

Order of Operations, Part P

By CurvyCurator

Rosslyn Daniels, known to her friends as Ross, grinned widely as she approached the tree at the edge of the forest. The trek took her a couple hours, and the bright blue sky had recently given way to dark, ominous clouds that threatened to pour rain down upon her. To her though, it was worth it. The tree that towered above her was the one that she was looking for.

To her, the six mile trip was more than worth it. Ross was hounded mercilessly by her friends after their last camping trip in the north woods of Wisconsin. What was supposed to be a fun, relaxing weekend turned into a sour time. Rosslyn was intensely afraid of every little sound she'd heard throughout the first night, she'd gotten ruined by falling into poison ivy, and they were forced to babysit her AND cut the trip short. After that, she'd been labeled "baby Ross" at every turn, including at school. That lovely nickname wasted no time circulating throughout school.

She approached the tree, a thick incense Cedar that was an odd cap in a sea of boxelder and maple trees. A small clearing separated the Cedar from the rest of the trees, and a thick scent preceded it. Rosslyn took a deep breath, the spicy odor invading her nostrils and causing her mouth to go a little dry. **"Finally,"** she exhaled.

Finally fed up with all of the teasing and harassment, Rosslyn demanded that she be told how she could get them to stop. Darla, her friend since their junior year of college, gave her a mischievous look.

Rosslyn stepped past the tree line into the clearing, and found the soil beneath her was much softer than she anticipated. It forced her past her center of gravity, and she splayed her hands out in front of her to catch herself. Embarrassment flooded her cheeks, lessened only by the fact that she was alone. Even in a small moment of triumph, she'd managed to make a fool of herself. She'd been known as one of the most clumsy out of all her friends (the poison ivy incident a testament to that), and even now her reputation decided to rear its ugly head.

"Don't worry, Rosslyn. Just cut some bark off the tree, get back to them, and your friends will stop embarrassing you in public over that stupid trip." She reasoned with herself.

Her brain comforted her with delusions of Alexander, the extremely attractive senior in her Algebra class catching her from such a fall and sweeping her up in his arms. He brushed her curly black afro out of her eyes; His chiseled jaw and piercing blue eyes rendering her paralyzed. She felt her heart flutter as his eyes closed and his lips drew near...

CRASH!

Her lovely reverie was shredded by the sound of thunder. It was punctuated by cold, fat raindrops slamming into her body from above. With disgust, she drew her knees underneath her and stood back up. Mud caked her hands, making her already ebony skin even darker. She gingerly moved forward towards the tree, cleaning the mud from her person. She was going to put all of this behind her, she just had to reach the tree, and--

BOOM!

The crash of thunder caught her off guard, and she rushed towards the tree. If nothing else, she wanted cover from the weather. A couple of dips in the ground caused her to trip and lose her balance a few more times, but soon enough she placed her hand on the rough, cool bark of the tree.

“Thank goddess.” She muttered as she leaned into the base of the tree, embracing it as if it had saved her life. Rosslyn rested against the tree for a few moments, letting the arrhythmic pattering of the rain around her soothe her nerves. A low rumble from the sky reminded her that after her ritual with the tree, she had a full day’s travel back home. Now with the sky torrenting down on her path back home, she began to try and reason out how she was going to get back to her friends without getting completely soaked. Ross shoved her hand into her front jean pocket and pulled out the pocket knife Darla had given her. She unfurled the blade, and plunged the tip into the bark of the tree. She began to cut down-

CRACKA-BOOM!

The horrible sound was followed by a bright flash as lightning collided with the tree, immediately sending electricity through her body and sending her flying away from the base of the tree. Ross’ body slammed hard against the ground as she landed and skidded away, barely conscious. A rough groan gurgled out of her throat as she tried to push herself back up. Pain seared through her right arm as she did so, forcing her to fall face first back into the mud. She sobbed softly to herself, until something caught her attention.

“Child...thank you...You shall be rewarded...”

Rosslyn’s eyes burned as she tried to open them. Orange and yellow flickered in her vision, telltale signs of fire. She felt like she was going to pass out, but suddenly she found that the sound of the rain was gone. Confusion gripped her, and she went to push herself up to find that she couldn’t move. Those feelings of confusion rapidly morphed into panic as she forced her eyes open.

Ross couldn't move. Moreover, she wasn't near the ruined mess of the tree that had injured her moments earlier. She was...in a void of white. She struggled, but her muscles refused to cooperate. She tried to turn her head, but it also refused to work with her. She was stuck staring forward at....

...the largest pair of breasts she'd ever seen.

They pressed obscenely into each other, quivering enticingly. Their skin color matched hers, but they were topped with darker freckles that splattered all over them. Their puffy mocha tips dangled over her face for a few moments, until they draw back away from her. She drew her eyes (the only thing she seemed capable of moving) up above the massive mammaries to look into the face of their owner, but found that she couldn't make out her face over the giant mass of hair that covered it. She went to open her mouth, but found that the woman floating about her placed her hand over her lips.

“Don't speak, child. I am Daphne. I am the one who has saved you. In return for this favor, I will reward you. What shall I give you...?”

Rosslyn's eyes opened wide. *Hosting? What did she mean by that?!* She wanted to ask, but the woman's hand was still over her mouth. She mumbled underneath the hand. She thoughts she was going crazy. Maybe that lightning bolt killed her. She thought of her friends. She thought about how stupid this dare was. She thought of her mom and dad, and Alexander, staring back at her from his seat in their classroom...

“Aha! That is what you wish. Prepare for your reward...”

Without any time for her to react, the woman drew herself up close and mashed her lips up against Rosslyn's. She tried to protest, but she was reminded that her body was incapable of resisting. The pressure against her lips felt...good, actually. As her eyes fluttered closed, it dawned upon her that she didn't actually want to resist. A small voice in her protested that her first kiss was not Alex, the gorgeous boy she'd been lusting after, but rather this mysterious woman who was able to manipulate her body to her will. The pleasure, however, was greater than the small voice that protested with silly things such as logic. Rosslyn barely registered that her mouth drew wide open. She was thinking about how good it felt to have lips pressing against hers, that she didn't notice that they were gone.

Her eyes opened again, and she saw two massive legs at either side of her head. Directly above her...and rapidly lowering, where the woman's massive thighs. They parted and...she closed her eyes. She tried to time when the cleft of the woman was going to reach her.

“MMF!”

Suddenly, her mouth was full. Very full. Her eyes shot open, and found that the woman was literally stuffing herself *inside* of Ross. She tried to struggle and resist, but she could only swallow as the goddess forced more and more of herself inside. Strangely, she found that she could still breathe. Even stranger, she didn't feel the pressure in her throat...but in her hips. She wanted to grab at them, to try and assess what was happening, but she was only able to rely on the warm feeling of her hips pushing themselves apart. The sensation buzzed between her legs, eliciting a stifled moan to push out of her throat. She had never touched herself before, but this experience made her regret not doing so sooner.

Rosslyn felt her bliss mounting as the pressure in her hips began to build. She wished that she could see what was going on below her line of sight.

“Enjoying yourself?” Rosslyn merely nodded, pleasure massaging another moan from her throat. She felt a surge of something press against her chest. She turned her eyes down to find that she could see, and that her shirt began to bubble up. She watched as her flannel shirt pulled tight from the pressure of her mammaries joining her hips in the growth parade. Momentary pain drew across her chest as her now inferior bra snapped under the weight of her new bosoms. A tingle ran through her nipples as her breasts quickly fattened, erasing away any free space between the blouse and her skin. Cleavage deepened through the opening of her shirt, then forced gaps to appear between the buttons of her shirt.

Rosslyn watched as her dark skin morphed, and freckles began to wink in on her skin. Within seconds, she'd gone from relatively flat chested and waif like to a woman with watermelon sized breasts that threatened to grow even further.

“We are not quite done...” Daphne's voice chimed in. Rosslyn blinked, and found that she was once again standing near the remains of the tree. Her curly hair fell into her eyes, something she barely noticed as she was somehow still able to see. She was able to move again, and her first choice was to press her hands into her hips. The flesh that protruded yielded softly under her touch, and brought a pleasurable buzz throughout her nethers. Her hands explored, and she found that her butt exploded out from behind her, to the point that she couldn't even reach the back of her cheeks. While she transformed, her jeans had given up trying to hold her, splitting at the seams along her thighs, and in the seat of them. The remains hung around her legs like a banana peel, and her panties were pulled to their absolute limit. Her fingers pressed into her wobbly cheeks, almost causing her to orgasm on the spot. Her legs shook, causing her prodigious breasts to jiggle tightly in her top.

Rosslyn scanned around her, looking for the thing that had identified herself as Daphne.

“I'm here, child...”

The response caused her to jump, sending both her ass and breasts into motion again. Rosslyn realized that the voice came from inside of herself.

“Wise...”

Ross felt her hands reach down and caress the tops of her jello like breasts. Her arms had to stretch to reach all the way where her fat, bumpy nipples awaited. Her index fingers traced around them, causing them to hum with pleasure. It alarmed her a bit to find that she hadn't made the call to do so.

“No, that was my choice, child. You are hosting my greatness now...”

Panic pushed away the pleasure. She noted that Daphne's voice was exactly like hers, a southern drawl, sweet like honey. *I'm hosting...you?!*

“Yes, child. Behold my greatness.” She gestured to herself. A moment passed, then Ross felt her face turn into a frown.

“Please, hold...” Ross felt her hands leave their perch on her--their breasts and push into her cheeks. Out of the corner of her eye saw a faint glow. It caught her attention for only a moment, until something more pressing did. Specifically...her lips.

Ross' thin lips plumped up, like someone had attached a bike pump to her face and began to pump them vigorously. They swelled, and with it, pleasure began to flood Ross's senses again. She felt like she was going to cum again...but then the pleasure subsided.

Oh...oh god...ahh...I'm gonna...oh...OH... Ross thought, the feeling almost too much for her. She felt her now thick lips curl into a smile.

“You like? Good...there's a lot for you to learn about us, sugar...”

Ross' hands moved down and around her impossibly wide hips, grasping at the tattered remains of her jeans. She pulled them off of her, and then set them aside. She turned away from the tree, and began walking back through the forest, ignoring the questions and pleas from the bewildered girl that now had to share her body and mind.