

The Ballad of Maggie

Part II

“I’m tellin’ you, Beth, this could be a double date!” Maggie had to raise her voice over the machinegun fire.

“Shit. This guy has an aimbot, I think. But I like being in my dorm room!”

“You said it yourself! Seeing how Nichelle and Anna had boyfriends made you realize that you could, too.”

“Right! So I get the lesson from the afternoon special, and all of a sudden, I want to turn my life into a constant pursuit for boys? Shit, I’m tellin’ you-- that guy’s got an aimbot. Well, no. I’ll take that moral of the story and turn it into an excuse to flirt. I mean, swiping left and right just doesn’t seem that romantic, right?”

“Maybe, you should ask the guy with the aimbot out.”

“Him? Nah, I just want to slash his tires. Oh, come on! Headshot with a dinky pistol from that range! I’m reporting him!”

Frustrated at the lack of moral support, Maggie went back to her room. There was probably something fishy about how the date would have to be a double one, so maybe she was better off. The weekend turned out to be a bust for partners. Maggie had tried the club thing again, but the results were farcical. She hit a frat party, but it was a really bad scene, and Maggie prioritized rescuing an unconscious drunk girl from near certain abuse.

Maybe technology was her solution all along. When she was dating Trey, it just wasn't an issue. Now, here she was looking at pictures and poorly worded comments from inept suitors. Why should she be picky? She was just looking for some peen! "There we go," she said. "I bet he's as dumb as a rock, but he's got muscles on his muscles. I could go for that!" She swiped right and ding! She immediately requested a chat.

Maggie: Hey.

Simon: yo baby

Maggie: I'm looking for some NSA action.

Simon: i can take you into space like an astrinot

Maggie: Okay. When do you want to meet?

Simon: my shift in the gym is over in 20 im closing so meet me here

Maggie: Campus Life Gym?

Simon: yeah baby

Simon: just knock at the door and il let you in

Maggie: Okay. I will see you in 20 minutes.

Simon: COOL

Maggie: You got condoms?

Simon: we keep condums in the mens room

Maggie: Great! See you.

Simon: il be reedy

Maggie realized that this was a bad idea. She may have previously insulted the intelligence of rocks, but there were other rocks that needed getting off. As she put on a quick outside outfit, she said to herself, “Oh, astronaut, as in NASA astronaut. Right. One more A, and no strings attached is a space agency.”

Outside the Student Life Services Center, it was a bit cold, so Maggie held her coat in close. It took about five minutes after knocking for Simon to open the door. Yeah, Maggie let her lust get the better of her.

The dude worked in the gym, and it showed. Musclebound wasn't her thing, but this situation seemed kind of fun-- kind of a bucket list thing.

“Hey, girl! What up!”

“Let's see if we can get you up,” Maggie said, laying it on thick. She figured subtlety was not called for.

“Shit. That ain't no problem!” He brought her past the check-in desk and into the main weight lifting area.

“So, where should we do it?” she asked.

“Um, like I like, you know, doggystyle.”

“Wuff. Yeah, and we've got some equipment here that could make that easy, right?”

“Heh, you're funny. Yeah, I could set something up, right?” He set to work rearranging the weight machines so that Maggie could use the bars as handholds. She did not want to acknowledge the cleverness.

“And you're smart,” she said, immediately praying to the goddesses of feminism for forgiveness. “Let's do this.”

They disrobed, ogling each other the whole time. He was already semi-erect, and Maggie relished how juicy her pussy felt. “You got the condom?” She asked.

“Yeah, yeah, right here!” He waved around the little packet.

“Perfect,” she said. “You want me to put it on?”

“No, that’s a man’s job.”

“Uh huh.” There would be penitence to the gods of feminism later, she was sure. She climbed into the rigged apparatus and looked back at her partner. “Go ahead! I’m not into foreplay tonight!”

“Awesome!” he shouted. She felt him enter, and it felt splendid. He thrust good at hard, and she let out an involuntary yelp. “You like that, you little slut, don’t you.” He started in on the dirty talk.

“Oh, yeah. I... Oh! want your cock!”

“No, sluts like you need my mighty cock!”

“Oh, god... Yeah, I need it.” She was going to feminist hell now, but he had strength and stamina that drove a pretty hearty penis home. Each thrust kind of hurt, but in the moment and in the gym where hurting was supposed to be good, this was perfect. “Fuck!” She came, and he kept going.

“Does baby need daddy’s dick?”

“Yeah, keep going!” Daddy’s dick? Ew, but mmm...

He kept slamming. “Yeah, you dirty whore. Take it!”

This was like a bad porno movie, but there he was, using all of the dirty talk cliches. It became clear quickly that he was reaching his endgame, which was alright. Maggie was pretty sure that she had come at least twice. “Take it, dirty whore” became his mantra as he evidently came.

Maggie felt something run down her thigh. She was wet, but that seemed to be a bit much. She looked back and saw the condom lying on a barbell unused. Her passion turned quickly to rage.

“What the fuck!” she yelled at him.

“Yeah, that’s right, baby. A good fuck.” He was still in his dirty talking daddy character.

“No, I mean it felt good, but why is that semen running down my fucking leg?”

“Heh, fucking leg. You bet it got fucked.”

“No, you fucking stupid gym rat. Why did you ejaculate in me?”

“Cause that’s what fucking is, bitch.”

“I told you to put on that condom. Why is it over there are that weight?”

“Condoms are downers. I like fucking without them.”

“I don’t want a disease, you asshole.”

“Well, that’s your problem. I stay in shape, disease-free.”

“What the fuck! I’m out of here, and I’m going to get tested. I suggest you do that, too. Oh, and I’m leaving the black ball on your profile.”

“Ah, now you don’t need to do that! I can get you some free training lessons!”

“Fuck you, I’m out of here.” Maggie threw on her clothes as she walked out of the gym, her blood up, her anger ready to explode from her system. She said a little prayer to the goddesses of feminism, but she knew it wouldn’t be enough.

“And then, the bonehead said exercise would keep him safe! My god!”

“Calm down, Maggie. Seriously, what is with you? You shouldn’t want a guy like that, anyway. What were you thinking?” Beth really didn’t like the fact that she had to get out of bed for this crap.

“Sure, blame me! He’s the one who pretended to put on a condom.”

“Right, right, and you didn’t just go and find the easiest looking he-man you could find? It wasn’t your fault, but you were reckless, okay? Get tested tomorrow. You’ll be fine.”

Maggie showered and went to bed. She couldn’t sleep, though. He was such an ass to her, and now she had the sword of Damocles hanging over her head. Plus, she was pissed at Beth. She slept around, but hadn’t the world gotten over the idea of the woman being at fault? Simon was the guilty party, and she did not consent to condom-free sex.

Bleary-eyed, Maggie was sitting in the waiting room at the campus clinic, which was part of the same building complex as the gym. She had sunglasses and a kerchief over her head, since she was ashamed of herself. It was stupid, too. She knew she shouldn’t be ashamed, but there she was.

“Hey, it’s that normal girl from the meeting!” The voice jarred her out of her fugue. That was loud (and embarrassing) or at least it seemed loud.

“Huh? What?” Maggie looked up to a very powerful looking bare and feminine set of abdominal muscles. She looked up some more and then immediately recognized Petunia, the veritable Amazon

from the Society of the Acceptance of the Transformed.
“Oh, hi,” she said meekly.

Petunia sat next to her, holding her own left arm gingerly. “Sprain, I think. What are you in for?”

Maggie paused. “Um, STD test.”

Petunia stifled a laugh. “You? I figured you would always make sure it was wrapped up?” The woman seemed a little loud to Maggie, and Maggie blushed hard.

“Shit, girl? What’s the problem?”

“Well, he faked putting on the condom.”

Petunia’s lips pursed together. Her nose flared. Her eyes narrowed. “No pregnancy test?”

“Uh, well, it was just last night, so a test wouldn’t work, and I’ve got an IUD.”

“You should get a morning-after pill.”

“Yeah, I’ll ask for one of those, too.”

“Fucking right, you will. You tell me who he is. I’ll make sure he can’t do it again.”

Remembering how chilling Petunia’s story about sucking away men’s masculinity was, Maggie wasn’t

sure if she meant beating him up or fucking him. “It’s alright. I, uh... Revenge isn’t the way to go here.”

“Uh huh. Well, don’t let ‘em step on you. You need any help with the asshole, and I will be there.”

“Okay. You like to crusade, don’t you?”
Maggie said.

“What do you mean?”

“You want to be a hero or something, for womankind.”

“I guess, sure. I mean, I’m an athlete, or at least, I used to be an athlete. We’re all about heroics.”

“But what you said, back at the meeting. You targeted someone hitting women.”

Petunia gave her a long, hard look. “Yeah, I did. I wanted that little bit of extra strength.”

“Yeah, but you didn’t target just anyone, right?”

“I didn’t want to hurt anyone innocent.”

“Of course not. I guess you don’t feel guilty about what happened.”

“I don’t, no. People have told me that I should, that it wasn’t my place to punish. It’s a wicked world, girl, and I have no problem being wicked.” At this

point, Maggie could sense that Petunia's leaning in was for a little bit more than privacy.

"Whoa, whoa," Maggie said quietly. "I don't swing that way."

Petunia backed off. "Sorry, babe. I, uh, have the drive of, like, four dudes. Not really, but I get into it like a dude sometimes. I'm sorry."

Maggie giggled. "It's alright. I'm flattered. And, here's the nurse."

"So far, the whole suite of STI tests are negative. You'll need to come back in a couple of weeks for a follow-up and a pregnancy test. Since you've got an IUD, I do not recommend the morning after pill, because the side-effects are not worth it." The nurse practitioner handed Maggie a folder of printouts.

"The whole suite? Did it include HPV?"

"Of course."

"But I'm HPV-positive," Maggie said.

"Sometimes, it can hide, and these tests aren't perfect. I'm sure that it will pop up again in the next test."

Maggie saw some movement along the floor and turned to look.

“What is it?” asked the nurse.

“I’m not sure. I think it was a bug or something.”

“We just had the building-- whoop!” The nurse practitioner was suddenly and frantically patting her body. “There’s something in...” There was a buzz-saw-like noise coming from her scrubs, and bits of fabric started falling out of her top. “I, huh,” she went on nonsensically. “Excuse me.” As she opened the door, there were various female screams and yelps coming from all over the building.

Just then, Maggie felt tiny insectoid feet scrambling up her legs, and she too began furiously beating her clothing. The creatures, whatever they were, amassed around her chest, and she could hear chewing. Fearing that she was to be devoured, Maggie stripped off her top in time to see perhaps a hundred dime-sized beetles masticating her bra. It took only a few seconds after that before the whole thing disintegrated, and Maggie instinctively covered herself.

She could make out hurried but indistinct conversation throughout the floor. As she put her top back on, she also saw dozens of women outside trying in vain to remove the strange pests from their clothes

before covering themselves. It was already a warm morning, so it wasn't like they were wearing layers.

The nurse returned. She had her arms crossed over her chest. "So, um... I hope you're okay. We may have a new set of cases to look into."

Some took the situation better than others. Lot's of women tried to cover themselves. Others didn't bother. Maggie saw Anna from the meeting walking along the quad, and she wasn't bothering trying to cover up. She certainly gathered attention. Maggie herself gave up as she made it to class. Then, just about every mobile device in the room lit up in a cacophony of beeps, chimes, and buzzes. Maggie checked her phone. She received simultaneous texts and emails from the university. She opened the email.

Dear students,

We are presently dealing with a new pest problem. So far as we can tell, the invasion of brassiere eating insects (known as bra beetles) was not a prank or attack but was a magical-natural event. Previously, these same creatures infested an office building in New York City, so they are not unprecedented. We know the following things about them:

1. They eat bras. That is all that they eat.
2. They will only eat bras that you wear.
3. Every time they eat a bra, after the first, the victim's nipples will get permanently longer, so do not attempt to wear bras.
4. Exposure to the juices or dried carcasses of dead bra beetles causes temporary obsession with fondling breasts.
5. They infested the office building for three weeks.

We anticipate putting up with these pests for that length of time. We do not know the extent of the infestation, though they appear to only stay in an area and do not often travel with people. If you see boob beetles, leave them alone.

Sincerely,

University President Kathleen
Tratt

Murmurs (and more than a few giggles) resonated through the classroom. Maggie sighed. She currently wore a long skirt and no underwear because of the Be Your Sexiest® razor and a tanktop without a bra because of the boob beetles. She felt put upon, but as she sat back in her chair, she also felt pretty comfortable.

The professor still wasn't there-- she was probably looking for a cardigan or something-- and Nichelle, the girltaur who headed the Society for the Acceptance of the Transformed sat down next to her. "Hi there. Interesting day, no?"

"You could say that, Nichelle. I guess we're all a little transformed today, right?"

"Not exactly. I'd say that just about every woman here had a magical experience, though."

"True. Are you happy about that?" Maggie asked, immediately feeling a bit accusatory.

"Oh, hell no. Do you have any idea how much specialty bras for six tits on a horizontal torso cost?"

"Oh, geeze. Ouch."

“Yeah, we’re a weird group, but we’re not some sort of terrorists out to give underwear manufacturers new business.”

“Oh, sorry. Yeah, that’s not what I mean. I’ve a had a rough day, that’s all.”

Nichelle grinned, “But you get to have it with all the sisterhood, unless they just don’t like to wear bras.”

“Well, yeah, and the sisterhood could help me with my boy troubles, too.”

“Oh, dear. Want to tell me what happened?”

Maggie sighed. For some reason, she had been open with Petunia, and Petunia was scary. Nichelle wasn’t scary-- she was a weird busybody-- and she meant well. Perhaps, this was the necessary penance for her feminist transgressions, so she told Nichelle the story, including how Petunia offered to help. That last part got a laugh. By the time she was done, the room was empty, since the professor had apparently decided to call it off.

“Well, that sucks. I’m not sure I know what to tell you. You seem to like to take risks, and I can’t fault you for that. I mean, if you want some sugar, I know of some skilled ladies who can get you off, but I’m guessing you’re straight.”

“Yeah. No chicks.”

“Well, if you’re ever interested, I have a recipe for something called Sappho’s Tea. It’ll make you want to munch pussy all night. It wears off in less than a week, and there can certainly be regrets, but if you need to get off in the straight-girl-unfriendly climate, it can help.” Nichelle winked.

“Wait, but you have a boyfriend.”

“Absolutely! I met him a couple of months ago, but I had a dry spell. Anyway, it’s a fun little alternative.”

“Uh huh. I think I’ll take my chances. I just need to find better dates, you know?”

“Sure. If you ever want any magic, you know where to come.”

When Maggie got home, she found Beth sprawled out on the sofa and the television stuck on a match over screen. Beth’s shirt was off, and her hefty bosom sprawled almost as much as the rest of her. “Hey, Beth!” Maggie said firmly.

Beth woke up. “Hmm...” she moaned. Then, she sat up. “Hmm... Your nipples look pokey.”

“Yeah, it was the boob bugs.”

“The boob what?” Beth asked. She had her right breast in her hand and was stroking it.

“Boob bugs. They eat bras. Didn’t you get the message?”

Still groggy, Beth said, “Mmm... Boob bugs...” Her eyes opened more, and she looked down. “Shit, so that’s what those were. I killed, like, three of them before they scrambled. Tough sons of bitches, too.”

“That would explain the breast fondling,” Maggie said.

“The what?” Beth let go of her enormous breast. “What? Why?”

“The dead ones make you want to play with boobs.”

“Ah, yeah. I don’t think I’ve ever felt yours. Can I?” Beth began crawling toward Maggie.

“What? No! Sit down. Play with your tits, if you want. I’m looking this up.” Beth did what she was told, and no less. Maggie had her tablet out. “Oh, yes, boob bugs. You didn’t each one, did you?”

“No. I just squished a few.”

“Okay, this should wear off in a day or two. Can you concentrate?”

“Concentrate on boobs?”

“Fuck.”

“I’m kidding. Look, my tits are fun to play with when I’m not under the influence of dead insects. Right now, it’s extra fun, and the only problem is that my lower arms don’t reach them as well, so I’m going to need to handicap myself by using my lower hands on the controllers. Sit down and play.”

“Right. I don’t think I want to sit next to a masturbating girl.”

“You know I’ll not only be playing with my lower arms, but I’ll also be distracted by my boobs, right?”

Maggie paused. She needed to win something today. “You’re on.”

It was really just too warm to be wearing sweaters, jackets, or even four layers of t-shirt, but Maggie saw a lot of her schoolmates in them. Maggie kept it simple-- just one shirt. Yes, her nipples poked out a bit, but she also did not have armpit sweat stains like some of the others. A few of the guys treated it like a viewing gallery, while others were more surreptitious in their viewing habits. She figured that the novelty would wear off in a few days.

Besides, she saw one of the girls from the transformed meeting, and she knew that this one was having some of the worst of it. Maggie decided to play interference. “Hey, Amrita! What’s going on?”

The young woman took a moment to identify her. “Margaret?”

“I’m Maggie from the meeting.”

Amrita apparently had a similar idea as Maggie did, because all six of her enormous nipples were barely covered by her t-shirt. “Oh, right. Maggie. I couldn’t remember the name.”

“It’s cool. You doing okay?”

“Oh, man... I get enough attention as it is. I relied on my specialty bras, but now? Yeesh. Anyway, I’m heading to my discrete maths class in Classroom Building D.”

“Hey, my Translating Truth class is there, too.”

“Right.”

“Look, I just want to help out. I mean, it’s better when you aren’t alone, right?” Maggie felt a lot of pity for Amrita, and she did want to help, so they talked about discrete mathematics (for Maggie, it was mostly figuring out why numbers needed to be modest) but it did go well.

At the base stairs, both their phones sounded out alerts. Perhaps worried that it was another campus alert, they checked. “Nichelle wants to host a party this Friday,” Amrita said.

“Yeah, I got that, too. You going?” Maggie asked.

“Sure. I guess. I need something to do besides...”

“Besides what?” Maggie asked.

“Um, be alone in my dorm room. You going?”

“I’ll talk to Beth. I’m sure she was cc’d.”

“Okay, maybe I’ll see you there. Bye,” Amrita said as she bounded up the stairs.

Maggie: Beth says she’ll come. Hopefully, the boob bug goo will wear off by then. She managed to get talk her professors into sending her lecture videos, since she’s holed up in the apartment.

Nichelle: She can come regardless. My boyfriend is going to bring some of his cooler friends.

Maggie: Sounds good. Cooler?

Nichelle: He gets a lot of shit for dating me.
Some of his friends are okay, though. He says
that they can be trusted around the tf'd.

Maggie: Oh.

Nichelle: I'm just saying, in case you want some
action. You seemed kind of frustrated last time I
saw you.

Maggie: I was. Thanks.

Nichelle: np. I figured that we could play with
some safe magic stuff, too.

Maggie: That doesn't sound like a good idea.

Nichelle: You don't have to participate. Some
people might be curious.

Maggie: Okay.

Maggie: I'll see you Friday.

"This is a pretty nice apartment building," Beth
said.

"It is, and would you quit grabbing my boobs?"
Maggie responded.

“Ah, but I don’t wanna quit.” She did anyway. As usual, Beth was riding on Maggie’s back, since she had arms for legs.

“That shit should have worn off by now.”

“I think it mostly has, but it definitely put me onto boobs.”

The two made their way up the stairs to the second floor and knocked. They could hear some jazz piano music inside. Nichelle opened the door to a fairly large apartment. She wore loose silk that did not leave much to the imagination. Mina, the woman with the pussy instead of a mouth and nose, sat at an electric keyboard softly playing. Evidently, she did not feel the need to cover her face. Her girlfriend Talia was talking to Nichelle’s boyfriend Chris. A couple of guys she didn’t know were chatting with Anna, the three-breasted club member.

Beth hopped down and quickly crab walked around the apartment. Maggie followed and learned that there was another good party room through a foyer. There, she saw another guy she didn’t know talking to Jennifer and Wyona. Jennifer had a huge bulging vulva that she presently concealed under a peach colored sundress. Wyona used to be male before an encounter with some sort of tentacle monster. Chelsea and Petunia chatted with another fellow that Maggie did not recognize. Chelsea evidently had to come up with a special solution to the problem of the boob bugs. Her

constantly dripping pussies that replaced her nipples on her massive breasts could not simply be covered by a shirt. Chelsea wore a tunic of beads that only mostly covered her. Petunia was very obvious about ogling, even if the guys in the room were very well-behaved.

For a while, Beth joined Chelsea and Petunia, and Maggie talked with Anna and the two other guys. One of them turned out to be Anna's boyfriend Kurt, and the other was unattached. Eventually, some other people came, including Amrita, Brandy, Britney, and Joy from the club meeting. Only one more guy came, and Maggie started getting concerned. Still, the food was good, and there was some alcohol.

"Okay, everyone!" Nichelle had wheeled in a little cart with baubles, bottles, and a tackle box. "I thought that we could do a little bit of magic tonight. I've got my stuff, and Anna was kind enough to bring a few things of her own. I have a few potions, of course, and we have some spells. Does anyone want to volunteer?" She waited a moment.

"I do!" said a woman that Maggie didn't recognize. She certainly looked normal, though she was perhaps a bit older than most of the crowd, though still obviously a twenty-something.

"Alright, Abby! What do you want?" Nichelle spread her arms to accentuate her cart.

"Um, something discrete, I think."

“Something discrete, sure. You want something temporary or permanent?”

“Um...” She coughed then chortled a little. “I’ve tried a couple of temporary things, but if it’s discrete, I could try permanent.”

“Ready to move beyond those tats?” Maggie could see that her bare lower legs and bare arms had a number of tattoos.

“Uh... And piercings, sure.”

Nichelle laughed. “Look at you! Okay, discrete... I have a spell that can give you a second pussy right next to your original.”

“Mmm... That sounds naughty.”

“Speaking as a girl with two cunts, I can promise you that it can be really naughty.” Maggie could see the usually unflappable Chris blush a little when Nichelle winked at him with that line. “Okay, you have to get naked for this. Clothing can really mess with magic. I’m convinced that maybe half of the time, spells don’t work, because people wear clothing.” With that, Nichelle began to disrobe herself. “And, that includes the caster. Better safe than sorry.”

“Sure, sure!” Abby said as she too took off her clothes. Indeed, she had numerous tattoos all over her

body. She had several body piercings, including a nipple stud and a bellybutton ring.

“Good. Make way for her on the couch, guys.” Nichelle ushered Abby to the couch, as Brandy and another woman that Maggie didn’t know made room. “Okay, so sit and spread your legs.” After Abby complied, she continued, “Brandy and May, grab her knees, please. She needs to be spread out for this one.” Abby seemed to relish the attention paid to her now fully displayed pussy. Nichelle rifled through her kit and produced a jar of something, a piece of canvas, a print out, and a dildo. She spread out the canvas onto the floor in front of the sofa, revealing a strange pattern of arcane symbols. “First, I’m going to use the magical law of contagion.” She picked up the dildo. “This dildo needs to first taste you, and you will need to cum for me.”

“Okay.” Abby steeled herself, and Nichelle inserted the dildo. She chanted under her breath as she worked it into and out of Abby’s pussy. Abby reached for her own sex. “Can I?” Nichelle nodded, and Abby started working circles with her clit. Before long, their rhythm matched, and Abby’s breath quickened. Nichelle kept her pace, continuing her mysterious mantra. A glow emanated from the penetrated hole, as Abby’s sexual energy peaked. “Fuck, yeah!” she yelled, and she sped her fingers’ movements. She bucked a bit as she climaxed. “Oh, yeah! Harder!” Nichelle complied, quickening her pace and allowing her chant to transition

into a shout. Still, the orgasm went on, and the dimly lit room pulsed with light as the dildo blocked glow then allowed it to pass through according to the pace of the fucking. The orgasm itself lasted perhaps two minutes before Abby all but collapsed.

“Now, I have your womanly essence entrapped in this rod. I shall double it!” She reached into the jar for something as thick as petroleum jelly, and she smeared it around the toy. Then, she guided the rod back to Abby’s groin. She pushed her vulva’s flesh to one side and pressed the dildo’s tip into the area of skin between that pussy and the leg. It pressed in, slowly penetrating what should have been solid flesh. Abby looked down, mouth agape in astonishment. There was a slight popping sound as her hips flared outward to accommodate the new organ. Soon, the dildo was inserted to its tip, and there was a bright flash of pink. “It is done,” Nichelle announced.

“Whoa,” Abby said as she felt around her modified groin. “I can’t tell them apart!” Some people in the room breathed deeply, as they had been holding their breath for far too long. A couple of people shifted uncomfortably, but everyone was impressed. Maggie was stunned. She had never witnessed a transformation before. She hadn’t even bothered with the porn that was out there. Abby pulled her clothes back on. “Um, my underwear feels weird. Plus, my pants are kind of tight.”

Nichelle responded, “Yes, yes. I’m sure that the seams line up wrong. Also, for the spell to work, it had to widen your hips just a little.”

“Okay, yeah. I’m going to need to figure out what to do about swimsuits.”

“Probably. You could always go to a nude place. There are a few that are transformed-friendly.”

“I’ll look into that.”

“Okay, anyone else want to volunteer?” Nichelle asked loudly.

The room hushed this time. After a moment, Talia stepped forward. “I do.” Mina moaned loudly, a look of concern in her eyes. Talia looked to her. “It’s okay, baby. I want to help make you happy.” Rapid sign language flashed between the two for a minute. “Mina is going to stand by my side, if you don’t mind.”

“Of course not.”

Talia stood tall, hands on her hips, and commanded her submissive lover, “Strip, cuntface.” There was a gasp, but Mina complied. “Present yourself, cuntface.” The thin woman stood at attention before her dominatrix who had produced a length of silver chain. Talia attached one end to a clitoral hood piercing on Mina’s facial pussy. “Come along.” Hands

behind her back, Mina marched, as Talia tugged her forward. Juices were clearly running down her chin.

“Alright, what would you like to try?”

“Well, I want to make sure that my poor cuntface can be pleased. She has two cunts, but I have only one tongue.”

“Hmm... I don’t have any good tongue spells. What about you, Anna?”

Anna responded, “My last tongue spell didn’t go well. I haven’t looked into anything more to do with tongues.”

“Let’s see,” Nichelle said as she went through a file folder. “I have one that may help. It makes your clit into something that can give pleasure.”

“Is it discrete? At least one of us has to look the passable, I think.”

“It should be, so long as you don’t wear anything that’s too tight.”

“So, no public pools?”

“Now, now. The public should see us and realize that we are not a threat, but no, you would need a very conservative swimming suit to go to a public pool after this spell.”

Talia leaned into Mina and gently stroked her facial labia. At this point, Mina was trembling, whether from fear, shame, or lust. “What do you think, cuntface? You want me to be better suited to meet your base needs?” Mina moaned loudly, closed her eyes, and nodded.

“Great,” Nichelle continued. “Strip, face-face.” That broke a bit of the tension in the room, and Talia exposed her muscular physique. “Oh, dear. No, this won’t work well with the pubes.” Nichelle rummaged through her supplies and produced a razor. Maggie recognized it as a Be Your Sexiest!® blade.

“Oh. Well, then. Cuntface, get to work!”

Just as Mina took the razor, Maggie interjected, “Wait! That’s a magic razor! You won’t be able to wear panties for two weeks!”

Nichelle looked a bit disappointed. “Oh, her panties won’t fit well after this anyway.”

“What are you trying to pull here?” Talia asked.

“It’s a Be Your Sexiest!® razor. It shaves really smoothly and quickly, but it keeps you from wearing panties for a couple of weeks. You’ll be limited to short skirts for a day or so as well. Don’t worry! You’ll be spending your weekend with your girlfriend anyway!”

“Yeah, okay. Cuntface, shave it!” Mina moaned a bit as she set to work. The blade practically

drove itself over the area. Curly hairs fell into the carpet, and Talia's chocolaty brown mound sat exposed.

"Perfect. Now, I'm going to need to draw some sigils around your clitoris. They will direct the magical energies." Nichelle gingerly used a fine brush to paint several intricate patterns. Satisfied, she said, "Now drink this."

Talia drank down a small vial of purple liquid. She began breathing heavily.

"Quickly, Mina! Direct your vagina right over Mina's clitoris! Don't drop down yet! Just hover, okay?" Mina nodded and did as she was instructed.

Nichelle began chanted as she waved her hands over Talia's pussy. "Now, Mina! Rest your vagina onto Mina's clit!" She did, and Talia moaned and shuddered. Mina cooed. "Stay put!" Talia started bucking, and Mina was riding her like a cowgirl. "Good, good! Once she cums, the spell is over." Talia thrashed and thrust her hips, and it was all Mina could do to stay put. No one could really see what was happening, because Mina blocked the view. Talia reached her hands up, and Mina grabbed hold, guiding them toward her breasts. Then, Talia roared in pleasure. She went from bucking to almost vibrating. After half a minute, she let her body relax, and Mina lowered her face into Talia's for their own special kiss.

“Great! I hope you liked that, Talia. Okay, Mina, you can dismount.” Mina pulled herself up, exposing Nichelle’s handiwork. Talia’s clitoris was quite large, though it looked little like a clit. Instead, it looked like the inverse of a woman’s vaginal canal, only not as long. “Mina’s vagina was like a mold in this spell,” Nichelle explained. “Now, Talia’s clitoris is perfectly shaped to fit inside. It should be able to move a little, too.”

“Holy shit!” Talia exclaimed as she flexed it around some.

“Yeah, it’s kind of like a dick but not quite. You should be able to rotate it for other positions.”

“Thank you,” Talia said.

“Oh, I love magic, but I think two big spells is my limit for the night.” Joy, Britney’s girlfriend then approached Nichelle. The two exchanged quiet conversation for a minute, as everyone else looked around uncomfortably or started getting their things. Nichelle spoke up again, “If anyone needs any sexual release with some privacy, feel free to use my bedroom or the spare room. Don’t worry; I have this really neat spell that cleans up sex messes.” Joy smiled and tugged Britney along with her.

“What did you think of the show?” Kurt asked Maggie.

“That was different, you know? After seeing that, I’m not sure what to think about magic. Maybe it will make those women’s lives better, you know?” Maggie brushed her hair back a bit. Truth be told, she had been feeling randy for nearly three weeks, and all of that sex only put her more on edge, even if it was women.

“You’re not transformed, are you?” he asked.

“No.”

“Hey, if you’re looking for a good time, my friend Vance is here, and I think he’s not really into the magic weirdness. I mean, he’s cool and all. He just wants to stick with normal women, right?”

Maggie felt a bit better at his mention. “Really? If he’s cute, I could go for some casual sex.”

“You’re forward. I like it. Vance might not, because I think he’s a bit old-fashioned, even if he’s not judgmental. I think. Hell, I don’t know. Go ask him.”

Maggie looked over to Vance who was chatting with Petunia. Given her voice, it was clear that the topic was basketball. Vance himself looked pretty good. He was a bit short, but he was well put together. He wore a dapper sport coat and a pair of Converse Allstars. “What the hell. Thanks.”

She approached him and gave Petunia a knowing look. She smiled and said, "I guess he won't be my girlfriend after tonight."

Maggie chortled. "No, if he's willing, he's gonna fuck me."

"Uh, you don't even know me, miss." He suddenly looked pretty uncomfortable.

"Yeah, well, I just want some sex. I'm done with the boyfriend thing for a while. And," she looked to Petunia, "I'm not talking about getting a girlfriend. I just want some good and casual fucking with a side of no calling the next day."

"Uh, I'm more of a committed and loving relationship kind of guy."

"And I won't get in the way of that," she said. Man, she was feeling aggressive. "You don't have a girlfriend, do you?"

"No, I mean, I've got a crush on..."

"Bah! Crushes don't get your dick wet. You wanna fuck or not?"

"Uh... I do, but..."

"But what? Saving yourself for marriage?" Maggie almost felt angry. Her frustration was only getting worse.

“No. Okay, let’s do this.” He almost looked defeated.

“Great, now let’s go and get a room. I’ve got a condom in my purse.” She grabbed his and practically yanked him into the hall. Loud sexual screaming emanated from the spare room. The door was halfway open, so Maggie could see Britney fucking Joy doggystyle, her great expanded clitoris plowing away at Joy’s pussy. Vance averted his eyes, and he nearly fell over as Maggie yanked him into Nichelle’s room. “Give me your sock,” she said.

“My what?”

“For the door. Give me your sock. Then, you can give me your cock, okay?”

“Uh, right. Sock. Cock.” He quickly pulled off his shoe and sock, and Maggie put it over the doorknob. The room itself was interesting. It was rather large for a bedroom. The bed itself was big, bigger than a California king, but then Nichelle would take up a lot of space; it was really low to the ground, too. There were several sex toys on the nightstand, and there was a dildo attached to the wall, just at the height of Nichelle’s rear pussy. “This is weird.”

“Less talking. More fucking.” Maggie had never felt this desperate in her life. She was already naked and getting onto the bed. Vance stripped down, his penis half erect. Maggie admired it for a moment. It

was a handsome one, and she expected it to get pretty big. She got on her knees and put it into her mouth, getting it well-lubricated. Vance gasped, as she forcefully sucked and licked around his cock head. In no time, he was ready, and Maggie hurriedly put the condom on. It was a normal one, not a wacky one. She wasn't going to go around with those in her purse. Maggie lay back on the bed and spread her legs wide. "In. Now."

"Right, right." Bewildered, Vance slid his erect dick into Maggie's waiting hole. He started gently to get the mood right. Vance thought of himself as a gentle lover.

"Fuck. Harder. Don't pussyfoot around!"

"Okay." Vance picked up the pace as he found his traction.

Maggie realized that the satin sheets might make things difficult, but Vance was finally hitting home. Maggie reached down and worked her clit. Vance stopped for a second, having not expected that.

"Keep going. I'm going to play with myself, because I'm going to cum with you inside me."

"Okay, okay!" Vance had never met such a determined lover. She seemed almost selfish, but he couldn't complain. He was balls deep in a crazy chick, and things felt pretty good.

Not much longer, and Vance was huffing and puffing. He had the stamina, but Maggie was really demanding. She was also really into it. She bucked her hips and scratched his back. She swore, cursed, and blasphemed. In little time, she came. She came really, really hard. She was screaming so loud that Vance just knew that the whole apartment complex could hear her. Then, urged on by her passion, he blew his load, too.

“Thanks,” Maggie said. “I needed that.” She put on her clothes while Vance stared in stunned silence. “Maybe another time,” she said. Petunia gave her a high five as she left the bedroom, and everyone else either avoided looking at her or gave her nods of encouragement. Beth just said, “You ready to go?”

“Yeah, I think so. Hey, Nichelle, thanks for the party.”

Nichelle smiled. “I’d say, the pleasure was all mine, but that would clearly be untrue.”

Maggie felt really horny again. Her bed was drenched in sweat. Something felt really off. She tried to roll over, but something tugged on her weirdly. “Ugh” was all that she could manage. “Fine.” She rolled onto her back and fought the blankets off of her. Her groin felt really funny, so she looked down. “Oh, shit!” Her clitoris was huge and erect. It looked like her dildo. It also looked like Britney’s clit, and Britney said

that her thing was contagious. “Oh, shit.” She needed help processing. She needed help cumming, as she suddenly felt that need to find a woman and fuck her senseless. “Beth! Help!”