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<Fertile Magic>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 2

I was ready to go, ready to meet the humans properly, I looked like one of them, albeit a bit more appealing than the average human. Strutting my stuff down the street, I headed towards the house that was ringing so loud in my head. My body jiggled and wobbled with my added curves and assets. The street was mostly quiet, but I did pass a few guys who had more than a few choice words to say about my beautiful body.

Their arousal was fuelling me, I loved every second of their gaze on my fertile and enhanced form. A few women too, as they passed there was a hint of jealousy but one group of women I passed seemed to want to do things to me much like the men.

The sparks ran through my body as I approached the door to the massive house which had some banners in the window.

“Omega Zeta?” I said out loud.

Must be like a tribe name or something.

The door was open and the noise in my head was replaced by the real noise of the party going on. Upon walking through the door my senses were assaulted. A strange smell filled the air, it seemed to be emitting from the things those humans were holding, they’d take long swigs from and usually belch after. There was also a few lingering smells of cannabis, a plant that we maintained previously, until the

elders forbid us growing it because of human interest. The noise from the speakers set up around the house hit me like a ton of bricks, I had never heard anything so loud. What I saw though was the most intriguing to me.

Humans, young and virile humans.

I could sense their desires, their arousal for one another. Guys and Girls grinding on each other, drinking with one another, playing some strange games with lots of cheering. They all were thinking about one thing primarily.

Sex.

I had entered the place unnoticed for about ten seconds, that is when I felt some eyes fall on my body. In hindsight it was hard to blame them, my body proportions were much more... Lewd and exaggerated than every female here. Suddenly my mind was being filled with loud voices once more.

“Oh my god, she’s so stacked.”, “Look at her tits!”, “Fuck, I want that ass on my face”, “No way she is real”, “Who the fuck is this bitch, Johnny isn’t even looking at me now.”, “I wouldn’t mind a piece of that”, “This bitch needs to get out of here, ruining my game.”

The voices were loud and chaotic, it was hard to silence them when I was this close to the source. The aroused looks and thoughts were giving me power, but the jealous ones were really starting to bother me.

Why can’t I have something nice, and they just live their lives.

An age-old question to humans but a fresh and novel idea to me. I walked through the house and a guy quickly approached me, he was inebriated, I could tell not only from the smell of alcohol or the wobble in his gait but also the fact he just told me.

“I may be drunk but I know when I see a hottie like you, I should offer her a drink...” He handed me a plastic cup filled with some liquid.

“Thank you.” I nodded my head.

He turned to his friend behind him and gave them an obvious thumb up before turning back to

me.

“So... I’ve not seen you before...” He leaned on the wall, partially to look cool but also to keep him steady.

“Man... This is going so well... Look at those tits... I can’t wait to get my hands on them...”

Reading the guy’s thoughts was not required to know what he was thinking, his eyes hadn’t left my tits since turning back. Despite the obvious rudeness and crass way of presenting himself, the spark of his arousal was palpable to me.

“Look at this bitch, coming in here and talking to Todd... Who does she think she is.”

A jealous voice rang in my head.

Shush!

I downed the drink and pushed the cup back to Todd.

“More please.”

It wasn’t long before I was playing some strange game with a ball and some cups. I didn’t get the rules but throwing the ball in cups was a good thing. I wasn’t very good, but it meant I got to drink a lot. The eyes of the incredibly aroused guys around the table were electric, they especially loved it when I jumped for joy after landing a ball in one of the cups. I was starting to feel strange; my vision was a bit blurry and delayed, my actions felt exaggerated, and my mind was hazy. I had seemingly lost the game, I got a condolence hug from another drunkard, it lasted a bit too long and I swear he felt my ass. Whatever I was feeling, it made me not care about the length of the hug or even the potential cheeky pinch of my behind.

There were a lot of negative thoughts now creeping back into my head, I was losing control of my ability to silence them.

Probably the drink.

“I wish I had tits like hers...”

This was the first thought I had heard that wasn't aggressive, it was like this person was jealous but not at me. I looked around for the source of the voice and found a slim and beautiful woman standing on her own overlooking the crowd of guys around me.

“I need to freshen up...” I said to the mass of horny guys around me.

Surprisingly they all let me leave without following me, although their eyes did stick to me.

“Why is she coming this way?” The girl thought to herself.

I stumbled next to her, my curvy body intimidating her, she couldn't resist a look over it at least twice before I opened my mouth.

“You... You want tits like this?” I bumbled through my words, my hands squeezed my melons together, her eyes went wide.

She just nodded.

I leaned in and gave her a kiss, my lips pressed around hers, I left my lips on hers for a few moments to transfer some power to her. Beneath our faces, I felt her chest swell out and press against my own large breasts. The fabric of her dress was creaking, her boobs were stretching the dress past capacity, she softly moaned into my mouth. Suddenly this flat chested girl was sporting huge tits like mine, not quite as big though. Breaking off from the kiss, I looked at her with a big smile.

“What the fuck...” The girl said in a whisper. Looking down at her massive melons which had almost burst out of her dress.

“Ssshhh...” I giggled. “Enjoy them...” I winked.

Her hands went straight to them and gave them a squeeze to confirm that they were real. Her dress ripped down the centre and she now had a cleavage display much like mine. Her soft flesh was visible to all onlookers, her hands kneaded them for a few more moments before she looked back at me.

“Thank you...” She said with a tear starting to roll down her face. She struts over to a guy on

the other side of the room, like a woman on a mission.

“Let’s see you turn me down now.”

It was a nice feeling knowing I had helped this girl. I felt accomplished, the voices however were now much louder. The jealousy over this busty companion of mine was just as loud as the snide comments about my body.

Enough...

I was starting to get overwhelmed by the noise.

Can’t you all just shut up.

The voices continued.

“What the fuck happened to Jenna”, “Wait, when did she get her boobs done?”, “That loser is talking to Jason? What the fuck are those on her chest”.

Fine!

I closed my eyes and concentrated, I felt the power I had stored up from the lusty looks start to explode out of me. The magic filled the air, undetectable to the humans, my body was giving off huge puffs of magical power, it wasn’t long before it filled the entire house. The next few minutes powered me up even more.

I was unsure of what I just cast, this was all so new to me, however it didn’t take long for me to realise what was going on. The magic was causing the people in the house to become more fertile. Their bodies changed, not so drastically as Jenna’s but their hips filled out slightly, their tits grew a few cup sizes. The women started to glow and look radiant, their hair silky smooth and their demeanour changed. The jealous thoughts had been replaced, they were now all becoming rapidly horny by the second, each of them feeling the need of their biological duty as a human call to them.

“I need to fuck him now”, “Shut up and knock me up”, “Cum in me”.

Their thoughts were all so vulgar, I watched as these women continued to change and grow in all the right areas to arouse their mates. Their mostly refined body language had changed, and they

quickly became more aggressive to the nearest male, trying to fuck them right then and there in some cases. The men were also affected, their balls were growing in their pants, their cocks stiffening and thickening. They were feeling as if they needed to reciprocate this aroused feeling from the women. The magic didn't seem to affect them as much, however.

Probably because I am a woman myself.

I pondered for a second. I saw large groups of guys and girls leave together hand in hand but there were always more women here than men. It had seemed that Omega Zeta was a sorority. The women who remained were horny and desperate for sex. Their voices were somehow louder and worse to endure than the jealous ones from only a few minutes ago.

I've had enough of this...

My head was splitting, I had expended a large amount of magic and I was drunk.

I think it's time to go home.

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