How many thoughts were there? Zoey cycled through them all, one after the other, each as unsustainable as the last. She was glad to be with Carmen, though that meant being stowed under her desk for the meantime, but Gretchen was out there. Stalking the halls. Her heels had probably cracked under the force of her steps. Had the black eye set in yet? Would it even show through her makeup?

Zoey glanced to her side, away from her knees. Her skirt had fallen down her legs, bunched up around her waist and hips, allowing anyone who glanced at her the opportunity to observe her cock. It didn’t reach as far as it once did, not that she could discern. She didn’t dare check and, instead, remained frozen place. Everyone would look her way if she made a move.

Time passed at an indecipherable pace. A minute, an hour might have passed and she wouldn’t know. Was it still first period? Her only choice was to wait for class to end, for her sanctuary to be destroyed. Gretchen would find her after that. Then what? She could fight, but no one could predict how many would come to the blonde’s aid. If she did, she would be expelled, something she didn’t want on her permanent record. Especially when Gretchen’s mother had connections to near every college within a five-hundred mile radius.

“A few more minutes,” Carmen whispered from above, an angelic voice that parted the grey clouds in Zoey’s head. She looked to the honour student, satisfied with staring at her knees, past which she glimpsed a set of plain underwear. So different to what Gretchen wore, “There’s a free period coming up. We’ll head to the library.”

“What about Gretchen?” Zoey asked, her voice nothing but a tiny squeak in her ears.

Carmen heard her though, “Dakota and Mary said they’ll run interference on that front.”

“Wow,” Zoey steered her head back to its neutral position, chin rested atop her pursed knees and eyes gazing out into the sea of legs beyond, each controlled by Gretchen. The girl had her fangs and claws in them all, whether it was in the form of a ghostly rumour or a memory of her behaviour, she was always present, fuelling their fear. Except for three in the entire school.

How? The deceptively simplistic question hung on Zoey’s brain. Its austerity laid buried, adorned by a mountain of all the other questions that surfaced, about whether it was as easy as a choice, or if the ability came from something deeper. A difference in pedigree? No. Carmen was poor, and Dakota and Mary were upper middle-class at worst. It couldn’t be so simple as personality.

“Time to go,” Carmen said, seconds before the painful sputtering of the bell. The machine was admirable in a way. Despite being broken, left to rust without a second-thought, it still persisted. Zoey crawled from her hiding place and took a parting glance at Carmen’s luscious, milky thighs, “Don’t run. Just walk. If all goes well, you’ll blend in.”

*And what if I don’t?* She wanted to ask, but kept silent. Zoey nodded as she came to stand beside the top-tiered student. She wavered as a wave of vertigo hit her and grabbed the desk for stability. A glance down revealed the cause. She was tall again. Not as high as before, but above average. It was too great a coincidence for her to stand up for herself and to grow back to near her original height. Not to mention the warm sensation she’d experienced earlier.

“Let’s go,” Carmen said. She grabbed Zoey’s wrist and pulled her along. Outside, the throngs of students masked most of the school. Zoey glanced side to side, eyes wide and observant for the crown of platinum blonde locks she dreaded. No sign of her. A collective blanket of relief descended upon the crowd when they also noticed.

Carmen didn’t pause to enjoy the reprieve. Her feet navigated the student body with practised ease, the kind that came from years of being ignored, remaining on the outskirts, away from distraction and prying eyes. The sacrifices one had to make to stay at the top of the class. And to ignore Gretchen’s hurtful eyes? She spied another outcast teen, who clung to the wall and was passed over by everyone else. Someone mentioned Gretchen and she stiffened.

No, being ignored didn’t grant immunity. Then what? Frustration infiltrated her thoughts, not just for the gross hold Gretchen held on her, nor the cloud of disdain and antipathy that clung to the students, but for how she couldn’t fathom Carmen’s ability. How this girl could somehow be so poor that her clothes were riddled in holes, possess a body made for worship and excel academically, all while she was targeted by the school’s queen bitch, and remain so strong? She’d seen girls from military families, trained by their parents to endure anything, be torn down by Gretchen.

It’s not fair. And yet, it was that girl who defied the term fairness who was helping her. Zoey glanced to her wrist, clasped tight in Carmen’s fingers, and back along the arm to the dark mane of silky hair. It narrowed toward the base of her spine, like an arrow pointed toward her firm rear, which presided over a set of long, voluptuous legs. So, so unfair, Zoey thought with a shake of her head.

“Okay, we’re clear,” Carmen said as they neared the library. After the past few months it had decayed, with fresh ivy creeping along its walls, encroaching on the windows. A sign outside made it clear that it was to be refurbished and repurposed. Gretchen’s doing. She’d made the point to her mother that it would be better spent serving as an entertainment centre. One with an exclusive area for Gretchen of course. Ms. Blake agreed.

She always did. The principal’s history was unclear, no one cared enough to ask and Gretchen didn’t explain anything, but everyone knew she spoiled her manipulative slut of a daughter. Not that she saw it that way. Gretchen was a picture of misunderstood genius in her mind, one that deserved only top marks, of the level that put her one place below Carmen.

The stunning senior led her inside. The library was void of life. Faint streams of light filtered in amongst the vines along the windows and illuminated dust particles as they floated through the air, each incapable of finding space among the layers already on the rows of bookcases. Every book remained in place, disturbed only by one soul in the past months.

“Ugh, it was so nice here before,” Carmen said, scrunching her nose at the musty air. She approached a table and pulled out a chair, sending dust flying everywhere, then took a seat, “Still, at least it’s quiet.”

It was. Zoey listened closely as she strode over to join her. None of the sounds she recognised from school penetrated the high walls around them, as if they’d entered a separate world, vacant and stale, but peaceful.

“This is kind of where we first met,” Zoey said.

“Yeah,” Carmen sighed and swiped at a layer of grime on the table top to lay her head atop it. She added, under her breath, “And when all this began.”

“Hmm?”

“Nothing,” Carmen sighed and raised her head, “We’ve got about an hour. Wanna tell me why you punched the scariest bitch in school?” She arched an eyebrow, lips tilted in a curious, excited smirk.

“You told me to,” Zoey answered, “Um, I mean… you told me to stand up for myself. You were right.”

“I’m glad,” Carmen’s smirk turned to a gentle grin, one of relief, as if she was invested in Zoey’s development, “You look better now.”

“What do you mean?” Zoey frowned. Did she know what was happening?

Carmen shrugged and looked away, “Just looks that way to me.”

“Carmen, this… this will sound crazy but…” Zoey’s throat clenched as she swallowed, tight around the ball of anxiety that trapped itself in her gullet. Air filtered past in a restricted flow. Enough for her to live, not to speak.

“I’ve heard a lot of crazy things,” Carmen said, “Nothing you say will shock me.”

“Well, I, uh, I…” Zoey gulped again, louder this time, “I think I’m shrinking.”

Carmen’s eyes bulged at the proclamation, but nothing else moved. Her lips remained pursed in a plump line, unfazed, “And growing?” She asked.

“Yes!” Zoey yelped, excited. She shied back and cleared her throat, “Sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Carmen said and leaned forward, “No one else noticed?”

Zoey nodded, “Nobody. Not even my parents.” What did that imply? That she and Carmen had a deeper connection than what she had with Rachel, with her own parents? She’d known the straight-A student for under a week. It didn’t make sense.

“Strange,” Carmen’s gaze turned piercing as it travelled across Zoey’s form. The athlete froze. She almost felt it as her body was observed, dissected by the gorgeous girl opposite her. What would she see? Would she like it? This might be a chance. Zoey straightened her posture and pressed her meagre chest out. She wanted to stand and give a better look at her entire body, but remained seated, keeping her penis concealed.

“Any idea what triggers it?” Carmen asked. She relaxed her stare.

“Kind of,” Zoey shrugged and slouched, “I mean, I feel cold when I, when someone bullies me. Then I’m warm when I stop it.”

“So, you act like a wuss and you shrink, and when you stand up you grow back a bit? Is that right?” Carmen simplified.

“Sounds about right,” Zoey said.

“You’ll be fine then,” Carmen chuckled, “I mean, what’s scarier than Gretchen?”

“Nothing,” Zoey laughed, “Except maybe two of them.”

“Oh god, don’t. Last thing I want is to imagine two of those.”

“What about three?”

“Weirdly, I think three would be easier,” Carmen wondered, “They’d probably kill each other.”

“Why not two?”

“Well, they’d do it eventually, but three would speed it up.”

Zoey lowered her chin to hide the heat in her cheeks. A horrible scenario, yes, but three of Gretchen would make for an intriguing scene. The bitch thought herself above all others, so of course she’d adore having another copy of herself. It wouldn’t take long for her to experiment. Gretchen 1 would kiss Gretchen 2, while the third stripped and groped the pair, before joining the action. Then they’d all turn to the only cock in the room; Zoey’s. How would three sets of lips feel if her own, thinner pair were divine?

Her cock throbbed against its restraint. She clenched her thighs together and jerked back to a proper posture, face forward and hands tense on the table. Carmen’s eyes flickered to them and thinned slightly.

“So, what caused this thing?” Carmen asked.

Zoey exhaled in gratitude. If Carmen noticed anything, she ignored it, a small mercy, but one Zoey hadn’t seen in so long. The moment something caught Gretchen’s eye, she called it out. A quick glance to a guy, and she was all over him, or if someone stared at her too long, she turned it into an insult for both herself and the other person. Unless they had a large bulge in their pants, then it became a conquest.

“I, uh, have no idea,” Zoey said. She didn’t. It was simple to blame it all on her spontaneous cock growth, or on the sudden feelings she held toward Carmen, even both, but that didn’t make sense either. Growing a penis was one thing, but how could something so relatively minor make her shrink? Only a coincidence. Or magic, but, again, that was impossible.

“Hmm… Ever wonder if there’s a god?” Carmen asked. Her eyes flitted to the right and lingered there, as though staring at something invisible to Zoey. Whatever it might be, she looked away soon after.

“Not really. I’d think they’d have done something about Gretchen by now,” Zoey said.

“In every story I’ve read or heard, a god doesn’t intervene directly. They help out through other means. Like urging someone to a goal that would free a country, or giving them a quest to save the world or something. I never paid attention to it myself. But,” Carmen locked her dark blue stare on Zoey, “Maybe there’s merit to it?”

“You think a god did this to me?” Zoey asked.

“Makes about as much sense as anything else,” Carmen said.

“That seems cruel, though.”

Carmen shrugged, “Maybe. Though I haven’t heard of a god that doesn’t dick around with someone.”

“I guess so. Why would one give me this?” Zoey muttered and froze when she realised what she’d said.

“Give you what?” Carmen leaned over the table. A few feet still separated them, but Zoey swore she felt the girl’s breath on her skin. A few simple moves and they’d be touching. She could get a feel for how soft this genius worker was, how she smelled and how she tasted. Oh yes, she needed a taste. Just something to fuel her activities that night.

“Uh, this curse,” Zoey said and leaned away. A wave of coldness dampened her arousal and the world shifted. Everything grew taller, slight enough that she could easily miss it if she hadn’t grown accustomed to the frequent change. Did lying also trigger it?

“You just shrank again,” Carmen noted and sighed, “Listen. I know this is weird. It’s insane. But you can’t shy away anymore. If you do, then who knows what will happen. If someone shouts at you, shout back. If they want you to do something you don’t want to, then tell them you don’t.”

“But that’s… It’s not who I am.”

“Change is important,” Carmen said with a glance toward herself. Her lip curled, but she couldn’t tell if it was a smile or grimace.

“It’s terrifying.”

“To what? Say ‘fuck off’ to someone other than Gretchen?” Carmen teased.

“I didn’t say that to her,” Zoey mumbled.

“No, you punched her instead. If a random stranger snaps at you to, I don’t know, hurry up with something, then you can just tell them to wait. Confronting someone, bully or otherwise, doesn’t mean you have to be an ass,” Carmen explained.

“That sounds so obvious,” Zoey said.

“It is.”

“So, what’re you telling me to do here? I mean, you’re the smart one.”

“Not smart, just a hard worker,” Carmen corrected, “And I’m not really telling you to do anything. Just giving some advice. Judging from what I’ve seen, you get taller when you fight back. It can be minor or huge. And you shrink when you basically roll over, even if it’s just a simple question.”

“That’s pretty accurate,” Zoey said.

“I don’t have friends, so I tend to observe.”

“What about Dakota and Mary?”

“Oh, yeah. I guess, they’re my friends,” Carmen trailed off. She leaned back in her chair and mused aloud, “Things keep on changing. I didn’t think they could be so different.”

Change? Yeah, that’s what she had needed for so long. Zoey studied her hands, the same set she’d had for years now. They grew, and shrank in recent days, but stayed the same. As was true for the rest of her. She hadn’t noticed any difference in her height since turning eighteen, her wardrobe was mostly the usual brown and red tones with a hint of black mixed in, even her hairstyle went unchanged. It was time for it.

Growing a cock and shrinking as she had was the greatest alteration to her life in the past few years. And look where it had taken her. Zoey raised her eyes. Those changes brought her here, to an abandoned library, sat opposite a gorgeous and studious girl, with a dull ache in her right hand and a million tumultuous thoughts. The loudest of which was; what would further change bring her?

A date? A kiss? More?

Quiet settled over the table. Sounds of wildlife and cars sifted inside, but went ignored. Zoey stared at Carmen in silence, trying, and failing, to find fault with her. An errant mole peeked over the neckline of her top, stark against her pallid complexion, yet it meant nothing. Carmen’s left eyebrow was crooked, but still arched in an elegant line.

There had to be something. Her breasts were too big. Blasphemy. They were asymmetrical. Not that she could see. Did her ass sag? She hadn’t noticed any dip in the cheeks while they walked, aside from the sensual lift and fall of Carmen’s assured strides. Perhaps her pussy was hairy or too meaty? Zoey stifled a laugh as she realised that it wouldn’t matter what flaws this surreal beauty had.

*I love you*. The words died in her throat. This wasn’t the time or place. Carmen already had to deal with Gretchen and schoolwork, now she had Zoey’s problems on top of those. She didn’t need another weight on her chest.

“Thanks,” Zoey said.

“For stating the obvious?” Carmen asked.

“For helping me with, um, just about everything.”

“You’re welcome,” Carmen took a glance at her watch, “I should go. Classes aren’t far off. Plus I want to make sure Dakota and Mary are alright.”

“Oh, yeah. Sure. Can I come too?”

“Not a good idea. You should probably law low for a day or two. Gretchen will take her anger out on someone, I think, then the storm should be mostly over,” Carmen said. She stood and stretched, arms over her head as she arched her back, announcing her pert breasts to the world. Zoey snapped her eyes back to her hands, though they darted to Carmen’s hips as she turned around, bag slung over a shoulder.

“Hey, uh… I’ve got some spare notebooks. In my locker. You can have them if you want?”

“No thanks.”

“But-but aren’t you gonna fall behind?”

“I’m already ahead,” Carmen said, “I’ll just have to cram for finals. Worst case, I have a few sleepless nights. So long as I get into the right college, it won’t matter.”

Zoey hurried to catch up and followed Carmen outside. She didn’t dare go inside the main building, or venture any further from her temporary sanctum. Gretchen could be prowling the corridors, still enraged and prepped to murder anyone who crossed her path. Someone might’ve already fallen victim to her anger.

“Why bother with college?” Zoey blurted. She hadn’t meant to say that, not aloud. No, speaking out was part of her reform. She wouldn’t keep her words bottled up, not anymore. Where it was appropriate of course, “I mean, you’re hotter than any model.” Her cheeks boiled at the proclamation. If Carmen didn’t know about her attraction, she did now.

“Doesn’t pay enough.”

“Are you kidding? They make a fortune.”

“The popular ones do, yeah. But I don’t want something so temporary. I need cash, influence. Something permanent,” Carmen said.

“Like what?”

“Who knows? I’ve gotta go.”

“Uh, wait!” Zoey said and pulled out her phone, “Uh, could I get your number? In case I need someone to talk to?”

“I guess. No calls though.”

“Okay,” Zoey stifled her disappointment in her glee and the gentle flame that flickered to life in her core. Texts were better than nothing. And besides, she thought as she entered Carmen’s name into her contacts, she got her number, “I’ll, uh, text you later. Okay?”

“Sure,” Carmen waved goodbye and strode off to the main building. Zoey followed her path and saw Dakota and Mary waiting at the entrance, none the worse for wear. She watched them go inside and headed back home. Anything Megan could say or do to her, Gretchen would triple it. And she was confident she could overcome Megan.

“Again. Easier said than done,” Zoey groaned. But she’d do it. Yes, she would. Without a doubt this time. The distasteful pain in her hand was her reminder, a medal that proved she’d graduated from the terrified Zoey she once was.

Zoey stopped at the foot of her home. It lacked any sign of life, but Megan secluded herself in her room, only leaving for necessities and to go out. The chances of her leaving on a weekday were slim, since her usual crowd would be at college, or trying to maintain a modicum of a healthy life. Without reason to leave, she would sit in her room, probably naked and fixated on her laptop, on the illusion she’d crafted. Zoey had stumbled upon her masquerading as some prestigious girl dozens of times in the past.

Why would she want a better life than this? Zoey wondered, for the umpteenth time. Their family wasn’t rich, but they were well enough. She clasped the doorknob, simple bronze painted in silver to stand out against the royal blue of the door. A two story house, four bedrooms, two bathrooms, a large living room and kitchen, and a set of parents able to provide whatever was needed. Yet Megan still wanted more.

It was night and day as Zoey passed old photos along the staircase. Depictions of a sweet and caring child, had decayed and formed a spiteful woman. Blonde curls had fallen into black streaks, the long, flowing dresses and skirts were cut, and her smooth skin was marred by tattoos. Zoey hadn’t changed much from the auburn haired, baby-faced child on the wall.

She had started as a typical kid, adventurous and uninhibited. Then she and Megan went to different middle-schools, and the bullying started. She never figured out why they targeted her, but they had. In a span of two years, she’d withdrawn into herself. Megan had been her sole refuge, until she turned against her as well.

She and Megan were friends once. A typical sisterly relationship, the older one mentored the child, kept her safe and told her what their parents wouldn’t. Like how to manipulate boys. Back when a lack of bust didn’t mean anything, they would wind-up every guy they met for fun, gossip about who liked who, or dare the other to go out with someone they didn’t like.

As she grew, Megan got curvier and her popularity spiked. They spent less time together. Megan was the boy’s girl, while Zoey ran around a field or kept to herself all day. Eventually, Megan decided she could be a model, based on how many guys drooled over her. It didn’t work out. All the agencies either told her she was too curvy, or not curvy enough. Even the more risqué ones turned her down.

On her last bid, she had Zoey with her. Zoey thought it was a possible resurgence in their relationship. They had gotten along fine then, but not as well as before. It all went downhill from there. Megan didn’t get the job, instead they tried to proposition Zoey, the skinny little sister, and she turned them down. That was the final straw it seemed.

It became obvious that any semblance of friendship was over. Megan chose to take pride in her figure, rightly so, but she took it too far. She lured every guy she could with her large tits, stole boyfriends, slept around, shamed anyone with a pant size smaller than ten, and paid special attention to Zoey. Every chance she got, she reminded her of how skinny the athlete was, or how she hadn’t had any boyfriends. Ever.

She peered around the corner, down the hall where her sister’s room oozed dread. Avoidance wasn’t cowardice, but strategy. Her… curse? Gift? Carmen did theorise that it came from a god, so maybe it was a gift. Either way, it wouldn’t trigger from this. She hoped.

It didn’t matter. She wasn’t the same anymore. The timid girl, who ran track to escape her problems, was a memory, lost in the sea of others. Zoey toed the floor, checking for any loose boards that might rouse her sister. Nothing yet. She dragged her feet along the ground, keeping her weight distributed and ready to flee if needed. Another step without incident.

She reached for her door. One more step and she’d be safe, free to relax in private, away from Gretchen’s wrath and Carmen’s temptation. Megan’s door opened. Zoey’s head jerked in her direction and locked there, staring at the turn of fate. The elder sibling raised her head from her phone and smirked at the sight of Zoey, who glanced over her in dismay. Megan wore nothing but her underwear. Her bra was tight, forcing her breasts to overflow its cups.

“Hey there, sis,” Megan beamed and strode over, she exaggerated the natural sway of her plentiful hips, and came to a stop before the taller sibling, legs cocked to the side. Her panties dug deep into her lower curves, creating a slight muffin top. A damp smell caught Zoey’s attention. A familiar, sexual odour. She glanced to Megan’s crotch and noticed a darkness across her underwear.

“Hi,” Zoey said. She kept her thoughts secret, including the slight surge of pride at standing over Megan again. She could do this.

“What happened this time? Did that big, mean Gretchen pick on you again?”

“Yeah, then I punched her,” Zoey answered flatly.

Megan’s smile dropped, “What?”

“I punched her. She was a real bitch. Worse than you are,” Zoey explained. Her skin dimpled and muscles trembled, yet the welcome heat of growth kept her in place and pushed the words out.

“Good for you, Zoey. You finally stood up against a bully!” Megan patronised, “About time. Shame you couldn’t do that in grade school, when I had to rescue you. Remember that?”

“Yeah, I do. I also remember having to look after you when Nancy Cramer didn’t invite you to her birthday. I’m amazed you didn’t flood the house, you were crying so much.”

Megan’s expression turned sour, “Listen here you little shit! I don’t fucking care if you think you’re some hot bitch now because you punched someone. Big deal. I’ve clawed eyes out. You’re still a worthless cunt.”

“And what does that make you?!” Zoey shouted. She took a step forward and Megan backed away. Blood rushed to her face. No one had looked her this way. It wasn’t fear, nor was it contempt. She tried to comprehend it, but her words came first, “Well? I’ve done nothing to you. Except try to be your sister! Who’s been taking your shit for the last four years, huh?” The last past was mostly fuelled by Gretchen, but it applied all the same.

“Zoey,” Megan started.

“Shut it. I don’t care anymore, got it? I don’t care that you didn’t get to be a model, or that you think you have to fuck with everyone you meet. Megan,” Zoey took a deep breath. The heat was greater than ever, even more so than after she punched Gretchen. It wasn’t anger, she knew that as intimately as her family. “We’re sisters for fuck’s sake. You think I wanted you fail?”

Megan’s eyes and lips convulsed. She took a deep breath, anger in her eyes. Zoey focused on it, enforcing her own, years-old rage upon the seething emotion. Then Megan exhaled, her face relaxed and lowered.

“I’m sorry. Alright?” She said and moved around the athlete, down the stairs. Zoey stared after her.

“Thanks,” Zoey breathed and went into her room, where she crumpled atop her bed. It was a start, but everything had to begin somewhere. Even so, with the deprivation of adrenaline and the warmth, the weight of her words fell on her. All at once. She hadn’t punched Megan, but somehow it seemed worse than with Gretchen, “Because we’re sisters?” Zoey postulated aloud. Maybe. But Megan also wasn’t cruel without any reason behind it. She was hurt. The blonde queen of Saint Puella had nothing like that.

If she cared enough about Gretchen, she might’ve tried to figure out what it is that drove her. She didn’t. All she wanted from Gretchen was to be left alone. A request she wouldn’t heed. Jenna had done nothing but get them her called to an assembly, stealing less than an hour from her day. Hospital awaited Zoey if she showed her face anytime soon, or worse. She had never seen the blonde so furious before, though no one had punched her before.

Her return would be whole new territory. Yet another major change.

But she could do nothing about it now. She rolled onto her back and stretched her legs, sore after the constant sprinting, then smirked at her ceiling as her feet dangled off her mattress. Back to normal, she thought and sat up. They say people take things for granted, and she agreed as she stood to inspect her renewed form.

She was taller than normal. Zoey blinked as she looked around her room, hopeful that each flicker would reveal that she was imagining it all. That the ceiling wasn’t so low, that she couldn’t reach up and press her palm flat against it with ease. Her bookshelf had once stood on a level plain as her, now she could rest her chin atop it, and her bed seemed too small. A frown creased her skin.

This was good. She had towered above most girls at Saint Puella before, with Carmen being among the few exceptions, now she dwarfed them. Even Gretchen would think twice before messing with her. Zoey felt along her body, intent on making sure everything was as it should be.

Her legs were long and powerful as ever, still the core of her height. She bent to trace along the powerful muscle along her thigh, down her quads and calves, a grateful grin on her lips. The earlier struggle to outrun Holly was a hollow memory now. She flexed and smirked at the display of her prowess.

The muscle extended into her upper form. It hadn’t diminished when she shrank, rather it withdrew into her skin and kept her body in prime condition. Now it was free. Gentle curves and ridges carried across her stomach, pecs and into her arms. Her biceps bulged with strength and femininity, unlike those deranged bodybuilders she heard of, the ones that were more masculine than most men. And yet, unlike those women, she possessed a penis. An enviable advantage in their eyes.

She was still a girl, though. Zoey stripped down to make sure, anxiety high as she imagined slowly losing her sexual identity. She raised her male genitalia and saw her shy pussy peek out, its lips closed and curved up into the hood of her clit. A faint layer of juices glistened on her tight yet plump labia. Yes, she was a girl, first and foremost. She just had a cock too. A big, meaty dick more masculine than some she’d seen online.

Back on her bed, she studied it. Her thighs framed the shaft, a trinity of power. On either side, she saw muscle, and at the centre rested a veiny slab of meat, perched atop a pair of large balls. Her mons were bald, smooth as a worry stone.

“It’s smaller,” Zoey noted. Last night’s explosion of bliss crossed her mind and was followed by disappointment. She was flexible, but she would be lucky to the reach the head now. Even so, she looked larger than the first time she saw it, by a couple of inches she estimated. And still flaccid. She needed to know how it looked erect, and to get some release.

She shuffled back on her bed and leaned against the headboard. Zoey spread her thighs further and grabbed her member. It hung past her index finger. Anticipation sizzled beneath her skin.

An earlier fantasy barged into her thoughts, one of Gretchen, submissive to Zoey’s huge cock and covered in cum. The athlete stroked along her length, a motion that became easier with each day, stoking the flame of lust within it. Her prick swelled and pulsed with life. It spread her fingers wider, until her thumb and forefinger were separated. Though smaller than mere hours ago, no one would mistake it for small.

Zoey brought her second hand into the mix. As she stroked with one, the other explored, like a blind person familiarising themselves with a new element. Her fingertips traced vein upon vein. They splintered off into dozens of new paths, undulating with blood. Another vein, thicker than the rest, bulged along the bottom of her shaft. But they all lead to one place; the head. Her favourite part. Huge and spongy, it bulged from her shaft at a near-obscene angle, almost like a mushroom, and was a deep, lustful purple.

She squeezed toward the tip. A small pearl of pre-cum oozed from the precipice, then broke and streamed onto her fingers, warm and slimy. It streaked down her shaft as she sank, following the broad line along the bottom of her cock. Another bead poured out and down the top as she rose again. More gushed with every circuit, extra piled upon the already ample amount, until her throbbing, vein-riddled dick glistened in the dull light. The scent wafted from her length. A line of drool leaked from her lips.

Zoey hunched forward. Her short hair fell and grazed her cock’s peak. Hot, humid breaths broke against it and urged greater dollops of pre. She sniffed at it, sighing with every exhale. The mild perfume she wore was drowned in the musk. Strong and virile, masculine, yet infused with the delicate, spicy scent of her pussy. Her tongue lashed out, but couldn’t reach. She curled in further, lips puckered.

That stench… that disarming, controlling reek demanded that she taste it. She wanted to taste it, Zoey amended. What was she becoming, that it almost hurt not to suck her own dick, that she drooled at the mere smell of it? Any shame she might have felt was shoved aside. This was what she craved, no shame in that.

The shame was in her inability to fulfil her lust. She grunted and puckered her lips. They met the head, both soft and moist. Pre-cum burst across her mouth. She licked it clean and shuddered. This was a gift, no doubt about it. Even Gretchen couldn’t enjoy the taste of cum the way she did.

“Come on, just a little more,” Zoey breathed. Her cock twitched at her words, as if reaching for her as well, eager to bury itself in her gullet once more. Muscle and boned strained in unison, working together to attain her ultimate goal, all while her hands worked and doused themselves and her fingers in pre-cum. Her breath became cool on her spongy crown.

She reared back on her ass and lurched forward. Her lips spread, her tongue stretched, her cock slid across her slick muscle and into her maw. Zoey moaned in victory and sealed her mouth around it. Moisture and warmth surrounded her pulsating prick, a lush sanctuary for her cock to unleash its lewd treasure. Salty goo spilled across her taste buds and coated them. It oozed around her mouth and clung to her teeth.

Zoey suckled on the head. She couldn’t go lower, but this would work. Her tongue swirled across the sensitive peak, along the cleft where the glans met skin, lathering it in her spit and its own translucent gunk. Yoga and gymnastics waited in her future. She was sure of it.

She slid her lips along what she could reach. Fresh gouts of pre spurted at her attention. They splashed against the roof of her mouth and down her throat, setting off her gag reflex. Thick saliva dribbled down her length and mixed with the dick slime already there, creating a frothing mess over her shaft. Her veins throbbed harder and echoed in the head.

It wouldn’t be long before she came. Until then, she planned to savour all the sensations her new, lurid form could muster. And that meant using her cunt. Zoey’s trim nails crossed the plane of her testes, down and under them until they nestled against her sopping snatch, swollen with tempered lust. It opened around three fingers with ease, hungry for the attention.

She curled the digits and scratched at her tight, dripping walls. Her pinkie finger pressed flush against her engorged labia as her thumb toyed with the clit, sending shocks of delight buzzing throughout her nervous system. As her hand climbed her cock, she sank her fingers to the knuckle, faster with every repeat, until the slick noises saturated the room. She moaned and inhaled around her dick, turning her cheeks a striking convex shape.

“Yes, more… oh god, more,” Zoey mumbled around her dick. The vibrations travelled along its length, down into her stuffed sack. Her eyelids closed, shutting out any distraction, and left her thoughts to themselves.

Close as she was, Zoey only had one thing on her mind; pleasure. It took whatever form it desired, such was its role in life. Here, she saw Gretchen, eye still blackened, submissively nursing from her cock. A mess of spit and pre coated the blonde’s face. It sullied her once lush hair, turning it to a gross mass of matted locks. Soon it would be painted white in Zoey’s cum. She couldn’t say whether she produced enough for the job, but she longed to know.

Then another desire entered the mix. Her mind’s eye turned and saw Carmen behind her, huge, natural breasts on either side of Zoey’s head while she played with the futa’s rigid nipples. Creamy flesh, capped by ripe cherry-sized nipples, saturated Zoey’s sight. The busty honour student whispered unintelligible words to her. She didn’t need to understand them, only know their meaning.

*“Cum. Cum. Cum.”*

Zoey moaned louder and bucked her hips. Her moans rose higher until they were muffled shrieks, while her pussy clamped down on her fingers. She added a fourth to the slurry of juices and played rough with her clit. Every blissful pulsation worked its way to her cock. The flow of pre subsided. Her member twitched and lurched, thickening as it worked to stuff her fully.

The first wave of cum was always the best. Every inch of her cock was warmed by the flow, it swelled and the veins pounded against her tongue, before flooding her mouth. Zoey sputtered a the violent short. It splattered from her lips onto her crotch. She swallowed what she could before the next. Prepared, she devoured each drop. As if challenged, the next volley came faster. She managed, but the follow up was quicker still.

Before long, she could do little more than gag, moan and drool the excess onto her groin. Even so, her hands prolonged the blissful pleasure. Her pussy squelched around her fingers, leaking onto her bed, as she continued to jerk her cock. Both came in tandem, each sensation familiar yet alien in their delirious fusion.

The sky cleared, allowing sunlight to break through and bathe the world in its warm glow. Zoey giggled to herself, wondering if her orgasm had caused the sudden shift, still high on the post-orgasmic haze. Her chin, chest and crotch were all a mess, and her sheets were soaked. A casual sniff of the air imparted only the scent of pussy and cum. She’d sampled the mixture before, when she walked on in Gretchen after a night out.

None of her concerns broke past the afterglow. The fact that Gretchen would be out for blood, or that she had no idea how she would get her feelings across to Carmen, or how she would handle life as a mixed-gender athlete. Would they make something for trans people? Did that even apply to her?

It didn’t matter. The possibility was still a long ways off, far from her current bliss. She rolled her fingers around in the cooling, gooey mess on her skin. Some had landed on her breasts. They were meagre things, direct opposites to Megan’s lush pair, designed for a runner. But she wouldn’t mind a bit more. She hummed at the idea of wrapping her cock in a pair of plump tits as she sucked it, all while her hands focused on her pussy. Her dick also approved as it stiffened once more.

“What’s a refractory period?” Zoey giggled and grabbed it again. The skin was still sensitive, a bit sore, but she had no doubt a slow, gentle motion would be fine. She wondered how it would feel to have Carmen’s hand on it, touching and stroking her dick to orgasm after orgasm. Someday, Zoey promised herself. She glanced to her most recent pile of clothes and reached over to retrieve her phone. That day wouldn’t come without some extra work.

*Hey, are you available after school?*

She glanced at the time. Carmen would be in class. No matter how lax the teachers were in their punishment, she wouldn’t risk answering her phone. Not a problem. Zoey had the perfect means to pass the time. Her hand returned to her cock and resumed her languid strokes. The pleasure was different, like a slow burn rather than the sudden blaze she was familiar with. She toyed with her pussy as well.

Half an hour later, her phone pinged. She wiped her hand clean of her filthy juices and grabbed it.

*Only for about an hour. I have work.*

Zoey arched a brow at the text. How could Carmen maintain top marks and still have time to work? It didn’t seem feasible. Surely, she would be burnt out soon.

*That’s okay. I just want to talk for a bit.*

A lie. She longed to do so much more, to reveal her cock to Carmen and lose her virginity in the same moment. But that was pure lust. Zoey pushed the desires aside, rather, she focused them into her left hand as it continued to stroke her cock.

*Sure. You know that coffee place a few blocks from the school? Soothe the Soul?*

Zoey had seen it a few times, only in passing though. She didn’t care for coffee. Too bitter. But she would tolerate it for the sake of seeing Carmen again.

*Yeah. Meet you there?*

*Yes. Class is starting. See you later.*

Zoey set her phone down and stared at it, still with one hand on her shaft. Could this be considered a date? No, they weren’t girlfriends. She doubted Carmen would even want to date her. Everyone claimed she was a lesbian, through and through. Though no one had seen her even kiss a girl, or a boy. Perhaps she just didn’t have time for relationships? That seemed likely. She couldn’t fit a girlfriend in amongst the countless hours of work and study.

Then what were her chances? Zoey groaned and turned away from the device. Worrying wouldn’t change anything. She had several hours to kill before meeting with Carmen, and she fully intended to make use of them.