

# The Ballad of Maggie

## Part III

Maggie lay on her bed, limbs splayed out. Her sheets covered her dresser, because she violently removed them. She was drenched in sweat. Rising from her groin was her new macroclitoris. That was definitely new to her. It arched upwards and toward her chest which rapidly rose and fell in her desperate and fearful panting. It looked a bit like a penis, sure. After all, penises and clitorises both originate from the same tissue during development, but it did not look like an ordinary man's penis. Instead, the bulbous part made its way more than halfway down the shaft from the tip, where it met her inner labia which extended up the inner sides. There were no testicles. Instead, there was her usual vulva, quivering as it was. Juices trickled down over her perineum, unimpeded by any hair, since she had previously shaved with a magical razor.

“Are you okay?” There was knocking on the door. It was Beth, her apartment mate. Not half a minute earlier, Maggie had called out for help.

“No! Help!” Maggie was not only paralyzed by shock and fear-- the transformation had done a bit to her brain. She absolutely needed to penetrate something, preferably a warm vagina, or maybe the skilled mouth of a woman. Maggie wasn’t sure about the whole woman thing. She’d never been attracted to women. Now, the thought of a man sucking this thing seemed somehow unappealing, despite her inner desperation for release.

There were several thuds against the door. Beth had arms in place of her legs, and while much of the apartment had been modified to accommodate her, Maggie’s bedroom door had been left as normal. Beth could make it, though. She just had to jump and perhaps climb to reach the doorknob. The door swung open, and there was Beth, triumphant in her simple conquest.

“Please!” Maggie gurgled. “I need to...” She rolled toward her door and started to get out of bed.

“Whoa... You’ve got that clit disease like Britney.” Beth backed up a little. She didn’t like the look in Maggie’s eyes.

“I...” Maggie now sat, her rock-hard macroclit reaching beyond her bellybutton. “I need help. Please, Beth...”

Beth backed out of the room. “Oh, hell no! That shit is contagious. I’m calling Nichelle.”

“But I need it! Please!” Maggie had risen to her feet, now towering over Beth.

“Uh...” Beth reached into her memories of occasionally bad television. “You can fight this!”

“No. I just need release. Could you just, you know, take it?”

Beth scrambled into the living room, looking for some sort of escape. The previous night, Beth had witnessed Maggie rather forcefully seduce a guy at a party. Previously, she had imagined her apartment mate as someone who was so inconsiderate. If she’d seen a guy acting the way that Maggie did the last night, she would have called campus police. Right now, that member made Maggie pretty capable of penetrative sexual assault, and Beth was determined to avoid victimhood.

Maggie ran for Beth, showing that she was definitely out of control. Beth was quick, though.

She scrambled up her kitchen ladder onto the counter, her large exposed breasts swinging. Maggie kept coming, grabbing at her, but Beth smacked her hand with a ladle. Beth leapt onto the back of the couch, looking toward the door. No, she realized it would take too long to open the door, and Maggie was nearly around the counter anyway. Beth then saw an opportunity to get some high ground, and she climbed up her exercise ladder. That ladder gave her access to some monkeybars that she had installed on the ceiling. Maggie had her rear left hand, though.

“Dammit! Let go!” Beth’s knuckles were white, and she hurt with all that stretching. She had long ago decided, though, that in a situation like this, she would fight no matter what. She dug grabbed Maggie’s hands with her back right hand and dug her nails in hard, her strength multiplied by adrenalin.

Maggie howled in pain, and Beth was once again free. She needed to use this brief bit of having the upper hand (so to speak) to her advantage. Since Maggie was distracted, Beth attacked. “Kawai!!!” she screamed as she flung herself, all arms akimbo, onto Maggie’s head. That force knocked Maggie backward and she tripped onto the couch. Beth continued her counterattack;

using her generous bosom as a weapon, she smothered Maggie. Ignoring Maggie's own clawing, Beth kept Maggie's mouth and nose covered in breast flesh. One of Beth's transformational issues was that her breasts were sensitive to pleasure but were nearly impervious to damage and never felt pain, so even Maggie's bites got nowhere.

Maggie weakened, her body deprived of oxygen, so Beth let go and grabbed a steering wheel controller. Several hits later, and Maggie was slightly bloodied but unconscious.

Beth's eyes were fully dilated, and her chest heaved. "Like a boss," she said.

Maggie hurt. Her hand stung. Her head ached. Her lungs felt ragged. Her hardened clitoris felt like it was about to pop. She was tied up, though.

"She's awake." It sounded like Beth. Had she just tried to rape Beth? She wouldn't... Oh, wait, if that made the overwhelming need go away... But Beth was her friend, and...

“Good, good.” That voice sounded like Nichelle, the president of the Society for the Acceptance of the Transformed. “How do you feel?” The voice was directed at her.

“Nnng.” Yep, she was blindfolded, too. “Ow. I, uh, need release.”

“Yes, you do, but it’s dangerous for us to do that. You can use your hand, though. It won’t be the best, but Joy tells me that it takes the edge off.”

“I’m tied up, though.”

“You tried to hurt Beth.”

“Oh. Damn.” Tears welled up. “I’m so sorry...”

“You’re damn right,” Beth said.

“Patience, dear. This isn’t like some guy with blue balls. She has far less control at the moment.” Nichelle had evidently faced back to Maggie. “I’m going to untie this... What is this? A controller?”

“Yeah! I like legacy consoles.”

“I’m going to untie your hands, but remember that I’ve got four legs, and I can kick really hard. You’re going to jack off. Then, we’re

going to get you to the medical center. We need to find the others.”

“Okay. Others?” It started to come back to Maggie.

“Yeah, the boys. Well, the former boys, anyway. There should be three of them. But first, we need to uncloud your mind.”

“Mmmm...” Maggie imagined three girls, all vulnerable, maybe needing a bit of the special attention she could provide. No! That would be monstrous. Maggie girded herself as the cable came off her wrists.

“Okay, now stroke.”

She couldn't really see, but she felt up her expanded love button and wrapped her hand around it. Okay, it was only most of the way around it. She started to stroke, but there was some unpleasant friction. She reached into her vagina and grabbed some natural lubrication. “Oh, shit!” That felt pretty good, so she kept at it. There was a build-up, like a water collecting behind a dam. Each stroke made that water slosh and made that water hotter. Her member became even more lubricated as something oozed out of the tip. It was like a clog that only partly blocked the faucet. She pumped

faster, and she could hear a wet flapping sound as her hand jerked. She reached her other hand into her swollen vulva. She dipped two fingers into her slavering hole and clawed away at her insides. The sensations combined to blast away that metaphorical clog, and she sprayed a huge quantity of fluid out of the tip of that uncanny clit. Each pulse was full of white hot pleasure, and she lost track of their count.

Things calmed down after that. She still really wanted to play with some girl's boobs or try sticking her clitoris into a tight pussy, but she didn't feel like an angry predator. She had her agency back.

"Good girl," Nichelle said. "You've made mess, but you should feel better." Nichelle took the blindfold off, and Maggie got a fresh look at her. For all of her weirdness as a humantaur, Maggie kind of wanted to kiss her. "Now, we need to get some clothes on you."

Maggie was wrapped in a bathrobe, trying to stay calm. Every time she lifted her head, she saw nipples poking through shirts. She really wanted to tweak them or lick them, and that made her clit twitch. It had gone flaccid, but seeing all of those



nearly free nipples caused brief waves of desire. There had been an infestation of magical insects called boob bugs, and they ate bras for some reason. If you put on a new bra, they ate that, too, and your nipples got permanently bigger, so all the ladies were braless. The college president said that everyone just had to wait it out, because the bugs would eventually go away.

“Maggie Watts,” the nurse called. Maggie gingerly stood up, and Beth and Nichelle nodded to her encouragingly. She wound her way into the patient room and sat on the paper-covered treatment table. “Says here that you think you have some sort of transformation disease?”

“Uh huh.”

“It looks like you were in a fight. What happened?” The nurse gathered some first aid supplies from the cabinets.

“I, uh...” Maggie paused for a long while.

“Go on.”

“I attacked my apartment mate.”

“Why did you do that?”

“Um, my transformation... It made me really horny, and I almost hurt my friend.” Tears welled up.

“Okay. Let’s get you patched up.” The nurse quietly applied antiseptic and bandages. “Were you unconscious?”

“Yeah... Beth hit me pretty hard.”

The nurse grabbed her light and forced Maggie’s eyes open. “Yep. You have a mild concussion. I’ll have Nurse Gree prescribe some pain meds.”

“Okay, but I think you should know that I’m contagious.”

“Right.” The nurse opened a file with a public health pamphlet. “Spontaneous Transmissible Feminization/Clitoromegaly Syndrome. I’ve heard a bit about it.” She passed Maggie the pamphlet. “We had another case a couple of weeks ago. It looks like we might have an epidemic. I’ll need you to write down the names of the men you’ve slept with in the past two months.”

“Hold on,” Maggie said as she pulled her phone from her robe. She messaged Nichelle, then

started writing. Trey Spector, her cheating boyfriend; Joshua Kao, the first rebound fuck; Simon Hurstwhile, the asshole who didn't use the condom like he was supposed to; and Vance (Nichelle provided his last name in her text response) Freeman, the boy she aggressively seduced at the party the previous night. She passed the list to the nurse.

She typed them in. "Hey, that Trey kid. He, or rather she, was in here a couple of weeks ago. We didn't know how that transgender case occurred. That might make him the missing person for our other big clit case." That news hit Maggie like a ton of bricks. The brochure talked about how female carriers had an increased sex drive. That would explain her behavior since their breakup. He must have gotten it from the hussy from that party. Well, now she sort of sympathized with the hussy, but it would make sense. "Okay, Nurse Gree will be in momentarily."

As she waited, Maggie read the pamphlet. Apparently, she had three victims (more tears,) there was no cure (even more tears,) but the condition was manageable. She read about how she would be sexually attracted to women, which she could confirm. Apparently, she could lose her attraction to men, and a few moments of vivid

imagining confirmed that to be the case as well. That was the really strange thing. Ever since puberty, she loved looking at dudes. Eventually, she loved making out with the and sleeping with them. She didn't feel sickened by her memories or anything, but now, she just wasn't interested in men. That realization forced out another hard sob.

"Hi, sweetheart," said Nurse Gree. She was the same nurse that helped her after her run-in with Simon. "It looks like you've gotten yourself into a pickle."

Maggie raised an eyebrow.

"Pun intended," Nurse Gree went on.

"Yeah. I guess that's about right."

"Well, you've had a chance to read the pamphlet, and we're calling the people on the list. If it's accurate, then they will all be female now."

"I know."

"I know that this is hard, but we need to go through the events so that we can understand things best."

"Okay."

“Trey Spector. When did you last sleep with him?”

“I guess it was three weeks ago. Then, I found out that he had hooked up with someone at a party, and we ended it.”

“Did he say who it was?”

“I don’t think he caught her name.”

“Uh huh. Well, Trey came in a couple of weeks ago, apparently transformed. We’ll send her a note informing her that she’s a carrier. I think we know who infected her.”

“Okay. I don’t think I wanna know.”

“I don’t blame you, though you may find yourself at a group therapy session with her. Anyway, next on the list is Josh Kao.”

“Uh huh. I slept with him about two weeks ago.”

“Did you use protection?”

“Yeah, we had a Be Your Sexiest!® condom. It was strawberry.”

“Oh dear. Those things don’t stop magical diseases. They are perfect for mundane STIs, but

they do nothing for your condition. And Simon Hurstwhile?”

“Last Monday. I came in here the next morning. Remember?”

“I do. There was no condom.”

Maggie felt anger again, partly blaming herself for being careless. “Yeah.”

“And finally, Vance Freeman.”

“Last night at a party.”

“Last night?”

“Yeah, is that a problem?”

“It usually takes 48 hours after that last intercourse. No matter. Did you use protection?”

“We did. I put it on him.”

Nurse Gree sighed. “Apparently, regular condoms don’t work against STFCS a lot of the time. I have a note to write you a pain med prescription, so here you go. Do you mind waiting in case we contact any of the other persons of interest?”

“I can wait.”

Perhaps twenty minutes later, a bewildered young woman wrapped in a coat came in escorted by a campus policeman. Her eyes got big the second she saw Maggie. The cop had to hold her back, since she looked pretty angry. “You! You did this to me, you bitch!”

Maggie could only recoil in horror. Like Vance, she had dark brown skin, African features, and very short hair. Maggie couldn’t tell much about her, as she was heavily wrapped up.

“Please, miss,” the policeman said, “calm down. You need to stay calm.” He looked a bit out of his element. Vance nearly spat in anger. She closed her eyes and relaxed a bit. “Attagirl. Just sit here.”

The receptionist was already on hand. “Are you Vance Freeman?” she asked.

“I am.”

“Okay, follow me.” Vance then trailed behind into the patients’ rooms. Maggie sighed. A few minutes later, the receptionist told Maggie, “To avoid more of those confrontations, we’ll need you to wait in a room, okay?”

“I can do that.” Maggie went back to one of the rooms and waited some more.

Several more minutes passed, and Nurse Gree entered the room with a bag. “Okay, just to let you know, we’ve located all three people, and we’ve confirmed their sex changes. I also talked to an expert out of Chicago, and she said that you would need a few things.”

“What things?”

“First, know that this isn’t your fault. You didn’t choose to take away anyone’s manhood. You thought you were just doing the natural thing that a young woman does.”

Maggie nodded. It sounded canned, even if it was possibly true.

“Second, I have a bag of stuff here. You’re body needs occasional release, or you will become a threat to others.” Maggie opened the bag. There was a vibrator and a funny looking plastic cylinder.

“What are these?”

“Most women with your condition like to use a vibrator. The other thing is a special masturbation sleeve. Stick your clitoris in the hole there.” Nurse Gree indicated a silicone opening.



“There is an expanding bladder on the other end that collects your generous... fluids. Turn that knob to open the valve for cleaning.”

This thing looked kind of alluring to Maggie. She fingered the soft hole to get an idea of how well it would work.

“Okay, here’s the thing, though. Masturbation will not be a longterm solution. You need to have sex with real people. The trouble is that you should not spread this disease. That leaves you with few choices. You can sleep with existing carriers or with people who agree to never sleep with anyone else besides other carriers.”

“Right. Okay.” Maggie nodded and could see the potential problems.

“We will let the three women here know about this, because they’re in similar boats, though they can sleep with other women without any fears. They also will not require sex like you will. Hang in there, and we will help you figure this out. Anyway, have some water and take care of yourself. Feel free to rinse the sleeve in the sink over there.”

Maggie was already getting hard just thinking about using the sleeve. It looked pretty inviting. Still, even though she was at least twice

Maggie's age, she kind of wanted to bend Nurse Gree over the examination table. She shook her head to clear the cobwebs, but that only served to irritate her concussion.

"Oh, don't do that, honey." Nurse Gree bent down to check Maggie's head. The braless cleavage was delightful. Maggie's clit poked up through the front of her bathrobe. "Oh, my... Yes, you'd better get to it," Nurse Gree continued, backing away.

All Maggie could manage was a whine and a doe-eyed nod. Once Nurse Gree was out of the room, Maggie tried the sleeve. At first, she couldn't get her great clitoris to fit, and pushing hurt. Fortunately, there were a few packets of lubrication in the bag, so she put that to use. It was kind of cold, but she didn't feel the need to grip it hard, and pretty soon, the top flipped open as the bladder expanded with her ejaculate. It felt okay, and once again, she could think straight. Well, mostly think straight. She had this continuing level of arousal, and she had a concussion.

Finally at home, Maggie could rest in her bed. A doctor gave her a two-week note for her classes, and she could withdraw and get a full

refund. Her mom was pretty upset with her, and that conversation was not fun. There were some flowers sitting on her nightstand as well. Not even Beth was home, which was strange for a Saturday afternoon. There was a knock at the door. Maggie answered.

Britney and Joy were there. “Hey,” Joy said, “I thought you could use some company.” Maggie nodded and showed them in.

“Thanks for coming.”

“Oh, we made sure of doing that before we got here,” Joy said, giving Britney an elbow. That made Maggie smile a little. “We thought we could give you some advice.”

“Um, what kind of advice?”

Britney spoke up. “Well, I remember the first week. It was horrible. All three of the ones I transformed were really mad at me, and I really needed to fuck someone. Honestly, you need to find another carrier soon.”

Maggie nodded. “I know, but I feel like I was pretty shitty to them all, even before the transformation kicked in.”

“Yeah, that can happen. The carrier doesn’t have to be one of yours. I’ve got the contact information for one of my others. I haven’t kept up with her, but I could reach out.”

“I don’t know. I mean, how do you two do it? It seems like an arranged marriage or something.”

Joy said, “Yeah, that worked out really well for us, and I don’t know how easy that is to come by. I don’t just service Britney. We’re lovers. It’s, like, star-crossed or some shit.”

Maggie nodded. “So, I should find someone to love?”

Joy looked her in the eye. “I think so. I mean, if all I did was make sure that Britney blew a load in my pussy, ass, or mouth twice a day, I think it would get old. I want love, too, you know? It would get really lonely just acting as some sort of masturbation sleeve.”

“Wow. Okay, but I have to find someone with tremendous sexual endurance who will fall in love with me... That sounds really hard.”

Britney said, “I know. I feel so lucky.”

They chatted for a while about Britney's and Joy's story. Joy talked about how she didn't ever really feel like a girl, except sometimes when she was getting fucked. Britney talked about how one of the other macroclit women she knew had committed suicide and how Maggie had to be stronger. They discussed the total lack of funding for research into cures-- it wasn't a fatal disease, and it was politically difficult to fund any magical research.

Then, they key turned in the door, and Beth was there with Nichelle and Anna. Nichelle had saddlebags. "Hey, guys!" said Beth.

"Hi," Joy and Britney responded in unison.

"We brought a care package," Nichelle said.

"Thanks," Maggie said. "I was wondering where Beth was."

"Well," said Beth, "we were having a conversation, and we may be able to help you, all three of you, actually."

"What?" Joy asked. "What do you mean?"

Nichelle said, “We got to talking about your condition and how there was no cure. I talked about some of the reasons why there wasn’t one.”

“Magical ‘diseases,’” Britney used air quotes, “aren’t researched by anybody. Magical research is totally unfunded.”

“That’s true, but there are particular reasons for this stuff being so hard,” Nichelle responded.

“Also,” Anna interjected, “it might involve unwanted consequences.”

“You mean unintended?” Joy asked.

“Maybe. It’s sort of complicated. We’re not even sure what we want to do will work. We do know that if what we plan works, the cure involves transformation,” Nichelle said.

“Cure?” That was the first time Maggie had heard that word without “no” in front of it.

“We think. Maybe.” Nichelle did not want to instill false hope.

“I wouldn’t have to deal with this thing down here again?” Maggie asked, pointing to her crotch.

“Well, you’re stuck with that,” said Anna.

“Oh. Then, it’s not a cure.”

“We think we can fix the contagious part,” Anna went on.

“That’s great!” Joy said. “I mean, it doesn’t matter to me and my girl so much anymore, but it would take away that fear.” Joy was petite, so her sudden excitement made her into a cute, bouncing ball of enthusiasm.

“Don’t get too excited,” Anna warned. “Like I said, we don’t even know if it will work, and whether it works or not, it will involve some pretty hefty transformations. It won’t be any of that easy-to-hide stuff that you saw at the party. You’ll be looking down double cleavage like me at the very least.”

“Okay, do we get to pick?” Joy asked.

“Pick?”

“Yeah, like can I pick the transformation?”

Nichelle said, “We don’t know yet, but even if you do, it might not go exactly as planned. Here’s the deal: for something like this to work, we need all three of the principal components of

magical control. We need really thorough names, your full given names, your online avatars, elementary nicknames, that sort of thing. The more we have for the spell, the better. Then, we need contagion..."

"I've got that!" said Britney.

"No, magical contagion. Things that have contacted you, especially if they're related to your circumstance. The easy stuff will be bodily fluids, but if you have more, like what you were wearing when you were transformed or became a carrier, we need that stuff. The more you have, the more likely we are to succeed."

"Oh. I'll see what I have."

"Finally, there's sympathy. We need something that is similar to what you have. At first, we thought that would have to be a sample of a virus or something, but we don't think that would work. Beth, though, she's a genius."

"You bet your knockers I am!"

"Right, she mentioned that the Be Your Sexiest!® dildos look like your macroclits. They're magical, and there is little reason for them to look



like that, so we think that there is a fundamental magical link.” Anna smiled.

“This is good, I think,” Maggie said.

“It is. There is only one problem: we only have one dildo, and it’s sympathetic to Beth.”

“It really does understand me,” Beth japed.

“Uh huh. We need more,” Nichelle said.

“So, I have to wait until some Be Your Sexiest!® shelves show up at a random convenience store?” Maggie asked.

“Maybe. Maybe not. I’ve picked up a bunch of crap on questionable magic websites over the years,” Nichelle said. “One of the things I picked up was this spell, sort of, you could use to summon a Be Your Sexiest!® shelf. I’ve never tried it, of course. It could go wrong, like you get all of the effects from their products at once or something. Also, it requires you to act kind of weird in public.”

“Shouldn’t be a problem for you,” Maggie said.

“Oh, but it is! Anyone watching would see that you had summoned a bunch of ‘dangerous’

magic into a public place. You can get into all kinds of trouble for that.”

“Oh. Well, it’s too much of a risk,” Maggie said.

“I never said that. You’re worth the risk, but we should be sneaky. We need a normal looking person to slip in and put up flyers. Anna and I can attempt the magic from nearby.”

Joy said, “I’m small. I can be inconspicuous.”

Beth broke in, “Yeah, you could wear a stealthy skintight catsuit and go all superspy!”

Maggie’s erotic imagination did not need that. She groaned. All of these women in the room, and none of them could help her out.

“Be careful with your words, girls,” Britney said. “She’s gonna need relief soon.”

“Oh, sorry,” Beth said. She remembered the events of the morning. That made her a little scared. “But, we brought you that care package!” She handed it to Maggie.

Inside, there was a very nice vibrator and a high-end masturbatory sleeve, along with a big

bottle of personal lubricant. Maggie smiled.

“Thanks. Um, these look expensive.”

Nichelle said, “No worries. I make some money selling spells and potions. If this stuff works, I could get pretty rich, I think. Now, go and get some relief!”

Maggie hurried out of the room and the rest of the crowd conspired.

Due to her concussion, Maggie sat in the van with Nichelle, Beth, and Anna. Chris, Nichelle’s boyfriend, was in the driver’s seat. Nichelle and Anna had removed the rear seat for their roll-out spell mat. Joy and Britney had Bluetooth earpieces, and Chris had a conference call on speakerphone. “We are approaching the cosmetics section,” Joy said.

“Just let us know if anything goes wrong,” Anna said nervously.

“Roger,” Joy responded. Anna sighed. Chris held in a chuckle.

Nichelle evidently felt the need to be in charge. “Remember, put up the papers such that the little triangles point down.” The spell involved

printouts of magical runes being put up in the drug store.

“I told you we shoulda gotten double-sided tape,” Britney grumbled.

“Shhh...” Anna appeared extremely nervous. Her lower arms were down her skirt, and she was certainly playing with herself. They did that on their own when she was edgy or too distracted. Her friends were used to it.

A long silence later, Joy said, “We’re set. Exfiltrating now.”

“Use normal words, goddammit!” Anna exclaimed.

“I’m starting the spell,” Nichelle offered. She began chanting over different symbols on her mat, pointing her finger in some important order.

“Oh, hell, some chick was taking pictures of us,” said Britney.

“Get out, now!” Anna screamed. The speakerphone crackled with noise as the girls’ microphones rapidly brushed their clothing and took in wind.

“Clear!” Joy exclaimed.

Nichelle sighed. “Spell’s done.” In the drugstore, there was a bright pink flash, and Joy and Britney reached the van and fell in. “Now, it’s our turn, Beth.”

Beth had a huge grin. This whole thing was ridiculous. Nichelle stepped out, and Beth had to admit that she made the best ride. Since Nichelle had four legs and an extra torso between them, Beth could lie horizontal, and Nichelle did not tire quickly. They saw a woman take a photo of their van before she got into her own car. “Nothing we can do about that,” Beth offered.

“Nope,” said Nichelle. That was worrying, but there was no point chasing. That would only make them look guiltier. When they got inside, though, something was wrong. The cashier was not at his post, and they could hear some sort of panicked conversation near the spell’s target. They got there quickly and found a woman covered in purple glitter arguing with the clerk.

“You must put your clothes back on, ma’am!” He was desperately offering her a skirt and blouse.

“I can’t. The thought of clothes makes me feel sick!” Her whole body was a wonder of sparkle and color.

“But ma’am! We have a policy against nudity in our stores, unless you carry a valid nudity permission form.”

“I... Whatever happened, it happened just now!”

“Nonsense! There is no magic in this store!”

“What do you call your Be Your Sexiest!® shelves?” She pointed toward the newly amended aisle.

He looked over there. “I see our cosmetics section, Ma’am. Don’t make me call the cops.”

Nichelle couldn’t take it anymore. “Excuse me, ma’am. I can be of service. Follow me, please.”

The bewildered and bedazzled woman complied. On their way out, Nichelle asked, “What happened?”

“These two characters were acting weird, putting up posters and looking around with shifty

eyes,” she said. “This other customer took pictures, and I went to look at the poster, and ‘poof!’ I had to take off my clothes.”

“It was magic,” Nichelle offered, suddenly feeling fearful. “Um, I know a thing or two about magic. I have a friend who does, too.” They left the woman in the van with the others and returned to the store. “Okay, we have two chores now. See if you can find those dildos, and I’ll look for the glitter.”

A few minutes later, Nichelle had a jar of magic glitter, and Beth awkwardly held a dozen dildos in her hand. The clerk dutifully sold them the goods, and the darted back to their ride. Anna stepped out.

“Patricia here, she was caught in the spell. I don’t know much else.”

“Okay, I’ve got a different container of glitter. I think it’s our only lead. I mean, she had to get the effect of one of the products, right?” Nichelle handed Anna the jar.

“Let’s see. Be Your Sexiest!® Body Glitter. You’ll want to always show off your beautiful, sparkly look with our fantastic shine! The magic

lasts for days! Warning: do not apply more than a thimbleful. Crap. We're boned."

"I wish," offered Beth.

"I'd bet dollars to donuts that an over-application results in permanency. Shit. This is my fault. I didn't think about a risk to anyone else."

"What do we do?" Beth asked. The gravity of the situation was sinking in.

"Um, I guess we tell the truth," Anna offered.

"Yeah, we have to do that. Patricia," Nichelle called. "Come out. We have to talk."

She emerged from the van, looking extremely confused. "Okay, do you know what's going on?"

"Yes," Nichelle offered. "You were accidentally caught in a spell. My spell."

"Oh my."

"Yes, and I think the effects are permanent. Now, I will do my best to get it undone, but here's



what I know: that glitter won't come off, and you can't wear clothes."

Patricia wretched. "God! I can't stand clothes. I don't know what I ever saw in them!"

By then, the others stepped out of the vehicle. Now that there was slightly better light, Maggie got a good view of the naked woman. On a fundamental level, that view was delightful, even if the situation itself was probably quite bad. The woman may have been past her prime, but she still did it for Maggie. She had large enough breasts that Maggie could imagine stuffing her clit between them, and she was only slightly overweight. The glitter combined with her thick pubic hair, though, so Maggie couldn't make out the shape of the pussy. Oh crap, Maggie thought, I'm starting to lift my skirt! Her clit was jutting out enough that she had to sit down on the in the door opening of the van to have any chance of covering herself.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but don't you remember wearing clothes when you came here?" Anna asked.

"Yes, don't remind me! To be covered in such filth!"

“Well, the magical accident is what made you find clothing so disgusting.”

“Great! I mean, something had to.”

“Could we take you home, ma’am?” Chris asked.

“I have a car.”

“Okay, could we make sure you get back okay?”

“Sure.”

They followed her back to her house. Someone else was already home. It turned out to be her husband and daughter. They were appalled, of course, and the crew did everything that they could to explain the situation. Patricia would have to get a public nudity exemption waiver from the court, and that wasn’t too hard. Socially, though, she was in for some trouble. She worked as a human resources clerk at the university, so she saw people all day long. Some of the mental whammy was wearing off by the time the crew left, and Patricia’s concept of social propriety returned. She still had a visceral reaction to clothing, but she started to feel embarrassed and understood the implications of her

coming troubles. Her anger rose before the group left her home, and she made legal threats.

Maggie spent Sunday holed up in her room with a giant bottle of sports drinks and some nice sex toys. Her mother had called to apologize, and they had a good cry over the phone. She asked a lot of embarrassing questions, but Maggie did not share her friends' crazy plan. She was sure that her mother would not approve of those shenanigans. Beth eventually came back to the apartment to return to her usual homebody ways. While she trusted Maggie, she pragmatically installed a lock on her bedroom door.

On Monday morning, Nurse Gree called. "I have arranged a special meeting for you and the other carriers this afternoon. The conditions are that they are allowed to air their personal grievances at the beginning of the meeting but that after that, you can talk about how you need help with relief."

"Yeah, okay. I can take three angry women."

"Four, I'm afraid."

“Four? How?” This was only getting worse.

“One of the other carriers may have shared the curse with a woman.”

“Yeah, Simon was way too much of a ladies’ man.”

Nurse Gree chuckled. “Funny enough, it wasn’t Simon. Josh apparently had a girlfriend.”

Of the whole group, Josh was Maggie’s best prospect, since there was the least bad blood between them. Another girl would complicate things. “Huh. Okay, what time?”

“Be in at 2pm. You can come in the back door. I’ll have someone waiting for you.”

The orderly escorted Maggie into a conference room where two women, plus Nurse Gree, already sat. One was an Asian woman with short hair and a vigorous build. She wore a Pokemon t-shirt and sweat pants. Next to her sat a brown-haired young woman in a tank-top, blouse, and blue jeans. She was a overweight and had a scowl that would have made her look like an angry biker chick, if she wasn’t dressed so casually.

Maggie guessed these were former Josh and the (ex?) girlfriend.

“We’ll wait for the others for an introduction,” Nurse Gree said to keep the awkward silence an awkward silence and not an awkward string of invectives. A couple of minutes later, the other two arrived. Maggie got a better look at the black woman with short hair who had snapped at her when she came into the doctor’s office on Saturday, since she wasn’t wrapped in a heavy coat. She was short and busty, and despite a total lack of makeup, she had a very cute face. A cute and angry face, anyway. She wore a camisole and slacks, since she had apparently decided to go shopping. The other woman was dressed up like she was going to work out in the 1980s, having a shirt torn down under the armpits and spandex tights. She was built like a fitness junkie and had a blonde buzzcut. Maggie assumed that they were Vance and Simon.

“Great, you’re here. We’ll get names first.” Nurse Gree pointed to the Asian woman.

“I’m Josh,” she said. “Okay, you said to pick a new female name to fit in, so I took your advice and picked Josephine, Josie for short.”

“I’m proud of you. It’s important to accept things soon.” She then nodded to the woman sitting next to her. “And your name?”

“I’m Amber.”

“Thanks, Amber. And you?”

The girl in the gym clothes said, “Simon. I guess it has to be Simone now.”

“Right, and you?”

“Vance. I have not picked out a new name.”

“It’s a big decision. Give it some more time. Finally, one more patient.”

“I’m Maggie. Most of you knew what I looked like already.” Maggie was trembling in fear. The stares from the others felt like icy daggers that would soon be thrust into her heart.

“Now that that is out of the way,” Nurse Gree said, “we will allow for some brief airing of grievances. Who wants to go first?”

“I do,” Vance said. She steeled herself, then began raging, “You did this! I was perfectly happy meeting all sorts of cool people at a party, and you came along and fucking did this to me! I liked being a man. I liked my soccer league. I’m proud

of my Eagle Scout badge. Then, you come in, and first, you sully my idea of sex. I like commitment. I think sex should mean something, and then you took advantage of me.” She took a deep breath. “Fuck. We were all wound up from the magic we saw that night, and you had to come along and use me like a piece of meat.” She stopped, but she continued to glare at Maggie who looked back in sheepish surrender.

“Maggie, would you like to say anything?” Nurse Gree asked.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know.”

“You sure as fuck knew that I thought sex should mean something. I fucking told you as much.”

“You did, and I was selfish.”

“Fucking right, you were.”

“Alright, Anyone else?”

“So, I feel like it was my bad,” Simone piped up. “You told me to put on a condom, and I didn’t. Um, I was supposed to do that, and maybe I wouldn’t be here if I put it on. I agreed to fuck you, so yeah, it’s not your fault, honey.”

“Thanks, I guess,” Maggie replied. She had not expected Simone to say anything like that, since Simon had been such a lunkhead when they met.

“Josi or Amber, who’s next?”

Josi raised her hand. “I’ll go. I don’t know what to say. I mean, I was kind of looking for a good time at the club, and you came along. We had sex, and that was cool, I guess. I didn’t think too much of it. You didn’t rape me or anything.” Josi looked to Amber and saw a scowl on her face. “You did kind of ruin my life, though.”

“I’m sorry. I wish I knew.”

Before Nurse Gree could move the conversation on, Amber stepped in. “I don’t know you, but in two weeks, you have completely wrecked my life. There are not that many good guys out there, and I finally stepped forward and found someone, and you had already given him some pervert disease. Fuck! I am not attracted to women, but I loved Josh. He was kind and gentle and funny. Still is, I guess, but he’s not a he, and that’s not how I roll. Now? I can’t even sleep with dudes, condoms or not, and I really, really want to.”



“I know!” Maggie jumped in. “When I caught it, that’s all I wanted to do. Jump someone’s bones. That’s why I slept with Josh.”

Perhaps realizing for the first time that she had some sort of strange common ground with Maggie, Amber relaxed. “Oh. That’s why.”

“Yeah. I’m glad you know what I didn’t.”  
Tears welled up in more than a few eyes.

Nurse Gree let that go on for a few minutes, then said, “Okay, now that we have that out of the way, more or less, there is another item on the agenda. Maggie here is suffering in a slightly different way than you are. Want to explain, Maggie?”

Maggie swallowed. Then, she started, “If you didn’t already know, the disease or curse or whatever it is made my clitoris huge, and I need frequent relief, or I...”

“It’s okay.”

“Or I... Okay, when I first woke up with it, I tried to rape my best friend. You have no idea how awful that is.” Several faces grew wan.

“Amber, you know how much you want to find a guy right now?” Amber nodded. “Yeah, I

wish I could feel that in control. It's like that Orwell story with the elephant. It's not the point of the story, but there's this bull elephant that's wrecking everything, and someone has to put it down. He's so angry, because he wants to fuck a girl elephant. He's destroying a village and killing people. I'm that elephant."

"What she means," Nurse Gree interjected, "is that she has a very unnatural sex drive."

"A porno, a fist, and a cold shower always worked for me," Vance said.

"And it barely does for me," Maggie responded. "I've got some nice toys, and it feels good, but the curse does something else. It... I, uh..."

"What she means to say is that unless she gets pleasure from someone else, it doesn't help very much."

"It's like the difference between wanting to rape every woman in the room and just fantasizing about what they could do with you. Strike that. It's not a simile. It's just that. It sucks, and it hurts."

"Are we supposed to feel extra pity for you?" Vance asked.

“No,” Nurse Gree stepped in. “Maggie needs someone who can help her orgasm two to five times everyday to feel normal. That person needs to be a carrier.” The room got quiet again.

“Fuck no,” Vance said. “This is her fault more than anyone else’s.”

“I’m putting you down as a solid no, Vance. Okay, we aren’t asking for volunteers. We just want you all to be aware. There are other carriers out there, so we’re putting out the word. I’m warning you, though. The CDC, the NIH, the World Health Organization? They barely give a shit about you girls’ plight. You’d best be proactive in helping each other. I’m not even sure that this institution is going to be reimbursed by insurance, so you might be getting bills. It sucks, but that’s the way it is.” Her pronouncement was met with low grumbles of agreement. “With that out of the way, it’s time to go. If you don’t have each other’s contact information, get it. Bye.”

Friday afternoon, Maggie got a text message from Nichelle saying that they had some spells to try. Chris was to pick her up, so she and Beth went to Nichelle’s apartment and met with the same group who had done the drugstore job. An occult

circle sat on the floor, and both Nichelle and Anna sat in it nude.

“Great! You’re here. We think we have made important progress, namely we have come up with a way to test whether someone carries your curse.” Nichelle beckoned Maggie to her. “We realized that once we removed the ability of the curse to spread, we would have no way to find out whether it worked without risking infecting others. Pursuing this path has helped us learn about how to remove the curse, too. We had to draw new runes. We’re still missing the fundamental one for your curse, though.”

“Okay,” Maggie said as she approached the two hotties. She swallowed and asked, “What do you need me to do?”

“First, strip,” Anna said.

“Um, okay,” Maggie responded. At this point, she only really had three pieces of clothing on anyway, and two of them were sandals. She slipped out of those and then lifted her sundress over her head. She then gingerly walked to the other two. “I’m probably gonna get hard soon,” she said.

“Yep,” Britney added. “I’m most of the way there myself.”

Chris chimed in, too. “When you date someone like Nichelle, expect a lot of hard-ons.” Britney gave him a fistbump.

Nichelle and Anna had Maggie lay down on the floor in the center of the magical circle. They had suspended one of the dildos on a string hanging from a mutilated desk lamp, and they scooted it over to Maggie. Then, they cast their spell. It only took them a minute, but once it was over, the dildo started spinning rapidly.

“Alright! We cast that on Chris earlier, and nothing happened,” Anna said. “It’s not much, but I think we can tell whether someone has the curse or not.”

“That’s a pretty big deal,” Joy said. “No one knew how to do that.”

“We want to check another kind of carrier, if you don’t mind.” Joy got into the circle, and they repeated the spell. Once again, the dildo spun.

“You said something about a new rune,” Maggie said.

“Yes, do you mind coming back over here?”  
Nichelle asked.

“Sure.” Once again, Maggie lay on the floor.

“I’m going to have to ask you to do something that is going to be hard, okay?” Nichelle said.

“Um, okay. What?”

“I’m going to have to paint runes on your clitoris when it’s erect. This spell will probably take ten or fifteen minutes, because it’s really difficult.”

“Paint?” she asked.

“Yep, paint. It’s going to be about the worst tease that you can imagine. Now, I’ve got some bondage gear that will help, if you need something to keep you still.”

Maggie swallowed hard. “That would be a good idea.” Ten minutes later, was spread eagle on the floor, each limb handcuffed to a piece of furniture. To keep her from screaming, she had a ball gag. The whole ordeal already had her fully erect, a bit of pre-cum dripping from her phallus’s tip. She whined. She needed to fuck one of these

girls soon, and there they were, most of them naked, and she couldn't move or even beg. She could feel her ass get wet with the secretions from her quivering pussy. Her small nipples were pebbles on her pert breasts, and her vaginal muscles were spasming involuntarily.

“Here we go, sweetheart,” Nichelle said as she set to work with her brush. Maggie felt the cool wet paint spread onto her most sensitive organ. She could feel Nichelle's breath across her thighs. Her body jolted, and she felt herself pulling against the restraints. She tried to scream, but of course, the gag muffled the sound.

Anna was right there. “It will be okay, Maggie! We will make this all better soon. I promise.” It was unclear whether the suffering Maggie nodded her head, since her whole body was heaving against the cuffs. Still, she felt each tantalizing brushstroke. Her buttocks slid easily on the hardwood floor, since she lubricated it herself. Every few seconds, a new pulse of pre-cum spurted from the tip of her she-cock. Maggie was out of her mind with anger and need, but Nichelle dutifully painted on, making sure that her brush strokes were accurate.

After what seemed like an hour to the room, Nichelle announce, “The runes have been laid forth. Now, I will cast the spell. After that, someone must give her a handjob. Who will that be?”

“Can you catch this with a handjob?” Chris asked.

“Maybe,” Nichelle responded. “We don’t know completely, but there is a low risk.”

“Then, I’ll do it,” Beth said. “Maggie helped me out of a little jam like this a couple of weeks ago. I’ll do it.”

Nichelle chanted some words and set a dish on Maggie’s belly. The runes she painted began pulsing with light. “Just make sure that most of it goes in there.”

Beth nodded and got to work. She gave a long stroke to start, and Maggie’s body stiffened. The clitoris itself was hot and rigid, though the surface had give. Using Maggie’s pre-cum, Beth began pumping the organ with two hands.

Anna got close to Maggie’s ear. “Beth is stroking you. Won’t you cum for her?”

Maggie would have screamed if she could have. A veritable torrent of her jizm sprayed out,



much of it going over her own head. Beth carefully put the bowl in place as she continued to stroke. After the first explosion, the subsequent ejaculations reduced, and after a full minute of orgasm, Maggie relaxed, and her friends began untying her.

Nichelle spoke a few more mystical words, and the swirls in the bowl reformed, indicating the run she sought. Anna scribbled it down.

Unbound, Maggie got to her knees. “Never do that again! That hurt.”

“No, sweetie, not again,” Nichelle said. “We got what we needed. Give us a few days, and I think that we can keep you or anyone else from spreading this thing.”

“I need a shower,” Maggie said.

“No, I am not giving you regular handjobs, Maggie. I am not into girls. I just owed you one.” Beth rolled her eyes.

“What about the time, I let you play with your breasts while we played video games?”

“You know what? I’ve seen you masturbate, too, so no dice. Besides, you wouldn’t let me play with your tits.”

“I’d love to let you play with them now!”

“Yeah, well, that boob bug juice wore off. I’m just not that into titties.”

“Oh.” Maggie was genuinely crestfallen.

“Besides, they confirmed that I didn’t catch it that time, but who knows what the risk is? Maybe I got lucky.”

“Yeah, I know. Plus, I still felt my usual horny self afterward.”

“Okay, I’ll tell you what. I’m willing to make some accommodations. Let’s make some more liberal rules for this apartment.”

“Okay, what?” Maggie was intrigued.

“I’ve been around a lot of naked people recently, and I’ve been naked around a lot of people recently. It wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be. So long as we don’t have guests, you are free to be as nude as you want. Just keep that thing at least three feet away from my face. Six feet when it’s

hard.” Beth pulled herself up into her workout setup.

“Second, you can jerk off anywhere except the kitchen and my bedroom so long as you immediately clean up.”

“Even if you’re there?” Maggie asked.

“Only if you promise not to stare at me while you do it. Also, you don’t get to bring porn out of your room. I don’t want to know what you’re jerking off to.”

“Okay. I like this. I’ll let you be naked anywhere, and you can jill off whenever or wherever you want, especially if it’s in my room.” Maggie wore an impish smirk.

“Yeah, I don’t think I’ll be taking advantage, but I appreciate the latitude.”

“I just want it to be fair,” Maggie offered. Before Beth could quip back, there was a knock at the door. “You expecting anyone?”

Beth shrugged. “No.”

Josephine, formerly known as Josh, stood on the other side. She had a nervous look to her as she awkwardly clutched a purse. “Hi.”

“Come on in, Josi!” Maggie beckoned.

“Um, okay.”

“What’s up?” Beth offered.

“I’m, uh. I came to talk to Maggie.”

“Ah, so you’re here to get fucked,” Beth offered.

“Oh, I should, uh, go. Another time, maybe” Josi looked absolutely horrified.

“Whoa, there. Beth, behave yourself.”  
Maggie was certainly wanting some pussy, but she knew that Josi could be scared off at any moment.  
“It’s alright, Josi. It’s cool.”

“Yeah, okay. I’m just scared is all.” She reluctantly sat on the sofa. Beth started to get up.  
“No, stay. It’s okay.”

“Okay, what did you want to talk about?”  
Maggie asked.

“Well, I thought that I could maybe help you with your problem, but I don’t want to go too fast.”  
Josi’s face was beet red.

“Oh.” Maggie’s organ twitched under her skirt. Evidently, Josi saw it and averted her eyes. “I’m sorry. I don’t mean to...”

“It’s okay. We both have to deal with new anatomy.”

“Right,” Maggie said. “It’s probably worse for you.”

“Yeah, a lot changed. I feel weaker. I have to sit down when I pee. I have to deal with breasts. Everything still feels weird. Plus, with this curse, I feel like I’m a danger to society.”

Maggie nodded. “I kind of know what you mean. By the way, I’ve got some friends who can perhaps help us.”

Josi looked intrigued. “Help?”

“Yeah, I have some friends who work with magic. They might be able to stop the contagiousness problem.”

“Really? But they can’t make me male again, can they?”

“No. Apparently, magic doesn’t work like that. From what I understand, if they figure out

how to make the spell work, then they could take out the contagious part.”

Beth cut in, “At a cost. You’d have to be further transformed. They think that they can burn out the contagious part by using it to power a transformation spell.”

Josi started shaking a little. “Further transformed,” she said. “Okay, I’d have to think about it.”

“Right,” said Maggie.

“Um, so I want to help you with your problem,” Josi said.

“Yes,” Maggie said, drawing out the ess, perhaps a little too long. “So, when... or how?”

“I don’t know. See, I’ve never had sex as the person being penetrated, okay? I liked doing the penetrating. Now, it seems like it would be scary.”

Maggie and Beth both nodded. Then, Beth said, “It’s not so bad. It can feel really nice, and if you’re up to it, it feels more than nice. Pretty much everyone’s afraid the first time.”

Maggie then offered, “You know, I’ve got experience there. I’ve never put it in, but I’ve had

penises in me, so I know what to be careful about. I promise that if you want to help me, I will work hard to make it easy for you.”

“Yeah, I like that,” Josi said. “I’ve, um, just used my hands a little. It was weird, but it wasn’t bad.”

“That’s good,” Maggie said, trying to get the image of a masturbating Josephine out of her head, mostly unsuccessfully. “I don’t want to pressure you, but I probably am. I can’t help it. When? When can we...?”

Josi sighed. “Do you have any booze?”

Beth scurried toward the kitchen. “Do you like beer or whiskey?” she asked.

They had chatted for a bit, discussing video games, classes, and the like. Beth brought Josi up to speed on the Society for the Acceptance of the Transformed and those members who actively used magic. Josi found that interesting but kind of crazy. She also agreed to meet Joy and talk about her life. Eventually, Josi said she was ready to go to Maggie’s room and see what would happen.

“Remember, for most girls, sleeping with men is kind of risky, right?” Maggie said, trying to keep herself under control. She wanted to fuck badly, but she also wanted to do this right. “You don’t get so many risks with me.”

“Okay, I can’t get... pregnant with you, right?” Josi’s speech was a little slurred. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were a little glassy.

“Right. This curse also makes you immune to STIs, so that won’t happen.”

“Cool.”

“Now, men sometimes beat women.”

“Yeah, I had a guy friend who got beaten up by his girlfriend one time.”

“Um, yeah. That happens, but it happens the other way more often, so if you ever start dating men, you have to know it’s a threat.”

“I don’t wanna date men,” Josi said. “I don’t wanna look gay or nuthin’.”

“Wait, you’re...”



“Got ya!” Josi’s stern look immediately went clownish. “I’m okay with gay people. I’m a lezz... I’m a lesbian now.”

“Yeah, me too.”

“I’m gonna kiss you, now.” Josi clumsily pawed at Maggie’s head and pulled her close. She gave a soft and gentle kiss, despite her sloppiness. Maggie let her lead for a bit, feeling like she should take some care to let the newly transformed woman ease into the situation. After a couple of minutes of kissing, each keeping their hands limited to caressing the head, shoulders, and back, Josi said, “I wanna touch your boobies.”

“You can do that. I want to touch yours, too.”

“Yeah, okay.” Josi’s eyes looked a bit distant as she contemplated that. Their shirts were off, and Josi’s hands cupped Maggie’s perky breasts, playfully pinching her nipples. In turn, Maggie reached up and squeezed Josi’s tits, each being a bit more than a handful. She rolled Josi’s large nipples between her fingers, eliciting a surprised gasp from the new girl. Josi stopped moving her hands, apparently overwhelmed by the novel sensations.

“It’s okay, honey. Lay back, and I’ll induct you into the infielder’s team for second base.” Josi nodded and lowered herself onto the bed. “These sensations are new, I know, but you’re stuck with them, and we should--” tweak-- “make sure you get the most of them.” Maggie continued fondling Josi’s breasts and pinching her nipples. Josi gasped and cooed. “Do you want me to suck one of them?”

“Uh huh...” Josi nodded slowly, mesmerized, and Maggie put a nipple into her mouth. For some reason, this act felt absolutely right. She felt that breasts really could be fun toys, so she kept at it for a time, occasionally looking up to Josi’s sexy face. To Maggie, the face of a woman experiencing pleasure now seemed sublimely beautiful. Then, Josi said, “I’m, uh... I...”

“What is it, honey?” Maggie said, deepening her voice into a sultry purr.

“I’m really... You know, down there, I’m really...”

“You’re wet, aren’t you? You pussy is really juicy now, isn’t it?” Josi nodded. “You want me to suck on it, too?” Josi reluctantly nodded. “Take off your pants.” Josi pulled down her sweatpants and panties, exposing her bushy groin to

Maggie. A few beads of moisture glistened around the lips. Maggie put herself to work, using her long in some long licks from vaginal opening north to the clit. Josi sighed and breathed in sharply. “I’m gonna be honest, honey. I’ve never done this part before.”

“Okay. All I know is what I’ve done... Mmm...” Maggie continued licking with her whole tongue. “I could never really, ooh. I could never really tell what worked.”

“Mmm hmm...”

“Yeah, that feels nice. Could you keep your mouth up fr... Yeah, like that! Oh, wow! Swirls...” Maggie worked on her clit, tasting Josi’s tangy twat. She rolled it around with her tongue and flicked it. She gently sucked on it. Then, Josi said, “Could you put... Oh god... I want you in...”

“You want me to fuck you?”

“Yes.”

“Say what you want, honey.”

“I want you to put your clit in me.”

Josi looked a bit desperate, but Maggie was having fun with the teasing. “Where do you want me to put my clit?”

“In me... In my pussy.”

“Okay, here we go, then.” Maggie looked down at her skirt. Her hardened macroclit had lifted it up, so she finished disrobing and lined herself up. “Gently,” she reminded herself out loud. Of course, she wanted to ram it in, but she also wanted to practice restraint. She cared about Josi’s well-being. She put the tip in, and Josi spread her labia with her hands. Maggie took her time sliding in, enamored with the warm and silky feel of the twitching and very wet vagina. When she reached more resistance, she stopped. Josi had an ecstatic look on her face, but Maggie still wanted to make sure. “You want me to move it?”

“Yes, please.” Maggie started thrusting, and Josi gripped down on the generous phallus. She felt the weight of tits dangling over Josi and lowered her chest until they brushed up and down against Josi’s, the nipples sliding against each other. This, too, felt right and perfect to Maggie. After half a minute of thrusting, Josi said, “Wait!”

It was all Maggie could do to stop feeling those amazing sensations. “What is it, honey?”

“I, um... My clit...”

“Oh, you want to touch your clit?”

“Yes.”

“Play with yourself for me, and I’ll keep going.” Maggie renewed her efforts as Josi reached down and massaged her clit.

“Okay. This is awesome!” Josi blurted out. “Fuck me harder!” Maggie needed little encouragement, as she picked up the pace. The act of thrusting was new to her, but it felt natural, and the wild squeezing and releasing of Josi’s desperate cunt was pure delight. “Oh, yes!” Josi cried as she felt the wave of an orgasm hit her. She was screaming in pleasure, and that sound sent Maggie over the edge. Once again, the dam burst, and Josi’s pussy filled with Maggie’s strange spunk. Maggie felt like all of the previous ejaculations just were getting the right stuff out. This time, though, this time, it poured out, and after an unmeasurable amount of time, Maggie stopped cumming. Josi looked completely dazed as Maggie pulled herself out, her erection already greatly diminished.

“Thank you,” Maggie said.

“That was really amazing,” Josi responded, her body covered in sweat and juices. “Um, I’m going to lay here for a bit.”

“You do that,” Maggie said. For the first time since her transformation, Maggie’s mind was truly clear. She felt the afterglow of good sex, but she could also think without carnal reminders of a need unsatisfied. She sighed and sat on her chair, thinking about what else needed to be done.

She did get a lot done, really. She caught up on her schoolwork, and she felt really confident about some of the literary analysis she conducted. She got some banking in order. She was almost manic with joy at how much more she could concentrate. She felt generally good, too, as the endorphins from sex stayed in her system for some time. Josi had passed out on her bed, since she was a bit drunk. At about three in the morning, Maggie was getting sleepy. She needed to clean up the bed (the sheets were pretty damp and, quite frankly, smelly.)

“Hey, honey,” Maggie purred. “I need to change the sheets.”

Josi blinked a few times. “Uh, yeah.” She rose up, looking around. “Oh, yeah. I remember.” She stood up, unsure of her footing. “Could I get some water?”

“That would be fine. I can get you some.”

“No, no. It’s cool. You do the bed thing.” She clutched her head some.

“There’s aspirin behind the mirror in the bathroom, too. Oh, and go pee. It helps with hangovers.”

She wandered out and came back with a glass by the time the bed was cleared. Josi said, “That’s the second time we messed up some sheets.”

“We can mess the up again, you know,” Maggie suggested.

“I... I think I’d like that. Right now, sex sounds like a terrible idea. My head is kind of swimming.”

“Of course. I got a lot done, by the way.”

“I know. I was wet but not wet enough to do that to the bed.”

“No, I mean, I got a bunch of work done.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well,” Maggie said, “I haven’t done much homework or anything since the transformation. I’d be reading something, and I could only think about fucking the protagonist or something. It wasn’t good. That sex, though... I finally managed to think straight. It was nice. It *is* nice.”

“Oh, right. You’ve got this libido thing, don’t you?”

“I do. I can’t really control it by myself.”

“Yeah, if you don’t mind, I can help for a while. You and Beth were both really nice to me last night, and you were exactly what I needed when it came to sex. I’m a bit scared, though.”

“What are you scared of?”

“I don’t think I can keep up. Sex with you was great and all, but I remember hearing something about three times a day! That’s, well, that’s crazy!”



“Yeah. Listen, you can always tell me no. I’ll have to figure the other stuff out later. You should also talk to Joy. She has the same problem and manages to cope.” They snuggled together nude under the crisp, fresh sheets. Maggie slept better than she had in a long time.

In the morning, Josi decided to go back to her dorm and get some things. She hadn’t meant to spend the night in the first place, but since it was going to be a weekend of frequent sex, she wanted some supplies. Knowing that Josi was probably hungover, Maggie made a pot of coffee and a breakfast. When Josi got back, she found Maggie wearing nothing but an apron finishing up the bacon.

“That’s kind of sexy,” Josi said as she stepped in.

“I do what I can. Sit at the table; I’m almost done.”

The smell of bacon and pancakes drew Beth out, too, and they enjoyed a hearty breakfast together. There was one major problem with a big breakfast: it wasn’t a good preamble for fucking.

Maggie and Josi then decided to shower together to help digest.

“You’ve got a smooth pussy, and I liked that the night we met. I, uh, haven’t shaved anything myself,” Josi said.

Maggie looked down at Josi thick pubic hair. “I don’t want to make you do anything like that.”

“Yeah, it’s just that I haven’t even shaved my pits. I didn’t know if I should. I mean, it’s not something I needed to do when I was a guy.”

Maggie smiled. “Right. You don’t *need* to shave as a woman, but I like to feel smooth. I hadn’t ever shaved my pussy before that one night, but I’ve really grown to enjoy the feeling.”

“Sure. Makes sense. I’ve never even needed to shave my face on account of my Korean genetics.”

“So, you don’t even own a razor, I guess.”

“No. Would you like me to be smooth like you?”

“Yes, but I’m not going to pressure you.”

“Well, I want to be a giving lover, so I’ll shave.” She reached for the Be Your Sexiest!® razor that rested on the shelf.

“Wait!” Maggie called.

“What?” Josi had already guided the blade to her left armpit.

“It’s...” Josi started a stroke. “It’s too late, I guess.”

Josi continued shaving away. “What’s too late?”

“Um, that’s a Be Your Sexiest!® blade.”

Josi tried to stop but found herself compelled to keep going. “Why can’t I stop?” She asked.

“It’s the magic of the blade. You’ll keep going until all the hair below your neck is gone.”

“Okay, that’s not so bad.”

Maggie smiled again. “Yeah, except that you’re going to be a slutty little exhibitionist for a day.”

“Uh, what do you mean?” She had finished her armpits and switched to her legs. They barely had any hair to begin with, so she went quickly.

“You’re not wearing panties for a month, and you can’t wear anything longer than a microskirt for a day. It gets better after that.”

“Oh dear,” Josi said.

“It’s okay. Beth said it’s fine if you’re naked.”

Josi blushed. “That doesn’t mean I’m fine with it.”

“Yeah, well, get used to it. Personally, I’m not sure I want to wear underwear ever again.”

Josi made it to her groin, and thick black hair fell to the bottom of the bath in clumps. Maggie kept it from getting into the drain. Finally, she shaved her ass, and from neck to toe, she was completely bare. She put the razor on the shelf and spread her arms and legs to show Maggie.

“Yeah, I like that,” Maggie said as she felt a twitch in her clitoris.

“Oh,” Josi said as she grabbed a sponge.  
“What do you like about it?”

“Mmm... I like that I can see your exposed little pussy. Before, all I could really see were your pubes.”

“Yeah, it feels exposed. Right now, I like that, too.” Josi began soaping Maggie’s body, doing her best to be sensual. Maggie felt wonderful. She had felt so alone for the past week that getting some tender loving care from a pretty girl felt amazing. Josi even soaped around Maggie’s very erect macroclitoris, causing Maggie to whimper and gasp. Maggie returned the favor, covering Josi’s curves in suds and delighting in the way that she could guide her hands over the soapy skin. She reached down and gave Josi a little fingering.

“Well, I’m going to let you pick what position we’ll take,” Maggie said.

“Mmm...” Josi was focused on the way Maggie’s finger rolled over her clitoris.”

“What will it be?”

“Woman on top.”

“Which woman?” Maggie said, maybe a bit offended.

“Me. I want to ride you.”

“You’ll be my cowgirl?”

“Oh, shit yes.”

They rapidly dried off. Maggie, feeling simply overjoyed at a new lease on life, however brief it might be, pinched Josi’s butt every time Josi turned away. They then darted into Maggie’s room, and Josi practically slammed the door as Beth put on some headphones. They kissed standing up for a little while to revel in the moment, and finally, Josi pushed Maggie onto her bed.

“Go ahead and mount up!” Maggie said.

“Oh, no, you don’t get away that easily,” Josi responded with a mischievous smirk. “I’m gonna sit on your face before I sit on you clit.” She immediately went through with her plan, shoving her freshly shaven cunt directly into Maggie’s face. Maggie managed some muffled words before she resigned herself to munching on the pussy. It was clearly engorged with desire, and Maggie could immediately taste Josi’s womanhood over the clean soapy flavor left over from the shower. Josi cooed in pleasure as Maggie’s tongue once again rolled her own diminutive clitoris around. “Shit yeah!” she uttered. “You work it!” Maggie did her best,

still unfamiliar with cunnilingus best practices. At the moment, though, her macroclitoris was aching with need.

Once she could get her mouth free, she called out, “Mount it! Now!”

“Nope. You give me one orgasm with your tongue first.”

“Oh, god...” Maggie now had a mission. She could not sway. She had to use her mouth to give another woman an orgasm. She swirled that little button with her tongue, switching between broad strokes and hard flicks. She sucked on it, and she could feel vaginal juices dripping down her chin. Finally, as she could tell that Josi was close to something, she took a deep breath and sucked the clit into her mouth and rapidly rolled it. Josi stood no chance at the latest erotic assault. Her body heaved, and she barked out expletives and various nonsense. Finally, she dismounted Maggie’s soaked face, and Maggie panted deeply, trying to get her oxygen back.

“That was pretty good. Now, I expect some more of those.” Josi seemed to relish this new role. She was very different in the sack than the first time they met, but Maggie was glad for that. She scooted down Maggie’s torso, spreading her

prodigious juices over Maggie's left breast. She then reached down and guided Maggie's almost inflamed macroclitoris into her very ready vagina. "Ooh. Now, I feel all full."

"Yeah," Maggie said, her ability to string sentences together severely compromised. She started to buck her hips.

"No, no, my dear. I'm in control this time." Josi slowly moved up and down, keeping Maggie from getting in the rapid thrusts that she needed to get off. "Easy does it. Now, play with my tits."

Maggie whimpered and nodded. She cupped them and pinched Josi's nipples.

"Yeah, that feels nice," Josi said. "Mmm... You keep that up." Josi gradually increased the pace, rocking herself against the filling clit. When she saw Maggie's eyes rolled back, her mouth agape and drooling, Josi finally said, "Now, fuck me hard!"

Maggie didn't need anymore encouragement. She was about to do so anyway. She bucked her hips as she felt Josi's vagina grip her sensitive shaft. Once again, the backwater welled up, the reservoir full, and the dam burst. They both felt the physical blast of the first few



ejaculations, and Maggie called out in pleasure. Again, it felt wonderful. She loved those sensations, and she even looked forward to do it again. She also enjoyed the feeling of lucidity return so that she could better face life again.

As Josi sat on a towel draining, Maggie said, “I really should talk to Nichelle about that cleanup spell.”

Maggie: How do you cast that clean-up spell?

Nichelle: I’ll send you the file, but it’s pretty easy to do. You just have to use a few simple runes, a chant, and some of the mess.

Nichelle: [Attachment=cleanup.pdf]

Maggie: Thanks.

Nichelle: I thought your new sleeve could contain the mess.

Maggie: I found a partner.

Nichelle: That’s wonderful! Who?

Maggie: It's the first person I infected. So far, she's been really enthusiastic, and it helps so much.

Nichelle: I'm glad. I've just about finished the spell to remove contagiousness, by the way. I think that my method might be able to fix a lot of things.

Maggie: Cool.

Nichelle: I should have it ready tomorrow. Anna is pretty much finished with her part.

Maggie: Wow, that's fast!

Nichelle: Well, magic isn't so hard once you figure out the fundamentals. Anyway, you should come over tomorrow night. We can try it out on you and whoever else needs help.

Maggie: I will do that.

“It's good to see you, Nichelle,” Maggie said as she entered the apartment.

“You, too. And, hi Beth! I see you brought your friend,” Nichelle said. Josi stood awkwardly,

wearing only a miniskirt and a tank top. She was bewildered by Nichelle's unusual form.

"Oh, sorry, this is Josi, my lover. Josi, this is Nichelle."

"Hi, thank you for having us." Josi put her best foot forward.

"Oh, I love trying magic, though tonight will be pretty tense. I want you all to feel comfortable, and if you want to back out, it's okay. By the way, this is Anna." They discussed how the spell would work. It was a complex process involving several focus objects, a lot of runes, and two potions.

"Now, we can't control exactly what will happen with the transformative magic. I put out a lot of runes to redirect it, because it looks like it will be a lot of energy, but it can't leave the circle. If it does, we're all in trouble. The long and short of it is that you will transform, but I don't know how."

Maggie said, "I just want to be done with it. I don't like feeling like a total pariah." She started to disrobe.

"Why are you getting naked?" Josi asked.

"Well, magic works better that way." She then lay down in the magic circle. Anna produced a

Be Your Sexiest!® dildo and a couple of vials of swirling liquid. Nichelle collected the various names that Maggie had given her, along with representatives for sympathy and contagion.

“Okay, Maggie, I’m going to start casting the spell, and Anna will give you the potions when it’s time. She will also insert the dildo into your pussy, since it’s part of the spell. Once Anna gives you the signal, you must use to dildo to orgasm, and at that point, the magic will fire.”

“Right.”

“And, it’s got to be a deep pussy orgasm, so keep your hands off the she-cock.” Nichelle smirked at that.

“Sure,” was all that Maggie could manage. Soon, Nichelle was chanting out lines and pointing a wand at different runes.

Then, Anna said, “Drink.” Maggie did what she was told, and an effervescent coolness flowed through her body. More chanting followed, and Maggie could swear that she saw motes of light dancing around the circle. Then, she felt Anna gently fill her snatch with the dildo. Maggie hadn’t really penetrated herself much lately during the masturbation sessions, and the feeling was almost

novel. It was satisfying, really, like a stiff joint finally popping during a stretch. “Drink,” Anna said again, and Maggie drank what tasted like bad cinnamon liqueur.

Nichelle uttered a few more mystical phrases, and then Anna said, “Fuck yourself.” Maggie appreciated that it wasn’t an insult and smiled. She reached down and began slipping the delightful toy in and out of her wet pussy. Her macroclitoris felt lonesome, but Maggie knew better than to go against Nichelle’s instruction. Quickly, she found a spot, not far from where her G-spot had been and started scratching that itch. She pounded away, feeling her cum slowly ooze from her clit onto her belly. That sensation seemed hot and sexy, so she harnessed that image to hammer the dildo home. She also imagined the morning sex with Josi and how she fondled her cute breasts, feeling the soft and feminine flesh shift beneath her fingers. She found the groove, and she had a great internal orgasm, as she ejaculated from her macroclitoris in sympathy.

That orgasm also gathered the effervescent feeling from the potions into her belly, and she opened her eyes to stare through her cleavage at a gathering pink light. She pulled the dildo out of herself and watched as it raised above her,

Nichelle's wand guiding it toward a rune. Then, it hit that rune and spread through the circle to illuminate all of the arcane symbols there. Tiny pink sparks rose from the circle, and then there was a noisy popping sound as the light gathered back into Maggie.

She felt a sudden sensation of change and sat up. She looked down to see her breasts pulsating. With each heavy heartbeat, they grew slightly and shrank back, but the shrinking was less than the growth. They felt pleasantly warm, like her hands over a radiator after she came in from a snowball fight. She cupped them and realized that her nipples were getting bigger, too. They were sensitive under her pinching fingers. She still felt unsatisfied, of course, since only sex with another person could ever quench her desires, but she was cognizant enough to start to worry. After all, her bosom was starting to feel like it could be unmanageable. The contradiction between the erogenous tingling and the worry about all of the potential inconveniences bothered Maggie, but she resigned herself to the inevitable.

Finally, after several minutes of gradual expansion, they seemed to stop. They were very large breasts indeed, though Maggie had seen some that were bigger. Each was topped with a large

nipple surrounded by an areola that spanned four fingers. The nipples and the areolae were deep ebony with hints of red.

She started to get up, but Anna said, “No, don’t. Your transformation is not yet complete.”

“Oh?” Maggie said. She considered that this transformation was pretty light compared to what she anticipated. She felt the now familiar warmth manifest just below her grand bosom. “Crap, I think I’m going to have four boobs.” Before this point, she knew she could at least be passable as a non-transformed person.

“Sorry, dear,” Nichelle said. Everyone in the room looked worried for their friend, Nichelle included. “Listen, I know you wouldn’t have chosen this, but most transformed people don’t choose it. You can stay strong, okay?”

“Yeah, strong.” Maggie could feel the new nipples developing under her fingers, that same warm feeling comforting her some.

Others gave her some words of encouragement, too. “Don’t worry, Maggie, it just means I get more to play with,” Josi tried.

Maggie smiled, as the two new mammaries finished filling out. “Not yet,” Anna said.

“Shit! What do you mean, not yet?”

“Well, I can still see a faint glow around the circle, so it’s not yet over.” Just then, beneath her new set of tits, another pair of warm spots developed.

“Oh, shit. Six? Really? These things are big enough as it is!”

“Hey, at least you can titfuck yourself,” Beth offered.

“Gee, thanks.” Another couple minutes passed in relative silence, and Maggie’s second pair of brand new boobs finished sprouting. “Now?” she asked, defeated.

“Uh, no, surprisingly,” Anna said. A wave of warmth ran down Maggie’s back, as Maggie felt her lats and rhomboids tense and harden. That process only took a few seconds, and Anna said, “Done.”

Maggie stood up, her great breasts wobbling. “What the hell was that last part?”

“Not sure. What did you feel?” Anna asked.



“Something in my back.” Anna felt around her back.

“Oh, your back muscles adjusted to help you heave those suckers.”

“At least, there’s that,” Maggie said. I wanna sit on the couch.

“Cleanup spell first, dearie!” Nichelle called as she conducted the incantation. Once clean, Maggie relaxed on the sofa, and something about the way her new tits flopped felt really satisfying. “Okay, Josi, if you don’t want to spread it back to Maggie, you’re next,” Nichelle continued.

Josi swallowed. “Well, I wasn’t quite done being comfortable with my new body anyway. It’s better to get it over with before I finally do.”

Nichelle smiled and gathered the needed information for naming magic, sympathetic magic, and contagion while everyone else chatted, trying to cheer up Maggie. Finally, Nichelle announced, “Okay, we’ve got enough potion to finish Josi. Plus, this spell is really tiring. I know I can handle a second casting, but no more after that tonight.”

Josi got into the circle as the spell began. She took the potion and let the dildo slide into her.

She took her second elixir and then followed the instructions from Anna. Being her first time ever doing anything sexual in public, though, Josi was too overwhelmed to do it. “I can’t... I can’t...” she moaned as she tried to fuck herself with the dildo.

Maggie got off the couch and knelt next to the circle, somehow finding her breasts’ rocking motion fun. “Do it for me, Josi!”

Josi nodded. “Mmm-hmm.” Her look suggested that she could use more encouragement.

“Get off for me, baby. We don’t know each other very well, really, but you’re fun and hot. You like getting your pussy pounded for me, don’t you?”

Josi whimpered and moaned an affirmative.

“Well, you need to fuck that slaving cunt of yours, now! You want me to fuck it later?”

“Yes!” Josi screeched. She found a good angle. The sounds of wetness and suction were almost as loud as Nichelle’s chant.

“Look at you, you little slut! Look at how you take it!”

“Oh, yes!” Josi cried. This time, her eyes opened wide, and that pink illumination started to well up over her groin.

“Now, cum!”

“Shit, yes!” Josi exploded in orgasm, her body rolling around the circle. She then pulled the magical dildo out, causing a pop with the suction. Again, the magic fanned out into the arcane writing in the circle and then transferred back into Josi.

“The spell is working!” Anna called.

“Okay, what now?” Josi mumbled, as she was now ready to face her fear. She sat up. “Okay, my legs...” Her skinny leg muscles gradually gained an athletic tone and lengthened. She extended one, showing off like a bomber pinup. “Okay, ass...” She got on her knees and looked back as her previously flat butt filled out into a strong bubble butt. “Mmm... belly.” She wasn’t exactly fat or even overweight before, but her waist tapered inward and developed an enviable feminine six-pack. “Uh, boobs...” Like Maggie’s breasts, Josi’s grew, filling out in her hands. They did not reach half the size of Maggie’s, but they would be considered big by non-transformed people’s standards. The nipples grew, too, poking out in thimble-sized points. “Back...” she said. All the

muscles of her back gained a new, handsome definition within half a minute. “Uh, arms...” They gained the look of a woman who regularly hit the gym. “This isn’t bad at all!” She said excitedly.

“It ain’t over, sweetheart,” Anna said.

“Oh, right. Uh, face.” While she wasn’t unattractive before, her skin cleared up, and her face rearranged itself slightly to take on the look of an American model of Korean descent. (Her eye folds remained intact.) She couldn’t know what she looked like, but if the trend held, she knew she was probably stunning. “Uh, head, like on the inside... What? Why?”

“Uh, mental transformations are possible here, I’m afraid,” Nichelle said. “You’re getting a new fetish or compulsion, I think.”

“Oh, no...”

“What is it?” Maggie asked worriedly.

“I don’t know.”

“It’s over,” Anna announced. She looked to the almost frantic Josi. “What is it?”

“What’s what?” she responded.

“Your new fetish.”

“Um, how would I know?”

Nichelle spoke up. “You probably don’t yet. You’ll figure it out, and you shouldn’t fight it. It doesn’t have to define you, but if you try to reject it, the magic will make it come back to you twice as strong.”

“Oh.”

“It’s okay,” Maggie said. “I want to satisfy you however I can.”

“Really?” Josi said.

“Really. And I promise, no matter what it is, I will help you achieve it. Plus, it might be fun, right? Unless it’s clowns. It’s not clowns, is it?”

Josi thought for a moment. “No, clowns don’t really do anything for me.”

“Good, because I’m terrified of clowns.”