

The Curse

~Part One~

F

aye didn't really miss her husband, Elmer. After all, he had treated her so

horribly... but then again, so did most of the men in NorthGlen.. and the women too, for that matter. Faye found herself mumbling beneath her breath a bit and wiping her bulbous nose with the back of her hand - her normal habit - as she hung out the wash on the line in her yard... "sss sss serves them right," she said softly with her funny lisping stutter as she pushed her stringy bangs out of her face, curling it back over her too-big ears. She looked a bit crazy, mumbling and moving about clumsily with the wash.

Her apron was old, stained and worn, as she pulled the wooden clothespins out of the little pocket sewn into the front. She smoothed her rough fat hands over the cloth which looked as though it was patched together, remembering her conversation with her husband when she had asked for new material to make new clothes out of - he had laughed and handed her these rags and told her, "I aint going to spend good coin on you, flat lil' piggy.. (that was his nickname for her). Nothin' would help you anyways," he chuckled, "see what you can do with this," and he tossed the old rags on the ground.. "And don't forget to leave room so you can stuff them big."

She sighed a little bit and looked down at her short figure.. She was misshapen and awkward, and so short that people accused her of having dwarf blood, the top of her head was barely taller than Elmers belly button, he always said she was the perfect height for sucking his tiny cock, which he had her to do several times a day if he was sober enough. Her pudgy belly stuck out and her legs were knobby all the way down to her fat ankles sticking out of her dutch wooden clogs. She was unseemly everywhere.. especially in her chest, which was practically nonexistent. She knew she wasn't attractive.. Not even close.. She had been born ugly - her

brothers always said she got hit too many times with the “ugly” stick and her pocked-mark face and bulbous nose kind of looked like a pig snout - at least that’s what her husband said.. But that still didn’t give him the right to treat her so badly. Regardless of the rest of her body, she knew that it was her lack of breasts that really pissed off Elmer. If only they had been huge like he fantasized about he might have been a bit nicer to her, but probably not, he was rotten to the core.

In theory, the men did serve a purpose, living out in NorthGlen, they were less protected from the natural defensive magic that surrounded Noblash. Everyone knew that long ago the Horde had come to ravage the people, and that a magic spell had been cast which drove the demons away. Every now and then, one of the evil creatures would threaten the lower outskirts of their village, down where the older mines were. The men would gather their weapons and try to run the thing off. Faye had never seen one.. But she had heard the stories and seen the drawings since she was a little girl. Unfortunately, much of the history of their past had been lost to antiquity. They were left in a world that seemed to be relatively safe, filled with ancient artifacts that pointed at an older civilization that was much greater at magic than they were today.. It was as if most of the sorcerers had simply disappeared somehow. The only thing that folks took to be true was the Decree of the Nobility. The ranking order of class was defined by your sexual attributes. It didn’t seem fair. For folks in the Northglen, where the women were plain, flat and unshapely and the men wore no rings, they were nothing. And for Faye, she was less than nothing.

Reaching down, she paused as she pulled a pair of Elmer’s overalls out of the basket, frowning at them in contemplation. “Sss ss screw him,” she said, and walked over to the pig pen, carrying the garment.

There, standing in the mud, rooting in the trough was a very large hog. It saw her approaching and paused to look at her, with almost what seemed like recognition in it’s eyes.

She balled up the overalls and threw them at the pig, who basically ignored them and went back to eating.

“There you go, El.. El.. Elmer! Who’s the P, P,.. Piggy now? SS SS See what you can do with those!” she spat, triumphantly.

G

wen and Ilsa didn’t live too far away from Faye but they had a similar story. It had only been a few weeks since the sorceress had passed through their tiny village located far

downcounty, below the southern border of Noblash, where women went who had no status and men who had no rings.

All of the women who lived out in the small mining village were flat chested and unattractive. In a world where breast size was a measure of worth, and intense sexuality was a way of life, all of the curviest girls were routinely snatched up or purchased and ended up living closer to the Southgate castle and married to some man with either money, royal blood or influence based on his ring color., and the prettiest, bustiest, women lived within its walls or even moved up to the Capital. Faye was butt-ugly, and Gwen and her twin sister, Ilsa, were only a few small steps above her. At least they were ok to look at, but they certainly didn't have any of the physical attributes that any men lusted after. They were both married to the same good-for-nothing worthless husband who spent most of his time drunk or sexually abusing his two homely wives.

At least, until "She" had shown up.. Now there were no men at all... well.. There was one.

The whole village had been gathered for the hanging of Cham Ryan. There weren't but twenty families in the whole village, but nobody would miss something as eventful as a hanging. Even Gwen's husband, the town drunk, Potiphar, was there.

Intense Misogyny and constant horniness was just a way of life.. But even so, even though the women were considered property, a man still didn't allow others to mess with his stuff. And, make no mistake, property is still property. Another man can not violate another man's property and get away with it.

And that's just what Cham had done - sort of.

Cham was a young guy, he had just experienced his sixteenth naming day - which meant that he was now able to take a wife. In a simple ceremony, he had been tested for a cock ring, which was simply a golden ring that was mounted on a permanent stone pedestal in the center of the village. No one knew where the pedestal had come from, but it was obviously ancient, and the ring was immovable. It somehow knew when a man was sixteen, any other time, it didn't work for younger boys. But all of the boys and men knew the size of the ring. Over the past few years he had already put his hard cock through the ring just to see how he fared.. But he wasn't even close to being large enough. From what he heard, apparently the ring was supposed the same size as a 'red' ring, the smallest of the enchanted cock rings. It was easily two to three times thicker than his puny manhood. On his birthday, he had considered sneaking up in the morning when nobody was watching.. Only to find a crowd of people already waiting for him. As he approached the ring, it began to shine, and he felt himself getting hard. Rather than draw it out, he simply dropped his pants and proceeded.

Unfortunately, just like ALL of the other men in the mining town, his small 4" erect penis was far too short and obviously not thick enough. The moment he put his cock through the large ring, it stopped glowing and that was it. Nothing. And on that very same day, he decided to stake a

claim for his first wife. Evidently Cham had been saving up all of his coin for a while.. Because early that morning, he had marched over to the mayor's house and offered a fine sum for Becca, the mayor's daughter.

It was well known that Becca was the Mayor's "golden goose" and would fetch the Mayor a good price when it came time to auction her off to some rich lord up in Noblash. She was quite pretty and lithe.. But more than that, her large prominent bust and small waist was highly desired. And the Mayor would show her off like a prized calf at certain times, parading her around at the market from time to time. The townsmen drooled over her lush curves and large chest, which protruded out like two fresh melons, but the men knew to keep away. Most of the time, the Mayor had kept her locked up in her room, and he kept the key around his neck at all times. She represented his wealth and was his ticket to a better life.

So it goes, that when Cham presented himself to the Mayor that morning and offered all of his meager earnings in return for the woman he wanted, the Mayor simply laughed in his face and had him forcibly removed from the property. Evidently, Cham didn't know his place and decided to take Becca despite the Mayor's rebuttal.

Later that day, the Mayor heard passionate screams coming from Becca's room and in a panic, unlocked it to find young Cham and Becca in the throws of passion. Evidently, Cham had scaled the outer wall and entered her bedroom window with a pry bar.

It was not mere coincidence that the Red Sorceress was passing over the NorthGlen exactly at the same time that the whole town was witnessing the hanging of Cham Ryan. Of course, she wasn't in her human form and usually she would not be out during the day, but she had heard a disturbance earlier that morning as she flew through the forest, which had snapped her away from her journey to investigate the scene.



he red-faced portly Mayor was standing on the stage of the gallows, yelling at the

top of his lungs.

"And for the crimes of lechery, theft and molestation, I hereby sentence this man to Death by hanging!"

"No, Daddy!" screamed Becca, who was being restrained by her nursemaid at the edge of the crowd... "I love him!"

“LOVE?!” screeched the fat mayor as he turned to face his disgraced daughter. “What do you know of love! You are nothing! Nothing! Do you hear me, Girl? I have been far too lenient with you. I knew I should have been harder, but NO! They told me I had to keep you sweet and innocent! And what has it cost me? You are defiled! I will be lucky to fetch half your worth once word of this gets out!”

It was just then that a dark red owl flew into the gathering and landed on the top of the crossbar where the rope hung down around young Cham’s neck.

A hush came over the large crowd.. And whispers of the word, “omen” began to spread through the people as they stared at the large bird of prey.

The Mayor looked up and squinted his beady eyes, but then returned to the business at hand.

“Let this be a warning! Women are nothing, lower than animals! They are only meant to serve men! Men, it is your responsibility to keep your women under your thumb! They are vixens who entice and rot the souls of men! Never make the mistake of thinking that a woman is more important than your own life, or you will end up like this fool, hanging by his neck!”



he Red Sorceress had heard enough of this garbage. The giant owl fluttered

down onto the gallows and instantly transformed into an insanely voluptuous human. Her red hair ran in curls down her back all the way to her ankles, framing a face that was old but still beautiful. She was wearing voluminous robes, but her giant prominent breasts could be seen swelling out from her low-cut cleavage that easily came out past her elbows and bulged out wider than her shoulders.

The Mayor’s eyes bulged and his hand flew up making a sign of warding against witches.

There was a stir of noise that shimmered through the crowd.

“This has gone on long enough!” spoke the Sorceress. “I can see that the men in this village are nothing but pigs as are ALL the men in this part of the realm! I usually do not involve myself with such petty squabbles, but sometimes I choose to indulge myself.”

With that, she began to cast a great spell. Light emanated from her robes and she began to glow as she spoke the words. A bright light suddenly burst into the air blinding everyone in the square. When the light faded, the men were all missing, except for Cham. In their places were

pigs. Large ones, fat ones, scrawny ones.. And they were all wearing the men's clothing and rooting around, their minds replaced with simple animal urges. The women were shocked and scared.

And then she turned to Cham, who stared at her wide eyed and disbelieving. "And you... you do not deserve their horrible fate... but as you are a product of these men and their horrible ways.. I cannot leave you to repeat their mistakes. Ah, yes, I have the perfect thing for a man such as you.." She pulled two rings from within her robes. With a few muttered words, the stones in the rings shimmered silver and then turned dark black and glowed slightly. "These are not ordinary cock-rings of the men of Noblash, these are enchanted with a dark magic so that you may experience what it means to be manipulated like a woman for your body. Only a man who is truly.. 'creative' can learn to control this spell!"

She sauntered up to the squirming Cham and ripped off his loose pants. His small 4" cock was already hard from the mere presence of the gorgeous sorceress. She quickly slipped the ring onto his undersized penis where it glowed brightly for a second and then it shrunk down to clamp permanently at the base of his tiny cock. Cham screamed in pain and with a cackle, she walked around behind his back and slipped the other ring onto his finger. Instantly, both rings blazed with a bright light completing the spell. Cham screamed again and passed out, falling forward with the noose still around his neck. The sorceress turned to the dazed womenfolk who were trying to figure out what to do with their swine-husbands.

"Don't worry about your men, they won't be bothering you anymore", she cackled again, "but you may want to keep an eye on this one," she nodded towards Cham and then she jumped off the dais and transformed mid-air back into the giant owl. She circled once and with a quick flick of her claw she cut the rope holding Cham's body, causing him to collapse onto the dais, and then she hooted once and flew away into the woods.

"Fine lot we are in now!", screeched Miss Gertrude, one of the older women, yelling and shaking her fist after the owl who disappeared into the foliage.

"What are we supposed to do now? Who will protect us from robbers and other menfolk? And who am I going to.. Well.. you know! I'm not a dike like half of you!?"

"Oh, shush your mouth, Trudie!" spat Gwen. "I'm glad to finally be rid of Potiphar! He was a sick bastard who beat and used Ilsa and me like slaves! I would rather he be dead than for him to force me to his sick bidding again! I'm glad to see him get his comeuppance!" And with a smile, she turned and kicked the large pig standing next to her.

“Excuse me. Is uh.. Anyone.. uh.. here?”

Faye snapped back into the present and looked up from her pig husband.. Ex-husband, really.. Since all the men in the village were now just stupid good-for-nothing pigs.

Faye looked around to where the deep male voice was coming from on the other side of the house. She thought all the men were gone, who could this be?

“Ju ju ju just a moment” she muttered and walked around the corner.

At the fence stood Cham. But he didn't look the same at all, she almost didn't recognize him.. He was at least a head taller and far more muscular and way better looking than before but he was filthy and covered with dirt. As a matter of fact, he was gorgeous. She had almost forgotten all about him and the “cursed” rings that the sorceress had put on him over three weeks ago. His family home was the next one down the lane, ever since his mum died, it's just been him and his Da... and now just him. With everything happening he had disappeared and she had thought that he had left the village. Something was definitely strange going on with the boy. It was like he had turned into a giant overnight. She had never seen a man so big and strong and virile before. His eyes were gorgeous, his face was chiseled and masculine. It occurred to her that she was just standing there with her mouth open, drooling and staring at him, getting turned on.

She quickly averted her eyes and bowed her head several times and shuffled her clogs.. “I'm ss.s.s.sorry, Master Cham, how c.c.cccan I help you?”

“Good mornin' Mistress.. uh.. Faye? Right?” he said in an extremely deep voice. “I seem to be forgetting where I was going. There's nobody at my house. Do you know where my Da is?”

“Oh.. oh.. Oh dear. Oh.. oh .. oh dear.” she sputtered. “Come inside.. Lad... and ha have a cup of tea.. And get cleaned up. Theres sumthin I need to be t t t tellin' ya.”

In a short time she had a pot of water boiling and had set food out for the huge young man who ate ravenously. She had seen grown men eat before, but no matter what she put in front of him, he devoured it immediately. She was impressed by his appetite. Within a few minutes of slowly asking him questions, from his rudimentary answers, she pieced together his story. Evidently, after the sorceress had left, he woke up and had freed himself and run into the woods to hide. He made up his mind he would leave the village and get as far away as possible. However, his memory started to falter and he couldn't remember why he had left. After wandering around

quite a bit, he stumbled into town this morning and couldn't find his da.

Faye couldn't help but stare at the young man, her cheeks felt flushed and her ugly bulbous nose felt hot, she sniffed and definitely seemed to smell something coming off of the young man. Ordinarily, she would be slightly disgusted at the ripe gamey scent of an unwashed man, but he smelled good, almost like food. As she watched him eat and talk she noticed that she was really feeling sexually turned on. It was unnerving. She hadn't felt feelings of attraction like this about a man since she was a young girl, long before the cruel world put her in her place.

Despite his story of forgetfulness, he didn't seem to recognize the changes that had happened to his body. She realized that it had to be related to the curse somehow. Something was wrong with his mind.

"Ch, Cham, I'm so sorry, but your Da is g g gone. All the men but you are gone. Do do don't you remember? She she she turned them all into pigs!"

"What? Who did?"

"The sorceress."

"What sorceress?"

It was then that she realized his memory was truly messed up. She told him that she would explain later.. And that he needed to get cleaned up and get some fresh clothes, he shouldn't be walking around in rags. She dutifully poured him a bath and layed out some of Elmer's old clothes and towels on the bed and she shut the door.

She breathed heavily as she washed and put away the dishes for the next few minutes. She was flushed just being around him. Her body seemed alive. Although she was flat chested, she could feel her small nipples at attention under her blouse. She didn't know what was going on, but it was intoxicating being in the same house as this young man. She realized that she didn't want him to leave. There were no other men in the village and once he left, she would be on her own again. Even with Elmer being as bad as he was, she was scared of being alone, and she couldn't believe how attractive this boy had become.

"Mistress Faye?", he heard him ask in a low voice. "Can you, uh.. come here?"

She opened the door and walked into the room, thinking he just needed help putting away the towels. She was not prepared for what she encountered.

Cham stood stark naked in the middle of the room. He was looking over at Elmers overalls on the bed. "Can you.. Um.. help? Um.. me fig.. Uh.. out how to put this on? I seem to.. Uh.. how these work?"

She was frozen in place. His body was like an adonis. Every muscle was chiseled and well formed. But even more than that, she couldn't pry her eyes away from his huge swinging member. It had to have been at least 10 inches long, and it wasn't even hard. It was extremely thick and swung from his body like an extra appendage.

"Mistress Faye?" he looked over at her. "Are you ok?" He walked over to her and reached down with both hands to shake her shoulders. She was so short and he had grown so tall, that standing in front of him, she was only half his height, her face was dead-even with his crotch and her eyes were locked on his large penis.

Cham shook her gently. "Mistress Faye? Wha.. what wrong?" he asked innocently, oblivious to his nakedness, it was obvious that whatever had stolen his memory had also stolen his common sense. But Faye was unresponsive as he shook her shoulders lightly.. She stared at his cock and seemed locked in a mental struggle of some kind.

A

almost every single day of Faye's married life, Elmer had sexually used and abused

her in some way. You would probably reason that this would make Faye absolutely hate sex and all that it entails. However, it was almost the opposite, because of her inherited high sex drive, like most of the women in the realm, and her lifetime of constant sexual experiences, she had to learn how to accept her role, and eventually even learn to enjoy it in a strange way. It hadn't started with Elmer, sex had been part of her life as far back as she could remember. She had been given up as an ugly worthless child and therefore fair-game to any man or woman who wanted to mess with her. Her own family traded her to pay off gambling debts, sexually used by each man and then traded again. When she was fourteen she was traded to Elmer who decided to marry her.. Not because he loved her, but because as a nasty old batchelor he was always getting in trouble and the other men had pressured him to settle down and try to be respectable. Apparently a wife made him seem more legitimate, and since he already owned her, he simply married her.

In a world where everyone was incredibly horny, sex really was a way of life, it encompassed everything. It's was a simple result of breeding. When sexuality is mandated by the nobility, increased libido simply becomes the end result of everyone who is born. The Folk who lived outside of Noblash still had the same increased libido as their better looking brethren. Regardless of their appearance and lack of size, just like Noblash proper, all the men and women of NorthGlen were far more sexual than the rest of the world. It was in their blood and Elmer was no exception, just like her, he was horny all the time. Usually he was partially drunk,

and usually he was unwashed. He forced Faye to orally service him almost every day and then lick him clean, sometimes he made her clean his nethers entirely with her mouth, making sure that she spent a long time licking and loving his balls and asshole. It had become so routine for her that it was as natural as doing the dishes or the laundry, she grew used to his body and over time she became immune to her disgust, so it didn't bother her anymore. He required her to wear a huge brassiere stuffed with cotton all the time, night and day, so he could fantasize and pretend she was attractive in some way. Whenever a charlatan came to town proffering a new potion or spell or enchantment that might make her boobs grow, her ass bubbly, or her face better to look at, he lined up with the rest of the suckers to spend his money and then forced her to drink the potions or perform whatever stupid hex he had bought. They were all invariably failures.. Just tricks or jokes that preyed on the men's weaknesses, several of them had backfired, giving her horrible acne, or causing her pudgy hands and feet to swell up. But nothing had ever made her more attractive in any way.

The walls of their small shabby cottage were decorated with erotic paintings and drawings of profoundly overdeveloped females. Some of them purported to be current or past nobles that ruled up in Noblash. They were sometimes dressed in elaborate couture dresses with layers of beautiful cloths and amazing detail. All of them were blessed with gigantic breasts, tiny waists, full round posteriors and gorgeous faces. Some of the drawings were even more extreme. Imaginary nude women or even nymphs with outlandishly huge breasts in various sex scenes. Always being penetrated or prostrated by a man or beast with an insanely huge penis. On their mantle stood a wood carved woman with these same extreme proportions. Elmer loved collecting this pornography and every time a peddler came through their town, he would be first to line up to spend his hard earned wages to buy another graphic piece. Faye would find herself staring at the artwork and fantasizing that she was one of those women. Her head swam with dreams and hopes that were a constant reminder of something that she was not. When Elmer wasn't around, she used to cry and wonder what she had done wrong. She wished with all of her heart to be as beautiful, sexual and ripe as those women. She would love to be admired by everyone and lusted after by every man who saw her. It's what she wanted most in the world.

When Elmer was younger, he made her suck him sometimes five or six times a day as well as have sex with him every night - if you could call it that... Apparently, Elmers manhood was small in comparison to the men in Noblash, although she had no comparison, since she had never been allowed to be around any man with a ring. He was definitely smaller than the huge depictions shown in all of his pornography collection. His erect cock was easily 6" long and decently thick. However, in their world, he was way too small to be respected. When she sucked him off, he could barely last a few minutes, but he certainly did have a high sex drive, she would give him that.

But Elmer was an evil pervert, like most men in NorthGlen, and when he was in a crazy mood he forced her to do things that showed his dominance over her. Most times he just beat her up or pinched her nose hard and tried to gag her with his dick.. Not allowing her to breathe. He would yell, "you like that, lil piggy?! I know what you want! You want one of them big pricks like

those Violet-rings have up in Noblash!"

He threatened this same thing all the time.. She would shake her head no and try to tell him he was enough, as she sucked on his "tiny" penis. But he would only become enraged in his drunken stupor.

"Don't you talk back to me!" And he'd smack her hard in the face while he jizzed in her mouth and she sucked him dry. He'd push her on the ground and keep yelling at her.

"Your lil piggy holes needs to be taught a lesson! Go get the dong, lil' piggy!"

"N n n no Elmer.. Pp p please no!" she'd cry and beg. - Well at least she used to cry for real back when he first started using the dong on her.

What Elmer called the 'dong' was actually an immense, silky-smooth rubber dildo that he had won gambling. Elmer claimed, and probably rightly-so, that it was a sex toy used by the large-cocked Nobles from up north. Each man up in Noblash was fitted with matching rings on his penis and ring-finger. The color and brightness of his ring indicated his size and sexual prowess. The rings were enchanted, so they always told the truth about the man, and the color of the rings helped establish the hierarchy of the society which also helped men to pursue desirable women. Women were prized for their breast size, extreme proportions and overall sexuality. Gorgeous women with gigantic breasts, small waists and juicy bottoms ruled the county and begat children who were also famously endowed. Just like the paintings on her walls, Faye had heard that there were women so large that they could barely walk. And just like the small-men, most of the flat and ugly women were forced to leave Noblash and live outside its border in a disrespectful town like NorthGlen, the only exceptions were hedge witches and certain daughters of the nobility.

The colors of the rings were based on the rainbow, ranging from red to violet. Red rings were the lowest and smallest, but even they were large compared to the common "small"-men like Elmer who could not wear rings because of their relative "small" size. From what she had learned, red men were at least ten inches in length erect and and thicker than a lemon. Smaller men could try to be fitted.. But somehow the rings could sense the size of the man.. And they wouldn't bind to them. Small men were banished from the kingdom, or castrated if they fought back, and they all ended up places like NorthGlen, out where the protection from the magic of Noblash was the thinnest from the evil creatures that lurked in the forest and sought to feed off of human prey. Every man and woman in NorthGlen was obsessed with dick and breast size, but the men in their jealousy took it out on their women in various ways.

The dong was easily as long as her forearm, had a rounded head like a small apple with a slightly narrower neck that gradually increased in girth until it was as thick as a wine bottle towards the base. The whole thing was slightly curved like a huge squash and had a handle on the base that Elmer could grip and use the thing on her like he was sawing wood. When he first used it on her, she was scared to death. He was drunker than she had ever seen and he had

brought the thing home like a trophy from his night out gambling. He was so excited to use it on her he tied her up so she couldn't escape. She could barely get it in her mouth and she thought he was going to kill her with it as he rammed the rubber penis against the back of her throat over and over. He laughed as she gagged and vomited all over herself, but he wasn't done. He flipped her easily onto the bed and pulled down her shift over her flat ugly bottom and wore out both of her holes well into the night until he passed out next to her on the bed. For whatever reason, using the dong on her made him feel more manly, and he loved when she would cry and beg for him to stop. However, after years of rough use, lost teeth, jaw stretching and lots of practice, the dong no longer bothered her, she was able to take the whole thing in her ass all the way up to the handle and most of it in her painfully stretched-out vagina. She secretly started enjoying it's girth in her tiny holes and she would practice with it when he was away, bringing herself to better and better orgasms. Of course, she never let Elmer know that she liked it, after all, he didn't like her enjoying herself and he would have beat her senseless if he ever found out that she was having orgasms from the giant thing. So she continued her little charade of fear and pain whenever he used it on her. She had learned how to suppress her gag reflex, and after her jaw had been stretched out for years, he could get most of it down her throat if he pushed hard enough.

*B*ut this huge flaccid cock in front of her was completely different. Cham's

manhood was nothing like she had ever seen, it was wide and veined and impossibly big. This was the type of cock that Elmer had abused her over, the type that men with Green or Blue Rings had up in Noblash. She drooled at the sight of it. It was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Cham wasn't supposed to be like this, it must be the curse - or blessing more like! And she could feel some sort of magic from the black cock ring working on her.. Calling her towards his penis. She wondered briefly what the black could signify, she had never heard of it before. There seemed to be tiny moon shapes engraved on his huge cock ring.

Staring at it, she couldn't imagine anything that would piss off old Elmer more than if the very thing he was jealous of actually came true? Could this lil piggy actually get lucky with something this big?

It was so automatic, like she had done it a thousand times before. She simply reached up with her pudgy hands and grabbed his long soft dick and slurped it into her mouth and sucked it all the way down to the base, past the glowing black ring. She was enthralled that her small fat fingers one one hand could not even encircle half of the fat rod.

"Wha! Mistress Faye! What are you doing?" exclaimed Cham. "No, you mustn't!"

He tried to push her away from him. But she had pushed her thin chapped lips all the way past the glowing cock ring and she bit down with her brown teeth and gums on the metal of the ring. Her hands quickly gripped and massaged his large testicles. They were as big as oranges and her soft, fat hands squeezed and stroked them roughly.

“Wait! Wait” he said nervously. All the while trying to force her back away from his cock. But it tasted so good and felt so wonderful in her mouth, she just sucked harder, desperately smashing her bulbous nose into his pubic bone.

Suddenly, she could feel him start to harden in her mouth as she used her talented throat to pulse the head. The shaft thickened to an amazing girth, ballooning in her mouth like a summer sausage and cutting off her air supply but she only increased her ministrations as she milked the giant organ. She felt it growing deeply and expanding down her throat.

“Mistress Faye! O God! What is happening!” his eyes rolled in his sockets and he stopped pushing her shoulders away. Instead he shifted his large hands to her head, gripping her tight bun and starting to guide her face back and forth along the mighty shaft. Realizing that she had won, she un-clamped her teeth from the ring and allowed him to slide her mouth back and forth along the wet monster.

“This feels so good, oh Mistress Faye!” he grunted, pulling her head back and forth along his too-large meat as he fucked her face like a machine, “yes! please keep going!” She had no intent on stopping him, she allowed him to pull the huge member almost all the way out, it was easily over a 14 inches long, and thicker than her forearm. Her mouth was wide open and expanded to take the beast, and her lifetime of practice being forced to deepthroat the large dong had made her the perfect fuck-receptacle for his manhood.

He sped up, roughly ramming his rod down her throat, he couldn’t stop, regardless of how ugly she looked, her wet slippery mouth was hot and amazing. Finally, after what seemed to be a solid ten minutes of brutal ramming, he grunted and pulled her face roughly all the way down the shaft and came into her throat. She could feel his urethra spasming, and she kneaded his balls while he spurted at least six or seven huge loads into her stomach.

The ring on his cock and finger glowed brightly and pulsed with each orgasm. She felt a burning in her stomach and a wave of euphoria caressed her body. She instantly began to orgasm from the hot seed. She had never felt anything like this before.

Staggering from the event, Cham slowly pulled his cock from her mouth, with a pop, strings of wet goo and saliva dripped everywhere. He stumbled back a few steps and sat down hard on the bed and then fell back onto his back, breathing heavy and still lightly spasming with aftershocks.

“Wow, Mistress.. uh.. Faye.. that was.. um.. good..” he said with his eyes closed.

But Faye wasn't paying attention. Something was happening to her. Her mind seemed to speed up a little.. Things seemed a bit clearer. And she could feel changes happening to her body. It was like her whole figure was plunged into warm water. She felt things moving around, her face was hot and didn't feel right. Her eyes were still locked on his mighty shaft which was only partially hard and bobbed and pulsed with blood from his heartbeat. Her job was not over.. *Elmer never let her just stop after he came.* Her body was on fire, and she was becoming even hornier by the moment.

Taking the initiative, she walked over and began cleaning his gooey manhood with her mouth. She worked fast and before he knew it her face was buried down deep slurping all of the juices and sweat from his balls and chode. From his vantage point, he could only barely see the top of her head. Perhaps it was his state of mind, but her hair seemed less gray and much more sandy blonde than he just remembered.

Her ministrations worked because in less than a minute, his shaft plumped back up and became fully turgid again. His hormones raged through his body uncontrollably, and he couldn't find the resolve to hold back. In his memory, he tried to remember being so resilient and ready to go again so soon. But his memory wasn't working and all that seemed to matter was getting off again, and she seemed as good as the next thing. He stood up, stepping over her tiny frame and got behind her, lifted her easily by her armpits and threw her onto the bed. She didn't fight back, she was used to this type of treatment. Instead, she reached down and pulled her long skirt up over her body while she crouched on all four limbs to present her ugly misshapen rear to the young man.

Unbeknownst to her, her butt was no longer flat and ugly. Instead, she presented him with a smaller heart-shaped posterior that was fairly nice, clear of blemishes and not at all unattractive. This was a far cry from her flabby, flat, droopy and acne covered bum. Elmer never wanted to see her face when he fucked or “donged” her from the behind. It helped him pretend that she was somebody else. So she covered herself with her dress and apron so her upper half remained hidden and all Cham could see was her arched back and wet clean hairless pussy. Cham positioned his giant phallus and licked his lips, he never realized how yummy Mistress Faye's twat would look. But he didn't have the mind to quibble over strange things, his mind was geared for sex and so he pressed the swollen head into her waiting wet vulva. He was so charged with hormones that he could hardly hold back. She was so small compared to him, his hands easily dwarfed her tiny hips. For a second he wondered if it was going to fit, but his thoughts started to evaporate.

His mind was fuzzy so he figured that it was easier just to fuck her and not worry about it. With that limited thought, he grabbed her meaty hips and plunged his giant cock into her waiting hole.

It felt wonderful! He heard her scream but amazingly, like her mouth, her twat stretched open to

accept his pole. Her natural lube coated him immediately, and without delay, he started fucking her as deep and as hard as he could at a fast pace.

Faye whimpered and made squealing noises as he rapidly plunged deeply into her. He was not quite as big or long as the dong - but almost, so she actually could take him all the way without bottoming out. But even so, he was filling her quite full and she could feel her belly pushing out at his strong thrusts and unforgiving roughness. As rough as Elmer had been with the dong, Cham was far stronger and his own natural cock was easier to ram into her tiny body. The bed creaked and the headboard banged against the wall as he fucked her harder, like an animal in heat. However, there was something else happening to her. The burning that she had felt when she swallowed his cum had lingered deep in her cunt and now each time his head smashed against her cervix, a flood of pleasure spread through her body as if he was awakening several orgasmic spots within her vagina and around her clitoris. A burning also began in her chest. Her nipples rubbed against the inside of her dress.

"OH Fuck!" she hear herself screaming, among other choice expletives, and within moments she felt herself being driven over the edge. She started cumming hard and squealing a bit too loudly. If Elmer had ever heard her carry on like this, he would have beat her until she was quiet. Her pleasure was not allowed to interrupt his perversion. He was only happy if she yelped in pain, not pleasure. Her arms started shaking uncontrollably and she fell forward on to the bed. But she couldn't help herself. She immediately felt a small pleasure as her breasts came in contact with the blankets. *Her Breasts!* Never before had her flat nonexistent breasts ever been part of any equation of her sexuality. But she definitely felt something there! Her hands reached up to cup her chest to find two small lumps that had formed beneath her rigid nipples. A sudden hope blossomed in her mind.

Cham plunged on without missing a beat. He could only think of lust and how great she felt, and so he continued to fuck her harder and faster. She slipped into a slow ecstasy of pleasure. Every few minutes, she would be overcome and start cumming again. After at least a half hour of forced brutal fucking, she was worried that her pussy lips would rub raw, but the pain never came.. Only more pleasure and the slap, slap, slap of his body as his legs spanked into her ass over and over.. And her accompanying grunts and moans of amazement.

Finally, after almost an hour of nonstop fucking, and at least two dozen orgasms on her part.. Sweat drenched her body and Cham was covered head to toe in glistening sweat. He suddenly sped up rapidly and then with one last grunt, he once again spurted his seed into her body. Again, the connected black-stone rings on his cock and finger shone with a glowing radiance. Even though it had only been less than an hour, a huge amount of cum flooded into her body and began its transformative voodoo. He grunted wildly and bucked with each orgasm, slamming himself into her pert buns about six or seven times until he was spent.

His sperm ignited another fire in her womb, and she began to cum again. It was so intense, she started blubbering and crying from the amazing pleasure racking her tiny body. It was easily the

hardest she had ever orgasmed in her life and it felt like it was happening at different places simultaneously. Her fingers gripped and massaged her new small breasts as she rode out the pulsing orgasms. It almost felt like the energy of his rings was somehow flowing into her body.

As she lay there panting heavily, she definitely felt a difference in her breasts. The small lumps slowly expanded outward until they filled her small hands. Even her nipples grew in their rigid state of constant erection, she pinched them slightly and was rewarded with a sharp intense feeling. It felt wonderful.. Her mind seemed even clearer, as though the world around her was becoming slightly more colorful, her thoughts seemed smoother, and everything felt a little more erotic. She was astounded. With a stumbling shutter, she felt Cham pull his giant snake out of her sloppy hole as he stumbled a few steps back and sat down hard on the ground.

She turned slowly, wiping the sweaty wisps of her hair from her glowing red face to sit up on the edge of the bed to pull down the dress and apron and she caught sight of her leg. "What in the world?" she whispered. She scrunched the fabric of the dress up and stared at her legs. No longer were they knobby, fat and disgusting.. Both of her legs seemed... normal. Not sexy.. Just normal. She stuck her leg out and noticed that her flat pudgy foot had shrunk slightly and seemed less dwarfish. Her cankles were gone and her calf was thinner and smooth and her knee was not knobby. With a sudden girlish glee, she smiled and hopped down off the edge of the bed and dashed over to the old rust colored vanity mirror.

She was astounded! Her whole face had changed. It looked like a much better looking twin of herself, but without all of the strange deformities or aberrations. And she looked younger. Instead of her original roughly-aged thirty five, she looked like she was in her twenties again.. Or perhaps her late twenties to be fair.. She looked positively normal in every way, even her hair had lost most of its gray. She started crying from pure joy.

"How did you do this, Cham?" she blubbered, looking over at him. But he was sound asleep, covered in sweat and laying on the ground. His mighty cock, covered in sex, just laid there like a red hose. It appeared that he was not rubbed raw either. She turned to go over to inspect his glorious body and she felt a pulling in her top and realized that her dress was not fitting properly. She reached up and excitedly grabbed her pert breasts through the tight fabric. With quick movements, she slipped off her apron and unlaced her long dress to let it slip to the ground. Her eyes went wide at the sight of her exposed bosom and she smiled and then busted out in another round of crying in happiness as she slowly squeezed each breast that was each more than a handful. Two beautiful grapefruit sized breast stared back at her from the mirror. She was now larger than any woman in her village. Even her fat belly had shrunk down until she had a normal sized waist.

Something magical and wonderful was happening. With a quick nod, she knew what she had to do, and who she needed to get to help her.