

# Play ball!

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*Written and Edited by PgFalcon*

My name is James and I am your ordinary, everyday, see you-at-school teenage boy. I hang out with friends, play sports, go to school, and watch television. I have two close buds: John and Jesse. A lot of "J's", I know, but we can't help our names.

I guess I should tell you something about us so you know what we look like, right? Well, I'm on the tall side. Skinny, but in good shape all things considered. I have longish brown hair, although my mom insists that it's actually blond, and I dress as if I were preparing to go on a hike through the woods: Boots, jeans (with thick belt), and a soft leather jacket that has been passed down through my family since the early 1900's. It's very comfortable, as well as utilitarian.

John, also called "Long John" by his close friends, is a bit of a nerd. He's much taller than me, nearly six and a half feet tall (hence the nickname), but about as athletic as a water bucket. He makes up for it in smarts. Head of the chess and speech team, he is also a 4.0 student and consistently funny 24/7. He usually wears slacks and a polo shirt, and only wears tennis shoes in gym class.

Next there's Jesse. He's short for his age and is late going through puberty, but he makes up for it all with a serious Napoleon complex. Of the three of us he's probably the "coolest", since he makes a point of trying hard to be cool. In fact he tries hard at everything he does, and because of this he is usually successful. He self-taught himself to do both a front flip and a back flip, self-taught how to fight, self-taught how to play the guitar, self-taught how to... well, you get the picture, right? He can do a lot of stuff, just because he wants to and doesn't quit. He's a blast at a party, usually wears brand-name clothing, and has a fondness of sunglasses.

Well, now that you know who we are I can get on with the story, right? You didn't come here to listen to me talk about what kind of clothes we're wearing.

It all started on a cool spring day when we were tossing around a baseball. It was a field out in the middle of nowhere, deep in redneck country as Jesse put it, but it had a mound and four bases. The sun was out and the animals about, and nothing at all indicated that today would be different from any other day.

A very quick pitch smacks my glove, and I dump it into my hand. We're practicing our pitches in a triangle.

"Nice one!" I shout, fidgeting with the ball to line my fingers up correctly. The fast-ball is all about technique...

"Thanks!" shouts John back at me, right as I release the ball and send it into Jesse's chest like missile. I'm rewarded by a solid smack as ball contacts leather. I'm getting better, and I smile to myself.

“Hey James?” shouts Jesse after throwing his unique version of a curveball. It’s hard to not get faked out by it, since the pitch looks like it’s going way out to the side before coming back around to hit dead-on target. You have to just trust the pitch will make it to your glove, and stay put.

“Yea?” I ask, in order to keep the conversation going.

“Think I should ask Jennifer out?”

“For the millionth time, yes! Just do it man. Why’re you acting so weird about this?”

“I don’t know... it’s just... nothing. I’ll ask her out.”

“Good. Hate to see the great Jesse scared of a girl.”

“I’m not scared!”

“Scared of failure then?” jibs John with a smile.

“No. It’s.... Promise me you guys won’t tell anyone.”

“We swear,” both me and John chorus, holding our hands in the air and rolling our eyes.

“I’ve never kissed a girl before, and I don’t want to suck at it when I do.”

I throw the baseball hard, but it goes off to the side and into the trees.

“Can’t help you there dude,” I say, taking off for the ball and laughing, “practice with your hand or something.”

“Oh sure!” shouts Jesse after me, “Thanks! It’s not like I don’t give you guys pointers on baseball or nothing!”

“Kiss her like you’d kiss your grandma, but on the lips!” I say before turning my back and disappearing into the woods. “After that it’ll come naturally!”

And on that note I stomp my way through thick bush and brush in search of our only baseball.

I’m about thirty feet into the woods when I find the ball lying at the base of a small, gnarly looking old cherry tree.

I bend over to pick it up when I suddenly hear a voice, wispy and gentle as the wind.

“Hello fair traveler...”

“SHIT!” I shout, startled, and leap up into the air.

I immediately look around me for the source of the voice. Whoever it was has to still be close by.

“Who’s there?” I demand.

“My name is Atë,” says a louder, silky voice right in front of me. It’s the tree.

I blink my eyes and search around the cherry tree for some sign of a speaker or any other possible explanation.

As my hand touches the bark of the tree to steady myself in my investigation the tree actually trembles as the voice giggles.

“That tickles!” she says, and it’s a female voice for sure. It’s also definitely coming from the tree. Crazy beans.

“So, you’re Atë the cherry tree? What brings you to this neck of the woods?”

“No you silly mortal, I’m not a cherry tree. I just happen to be stuck in one at the moment. How I got here is a long, boring story, so forgive me if I’d rather not tell it. If you help me out of here, however, I can help your friend with his inexperience...”

Several seconds pass as I stand there with a dumb look on my face.

“What?” I ask.

“I’ll help your friend with his inexperience with girls! It’s a simple thing really, not much trouble. It’ll even be fun! I haven’t had any fun with a mortal in years...”

More stunned silence. What the hell is going on here?

“You’re saying that if I free you, a complete stranger who very well may be trapped in a cherry tree for good reason, then you’ll kiss Jesse? Not only is that a load of bull, but a pretty crappy reward for my trouble. Why not kiss me?”

“I’m not some common slut child... I’m afraid that’s in my current position the best I can offer is to help your friend. You’re a nice boy, I’m sure you don’t care about what the reward is do you? In any

case experience such as what I offer cannot be acquired through normal means and your friend will be very confident with kissing I assure you..."

"You want to help your friend do you not?"

This Atë person doesn't *sound* like a bad person, and in fact I find myself trusting her. At the very least I'd be helping two people out at the same time, and maybe get a small show or something. Her voice sounds very hot and sexy. Hell, just listening to her is giving me a chubby.

In the end curiosity of course gets the best of me. This wouldn't be much of a story if it hadn't.

"Alright, sure. Tell me what to do."

"Have a cherry!" she says cheerfully, and with a twist of the cherry tree's branch a cherry the size of a golf-ball falls into my mitt.

"That's it?" I ask. "Eat a cherry?"

"Told you it was easy."

"How exactly does this free you?"

"Magic."

"Ah. Well that explains everything now doesn't it?"

I look down at the cherry. At least it looks tasty; if she were trapped in a pear tree I'd probably just leave and forget about the whole crazy experience. I hate pears.

I bite into the cherry like I would an apple, and am rewarded by quite possibly the most delicious rush of flavor my tongue will never again experience. It's a very good cherry and I eat it all until nothing is left but a pit and a stem, licking the juice from my lips and fingers at the end.

"Whoa," I say, after sucking my pinky clean. "You should have just told me those cherries are that good. Reward in it of itself."

"The cherries taste different for everyone who eats them, but I'm glad you enjoyed it."

I look up, and standing before me is a goddess. She's indescribably beautiful. The cherry tree is split in two halves behind her, and its fruit and leaves are gone.

"Oh," is all I can think to say.

“Thank you for releasing me,” she says with a smile that somehow doesn’t fit her angelic face, and disappears in a mist.

“Wait... what about Jesse? Didn’t you say you’d help him or something?”

“It has already been done...” says a whisper of a voice on the wind, and then I’m alone.

What? What the hell does that mean? I thought she said she was going to teach Jesse to kiss or some such thing... Guess not.

The baseball is still sitting in the dirt at the base of the cherry tree and I bend over and pick it up. It’s right about then that my stomach starts feeling funny.

At first I don’t pay attention to it and pick up the baseball, but as I do so I notice something wrong with my chest. It’s swelling up.

“What the-”

I drop the ball as my belly ache grows worse and my chest expands further. Am I allergic to cherries? What’s going on?

I cup one of the still expanding mounds of flesh and freeze.

Breasts. Not man boobs. Not an allergic reaction. Not muscle. Boobies: and tight, perky, athletic ones too. They keep growing until they’re the size of large C’s, and my areolas have become the size of quarters with eraser nub nipples.

Right now you’re wondering what you’d have done in that situation, aren’t you? Freak out? Touch them? Faint? Pretend what’s happening isn’t real, that it’s a dream or a hallucination? Be happy about it perhaps?

Well I remained calm. I’m a very rational guy, there had to be an easy explanation for sudden onset breast syndrome. Undoubtedly it’s related to what just happened with the cherry tree. I think I may have just done a stupid thing, since Atë obviously lied to me. Giving me breasts was not the deal.

But it doesn’t stop at breasts. I feel my entire body begin to change shape. My hips feel like they’re expanding, yet at the same time I feel my waist tightening and my belly flattening. My arms and legs lose almost all of their hair and change shape too, slimming down and becoming smooth and

graceful. I feel my feet and hands shrinking slightly, my jaw and cheekbones reshaping just a tad, and my hair is practically flowing down my back, stopping when it reaches my waist. What little facial hair I had acquired disappears, as does my armpit hair, but I was actually fine with all that, if you'd believe it. Maybe I was in shock, but I remained calm.

What happens next, however..... Perhaps freaking out is the right course of action after all.

My testicles and penis pull up into my body with irrepressible force, a highly unusual feeling to be sure. I of course immediately know what just happened now, but at first I don't quite believe it. Even as I feel my innards shift around a little I still refuse to believe what I just felt happen. There is no way I'm now a woman.

My blood runs cold and I stand there with a terrible, sinking feeling. It's the same feeling you get when you're caught cheating on a test, or get pulled over by a policeman. For those of us who haven't done either of those things, it's the feeling you get when you realize you're screwed. Totally and irrevocably screwed. Not at all pleasant, and it makes you feel a bit like vomiting.

I don't vomit, but I do panic. My pulse skyrockets as adrenaline flushes my system. I want to either stand and fight or run away, but neither will help me here. Jesus Christ, look at my tits!

"James!?" shouts John into the woods. "You find the ball yet?"

"Ya!" I call back automatically, then slap my hand over my mouth. Even my voice has changed.

"Then what's keeping ya?!"

"Just taking a piss!" I shout back, thinking quickly. How can I fix this? I can't! How can I hide this then? I can't!!! Fuck!!! I'll never live this down, but I find myself with very little else in the way of choices.

"Hey, uh, g-guys?" I shout. My voice is definitely softer now, and Jesse catches that something's wrong.

"You okay James?" he asks.

"Not exactly... I'm coming out, but if either of you two say anything I will make you die a slow death, do you hear me?"

"We promise we won't say anything," says John calmly, "Are you hurt or something? Should we call an ambulance? Catch your dick on a thorn bush?"

"Something like that... but you might want to sit down. I'm coming out."

And with that I start making my way back through the dense foliage. I find out in the process that walking in boots three sizes too small is difficult, and that pushing branches out of the way is slightly harder than it should be. Walking also feels funny without my privates hanging and rubbing between my legs, and my boxers feel loose and empty.

I finally make it out of the woods and stumble back onto the cut grass of the field. There is only stunned silence from John and Jesse.

"James?" asks Jesse in disbelief. "What the hell did you do?!" Jesse is slack-jawed and staring at me, and not in the eyes.

"Is this some kind of joke?" asks John. "There's no way those are real."

"Really?" I ask, suddenly angry at them both for not immediately understanding what has happened. I open my jacket and lift up my shirt, both of which had been hiding the new curves of my waist (as well as partially obscuring my "bust"), and expose my chest to them.

"These seem pretty real to me," I say coolly. "I just got jumped by a cherry tree and if either of you say anything to anybody I will hunt you down and kill you, understand? We need to leave now. I need to go to the hospital or something."

I then pull my shirt back down, and start marching for the car.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" says Jesse, running up in front of me. "What? You're kidding right? You went into the woods and picked up some breasts?"

"Not now Jesse, and I wish it were just breasts... you can get rid of breasts with surgery."

John comes running up beside me as well.

"Slow down James! You gotta tell us what happened!"

I take a deep breath and stop. Suddenly I'm very upset, but force myself to remain calm, keep my cool, and tell them everything that happened down to the last detail.

By the end of the story we had all walked over to the bleachers and sat down, and suddenly I have nothing left to say.

"Dude..." says Jesse.

“Yea,” I agree.

“So... you’re.... in your pants?” asks John with a laugh.

I nod my head in shame, a frog stuck in my throat.

John and Jesse exchange a look.

“Prove it,” they chorus.

“What!?” I shout. “How about no? You both saw the breasts, what more proof could you want?”

“I’m still not even sure those things are real...” mumbles Jesse.

Before he has the chance to say another word, however, I grab his hands and push them up against my chest. He’s startled, but not before grabbing hold and getting a pretty damn good feel. He’s shocked to be touching real breasts, but I find that I’m even more shocked at how it feels as he squeezes and holds them. I quickly realize that was a bad idea, and push his hands away, although a little reluctantly. Why the hell did I do that though? That was stupid of me.

“Well!” I ask indignantly, crossing my arms over my boobs.

“I think they’re real,” Jesse says to John. John remains unconvinced though.

“That doesn’t prove the rest though... you have to show us.”

“Fuck you guys, I don’t have to show you shit.” I shout, standing up and walking down off the bleachers. “Why can’t you just take my word for it?”

“Hey, come on,” says Jesse, following me. “We believe you, but we want to see anyway. I mean, this is a golden opportunity here! What’s the harm in showing us? You, our best friend, have the body of a woman, and we can’t look at it a little?”

“It would be a highly educational experience,” agrees John. “And you might change back at any time. Atë didn’t say anything about anything being permanent, and this might be our only chance. Haven’t you always wanted to see a... pussy... up close before? To have all the time in the world to stop and just look at it?”

“Atë didn’t say anything about any of this at all,” I grumble, but he does have a point: this is a pretty rare opportunity we have. Hell, just because I’m in the body doesn’t mean it isn’t sexy or educational. As I think about it I realize it’s downright cool! I’m suddenly dying to look at my own body, a

perversed sense of self-voyeurism washing over me, and if John is right and this is only temporary, I need to make the most out of whatever time I have with all this, and John and Jesse are my best friends...

So I turn around, rolling my eyes, and say:

“Alright, but not here, and *just looking*. I feel gay enough about this already...”

“Um... okay,” says John, almost taken aback. “We could use the dugout over there, it’s pretty private and this place is deserted anyway.”

“Sure,” I say, and walk over to the dugout, already excited. I guess there’s something innately thrilling about showing your best friends your private parts, even if they’re not really yours.

Just the thought of doing it is giving me a rush.

In the dugout I go ahead and take off my jacket. It’s become too hot anyway, I’m practically sweating. With the jacket off my breasts now are highly obvious and also pretty perky if I do say so myself. I’ve always loved perky, athletic breasts (so long as they are a decent size), and mine definitely fit the bill. Since of course I’m not wearing a bra or anything you can see the nipples pressing right through my t-shirt. Giggity.

I reach up and press them together; lifting them up and squeezing them. My nipples are sticking out, hard as hell, and it still feels unreasonably hot in the dugout. John and Jesse just watch, hardly daring to move.

Obviously they want me to take my shirt off again, and if anything I want to more. I haven’t actually gotten a good look at the goods yet and they have, which seems unfair so I lift the shirt off and toss it in the corner.

Oddly enough the first thing I notice is that my skin is now well tanned. The second is that I have the perfect body coupled with the perfect breasts. If I still had a dick it probably would be rock hard right now, but I don’t so that’s that. Oh well, at least my breasts feel nice and soft. The cool air is very welcome on my skin too.

I then kick my boots off, my smaller feet making this easy, slip off my socks, then unbutton my pants and pull them down over my widened hips (thank goodness I wear my jeans a little big, although the fit is now way wrong). Now all I have on are my boxers, but before I pull them down I instead pull them up so that the fabric is pressed tight against my groin and up my ass crack.

Not only does it feel pretty nice having this fabric rub up against my bare skin like that, but it makes it extremely obvious that there is nothing there in my crotch to John and Jess, and obvious to me that, yes, I do indeed have a pussy. I'm no expert, but I don't think anything was left out.

That only leaves one thing left to do, and I slowly pull my last item of clothing off my body and step out of it, now naked as a jay bird, and look down at myself.

Oh yes, it's a pussy alright, and it's a beautiful one in my opinion. At the top a thin "v" shape of straight, neat, pubic hair followed immediately by a tiny, modest slit down between my legs. It's located lower than where my dick used to be, and in fact is almost right up against my asshole. Go figure. If I roll my hips or cross my legs it completely disappears from sight.

I really am a woman.

"Wow," is all John can say.

"Cool," mumbles Jesse, drooling.

I look up and realize they both have boners, and for a moment I want to stop what I'm doing and put my clothes back on. Then I remember they're my friends, and that it's only natural that they'd be aroused. Hell, I'm aroused, or I would be if I were male still. I don't know what constitutes arousal in girls.

"Hey, James?" asks John in his politest tone of voice. His eyes haven't stopped going back and forth between my pussy and my breasts. "Um... would it be alright if I touched your... boobs? Jesse got to..."

"Why the fuck not?" I say, once again rolling my eyes and doing my civic duty to my friends. I walk over John and let him grab my fleshy orbs. I won't lie to you; him touching me is starting to make me feel pretty good. My skin feels hot and feverish, and my blood is really pumping.

"Hey, James?" says Jesse, and I look at him as if to ask "What?" John is still gently holding and fondling my breasts as if there were the last breasts on earth, a look of wonder on his face. His thumb rubs over my protruding nipple and makes me suck in my breath from the unexpectedness of it.

That was odd.

"James, your...pussy. Look."

“Hm?” I ask, not understanding, so Jesse reaches down and touches me down there. It’s enough to startle me half out of my wits, and I jump in the air with a shout.

“Hey!” I yell. “What the hell?!”

“But look!” says Jesse, and holds up his index and middle fingers. They’re wet.

I look down at myself and see my pussy is indeed a little wet, and in fact looks different from just seconds before. Before it was a smallish little slit at the base of my pelvis that was hardly noticeable, but it seems to have swollen up a little and gotten wet.

“I swear that’s not pee,” is all I can say, hands in the air.

“Then what is it?” asks Jesse.

“You guys don’t know?” asks John incredulously. “Jeez, I thought you had a girlfriend James!”

“Yea,” I admit, “but we haven’t... done... anything. Just kiss and hang out.”

“You guys are both idiots,” says John with a grin. “Guy’s get boners...”

“Like that?” I ask with my own smile, pointing at the straining bulge in Johns pants.

“Y-yes, well, um. Ya, like that.” John suddenly tries to cover himself with the hem of his shirt, but continues.

“And girls get wet. It’s to get ready for sex, and it means you’re getting aroused.”

“Well it’s not like I’m the only one ‘aroused,’” I say defensively. “It doesn’t mean anything, right?”

“Maybe it’s just because you’re naked or something?” suggests John.

“Yea,” says Jesse with scoff. “It totally has nothing to do with the fact that John was feeling you up.”

“Hey!” I say defensively. “I have just as much right to enjoy this as you two.”

“Oh sure, you have every right to... but that doesn’t mean that it isn’t different,” retorts Jesse. “We’re guys, and you’re a girl. We have boners cause, well... you know. You’re getting ‘wet’ because John was touching you.”

“Was not!” I hiss.

“Then why are you all wet then?” asks Jesse. John has grown quiet, and only watches.

“Didn’t it occur to you that I might be turned on by myself? Not anything you two idiots did?”

“Prove it. John, keep rubbing James breasts, and if James keeps getting wet we’ll know if it’s making him horny.”

“I am not horny!” I shout.

John shrugs his shoulders and grabs hold of my tits once more, and I have to make an effort not to gasp out loud, especially when he starts rubbing my nipples.

Fuck.... Fuck fuck fuck.

I try to distract myself. Try to calm down. It doesn’t help, and about a minute into John’s breast massage I accidentally moan out loud a little.

“Ha!” shouts Jesse.

“What? That’s not fair!”

“Seemed fair to me,” says John calmly. “Jeez, look at you.”

I look down and my privates feel hot, have turned slightly pink, and it looks like my pussy is starting to puff out a little.

“Oh shit,” is all I can say. John and Jesse both crouch down in front of me, staring at it.

“I’ve never been this close to one before,” John admits quietly.

“I’ve never even seen one in real life before,” adds Jesse.

“To be honest,” says John, “Me neither.”

“You’ve got to be kidding, right John?” I say, just as mesmerized by the pussy as them. “What about Emily?”

“I only got to second base.”

“Huh.”

I reach down and touch it. It's radiating warmth, and is almost messy looking now. A small mound has pushed up out of my groin around it, and it feels so weird. I gently touch it and new muscles contract and make it pucker.

"Cool," John and Jesse chorus.

"What's it look like on the inside?" Jesse wonders aloud.

"I was getting to it," I mutter, placing my fingers along the edge of my labia lips (thank you health class...). I then carefully spread my twat open, and inside a cluttered assortment of different things.

On the outside are two lips of thin, stretchy, sensitive skin that I'm pulling back. The top of the pussy has a small overhang of skin, the bottom has the teeny tiniest hole, and in the middle an even smaller hole that's kind of hard to see. Around all that are more folds of skin all bunched up and squashed inside there.

"There's where you're supposed to put your dick," says John helpfully, pointing at the small bottom hole. "The clits supposed to be under that hood at the top, and there in the middle is the pee hole."

"Seriously?" I ask, looking at all the bits and pieces. It all looks a bit complicated to me, but I think I understand him. One thing though.

"What's a clit?" asks Jesse.

"It's this thing's girls have that makes them feel good when you rub it," explains John.

"Oh... can I rub it James?"

"If anyone's going to rub it, it'll be me," I say back.

After a bit of poking around, however...

"Um, John? Where'd you say that clit thing is supposed to be?"

"Let me just show you," he says, and places one hand on my hip while quickly flicking his finger underneath the hood of flesh at the top of my slit.

I am totally unprepared for it, and make a shrill screeching noise as a massive shiver runs up my body, stemming from a tiny nub of flesh hidden by that hood of skin.

“Holy crap!” I shout, suddenly out of breath. Then....

“Do that again!”

He flicks my clit again, exciting a similar reaction out of me. Then he does it again, and again, until he starts rapidly rubbing that tiny nub of flesh.

It’s unlike anything I could have imagined. I squeal as he touches me, unable to contain myself. It feels so unbelievably good! I can hardly stand up straight! Damn!!

After just a few seconds of him stimulating me my legs are about to give so I sit down on the bench and he keeps going at it.

“Aw fuck John, don’t stop,” I moan. Jesse just watches intently.

I lean back on the bench. I can hardly stand what John is doing to me now. It feels so wonderful. I feel like I’m gonna.... Like I’m gonna...

“Aghhhhh!” I shout, gritting my teeth. I’m not sure I want him to stop or keep going, but he keeps going anyway. I grip the sides of the bench as I feel it almost ready to peak, then scream out as I orgasm. I don’t care who hears.

“FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!” I scream, shaking. John keeps rubbing madly on my pussy even after I stop orgasming, which by the way lasted for fucking ever. And it wasn’t like jizzing, it was more like shooting a million blanks in the space of twenty seconds or so. My stomach is still fluttering from the aftermath, and I reach down to make John stop, and he takes his hand away.

I’m breathing really heavily, I’m flushed with heat, and the bench is wet under my ass from my bodily fluids. John’s hand is wet too. He seems stunned with what he just did.

“Oh my God,” he says.

“Daaaaamn,” says Jesse.

“I may have actually wet myself now,” I admit.

“Sick!” says John, and starts wiping his hand off on his jeans. I’m still trying to calm back down and get back to earth. I sit back up on the bench and lean over to rest my elbows on my knees, my now very long hair hanging over my shoulders and flowing coolly over my breasts. Feels nice. I can feel my pussy practically flowing onto the wooden bench. I’m now experiencing a wonderful afterglow.

“Wow James,” Jesse says. “Can I try?”

“Are you kidding?” I ask. “After that?”

“Girls are supposed to be able to have multiple orgasms,” John says quietly, still wiping his hand off as if it were diseased now.

“Can we test it?” asks Jesse.

“Can’t you at least let me rest a little?” I ask. I have to admit John got my attention with that multiple orgasm deal, but right now I’m not sure if I really want to try that. I feel exhausted.

“Sure,” says Jesse. “Can I play with your boobs while you wind down then?”

“Yea, sure, whatever,” I say, brushing some hair out of my eyes and taking a deep breath.

To my surprise Jesse takes me from behind and starts rolling my breasts softly in his hands.

Ohhh yea that still feels nice! Wait...What the hell? What’s happening? My pussy doesn’t feel sore at all! Hell, I’m ... I’m getting horny all over again like nothing happened at all!

“No way,” I say, rolling my head back. “This is crazy.”

“You’re telling us,” says John, who has stopped wiping his hand off to watch Jesse play with my melons.

“I think I’m getting... you know... again,” I say with awkwardly. I have no idea why I’m still shy after what I’ve already done. Wait... What did I just do? What am I doing? A tiny voice in my head seems to be shouting something at me.

“Need me to... touch you?” asks Jesse?

Touch me? That sounds nice. I nod my head.

Jesse’s right hand travels down to my pussy while his other keeps playing with my breasts. Oh God that feels so good.

Jesse uses his entire palm to rub my pussy instead of one finger, and it feels wonderful. As his hand moves upwards it slides against my clit hood and stimulates my clit too, causing me to tense up and release each time. It’s all feeling so wonderful when Jesse does something unexpected. He sticks a finger up me.

“Hey!” I shout a little, but Jesse holds his hand against my pussy tight with his middle finger waaaaay up in me, and I’m trying unsuccessfully to remove his hand when reaches around with his left hand and starts furiously twindling my clit, forcing me to arc my back against him, my hands balling up into fists as he starts rapidly finger-fucking me.

“Jesse-”

“You like that?” he whispers in my ear. I can feel his boner against my ass cheeks through his jeans and t-shirt.

I do but that doesn’t mean I don’t want him to stop now, yet I find myself unable to speak as he speeds up. Resistance is futile, and I start spewing nonsense. A jumbled combination of cuss words and swearing that is hardly even coherent. Then he slips a second finger up inside me.

“Fuck! Jesse!”

“Yea?” he asks, but I can’t form any more words as I’m suddenly screaming in orgasm. I’m crying from the insane overwhelming sensation of what he’s doing to me down there, and he’s not stopping, and neither am I!

I try to tell him to stop, to get out of me, but I can’t even begin to articulate. I orgasm for a second time just seconds after the first and screech as loud as a banshee. It’s ridiculous. I put my hands over his in an attempt to remove his fingers, but he keeps going and drives me to a third screaming orgasm in what feels like no time flat.

“ShitShitSHIT!” I shout over and over. I’m making an enormous mess on the bench. My belly is spasming like a tommy gun as I keep orgasming and my pussy is actually squirting all over the bench. My nipples are rock hard and straining into the air almost painfully, begging for attention, but they get none. All hands are on my pussy. My body is totally out of my control.

And then he stops. I guess his hands were getting tired. My orgasm keeps rolling over me like a freight train though for almost an entire minute.

I’m only just getting my breath back when Jesse turns my head and kisses me full on the lips. In shock, I return the kiss for a few seconds before I come to my senses and push him off.

“What the hell Jesse?”

“What?” he asks innocently.

I turn and see John with his pants down and his hand wrapped around a protruding boner. I spin my head to see Jesse with his own “banana” in his pocket and a wet spot soaking through his shirt

where he might have jizzed a little. It's almost funny until I realize that they're both looking at me almost pleadingly.

"NO!" I shout. "FUCK NO!"

"C'mon James," says John beseechingly. "We helped you out."

John holds out his dick as if to offer it to me.

"What? That's sick!"

"No, what I just did to you was sick," says Jesse back at me, and rubs his still wet finger on my nose. I immediately wipe my nose on my arm.

"Fuck you!" I shout, but he doesn't let me up. Instead he spins me around and unzips his pants, presenting me with his rock-hard fleshy organ. I don't like where this is going at all.

"Suck me off," he says.

"No!" I shout out in horror.

"That's not fair, we helped *you* out..." says John disappointedly.

Jesse, however, isn't taking no for an answer.

"Either you suck us off or we tell everyone everything."

"How do I know you guys won't tell everyone anyway?" I ask. I'm being maneuvered into a corner.

Jesse's dick is just inches away. The thought of it in my mouth makes me shudder.

"We swear we won't tell if you suck us. Right John?"

"Yea...sure..."

John, however, has become suddenly nervous, as if scared of what is happening, yet he also looks eager. I can see the conflict in his eyes.

"Guys... I'm not really a chick," I reason. "This isn't real."

"Looks pretty real to me," says Jesse back.

"But I'm still a guy. I can't just blow you guys off, that'd be gay."

"Well," pipes up John. "Either you're a guy, and we just fingered a guy, which would make us all gay already, or you're not really a guy right now, which means whatever we do *not* gay... either way I don't think it matters. We just jacked you off, now you do us."

"Plus it'd feel really good," adds Jesse. "Didn't we just make you feel really good a minute ago? Don't be selfish dude, give and take."

I'm still not convinced but Jesse acts as if the argument were over, and stands up to present his cock to me.

"Just do it and we promise we won't tell," he says.

My groin is throbbing, and I'm still flushed with arousal. What they both made me feel is still fresh in my mind, making my judgment just a little clouded I'm sure, and I do owe them something back. Hell, I don't want them to tell anyone what they just did to me. What would my mom and dad think? What would my brother and sister think? I need this all to stay a secret... and they do deserve something back...

So with my mind still trying to work out what I should do I take Jesse's boyhood into my hands, and he grins in victory.

Well then... if he's going to be *that way*...

Without warning I take the head of his penis into my mouth and immediately start to aggressively suck him off.

"James!!" shouts Jesse, shocked.

Payback's a bitch, ain't it Jesse?

I suck his cock like there is no tomorrow, using my hands to jack him off and play with his balls simultaneously. In practically no time flat he shudders, and I find myself choking on gobs of his salty sperm. He falls backwards into the dirt with his pants down, and I spit over and over into the corner swearing in between breaths.

"Damn it... couldn't you have warned me?" I ask.

Jesse, however, seems unable to answer. He just stares at me with the oddest expression: a mixture of disbelief and ecstasy.

“Me next,” says John with uncontainable eagerness.

I hesitate, as John holds out his own dick expectantly and I look at it. I tell myself that this is wrong... that I shouldn't be doing this... but even as I form the thoughts I find myself reaching out and grabbing hold of John's meat.

Just don't think about it, I tell myself. You've done this once already, there's no taking it back . Once more isn't going to hurt anything.

John's dick feels like it's a good inch or two bigger than Jesse's, and his balls are *much* hairier. I almost want to gag as I wrap my lips around his shaft and start sucking him off too.

“Oh God I had no idea,” says John as his legs grow shaky. I roll my eyes as I keep at it, but am caught by surprise when John puts his hand on the back of my head and pushes. His dick slides all the way to the back of my throat, my tongue caressing the length of it.

Pre-cum is starting to flow from the tip of his dick like a leaky faucet as I grudgingly suck John off, and all he can do is smile like an idiot with his hand on the back of my head to occasionally push me down farther on him.

Damn, Jesse wasn't nearly this messy... nor did he take this long to get off. I try harder to get John to jizz already so I can stop, but he all I get is a mouthful of his slick and slimy pre, which partially dissolves in my saliva and slides to the back of my throat.

And more than that, while bobbing my head back and forth down his veiny shaft I accidentally swallow some of it.

But you know what? I don't gag. I don't stop sucking John's dick. I don't know why, but I'm getting really turned on by doing this. Hell, I'm hornier than ever right now, my puss practically dripping wet between my legs, and for some reason all this is making John's dick taste good. The pre dribbling from his urethra tastes good too, and my tongue runs over its head as it goes in and out between my lips, the taste quickly becoming a potent aphrodisiac to my already lust addled mind.

And boy is it hot in here!

I'm finding more and more as I suck John off that I'm starting to enjoy it. Really enjoy it. It's making me feel good, and as insane as it sounds it's turning me on. I double my efforts.

John appears to appreciate the sudden change of pace as he groans, and like building toppling over he falls backwards onto the bench, his back slouching against the cinderblock wall as he gives in to the all-encompassing joy that I am giving him. His dick had slipped from my mouth for a second, but I

dive right back on him and continue to give my attentions. I can tell by the way he moves when something I do feels especially nice, and I build off these small clues to improve and change what I'm doing to him.

"Oh God James," he moans, hardly able to talk. He's practically foaming at the mouth.

Suddenly my breasts are grabbed from behind again, and I feel Jesse firmly grasp my flesh in his hands. His pants are still down, and I can feel his still-hard boner pressed up between my ass and his stomach. His fingers do a dance of joy with my increasingly sensitive nipples, squeezing my breasts and rolling them in his palms all simultaneously. I can feel my puss dripping onto the dirt as I squat in that dugout and stoically suck John off, drinking down his pre and running my tongue around the head of his dick, kissing the crown of it before pushing back down to swallow it nearly whole and letting it slide over my tongue. John seems to be paralyzed, his eyes rolling up into the back of his head and foam forming at the corners of his mouth.

And meanwhile John is rubbing up against my butt and toying aggressively with my breasts. Air blows through my nose rapidly as I try to catch my breath. It's so hot in here!

I take my free hand and reach down between my legs to grab hold of Jesse's boner, bending it down and pulling between my legs so that I can have easier access to it, and begin giving him a hand-job while continuing my blow-job.

And why does this feel so good?! All that is happening to *me* is that Jesse's playing with my breasts! How can that alone make me feel this way?!

I slide my hand along Jesse's shaft, pressing it up and against my slick and dripping pussy to lube it up, grinding my hips against his meaty flesh, and sparks of wonderful electric sensation come to me as I do so.

It feels so good I quickly stop moving my hand up and down his prick and simply hold it up against my twat so that I can grind against it. Jesse keeps playing with my breasts, I keep sucking John, and Jesse begins thrusting with me, our sexes rubbing up against each other like a hotdog sliding against its bun.

And it's so *hot* and *wet* down there! My puss... it feels so dazzlingly wonderful!

John shudders and makes a choking yell as his dick starts pumping his seed into my mouth, and caught by surprise it hits the back of my throat and disappears instantly into my belly. Before I can stop him John pushes down on the back of my head once more and his dick penetrates my esophagus, still spurting his creamy spunk, and I now have no choice but to swallow it all. I can't even fight back: my throat bulges as his dick slides deeper and he makes me take it all. His hairy pubes press against my lips and I can't breathe! I can feel his hot jizz flowing down my throat and into my belly!!!

Suddenly clear headed I try to push off John, but I don't succeed in getting away from him until he's already spent himself at my expense.

"Hey!" I shout indignantly. "Why'd you do that for?"

He just looks at me dazedly, his dick still jutting out in the air and semen oozing from its tip. I wipe my lips and stand up, and Jesse groans disappointedly. I think he might have been close to another orgasm.

“Aw!” he cries. “Let me finish!”

“You’ve already finished,” I snap back. “I got you both off. We’re all even. We can go home now.”

I pick up my pants and start putting them back on. Jesse just stands there stupidly watching me, and John is starting out into space. I’m momentarily worried that his mind might be blown, but as I pull up my jeans and button them he looks over at me.

“Hey,” he says. “Thanks.”

“Yea-yea, don’t mention it.... To anyone... ever.”

I put my shirt back on. My nipples are so erect that they form sharp tents in the cotton.

“Aw man,” Jesse cries, holding his head before pulling his pants back up as well. “John got it better than me! Just look at him! He’s all loopy!”

Indeed, John looks like he’s drunk or something.

“Humph,” I say back, folding my jacket over my arm. It’s too hot for a jacket right now. “It’s your own fault if you came prematurely.”

“But I gave it to you good!” he whines.

“And I gave it to you better,” I retort. “I’m done here, I need to go home and see a doctor or something.”

I turn on my heels, carrying my shoes and socks in my hand as well, and venomously deny what my body is aching for. I let it get out of hand, but now I need to put a stop to it while I still can. If I go any further they’ll be asking if they can fuck me next, and I’m not having any of that!

Of course, my pussy totally disagrees with that conclusion. Blowing and jerking off my good friends had started to get it all riled up again, but if I just remain calm and collected that will go away.

I need to step back and look at this objectively. Obviously now I see what Atë did. She never did say that she would kiss Jesse. What she did say was she’d help him with his “inexperience”.

So she turned me into a woman, and then influenced me to kiss him? It seems like the obvious answer... but why did I do all of that other stuff?! I wasn’t at all in my right mind... I’m still addled with lust and desire even though my mind is clear(ish)!! Why the hell is Atë doing this to me?!?

I don’t know yet, but right now the important thing is that I get home and get help. I’ll need to convince my family that I’m me, I’ll need to see a doctor and find out what can be done in that regard,

and I definitely need to somehow get out of gym class. Oh, and I need to look up who the hell this Atë person is, and maybe even try and figure out a way to get her to undo whatever the hell she did herself. If I can't contact her or fix this any other way: I suppose surgery would be the only way to go.

"Come on!" I shout back, already heading for the car. The intense heat in my groin isn't disappearing yet but I fiercely ignore it and keep walking. I've hidden boners before in public, doing the same as a girl is a breeze. I just wish my nipples wouldn't stick out like this: it's not even cold out!

John and Jesse are slow to follow behind me, pulling their pants up as they hop along.

In no time at all we're all gathered around the car and get it. I get in the back with John since it's Jesse's car.

Jesse is the first to point it out, glancing back at me and doing a double take.

"Ha! Dude! Your breasts! Check it out: that's totally hilarious!"

"Huh?" I ask, then glance down to see two dark spots on my t-shirt. "What the hell is that?"

"Smells like milk," says John helpfully, but then looks sharply away when I glare at him.

"Milk?! You mean I'm lactating!"

"That's so funny," giggles Jesse.

"It's *not* funny!" I retort.

"Well, if that's not funny, then *that* definitely is," he continues, pointing at jeans. I look down past my cleavage to see that my pussy has soaked through both my boxers and my pants, making it look as though I peed myself a little. The fluid is slick and slightly sticky.

"Holy hell," I say, shocked. I knew I was still wet and stuff... but I didn't know I was so wet that it would soak through my own clothing!

"Ignore it!" I demand, and cross my legs.

"You're still horny aren't you?" teases Jesse.

"So what if I am? I'm ignoring it: you do the same! Drive!"

"Alright then, but don't get it all over my seats..."

And with that he turns the engine and we head home.

We arrive at my home, but it's empty. I'm an only child, and both my mom and dad are still at work. Well, that just gives us more time to prepare is all, and first up I need a shower and a change of clothes.

"You guys go get something to eat and wait in the living room," I shout as I climb the stairs. "I'll need you when my folks get home to help convince them what's happened."

I don't even care about what they say back: I dash into the upstairs bathroom and slam the door shut.

Turning around, I'm immediately confronted by a very large mirror, and I freeze in shock.

I look absolutely hot... but what's weird is that I don't look particularly different. I'm just a female version of me..... and I'm fucking hot!

Moreover, the milk and pussy stains in my clothing have gotten bigger: neither my breasts nor my pussy have stopped leaking their respective fluids during the entire car ride, and in fact I still feel incredibly aroused, which is odd but not terribly concerning at the moment, so I once again undress myself and stand naked in front of the mirror.

I'm beautiful. I am totally somebody that I would love to fuck. Hell, no wonder John and Jess acted like they did. I myself would have done the exact same... maybe more-so.

I shake my head to remove unpleasant thoughts and am reminded of how long my hair has become. It's ridiculous! I open the cabinet and quickly find my mom's clippers and turn them on, and carefully start to cut my own hair.

Only for it to grow back instantaneously.

I try giving myself a buzz-cut and it's the same story, and my hair clippings dissolve into thin air before they hit the ground.

Is my entire body like this? If so surgery is out of the option. I guess I need to figure out how to confront Atë more than ever now.

But more importantly: Shower!

I draw back the curtains and turn the tap on, wait for the water to heat up, step inside, close the curtain, and pull the knob that engages the showerhead.

Oh sweet bliss! I stand there for a moment and let the hot water wash over my body. It feels awesome.

I then quickly grab some shampoo and lather up my hair. It takes easily four times as much as I normally use, but I get the job done.

And then I grab a bar of soap, forgoing the washcloth, lather up my hands and start washing the rest of my body.

I wash my pits, my face, play with my breasts and wash them too, my ass, back, neck, shoulders, arms, legs, even my feet.

But I save my groin for last. Usually it's first, but not today. As it is, it's practically radiating arousal: the temptation is so strong for me to masturbate... but something inside of me warns me to resist as much as I can. Instead I carefully wash that area and try to avoid undue stimulation of my lady-parts.

It's all going well until I decide to try and wash inside those lips as well as outside them, and slide my finger into the crack in my flesh. I laugh to myself as I think that it looks like I've got my butt on backwards... but that thought is short-lived. Just the simple touch of my finger sends shivers through my body. Shivers of pleasure. Good shivers. Enjoyable shivers.

I "clean" my pussy with more enthusiasm... and it feels even better. Pretty soon I've degenerated to laying on my back on the floor of the shower while furiously rubbing my pussy with the flat of my hand, letting my middle finger slide into the crack of my puss and even occasionally dipping into that forbidden hole at the bottom that excites even more powerful responses from my body.

But soon it progresses beyond even that, and before I know it I'm finger fucking my pussy hole with my middle finger while twiddling my clit with the other hand, arching my back and thrusting my pelvis into the air while hot water rains down, my breasts heaving as I go to work on myself.

I must be making a racket, but in my lust addled mind I don't care and convince myself to keep going anyway. I'm not being *that* loud.

I achieve orgasm after way too much work, and collapse in the shower in exhaustion.

That was very enjoyable... but something was missing. It wasn't a very powerful orgasm. Rather, it felt more like a warm up?

And to make matters worse, and to confirm my theory, instead of slaking my thirst for "stimulation" it only has only seems to have made my desire worse. My pussy, though still experiencing the aftermath of the female orgasm, feels like it's totally ready for more. A lot more. I don't think I can just finger-bang this problem away... abstinence seems to be the answer to this problem. I absolutely need to stop. Cold turkey is the key.

So I get up, rinse myself off once more, though my pussy continues to make a mess leaking vaginal fluids everywhere, and get out of the shower after turning off the water. I grab a towel, dry myself off, then wrap the towel around my waist and open the closet.

It takes me no time whatsoever to find what I'm looking for: my mom's pads. I steal one, then head to my room.

Once there I find a pair of briefs that I haven't worn for years but still have in my drawer, put them on, and stuff the pad into the bottom of them.

I have to say the sensation is probably one of the weirdest I've ever felt. It's like I'm wearing a diaper or something, but even more than that is the absence of my balls and penis. Wearing these briefs really accentuates the fact that they're not there anymore.

I ignore it like I'm ignoring a lot of things lately, and put a fresh pair of jeans on. They pull tight on my hips and are loose in the waist, but they still fit and that's all that matters. I then find a new t-shirt and pull it over my head only to be reminded immediately that my breasts are leaking milk. I roll my eyes and mutter "fuck it", and head downstairs. My hair is getting the shirt wet anyway: it's hardly noticeable.

Downstairs the T.V. is on and John and Jesse are watching espn. One of them made a bowl of Doritos.

"No sign of your parents," Jesse says with his mouth full.

"And I think your dog wants something," adds John, glancing at the sliding door across the hall. He is indeed pawing frantically at the window and chasing his tail.

"He's probably hungry," I sigh. I had plopped down on the couch and was ready to vegetate while I waited for my parents, and get back up slowly. Damn dog.

Balto is a mutt, but he's a mutt of high quality. Part wolf, park german shepard, part golden retriever, he's a shaggy, happy dog that likes to run in circles, yet he's also astoundingly smart. Balto probably weighs more than I do.

I open the door and quickly step out, shutting it behind me. He's not allowed inside.

"Whoa Balto!" I say with a laugh, walking out into the middle of our backyard. "What's got you so excited?"

Without warning he whips around and pants his muzzle right in my crotch, his hard nose digging and sniffing into my jeans and pushing me backwards.

"Balto! Hey!" I shout, but he just leaps back, spins in circles, then dashes around behind me and jams his nose into my ass.

Now that's a tad worrisome, but I'm not worried about Balto's current strange behavior per se. I'm more worried about the effect his probing is having on my pussy, as I'm already feeling rather randy and now Balto's putting thoughts into my head. I find myself wondering if we have any peanut butter.

I try to calm myself and push his nose away, heading for the shed where the dog-food is stored. My mom doesn't like the smell of it in the house.

"You sure are in a playful mood aren't you boy?" I ask him, right before he comes up behind me and head-butts me in the small of my back.

I trip and fall to my hands and knees, and suddenly everything changes. Balto starts ripping away at my jeans with his teeth, yanking me around as I try to stand back up. Loud tearing sounds slice

through the air, then he releases me only to bite down on my rear pocket and with a powerful jerking motion splits my pants down the middle.

“Balto! Stop! Bad dog!” I shout angrily. I’m confused: he’s always been a pain in the ass, but he’s never acted like this before. He’s not hurting me or attacking me, he’s just tearing the shit out of my pants! It never even occurs to me what he might be after. Not until it’s far too late.

I try to spin away from him but he lunges forward and grabs hold of more strips of my jeans, but this time snags onto my briefs as well and with more tearing sounds he rips away a chunk of those too.

I manage to scramble to my knees and spin around to face my dog. I’ve never really noticed how big he is before, and now with a shredded piece of my underwear hanging from one of his canines I am for the first time in my life scared of him. I back up.

He steps forward.

I turn to run.

He leaps.

I’m slammed face first into the dirt: a hundred and fifty pounds of hybrid dog just landed on my back.

I’m pinned. I can’t get up. I can feel something poking me.

I can feel something poking me?

Panic time!

With all my strength I push up from the ground and manage to get out from under Balto. He’s acting like he’s playing, bouncing around now, his head low and his tail high in the air and wagging furiously. He lets out a few loud barks.

But I can see that he’s more than just being playful right now. Under his belly I can see his enormous red boner straining in the air. A drop of sticky fluid hangs on its tip. It can’t possibly be less than ten inches long.

My pussy throbs achingly. I can feel it swell up uncomfortably with blood at the thought of Balto fucking me. My pad had been torn out with the bottom of my underwear, and now my pussy fluids are running down my legs too. My nipples are so hard it hurts, and my breasts feel swollen and ache.

What the hell is wrong with me? I don’t want to fuck my dog! The very thought is disgusting!

Yet my body continues to behave contrary to my brain. I can’t stop any of these natural processes any more than I could stop the beating of my own heart. Everything is happening completely against my will.

Balto barks a few more times, dashing back and forth playfully around me and trying to circle around behind me. I spin in place, ready to fight him off if I have to.

But heaven help me as I spin around in circles I accidentally trip.

I fall to my hands and knees hard, and Balto is instantly back on top of me, only now he's humping me with his gigantic doggy dick.

It slips in between my legs and rubs up and down against my pussy rapidly and I suddenly can't move. I grit my teeth as intense pleasure spikes from my virgin pussy. My fluids practically run from me and coats his dick with a thick layer of my pussy juice.

Oh man it's simply wonderful feeling. Not just the rubbing: but the nature of the rubbing. This was what was missing in that shower. My hand simply cannot begin to replace a penis... even if that penis belongs to my dog.

But I don't stay immobile for long. I still have hold of my senses, and despite my suddenly weakened state I try to get back up.

I notice almost too late that the act of trying to stand is quickly lining up my pussy for the money shot... and instinctively fall back down.

But I'm not saved. Balto's dick slips, pulling out from between my legs and away from my pussy, then plows back in... only he's a bit off the mark.

My voice is cut off as I suddenly find myself unable to breath. I've been anally penetrated.

Only the tip of Balto's penis has entered my rectum, but it's enough to cause my mind to blank out in fear and give Balto time to push forward.

My anus stretches wide, my own pussy juice makes his entrance smooth but does nothing at all to ease the pain of the sudden raping of my anal virginity.

The dog slides hilt deep into me, the heat of his flesh burning mine.

My mind is receiving conflicting signals. On one hand my body and pussy feel amazing, pleasure being the dominant theme. On the other hand, my ass feels as though it's been stretched way beyond it's limits, yet oddly there doesn't feel like any damage has been done to me. Balto's cock is easily twice as thick as the average human cock... but my ass isn't tearing or *anything*. Admittedly, my sphincter feels as though it couldn't possibly stretch any further, but still.

I can feel the tip of his dick deep within my bowels. I can feel his balls on my ass. I can feel his breath on my neck.

And then he begins fucking me.

I scream. It's unbearably painful, but simultaneously my body is reacting powerfully. My puss is contracting and my tits are throbbing as they bounce and my ass is burning... but somehow it all ends up feeling inexplicably good.

I'm in pain, I'm being raped, and I feel like I want to cry... but my body is telling me this feels good.

It feels mighty good.

Oh God it feels amazing!

I feel sensations building up within me that I never would have dreamed existed. Added to that, I feel as though I'm building up towards an orgasm already! I haven't even touched my pussy!! What in the hell?!?

"ARRRRRRGH!" I wail as I feel that sensation build up within my lower belly. All I want to do is to feel it release. I need it to release. Oh God help me, why won't it release?!?

My pussy is quivering and pulsing and throbbing, but it can't find release.

I try to reach down below me to help myself out, but the second I do I almost fall over. Balto is ramming me so hard that it's all I can do to keep from scooting forward through the grass and dirt! My pussy is practically a faucet! My breasts are swinging freely, bouncing and slamming together but getting no direct stimulation.

This is torture! I'm on the verge of an incredible orgasm, but I can't get over that edge! I scream in frustration. I feel completely helpless. I can't do anything!

"What in the hell James?" says a familiar voice. John!

"John I need help!" I shout.

"I'll say," says Jesse. I can't see either of them: I'm facing the wrong way.

"Oh fuck," I suddenly whisper. "Oh fuck no, no, no, nO, NOOO AHHHHHH!"

I wail in anguish. I had thought I wanted to orgasm... but for a moment my mind became clear again and even as I realized what I was letting happen to myself I felt myself begin to tip over the edge of a massive, mind-melting climax.

I scream bloody murder as I squirt over and over, my pussy spraying the yard with my juices. It doesn't seem to want to stop. It's all I can do to just scream while my entire pussy convulses like an epileptic and indescribably powerful and intense waves of awesome pleasure assault my mind... and it's not stopping!!

"Holy heck, look at her go," says John in awe.

“Don’t just stand there, help meeeeeee!!” I squeal between my teeth as my pussy continues squirting. Oh dear god!!

“Help you how?” ask Jesse, unable to suppress a giggle. “Why are you fucking your dog in the first place? Better yet, why anal?”

“I didn’t ask my dog to rape me in the ass you mutherfucker---Erk!”

I’m cut off as a sharp spike of pain tears at my ass. I hadn’t even noticed, but the pain had completely dissolved into pleasure after the first few minutes.

Now however...

“FUCK!” I shout. Balto continues to fuck me, but now the knot at the very bottom of his dick as been pushed into my ass, and ain’t coming back out. Even now I can feel it steadily expanding within me.

“FUCK-FUCK-FUCK!” I rage. I’m still orgasming, although I’m not squirting quite as rapidly anymore and I feel as though it might be stopping. My jaw hurts from clenching my teeth.

“This is the funniest thing I have ever seen!” laughs Jesse.

“You son-of-a-bitch!” I scream.

John walks around in front of me.

“Um,” he says meekly. Balto is still rapidly trying to get his rocks off, ramming my ass hard over and over despite the fact that he’s tied with me. “How do we help?”

“You’re too late,” I mumble, sagging. “He’s fucking knotted me.”

“Really?” asks Jesse, and I feel him behind me, moving Balto’s belly-fur aside to get a better view. I try to kick him, but can’t.

“Dude!” he says, “We should totally videotape this!”

“No we shouldn’t!” I shout, pounding my fist.

“You okay?” asks John.

“Do I fucking look okay?”

“Sorry! Just asking! Lucky you have a privacy fence back here though, huh?”

“Yea,” I laugh mirthlessly, blowing a strand of my hair out of my face. “Lucky me.”

And then...

“Whoa!” I shout, suddenly alert again.

“What’s wrong-” John starts to ask, but I answer before he finishes.

“Argh, he’s cumming! Fuck!”

Balto is now straining and yipping as I feel his hot seed flow into my large intestine. His knot has swollen to an almost painful but definitely uncomfortable size that is well beyond that of anything that could possibly fit past my sphincter.

Balto, it would seem, is one hell of a stud. Not only is his dick the size of a salami... but his nuts got enough spunk in them to fill a wine glass. Great damn.

It takes several more minutes, but finally he stops painting the walls of my digestive tract and climbs off my back.

“Ahhh!” I wince, as his dick spins like a ball bearing in my ass until we’re both facing opposite ways. Balto just stands there like a dopey idiot with a permanent grin on his face, and appears content to wait a while standing right there tied to his bitch.

I myself have stopped orgasming a few minutes ago, but am still coming down from that high.

“I am so killing this dog,” I pant.

“What! You can’t kill Balto!” shouts John.

“I’m kidding, you douche, but this stupid mutt just raped me... he’s going to need to learn not to do that, and he needs to be punished.”

“Thank goodness it wasn’t vaginal,” chuckles John.

“Yea, right,” I say back. “Anal is *sooooo* much better than vaginal.”

“How would you know?” asks Jesse behind me. “You’re still technically a virgin vaginally.”

“I’m just assuming,” I retort. “And what the hell are you doing back there---AIEEE!!”

“Nothin,” he laughs.

“Like hell nothing, that ain’t nothing-ah! AH! AHHH! STOPPP THAT!”

“Stop what?” asks John, “What’s Jesse doing?”

But I can’t answer. My breath is being stolen away.

Jesse is underneath me, on his back, and sucking on my pussy.

I find my breath and use it to squeal like a pig.

“HOLY HELL JESSE YOU DON’T KNOW HOW THIS FEELS!!”

“Payback’s a bitch,” he responds, removing his mouth from my lady parts just long enough to talk. “This is what you did to me, now I’m returning the ‘favor’.”

“No, don’t! You don’t understand! Please!”

But I can’t say more than that as he resumes eating me out.

What I was trying to get across was that my pussy is currently way too sensitive for such attentions. Even his touch would have been too much.... But his tongue? I might go insane before he stops.

I claw desperately at the earth, I try to get away, I wriggle and squirm and kick... but nothing shakes his mouth from my sensitive sexual organ. Quickly it becomes all I can do to scream in sexual euphoria as my brain is overloaded.

I black out. I don’t know how long. I remember achieving orgasm... I remember the painful intensity of it... I remember Jesse drinking down my pussy juice as it squirted from me....

And he still his. His mouth is clamped over my slit and he’s drinking from me like a man dying of thirst.

I feel fingers on my breasts, and I find that John is playfully milking me.

“Oh! Oh God! Hngggggh!”

A secondary orgasm. More powerful than the last. I black out again, quicker this time.

I’m breathing so hard that my lungs hurt. My chest is heaving. I’m still tied to Balto. Jesse is still sucking me off, and now John is underneath me as well and drinking milk from my teat. I manage to think “what in the hell is going on,” before I achieve a third orgasm, and scream as the pleasure becomes so great that it becomes painful to bear. Blackness almost envelopes me again, but this time I avoid it..

I come to my senses once more and realize that John has rolled away, and Jesse has moved completely underneath me, spreading my knees apart as I unwillingly straddle him. He’s pulling down his pants to reveal a powerfully straining boner, pre forming at its tip, and my exposed pussy is right above it.

“No-no-no don’t!” I plead, but he doesn’t listen. I can’t move or do anything to escape it as he arches himself up into the air and splits the lips of my pussy with the head of his dick. God it feels wonderful, but I don’t care. He’s not wearing a condom. I don’t want to do this. Everything is all wrong.

He pushes further into my body. We both moan, but I hate myself for it, and hate Jesse more. First my dog, now him? I can’t help that it feels good. Oh god it feels so good.

He reaches my hymen. He tears it with a powerful thrust upwards, the pain shocking and sobering, but ultimately miniscule compared to the intense pleasure I'm experiencing at his touch. Oh god he hasn't even begun fucking me yet and I'm nearing an orgasm!

As he rams through my hymen he also hurls into me. My virgin pussy is stretched painfully tight over his penis. Even though I know he's nothing special in the way of size: he's still too big! Oh please make it stop!

But of course he doesn't. He starts thrusting into me over and over. My breasts mash against his chest. My shirt has long since disappeared, as has all of his clothing. I orgasm quickly, but he holds out.

"Don't. Don't. Don't." I chant, but he doesn't hear me. He's fucking me desperately. He's seeking his own release. I'm already approaching yet another orgasm. How many does this make? I've lost count!

"Arrrrgh!" I cry, orgasming as I feel Jesse go rigid inside of me, and my eyes widen as I feel his sperm shoot up into my body. No!

Tears are welling up in my eyes, and in mid-orgasm I nearly black out again. My body can't take this. My mind can't either. How could anybody possibly stand anything like this? WHY!!

I come to and find that now John is riding me. It feels amazing. Too amazing. I can't stand it! Balto has apparently de-knotted me, and is gone. I'm on my back and John is grunting as he rams his incredibly large cock into me over and over. My pussy feels like it's being hit with electricity. My body is out of my control. Jesse is now sucking on my breasts. All I can do is lay there and try to breathe.

John gives me several orgasms, none of which I'm able to black out for. I'm becoming accustomed to their intensity, but even now they continue to grow in strength and longevity. Each one feels like it will never end. I keep hoping each one I experience will be the last.

John finally gets off me after filling me with his seed, my pussy practically a running faucet of cum, both mine and theirs, when Jesse leads Balto back up to me. His dick is rock hard again, and he has a happy grin on his muzzle. I notice that a small tri-pod and camera has been set up in the distance. They're filming this?!?

Jesse guides Balto's dick into me. He almost immediately knots me, his big dick getting stuck in my tight pussy like a plug. It doesn't stop him from fucking me brainless though. Both John and Jesse drink milk from my tits as he goes to town. He gives me so many orgasms that I lose count. I pray for oblivion to take me away from this nightmare!

When I finally come back to my senses and reality once more everything is quiet. John and Jesse have passed out on top of me. My pussy feels wonderful, and I'm completely naked. I feel amazing. I've never in my life felt so relaxed.... So satisfied. Even Balto is sleeping at my feet.

I vaguely wonder where my parents are... perhaps they haven't gotten home yet. It's still daylight out, although the sun is beginning to set. My skin feels toasty. My pussy is still wet. I find that I really don't care.

"Why did you do this to me?" I ask the wind. I'm only halfway surprised when it answers.

"Why not?" whispers Atë. "Are you dissatisfied with my gift?"

"Are you kidding? I would have been fine with a kiss. This is ridiculous. What did you do to me?"

"I gave you the gift of fertility..." she answers.

"So?" I ask, vaguely frustrated. I can't really bring myself to care much about anything right now though. Fertility?

"It was the penalty of eating my fruit, and freeing me," she explains, mirth coating her words. "You're now doomed to evoke a powerful sexual response in every living creature you meet. You are also doomed to give birth to many, many children. None of them human."

"So you're a bad person... and I stupidly set you free?"

"Oh, I'm not a *bad* person per say... I'm just very playful! Your curse will be lifted after you've birthed one thousand different species."

"That makes you sound like a bad person,"

"Oh! You wound me with your words!"

"Yea right..."

"If it's any consolation: I think you're a terribly interesting mortal."

"Why were you trapped in a cherry tree?"

"Oh... this and that. I assure you it was all in good fun."

"I gather you aren't going to change me back."

"Sorry kiddo, couldn't even if I wanted to... and I don't even want to! You're the best entertainment I've had in centuries."

"Go fuck yourself."

"Ooo, so feisty! I like that! Makes what happens next all the more interesting.

And with that the godly presence is gone.

And I hear my parents pull up in the driveway.

Oh shit-balls.

I dash into the house, sprint up the stairs, and leap into the bathroom right as I hear the door open. I immediately start up the shower.

“James! We’re home!” calls my mom.

“Taking a shower!” I call back.

Good... this gives me time.

“Alright honey! When you get down help put up groceries!”

I’m already naked, so I just hop into the shower and start vigorously scrubbing my body clean.

It’s only then, as I turn the shower head onto pulse with the intention of cleaning out my pussy of semen (I absolutely do NOT want to get pregnant), that I notice it.

My pussy has transformed. It’s become fatter, smaller, and strange. It’s not a human pussy. If I had to guess....

No way. I can’t have a dog’s pussy! Although to be honest, I shouldn’t have a pussy at all.

When did this happen? Did it happen when Balto fucked me? I can’t be sure... but that’s a mystery best saved for later. Right now I need to figure out a game plan.

But first I need to clean myself out.

And in the process I find my new best friend. I could marry you Mr. Showerhead.

I must have stood there for ten minutes straight spraying pulsating water up my cooch before my dad knocks on the door.

“Quit wasting water,” he says, then walks away. I immediately turn off the shower, step out, and start drying off with a towel.

Amazingly: I’m no longer horny! I didn’t even feel the need to give myself an orgasm in the shower! Maybe I’ve finally got a handle on this! Woot!

On the other hand: my breasts, although average sized, have turned into milk factories.

I’m trying to stem the tide of milk from my breasts with the towel when I notice more strange things: I’ve got bumps on my belly too. They feel like moles or something: but I’ve only got one mole and not six. Not six in two perfectly spaced rows.

“What in the hell-“ I mutter, removing the towel, then drop it in shock.

Nipples. They’re nipples. Not moles. Nipples.

Before my very eyes they grow bigger, and the flesh underneath them is expanding to push them out of my belly to form tits. Bitch tits. Dog tits. Mammary glands and fatty tissue is developing underneath them and pushes them out into the air.

My upper breasts are shrinking slightly to match them.

And on top of all of this: my belly is expanding.

“Oh fuck no-“ I whisper to myself. This can’t be happening. My pussy tingles at the thought of being pregnant: because pregnancy is always followed by birth, and the way to give birth is through the vagina. This might hurt a little.

I drop to the floor and look under the door jam to see if anybody is outside the bathroom door. The coast looks clear.

I wrap my towel back around myself and carefully open the door, peaking both ways into the hallway before sprinting full speed to my room and locking the door behind me. I can feel my multitude of breasts becoming engorged with milk with every passing second. I can feel my belly growing heavier. I close the curtains, and notice that my friends are no longer lying naked in the backyard. I don’t know where they went, and I don’t care. I have a problem.

In no time at all it looks like I swallowed a volleyball, and that’s when I feel the first kick. There’s something alive inside of me. Oh shit-oh shit-oh shit!

What do I do! At this rate I’m probably going to go into labor at any moment! What do I need?

“AH!” I cry softly as I feel pain spike deep within my belly.

Oh dear baby Jesus it’s starting. I need more time! My belly has stopped growing, but is vastly swollen and feels as though it contains a dozen tiny squirming bodies. I’m pregnant with puppies. I’m actually pregnant with puppies and I’m about to give birth to them! Shit-fuck!

My water breaks, and that’s when the real pain starts.

Contractions: you can’t stop them. You can’t ease the pain of them. They just grow bigger and bigger until you’re forced to give birth, or do it yourself. I don’t want to give birth. My multitude of teats are horribly swollen with milk, my cervix is dilating painfully against my will, and my belly is so big it’s like carrying a beach ball under my skin. A rather heavy beach ball.

I’m on the floor laying back and trying to be as quiet as physically possible. I have to piss and just go on the carpet. I don’t care in the least. The pain is getting worse.

And then, when my cervix can dilate no more, I feel the first of the lives within me begin to move.

And it’s the most painful thing I’ve ever felt in my life.

My vagina is forced wide as the tiny puppy is pushed out of my body. It seems to take hours on end before I see its head... then finally, by the grace of god I push it completely out.

I sit up and look at it. It's so tiny... how could something that tiny have caused me such pain!? I take the corner of my towel and start cleaning its fur... when I feel another tiny body begin to move within me.

The process repeats ten times. Ten tiny puppies. All of them, incredibly, alive and healthy. All of them obviously the progeny of Balto.

After severing all of their cords with a pocket knife (and pulling this disgusting sack out of me that the cords were attached to... \*shudders\*) they each start crying. I immediately realize that they're hungry... and after wondering what baby puppies eat slap my head as I realize the answer.

Milk.

Well fuck, I'm not some monster. If these puppies don't get milk they'll die... and I *am* responsible for them in a way.

The answer seems obvious... but I hesitate a bit before giving myself up to it. I don't want any of this... and that includes breast feeding baby puppies. I didn't want to get pregnant or give birth. I didn't want to get raped... I didn't want to turn into a woman...well, if I'm completely honest with myself I did like the sex part... but I would have greatly preferred to not have a pussy.

I am so going to find a way to get even with Atë if it's the last thing I do.

But for now I lay on my side and help guide the puppies to my teats.

And sweet mother mary and joseph does it feel good.

Let me explain to you something. Each of my tits is hyper sensitive. Each is uncomfortably, even painfully swollen with milk. I have eight of them. On each one of them is a tiny puppy that is sucking milk from me for all it's worth, lessening the painful/ uncomfortable pressure and giving me the most satisfactory feeling in the world. It wasn't pleasure per-say. It wasn't sex. It was pure satisfaction.

As I lay there I idly rotate my puppies at my teats to make sure they all get an equal fill, holding the two that aren't eating. For a moment I'm actually pretty happy. I'm still pissed though.

"James, are you in there?" asks my mom.

"Don't come in, I'm naked!" I say, not untruthfully.

"Oh. Well, it's getting late. Me and your father are going to go to bed. Can you be quiet if you're going to stay up?"

Go to bed? Hah, more like stay up all night bumping uglies. My mom and dad think they're quiet: but to be honest they're not. On nights like this I usually leave the house for a bit.

“Sure thing mom,” I say back.

A pause.

“Is there something wrong with your voice?” she asks.

“I’ve been feeling a little sick lately,” I answer back.

“Oh... well if you’re still sick in the morning tell me so I can call the school.”

“Thanks mom: you’re the best.”

“Goodnight! Love you!”

“Love you too.”

And with that she leaves.

I had hardly noticed: but the puppies aren’t newborn anymore. Their eyes have opened. They’ve gotten bigger. They’ve got teeth now (ouch!).

In the matter of maybe half an hour they’ve practically become big enough to be weaned: all the while drinking my milk like there was no tomorrow.

Then... without warning they disappear, fading into nothing as if they never existed.

“I’ll make sure they find good homes,” says Atë with a whisper. “That’s one down, nine hundred ninety nine to go...”

I roll over onto my back, my multitude of milk heavy tits jiggling unpleasantly and a faint memory of pain imprinted onto my pussy making me feel strange.

“Fuck.”

Slowly, as I lay there, my extra tits shrink and disappear, my breasts return, and my pussy transforms back to “normal”. Not that a guy having a pussy is “normal”.

I make a solemn vow to myself not to fuck a horse.

I stand up, and notice that the mess on the floor is gone. It’s like nothing even happened, but placing a hand over my pussy and recalling the memory of the pain.... There’s no doubt in my mind that everything was 100% real. I groan.

“Well,” I say to myself. “That wasn’t very fun.”

Tired as hell, I crawl up into my bed and get under the covers. Strangely, having breasts and not having a dick nor balls feels rather comfortable. I might get used to this body... but I definitely don't want to go through that rapid-pregnancy thing again. I decide to try to avoid it... and tomorrow I begin research on Atë to see if there's anything I can do regarding her and my situation.