



JOHN'S FUTANARIFICATION CONFRONTATION (PART 01) (1)

Stephanie was the last person he expected to walk through the door. He took a sip as she approached and he barely recognized her. She used to be short, thin, and petite. The woman standing before him was a muscular, statuesque goddess with huge breasts packed into the skin-tight dress. Her attire did little to hide the outline of a monstrously-sized penis.

He complimented her, remarking on her changes and subtly prodding for an explanation. She dodged the question with a coy smile. "It's a long story, John." She raised her fingers, ordering another round.

Over an hour went by when they stumbled outside, heading back to John's apartment. They flirted, but she still didn't explain her changes, only avoiding the topic for lighter conversation. He was too drunk to care, holding onto the powerful woman as they walked. Once inside, she wasted no time in unbuckling his pants and pulling his cock out. She went to her knees and took it in her mouth. She had done this many times before, but now... it felt so much better! She traced her tongue around the shaft as she sucked. The feeling was warm, wet, and so intense. He tried to hold back, but she sucked so perfectly and within a minute he popped. She laughed, pulling back to take the first shot on her face before going deep. She went to the hilt, drinking down the spunk as his balls throbbed. She moved her tongue along the head, forcing him to pull back. She swallowed it all.

Stephanie stood, pulling the dress lower and exposing her massive tits. John stepped closer, unable to resist kissing the perky nipples. He gathered the soft, firm breasts in his hands and put his lips upon them. She nibbled his ear as he did, making him quiver as she whispered in a sultry tone. "It's your turn now."

Placing a hand upon his shoulder, Stephanie directed him to his knees. She hiked up her dress and fished out her monstrous erection. She could see the panic in his eyes. The dominant woman ran her fingers along his cheek, taking hold of his chin and opening his mouth. She eased her throbbing cock between his lips, enjoying the warmth as he grunted. She drove in, making him swallow too much and yank his head back. She allowed him to recover, explaining ways to overcome his gag reflex.

John tried again and again, taking more of the behemoth. He retched loudly, his chest heaving even as the cock stayed in place. Soon he was able to take most of it. His throat bulged and drool spilled from his lips, taking it far beyond his tonsils. Stephanie eagerly pumped his mouth, finding great pleasure in his inexperience. She used his face, running her fingers through his soft, velvety hair as she went faster. He resisted the urge to pull back, holding the monster in his throat for a short time. Suddenly he felt the shaft pulse and a blast of hot, salty cum sprayed down his throat. John drank it down, having to edge back as the jets of semen blasted through his esophagus.

With a loud retch, John pulled back. The huge cock popped from between his lips, launching ropes of spunk across his face. He huffed, blinking back tears as more cum shot onto his neck and shirt. She barely gave him time to recover when she yanked him up and launched him onto the bed. She jumped upon him, kissing him deeply. Her long, red locks poured over them. The smell of cum tickled his nostrils as her tongue slid into his mouth.

Her fingers slid up his cheeks and into his hair. Her long tongue sliding along his teeth. Stephanie's saliva mixed with his as she explored. Soft moans came as their lips glided along one another's. She pulled her tongue back, enticing him to take charge before eagerly pushing back. It felt like a choreographed dance. Barely able to breathe, his heart pounded and his vision faded.

John awoke to the muted sunlight through the drapes. He sat up, peeling the cum-stained shirt from his neck. A note from Stephanie sat upon the nightstand. "Sorry to run, I had to catch."

He crumpled the unfinished note, casting it to the garbage as he arose and shuffled into the bathroom. His skin felt tighter and his body felt leaner. The shower helped to relax his aching arms and legs. John wondered if he was taller. He felt thicker... beefier for some reason. Looking at his glistening body in the mirror, he felt proud. He flexed, watching his muscles tense and release. He couldn't compare to Stephanie, but he felt amazing...

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JOHN'S FUTANARIFICATION CONFRONTATION (PART 01) (2)

He thought about last night. Thinking about his beautiful lover gazing up while she nursed his cock. He toweled off and moved to the bed, stroking himself as he reminisced. His cock felt heavier, bulkier and so did his balls. They bounced with his longer strokes. He didn't pay much attention to the changes, only thinking about Stephanie's throbbing cock. He remembered how the dominant woman drove her meaty pole down his throat. How his eyes watered as he struggled to handle the monster. How the hot jizz splashed into the back of his mouth and down his gullet. The warmth filling his chest.

John pinched his nipple, thinking of enduring another intense blast of Stephanie's cum. He took his soiled shirt from the night before, pressing it to his face and drinking in the aroma. Pounding his meat, he imagined Stephanie forcing his head lower upon the pillar. The feeling of his throat opening wide as she forcefully ejaculated, pumping his stomach full of her seed. The thought pushed him over the edge, making him spurt cum onto his clean body. He gathered up a handful, inspecting it for a moment before instinctively licking his fingers clean.

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JOHN'S FUTANARIFICATION CONFRONTATION (PART 02) (1)

A burning sensation spread throughout John's body, a hot pins-and-needles feeling that radiated out from his core. His face flushed before going numb and his vision swirled. His hair grew longer and fuller, slowly changing from dark brown to a ruddy shade of red. The thick mane spread lower, tickling his back as it went past his shoulders. The soft lumps on his chest bloated out into heavy grapefruits with wide, pink nipples. His skin felt lighter as he grew in height. Toned muscle rippled beneath the surface, making it uncomfortable to move. His hips twisted and popped as they spread wider making space for the ballooning ass cheeks to grow into lush spheres. In his hand, he could feel the mass adding to his cock. His balls grew heavy, rubbing against his inner thighs as he stumbled toward the wall.

When the feeling subsided, he rushed to the bathroom to view the changes in the mirror. What he saw hardly resembled his normal self. He looked like a redheaded bombshell. Looking at his face, he prodded at his plush lips, and stroked the raised cheekbones now covered in freckles. Similarly freckled shoulders were out with toned muscle that framed his enviable pair of tits. A flat stomach drew his eyes lower to see the broad ass, which gave him an enticing hourglass figure. A massively thick cock dangled between his legs and he couldn't resist marveling at its mass, letting it slip from his grasp and thwack against his thigh.

He knew he should be alarmed at the abrupt changes, but deep down he felt a calming inner voice that pushed all the worries aside. He curled his thumb around the base of the huge dick while trying to gather the heavy balls in his fingers. He proceeded to slide his palm along his soft abs and up around his round, perky breast. It bounced as he moved higher to touch his cheek and then pass through the flowing red hair. The voice sang to him, replacing anxieties with a sense of warm satisfaction and desire. "God I want to suck a cock so bad!" He gasped, realizing his voice was higher.

After exploring his changes, John found his phone and downloaded a hook-up app. He set up a profile and spent the afternoon browsing and sending messages. He decided to meet a gorgeous amazon named Alex. None of John's clothes really fit anymore, especially over his hips, so he had to wear sweatpants. Wearing a baggy t-shirt, he called for a ride.

Alex answered the door and John was nearly crippled with desire, seeing an outline along her leggings. He nearly dropped to his knees to suck her cock right there on the stoop. He held it together somehow as they went inside. "I see you're changed." Alex glanced over her shoulder as she brought him to the couch. "Me too, as you can see." She traced along the snake in her thin leggings. "You figure out a new name for that sexy body yet?"

"I haven't really thought about it." John shrugged the thought away. "Maybe it will come to me later."

The conversation continued and Alex proved to be very open. They talked about the changes. How he felt stronger, sexier, and very eager to fuck. Luckily, she was too. He went in for a kiss. Their wet, pillowy lips rolled off of one another. Her tongue slid to the side and then out of his mouth, touching his cheek as she moaned. She pulled back and gently touched the tips of their tongues together before going back in. She fervently searched his mouth, rolling her tongue along his as she took initiative. She crawled on top, holding his cheeks as she kissed him deeply.

They went at it for a time before things progressed. He was more than elated for her to sit back, whip out her dick, and guide his head lower. He went down on her, feeling his own cock pushing through his pants and against the floor. He ran his tongue along the sides before taking the tip. He made sure to be gentle for a moment before slurping the pole down in one gulp. He went deep, enjoying how Alex squirmed. She took hold of his luscious hair, using it to guide his movements. He sucked hard, making a loud pop as she pulled him off.

She did it a couple more times, always grinning as they locked eyes. Her desire grew and soon she was determined, fucking his face hard as she showed teeth. Within minutes he felt thick spunk splashing in his mouth...

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JOHN'S FUTANARIFICATION CONFRONTATION (PART 02) (2)

The feeling was amazing. John eagerly swallowed the generous amount of warm jizz. He enjoyed it so much that his hard cock twitched with climax, soiling his loose-fitting sweatpants. He took her deep, drinking every drop before pulling free and wiping his chin.

She ran her fingers through his hair inspecting his face. "Missed a little there, baby." She ran a finger along his neck, collecting the sticky substance. She put the finger in his mouth, lighting up with sudden insight. "Hey, you just got a pearl necklace!" Alex grinned, "I think the name Pearl fits you, baby! You can't be a John with a sexy body like that!"

"Really?" He thought about it. "Yeah, I guess it does sound nice."

"You're special and so hot, Pearl!" Alex waved up to stand, bringing him to the bedroom. "Do you know how to use makeup yet?"

"N-no..."


"Here, these are yours." She offered a basic makeup set. "Find something nice to wear in the closet and clean up, then we'll get started! I'm going to bring you out for a night on the town, sexy girl!"

Pearl thought about it while she searched through the provocative clothing. It felt so right, being a woman, and the name was certainly growing on her. They prepared and headed out.

After a short wait, they stepped into 'Unclean Hooves.' Alex introduced him to several people as 'New Girl.' Everyone was so nice and so beautiful, and the pounding music was hypnotic. That night was a haze of drinks and dancing. Pearl never had this much fun going out before and now everyone bought her drinks! This was a night of firsts: a first time making out in a booth while getting a handy, a first time having her shirt pulled up and her tit sucked on the dance floor, and the first time she'd been blown in a public restroom. All in the same night, no less!

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The night was drawing to an end when a handsome young man offered her a ride home. When they reached the apartment parking lot, Pearl thanked the man, placing a hand upon his crotch as she smiled devilishly. The man pushed her hand aside, insisting that wasn't necessary. Pearl, however, was determined, telling him how she wanted this. With an experienced hand, Pearl unzipped the driver's pants and pulled out the man's erection. The unnamed man undid the seatbelt as she started sucking.

Pearl loved feeling a cock between her lips, the soft head slipping past her tonsils. She sucked it down happily, enjoying how easily she could make him writhe with pleasure. She gagged loudly, fondling his balls as she deepthroated the man. Within minutes he nutted, blasting cum on the back of her throat. Pearl drank it down like a good girl, licking the sensitive tip as she sat up. She said goodbye and trotted inside. She kicked off her heels and plopped into bed.

Pearl pulled her lengthy cock upward and found that it just barely reached the canyon between her tits. She angled lower and pushed the freckled basketballs together. Using saliva, she started thrusting. She vigorously pumped the bosoms, loving how springy they felt around her huge, throbbing shaft. It only took a couple of minutes before white, hot cum erupted onto her cleavage. It shot up, covering her neck, face and hair with long ropes. She used her fingers, scooping as much as she could into her mouth.

In the bathroom mirror, she barely recognized the changed person before her. Flowing red hair, extraordinarily pumped up lips, and wide eyes accented by smeared mascara. She was tall, and covered in powerful muscles that were both massive and elegant. Full, spherical tits with thick, puffy nipples sat prominently. Her torso tapered down to generously wide hips that not only supported a well-rounded ass, but also framed the gargantuan cock dangling between her toned legs. A tall, muscular, goddess caked in semen - John was nothing more than a distant memory.

JOHN'S FUTANARIFICATION CONFRONTATION (PART 03)

Morning came abruptly. Pearl woke up to a wave of heat enveloping her body. Her skin felt tight and tingly as the next stage of transformation hit. The internal voice intensified, calming any fears of her changing body. She felt... elated.

She ran her fingers over the cum-covered chest and scooped up the viscous, pearly-white fluid and watched the ropes dance between her fingers. She slipped them into her mouth, enjoying the flavor. A shiver ran along her spine.

Pearl is such a perfect name for me. A proud, statuesque, cock-hungry slut!

Her hair billowed out around her into a red waterfall, now reaching her waistline. Her thick hips eased outward, supporting big, bubbly ass cheeks. Muscles showed everywhere, stretching her body tight like coiling ropes. Her legs, torso, and arms all increased in length. The generous breasts surged in all directions, and her nipples grew large and chunky. They were not soft anymore, like natural breasts, but taut and heavy like overripe melons. She wrapped both hands around her cock as it swelled. Her fingers slowly separated as it grew and her balls rolled over one another, fighting for space.