

Molly from Accounting,
Tanya from Your Dreams

A MistyF short

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Theo's heel caught on the rug and he tumbled backward, falling into Molly's cubicle. Instead of them colliding, however, Theo simply... vanished into Molly. At first, she and I just stared at each other, not sure what to say, then Molly hiccuped and began to change. Well, her outfit did anyway. The turtleneck sweater that highlighted her chubby figure perfectly changed from dark green to white. Then the high neck dropped like a rock to the middle of her chest. The wool became silk or something similar as the rest of her top became a half-open blouse.

Her face went beet red and she yanked me into the cube with her. Lucky for me, I wasn't also absorbed.

"I need you to block for me as I rush to the, uh, the bathroom." After that stifled moan, her normally unremarkable voice turned upward into the kind of valley girl shrill that I knew drove Theo crazy. This close, I realized that I had underestimated how big she was under her typically concealing attire. Her boobs, inches from my face, left no doubt in my mind they were larger than my head. Which is when I noticed the splotch of natural tan appear in her wide cleavage. The splash of color on her otherwise pale skin began to expand and with it, other changes to Molly's outfit.

All of a sudden, the simple bra she was wearing became kind of stylish in a way that was best described as decadent. Heavy white lace, lighter black lace over that, more shiny silk, purple this time, for her cups and straps. A mass of floofy strawberry blonde hair, passed through my peripheral vision. Didn't Molly have auburn hair? Hands grabbed either side of my

face, wrenching my view up to meet Molly's eyes. I couldn't help notice they were the same green as Theo's now.

"Are you listening to me, Phil?"

"Yeah... Bathroom."

"Let's, like, go then!"

I turned and popped back up from my crouched position. It was the middle of the lunch hour, so it didn't seem like there were many others here in accounting. I offered Molly my hand without looking back. "Ok, headed that way."

Fortunately, no one got in the way as we hurried to the restroom on the far side of the room. I stopped at the door, but Molly pushed me into the women's room in front of her. My luck held, the room was empty aside from us. When I turned back around to make Molly clarify what the hell was happening, I found myself staring at a pair of golden brown tits that were growing right before my eyes. They were filling out in a way that didn't seem possible. Then it occurred to me, Theo liked the look of implants. He liked the way they demanded your attention.

"Molly, what...?"

Instead of an explanation, I got a kiss that was, to put it simply, overwhelming. It was the kiss of someone who was used to using their lips alone to communicate. The flurry of sensations crashed over me and I took a step back to break the connection. Instead, Molly moved with me. In fact, she used my movement to overpower me as she pinned me to the counter. Her tongue pushed into my mouth and I couldn't keep myself from groaning at the pleasure. In spite of

myself, my hands came up to grip her ass. She straddled my leg and pushed into me. Heat enveloped my thigh.

It wasn't until I felt the piercings literally appear against my tongue that it even occurred to me that I was making out with my co-worker in the lady's room as she transformed into what seemed to be Theo's sexual fantasy. My hands moved around her hips and gripped them instead as I pushed her back.

The woman before me was still Molly, but it was like looking at a version of her from another world. A mane of untamed reddish-blond hair filled the space behind her, giving her a halo of wild energy. Makeup that had not been there before now highlighted and outlined her features. It even reshaped her face to make it seem even more feminine than it had moments ago. Some of the squish was gone, seemingly transferred to her lips because of how puffy and sculpted they were now. The ball of a piercing in her bottom lip only accentuated her pout-like expression.

Her tits pulled at my attention and my gaze dropped down. At the moment, my brain seemed to stop working on anything else other than comprehending the sheer size they had ended up being. I couldn't even see past them! Somehow, the deep v neck of her top contoured to their absurd curve in a feat of textile engineering. The bra from before, now much larger, was pretty much on display as nearly all of it was visible. The wide and taut straps pushed her shirt's collar aside as they strained to keep her prolific bust supported.

She was taller than me now, but if my hunch was true, that was partially due to the high heels Theo found sexy.

"I'm so sorry, Phil," she said, putting her hands to her face. I couldn't help but notice her perfect manicure and its complex paint scheme that involved blue fading to white. "I knew what I was doing, but I couldn't help myself."

When she took a step back to emphasize this point, I finally got a glimpse of the other ways she had been changed. Her slacks had been replaced with a knee-length pencil skirt that made her pear-like hips really pop. She had on stockings that matched the bra and I bet she had on panties and a garter belt to complete the look. Finally, she was standing on a pair of wedges with purple fittings. They had to be three inches thick--and there was another two inches of heel to boot!

So much of her new appearance satisfied Theo's tastes, but there was a good bit of someone else's aesthetic choices in there as well. Probably Molly's--well, this version of Molly anyway.

"What the hell happened to you? Where's Theo?"

"In here," she replied, putting her fingers to her chest above her bust.

"Forever?"

"No, for the next day or so."

"And you?"

"Oh, there'll be parts of this look that I'll never get rid of. The hair is always a stubborn change."

"What was with that, uh, that..."

"With me, like, coming onto you that way?"

"Yeah..." I was having a hard time focusing on her face. The rest of her body begged for my attention.

"Side effect of, well, this," she said, sweeping a hand along her body in a way that was both illustrative and enticing. She grimaced after that and giggled like her head had emptied for a moment.

"Phil~" she sang her voice an octave higher again. "I know you want me, Phil. I can see it."

She closed the gap again and I felt her hand close around my dick through my trousers.

Mmmm "You're so hard for me, Phil."

"Molly?"

"Oh, Mol Mol isn't here righ' now, sugah," she replied, a mischevious smile spreading across her face. "I'm Tanya right now."

"Tanya?" I said, confused. Tanya was the name of my favorite girl on Insta. "Why?"

Instead of responding, she put one of those well-manicured fingers to my lips. "Shh. Talk is for later. Now is for fun."

"But..."

Molly/Tanya? groaned. "It's okay, Phil," she said in Molly's voice. "The sooner she's satisfied..." Molly moved in for a kiss. "If I'm honest," she added, her lips brushing mine as she whispered. "I'm glad it's you. Maybe now we can--"

"--Talk over!" Tanya asserted before hitting me with another of her kisses.

She broke off a moment later and turned to press her ass to my crotch. "Don't need a warm up, so let's do this..."

I tugged on my tie, loosening it and then moved down to undo my belt. At the sound of it coming undone, Tanya cooed and shook against me. My hands jumped from my belt to her skirt and hiked it up halfway over her ass. I felt a thrill of accomplishment seeing that my hunch had been right. I tugged those cute purple satin panties down around her thighs and then pushed my waistband down to pull out my dick. I let it hit the cleft her her ass, and she actually gasped.

"Phil! You were holding out on poor Mol Mol! Not that she could've handled something like that"

'That' was my thirteen-inch cock. "You're a slut though," I hissed leaning down over her. "So I'm going to make you handle it."

She cooed again and then made a rolling noise in the back of her throat. "Oh, I'll handle it. I'll handle it so hard you'll think about me every time you fuck another woman."

That proved it, she was pulling from my fantasies as well. The realization made me throb against her, eliciting another of those growling coos. I gripped my fuckstick with one hand and spread her open with my other hand's thumb. I was tempted to just plow her, she was probably wet enough for it, but I wanted to tease my cock-hungry co-worker. I put it in a tiny bit and then began to move up and down just inside her. The shudder that passed through her body encouraged me to move faster until I was slamming the bottom of my cock into her swollen clit every half second. I did this over and over and over until she gushed around me just from that.

I turned us then, half throwing her on the counter. Her knees had turned to jelly from that first orgasm. I didn't want to have to hold her up for this next part. As she landed, I pushed in at the same time so that she was watching herself as she realized what she had gotten herself into. About four inches of me had entered, but she had promised to handle the other nine as well. So

I pulled back a little, which made her whimper, used both my thumbs to spread her throbbing snatch wider and then thrust with about half of my strength.

Tanya bent backward as I slid two-thirds of the way inside. I took advantage of the moment to tug her shirt down so that her shoulders emerged from the wide neck, then I shoved forward so her fake-ass tits were squished into the mirror. Her breathing was already ragged and the way it steamed up the mirror only made me want to take her harder. There was a confused but pleading look in her eyes. Even a sex-kitten like Tanya was stuck between asking for mercy and asking for me to be rougher.

Sinking my fingers into the top of her hips, I pulled back for a second time and then paused, waiting for the moment when that confusion resolved. She was quivering around me, sweat was beaded up all over her skin. Her musk blended with the lavender and lilac body spray Molly used and I felt a sense of triumph. It had taken months of practice at the club to get to where I could be like this on demand, and now...

"Please," Tanya said, her voice quavering. "Please don't stop. I want more. I need more."

That was my cue. Tightening my grip hard enough that she almost had an orgasm from the escalation in aggression, I shoved myself into her until I felt my balls brush the insides of her thighs. That made her cum a second time.

I was fascinated by how her physiology had morphed to be so accommodating and yet just resistant enough to make it enjoyable for both of us. This was genuinely the first time I had bottomed out in anyone who wasn't into their cervix being penetrated. Remaining in place, I reached down to pinch her clit. It was bigger now, like Shyanne's, and that just gave me more options to break this bitch. I started to rub circles into her clit as I pulled back, then I felt a tingle

go down my shaft into my balls. There was a pulse and then I felt something like a bubble come from deep inside me. It rushed up along the inner workings of my dick doing... something that I couldn't quite place. Then it was traveling up my actual cock and what was happening became evident. As the sensation passed, my dick got thicker--and not just a little bit either. I heard her yelp as the sudden increase in size forced her pussy open even wider.

Pulling all the way out felt like a bad idea now. There was no way I would be able to wedge myself back in here a second time. Then again, maybe that was what she wanted. This was obviously part of her deepest fantasy, so maybe she wanted to be teased and tortured like that. Regardless, I decided to push back into her from the halfway point.

The people near the door probably heard the moan that escaped from her throat in response, but that sort of didn't bother me. I was used to doing things like this in a semi-public place. I reversed to about the same point and then shoved in again. This time, the moan lasted twice as long. I kept going, getting faster with each iteration until I was slapping into her thighs every other second. She had a third orgasm and I just kept on going--I was close now. It probably made more sense for me to try and dump my load of unknown size into the sink but her body wouldn't let go of me.

Finally, I shoved into her and rose to my toes. My balls contracted up against me. An opening shot of spunk blasted out of my enhanced dick. The next one was thicker and heavier. As was the third. And the fourth, the fifth, the sixth. Damn, how much was I going to let loose here? Turns out, the answer was 'a lot'. It was two more seconds before my body relaxed. Two more seconds of cumming like a saloon-style pump-action shampoo bottle. A cream pie like this

wasn't permitted at the club, too many risks, so it was a new experience for me. I lingered within her, enjoying the combined warmth of 'us' that now enveloped me.

As I pulled out for the last time, at least for now, the increase to my girth faded with each inch withdrawn. Which was good. I wasn't sure what I would do with a dick that big the next time I had a performance. There was a splatter once I was completely out and I marveled at the amount still flowing out of her snatch after that. It hadn't been something I found hot before now, but it grew on me that longer I watched.

After a moment Tanya roused and looked around as if confused.

"Ah, there you are!" she said once she caught my eye. "Be a dear and grab me some tissue?"

Cleaning up took a little while. While Tanya could morph her soiled clothes into clean ones, I wasn't as fortunate. "I should've taken off my pants."

"And ruin the bathroom quickie vibe?"

True. That was part of what made the scene so hot.

"Are you okay?" I ask Tanya, putting a hand on her shoulder.

"Yeah. Never better, stud," she said with a wink. "Hell, this has been The Best fuck I've had in ages. I'm jealous Molly gets to keep you."

"What about tonight?" I ask, moving my hand down to squeeze one of her absurdly large tits. She squeals in response and then turns to me.

"It's a date."

"That's a first for you, isn't it?"

Tanya says nothing, but the way she blushes tells me everything I need to know.