went dead. On the other end Derrick smiled to himself. “No I certainly can’t wait to see how much hotter you are when you get home.” And with the image of an even sexier, hornier, more nymphish Kay in his head, he continued his self-pleasuring.

Back in the store, Kay stood still as a statue, still holding the silent phone to her ear. Her eyes were wide, her breathing heavy. His words combined with the idea of him masturbating his giant cock on the other end of the phone had left her dazed with excitement.

Slowly she put her phone down onto the counter, nervously glancing around the store. Though they tried to hide it, she was being watched by several of the customers, who seemed keenly aware something was wrong with her.

Oh crap, she thought looking down at herself. She was horribly overdressed! She felt like a prude with her bra and button-up blouse! And these pants! Why they hung to her knees! What was she thinking when she got dressed this morning? That she was going to church? She'd get into something more appropriate, or at least get some of these layers off. Fighting the urge to start stripping right behind the counter, Kay slinked off to the restroom. She stared herself down in the mirror as her hands seemed to move on their own. It was as if she was fighting a staring contest with her own reflection. A duel to see who was in charge and how far she'd let herself go. She swiftly unbuttoned her top, revealing her restrained heaving bosom beneath it. The ill-fitting tank-top flew off over her shoulders, till she was left in her recently purchased bra, her corset and capris.

The 32DDD bra was now far from adequate, it was tight, almost painfully so. The cups squeezed her boobs uncomfortably tight, titflesh splaying out above and to the sides. The straps cut sharply into her skin, the too-small cups digging into her soft, sensitive orbs.

The lace cups were now overfilled, her boobs mounding above the comical looking brassier. The defining line where her breasts met the top of her ribcage was blatant, and her luscious titflesh bulged precariously over the edges of the cups, forming deep cleavage that ended only a few inches below her clavicle and the copious mams were being pushed into competition with her arm pits by the deficient garment. They were even pushing out the bottom of the bra beneath the underwires, creating trifecta of spilled pulchritude.

*You just bought this, she told herself. You just bought this Kay! For work! Now not only is it too small, but you're thinking it's inappropriate for work? A lacey demi-cut bra inappropriate for work?! Something's wrong!*

*Nothing's wrong, the other voice in her head shot back. Boobs this perfect just aren't meant to be hidden beneath ill-fitting bras, look; she found herself undoing the clasps, the bra falling to the floor. Sure enough, her breasts supported themselves just fine. Despite their large size, they maintained*

perfectly rounded, slightly teardrop shapes, their bottoms barely brushing against the top of her corset. It was as if someone had taken a perfectly shaped pair of teenage, D cup breasts, but doubled them in size. Below them, the top of her corset pressed softly into the flesh of her under-boobs, tickling slightly. Puzzled, she felt with her hands and found a slight gap between the corset and her torso, as if she'd not laced it tightly.

*These deserve to be seen you know,* the second voice told her. *You could just walk out and tend shop like this...*

"No!" she shouted aloud, then slapping a hand over her mouth in horror at her outburst. She frowned as in doing so her arm slapped across her tits, jiggling them, causing her to wince slightly at the shock. They were really starting to get in the way.

She grabbed her blouse, putting it back on with nothing underneath save her corset, which with some difficulty she cinched as tight as it would go. She considered ditching her corset entirely, it certainly wasn't needed to hold in her gut anymore, but she didn't have the time to spend taking it off. Oh fine, I suppose you're right, it's best not to show all the goods at once, and we don't want the police called or anything.

Buttoning up her blouse it became truly clear how ill-fitting it had become. Her bra had minimized her bust significantly, making it much easier to fit into the blouse. Looking into the mirror she could clearly see large swaths of boobflesh between each of the buttons, as her breasts tried to pull the garment apart. It dramatically enhanced and displayed her cleavage, leaving very little to the imagination. Part of her couldn't believe she was going to go out like this, part of her wanted to show more.

With her bra stuffed discretely inside a cabinet, Kay exited the restroom and returned nonchalantly to the counter. Again the patrons pretended not to be watching, but all eyes were eventually drawn to her. Even the middle-aged woman shopping for candles couldn't help but stare for a few moments when her gaze inadvertently came upon Kay's chest. The overstuffed plain-white blouse had never been meant to be sexy, and yet it was. Kay had been forced to leave the top button undone just to secure the remaining ones, making the originally conservative neckline much more provocative. The four buttons

over Kay's breasts were each pulled tight against their eyelets, straining to remain secured.

The middle-aged woman came to the counter, candles in hand. Kay rang her up, smiling awkwardly as they briefly made eye-contact. She just knew this woman was judging her, but didn't much care.

As the woman left, Kay could feel the eyes of the remaining men upon her body. It was a hot, penetrating gaze. She felt dizzy, her ears burned. Shaking it off, she busied herself with routine store work, dusting and tidying displays in an attempt to stay focused. However, every time she walked she was reminded of how poorly her clothes were fitting. Her breasts strained against their ill-fitting prison, while her pants sagged more and more, forcing her to hike them up every few steps. It was odd because she could swear her butt felt bigger. In fact, her butt *was* proportionately bigger than it had been, but both it and she were shrinking overall. As she worked Kay could tell something was amiss; the shop seemed bigger, the displays taller. She realized it had to be her, and yet, the thing that bugged her the most was having to continuously readjust her pants! Her capris kept sliding down from her narrowing waist, the enhanced curves of her hips and rear barely enough to stop them from slipping off completely.

"Screw this," she mumbled to herself, and in full view of the store's 'patrons' she flicked her fingers under the waistband of her capris, shook her butt slightly, and shed the offending garment. It fell down around her thin, athletic legs, and with a well-aimed kick she flipped them across the store and behind the counter, giving a few of the boys a momentary view of her lace panties in the process.

Now her shirt looked more like a button-up tunic; tight around the chest, loose at the bottom, and reaching just past her groin. The bottoms of her ass-cheeks poked out cutely.

"Hey Kay, uhh, are you alright?" Came a familiar voice. She turned, and there was Austin! Standing right in front of her!

"Ohhh, Austin! I, I didn't even realize you were here! How long have you been in the store?"



A wave of warmth hit Kay, spreading through her chest. Desire, wanting, needing, she could feel the emotions hitting her. Without any real thought, just in impulse to do so, she reached her hands behind her head, and stretched her chest out as much as she could.

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmm! Oh I feel so hot!” She moaned. Her breasts strained against the buttons of her blouse, swelling even larger, as the wish to see her bust exposed in dramatic fashion was carried out by the ring upon her body. The tightening garment pulled annoyingly against her back, and without a thought to the consequences, hands still clasped behind her head, Kay rolled her shoulders back to tighten her stretch. Supple titflesh squeezed through the widening gaps. The threads of her buttons could take no more. With a \*snap\*, the two buttons nearest the apex of her bosom sheared off, flying out past Austin to land somewhere in the carpet. A large portion of her bosom pushed out, attempting to escape the confines of the blouse.

“Oh!!” she exclaimed. A part of her was startled and embarrassed. Most of her though, was excited.

“Ahh-whoops! Will you look at that, looks like this poor old shirt just doesn’t fit me anymore!” She giggled impishly, making light of her wardrobe malfunction.

A loud chorus of metallic clattering rang through the store, as distracted by the display one of the ‘customers’ stumbled through several wind chimes.

Austin jerked his head nervously back and forth, not sure whether he should look away for her modesty, or just look her straight in the eyes, but his eyes couldn’t resist glancing at the swelling breasts bulging out from the large gap in Kay’s blouse.

“Oh! My god, sorry! Ummm,” he stammered, unsure of what to do or say. He’d never had a girl’s boobs just pop out accidentally in front of him before.

Kay laughed at his embarrassment. She knew she was the one who should be really embarrassed, and yet she just found the predicament amusing. “What’s wrong Austin? Didn’t you want to see them? I know your friends sure do, like what you see boys?” She turned, shaking her chest from side to side in the direction of Dale, who was discreetly watching while pretending to look at

an Enya CD. He froze, unable to look away as Kay's breasts bounced back and forth, almost escaping their prison. Her right nipple slid free, pink and perky, and remained exposed as she turned back to Austin.

Austin's face was completely red, butterflies filled his stomach; a nervous sweat forming as his heart began to race.

Kay felt strange too, as those damn hot flashes again began racing through her body. Her head was humming, a gentle buzz in her ear. *I need to just close up take a break, lie down, clear my head, ohhhh, fuck I'm sooo hot. What the hell is happening now?*

"I think the store will be closing early today," she stated, rubbing her forehead. She was dizzy, and couldn't quite think straight. Leaving the counter she grabbed Austin by the wrist, leading him towards the store front. "Give me a hand, will ya sweetie?" she cooed. Meanwhile Dale and the two other boys, assuming they were being kicked out by the oddly acting manager, followed behind at a distance.

"Close those curtains please," Kay told Austin, motioning with one hand to the drapes that when shut allowed passers-by to only see what was in the front window. Still rubbing her forehead, and now also her scalp, ears, and temples, Kay flipped the front door's sign over to 'closed', dropped the blinds, and locked the door. There! Now there would be no more customers do disturb her while she got over whatever was happening to her. But wait...

"Ummm, Kay?" asked a confused Austin, wondering just what was going on with this woman who seemed to alternate between hitting on him and nearly fainting. "You just locked us in with you; didn't you want us to leave?"

"What?" Kay responded perplexedly. "Why did I? Ohhhhhhh, mmmmmmm!" A much larger hot flash hit washed over her, her body seemingly on fire for a moment as if a she was standing before a blast furnace.

She pulled at her hair, only instead of resisting her grasp it merely flowed out of her scalp, a waterfall of wavy red locks that tumbled over her shoulders and down her back. Her old hair now merely brown highlights mixed in with the last several inches. She clawed at her bountiful scalp with both hands, only to find her ears changing as well. They were longer, and pointy, elfin. Her

breasts expanded even more; flesh pouring out both through the gaps in her blouse as well as upwards and out of her neckline. The remaining buttons could take no more of the strain, and popped off violently, completely releasing her bosom from all restraint.

As her breasts and hair grew, the rest of her body shrank, continuing the trend that had started on Sunday. She'd noticed her clothes and shoes hadn't been fitting right, but had made do as she couldn't afford anything new. Now her changing dimensions became increasingly clear. She stumbled, feet stepping out of shoes that had been loose before but were now much too large. Even her hands changed, becoming smaller, more delicate, fingers thinner, and proportionately longer. Her once tight corset now was now two inches too loose, sliding down her slender frame. It hung-up on her hips, giving Kay the look of flower opening its petals.

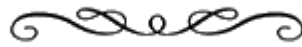
All this time Kay continued to moan, groan, and pant. It was unclear to the boys whether the changes hurt or not, but she certainly looked to be enjoying it.

The four boys looked on in shock. Kay's swollen breasts jutted from her chest, huge, firm, and round, with just enough sag and shape to say 'yes, we're real'. Their youthful appearance was boosted by her nipples. Her areola were slightly puffy and perfectly smooth and the nipples themselves perky and pink. Her growth was made all the more dramatic by her smaller, thinner chest. Her now melon sized hooters taking up its entire width and most of the height of her ribcage, to the point that they were threatening to cover the inner halves of her upper arms when she relaxed them at her sides. Still running her hands through her hair and massaging her throbbing scalp, Kay's blouse hung uselessly off her arms to her sides, covering nothing but her back. In the front her panties sagged loosely, exposing her hairless pubic mound beautifully framed by her trim round hips. Whether they wanted to be turned on or not, the boys' arousal was betrayed by the large tented dome in each of their pants.

Finally, Kay's changes ceased. Looking down at herself, she shrugged her shoulders and discarded the blown out remains of her blouse. It took all her willpower not to immediately fondle herself. Instead, she directed her desire outward. She proceeded to make an erotic show of removing her corset;

loosening the lacing with deliberate slowness before beginning a gentle sashay to work it off her hips.

“Of course I locked the door with you boys inside,” she said huskily as she danced, a bit of tired panting still in her voice. “If you were outside, I wouldn’t be able to have any fun!”

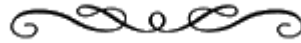


Kay could hardly believe what she’d just done as she raced home from work. They’d gone at it for over an hour. Somehow her body had the endurance to just keep going. And her appetite for sex seemed insatiable; she was honestly sad when the last of the boys had finally collapsed from exhaustion, their four cocks each as limp and flaccid as their bodies. Unwilling to wait for them to recover, Kay had tossed Austin the keys. “Be a dear and lock up,” she’d said with a warm and earnest smile, blowing the four a kiss as she walked out the door. The boys merely smiled back weakly, marveling at her new outfit as she left them.

She’d been both physically and mentally unable to put her work clothes back on after the excitement with the boys. Even her corset wouldn’t fit right anymore; her torso was just too small for it. She was dressed now in nothing more than an array of silk scarves wrapped and tied around her breasts and waist. It was immodest at best, scandalous at worst, but it was the best she could come up with using what she had on hand. It was either this, or walk out the door completely nude, and she wasn’t about to do that, at least not yet.

Driving back to Derrick’s, she was amazed by the smell, or rather, the lack thereof, in the car. She’d just banged four college boys for nearly 90 minutes, milked heaven knew how much cum from them that had gone not just up her hole, but all over her face and body. Her cunny had been leaking like a faucet the whole time. By all means, she should smell like a can of tuna left out in a men’s locker-room for a week. And yet, she couldn’t smell a thing other than the fresh breeze blowing in through her open windows. On top of that, she didn’t feel slimy or sticky or gross at all. She felt great, refreshed even.

Feeling as good as she did, and knowing she needed some new clothes that she could tolerate wearing, Kay decided to make a small stop before going home.



Carl was sitting in the food court of the West Ridge Mall, minding his business, eating a hot dog and drinking an Orange Julius. It was a typical summer evening. A number of high school kids were hanging out, as if being able to eat at the food court by themselves made them cool. There were several families and couples as well, enjoying quick and easy meal in between their errands or before going to the adjoining movie theater. He was a sales clerk at a shoe store; just enjoying light meal on his last break before closing. He was also enjoying the eye-candy, or what there was of it. A few decently developed high school girls, totally off-limits, a few older girls with the occasional large rack or great set of legs, probably from the college, and of course several nice MILFs, who he'd love to stare at more but dared not risk the ire of the accompanying husband. Then *she* walked in, and he very nearly choked on his hot dog.

She was short, barely five feet tall, and very skinny. She had bright, wild red hair that seemed to explode from her scalp and weave its way down to her waist. She had trim hips, which combined with her narrow torso to accentuate the effect of the wondrous curves arcing out to her full athletic thighs and twin hemispheres of her muscular ass. Her skin was youthful, fair and absolutely flawless, and appeared to be free of any makeup. In fact she could pass for an eighteen year old herself had it not been for her curves.

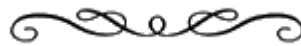
In her one hand she carried a small Victoria's Secret bag. But there were two things that really stood out; making not just his but nearly every head, male and female regardless of age, turn in veritable shock as she walked in from the parking lot and proceeded nonchalantly towards the east wing of the mall. One, was that her breasts were stupendously huge. Not just for her being rather small, these would be huge even on a much taller and thicker set girl. They ate up practically every inch of space on her chest, and were easily the size of cantaloupes. His mind boggled trying to imagine what bra size they

must have been. The second thing that drew so much attention, and indeed, highlighted the impressive size of her boobs, was the fact that she was practically naked. No shoes, no shirt, and most certainly no bra. The only thing that obscured her breasts and groin from full public view was what looked like a sarong and halter-top combo fashioned from thin silk scarves. A long, vibrant, multi-shaded blue scarf tightly yet delicately encased her massive jugs, running diagonally from under her arms, over one breast, then looping around her neck before descending back over the other breast and behind her back. The scarf was unfolded over each breast to cover as much flesh as possible, then tapered and rolled to just an inch thick around the neck and behind the back, where it was tied. Over her breasts the bright blue silk scarf was translucent from the pressure within, for while the material was very high quality, with a very fine weave, it was still unbelievably thin and sheer, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination, from the faint outline of her areola to the pointy nubs of her semi-erect nipples.

Her lower body was no better hidden. A number of scarves appeared tied together to make a kind of sarong/loincloth/skirt creation. They overlapped enough to prevent the pseudo-transparency of her top, and would have kept her perfectly decent, though her legs still provocatively exposed, had she stood still. However, with every step of her comparatively long, athletic legs, the unconnected pieces of the garment shifted and gave way to her flexing flesh, exposing most of a butt-cheek here, an inner thigh there, and generally attracting nearly as much visual attention as her upper body. The fact that she was also barefoot only served to drive home the point that she was in obvious violation of the mall's decency standards.

All around the food court, people gasped, pointed, murmured, and generally stared as Kay walked through. Carl could hear the girl at the next table muttering to her boyfriend about how she couldn't believe anyone would dress like that, let alone come to a public place, and how it disgusted her. When her boyfriend merely mumbled an "Uh-huh," in acknowledgment, she yelled at him to stop looking. The groups of kids stared in near silence. The girls a mix of disgusted, envious, and amazed, the boys just drooling mentally, eyes wide, praying that someday they'd hook up with a girl so hot.

Parent's shielded the eyes of their children, or hurried them away to a different area, even though some of them couldn't help but to stare themselves. For his part, Carl sat at his table, taking long, drawn out sips from his Orange Julius, and enjoyed the show. His cock grew hard, and it took a conscious effort not to rub his stiffening member through his pants. He debated getting up to follow the girl, who looked like she couldn't be much older than a college student herself; definitely in his range. One thing was certain; like most of the men around him, he wished he could get a better look at those boobs.



Kay was enjoying her stroll through the mall. Her bare feet had been surprisingly unaffected by the hot pavement of the parking lot, and now she could literally feel the desires of those around her flooding her being. It felt inexplicably good, being lusted at by so many people. The ring filtered out most negative thoughts and emotions directed at her, for while thoughts like 'what a tramp' and 'she disgusts me' were powerful, they were not desires. On the other hand, thought's like 'I wish I could see those tits' and 'I want to fuck her so bad, I wish she'd fuck me' *were* proper desires, which the ring happily channeled into Kay's body. By the time she was halfway to Victoria's Secret, her twat was again on fire, and she was becoming increasingly uncomfortable with her top's restrictiveness.

"Excuse me, uh, Miss," stammered a slightly tubby, middle-aged, mall cop as he moved to block her path. He'd been summoned to deal with the obvious violation of mall code that had strolled merrily through the food court. His instructions were simple: get her out of public view, ASAP, then either escort her to her vehicle, or call the police if she resisted.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Jeff is it?" Kay spoke in a happy sing-song voice. Crap she was horny, and she was just here to get some clothes, but for some reason being stopped by the obviously uncomfortable rent-a-cop amused her.

"Yes, heh, it's Jeff," he said fiddling nervously with his nametag. "I'm, uh, sorry about this, but I have to inform you that you're in violation of this

establishment's dress code. And, uh, I'm going to have to escort you, umm, off the premises."

"What?" Kay giggled with faux-perplexity, knowing full well but not caring in the least that she was making a scene. "Oh dear, do tell," she cooed. "Just what about my dress is in violation?"

"Uhhhh..." Jeff stammered again, fidgeting, sweating, turning red, and trying his darndest to not stare at the huge, barely contained breasts jutting out before him. He could see her nipples were now fully erect; pointy eraser-heads perfectly embossed through the thin silk of her cobbled together top. "Your, um, barefoot," he said sheepishly, pointing down at her dainty feet. "You have to have shoes on in the mall, ya know? It's the rule." *God her tits are epic*, he thought, *the security cameras didn't do them justice. Oh what I'd give to have her take that top off...*

"Oh," Kay chirped, "well I'm sorry, my old shoes were just getting too uncomfortable, wouldn't let my feet breathe." She neglected to mention that her feet had also shrunk, rendering her shoes physically too large to wear. "Surely wearing a tight uniform like that, mmmmmmm," she reached her arms behind her back and stretched, the bottoms of her breasts bulging out noticeably from beneath the scarves as her jugs cantilevered outwards from her chest, forcing the top to ride up higher, "you know the importance of keeping one's body aired out."

Jeff was at a loss for words, as the girl before him flaunted her raw sexuality. *Those things are gonna pop out on their own if she's not careful, not that I'd mind...*

"So maybe you just want to escort me to the shoe store? Then we can solve this *little* problem." She emphasized little, right as she raised a foot up off the floor, wiggling her toes and rotating at the waist to look at the supposed problem. Of course this display of flexibility caused the scarves at her waist to fall in a manner completely exposing that leg's thigh and most of her butt cheek. Not to mention it nearly revealed her groin and squeezed her breasts together to emphasize their size and the depth of her cleavage.



Jeff gulped nervously. A small crowd was now forming around them at a safe distance, a loose circle just at the periphery of earshot, with many more watching the scene from afar. It was about half pure gawkers, with the remainder an even mix of those seemingly concerned about the girl and those whose angry faces betrayed quiet contempt for one so skimpily dressed in public. Obviously how he handled this would be of great interest to many. A few people were already shooting video with their phones. His mind struggled with how to proceed, while his body further betrayed him, his creased blue uniform pants now as painfully tented as most of the other mens' around him.

"I, uh, ummm, I'm sorry, miss. But you need to come with me *now*. We also, uh, don't allow swim-wear to be worn in public." *Look girl just come with me to the office and you can flaunt those boobs as much as you want, just not out here!*

*Somebody get the girl a real shirt*, thought a concerned man from the crowd, while a high-school senior thought, *oh, baby, take it off!* A number of young men echoed the latter sentiment with their own thoughts.

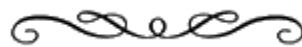
The building desires of the crowd grew stronger and stronger. Many becoming quite erotic and raunchy, others tame but still lustful, while several more honestly wished her to put more clothes back on. The powerful, slow burning desires of Derrick though still held the trump card, having imparted her with a modesty, or lack thereof, that ever so slowly had been shifting to that of a fae. One who felt no shame in displaying her body as nature intended.

*Damn this top is uncomfortable, I should have spent more time tying it*, thought Kay. She debated giving in to the general consensus of those around her; they wanted to see her tits, why should she deny them? *Are you insane?!* Cried the one corner of her mind still in touch with her old modesty, and backed up by about a third of the crowd. *Great rack or not, you can't just go topless in public!* Her newer mindset shot back. *And just why not? It's a free country; I can do what I want in public. Hell, it's perfectly legal in other places; people need to get with the times. Besides, it's not like I'm at work or anything.* All the while, her breasts were practically throbbing, nipples erect, demanding to be seen, no, to be flaunted.

“Uggh! Fine! Enough of this!” Kay growled, her tone suddenly changing from cheery to frustrated. She couldn't take it anymore. Reaching behind her back, she hurriedly undid the knots she'd tied earlier, releasing her heavy rack to freedom as the scarves fluttered to the floor around her. From the crowd there was a mix of cheers and gasps, mostly gasps, as even those that wanted her to undress had hardly thought she'd really do it.

“There, much better,” she sighed with relief, “much more comfortable. This *IS* what you wanted wasn't it?” Kay said this not just to Jeff, but to the whole crowd, flashing a quick smile over her shoulder towards no one in particular. Most couldn't stop themselves from staring. Some couldn't help but notice how little her breasts sagged with their support removed, and struggled to determine whether Kay's amazingly perfect orbs were real or fake.

And with no further ado, Kay brazenly continued on, whispering “cya later stud,” into Jeff's ear as she passed him, her warm breath tickling his cheek, while her left hand languidly traced the hard bulge in his pants. The loose circle of onlookers parted wordlessly, people in stunned silence at what they'd just witnessed. Some continued to snap pictures and video of the scene, others were furiously relaying the events to friends via text, and a one even dialed 911. Jeff the guard meanwhile appeared stuck in a trance like daze, his mind hazy envisioning all the wonderful things Kay could do to him. Kay couldn't care less. This was a quick errand, and she didn't care to dawdle.



Cindy was enjoying a quiet evening at work. She was a Victoria's Secret sales associate. She hadn't had many customers today; Thursdays were always quiet. That peacefulness ended suddenly when Kay walked into the store.

“Excuse me,” the bare-chested Kay said cheerily. “I just bought this bra here the other day, and now it doesn't fit, I'd like to return it.”

Cindy's mouth dropped, her eyes transfixed by what she saw; a very young woman, naked save some sort of very short skirt, with enormous breasts and the build of a runway model. Even stranger, she was sure she'd seen this woman before, but when? She'd seen some big breasts come through the store, but nothing this big. Wait, she remembered, the 32DDD she'd sold two days ago! It looked like her, but this girl was far bustier, and her face seemed different. What the hell was going on?

"Uhhhhh, miss?" Cindy tried to remain composed. "You, ummm, do know that you're topless, right?"

"Oh yes, haha, of course I do," Kay laughed it off, as if the question was silly. Her firm breasts jiggled slightly atop her chest. "That's the problem now, isn't it? I haven't a thing to wear! Here," she said walking up to the sales counter. "I have the bra, and my receipt."

Cindy couldn't help but be amazed by the perfect breasts now just feet from her. She saw lots of breasts in her job, some big, some small, some real, some fake, some perfect, but most not. These were, far and away, the largest breasts she'd ever seen in the store that were both real and perfect. She couldn't believe how youthful and firm they seemed too, with hardly any sag, they jutted proudly from the woman's chest. Studying her face she was certain this was the woman who she sold the bra to Monday. Hell, the receipt proved it! How could her breasts have possibly grown that much that quickly?

"I'm, uh, sorry miss, but I don't even have to measure you to tell you we don't have any bras that would fit you." Cindy wanted to ask just what had happened to make her breasts grow like that. Was it some kind of trick? Some form of hyper-realistic makeup? Was she the sister or cousin of the woman from Monday and this was some sort of reality show prank?

"No problem, in fact, I don't think I'll need a bra anymore. These girls like their freedom." Indeed, Kay's breasts certainly didn't need any artificial support; any covering was going to be purely aesthetic. "I think I will take a dress though, something free, fun, and sexy. Something that says 'catch me if you can, then you can have what's underneath'."

Cindy wasn't sure how to respond to that. She'd never had a customer come in with such a brazen request before, and certainly never had one come in topless before.

"Well, ummm, let's get you re-measured then," said Cindy. She realized it would be quite tricky to find the right size, for though her breasts were huge she was a very slight girl. A small sundress would be huge on her petite frame yet unable to contain her massive tits. She'd have to strike the perfect balance between something that fit her rack but wasn't a tent on the rest of her body.

"Why sure," giggled Kay. Cindy hurriedly ushered her into a changing room, eager to get the girl out of sight, as already a security guard and several looky-lou's were gathered outside.

"Fuck me I'm hot," Kay said eying herself in the wrap-around mirrors of the dressing room. She stared at her reflection, grinning as she saw Cindy was equally entranced by her beauty. "You sure do have one hell of a body," agreed Cindy. "No, not just that," moaned Kay, and with one hand she shoved her improvised skirt off her hips, baring her engorged pussy. The other hand firmly grabbed a pair of Cindy's fingers, and forcibly plunged them into the depths of Kay's furnace-like love box, the pliant tunnel gripping with surprising strength. "I'm hot! Can't you feel it! Mmmmmmm, my body is on fire!"

Cindy couldn't believe what was happening; she was being assaulted by some crazed sexpot nympho! She didn't mind a little girl kiss between friends, but this stranger just shoved her hand up her cooch!

"Hey! Get a hold of yourself girl!" Cindy cried, pulling back a hand wet with female juices. "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

A light went off in Kay's brain, that her behavior was socially unacceptable. *So why am I acting like this? What is happening to me?*

"Oh shit sorry," Kay apologized. "I, uh, don't know what came over me. I get these, uh, attacks, and before I know it I'm going down on people! I think I have some nymphomaniac disease or something. Look, you gotta help me,

there's a security guard and a whole mess of people waiting for me outside this shop. I made quite the scene coming in. Can I just buy my clothes and sneak out your back door?" Kay tried her best to put on an innocent face, which was quite easy with as cute and delicate her face had become. Entrancing, doey eyes that had become proportionally larger on her face gave her an unnaturally beautiful and seductive visage.

"Who... what are you?" Cindy asked in wonder as she found herself getting lost in Kay's eyes. She wasn't a lesbian but damn if this girl wasn't the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen. Her heart was racing just looking at her. Was she getting turned on by this strange girl? Oh god she was!

"I'm just a woman with a body that seems to have a mind of its own," Kay said sweetly. "I guess I kept my desires pent up too long and now I just need to be free. Haven't you ever just felt so good and so alive that you wanted to share the feeling with everyone around you? Wanted to *be* with everyone around you?" There was a sense of longing and need filling Kay's words, along with a joyful happiness that Cindy found strangely contagious.

"Ummm, I don't know, I don't think so," the salesgirl said mulling things over. Cindy was having a hard time keeping her thoughts straight now. She'd felt totally violated by this woman a minute ago, been ready to call security and file charges, but now the assault seemed unimportant. For some reason the sight and smell and seductive voice of this gorgeous woman made all her cares fade away, save those concerning pleasure and fun. She had a feeling that if she didn't get this girl out of the store soon she'd be acquiescing to a lot more than just sneaking her past security.

"Okay okay," she said. "Let me measure you and we'll get you dressed and out of here". *Get you out of here before I pull my own top off and beg to have sex with you*, she thought. Hurriedly she moved to measure her client, striving to contain her own arousal as she pulled the tape around Kay's perfect chest, struggling to make an accurate measure as the nymph's erect nipples kept interfering with the tape. She marveled at the girl's slim torso and tight waist. Had she not seen and touched it herself she wouldn't have

believed a figure like this was possible without airbrushing. As she ran the tape around Kay's naked hips her hands trembled. The faint aroma of sex wafted off Kay's exposed, glistening snatch, tickling her nose. The urge to gently stroke the hairless folds of the girl's vulva assaulted Cindy's conscious, but she fended them off.

"Wow, that's quite impressive," Cindy said in understated shock while swallowing nervously and staring at the measuring tape. "You're a 38 bust, a 23 waist, and 30 inches around the hips, but you're only 26 inches around under your bust, which makes you a... 26K. Shit, I don't even know if Nordstrom's would stock that! I've never heard of a girl having such big breasts on such a tiny frame."

"What can I say?" Kay smiled wryly, "I'm a magical kinda girl."

"Yeah," Cindy forced herself back from Kay and against the far dressing room wall, putting as much space between them as she could. "And you're sure you want something kinky? Won't that just make your problem worse?"

"I know this sounds crazy, but help me out, I just can't bring myself to wear anything that's not revealing and sexy. If I try, I'll just end up stripping naked in the parking lot."

"Well then," Cindy said flashing a nervous smile as she felt her own nipples growing erect at that image, "Let me find you some... clothes... that will suit you. I think I have a few things that will fit."

Cindy slipped out of the dressing room, leaving Kay alone, nude, and staring at herself in the mirror, only tacitly aware of the effect she was having on the sales girl. She took deep, slow breathes, her full breasts heaving up and down on her chest as she resisted the urge to touch herself. "Geez Kay, how much hotter are you gonna get?"

After what seemed like an eternity of self-reflection, but was only a few minutes, Cindy returned with a few handfuls of what looked more like random bits of cloth than any recognizable clothing.

“You wanna be risqué, here you go,” said Cindy. Kay was presented with two options. One, a pair of sheer, lace topped stockings, complete with tight black panties and garters, and a sheer lacey robe to go over it. It was nice, and certainly risqué, but for some reason the tightness of the stockings was unappealing to Kay. Strange, since she'd been all about garters, stockings, and corsets before this week. She looked over the second outfit, and immediately fell in love.

It was a creamy, almost gauzy, white silk robe, and unlike any Kay had seen before. It seemed inspired by Greco-Roman classical design, immediately appealing to the Kay's inner nymph. The robe covered the back, the silken cloth coming over the shoulders and down to cover the breasts, and was slit from the shoulder-tops all the way down to the waist to expose the arms and side. It was laced high at the waist, just below the breast; a three-inch tall belt-like band of tight, floral, semi-sheer fabric giving structure and fit to the garment. Below that the silken robe flared out over the hips, while being completely open in front the rest of the way down.

Kay grabbed the robe from Cindy, and began to don it, marveling at how soft it felt.

“Oh you like that one, eh?” said Cindy. “And here I was thinking you'd be sold on the lace and stockings. It's an extra-extra-small. It'll be a quite tight in the bust, but the rest of your body would have drowned in anything larger. I hope you'll understand.

Indeed, Kay had to literally cram her breasts in, while cinching up the waist tight. The sides of the robe's top stretched forward to their limit, obviously designed for far smaller breasts, they managed to contain hers, though instead of being loose and flowy as intended the material was tight as a drum, form fitting to the great mounded up curves of her bosom and leaving no doubt as to the size and shape of her nipples. Indeed the gauzy fabric was translucent enough that when pulled tight one could see quite clearly what lay beneath. A deep channel of cleavage ran down from her collarbone, disappearing into the garment's lacing.

Her lower body on the other hand fit the robe flawlessly, the lower sides splaying out perfectly over her hips, the forward slit purposely wide enough to expose not only her legs but her crotch when walking. Obviously, it was designed to be worn with panties underneath. Kay had noticeably discarded the set which Cindy had provided, her wanting sex visibly exposed.

"I love it! Thank you so much!"

"Glad to hear it. You look... stunning," said Cindy with a breathy pant. She fought to keep herself together, her head filling with thoughts of ripping the breathtakingly beautiful girl before her back to nudity and then ravishing her right here in the store.

"Now let's get you run up and out of here." Cindy led Kay out of the dressing room and to a register at the back of the store, which was thankfully out of direct view from the front entrance. Kay felt strangely conflicted as she walked in her new outfit. On one hand she felt free and unrestricted; it felt natural to show so much skin. Yet the occasional draft of cool air on her barely hidden pussy lips reminded her just how exposed she was. She shivered in a mix of excitement and fear at the thought of being seen like this. Kay pulled her VISA from her purse and handed it to Cindy, who quickly finished the sale.

"Umm, Kay is it?" she said handing the card back with a receipt. "I gave you my employee discount, since, ah, I'm pretty sure that robe costs more than you wanted to spend. Say," Cindy's face became puzzled again, as she noticed another difference between the Kay of today and the Kay from a few days prior. "Were you wearing heels the other day? I could swear we were about the same height."

"Oh, uh, maybe, I don't recall," knowing full well she'd shrunk again, "you have the tape, how tall am I?"

Cindy pulled out her measuring tape again and quickly took a read of Kay's height. "Yeah, wow, I could have sworn you were taller the other day?"

"Yes?" Said Kay, only mildly concerned. What was an inch or two in height when she looked so damn good?



“Well... this says you’re only 5’1”, odd. People just don’t shrink four inches overnight.”

“Ummm, uh, ha-ha, well... I had my shoes on last time. Maybe I forgot to take them off? I have some pretty big pumps.” Kay nervously tried to blow off the issue, but being confronted with actual numbers had her worried. She'd shrunk six inches in three days; how far was this going to go?

"Maybe," Cindy replied, "but I think I'd have noticed four inch heels on one of my customers. Either you're not the same girl who bought that bra, or somehow you've shrunk and grown huge tits since Monday. Seriously, what the hell is going on?" Cindy hissed the question needily, wanting an explanation about her sudden feelings of desire as much as she wanted to know the truth of Kay's changes. She could feel herself starting to sweat, her face and chest becoming flushed. The more she measured and stared at Kay the more she wanted her. Her left hand nervously played with the pearl pendant at her neck in an effort to remain professional and avoid touching herself.

Kay focused on dialing back the sex appeal. Her remaining rationality reminded her that the security guard was probably looking for her and she couldn't afford a repeat of what had gone down at her store. Suddenly nervous that this was taking too long, she quickly glanced towards the front of the store, allowing Cindy to notice something else about her. As her head spun, her long and now heavier and thicker hair parted about her ears, revealing their unique shape.

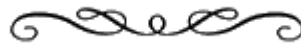
“You have elf ears!” the clerk announced. Her fingers went unbidden to try and touch the delicate points. “You’re a... an elf! That explains so much! Ohmygodthisisamazing!”

Now it was Kay's turn to be wierded out, as her growing inhumanity was made obvious. “Shh! Not so loud. Look, I’m not an elf. I don’t know what I’m becoming, but it isn’t an elf. I really need to go. I appreciate the help, and you not calling security back there, but I have to get out of here before that mall cop figures out where I’ve gone.”

“Oh shit, yeah, sorry,” Cindy said apologetically as she withdrew her hand. It trembled as she struggled to calm her excitement. “Don’t want you trying to make out with the whole mall now. Alright follow me,” Cindy said leading the way to a small door in the employee’s only section of the store. “Okay, so just go through here and follow the exit signs, that’ll lead you to a back door at a loading dock.”

“Thanks for helping me out Cindy,” Kay said beamingly. Then, taking note of the forlorn look of need on the salesgirl’s face, stood up on her toes and planted a kiss on her lips. Cindy instantly reciprocated, their tongues lashing against each other in a fiery embrace. Cindy swooned, practically melting as her legs gave out. Kay resisted the urge to follow her down as the salesgirl crumpled to the floor, awash in her growing arousal. “You’ve been great. Bye-bye now.” Kay said with a smile before hurrying out the door, leaving Cindy to tend to her inflamed desires alone.

“Mmmmm, no, wait! Come back!” called the salesgirl. She moaned in frustration, realizing she’d have to get herself off before she could do anything else.



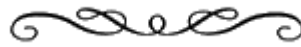
The journey home was surreal. As she’d slunk out through the back exit and parking lot, doing her best to avoid being spotted, she’d found herself suddenly coming to grips with the changes besetting her body. Passing through the loading bay, she’d inadvertently walked across a large floor mounted scale, the kind used to weigh pallets and other big items. ‘95’ the large red digital numbers had flashed. She now only weighed 95 pounds.

She knew none of this was normal. Not her growing huge breasts, not slimming down from a decidedly thick frame to one best described as willowy and ultra-petite, and certainly not her shrinking seven inches and dropping a third of her body weight. On top of it all she could now apparently get anyone, man or woman, to become madly aroused and ready to make love to her with just her presence and a few words; unbidden words that came to her lips with terrifying ease. And yet, she was having a very difficult time convincing herself

that any of this was wrong. Derrick had told her to accept the changes, to live a little, but Cindy pointing out the reality of the situation had sent her mind spinning.

*Kay, she told herself, you're driving with the seat scooted so far forward that your giant tits are being squeezed against your chest by the wheel and you're still barely able to reach the pedals. That's not okay!*

No, something was most definitely wrong. Hell, her boyfriend had turned into a satyr! They had to get back to the Faire and fix this before she changed any further.



“Derrick!” Kay shouted as she stormed into the house. “I’m still changing!”

“What do you mean babe? You don’t look much different to me.” Derrick said casually, playing dumb. It had been over an hour since he’d last jerked off, and seeing Kay in her new form sent his dick rising quickly to attention. “Except, damn, you’re certainly dressed a lot better than you were this morning.”

“Yeah, because my clothes won’t fit!” So then how tall am I?”

“I dunno, 5’4” or so?” he lied, knowing full well she’d been 5’7” to begin with. “Isn’t that how tall you’ve always been?”

“I’m 5 foot one! I only weigh 95 pounds! I’m shrinking! And these,” she clutched her massive tits that seemed completely out of place on her tiny, waifish chest, “keep getting bigger!”

Derrick licked his lips as she heaved her rack in her tiny hands. Her nipples were plainly visible as round bulges in the material. What a wonderful creature she was becoming.

“Well,” he said, rising to his hooves and reaching out for her, “you look fucking gorgeous to me. Are you unhappy with how you look?”

She tensed as his powerful, manly hands touched her delicate skin. Any thought of forming a cogent answer to Derrick's question was lost as a wave of arousal shot through her, filling her with need even though she was upset and in no mood for sex. At least, she knew she *shouldn't* be in the mood for sex. Nonetheless, she found her hands gently kneading her breasts, nipples becoming erect, heart quickening.

"I had sex at work today," she admitted sheepishly. "With four different people! I almost fucked the Victoria's Secret clerk! I'm so sorry Derrick, I couldn't help myself. I don't know what's wrong with me!"

"*You* know," he said, seemingly unsurprised and unfazed by her infidelity. "It's what you are, what you're becoming; a creature of unsurpassed beauty and undeniable appeal. A creature of lust." He licked his lips as he reveled in describing her attributes.

"But I always wanted to be a fairy," she said looking at her reflection in the mirror. Her long pointed ears seemed perfectly matched with her unnaturally, nigh inhumanely beautiful eyes. "A cute, little fairy. I seem to be part of the way there, but fairies don't have boobs like these."

"Look at us," said Derrick, "what do you think you really are? What did you think would happen when your boyfriend is a satyr."

"I'm a nymph," she said in semi-disbelief to her reflection, disappointment evident in her tone.

"You sure are, and a damn hot one too!"

"Nymphs are nice, I suppose, but oh, I really wanted to be able to fly! To flit about to and fro, on beautiful little fairy wings, you know that's what I've always dreamed about; to be fantastic, unique and beautiful. I mean, what's really the difference between a nymph and a horny slut with a great body who can't keep her clothes on?"

"Oh..." Derrick said rather crestfallen. He mulled the point over to formulate a valid retort.

“Kay, just look at yourself, you *are* fantastic, unique and beautiful! Women would kill for your body. Men would kill to be with you! You said you’re upset with your height now; do you *really* want to be just one foot tall?”

“Well, uhh... shit, that’s different, okay? Who says my personal fantasies have to be practical anyway? Besides, I just wanted to improve *our* love life, not make love to everyone I meet!”

“Well they do say the mind is a plaything of the body. I can certainly attest to that. I think the key to what’s going on here is that isn’t about what we want for ourselves, it’s about what we want from each other.”

“What are you getting at Derrick? Have you figured out what’s going on with us? All I know is we have to get back to the Ren-Faire Saturday if we want to change back.”

“Well...” Derrick hesitated to say anything. He knew his thoughts were the source of her changes, though he couldn’t quite pin down the how. There was magic about her, he knew that. He supposed getting changed back would be good for them in the long run, though he really was enjoying being a satyr. He honestly felt a little bad that he was transforming her into his dream, a horny little sexpot of a nymph, rather than her dream. But only a little; he couldn’t get enough of her huge and still expanding boobs. They looked even bigger on her now that she was shorter. *A short nymph is much more practical in real life than a tiny fairy*, he told himself. *Still, if we’re getting changed back at the Faire on Saturday, who cares right?*

“I think these changes have something to do with our desires,” he fessed up. “I have to admit, being a satyr gives you some rather kinky desires.”

“Hah, apparently,” Kay replied. “Don’t feel bad Derrick, like I said, we should be able to get this fixed on Saturday.” She sighed, looking over her bombshell body again in the mirror. She could feel her loins pulse with excitement, her own reflection turning her own. She had to admit, she’d never felt this good in her entire life. Her body was amazing, why should she care if some would say it objectified her? “A plaything of the body, eh? I guess we might as well make the most of it, right babe?”

“Fuck yeah,” Derrick responded, spinning her around to face him and his growing erection. *Don’t worry Kay; I’ll give you your fantasy.*

