

Time and Again – Austin Powers

Standard warnings apply! If you are not of age, go away. If you do not like explicit depictions, also go away. This is a slower burn of a start to a possible string of stories.

The morning bell rang at 8:37am, the same as usual. Rob lifted his head off his desk and with a sigh walked to the classroom door and opened it. The usual swarm of grade 8s rushed the class, jockeying for the “best desk.” This of course meant the ones at the back, furthest from the board where cell phones and PSPs might be easier to hide. Rob was an experienced teacher though and knew all the little tricks of the trade. Ten years of teaching will do that.

Rob had got into teaching later in life and now at 45 years old, he was wondering what could have been. Maybe he should have got into education earlier, maybe he should have done something else. A few medical problems and a very lax view of diet and exercise had left him with a definite “dad bod,” which he had taken as a derogatory term of late.

“Ash?” Rob called out as he entered their home. She and Rob had met years ago and while not really striking it up at first, they became decent friends. Ashlee had dated a few losers back in the day and while 9 years Rob’s junior, had two grown kids – Hayley and Marcus (18 and 19 respectively). They were not Rob’s, but for the last 5 years they had effectively been his.

“Mom’s not home right now,” came a call from the living room where Marcus was lying on the floor playing some video game. While Marcus was a bit taller than his mother, he was still just 5’9” and showed his lack of athleticism. He was not overweight, taking after his very slim mother, but he was generally lazy and his grades last year showed he was not going to be a Rhodes Scholar. “She said she was going to some kinda auction thing for the stores in the mall that were closing. She and Hayley both went.”

“Right, I remember.” Rob had a slight twinge of nostalgia for the mall that was being demolished next week. For the small town of Radium, it was really the only place where there was a set of local stores you could get stuff. The recession had hit hard and the last year saw the two main stores close and the land get sold off to a developer who was going to build some sort of new seniors living facility. Radium was only an hour out of the larger community of Springland so it was thought that this would be a good fit. Luckily the local mill was still operating, otherwise Radium would have been a ghost town years ago.

The door to the kitchen opened and in flew Hayley and Ashlee. Like mother, like daughter they were both blond and very slim. Ashlee had a metabolism that just burned calories and so was always very slight, and Hayley was a near photocopy, just she did not wear glasses. “Hey, hon! There were some crazy things for sale at the auction, I wish you could have been there! I got this box of antiques I think you would really like!”

Rob was a history teacher and found the history of the community very intriguing. In the years leading up to World War Two, the community had a large number of immigrants come to the community and so a strong sense of place was developed between Scottish and southern Italian families. The town was known for its strong athletic competitiveness and the number of outrageously gorgeous women. A mixing of the olive skinned and fiery redheads, lead to quite a few of the local families being blessed with beauties and strong, young men.

“Let’s see what you have here! Oh wow this is amazing, an old cookbook, some family albums, a diary...wait, is that an iron ink pot and quill? That is so cool!” Rob was beside himself with joy. Finding these sorts of treasures was right up his alley.

Ashlee leaned in for a quick peck and then opened the box of things she bought for herself. “Do you remember old Ms Fierio’s clothing store?”

“Sure, but didn’t she die like, three years ago?”

“She did,” Ashlee’s face slumped a bit, but they found a box of old clothing that I guess she never sold, or was working on but never finished, so I bought it. There is a really nice blue dress, some old school blouses and trousers. I will have to take them in because, well you know..”

Everyone knew. Lacey Fierio was perhaps one of the most beautiful women to ever grace the streets of Radium. She stood some 5’10” tall with bright green eyes that stood in stark contrast with her raven locks which curled to just above her ass for a good 60 years of her life and then was trimmed for her waning years. Images of her in swimsuit shoots from the 60s and 70s made no bones about how busty she was and yet also was fit from being a distance swimmer during high school and college. She had moved away for a few years, as everyone thought she would be a model, but moved back after college when she got knocked up by her husband at the time. Even after 6 kids, she was still a stunner into her 70s and people jokingly called her the local Sophia Loren.

Her husband turned out to be the local town drunk and took to hitting her. They divorced in the early 80s and since then Ms Fierio just worked her local shop and raised 6 awesome kids.

A third box held a series of plaques and awards. Football, hockey, baseball, golf – all the different trophies from Art’s Trophies were apparently in that box.

“What’s with this stuff?” Rob seemed a bit annoyed. Ashlee was sometimes a bit of a hoarder. “Do we really need all these?”

“You’re the one who wants to write about the town and publish a book, I thought having some of these would help.”

“Mom,” Hayley had another box from Ms Fierio’s shop, listed as “TEENS” on the side of the box, “I’m gonna go get these sorted. How long till dinner?”

“Half an hour, hun,” Ashlee replied. She looked at Rob “I’m gonna try a recipe from the book. You like polenta, right?”

“I like anything you make dear,” Rob lied. “I am going to put some of this away in the study.”

Rob filed to the study and put away all the different treasures that he was gifted today until there was only the ink well, pen and diary left. Opening the diary he saw there were only a few pages left, maybe 20 or so. Reading through the pages he noted that the last entry was listed as April 4th 1969.

April 4th 1969

I can't believe it! It worked! I made it on to the swim team! Jack is totally going to be my boyfriend now and we are going to have a big family. No one seems to notice the change. I mean how could you not? Apparently this is my last page, according to the rules - five pages only. How could anything be wrong now that Sarah has been beaten by my brains, Hariette by my athleticism, Gina by my womanliness and now Eunice with my newfound prowess. I can have any man I want, but I only want Jack...

Rob looked around quickly and scanned the prior pages. The previous pages seemed to be once every month, on the full moon. Each one describing the jealousy that the writer had for people in their life. Then he noticed one more strange thing...

They were all dated April 4th, 1969

TWO

A week had passed since Rob found the diary with the ink well and pen. Tomorrow was September 3rd – the first full moon since his gifts. Having read the prior entries, it seemed that last few people who owned the book realized that they could make changes and it would reset to a month earlier with the changes. Some wrote for money, but it was never enough. Others wrote for family wants, but they ended up wanting more. The more Rob read the more he thought about this being a Monkey's paw. No matter what you wish for, it never turns out quite right. Then again, it seemed like all the prior owners were teenagers, at best. How would they know what they really want?

In the last month there had also been a lot of tension in the house. Ashlee lost her job at the mill and bills started to pile on and on. Marcus was still on the couch and Hayley was looking more and more gaunt. Her breakup with her last boyfriend was hitting her hard.

"Rob!" a loud call came from the basement. "Are you ever going to clean up this downstairs? There are things strewn all over the place!"

Sighing deeply, he knew he had to get that fixed up too. "I will tonight. I love you!"

Came a shallow reply of "yeah, yeah, yeah..."

* * *

The light from the lamp trickled across the page as Rob wrote:

September 3rd 2028

It has been a hard month for us in the home. Ashlee needs a new job that she enjoys and helps us out of this financial crunch. She has been working to mend all the clothes that she got from Ms Fierio's, I just wish they would fit her properly so she could stop struggling with them. Hayley needs to get over her boyfriend, and if only Marcus had the drive to get his name on some sports plaques, maybe he would do more than just lay around on the couch. For me, it would be great to be wanted at my job rather than fight with the kids all day and come home to my loving wife without feeling exhausted every day.

Capping the inkwell, he turned off the lamp and took a final look at the clock as it struck 11:11pm. He waddled to bed and climbed in to the bed, wondering what tomorrow would bring.

THREE

The morning bell rang at exactly 8:37 like it always did and Rob lifted his head and wondered where he was. He remembered the diary, he remembered the clock at 11:11pm, but nothing after. Had he dreamed it all?

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK

“The kids will be wanting in...” he grumbled to himself. No, it was not his voice, it was someone else’s. It was deeper, more masculine. He shot up out of his chair and nearly fainted. He no longer had the pudgy body of yesterday. He was maybe two or three inches taller, his belly replaced with the outline of abs, and a massively broad chest. The Shirt he had on looked like it was painted on and same with his pants. While he had never dressed “to a side” before he did now. Bloating the left leg of his pants was what could only be described as a ludicrous bulge.

The now 6’2” adonis of a man walked to the door and opened the door as students filed in quietly and filled the room not from back to front but front to back. He also noted that the students were no longer grade 8s, but 12s – the classes he always wanted to teach. Racking his brain about what to cover for the day he immediately started into the lesson and found himself so happy with the way the class went.

More often than not, he would find some of the girls in the class toss him fleeting glimpses and the boys seemed to admire him and were almost, intimidated by him.

At lunch he strode to the bathroom and did a full checkout. He struggled to get his shirt on and off as his biceps and chest almost ripped the shirt. He was not a stage ready body builder, but he could feel the power in his body, showing he was not just some showy mass of muscle. His now 10 inch flaccid dick was unconstrained by any sort of underwear. With slightly larger than gold ball sized testicles, the churning sperm bank he now carried seemed to be controllable but also on a hair trigger by his best judgement. Dressing back again he began his walk back to his classroom when Fiona, one of the math teachers slid he hand on to his huge shoulder and whispered:

“I want another chance with that monster...”

Turning to look at what he thought would be his rather conservative colleague he was met with a total stranger. Where she used to wear long sleeves and loose clothing, she was now decked out in a yellow sun dress that hugged her diminished waist, overflowing with what was clearly an augmented bustline, and grabbing his hand placing it on her firm and quite ample dump of an ass.

“Ashlee wouldn’t mind. I know she knows that you are nearly insatiable, just like her. But I would be okay with the three of us too...” Leaning in, Fiona’s other hand began to pull Rob’s hand over her left tit and squeezing it.

Trying to wrap his head around what was happening, Rob took a step back, excused himself and made his way to the classroom. He heard Fiona moan in the background as if she had just cum from touching him. Outside his room a few of the more athletic boys were standing there, as if in line. With a deep growl and a “Gentlemen,” Rob pushed past them as one of them was about to speak and he opened his door to find the next shock of his day...

FOUR

Splayed out on a couple of the desks, there were two basketball players pumping into what had to be the hottest piece of ass Rob had ever seen in his life. Strawberry blond locks framed an angelic face with sparkling blue eyes and two ruby red lips that were clamped tightly about the first boy’s cock. Her top was stretched to the extreme with two massive tits that were barely contained within the crop top. If she were standing there would likely be about 2-3 inches of underboob showing with her large thimble sized nipples poking through as there was likely no bra that would contain the two jiggle orbs that threatened to bounce out of the shirt at any minute. A quick gaze also revealed that she was obviously very fit has her small, yet very well defined arms wrapped about the waist of the boy in front of her. To the rear, her ass was on full display, two spheres of thickly muscled flesh that flared out from a ridiculously tight, well-muscled waist. The boy behind her did not seem to be pumping into her as much as she was sucking him in and then pushing him back out.

As her eyes met Rob’s, the cock she was sucking popped out of her mouth and a curt smile appeared “Hey, Rob,” Hayley muttered. She moaned softly, tilted her head to look at the boy behind her and simply said: “Now, cum for me...”

The boy’s eyes rolled back in his head and Rob could see Hayley clamp down on the root of his dick and watched as her abdominals began dancing, milking his cock for all he was worth. The poor boy seemed to pass out which still in the intense clench of hayley’s magnificent pussy. She seemed to squeeze on last time and then released the young man who fell to the floor, totally unconscious.

“Your turn,” Hayley mewled as she looked into the first boys eyes and he too suffered a similar fate, unloading the most intense orgasm of his life while Hayley simply swallowed it all. The former mousy teen that once walked nearly unnoticed in the school was now, by far, the most delectable piece of ass Rob had ever even heard off. Despite his best efforts, he felt his enormous hog slither a couple inches down his left leg.

“No, no, no...” Hayley mused as he pulled on her ultra tight jean booty shorts which now were stained ever so slightly in the front, “THIS,” she clamped hard on Rob’s cock “belongs to mommy. We all know not to mess with that rule.”

“Hayley, what in the fuck are you doing?” Rob finally managed to utter. “You are fucking two guys in my room at lunchtime?”

Sighing and throwing her luscious hair into a pony tail “You know this is how our family winds down. Ever since I was like, hot, I have been working my skills. How am I to get better than mom if I do not practice. Its not like you have never fucked a coworker in here. Whats that math teacher, Ms Harrison, that was trying to fit this,” she squeezed Rob’s near fully hard pole “into herself a month ago? I thought you nearly broke her pelvis when you bottomed her out. Bitch was leaking everywhere in the halls and she has not been able to wear pants since, you know”

The memories of Rob absolutely railing the poor little math teacher flooded back into his mind. So many women over the years had tried to fit his fuck stick into their waiting snatches but so few could. Rob began to have flash backs of the many times he had fucked and remembered time and again his favourite move, literally picking up women on his dick and using his strength to use them like a fuck toy.

Hayley slapped the two boys on the ground as they groggily woke up. “Get out, my stepdad has a class in three minutes. And yes William, you were adequate. Not really able to fill me up, but enthusiasm marks all the same.

Gathering his clothes the young man pulled he pants on and winced ever so slightly. “Jesus Christ, did she break my dick?” he muttered as he waddled his way out of the room.

FIVE

Leaving the school, Rob reached into his pocket to get out his car key for the 2020 Camary he drove daily. In his hand was now a different set of keys. Tapping the unlock

button a black F-150 with a slight lift. Chuckling to himself, Rob thought: *Makes sense, this set of balls and my cock would likely not even fit in a Camry now.*

The rest of the day and the ride home had allowed some of the more specific memories settle into his mind. Whereas before, in his life, he had just done education after a series of other jobs, Rob now remembered playing sports for a while in college, but never going pro, then he did some modelling for a while and then inexplicitly decided to move home to where an old flame, Ashlee, had lived.

He still remembered the assholes Ashlee dated in the past and that Marcus and Hayley were step kids, but it all seemed a bit hazy. Hayley being a fuck goddess was new and she definitely ruled the school. She was still very intelligent and did well in classes but Rob found she was fucking at least two to three guys a day. It seemed that she started this about a year ago and since then had gotten hotter and hotter as time passed. There was a month when she went on a hiking trip for a week and did not seem to fuck anyone and did not have her body change during that time.

Rob thought for a moment: Is it possible she gets hotter the more she fucks?

Walking through the door Rob heard clanging from downstairs. He had cleaned up the basement last night, but no one ever used that space. Walking through the living room, there was no Marcus. The slight huffing from downstairs lead Rob to explore. There, in what appeared to be a full gym was Marcus, topless, repping out a bench press that appeared to have 405 pounds on the bar. Although not as big as Rob, Marcus was a completely different man. While Rob was strong, with muscles that were covered with just a bit of body fat, Marcus was extremely lean. He was contest ready.

Sweat beaded down his face and chest. Breathing heavily once more he caught sight of Rob and racked the weight.

“What do you think? Ready for the combine?” Striking a pose in front of Rob, Marcus stood tall and broad, lats flaring out and his tight muscled body on full display. “Coach says that I might go first round, definitely second.”

Rob stood impressed by the adonis in front of him, “I am sure you will. Can I jump in?”

“For sure. Let me get some more weight for you,” as Marcus shifted off to grab more 45s. *More wight?* thought Rob.

Now loaded with another 180lbs, totaling 585lbs, Rob slid under the bench bar and timidly raised the bar off the rest. It was light. Not super light as in like a 5lb dumbbell, but this was not a big push for him. Under his shirt his chest pumped with blood and slowly

began to expand. The slight ripping sound on the tenth rep followed with a couple of buttons flying off.

Racking the bar and sitting up Rob noticed the expanded muscles he possessed. Flexing his arms and chest resulted in him tearing his shirt. When he walked in to the basement he was big, now under the conditions of a muscle pump he was certifiably gigantic. After working the various muscle groups he was not tired but felt even more powerful than he did earlier.

He entered the master bedroom of the house and there on the bed was his prize.

SIX

If Rob had thought that Hayley was a sex goddess, he was so wrong. There on the bed was the embodiment of all things he could ever want. Ashlee's curly blond hair framed her face with tresses cascading down on either side of her. Her breasts, no, her tits spread out over her torso from clavical to nearly her belly button. Each must have been the size of, well, they were huge. Sloping away from her for a good 16 inches and held in place by a very strong musculature, her waist accentuated her eight pack, which flowed into two massive thighs that nearly rivalled Rob's own. Lifting her arms from behind her tits, Ashless stretched and with a sleek bicep pose seemed to admire her own physique. Spreading her thighs, the crown jewel of her body, a hairless, inviting and wet pussy drew Rob in.

"Hello lover, its time to pleasure me, now" the low growl of her voice echoed through the room and without hesitation Rob simply strode a few steps to the side of the bed and with a forcefulness he did not think possible pulled this new version of Ashlee to him and sunk his head into her flowering honeypot.

Ashlee's manicured nails seems to claw into Rob's back as he pleased his wife. Skills in making her orgasm seemed to come from nowhere. Rob was never one to go down on Ashlee, nor was she one who wanted this, yet it was entirely natural. With a deft flicking of his tongue and forceful, yet gentle stimulation, Ashlee erupted in passion. The screams echoed through the house and Rob was sure the neighbours also knew.

Releasing her from his grip and eyeing how Ashlee's body was responding to his cunnilignus skills, he removed his trousers and Ashlee's eyes went wide. What was a flaccid 10 inch dick now pushed the envelope of nearing 15 inches and nearly three inches across. The gargantuan throbbing organ did not slant down as so many huge dicks do. He

was rigidly hard, standing not straight out but some 15-20 degrees up from the root. Below there were now testicles the size of baseballs that churned with power.

Pulling his goddess of desire to the edge of the bed, he took hold of the cock he would now use to seed her. Pushing ever so slowly, the bulbous head crested the first folds of Ashlee's waiting pussy. She moaned as if it was the first time she was being fucked by the biggest man she had ever known. Inch after exhausting inch the fuck pole moved ever so steadily into Ashlee. First eight, then ten, then all 15 inches stretched the walls of her pussy. Rob Looked down at the image of sex her was fucking on the bed and sighed in satisfaction that he could see the head of his dick in her tight abs. They had clearly done this enough where Ashlee now began doing what Rob had seen Hayley do earlier in the day.

The kegel muscles that Ashlee had developed now only made it easy for her to both conceive, but also to fuck and give birth. Leaning down and wrapping his arms about her waist, Rob looked into Ashlee's eyes and with no words but clear understanding, he lifted Ashlee off the bed letting the full weight of her body now rest on his godlike manhood.

It was unlike anything her could have imagined. No work out pump or other feat of strength compared to the ability of Rob to simply lift Ashlee into the air and fuck her like a toy. Ashlee was in close by ecstasy as she relinquished control to her lover and let the passion take hold. Her massive tits slapped her torso and the underside of her chin as Rob moved her up and down the foot of cock that he was using to fuck her. Ashlee wrapped her legs around Rob's waist and leaded back, allowing the monstrous head of Rob's cock to explore all areas of her womb. Side to side, up and down, diagonal, for a good ten minutes Rob fucked his queen without abandon.

Reaching climax, he lowered her onto the bed as he left the rumble of his balls and the shaft of his dick pulsed with the coming onslaught of sperm. What felt like a dozen hard spurts emptied into Ashlee's belly, causing it to distend ever so slightly. As he withdrew from her cunt, the pillar of life he commanded gave two mighty busts more and nearly half a cup of jizz exploded on Ashlee, who expertly lapped up the sticky mess as if it was the tastiest treat of all time.

Standing at the edge of his bed with his freshly seeded wife, Rob examined him self and sighed. "My god, what an unbelievable fuck session."

Turning over and crawling on her hands and knees to the edge of the bed with his massive tits and nipples just scraping the top of the sheets which were now soaked in both her and Rob's juices, Ashlee's lithe form seemed to grow ever so slightly. Her back stretched a bit, her ass popped an inch further out while her arms and shoulders seems to gain definition as she edged closer to Rob. "Tell me something my love, how many of those

bright eyed 18 year olds are you having worship this cock of yours? Hayley says she is doing well with her growth and Marcus, well he will seed a few cheerleaders soon enough. And me being the owner of half this town, I have to wonder why you still want to be a teacher? I can only surmise that you are seeding all the grade twelves you can..”

Thinking for a moment he remembered Ashlee had not always been this way. When he returned to town, Rob had looked similar to how he does now, but Ashlee was plain old Ashlee of before. When he began to see her on a regular basis that is when she began to change. The last five years of them fucking had turned her from this mousy waif to the most sexually empowered being in the town. She had used this power to gain power through businesses as men would give almost anything to spend a night with her. Rob had continued to teach and one night when Ashlee was out of town woke to find Hayley with her lisp wrapped around his pole and sucking him off. After that she began to change last year and was following in her mother’s foot steps. That is why Fiona was so much different from before, she has had a taste of his cum.

Looking into Ashlee’s sapphire blue eyes, cradling her chin ever so gently and using his large thumb to wipe a small blotch of semen from her cheek which she instantly lapped up, “You, Ashlee, are the only one I want. I could have any other woman, but you alone can satisfy me.”

“Good, because while my mother, Lacey, had been fucked over, I will not be. And since I am likely to be carrying your child now, I expect you to still fuck me as long as possible.” She gently tapped the distended belly full of cum, watching it leak ever so slightly before she clamped down and seemed to shove the remaining cum back into herself.

Seeing this, Rob’s cock once again began to inflate. “Good, my lover,” Ashlee purred ever so slightly as her lips began to envelope the stiffening monster . “Wound two,” she muttered.

All Rob could think about was “Four more pages...”