

Microfiction Prompt: "When I wished I could understand women, I didn't think this would be how it turned out!"

I looked up from my tablet at the clock and groaned. It was almost three. Little more than an hour remained until my wife's friends came over for coven—it's a "girl's night in" type of thing. Usually, I went camping or something on these nights; nothing worse than being in a house full of people you don't know, especially when it's your house. However, for the second month in a row, my wife Faylyn had suggested I stay. She had said she needed my help with something again. Last month, we had started the day by fucking for more than an hour. So it should come as no surprise that I was more horny than usual and expecting more of the same. Hell, I had been getting hard off and on all day just from anticipation.

I mean, not to brag or anything, but my wife was the very definition of MILF, and, on top of that, she had not missed a single chance to tease me since we got up. All morning long, she had bounced around the house in a Spandex leotard over tights like she was some extra in a Jazzercise video. The outfit—deliberately perhaps—was pushed to its limits and the only thing that bounced more than her rack or her butt was her hair. She had undone her braids last night to refresh the red highlights, so her waist-length mane, with all of its volume-creating spirals, was as free-flowing as a willow in the breeze. All of that had me chomping at the bit to "help"; however, all we had done was usual 'round the house type stuff. Now she was working in the kitchen and company would be here soon. So much for another few rounds of mind-blowing sex...

Not that I was hurting for it, mind you. The last month had verged on hedonistic when it came to fucking. So much so that I was sure the other shoe would drop as her asking me some big favor.

At any rate, I was about to turn my attention back to the story I had been reading when the doorbell chimed. Finally. The package I had been waiting for. Only thing was, the thing the UPS driver handed me was not what I was expecting. I had been expecting a large bubble mailer. Instead, I was holding a cardboard box that was longer than it was tall or wide—and those dimensions were about the same. The only hint of what was inside was one of those single-word website names that sounded like a Swedish verb. The UPS driver and I exchanged pleasantries as I signed for the parcel, all the while trying to not act surprised that the box I had been handed was not the one I had anticipated receiving. Stumped as to what could be inside, I brought the package to the kitchen.

"Something came," I said aloud as I entered the kitchen. "It's addressed to you, 'High Priestess'," I continued, adding the last bit as a joke.

It was a bit of a snipe, sure, but even with an hour to go until the coven convened, my wife was already in costume. It seemed this evening's attire was a robe of black velvet that ended near her ankles and an inch-wide belt that had been made from braiding a half-dozen yards-long cords together and was now wrapped around her thick waist a few times. The line of the robe's lowered hood flowed down into a plunging neckline that revealed half—if not more—of Faylyn's attention-grabbing tits. For lack of a better comparison, the size and shape made it seem like she was some heroine who had escaped from the panels of a late '90s comicbook. They were fantasy perfect in a way that verged on magical.

That was silly, of course. Magic wasn't real.

I mean, sure, odd things always happened around Faylyn, but they all had explanations; each event had a reason that as to why it had happened. The truth was, my wife had the kind of luck that ran either freezing cold or boiling hot and never in between. It was probably because of that fact she had developed a tendency to plan everything. Which is why it seemed like she

knew that something was going to happen ahead of time; she was just anticipating an outcome. Admittedly, none of that had ever seemed odd to me before—and we've been together for seven years now, but in the month that followed our wild morning, I have been experiencing something like *deja vu* over and over. I've started noticing how things are always where she needs them while bustling around in the kitchen. How clothes she tries on always fit. Again though, that could just be luck—really good luck.

Luck, however, couldn't explain how I had been in bed. We've had sex every night for the last month and, each time, I have kept going far, far longer than should have been possible. It almost like my dick is not satisfied until she screams out my name or something. So, yeah, that has been weird—awesome, but weird. Still, it was ludicrous to think magic was somehow responsible for that. Just as it was a wild fantasy that, as a teen, my wife had said a few words and sprinkled some herbs on her chest during the full moon or whatever and then happened to end up with her knock-out pair of tits. No way.

"You think that package is for me, do you, Acolyte?" She hadn't looked up from watching her biscuits cooking in the stove. It was as if she were reading my mind just as much as responding to my playful dig. With the way things had been, I might have kept considering yet another oddity. Something else, however, grabbed my attention. With the way my wife was standing, one hand on the stove, the other on her bent knee, her ass was in just the right spot for me to sink my fingers into her broad hips and fuck her silly.

My pulse shot down my dick at the sight and I started to get hard against my shorts imagining how things would go. I knew she was naked under the robe she had donned for the evening. So lifting the hem and having a little dessert before dinner was a trivial matter. I could almost feel the heat of her around my hand as I got her going. The slap of her soft, cushiony thighs against mine echoed through my muscles. The sound of our moans mingling circled like

ghosts. My palms remembered the way her tits would flow over them; their weight swinging against the fabric as I plowed her. With the way things had been, we would still be fucking when her friends arrived.

They would be eager to join us—more than eager, desperate. Not for the first time, I imagined the ultimate porn scenario as a dozen women fucked me and each other. In my defense, all of Faylan's friends were hot and they were all very affectionate with each other. It was hard not to fantasize they were capable and interested in doing something that kinky.

"What was that?" I asked, trying to shake off the haze of sex-fueled delusion. Apparently, I was a little out of it after reading for a few hours while fantasizing about the "help" my wife needed.

She laughed, fairly certain that her ass had derailed my train of thought. "I asked if you'd opened the box yet."

"Ah, no. Not yet." My thumbnail broke the tape and I opened the box to find another one inside. This one was shaped like a shoebox, only longer. Great. Shoes. Just what she needed more of. "Did you really have to get these?"

"Totally. You'll get it when you see 'em," she said with a laugh. I rolled my eyes and, even though my wife had not looked back, she said something seemingly in response to my action. "Look... Just open the box, Ethan."

Lifting the lid and setting it on the table, I got my first look at what had arrived. The box didn't contain shoes, but boots, and not just any boots either. Long boots. The kind that came up to your thigh. They might not have been sex objects on their own, but the relationship was undeniable.

I pulled one out to look at it better. The black vinyl felt cold in my hands. Probably from them being shipped. The chunky platform-style sole was stiff black rubber that was attached

with stitching that was a bright, almost neon green. The zipper, which ran up the outside of the boot from above the ankle all the way to the top was a similarly acidic color. There was green inside of the boot, too. Suede dyed the to match the other accents lined the insides. The bottom side of the soles, too, were also the same shocking hue.

"Aren't these a bit... much?" I asked, holding up my hand to show her what I was holding. It was rhetorical, really. I knew my wife's penchant for theater. I had a feeling the new boots that had just arrived were going to play some part in this evening. Still, it was shocking to open a box with my wife's name on it and find that she had ordered part of an outfit that belonged in a fetish club. Outside of the naked under robes while hanging out with her friends, she had never given any indications she had such... interests.

"Oh, not at all," she said before pulling the oven open and reaching in to get her baking. "In fact," she added, closing the over with her foot. "I got them because I think they'll look great—"

Okay, that made sen—

"—on you."

Wait, what? "On me? You're kidding, right?"

"Nope." The thud of the biscuit stone on the counter added extra gravitas to the simple answer.

I started to ask where she had gotten the idea that I wanted women's boots—much less something as outlandish as the one I was holding—when I noticed there was a little dirt on the vinyl. Without thinking, I lifted the hem of my shirt and started to rub my fingers over the spot to clean the surface. The material squeaked against my fingertips and gave a tiny bit from the pressure. Feeling the debris get wiped away was... soothing—as if I were rubbing my own feet after a long hike.

"You were saying?" she prompted, drawing a spatula from a drawer to remove the biscuits. "Something about why—?"

"—Why you got them, yeah." I looked down at my hands, still rubbing the boot's toe. Had I really zoned out petting the boot? I put it on the floor, out of reach, and tried to shake my preoccupation with it. Which was, understandably, difficult. I was still trying to figure out why they were here—and they were kind of attention-grabbing in the same way as my wife's more-than head-sized tits. "I mean, this doesn't really match your style," I said trying to picture her in them. The black vinyl would complement her coppery complexion. The heels would make her taller than me. I had to be tenting my shorts by now, but the island was between me and her. Hopefully, she didn't notice. "Un... Unless you're not telling me something about coven nights?"

"Why ever would you think that?" She said, her eyebrows rising. A more complete image of her in the boots crashed over me, and, with it, a riptide of emotions. What I would feel about having to look up at her. How I would squirm at the sight of her in equally shiny high-waisted hot pants. The awe I would be unable to keep down as vinyl gloves clung to arms that were built from years of training. Most of all though, I was drowning in how I would find myself just as breathless seeing her in a corset covered in neon-green straps over similarly colored fishnets that struggled to contain her even bigger rack. In fact, nothing about her was unchanged. What was not wrapped in vinyl was covered in ink that glowed against the light brown of her skin. Heavy ring-shaped piercings, too prominent to hide, adorned her nipples—and there were others, too. Her bottom lip had two. A loop almost as big as the pair in her nipples hung from her nose. A half dozen studs glittered on each ear. She flashed me a grin and I saw two balls embedded in her tongue as well. Her hair, done up in dozens of braids that were formed into a crown, was black and green as well.

What the hell was going on? Where was this coming from? I had never fantasized about anyone having a hardcore kink aesthetic, much less my wife, but the mental image was so real, so complete, that it felt like something I had carried all of my life. I was so sure of her appearance that I could hear her outfit squeak. Seeing this version of her felt dangerous. I knew that witnessing this Faylyn, one unrestrained, untamed, and utterly devoted to her own desires, was the same as staring at the sun.

"Do you think I could hide that kind of attire in this house?" She asked, dispelling the vision. "We share the closets after all." She was quiet for a moment, pausing to scrape a biscuit off the stone and into a basket; an unfolded towel waiting to catch the pastry. "... Do you remember Beltane—last month, I mean."

"How could I forget?" I said with more enthusiasm than I thought possible. I was desperate for anything to focus on besides Vinyl Faylyn and what she could do to me. What she would make me beg for. "That was the most intense I had ever seen you in bed—and that's saying something considering the last month."

Her brown eyes seemed to sparkle as her lips curved into the crooked, mischievous grin of hers. "I figured that'd be the case. Anyway, you asked then what we really did when you were out of the house."

"Yeah, last time just looked like 'book club' or something," I said, recalling that evening as I fidgeted with the zipper on the other boot. When had I picked it up? Why was it exciting to feel the vibration of the teeth coming together and apart as I flicked my wrist? How would it feel being made to tug down on the tab with my teeth? "All of you sitting in chairs pulled into a circle."

"That's because Beltane's ritual happened earlier in the day," she said, as if that explained everything. "We were just comparing notes at that point."

Comparing notes? Earlier in the day? When had they— "What is Beltane a celebration of?"

"The climax of Spring. It marks the equinox and we greet Summer as she arrives."

"So let me guess..." I started, struggling against the word climax. "One might mark that transition with some sort of ritual connected to life?"

"Indeed," she said, continuing to focus on putting away the biscuits. "The mind-blowing sex we had for far longer than should have been possible was a part of the coven's Beltane festivities."

"Okay, but what does that have to do with these boots?" I asked holding up the one in my hands.

"Oh! I figured it would be obvious." Faylyn slid the last biscuit into the basket and folded the towel over the lot. She didn't elaborate.

"I'm still not seeing it." I was seeing that alternate version of her though. It was like looking into the distance on a hot day. She would waver between the woman wearing a revealing robe and the woman whose aesthetic was beyond kinky.

"You wanted to know more about the Coven, and while The Goddess enjoys the companionship of the Horned One, she enjoys her time away from him as well."

"And these boots are going to what? Make me not a guy?"

"I knew I married a smart one," she added with a wink. "You're right, they're mag—"

"Nope! Don't say that word," I said, gripping the boot like I wanted to strangle it. "I don't want to hear it."

Faylyn's hands went to her hips and she scowled at me. "Hear it or not, Ethan, you already know the truth. I can tell they have already started to work on you."

"What do you mean?" Were the boots somehow responsible for this new vision of eroticism that was threatening to consume me? Was the version of Kaylyn that had begun to haunt me just a harbinger of what the boots wanted for me?

"Tell me one thing," I said, struggling with the idea of ever wanting to have a body that was sexual kink personified. "If magic is real... Did you, you know... Are you—"

"—Stacked because of magic? A little. I mean, you've seen my high school photos." She walked around the island and towards me. Her voice was soft in the way one would soothe a wild animal. "You know I was always big."

"What do you mean then? A little?"

"Well, at first, magic just helped me manage them." She actually had the audacity to blush. "Eventually though, yeah, I could tell my spell was making them grow—and then... then I wanted them to grow." She grabbed as much of them in her hands as she could manage and pushed them up together. I realized then, as her cleavage swelled to fill more of my vision, that I had taken a seat at some point. I thought about reaching out to grab her, to somehow disarm her and take control of the situation. My body, however, refused to move.

"I mean, not directly," she said letting them fall once more, not that they traveled very far. "I spent so much time focused on them that a bleed of intention was impossible to avoid. The spell to support them was the first one I learned, so it became a benchmark for my talent and you know how I am when it comes to learning something." My wife smiled and looked off into the distance. "A blossoming talent indeed..."

The boots were there in front of me and I felt something tug at the edges of my awareness. An urge to put them on. An overwhelming desire to feel that verdant velvet against my skin. Was this really how I found out magic was possible? By being made to wear these sexy boots?

"Are you forcing me to do this?" I asked, boot in hand.

"No, Ethan, I'm not. If you want this to stop, just ask."

"I want to stop but... but... If I don't do this... will you make me forget about magic or something? Will things go back to how they were before Beltane?"

"That's what would happen, yes."

"So ignorance and bliss or these boots and the unknown?"

"Don't forget fucking at least two times a day. I know that's a big deal for you." She winked at me and something about that was reassuring.

"Okay," I said, putting my foot into one. "See you on the otherwise, I guess?"

The boot's interior was exquisite on my skin and the tightness, much to my surprise, inspired a sense of comfort. The lower shoe-like part fit over my wide foot better than I expected. If anything, it felt better than my well-worn loafers. After all of the visions of Vinyl Faylyn, I didn't think I could be more turned on. Then I pulled the other boot on and it was like the part of my brain that controlled pleasure was torn open like a burst dam. I was so hard now that it hurt each time my pulse made me throb.

"Here, let me help with that..." Kneeling, Faylyn tugged the elastic down past my rock hard dick and licked her lips. She placed her hands on my thighs, pushing the upper parts of each boot against my skin. I could swear my dick grew as even more sensation rushed through my body. Tilting it away from her, my wife kissed down the underside of my cock and then ran her tongue back up to the same place. She bit her lip and looked up at me through her lashes. "I've never seen you like this..."

"Oh, please, hun! Just—!"

She kissed my tip and then enveloped me. Her lips passed over my skin at a glacial pace and I slid my fingers through her hair to grab two handfuls and take over. However, even with

that dominating grip, I could not wrest control of the situation from her. Her tongue swirled around me and fire rushed up along my spine and out of the sundered pleasure center of my brain. "Guh—! Fu...uck. That's..."

My wife hummed in acknowledgment and that was a whole new world of sensation. I had thought I was grabbing the reins, but, really, I was holding onto a lifeline!

I whined when Faylyn backed off a little and trailed her hands down the outsides of my legs. On my toes already because of the heels, I tried to buck, but she bit down through her lips and shook her head. I must have sounded like a kenneled puppy at that point as I begged for more. Then I felt a tug against my ankles as she began to zip up the boots. Like with the shoe part, the material of the leg seemed to reshape to match the size of my flexed calves. In fact, as the suede pressed to my skin, it felt like my calves were... growing. No, more like reshaping I realized. The muscles were changing to match a life spent wearing four and five-inch heels.

There was a peculiar tingle in my hands that spread up my arms. A spasm ran through the muscles in my core. My shirt felt coarse against my nipples for some reason. The scent of Faylyn's shampoo was invading my nose. My knees spread wider to make room for my wife's head as she moved closer to swallowing all of me. The sensation from her tongue caressing the length she had conquered was growing stronger, like she was pressing into me more now than before. Her back and forth motions grew faster, more insistent. The whole experience was becoming a hurricane of sensory input that I honestly never wanted to end.

As the zippers went up past my knees there was no doubt my thighs were swelling. As they did, the waistband of my shorts started to feel tighter—something my shirt was doing as well. Tendrils of vinyl rose from Faylyn's hair, enveloping my arms in glistening material. Above, at my shoulders, there were brief stings of pain. Already biting my bottom lip, I felt it swelling against my teeth. My throat burned and it felt like something was being pulled tight around it. A

buckle clattered. I felt a pop that made me gag. The noise I made, however, was one of sultry appreciation and not surprised discomfort. A gasped breath was followed by a dark, feminine moan that made my already heightened pulse quicken further.

I had made that noise! That wonderful, sensual sound had come from me! Whatever had happened to my throat, it had changed my voice.

Just then, Falyn sucked hard and squeezed my dick from all sides and the moan I made was even more arousing. She shuddered against me as the vocalization washed over her and replied in kind with a moan that made it feel like I had a lightning rod between my legs. The vibration made my vision swim. I must have slid down in the seat because I felt my balls slip off the edge into my shorts. The top of each boot pressed in from either side and that pressure was building. In my frazzled state, it was hard to tell if this was because my thighs were continuing to swell to greater heights of thickness or if my stones were also getting in on the growing. Either way, it was hard to resist the sense of excitement that was tugging at me.

Why was I resisting anyway? There was no denying now that I had envied the pure sexual energy exuded by that primal, vinyl-shrouded version of my wife. With whatever magic was in these boots, I could be that—No, I could be so much more. I just needed to... let go.

As if to confirm this, my body was wracked with pleasure. My chest pushed out into my shirt. My ass spread over the seat. My hips challenged my waistband. I felt Faylyn gag as my cock gained a few inches of its own. This time, there was no denying my nuts were growing as they pulled my sack tight and came to a rest on my wife's cleavage. This development seemed to surprise her as she released most of my length and looked up at me with wide eyes. Somehow, I knew the look she had was the same I had given her when she told me the boots were mine.

"Why did you stop, love?" I had opened my mouth to say the words, but the voice that emerged belonged to some sexual goddess. I was so surprised that I let go of her hair and put my hands on my throat. My fingertips met the tacky surface of a wide vinyl collar. Metal studs on either side made it seem like a double-breasted coat—though it was far more corset-like from the way it hugged my neck.

I could not help but grin as I drew my fingers up to my face. Just like the boot had when I was rubbing it, my flesh gave a bit under the pressure and that gave me an idea. With the Vinyl Goddess fixed in my mind's eye, I dragged my second chin up and out, to give me the same striking jawline. My wife gasped and then cooed from between my knees and it gave me such a rush.

Yes, if I was going to be transformed by these boots, then I was going to own this transformation. Pinpricks in my lips were followed by the chill of metal that became familiar before it warmed. A pressure in my nose became a septum ring I had gotten in college. My short, scraggly crew cut lengthened into a side-shave that fell like a green waterfall past my left hip.

Nevermind about letting go. This was not about just laying back and letting the spell in the boots having its way with me. This was about me accepting the opportunity presented to me, this was about seizing a fantasy and making it more than real. First, though, why the spell? Why the boots?

"Tell me, love," I purred and, again, my wife seemed to shudder in pleasure from just the sound of my new voice. "What was your end goal with this? What did you need my help with?"

Faylyn released me and rose on her knees. She shifted her tits as she did, wrapping my throbbing dick in more than enough sweater meat. She leaned on one arm, but the other was

nowhere to be seen. “I will be the avatar of The Goddess this evening and I need another who can serve as Her priest, her partner,” she said, not looking up to meet my eyes.

“I thought the coven was a haven from the masculine.”

“It is, which is why...” I heard her gulp. “Which is why you were—are—becoming both.”

“What do I need to do then?”

“Don’t worry. It’s woven into the spell,” she replied before starting to pant a little.

“Everything you need to know it’s...” Whatever she was going to say, it was lost in a shuddering moan that made it apparent where her other hand had wandered off to. “Fuck, I had no idea this was going to be so intense. I am going to kill Sheila.”

“I’m down to fuck her to death,” I said, only half-joking, but it got Faylyn to laugh and seemed to dispel the effect I was having on her for a moment.

“I think you’d find that a challenge—the girl’s half-succubus.”

“Just how different is the world you live in?”

“You’ll find out soon enough...” Now, let’s get you finished up before everyone gets here. I don’t want to share your first time with anyone.”

Faylyn freed me from the valley of her tits and began to swallow me once more. Her grip shifted to the backs of my knees and I felt her leaning into her effort even more. I guess that meant I had to finish zipping up myself.

Pinching the pull tabs in either hand, I began to pull up. I dragged the process out as much as I could, relishing the feeling of my body continuing to reshape into a figure befitting a companion of The Goddess. My butt spread until it was off either side of the seat. My shirt was warping into that green fishnet I had seen in the vision. I now had a proper set of knockers, but they were nowhere near big enough.

“If I’m doing you a favor, love, you can do one for me.” It had started as a whisper, but it turned into a moan to match my wife’s as she reacted to my voice once more. “I want you to look at me and watch as I let these puppies grow. When they are big enough for you, I want you to shove every damn inch of my divine cock into your face.”

Her eyes lit up even as they seemed to lose focus, and as my measurements began to balloon, I felt extra power flowing into me. It was no hard to guess that her own energy was flooding me as I piled on the inches. On and on my tits grew, their curves taking up more and more of my view as I looked down at Faylyn. Finally, when I could only see the top of her head in the gap between them, I felt her jerk herself down.

I probably cheated a little at that point and added a little bit more dick to consume to give myself just that much more up top, but growing felt *so fucking good!* I can’t even articulate the sensation of my energy mingling with her’s and the boots’ to cause my rapid, impossible expansion.

Eventually, though, she broke me. I felt energy rush out of me and into her as my now mythic body experienced the orgasm of a god. Whatever transformation she had endured allowed her to weather the flood, but it was still at least five minutes before I stopped gushing into her.

As my euphoria began to fade, I finished pulling up the zippers. Even after everything else, I was a bit trepidatious to completely put the boots on. Then it came to me. Even if I could never remove the boots, I could just transform however I wanted. They could become part of me for all it mattered and no small part of me wished that would happen.

I pulled Faylyn-Goddess close and let my exhausted mind drift off. We woke in each other’s arms sometime later, with Sheila standing over us.

“So, uh, don’t be mad, but... I think I might have fucked up the spell...”