

Author's Note: The idea for this story and the protagonist's name are based on suggestions from two of my awesome Patrons. Standard disclaimer applies: this story contains graphic depictions of sex, so if it's illegal or immoral for you to be reading this, stop now! All characters in sexual scenes are at least eighteen, all situations are entirely fictional, and any resemblance to any real-life individuals or situations is entirely coincidental. Copyright Fidget, 2021. All rights reserved. Enjoy!

The Apple Doesn't Fall Far From the Tree

by Fidget

Chapter 3 - Falling a bit farther

"Joshie, do you wanna come fuck me?"

Josh shifted his glance from the TV over to Amy seated on the edge of the bed. She had pulled down her top to let her heavy tits hang out, and had flipped her short skirt up, spreading her bare pussy lips for him. His cum was still slowly oozing out of her from their last session a few hours before. Even so, he began to feel that familiar, insistent desire to go stuff his hardening cock back into her enticing cunt nonetheless, but the game was still on.

"No babe, I already told you! Not while I'm watching the game! You'll have to wait until half time!" he said shortly, annoyed by the fact that the sexual pull of her body held such influence over him now as he tried to focus on the TV. Now that he was starting to want to fuck again, however, the presence of her receptive curves so close by began chipping away at his focus on the action on screen.

"But Joshie, I wanna fuck now! Look how wet my little pussy is for you!" she teased, sliding a finger into herself to show off her lubrication, which, to be honest, consisted mostly of Josh's cum at this point.

He whipped his head around, experiencing a brief flash of anger at the constant interruption, but then his cock got even harder at the sight of her wanton display, and the game began to seem less important as his slutty girlfriend demanded more and more of his attention. He could practically feel the cocktail of sex hormones rushing through his body, urging him to let the sight of her sexy body arouse him even further, to press himself against her soft, smooth skin and let his sensitive cock effortlessly slide into her tight, slick passage. His entire body demanded copulation, and unable to resist the hypermasculine desires the football had cursed him with any longer, he finally got up, walked over to Amy, and roughly pushed her down onto the bed. Amy giggled as he pulled his massive, rock-hard cock out of his boxers and prepared to mount her, his large balls already brimming with potent seed once more and the tip of his cock dripping with thick pre-cum.

"I can never say no to you for long," he said affectionately, and his cockhead began to part her labia, driving his need to fully sink his cock into her silky depths even higher.

"I know", she giggled as he began yet another session of mindlessly pumping his cock in and out of her ravenous cunt, while she basked in the instinctively satisfying feeling of primal fullness that accompanied being stuffed with his dick, enjoying the power that her flirty pussy gave her over her strong boyfriend in spite of all of his muscles.

It was late November. These days they only fucked raw, because they couldn't help it; Josh knew what the likely consequence would be, but was still entirely unable to stop. Whenever Amy was too close to him for too long, his conscious mind would go all fuzzy next to her soft skin and the smell of her hair and the enticing hole between her legs that was just so nice to thrust his cock into... and the next thing he knew, he'd be laying beside her once again, having dumped yet another massive load of jizz into her body.

Amy knew exactly what was happening, of course, but the sensation of feeling him inside her, filling her up as his cock bucked and jerked, dutifully delivering the potent contents of his massive balls, gave her such a feeling of completion, of purpose, that she couldn't stop herself from seducing her virile boyfriend over and over again. It was as though he belonged on top of her, filling her emptiness, and so whenever he wasn't, it was the most natural thing in the world for Amy to seductively display herself for him, to tempt him once more with the pleasures of her flesh. And she loved how impossible it was for him to resist her wiles, how strong his masculine urges for her body were, and how easy it was to tempt him into giving her exactly what she needed, hour after hour, day after day. Not to mention, the idea of her toned, athletic body being helplessly altered by Josh's virile cum was becoming more and more of a turn-on for her, and so whenever she thought about the end result of what they were doing, it just made her want to let him fuck her all the more.

Neither of them knew it yet, but cumming in his girlfriend's slutty pussy every day had already had its natural effect on Amy's fertile eighteen year-old body. Josh's nerdy genes had overwhelmed Amy's waiting egg the very first time she had successfully tempted him to go without protection, and their genetic material had already fused and begun growing. Soon she would begin swelling with life, but in the meantime she was still loving cheerleading, flexing and showing off her athletic young body in her tight cheerleading outfit, not knowing that her enticing curves had already accomplished their evolutionary goal of attracting a mate, who had been unable to resist the lure of her flirtations and the promise of her soft, inviting flesh.

Josh roared as he lost control inside his slutty girlfriend yet again. The stimulation of her slick pussy had triggered his ejaculation reflex, and his massive balls began involuntarily pulsing, filling Amy's womb with millions of copies of his genetic material that had already been made redundant by their frequent coupling, though their bodies' new urges continued to insist that they perform the act nonetheless.

Afterward, Amy murmured with self-satisfied pleasure as she gently stroked her abdomen and cuddled Josh's thick arms. Meanwhile, Josh refocused his attention on the tail end of the game, mollified by the equally powerful bonding hormones now coursing through him in his post-orgasm relaxation. He recognized how much he had changed, but his affection for Amy had persisted through all of the odd new developments that had come about in both of their lives. He realized that he loved her more than anything, and fully planned to be with her forever. Hell, he loved her far more now than he had back when they were friends, even though from time to time he still missed the relationship they used to share. There was nothing to be done though, since they couldn't resist fucking each other, and in any case they no longer shared the interests that they used to.

Back at school, even though the other eighteen and nineteen year-old senior girls were clearly aware of Josh's steadfast devotion to his girlfriend, they continued to relentlessly flirt with him every chance they got, and their advances only became more overt as he continued to grow larger and stronger. And when Amy wasn't around it was getting harder and harder to resist their flirtations. Even with how often he and Amy were fucking nowadays, he still constantly felt that new, deeply instinctive, powerfully masculine drive to spread his seed, to fuse his genetic material with as wide a variety of attractive females as he could, and that urge was continuing to grow stronger by the day.

When there were so many sexy women of legal age at his school, of all shapes and sizes, with their smooth, nubile bodies practically begging to be inseminated by him as they *accidentally* brushed their breasts against his arm in the hall, or gave him a wink as they suggestively stretched in front of him, there seemed to be less and less reason to discourage their affections. He couldn't help but love all of the female attention he was getting, but it also left him constantly turned on, awash with sexual frustration that was recognized and encouraged by the girls around him. Many of the women were themselves confused by the flirty, giggly behavior they couldn't help but exhibit when they were in his presence, but they continued to do so nonetheless, thinking it nothing but a bit of harmless fun that gave them a tingly sexual thrill.

The other cheerleaders were the worst about it. Amy had cheerfully told them in excruciating detail just how well-endowed and fantastic Josh was in bed, and, armed with this knowledge, the other cheerleaders' youthful hormones drove them to shamelessly flirt with him and hang off his muscular arms in the hallways, evolutionarily drawn to his powerful features that promised them both protection and strong, viable offspring. Most were even willing to make out when they "coincidentally" found themselves alone with him, and Josh ultimately gave in to the temptation to take them up on their unspoken offers. In the locker room, in deserted classrooms, and even in the janitor's closet, Josh discovered just how good it could feel to have a wide variety of girls press their delightfully soft and shapely bodies against him, and more and more of the cheerleaders began to seek him out to discreetly indulge in just a bit of their instinctual desire for each other.

Each time, Josh would quickly get caught up in the addictive sensation of sexual contact with these eager young women, and couldn't help but try to take the situations to the next level. All he knew was that he needed more and more of his skin to be pressed against theirs, though he couldn't consciously conceive of why at the time, or consider what his desires would eventually lead to. When a woman was in his arms he was all id, helplessly obeying the whims of his hormones, yet entirely ignorant of his body's ultimate goal as it unconsciously drove him toward filling the girls' fertile young bodies with his seed.

The girls had significantly more self-control, and would usually let him explore underneath their tight tops a little bit, enjoying his coaxing caresses on the soft skin of their slim torsos, but, without exception, they would always chicken out once they felt the full size of his massive manhood slowly and insistently pulsing through his clothing against their abdomens. Despite their obvious arousal, cheeks pink, breathing heavy, eyes large and sparkling, and erect nipples poking visibly through their thin tops, their discomfort at just how much they wanted to let Josh have his way with them would become too intense, and they would flee to silently masturbate away their frustrations in the security of the women's bathroom.

Their refusal, of course, made Josh angry and gave him blue balls, but his father had always taught him to respect when a woman said "no", and so he would go home and take out his sexual frustrations on the very willing Amy, who if anything looked forward to the slightly rougher treatment that came inexplicably every few days.

One day, however, Josh finally grew tired of their horny, endless cockteasing, and realized he had just the thing to encourage them to embrace their obvious sexual attraction for him a bit more fully. He knew it was probably a bad idea for some reason, and remembered his father's admonition to be careful, but he justified it by telling himself that he probably wouldn't even use it anyway. And even if he did, it would only be on cheerleader types who clearly wanted to go further with him already, just to help them get past their inexperience and inhibitions. Plus, if Amy was any indication, the football's effects would probably help them fill out their cheerleading outfits a bit more as well. What girl didn't want to be sexier, after all? He'd really be doing them a favor, and they'd probably just end up slightly bustier and just a bit more inclined to indulge in some harmless fun with him. Not to mention, he had no evidence that the football would even work on any other girls. Maybe it was restricted to his bloodline or something, or could only be used once per generation.

And so he began bringing the box containing the old football to school with him, just in case, never intending to use it, of course, but feeling somehow comforted by its presence as he faced the daily onslaught of enticingly flirty, yet infuriatingly inhibited cheerleaders. But then, Samantha, one of the smoking hot eighteen year-olds, begged him to give her an "intimate" tour of the back corner of the varsity football locker room. She was a bubbly brunette with a cute face, a shy little thing awash with hormones, craving his body, but again clearly uncomfortable with the strength of her attraction to him. Even so, against his better judgment,

Josh couldn't help but agree, and led her to the locker room where the over-the-clothes petting quickly got hot and heavy.

But, when the encounter inevitably resulted in yet another bashful, reluctant refusal from his clearly aroused female companion once his strong hands began exploring under her clothes, it was more than Josh could take. In a fit of spontaneous, testosterone-induced anger he decided to make it a bit more difficult for the cute brunette to resist her urges in the future. As he reached for the box and pulled out the fateful football, his arousal-clouded brain was already imagining the heavy tits he knew Samantha's body would be forced to grow. They would look just right on her slim frame, jiggling in his face as she bounced helplessly on his cock and begged for his cum, a slave to her new desires just like Amy was. *And I am*, he thought briefly, with a hint of regret, before deliberately placing the football in Samantha's confused grasp.

The poor girl was stopped in her tracks as soon as the football touched her skin, just as Josh had always known she would be, despite his feeble attempts to convince himself otherwise and justify his decision to transform her into a busty bimbo cheerleader. Whether he regretted it or not, however, the deed was done. Samantha's cute features blanked as the ball pumped her full of its slow-acting yet irresistible hypersexuality, and her distracted mind filled with the same appealing images of lust-filled couplings with beefy, masculine jocks with huge cocks that Amy's had. When Samantha noticed that there were hands moving over her body throughout her reverie, caressing her in just the right places, she offered herself up to them, temporarily overwhelmed by the fluttery pleasure induced by her initial contact with the football, and the strong hands began to explore further under her clothes than any had before.

When Samantha finally came to, she noticed that her shirt and bra had been fully pulled up, and that Josh was eagerly groping her small tits while his large shaft visibly throbbed against his shorts. As much as Samantha wanted the pleasant tingles coursing through her body to continue, spreading outward and downward from where his fingers were gripping and stroking her bare breasts, she instead rebuffed him, straightened her disheveled clothing, and marched out of the empty locker room in a huff, as though *Josh* were somehow the one who had sought out this private rendezvous in the first place.

Once more Josh was left with the impotent rage that always came with his frequent sexual frustration, but this time he knew a seed had been irrevocably planted, and that it was only a matter of time before his thick cock would be fertilizing it.

This happened a few more times over the next few weeks with the other cheerleaders that were less able to resist the pull of their hormonal young bodies toward his overwhelming masculinity. Just as Samantha had, they all ended up getting cold feet, and Josh ended up showing each of them his "special football", which without exception triggered the same initial reactions in them that it had in Samantha and Amy.

Each time Josh changed a girl it got easier to do so again in the future, and Josh eventually began giving in to the temptation to use the ball preemptively as more and more of the other cheerleaders over eighteen succeeded in getting him alone. Still, he knew that it would be wrong to just change every girl he found attractive, and so he continued to justify his actions by only affecting the older girls who went out of their way to seduce him. He figured that their changes would probably be less noticeable anyway since they were all cheerleaders already, and that a few more girls on the squad suddenly following their captain's example of stereotypically sexy bodies and behavior wouldn't be seen as out of place.

In the meantime, Josh continued to excel on the football field as his grades continued to slide. He broke many of his father's single-season records, and led his team to the state championship. With his performance in the finals, he knew that he was practically guaranteed a full ride to the football school of his choice, and so after the season ended he turned to weightlifting, both to improve his scholarship prospects and to work off the constant aggression building up inside his powerful frame. Amy was finally made official cheer team captain after the football season ended, and quickly put the team to work preparing for the spring sports, setting an example in team workouts with her surprising strength, flexibility, and stamina in spite of her curves, which by this point were almost cartoonish.

Over the next few weeks, into mid December and up to the start of winter break, Josh began to notice that his *other* football efforts had started paying dividends as well. The few cheerleaders who had gotten a bit too intimate with Josh suddenly seemed to fill out their tops a bit more than usual, with their chests sticking out slightly further above their slim waists and thicker hips, and they seemed drawn to more revealing outfits as well. Josh was ashamed of his actions, but even so, he couldn't stop himself from admiring their increasingly shapely bodies, or from unconsciously looking forward to the day each of them would inevitably seek him out to fully sate their growing lust.

The football's effects continued to manifest in the oblivious cheerleaders over break, who suddenly couldn't seem to keep their bodies from inexplicably swelling with overt sexuality, or to keep their minds from thinking about tall, muscly hunks with thick dicks as their carnal urges grew along with their bodies. Despite their confusion and worry, every morning they would wake up bustier and hornier, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to resist seeking out the male attention they found themselves beginning to crave. And yet, the more these new feelings strengthened within them, the more natural they felt, and it became harder and harder to feel concerned about the repercussions of their new impulses. They began to love that they were getting curvier, especially since they were also becoming more muscled and athletic at the same time, and it was so hard to worry when they felt so happy and giggly and sexy and just plain *good* all the time! It was so much easier to just go with the flow, embrace their unexpected new changes and desires, and enjoy the pleasant, hungry tingle that now

started up between their perfectly toned legs whenever guys showed the slightest sexual interest in their bodies.

When school started back in January, the affected girls all unconsciously agreed to take their normal social role as sexy, flirty cheerleaders to the next level, wearing bolder makeup and more revealing clothing to advertise their heightened libidos and the tempting offer of their swelling bodies. The unaffected cheerleaders were confused when they saw their inexplicably busty friends acting sluttier than usual, but the eighteen and nineteen year-old male seniors immediately reacted to their displays, becoming more and more daring with their own advances, all of which were all happily welcomed by the new clique of de facto school sluts.

By this point the group of curvy, cock-hungry cheerleaders had fully embraced the football's addictive changes, just like Amy had, and were more than eager to offer themselves to the more masculine jocks on the school's sports teams. It just felt so *good* to let the jocks feel them up as much as they liked, driving their own arousal higher upon seeing the guys' clear sexual interest in their bodies, before giving out blowjobs and handjobs and titjobs like candy. The girls were driven by instinct to stimulate as many of those cocks to orgasm as possible, to feel the men's balls clenching in sexual ecstasy as the big-titted sluts teased jet after jet of dangerously potent semen out of the jocks' stiff cocks and into the girls' mouths or onto their bodies, and then the busty cheerleaders would bask in sticky, primal satisfaction and wish that they had let the jocks cum inside of their hungry pussies instead.

But they never did. As their figures continued to inexplicably fill out over the next few weeks and they continued to cover their naked, swollen tits in copious amounts of jock cum, they instinctively kept it all away from their hungry, susceptible pussies, aware of their vulnerable fertility, which could be exploited in a moment by a single errant drop of potent, virile masculinity if they weren't careful. Their pussies, as fascinated by the call of semen as they were now, still couldn't differentiate between the sperm of a powerful, virile male and the sperm of a weakling, and at some level the girls knew just how easily they could be thoroughly and irreversibly impregnated by either if they weren't careful.

Their new reproduction-obsessed minds wanted only the strongest genes in town for themselves, of course, so as much as they wanted to fill themselves with the cum of these run-of-the-mill jocks, they unconsciously knew the consequences that would have on their receptive, hyperfertile bodies, so eager to be used for procreation. It could only result in wastefully fusing their superior genes with those of a lesser man, and, with how much their bodies seemed to want them to be pregnant now, it wasn't likely that they'd be able to resist the urge to wait out their pregnancy and give birth. This would tie up their reproductive organs for a full year of their lives that they could otherwise spend breeding with the one man they were clearly designed for: Josh.

None of these decisions were conscious, of course. As far as the girls knew, they just wanted to have a bit of harmless, slutty fun, and they *really* wanted to have a bit of harmless, slutty fun with Josh.

Naturally, all of the affected girls developed the same obsession with Josh's visible bulge that Amy had. They couldn't stop thinking about the large balls that Amy had described to them in excruciating detail powerfully pulsing between their shapely legs, imagining the inviting slickness of their flirty pussies teasing Josh's powerful cock just past the limits of his resistance. Thanks to Josh, they all now shared Amy's deep, instinctive drive to get just the tip of his naked dick inside them, where they knew that everything would naturally work itself out, though they too never really stopped to consider why, and as the days passed it became more and more clear that these confrontations were inevitable.

And so their busts and hips continued to swell, with or without their approval, into shapely hourglass figures with full, bouncy tits that they couldn't help but show off. They became even bolder in their interactions with Josh, as the need to see his cock powerfully pulsing in person inevitably grew in each and every girl who touched the football, becoming harder and harder to resist as their increasingly willing bodies became ever more appealing to Josh's own hungry eyes.

And all the while Amy silently watched her teammates' sudden changes accelerate as her own began to slow, as yet unaware that she had a whole new series of changes of her own to look forward to in the near future.

End of Chapter 3

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