The Gift

Part 1: My husband knows my name.

Today seemed like any other day in my life. Kind of laid back, sunny, going with the flow as usual. I was twenty, a late bloomer, working on figuring out where my next date was coming from and when I was going to get laid next. It seemed sex was few and far between these days. I am kind of picky and not all that attractive so it isn’t like I’m without opportunity, I just need it to be someone out of my league. That might describe most of the people on the planet.

I was half a block away from a busy intersection and I saw a little lady carrying two bags of groceries that were clearly too heavy for her. She was oddly dressed. A dark wool skirt that went to her shoe tops, she was wearing boots with many eyelets a black button up coat that, if it were more colorful might have come off the Sargent Peppers album cover. She had on what could only be described as a babushka. In the middle of the street, she stumbled, with her groceries scattering everywhere as cars whizzed by her on each side. I ran across the block, and scrambled to grab the cans of vegetables that rolled around like they had a mind of their own, along with the other grocery items. I had to stand up and hold traffic several times until we got things back in the bag and her safely to the other side of the street.

Safe on the sidewalk, I offered to carry her groceries for her until she was safely home as she looked a bit shaken by the whole ordeal. She spoke in what was probably an Eastern European accent and she was missing a few teeth to say the least. “You first American to help me, ever!” she blurted out. “ I will reward you.” I didn’t think much of the last statement as she sure didn’t look to be in any position to hand out any kind of a reward. “I live down street. Not far.” These were the last words she uttered until we got to an old stone row home in a rather narrow street. “Inside for tea and reward” she said. I almost wanted to ask her to say, “Moose and Squirrel”, being an old Rocky and Bullwinkle fan. I hesitate but thought, what the heck, I came this far and she probably would like a little company. What is another fifteen or twenty minutes. Inside, she sure did not avail herself of Martha Stewart home decorating ideas. A small, chipped, rickety table that barely accommodated four chairs was pretty much it. She had a hot plate with a tea pot on it and without a word, filled the pot and started heating the water. Looking around she had some odd trinkets, the house was clean, spare to say the least but immaculate. She lived a Spartan existence but had pride in what little she owned.

The pot started to boil and she removed it from the hot plate. “You kind. Caring. I don’t see much anymore” she started, “You have girlfriend?” I started to blush, my cheeks reddening as I stammered, ‘nnno”. “You should have girl. Girl would be lucky to have you. Looks not everything. People forget looks fade, we all get old”. I was beginning to like her more. She had a can of loose tea with markings I did not recognize. As she opened the lid the tea almost seemed to glow. She spooned the tea in to a tea ball and said. “You drink, you get girl”. I laughed and said, “I sure hope you are right. I’ll drink a gallon of tea if it helps.” Very seriously she said, “One cup.” By now the tea had steeped and she filled my cup. I tasted it and it was pretty darn bitter. “DRINK ALL” she blurted out. I did, and my stomach immediately started to churn and churn and churn. For a moment I thought I had been poisoned but then a wave of calmness washed over me. I felt at ease, almost a Zen placidness. As she was not much of a conversationalist, we chatted for just a few more minutes, I excused myself, I thanked her for the tea, she thanked me for helping and assured me I would not have girl troubles for the rest of my life, which I found to be really weird, and we said goodbye. Walking home, I rolled the entire encounter around in my mind and tried to make sense of it. In the end, I forgot about it until much later when I realized how important this day would be to me.

I was nearly 21 and of course there are local bars that will let you slide when you are close to your 21st birthday. I had a regular dive bar in my neighborhood that was the kind of place where you went for a couple of hours to tune up on cheap drinks before you hit the hot bars. There were always a lot of twentysomethings there as well as an older neighborhood crowd. I got to the bar and just as a got there, someone vacated their regular seat and quickly jumped in to the open spot and ordered a nice cold Yeungling Lager. I am pretty shy by nature and peered into my beer for a couple of minutes before I took inventory of the patrons. Immediately to my right was a “girl’s night out” crowd of 30ish ladies. They were very hot to say the least. I think they were having a short skirt contest and they all were winning. Obviously trying to recapture a time before they had real jobs and were not yet married. They had a head start and had obviously been there for a while as they were loud and boisterous. Singing and gyrating to the music. A statuesque blonde, with her back to me, turned around and gave me a wry smile. “So, do you come here often” she asked? I replied, “Are we having a cliché contest”. She giggled, elbowed her friend and said,” Where is your girlfriend?” I shot back, “She was just here, shame you missed her” as I looked her straight in the eye, “What are you here for”. Then something unusual happened: The pupils of her eyes flashed red!!!! I was not sure what had happened and she replied “Someone tall, muscular, educated, well hung, sensitive and the best pussy eater in the world………….” A hot flash blew through my body, the room froze, nothing moved, but I could move and clearly could see that everyone else was frozen in time. I could feel my body changing, muscles bulging, I was growing to 6’ 4”, my hair turned black and slightly curly, my eyes became bright blue, I could feel my cock grow and I swear my tongue seemed to get longer. My brain seemed to be on fire with information and thoughts I had never entertained before this moment. She also changed. She seemed to grow younger and her boobs perked up to what they had been when she was 23, before nursing had sucked the shape out of them. All of a sudden everyone started moving again. And she finished the sentence, “Just like you.” I reacted like I had heard that 1,000 times before in my life. I said, “I am sure I am everything you are looking for. If you would like some verification on that matter, I am sure you will be able to verify it. She slinked over pressing herself against me pressing her lips against my ear and whispered, “Oh, you’ll get your chance” as she slid her hand into my pocket and grabbed my hardening dick for a second before pulling her hand out and taking a sip of her cosmo. The racy banter went back and forth until her friends said, “We are going out dancing, let’s go.” She said, “I’m in the mood for my own private dance, pick me up later.” “But YOU are driving”, her friend pretty much screamed! “You can drop me off and pick me up later. I have some important business to get done”. We all piled in her car and headed to my apartment. She sat on my lap on the way to my place discretely rubbing my ever growing cock the whole time. I knew getting out of the car and standing up were going to be a challenge considering the position of my now rock hard cock in my pants, but I always like a challenge. We got out in from of the apartment complex, which now looked far classier than it did when I left. “See you in a couple of hours”, her friends said. “Take your time” was her giggling reply. We headed up the steps to the apartment and got into the hallway. “Wait a second”, she said as she pulled off her panties as soon as we got into the hallway. I noticed they were already moist. As we moved towards the door, she grabbed my hand, stuck it under her skirt and I rammed two fingers inside her sopping pussy. I could tell each step brought her more pleasure. As I put the key in the door she unbuckled my belt and unzipped my pants. Barely inside the door I kicked my shoes off, and dropped my trousers onto the floor. As I shut the door she had already gotten rid of the dress and bra and was standing naked except for her heels. Dropping to her knees she went to work on my huge cock. Both hands pumping as she licked and sucked the head as deep as she could. There is nothing like a very experienced blower and she had obviously been practicing for years. Moaning and writing on her knees, her cheeks were red, she was starting to sweat and she pulled the cock out and said, “FUCK ME RIGHT NOW”, hopping on to my big dick, wrapping her arms around my neck, taking the whole thing in one leap. With my new size and strength, I was able to thrust into her, HARD, bouncing her up and down on the entire length of my massive member. She held me tight until she was practically choking me, each thrust bringing a moan that soon turned into a gasp of pleasure. “Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, oh my God, fuck me. I’m coming, I’m coming”, she hissed with her tongue licking my ear. I felt her body begin to tense and writhe as the orgasmic waves washed over her. Soon it was my turn and I pumped what felt like quarts of cum into her experienced pussy.

My new cock and body recovered almost immediately and I carried her into the bedroom. I found my new king size bed with satin sheets, just as she imagined it. Her beautiful boobs still heaving from the first orgasm, I laid her on the bed and proceeded to lick her pussy. Gently, very gently, just the way she like it. The next orgasm was almost instantaneous. Again the convulsions of pleasure tied her up in knots of gratification she had never experienced before and had only imagined. I was able to deliver every single dream she had about a lover.

I laid down next to her and said, “I don’t even know your name.” She replied, “Don’t worry, my husband knows my name” and pushed me on to my back and mounted my still hard penis. Engorged, I was nine inches long. Slowly she slid on to me, increasing her speed with each thrust, she was now slapping herself against me to the point where my dick came out of her pussy on the way up and she slammed it back in on the way down. She always wanted to have a cock that big and that hard. Her hair was flying around as she threw her head back and side to side, her voice deepening as the effort on her part grew. She dreamed about being fucked until she passed out from the physical pleasure. Throwing herself onto me with all the strength she had, she orgasmed again, now with a hedonistic scream, she collapsed on me, spent, satisfied and unconscious from the most physical fuck imaginable.

As she recovered in a deep sleep, I went to the kitchen for a beer contemplating what had just happened. The old lady said I would receive a gift, but this was more than I deserved for helping someone who had spilled their groceries in the middle of the street. I wondered how it would work? Was it permanent? Would this happen with any lady who conversed with me and made eye contact? I thought I had better wear sunglasses depending on who I was talking too. Who knows what could happen if I could be turned into the fantasy of any lady. There are some pretty dark fantasies out there.

Stark naked with my new body, I went to the living room and turned on the TV still trying to figure it all out. Within a few minutes the buzzer rang and one of her friends was here to pick her up. I answered, told her what apartment we were in and buzzed her in. I thought it would be the perfect opportunity to try out my theory on how things were going to work with my gift.

I opened the door a crack and saw an incredibly cute, petite blonde, with the shortest of tube top dresses possible. “Heading home already”, I asked? She said she was the designated driver and had dropped the other girls off already and was ready to reclaim Rachel. “Ohhhhh”, so that’s her name I laughed. “So may I come in” she said as I stepped back and opened the door revealing my new self to her. She stood in the doorway and balked for a second, smirked and walked in. “You know, I like my men to be a little shorter with that bronzed surfer dude look, long blonde hair, a tattoo or two and a dick not so big. You know I am just a little girl and that monster might split me right in two” she laughed as she flipped her long blonde hair back. Staring into my eyes as she came in, I saw the familiar red glow in her eyes and reality was again altered. Again time froze and I started to change until I was exactly as she described. About 5’ 10” tall, tanned, not an ouce of fat, beautiful six pack abbs that were rock hard, a smaller dick, a tattoo on my right biceip and another one on my left shoulder running down my left arm. She changed slightly and her perky B Cups grew in the larger, rock hard C cups which would look great on the beach in a strin bikini.

I could see her resistance begin to melt and and desire begin rise in her as I fit the bill of her imaginary lover. (Continued)