**Yes, Mistress**

Everyone knew the sorceress. Sure, she wasn’t on the news, nor was she the guest of talk shows or the cover story of magazines, but her legend spread quickly and through every avenue. She started as just a rumor you’d hear about on internet forums, but soon, people were posting stories about her on social media, sharing before-and-after pics of what she’d done for them, or just plain gushing about what they’d want if they spoke with her.

The sorceress took all kinds. She’d had everyone from paupers to literal princes. That’s not to say that she wasn’t picky in whom she allowed to visit her. Since she became big news, only fifty people had actually gotten a chance to speak with her. Even fewer had gotten wishes granted. Still, she never discriminated on a basis of wealth or power. And I was certainly hoping that she didn’t discriminate on the basis of looks.

I’m not a good looking guy, I’ll be honest. It’s not that I’m ugly, per se, but I’m not the type people swoon over. I’m nearly forty pounds overweight, with a stomach that sticks out like a proper beer belly. I’m not particularly tall, which has actually gotten me turned down for a few dates. Plus, there’s the matter of my dick. Hard, I’m on the small side of average, just above five inches. Soft though… well, with my weight, there’s barely anything showing, if I’m honest.

But that’s why I reached out to the sorceress. I was worried that finding contact info for her would be like finding a needle in a haystack. Instead, it’s like she knew I wanted to talk to her and gave me the info I needed. The first site on my searchlist was a personalized page with no other links or tabs. It just had these words.  
  
“Thanks for reaching out, Mister Baker. Type your email below. I’ll be in touch ;)”

She knew my name. That was enough for me to reach out. Within minutes, I received an email with tickets for a plane flight and an itinerary as well. She gave me a week to prepare before I visited her. Then came today, as I flew out to meet her. She even had a driver pick me up and take me to her. Now, here I stood, in her ante-chamber. A large, muscular guard stood watch over the door leading into the next room. Considering this room was filled with golden furniture, crimson upholstery and carpets, and candles everywhere, I could only imagine how lavish the sorceress’ chambers were.

After several minutes of waiting, the guard opened the door. He didn’t say a word; he only grunted and gestured for me to enter. I did as instructed, and as I passed by him, I noticed just how tall he really was He looked impossible, with a perfectly triangular figure and standing at what was probably seven feet tall. I tried not to focus on how intimidating of a figure he cut when I noticed even more men within the sorceress’ chambers who looked nearly identical to him.

Then, there was her. Seated on a golden throne in a room filled with even more crimson tapestries, pillows, and carpets was the sorceress. Several of the giant men were pampering her with massages, fans, and food. As I entered the room, she turned her head to look at me and almost instantly leapt out of her seat.

“There he is!” She beamed with demure energy. She waved the men away from her, and they all moved to form a line along the back wall of the room. “Come on closer! I don’t bite…. Well, unless you’re into that.”

Her auburn hair cascaded in a long, waterfall like stream down her back, reaching all the way to her calves. Despite how much it must have weighed, she carried herself with pep and grace. Her glistening skin, looking like it was sprayed with a light mist in the room’s candlelight, was a light mulatto. Her face was slender, with pointed chin and nose, and her eyes were a lovely chocolate. Still, her figure was what *really* caught my attention.

Despite the long, black, satin dress she wore, you could pick out every curve of her body, especially with how sensually she walked. Her breasts were heavy, large, and practically unfettered, jiggling with every step she took. The deep v-neckline of her dress showed off every movement as ripples shot along over a foot of cleavage. Her waist tapered in a small amount, giving definition to her hips, as wide as her bustline, without making her look wasp-like. She gave a twirl as she approached me, showing that her massive and toned butt was devouring her dress.

“Do you like what you see?” she questioned. “Most people do…”

“I, uh, yes… mistress,” I managed to spit out. “You’re incredibly lovely.”

She flashed her white teeth as she chuckles.

“Only lovely?” she responded. “I need to try harder, it seems. Still, I’ve never had someone call me mistress without me asking them to do so first… I quite like the charm of it. So, what has brought you to me.”

“Well, mistress, I am… unhappy with my appearance. I was hoping you could help me with it, or give me the ability to alter it for myself.”

“Oh, is that all?” she asked. “Shouldn’t be too hard. Go on then, strip!”

“Excuse me?”

“Strip!” she commanded again. “I need to see what I’m working with!”

I felt myself go hard from a mix of embarrassment and arousal at the thought of removing my clothing in front of this stranger. Still, I found it hard to disobey her order, so I began to remove my clothing with haste. I wasn’t certain, but I thought I heard her make noises as though she were eating good food as I did so.

“Well, you’re not that bad,” she admitted. “Little bit of extra weight, but still fairly cute. Still, I can see why you’re self-conscious. I’d hazard a guess you’re more of a grower than a shower?”

She pointed down at my crotch as she said that last bit, making me blush at the fact that she’d comment on my less than impressive package.

“Y-yes, mistress,” I mumbled.

“No need to be embarrassed! You’re perfectly normal. Still, I’d like to see what your little soldier is like at full attention.”

She waltzed over and got on her knees. As I looked down to follow her motion, I noticed that I was only semi-erect, not even at my full five and a quarter inches. Even so, she brought her mouth to it and began to minister it with her tongue. Within a second, I was fully hard and waves of pleasure were shooting along the length of my dick. Still, despite the intensity of the sensations I was feeling, I didn’t quite feel ready to orgasm. Even as she surrounded my cock with her mouth, I only felt myself edge toward release. Then came the real surprise.

She moved her hands to my balls and began to fondle them gently. The massage was pleasant enough, until she moved her hands to my taint. She slowly massaged the area, pressing in further and further. I felt pleasure rocket from where her hands made contact all the way up my spine. It felt like a miniature orgasm, and it kept repeating, even though I knew I hadn’t yet cum. In fact, each sensation grew more and more intense as she dug her hands deeper and deeper into the area. Eventually, it felt like she wasn’t even pressing into me so much as she was massaging a hole filled with erotic nerves.

The whole time, she was bobbing her head up and down on the length of my cock, never hesitating, swirling her tongue around the head. I don’t know how long this miraculous blowjob went on, but by the time she finished, I came so violently that I screamed for nearly half a minute. My dick poured its load down her throat the entire time, the spot she’d been massaging sent shockwaves through my body, and my legs wobbled uncontrollably. I’d have fallen over if she hadn’t lifted me up last second.

“Was that fun?” she asked

“That was incredible,” I gasped. “How… how did it feel that good? I’ve never cum that hard before…”

“I might have upped the intensity.” She giggled for a few seconds before speaking again. “Anyway, with that out of the way, I suppose it’s time we discussed terms. I’ll give you the ability to alter your body in any way you want-”

“Thank you, mistress! Thank you so much!”

She gently placed a finger on my lips at my outburst and shushed me.

“Now, now. Don’t get too eager. We haven’t discussed payment, nor have we discussed my conditions.” She removed her finger from my lips and grabbed one of my hands. She brought my hand to my crotch, pulling it to the area behind my balls that she’d been massaging earlier. My fingers found contact with a pair of fleshy lips surrounding a moist, elastic hole. As my fingers made contact, I felt small, orgasmic spasms run from the hole to the rest of my body.

“Is that a-”

“A pussy, yes,” she answered. “I did you a favor and made it barren for you. No time of the month or unexpected pregnancies. You can always change that if you want though.” That last sentence she muttered with a wink. “My condition is this: you may change your body in any ways you want for the rest of your life, but any changes you make must leave you with both male and female genitals. Can you agree to that condition?”

Stunned, but oddly pleased with this condition, I found myself nodding in response to her question.

“Good!” she cheered. “Then onto the payment!”

She snapped her fingers, and in an instant, her dress dissolved into nothing but a bikini top, revealing even more of her bounteous cleavage. More surprising, however, was her crotch. Dangling from her hairy groin was a dick that even soft looked near a foot in length. I gawked, even as it rose to attention and grew long enough to nearly reach the bottom of her tits.

“You’re going to have a little fun with me!” she exclaimed. She grabbed me by the upper arms and easily hoisted me up until my new snatch was hovering over the head of her dick. “Let’s get you accustomed to your new body parts, shall we?”

She lowered me gently onto her prick, stretching my new pussy over her unexpectedly massive manhood. My legs trembled and wrapped themselves around her waist as I felt every bit of my vagina filled with her. And despite the pleasure I felt coming from my hole, even more pleasure was in store. Immediately after she got the head of her dick into me, I felt a stretching in my own manhood. My cock grew and grew until its tip hit my chin. I looked down at my expanded member, barely able to think beyond the haze of the sensation coming from my crotch, to notice a behemoth almost a foot and a half in length and as thick around as my wrist. The sorceress pulled me closer, forcing my dick into her cleavage, her bikini top now magicked away as well.

“Well go on,” she cooed. “It’s not going to suck itself.”

Without question, I did as instructed. As I looked at my engorged cockhead, I found myself yearning for it. I plunged my mouth onto it, only able to get the head in. I tried to reach further, to plunge the massive meat stick into my throat, yet my stomach prevented me from diving any more. I cursed mentally, frustrated at the fact. And as though in response to my frustration, I felt tingles cover my body, and I thought I saw the sorceress smile out of the corner of my eye.

The tingling started, and I saw my body hair fall away from me, disappearing into the void. It stopped for a moment before resuming with even more intensity than before. I saw the fat on my stomach bubble beneath my skin. Some of it melted into nothingness, but much of it migrated to my chest. My once flabby pecs began to rise and round, but not into the musculature of a man. Instead, they turned into nice, plum tits, each the size of a large grapefruit, each so perky that they looked fake.

“You like it?” the sorceress asked in a hushed tone. “I don’t have too much of a preference between real and fake breasts, but I like the look on someone as subservient as you are. It makes it feel like you had them done, all for me.”

As those last, seductive words left her lips, I felt my arousal intensify. I felt a thud as I finally slid down the last few inches of her fuckstick, bottoming out against her balls. As if jealous of her cock, I found my own slide four inches down my throat as my stomach flattened. My mind became a haze as I dove down onto my dick. My body responded, my waist cinching in, my hips growing outward, my ass plumping. My skin began to turn a golden tan, and long blonde hair began to cascade down onto my chest. I could even feel my locks hitting my now prodigious ass crack. Occasionally, as I bobbed up and down on my dick, I caught a glimpse of thick, blonde pubic hair at the base of my member.

She bounced me up and down on her dick for who knows how long. I continued to suck my new cock with fervor. Every inch of my body screamed with ecstasy as moans of delight escaped my mouth. My nipples, burning with desire on my new, bounceless boobs, stood proud at a quarter of an inch each. My final change, my balls, kept growing and flopping as the sorceress thrust me against her length. By the time they stopped, they felt like they were each the size of lemons.

I felt sexy. I felt powerful. I felt dominated. I felt desired. All of the sensuality and lust between the sorceress and I kept building in a wet crescendo, until we both yelled together in climax. It felt like a quart of spunk erupted into my new womb. It felt like a gallon poured down my throat, with such speed that it rose into my mouth. It tasted like sweet cream as it touched my tongue. As my stomach engorged with cum, I was forced off of my new tool. I looked up at the sorceress, glowing in the orgasm I’d just reached with her. She smiled back at me.

“Well, our deal is made. Enjoy all the pleasure of changing your body however you desire,” she grinned. She leaned in and whispered to me. “Did you have fun, you cute little slut?”

I could only speak two words in that moment.

“Yes, mistress…”