

Disclaimer: You know the drill, if you're under 18 turn back and go on tiktok, play Fortnite, or whatever you kids are up to these days. Go actually try to get laid and stay away from this shit. You'll thank me later.

Beyond that, this work is purely fiction. If any of you actually believe this is how the world should be, or how women should be treated, seek help immediately. This is a fun kink, not a blueprint for reality.

I've read this kind of work for a long time. I got drunk during quarantine and decided to contribute to the scene. This is my first story made for anyone other than myself, so feedback, praise, and suggestions are more than welcome to be sent to AurelianStories@gmail.com

Thanks for reading!

Ricky swore under his breath. He was already sweating through his shirt, and it wasn't even 9am. This wasn't atypical for the lanky high schooler, often ripping right through his Speedstick by noon. But today was different.

He pressed his skinny arms into his sides trying to hide it, adjusting his glasses while only moving from the elbow. Today wasn't going to be a normal day at school, at least he hoped. It was the due date of an important history presentation; the kind that makes or breaks your grade because the teacher is too lazy to look at more than two assignments a semester.

He had also brought an ancient and all powerful world-bending object to school, with the intention of disrupting class enough to avoid giving a presentation, and have some fun along the way.

He had wanted to work on the presentation last night, Ricky reminded himself. But, while walking home from his after school job at the local pizza shop, he spied a creepy new store that wasn't there the day before. The place was filled with odd, glowing objects, and smelled of mothballs. A glowing vase with big busted women and well endowed men adorning it's sides caught his attention. It was like some kind of damned Spencer's Gifts.

The "Amphora of Eros," a plain looking terracotta jug that once held the ambrosia of the gods, started the Trojan war, and led to mass hysteria, and the destruction of countless Greek city states of the Bronze age. Or, at least that's how the witch-like shop owner had described it. He knew from his favorite kinky story site that such situations usually led to unexpected consequences, but he was a horny highschooler, and he had a big assignment to avoid. He would take whatever risks were required to fuel his desires and get an extra week on a project.

The old hag had tried to rasp out a warning to him as he went to pay. "But beware, the Amphora."

Ricky didn't pick his eyes up from his phone, reading a wiki page about cursed objects. "Yeah

yeah, thanks lady, what's the return policy?"

"I.. err.. There isn't."

Ricky just shook his head. "Whatever, I'll have it back in a week. Can I get a receipt?" He tossed the hundred dollars from his tips on the counter and walked out.

"Douchebag." The hag whined and crossed her arms, a crack appeared in the weathered pot.

It hadn't taken long for Ricky to realize that it worked. As he walked home in the cool evening air, he could feel the radiant warmth wrap around him from where the artifact was stuffed in his backpack. He felt his posture improving, his chin pointing straight ahead as his gait went from his usual stumbling shuffle to a lively stride. He swore people's eyes were following him, particularly women, and the sight that awaited him in the window of the nail salon near his home caused him to stop dead in the sidewalk. Four women snapped their heads up in unison to stare at him.

As he met their unwavering gaze, he could see them blush, mouths going slightly slack. One particularly busty blonde mother he had seen around town smirked at him, and Ricky could see her sizable nipples stand at attention, surging through a white tank top, cleavage heaving as she breathed heavily. He would've sworn that with each breath they propelled a little farther off of her motherly frame. He felt a warmth through his groin as his pants got a little tighter. He shook his head, snapping out of his trance. He waved meagerly to the women, who were forced to press their thighs together from an unexpected heat in their loins. He turned and ran the other way before he could see them start to pair off and make out, hands worming their way into slickening thighs.

That night he locked his bedroom door, tore his pants off and jumped into his rusty twin bed. He studied the pot, tracing his finger around the scuffed pottery, admiring the overtly sexual figures adorning the middle. The entire outside was wrapped with a line of perfectly cut Adonises, maidens as curvy as the amphora itself, and several mythical creatures he couldn't remember the names of. Some touched each other in lewd ways, others kneeled before their partner, a few dragged their partners by a collar.

"Okay so do I like, rub it or what?.." he asked aloud. He stuck his finger into the open top, simultaneously wrapping his hand around his meager 5 inch semi. Inside the pot felt warm, moist, gripping his finger gently for a moment before releasing

"Please no genies" he breathed into the quiet room.

A heat moved from his finger along his arm and through his chest, settling into his groin. Something between the feeling of mildly spicy food and the warm comfort radiating from a hearth gripped his lower half. He closed his eyes and began to stroke his sex. Within seconds he felt changes. The heat began to sting with sexual fire. He jerked faster. Starting from the base upward, he felt his penis become thicker, rock solid, and it began to fill his hand to the point his

thumb no longer wrapped over his other fingers. As it continued to stretch outward and upward he added his left hand around to the lower half and continued pumping. He needed to move his hands up and down more drastically to reach higher and higher, moving from base to tip. His glans flared outward from the meager mushroom it had been before, and he felt his tiny testicles begin to push into his thighs and sag onto the bed, heat continuing to build, each ball swelling to the size of a ripe lemon, churning with warm spunk.

He opened his eyes to see a throbbing, veiny cock between his hands, standing straight into the dark background of his room, as thick as a can of soda and perfectly shaped. It twitched and continued to swell as he came closer to orgasm. He tilted his head back and grabbed his swollen sac with his left hand, digging his fingers into the firm flesh, swinging his other arm up and down to pleasure his full member. He came with near painful intensity, groaning into the empty room as he emptied his fertile testes. His mind seemed to fade from the raw sexual pleasure that consumed his body. His shuddering cock spurted thick ropes of cum straight into the air, some reaching the ceiling, the rest landing on the bed around him and onto his chest. His mouth agape in ecstasy, he felt a drip land on his tongue. Eugh.. but it tasted.. fine? Better than fine. It tasted manly, assuring, thirst quenching. He snapped back to attention. This was a little weird. The post nut clarity was almost as intense as the orgasm.

Within seconds, as if on command, his penis shrank back down to a respectable size, but still a good two inches longer than it had originally. His testicles settled into the size of golf balls rather than the full grapefruits they had been just before he came.

"This is going to be wild." He began to clean, pausing occasionally to admire his beautiful dick.

The morning had gone in a similar fashion to his walk home, though the Amphora's power seemed to have waned from use. Last night's orgasm had taken more out of him than he expected, but he still enjoyed seeing all the effects the amphora had on the world around him. He walked with a new swagger, and he saw all of the girls he had grown up with steal glances from their lockers as he passed by. They could sense him coming in some way, possibly from the power of the Amphora itself, though he noticed a few girls take deep breaths through their nose as he approached. Perhaps they could smell enhanced pheromones, alerting them to the lifegiving package he had stuffed in his dirty black jeans.

Now in history class, he realized he had to do something quickly to avoid giving this presentation. His teacher, Mr. Santiago, a slightly overweight mixed race man was shuffling his scorecards for the presentations. Ricky reached down into his backpack, stroking the small handles of the Amphora, sticking his fingers in the top again. His dick slid down his pants in anticipation, and he pulled his hand out. He realized had no idea how to control it other than making his own dick grow to an alarming size. He wasn't sure if that would be enough to delay this presentation without just earning a suspension.

Mr. Santiago stood and cleared his throat, bored.

"Okay class, let's get started so we can get this out of the way, Melanie Adams, you'll go first."

A painfully average girl stood up from the back. She wore a loose and plain light pink dress that stretched past her knees, her frizzy brunette hair was tied back with a ribbon. She shuffled toward the front on equally plain flats, fiddling with a large stack of papers as she went.

Seeing how much material she had prepared, Ricky began to panic. He tossed his bag open and tapped the Amphora angrily.

"Hello!" he whispered angrily. "Time to do something."

The pot began to glow with a muted blue light, a small ray piercing through a crack near the top. Ricky smiled and closed his eyes, ready to await the wash of power he was sure to feel. Nothing happened. He felt the pot ripped from his grasp.

He opened his eyes. He watched with horror as Melanie tripped over the strap of his bag, kicking the old pot onto the floor in front of them. The girl caught herself on the desks, but the Amphora bounced once on the ground before it hit again, shattering into hundreds of pieces across the floor. Ricky's eyes went wide as they froze midway across the floor, spinning in place, radiating with blue light, before shooting out in all directions, passing through the walls and disappearing into the school.

One fragment remained, it hovered above the class before disintegrating to glowing blue dust which dissipated onto the confused students.

"Uh oh." Ricky blurted dumbly. The whole class stared at him for a moment, then turned their heads away in unison, as if nothing had happened.

"Melanie, please, hurry to the front" Santiago droned. Maybe everything was going to be alright? Ricky thought.

"Yes daddy!" Ricky did a double take. Besides the unbelievable way she had addressed him, Melanie's voice had changed. Unless she had always sounded that ditzy? Ricky's head hurt.

As the plank-like brunette stood, Ricky was greeted by a shapely ass he had never noticed on the girl before. She adjusted her dress, straightening her back and showing off a prominent pair of C cup breasts that also had not been there at the beginning of the day. She began to walk with a measured step, each movement she took shook her jiggling butt cheeks, continuing to grow with each firm shake. Her hair, a boring ponytail just a moment ago, began to swirl into a vibrant updo, lightening and becoming wispy and blonde. Her dress grew in length, becoming more ornate and regal, trimming at the waste as the neckline dipped in the front. A tight corset appeared underneath, pinching a waist that seemed ridiculously skinny in contrast to the protruding badonk and widening hips that followed her. At the front, her plunging neckline revealed deep, heaving cleavage, pushed upward by the tight corset.

Inside Melanie's mind, flashes of her past floated in and popped like bubbles. Visions of piano lessons, long nights studying and playing video games were replaced with pole dance lessons,

beauty pageants, endless makeout sessions in her various boyfriend's cars; more recently, getting fingered under the school bleachers by the football captain, and getting her face fucked by a nameless boy in the locker room.

Melanie strode with a sort of slutty grace to the front of the classroom, each step jiggling her now enormous assets. Double D cup breasts were smashed and bursting out of the top of her dress, and her ass held out the ornate pink dress as if it was a hoop skirt. Sizeable nipples pushed through the fabric of her top. Even her lips had swollen and taken on a more sultry plump, ready to affix into a pouty 'O' as soon as the moment called for it. Her eyes had become doe-like and vacant, and she stared at her teacher with an unwavering lust.

Ricky only took his eyes off the burgeoning slut when he saw the words on the whiteboard change. They now read "A History of Prostitution." He felt his dick twitch a bit.

The history teacher had also started undergoing a change. Gone were his plain blue shirt and khakis. He now wore an intricate waistcoat and frilled vest, with tight fitting trousers and stockings. A ridiculous powdered wig adorned his head.

His body then began to bulge and ripple underneath the historic clothing. A slightly pudgy belly pulled in to become washboard abs, shoulders widened and stretched the coat out to its limits, while his arms thickened with new biceps and triceps straining at the tight sleeves. Ricky then found himself unable to take his eyes off the changes happening in his teacher's pants. A heavy bulge pushed out and down his leg, propelled by an ever filling ballsack. Even flaccid the monster inside had to have been a foot long and snaked down right his leg.

A new, manlier voice penetrated the student's ears. "Okay Melly, show us what you've prepared."

'Melly' turned toward the class. Her lips looked overstuffed and ready to take a thick cock between them (had he really just thought that?). Unable to even close fully, her mouth now sat in a permanent 'O' when not moving.

Ricky numbly realized his mouth had been hanging open, his hand rested on his now erect penis.

"Well like, I sort of forgot" she chirped in a vacuous whine. "But like, I could do, like, a show and tell?"

"Whatever you *need* Melly." The teacher pawed at his massive meat through his trousers, ogling the slutty blonde's behind from behind his desk.

Melly playfully turned on her heels and reached up to put her dainty hands on the hulking teacher's shoulders. "I think like, this might've been how they did it?" She stood on her toes, her tongue diving into his mouth. Santiago began to roughly grope at her dumptruck ass, then lifted her easily from under each cheek. His trousers tore from the pressure of his enlarging organ, and it stuck straight out as she wrapped her thick legs around his waist. She needily dry humped as his solid fuckstick slid between her unmistakably soaked thighs.

After a minute or so of making out, she reached back, sliding her hand over the slick cockhead behind her. "And now I'll like, try to put it in my mouth?"

Ricky was now actively stroking his own shaft under the desk. He looked around as many of the other students seemed to be doing more or less the same. Girls were slumped backwards with hands either shoved down the front of leggings, or roughly tweaking their own nipples, while the boys leaned forward, methodically pumping larger than average phalluses.

Melly had already assumed a position on her knees, her impossibly large ass looking even more distended as it rested on her heels.

"Make sure you're taking notes class" Santiago said as Melly began roughly slurping on his huge cockhead. "Miss Adams has impeccable form." The blonde moaned in excitement, her hand furiously circling her hypersensitive clit, obviously getting off on the teacher's praise.

To the left of Ricky, someone's moans grew louder and more intense. He tore his eyes from the carnal scene at the front to watch the new development.

Lin, a petite Asian girl he had sat next to all year was touching herself with increasing intensity. Ricky had always viewed her as prudish and quiet. Her attire usually consisted of thick, oversized sweaters and baggy cargo pants. Those had been replaced by a long, black silk robe, which was hiked up for easy access to her swollen pussy, revealing long and supple legs leading to silk slippers filled with curled toes.

Her tits were what really caught Ricky's attention. They were easily already bigger than Melly's, H cups stretching open her robe and revealing deep, wobbling cleavage. Humongous nipples tented the soft, expensive fabric and they stuck out at least two inches from her growing bust. Each shudder of pleasure seemed to make them extend out another half inch, and, while they hung with almost no sag, they soon were resting on her desk, the contact causing her even more pleasure.

Eventually, with a primal screech she reached an earth shattering orgasm. She turned around at the boy behind her, who was now adorned in a ridiculously over-sexualized Samurai outfit, muscles just as bulged as Santiago's.

"I like, still, SO horny" she said matter of factly. She lurched out of her seat, leaving a sticky puddle of nectar in the seat behind her.

A delicious smell wafted over to Ricky from the pool of ambrosia. The room filled with what seemed like every delicious smell he had ever experienced. Warm cookies, cut grass, fresh tobacco all wafted around and caused him to feel an inhuman hunger for a mate. He dumbly looked back to the new couple to his left.

The boy turned warrior casually took his oversized rod out as Lin popped each massive tit from it's silky prison. They were marvelous. Each one the size of a large cantaloupe and perfectly firm, dark puckered areola alerting everyone to the slut-girl's horniness. She hefted each one into the samurai's lap. Reaching down to her soaked pussy, she brought her hand up and

lubricated the cock with her pheromone-laced juices.

"Squeeze my tits over your cock daddy? Pwease?"

The combination of her high pitched plea and the smell of her juice seemed to trigger the large man. Two massive hands smashed the globes together around his dick while she began to bounce up and down eagerly.

"OHHH FUCK DADDYY, my titties are soooo sensitive."

This development seemed to grab Santiago's attention. "That is also an excellent approach" he grunted.

The loss of attention caused Melly let out a jealous moan, her lips still working overtime on the cock before her. Her mouth and throat seemed to have adjusted to accept more and more of the teacher, and she was easily taking six inches of overwide girth, revelling in the feeling of cock bouncing off her throat. Her lips had inflated to almost comically large cockpillows. She shook in pleasure, allowing her very respectable G cup tits to pop out of her dress to present to her man. She made another noise, eager to show him this new progress.

"Oh fuck yeah babe." Santiago abandoned any veneer of pedagogy at this point, reaching down to squeeze the student's squishy breasts, prompting her to squeal and work even faster.

"I'm gonna cum babe!" The alert sent Melly into overdrive, both hands driving up and down the full length before her, while her tits flailed around beneath. Santiago shook forcefully, and Melly groaned in synchronous orgasm as shot after shot of thick, delicious spunk drowned her, dribbles spilling down her chin. Eventually he slowed, and she pulled back as a few final spurts landed on her face and chest. She fell back in ecstasy, hands still absentmindedly sliding over her cummy boobs.

Ricky was starting to feel stranger. His passive masturbation had turned into a purposeful need to keep himself hard for some ready hole, and he looked around the room for sexual conquest.

Everyone was pairing off into sex-addicted couples. In the back, an Egyptian pharaoh and radiant queen were pressed into the wall and furiously grabbing each other's private parts. To his right, a Spanish Conquistador pounded into the huge ass of a bent over Latina. In the back corner, two greek lesbians formed a curvy sixty nine on the floor, tongues lapping at each other's soaked cooches. The asian couple to his left had grown even more oversexualized. Lin's robe had turned into a skimpy silk two-piece, her bare ass lay open to the public, juicy twat wafting an invitation. Ricky found it impossible not to reach out and grab it, his enlarged fingers pushed the fabric aside, slid through her crack and breached her wet hole with ease, causing her to scream in excitement.

He turned to the desk in front of him, still pumping his fingers into the wet snatch. He saw one of his secret crushes, who he had noticed attempting to restrain from touching herself as long as she could, but now, completely surrounded by unrestrained lust, couldn't resist.

Her name was Abby. She was plain, but definitely cute. She was skinny (skinny means no tits, Ricky's draining brain thought) but she had a very fit, slightly curvy body and wide hips, she always had her frizzy red hair tied back. They listened to similar music and had a few mutual friends, but he had been rejected after he asked her out after a few group outings.

Her hair was now free, flowing, and fiery. Her outfit had changed into torn animal skins and leather shorts. Her hips were even wider and her thickening ass caused her to raise up in her seat, the flesh spilling out over the sides of her desk chair.

She turned around, looking desperate. "Ricky, what's happening?" She was whimpering. Genuine concern was in her voice.

For a moment, the old Ricky just wanted to comfort her, tell her everything was going to be okay, cuddle on the couch. It faded. The new Ricky just pulled his fingers out of the slut beside him, got up slowly and stood over Abby.

If Ricky had been able to look in a mirror, he would have seen a hulking Roman legionary, arms as big as any professional bodybuilder's and the biggest dick in the room, possibly the world.

All he could see was his barbarian prize, rubbing her clit and ready to accept him.

"Please Ricky, no." The words came out of Abby's mouth, but didn't sound convincing. Her legs spread apart eagerly, pussy lips peeking out from a short skirt that barely covered her hips.

"Don't you dare put that huge cock in me."

The smell coming from her nether-regions told Ricky she didn't mean it. He grunted, positioning the rod over her, inches from her face. Her gaze was transfixed on it.

"You will do whatever I command." Ricky didn't mean for the words to come out that way, but it felt right. His mind was filled with memories of sexual conquests, seducing women on countless occasions, women far more difficult than the willing whore before him.

These words wormed easily into Abby's submissive mind. That put her over the top. Her tits inflated another two cup sizes in an instant. All resistance finally broke and Abby's mind washed away in a bang. Pale white flesh spilled, barely contained by the animal skins.

Memories flooded, mostly of putting out for her various lovers for as long as she could remember. Stolen handjobs on field trip busses, secret blowjobs whenever she was asked. The pleasure and happiness of her masters was her only function. She lived to please. And she was *pleased* to live this way.

Abby smiled, now excited to face her fate. The impossible cock before her felt like everything she needed. Her hips widened even more, ready to take everything she could.

"I have awaited you, master."

Ricky could 'await' no longer. He picked up his still-growing slut and threw her onto the

teacher's desk spilling papers and writing utensils all over the floor. she howled in excitement.

"Oh yes master! Make me yours, take me in sight of everyone." "Be quiet whore!" Ricky shouted, pulling on each of her legs and thrusting into a ready puss. He stretched her beyond what her body could take, which continued to adjust to this sex-fueled new world.

Both bodies proceeded to change. Abby's gaping hole continued to shift and deepen to accept more and more of her master's cock. Her globular breasts burbled and filled with womanly flesh, while her waist tightened, so much that the dick sliding into her could be seen through her thin stomach. The thickening of her thighs meant she wouldn't be able to walk without constantly arousing her needy, swollen clit.

Every muscle in Ricky's body continued to harden and pop outward, and he was able to pummel his conquest with increasing strength and vigor. He continued to grow taller, surpassing 7 feet. Thankfully, her still growing behind meant she was raised higher and higher up off the desk as they fucked. The whole thing shook beneath them, causing the barbarian's tits to jiggle uncontrollably.

Abby began to squeal in pleasure. "Do it master, make me yours!" Her eyes were desperate with lust. Ricky's face contorted, hands digging into her hips.

He bucked uncontrollably into her as he came. Moments ago, her body wouldn't have been able to accept the seed that flowed into her, but it seemed to fuel her growth even more.

As she came in unison, her breasts heaved even more, filling with the constant stream of semen, nipples tightening and growing to the width of a quarter, surrounded by huge discs of pink areolae. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, hands mashing reflexively into her taut, ballooning titties. Her world had vanished. Her body was all that was, built only to give and receive pleasure. His cock was a gift, she was built for nothing else.

Ricky eventually finished, and he slowly pulled his deflating member out of Abby. Her breasts pinned her down to the desk, pooling onto either side of her. She cooed dimly, eyes unfocused, staring at the other carnal scenes before them.

"Look at what you've done master, everyone is so much *happier* this way."

"Yes, yes they are." Ricky felt himself growing hard again, eager to see how the amphora was changing the rest of the school, ready to find another willing partner to pleasure, to change.

To be continued...