

It was nearly time to go and Hazel was still deciding on an outfit. She was currently just standing there in a gray bandeau and a pair of boyshorts with stars on them. She wanted a top that would cover a little more skin, but still show off the wing-like tattoos across her shoulder blades and her cross-shaped tan lines. She had tried on a few things already, but none of them were what she wanted. Just as she pulled on a lilac cami, her phone buzzed. It was Rara.

[I'm turning onto your street, should be there in a few! <3]

Not sure what to wear with the layered tops and now running out of time, she pulled on a short, black skirt and unrolled a pair of gray knee-highs that matched her panties. Pulling on the long socks, she stepped into her calf length boots and pulled the zippers up.

She made one last check in the mirror to make sure her fiery and yet blonde hair was still mostly pinned up except for her bangs framing her face. For a half a second she wished she had just a little more curve in her shirts then violently shoved that wish away.

Grabbing her jacket, she made a dash for the front door. As she was coming down the stairs, her mother was nowhere in sight. "Going out for a bit. Home by one. Love you! Bye!"

Hazel said it in a rush, hoping for once her mother did not realize what she was saying until she was out the door and in her girlfriend's car. As usual though, her mother appeared, as if from nowhere, to step between her and the front door with the mancing grace of a large grizzly.

"You were saying?" She spoke in that tone which was quiet but still carried the weight of a sledgehammer. Tall and in extraordinary shape, her mother was physically imposing. Beyond her impressive stature, she had an air of proven confidence about her, like she had handily beaten something inordinately difficult. Not once, but so many times that she was sure anything else would be trivial in comparison.

"I said I'm going out and I'll be back by one." She tried to step around her mother and found herself blocked by her mother's paradoxically enormous boobs. The measurements

between bust and waist were so drastically different, Hazel was sure her mother's tits were fake despite not having the pronounced curve of implants.

Their assuredly abnormal size was not the only weird thing about them. Hazel could never recall noticing the massive endowments while her mother was dressed in her sharp suits for work. It was like they vanished when she left in the morning.

In the evenings and on weekends though, the more than head-sized teardrop-shaped mounds were very evident. Like now, when they were straining a t-shirt so much her plump areolae were visible.

Her mother put her hands on her hips, further accentuating her bust. "What did I tell you about going out at night?"

"That I needed to-" She shook her head, breaking the automatic response drilled into her. Her therapist had said to be more assertive about her rights as an adult, even if still living at home.

"Look," she said as she started again. "I get that you're worried about me doing something that will affect your chances of getting elected as AG next year, but I shouldn't have to clear my schedule with you like you're my secretary either."

"My job is not the issue here-"

"Then what else is it?" She held out her hand and pulled at her index finger as she prepared to present her multiple point case. "I'm old enough to drink. I get home when I say I'll be back, if not before. You know all my friends like they're your own kids. I'm also weeks ahead in my classes. What more do I need to show I can be responsible about going out and being an adult for once?"

Normally argumentative by reflex, her mother curiously had no immediate response. Her eyes moved left and right for a moment, like she was playing out the conversation in her head.

“Okay,” she said finally as she tucked a lock of hair behind her ear. “You can go out. Who are-”

“I’m only going out with Rara,” Hazel said before hastily adding that they were going to see a movie. She had yet to tell her mother she and her best friend from high school were an item now, much less that they having sex.

“Oh good,” her mother said with a nod, replying like she knew it was a date anyway. “You know, I really like her. She’s quite sharp and super personable, too. I always enjoy talking with her.”

That her mom was saying such nice things about her girlfriend made her face warm slightly. It felt like implied acceptance of their relationship.

“I’m glad you like her,” Hazel said with a smile. Because I am head-over-fucking-heels in love with her.

Her mom made a confused sound. “Come again?”

Hazel blanched. Had she said that outloud? Had she really just casually come out to her mother like that? She decided to play dumb. “Hmm?”

“What this about being fuckingl in love? With a girl?”

“Mom I-” She started to explain when she was wrapped in a warm and squishy bear hug. It seemed the implied acceptance was really there.

It had been months since they had been this physically close and Hazel found herself relaxing into the embrace. Having to be on guard all the time was exhausting, maybe now that would be less of an issue.

“I’m so happy you finally trusted me enough to come out! I had a hunch, but didn’t want to force the issue. Sorry,” she said, letting go of Hazel. “Ah! This is so exciting!”

“It is?”

“It really is. I’m really happy you found someone you care that deeply for.”

“You make it sound like you thought I was a sociopath or something...”

“Well, there was always a chance. I see enough of them at work that noticing the quirks is second nature and you have tendencies in that direction.”

Hazel shook her head and narrowed her eyes, fixing her mother with a look of disbelief. So much for not having to be on guard. “Did you really just say that?”

“I suppose I did...Here, hold on a second.” Her mother walked back to her home office and returned with a small box. She handed it to Hazel.

Inside was a necklace. The fine links were made of silver, or maybe even platinum. They were looped through a pendant which had an iridescent gemstone eye set into a thick bezel of the same material as the chain. As she looked at it, Hazel could have sworn the colors were shifting, like the gemstone contained an oily fluid.

Turning the pendant over in her hands, there were etchings on the back. The symbols were like her tattoos, only she was certain she had never seen this jewelry before in her life. Although, come to think of it, she could not remember what had given her the inspiration for the wings on her back either. They had always just been there in her mind, something she scribbled on tests and in the margins of notes.

A weird feeling ran up her spine. “Umm...what is this? An apology?”

“It was a gift from your father. It...well...let’s just say it was our engagement present.”

“...and you’re giving it to me why?” The necklace was getting warm in her hand and was pulsing like it was throbbing in time with her heartbeat. She wanted to put it down, but there was nowhere to place it.

“He wanted you to have it when you were old enough.”

“Okay, but why?”

“He said it was your inheritance.”

“How is it my inheritance if it was part of yours and his betrothal?”

“Oh, because I already got what was promised to me on that necklace.” Her mother crossed her arms under her bust, making them seem even larger as they surged forward from being squished together. “Let’s just say your suspicions about these are more right than you know.”

“Wait...are you saying some gemstone necklace made you grow tits so massive they can be seen from space?”

“Oh stop. Just take it and I’m sure you’ll find out everything you want to know.”

“Uh...I’m okay tha-”

“Either you take the necklace or you don’t leave the house. Clear?”

“I really don’t get you sometimes...” She pulled the necklace on all the same. The oval gem came to rest against her sternum between the little amount of cleavage she could coax into existence. It was still very warm against her skin.

“Okay, have fun! Don’t do anything I wouldn’t!”

Hazel went out the door and hurried down the driveway, worried that if she did not get into Rara’s ancient but well maintained Merak SS right away her mother would snatch her back into the house. Upon sitting down in the lovingly restored leather bucket seat, she was wrapped up in the second full body hug in ten minutes.

Rara’s teeth on her neck made her gasp and then moan as her girlfriend continued to suck. Her scent was a mix of lemon scented body wash and engine oil. She had probably taken a hasty shower not twenty minutes ago. Hazel went to confirm by feeling if her hair was still wet and found herself rubbing stubble instead of the short curls she had expected. The surprising disappointment pulled her out of the moment.

“As much as I love that, Ra, in front of my house is not where I want to be doing it.”

“Spoilsport.” Rara spat before flashing a grin. She settled back into her seat and seductively gripped the shifter. Despite the chilly late spring evening, she was wearing just a

tank top and her intricately-tattooed, well muscled arms were on full display as were her thick, pale shoulders. Chilled by the breeze from her open window, her barbell piercings and nipples pushed against the thin, ribbed cotton. Generally flat, her nips were pretty much all the curve she had. Which was just fine with Hazel, she had gotten her fill of boob a long time ago.

They passed under a streetlight and she realized just how drastic the hairstyle change had been. The once bright pink flowing locks had transformed into a short, platinum blonde undercut, short on top and buzzed tight everywhere else.

“Ra, I saw you less than a week ago. What happened to the other look?”

“I liked it, but I got bored with all that work. It’s just hair, it’ll grow back.”

“You’re impossible, you know that?”

“I try my best.”

When they pulled onto the highway, Hazel let her hand wander under her girlfriend’s arm to squeeze her thigh. Rara revved the engine, opening the throttle up in response to the touch. The well-toned muscles she had developed from working in her dad’s garage were just as amazing as the last twenty times.

As Hazel moved down between Rara’s legs, she was surprised to find something hard. She pinched it between her thumb and finger. It had to be almost an inch across. “You’re wearing strap-on to the movies?”

“You were the one who suggested giving me head in the theater. I figured this was stealthier than you trying to eat me out and I knew you’d enjoy the surprise.”

“Oh, for sure.” She slid her fingers along the smooth, stiff length until the bump of the exaggerated glans passed under her fingers. “Geez, Ra, this is huge. Think you could have gotten anything longer or thicker?”

“I know exactly how big my new dick is,” she said with a sidelong wag of her eyebrows.

“It’s double ended? That gives me all kinds of ideas...”

Gripping tighter, she tugged on the dildo and got a very surprised gasp out of Rara as the toy's other end shifted inside.

Walking her fingers to the tip, Hazel pushed back and got an even louder gasp as well as a moan. Pressing her nail into the seam between the huge rubber cock and Rara's thigh, she dragged back until the heel of her hand was resting against her girlfriend's pants. Rara moans grew louder the entire time.

"Mmm...I can't wait to get my lips around it. I guess this will have to do for now..." She tucked her fingers under the shaft and pulled up then pushed down almost right away. The engine roared as Rara swore.

"Az, it feels like you're jerking off the real thing."

She began to move her hand away. "Do you want me to-?"

"No!" Rara's hand grabbed hers and squeezed. "Don't you dare stop!"

Hazel continued wiggling the dildo, slowly accelerating her tempo. She did not realize the gemstone was starting to glow or that her bust was slowly filling out her tops. It did not occur to her that anything was amiss when it felt like her back was getting hot or that Rara's strap-on seemed to have a pulse.

She was too wrapped up in the sounds her girlfriend was making and how fast they were going to notice anything else. By time they pulled off the highway and onto the ramp into the mall parking lot, they had an unexpected hour before the showing started. The moment the car was in park, Hazel was climbing over into Rara's seat and putting her arms around her pale girlfriend's neck.

Thighs met thighs, lips met lips, and a deep moan vibrated both of them. Rara gripped her hips tight, her strong fingers sinking into Hazel's soft flesh as they slid up under her skirt. Their tongues rubbed against each other. Gentle bites sent tingles down her spine. The glow from the

pendant got brighter. Her back got hotter. Still they continued to make out for another whole minute before she noticed that her shirt was tight. Had she sat on it?

Breaking the contact, a string of spit bridged their lips for a moment. Both of them were panting like they had run for the last ten minutes. It was then they each realized the gemstone was shimmering with rainbow light.

“That’s a wicked necklace you’ve got there, Az.”

“Yeah...My mom gave it to me...” Hazel reached up to grab it and her arm bumped into boob that had never been in the way before. Her attention pivoted on a dime to her noticeably larger endowments. Her skin felt tight all of a sudden, the feeling reminiscent of the strain on her tummy when she ate too much at Thanksgiving. Her bust was sore, too, like the sore one feels after a good workout.

She reached up to massage them. They were very warm even through both shirts. Their size reminded her of oranges. Her plump areolae squished against her palms. Then her tits pulsed and she felt them swell against her hands.

Looking up from her deepening cleavage, she found Rara staring at the necklace. Her eyes were wide, the glimmering light playing over them like they were glass. Her girlfriend grunted and something twitched in her pants. No way. There was no...way...

Hazel reached down between them, her fingers searching for the strap-on contained by Rara’s jeans. Her growing boob pushed into her arm, its curve slowly widening against her elbow. The smooth rubber she expected was not there, it had been replaced by something far more spongy. In some respects it was softer, but harder in others. Sliding down the length, what was unmistakably a thick vein rolled under her fingertips.

“What the actual fuck? Rara. Sandra! Wake up!”

Grabbing the necklace, she pulled it over her neck and the light died at once. The heat in her shoulders remained. If anything, it was growing more intense. She was just about to reach back there when Rara yawned.

“Whasup? Did we miss the movie?”

“No we didn’t miss the--do you not feel that you have a dick?!”

“I mean, of course I do. I put it on when I left....” Her girlfriend’s face tightened as another twitch traveled along the tight denim. Her expression relaxed into the one she usually had after being eaten out, like her mind had checked out. “That’s not a dildo against my leg, is it?”

“Pretty sure it isn’t.”

“Hehehe...So these great tits are-?”

“Also real, yup.”

Rara did not respond beyond giggling more. Suddenly she hooked her fingers into the hem of the bandeau and pulled down until Hazel’s inverted nips were exposed. She wrapped her lips around the left one, her tongue flicking down between areolae as she sucked.

The intense sensation made Hazel sit back, causing her to hit the horn and give them both a scare. The sudden noise cleared the air and the look of lust on Rara’s face faded as the heat in her shoulders did the same. Extremely self conscious, she tugged her top back up.

“What just happened?” Rara asked.

Hazel looked down at the pendant. “I have no idea.”

“I’d be down for more of that later...”

“...Sure,” she said, stuffing the necklace into her pocket.

Scrambling off of each other and out of the car, the couple walked up to the window to buy tickets. After they got seats, Hazel went to go to the bathroom. There was no one else in the room. Then Rara stepped through the door.

She splashed water on her face while Rara stepped into a stall. The gasp that came from behind the partition made her whirl around. "You okay?"

"I'm...hung. So very, very hung." The lock clicked and Rara pushed the door out. Hanging from her pelvis and peeking through her boxers was a thick, meaty dick. The skin was an unnatural purple, as if the rubber had just become flesh.. "It's a big as the dildo was...and I'm soft! How much bigger will my boners be?"

The twitch of her cock said they would find out shortly if things continued.

"Uhh...why don't we figure this out later?"

Rara shrugged. The door to the stall banged closed again and Hazel turned her attention to her chest.

"Holy shit," she said as she hefted her new rack. At a loss how else to describe them, each boob felt as big as a grapefruit. A big, pale, and squishy grapefruit.

There was a tug at her pocket and she caught Rara's reflection as her girlfriend put the necklace on. Her body seemed to shudder and she hugged her sides as the light of the gemstone flickered back on. Rara's already sizable cock began to inflate as bigger, thicker veins rose out of her skin. Something about the way her body was changing looked like she was being pulled taller as if the rubber of the dildo had been integrated into her essence. Whatever the reason, she was certainly taller now.

Hazel could feel her body heating up as well, especially her shoulders. She could have sworn she caught a glimpse of wings in her reflection.

Rara squeezed her eyes closed and shook her head as if to clear it. Finally, she walked over and locked the main door to the bathroom. With each step, her swelling erection bobbed in front of her. It was already starting to leak pre-cum.

"Okay, now we won't be bothered."

"What happened to later?"

“But it is later, Az. I-ugh!” Two somethings began to swell beneath her lengthy shaft. With every ragged breath, the apparent pair of testicles doubled in size until they hung were pushing her boxers down.

Hazel’s own sense of heat grew almost unbearable as the skin of her back began to prickle like before. Her bust began to expand once more, her boobs piling on the inches. “Rara, there’s something about that necklace that’s making us change!”

“I’ll say.” Her voice was deeper, stronger, more commanding. She tore open her shirt, revealing a torso even more sculpted than before and tossed the scrap to the side. As she crossed the room, her muscles twinged, her generally androgynous body becoming more masculine. “Changing is all I can think about for some reason and that freaks me out, but I won’t deny I feel really, really good right now.”

Something about Rara’s proximity made her body quake. Unable to keep standing on quivering knees, Hazel dropped into a squat with her back against the counter. The longer Rara stood over her, the hotter she felt. Intrigued, she tentatively reached for a cock that was a size she had only seen in porn. It had to be more than ten inches long! Its thickness reminded her of a Red Bull can.

As she stroked experimentally, Rara rose to her toes. Her head bumped the drop ceiling. The loose foreskin slid back and forth with ease, the opening smoothly slipping over a very real looking glans. The feeling of throbbing, swelling veins in her grasp was oddly compelling. Her movements became faster. Her grip tightened. The sounds Rara was making now were beyond what she could stand. It was all so hot.

Curious, she licked at the pre-cum leaking out. It was salty, but also a little sweet. It was also surprisingly tacky, making it hard to lean back. She had sucked off Rara while she was wearing a toy before, but this was different. Her girlfriend really had a cock.

Even as she pondered wrapping her lips around it, she continued to stroke. Rara was practically begging for something more as the flow of fluid leaking out of her tip grew stronger. Wanting to tease her a bit more, Hazel kissed the ridge of her girlfriend's cock. Her lips touching skin zapped her like static. Suddenly teasing was not enough.

Continuing to stroke near the base, she squeezed her lips tight and slowly swallowed Rara's throbbing pole. Her cheeks pulled in like she was drinking a thick milkshake as she began to suck. The taste of Rara's pre grew more intense as the dense fluid filled her mouth and coated her throat. Her body began to quake with a need she had never felt before. Even desire felt when Rara ate her out paled in comparison to the intensity of her want at that very moment. Her free hand snaked down into her boy shorts and she began to tweak her clit.

Flicking her tongue over the bottom ridge, made Rara throb. Her jaw was pushed open just a little more, as if her girlfriend's cock had gained girth. She did it again and this time the twitch flooded her mouth with so much pre her cheeks bulged. She circled the head of her girlfriend's cock, swirling the mouthful of fluid around it.

"Goddess above!" Rara's fingers gripped her hair and there was a tinkle of bobby pins hitting the tile. Her girlfriend's hips started to move involuntarily, more like a spasm than a thrust.

The sensation of cock sliding between her lips was overwhelmingly pleasurable. In an instant, oral became less about the sucking she was used to and more about cramming as much dick down her throat as she could.

As if her body was reacting to that desire, she felt a subtle twinge in her throat. More and more of her girlfriend's massive penis slid into her mouth by the second. She grabbed hold of Rara's ass and pulled her close. The big, heavy balls her girlfriend had grown started to hit her in the chin. That only seemed to encourage Rara as her cock throbbed even more.

The both of them sped up. Moving as one, they managed to get the entire length of Rara's dick past her lips and then back down her throat every few seconds. The bobbing movement

she was making had her chest jiggling like crazy, highlighting just how heavy her bust was becoming.

In less than ten minutes she had gone from being an average size in the car to a measurement that was likely more than double that. The thought crossed her mind that she was still not in the same league as her mother. Torn between resentment and jealousy over that, she was unsure what she thought about the growth. It felt great, but this was a fantasy. There was no way this was actually happening.

If this really was just some fantasy though, why not see what it felt like to be that big? Why not keep growing until her mom looked small in comparison? Spurred by her acceptance, the warm, firm flesh of her bust crept further down her body as it slipped out of her bandeau and began to pressure her cami. With every movement, their curve swelled closer to her waist and her shirt kept riding up until the hem was barely holding back her underboob.

Without warning, Rara roared and slammed into her. With throbs that knocked her head back, her girlfriend's first male orgasm was a blizzard. Over and over Rara's spunk hit the back of her throat, coating her insides with sticky fluids. Hazel could feel her tummy starting to push out over her waistband as her stomach filled with thick spunk. There was so much that it was getting hard to breathe. It started to leak out of her mouth to roll down her face. She saw stars. Was she really going to drown in her girlfriend's cum?

Then it was over. Rara pulled out, leading to a gush of cum as Rara gagged. The fluid splattered Rara's legs, the floor, and most of her own front. Her girlfriend's cock was still twitching as comparatively small bursts kept shooting out. She was breathing heavily and stepped over to lean against the counter. The wet splats continued.

Gulping to clear her throat, Hazel realized just how distended her stomach was. The curve of her belly was actually resting against the tops of her thighs. Her body began to vibrate. As if the cum were fueling an engine, her stomach began to gurgle. Her growth accelerated, her tits

surpassing her waist and surging towards her hips undaunted by her slowly shrinking tummy. A new sensation of growth washed over her as the hem of her boyshorts rode up and then were swallowed between her butt cheeks as her expanding ass begin to push her skirt up. The necklace really was turning her into her mother.

No, not her mother. Never her mother. If she was going to grow like this, if she was going to become some sort of thick MILF, she was going to do it her way. She was going to be even sexier than her mother. To do that, she needed more.

Standing and turning, she bent over so her boobs filled a sink and her shrinking belly pressed into the edge. Her half undone hair cascaded down over her face and shoulder. She pulled her panties down to her knees and spread herself open. "Please Rara, use that thick hunk of meat and fill me. Make me yours forever!"

Her girlfriend wasted no time in rubbing her surprisingly still lubricated and turgid cock up and down her backside. "I'll start with your ass..." She pushed in slowly. The whole time it felt like she was getting bigger.

"It feels like you're going to split me in two, but it's s-s-so good!" As if her body was aware of the mismatch, she felt her bust's growth cease as other growth ramped up and the consumption of cum accelerated. There was more and more ass pushing against Rara as she began to pump. The slapping sound of their bodies coming together grew louder until the echo in the bathroom made it sound like the space was filled with couples fucking.

Her girlfriend increased her tempo, pulling on her still widening hips as she thrust at the same time. Hanzel felt herself melting into a pleasure puddle as the last of the cum in her tummy was processed. Everything felt beyond wonderful, but she was sure she could feel even better than that.

Slipping her hands down between her legs, she began to toy with her clit again. Each time Rara sank in balls deep, she squeezed her clit to heighten the impact. Caught up in the

feedback loop, she did not notice her clit was growing in her grasp until she could wrap her hand around it.

With a groan and a tight grip, Rara finished inside her. Even after the blow job, she pumped out an equal amount of cum as before, if not more. Hazel's tummy began to push against the edge of the counter again and her clit was twitching like crazy as it became more and more like a penis.

Rara stumbled back and Hazel heard her yanking out paper towels. She turned to find her girlfriend wiping down. That was the opportunity Hazel needed. Lifting her taller partner onto the counter, she removed Rara's boxers and appraised the situation. Her girlfriend's massive testicles felt like pool balls in her hand, lifting them she was surprised to find Rara's center remained. Pushing Rara's sack aside, she began to eat her out to buy her developing cock more time.

As she lapped at Rara's folds, her once more stuffed stomach rubbed against her thighs. The feeling of it gurgling as her body apparently consumed it to fuel her absurd growth made her want more. When her girlfriend's fingers once more tangled in her hair, the want for more transitioned into a want to share. She devoted everything she had to Rara's pussy. She could feel her tongue changing. It was getting stronger and longer, letting her sink deeply inside. Exploring Rara's center like never before, she felt every twitch of her partner's cock. Her own twitched in unison, growing more impressive with every heartbeat.

There was a jolt as something pushed through her skin near her hairline. At the same time, the sharp stabbing pain in her shoulders swelled like a bubble that then popped. All of a sudden, soft yet leathery wing tips brushed her ass.

Looking up, Rara's forehead was also sporting pointed numbs now. Had they become devils? Demons? Did it really matter? Whatever it was, they were dealing with it together. The

necklace, hanging to one side between Rara's cock and chest, was glowing brighter than ever. Whatever was changing them was working over time.

She rose to her feet and revealed her changes to Rara. Her girlfriend cooed and lifted her balls. She smacked her cock against her girlfriend's center and pre-cum began to pour out from both of their cocks.

"This is hardly fair, you know."

"Hardly fair? Ra, you've shoved more toys up my snatch that I can remember."

"Right, but they were toys."

"...I'll let you fuck me twice after this, deal?"

Rara opened her mouth as she nodded and Hazel plunged in. Surprisingly, she slid all the way to the hilt on one smooth stroke. Rara's balls slipped from her grasp as she let out a long, low moan. Her hands went to her own cock and she began to stroke. Hazel grabbed her girlfriend's calves and pushed back, tilting Rara's hips to give her a deeper penetration. This brought her girlfriend's cock within inches of her lips and she eagerly leaned into sucking on herself. At the same time, her heavy tummy rested on Rara's cock.

Hazel remained pressed up against Rara, letting her growth do the work. She could feel her member swelling steadily as her feelings of lust rose while watching Rara go to town on herself. After a minute or so Rara's eyes rolled back as her cock began to twitch. A beat later, her center clenched and started to pull on Hazel's cock. She grew rapidly after that, gaining length and girth at a rate that thrilled her.

She had to step back as she bottomed out in Rara but continued to grow. Even in her cloud of post orgasm, Rara was moaning and nodding as her center was stretched further and further. Reaching for the necklace, Hazel tugged it over her girlfriend's head and put it back on. It vanished into her cleavage, but the glow emerged from either end.

At once her tits jumped another two inches, they had to be as big as her head now. There was a peculiar tingle around her nips. A sense of swelling as her already puffy areolae became even more plush. She ran her fingers around the edges and out of curiosity, dipped them in. What she found was not nipple, but tongue.

It was then she realized how much the necklace was changing her. The her that had left the house probably would have recoiled at once and run screaming, but this fantasy her revealed in the feeling of toying with her mouth nipples.

If she bent over, her lipples could just reach Rara's balls. Lifting them to the tit mouths she began to suck on them as she thrust in and out of her girlfriend.

Rara was worshipping her as a goddess at this point. It felt like with every begging plea for pleasure her body grew more. Soon her tits were resting on Rara's stomach as they continued to suck her balls. It had been five minutes, but she had not even felt a build towards orgasm. It was like something was missing.

Pulling Rara's cock out of her own mouth, she wedged the thick member between her tits right against the necklace. There was a flare of light. She felt her girlfriend's cock surge in size and a peculiar tingle gripped her pelvis and traveled up her cock. The first ball dropping made her groan, the second one made her cum.

Hazel filled Rara the same way she had been filled until her tummy was a cute little dome. Releasing Rara's balls revealed that they had grown considerably. She stepped back and let her girlfriend down. The cock hanging between her legs now was almost as thick as her thigh and came just shy of her knees. The balls behind them had to be at least as big as coconuts, their vast size pulling the skin around them tight.

Her girlfriend shivered and that behemoth twitched. She watched, transfixed, as Rara developed an erection. She could actually hear the blood pumping and found herself toying with the lipples again. As the cock rose to stand straight out, something even more amazing

happened. With a wet noise, that massive shaft began to divide into two. Before either of them realized what was happening, Rara had two huge cocks instead of a single massive one.

A mindless groan escaped her girlfriend's throat as she looked right at Hazel's tit mouths. She grabbed her by the shoulders and pushed her back into the wall. She used her height and strength to push Hazel to her knees. It was just like before, Rara was enthralled by the necklace's effects.

Only this time, Hazel wanted it.

Her girlfriend lifted her cocks and pushed them against her lipples. Already an impossibility, Hazel was not surprised that Rara's entire lengths fit. She expected being sensitive, but as her girlfriend began to fuck her tit mouths in earnest, everything went white and all she could hear were her overwhelmed moans of pleasure.

Hazel was not sure how long it lasted, but when Rara finally slipped free of her lipples, her boobs filled her lap. They sloshed like they were full of liquid, which was another impossibility. However, when her panting mouths closed, the feeling of being full of liquid dissipated as what was doubtless her girlfriend's cum transmogrified into breast tissue.

She tried to remove the necklace, but could not find the chain. Running her hands down into cleavage that spanned her torso, she found the pendant, but it was embedded in her skin above her sternum. Somehow, her body was absorbing it! While she clawed at it, she felt it sink into her.

Then there was a burning sensation, like someone brushing her with a hot knife. She felt something open on her chest. She turned to look in the mirror, but only saw the her that had left the house. Rara, too, was as she had been. The spunk coating the walls and floors had vanished.

It was like none of it had ever happened, except Rara, was still visibly transformed. Her full belly resting a top the roots of her twin cocks. At some point her ass and hips had grown

dramatically, her entire lower body thick with muscle. Something about her tugged at Hazel, stirred feelings that made her feel warm and horny. Had she somehow turned her girlfriend into a very feminine incubus? It was no stranger than what had happened to her.

Looking down most of what she could see were her massive tits. They flowed over her now just pudgy stomach and rested against her thighs. The cock she had grown still pulsed in her cleavage and it felt larger than before.

The only other thing she could see of note was a dome that looked like the gemstone. It blinked and then looked up at her. She felt her mind shudder as something ancient stared into her soul and its awareness brushed her own.

With a rising sense of revulsion and realization, she realized this necklace probably was her father to some extent. As she thought about them, the answers appeared in her mind. It was like something out of a book. The necklace was the prison for some sort of incubus. Her mother had bought it as costume jewelry. It had transformed her to create a vessel that could gather sexual energy. Now it had done the same to both of them.

“...my mom has some serious explaining to do when we get back.”