

Thrilling Transfer

A MistyF Short (#230)

A bored elf lord indulges in his new hobby.

This is a work of fiction. Any similarities to persons or events are strictly coincidental. This is also a work of expansion and transformation kink; if that is not to your liking, close this now. It is also sexually explicit. Please do not read if you are a minor in your country.

For Prince Almos of Lexivann, life was... dull in his mother's court. After two centuries, even court intrigue and infighting had lost its biting edge. Instead, he was in a bar in the human world, indulging in his new pastime: finding women with a certain, very specific disposition. Women who, if given the chance, would willingly, eagerly even become the stuff of legends. It was easy to find them. He simply had to walk past a fitness center to pick out two or three who were obviously frustrated about how little progress they were making. One of them was usually single and on at least one dating up.

So here he was, looking to all the world like someone straight out of the pages of the pulp fiction books which had given him the idea in the first place. He was big. Like, super big. In all the right ways. Ways that would make his target audience both seethe with jealousy and vibrate with want.

Tonight's hookup was a red-haired woman by the name of Janet. She was an office worker with self-confidence issues. Despite months of training, she was still a stick. Her baggy attire only emphasized that. She did have the most wonderful eyes, though. They were a green deeper than the leaves of the eldest trees, and they sparkled with the type of mischief he was looking for. He could tell, the moment their eyes met, that she would give him a ride not soon forgotten.

They talked and drank for two hours. He posed as a writer of fiction. Not that it was completely a lie, mind. He was in the midst of editing his first novel. She, of course, couldn't stop touching him the whole time. Which was perfect. With each moment of contact, he let her take a little bit of his inflated physique. Within the duration of their date, she had gotten at least four inches taller. Her body had filled out to the point that her clothes now highlighted her

shape rather than hiding it. He could tell she was starting to figure it out by then, so he proposed they go back to her place.

Hers was an apartment with lofty ceilings but small windows owing to how the roof of her third-floor walk-up slanted down on this side of the building. It was... nice, at least by human standards. But he was hardly here to appraise her decor. Being just a human, she was more than a bit drunk after drinking as much as he had. So he was holding her up, her arms around his neck as he carried her, like his bride, when they entered her apartment. Their height difference, which had been noticeable before, was dwindling. It was time for the fun part as their exchanged kisses grew more ferocious.

She shed her hoodie and pushed him into her couch before straddling him. She was strong enough now to tear his white t-shirt open so that she could kiss his bulging pectorals. Instead, she wound up rubbing her face in the small amount of super soft hair in the middle of his chest. Meanwhile, everything about her was growing. Her knees were slipping towards his hips. Her bustline was adding an inch a minute. All over, her muscles surged in size and tone. Meanwhile, her dark red hair had lengthened, giving him something more to grab onto as he held her close.

Finally, after almost five minutes, she sat back and appraised him.

“Are you... getting smaller, or am I getting bigger?” she went to speak again but hesitated. He could see her persona changing already as her body absorbed more and more of the mischief making this possible. A grin quirked the corner of her mouth. “It’s both, isn’t it?”

“Maybe?” he said, trying to sound far more panicked than he really was. “Is that possible?”

Janet flexed her arms and hummed as she watched her new biceps rise. She turned back to him.

“Possible or not, it’s happening—and I want more.”

If she had been intense before, she turned absolutely feral as she pinned his wrists to the couch and added forceful but still soft bites to her kisses.

“Oh, yes,” she said after a moment. “I can feel it.”

Indeed, between the increased contact and her active desire, she was growing faster now. Her tank top was pretty much a loose-fitting bra that was quickly losing a fight with her upper body. The seams on her slacks were starting to go. Her longer hair started to gain volume that was only possible through magic. Her grip around his wrists was tighter now since more of her hand enveloped them. Ramille, what a rush!

“Oh. Oh, my,” she said, feeling him throb. “You really were big everywhere.” She leaned in close, “I wonder what will happen when I make you smear that baby batter all over my insides, huh?” Her voice was different now, much more confident.

“Don’t run away now,” she said, slipping off the couch and down his body. Her slacks tore to shreds in the process. Despite everything, Almos’ once-hulking form was still taller and stronger-looking than the average guy. She undid his pants with a jerk, sending the buttons flying. She fished him out and made a noise that was pure pleasure. Just as the rest of his body had been, his cock was the stuff of legend. It was thick, uncut, and had that perfect amount of vein to give it a little extra oomph. Even though Janet was easily twice her size, it still looked big in comparison to her. Not that such facts discouraged her. If it would have, this moment was never going to happen in the first place.

To say Janet worshipped his cock might be underselling the sheer amount of gasping, moaning, measuring, licking, stroking, and comparing she did over the next two minutes. It seemed like she was growing purely from excitement as his dick didn't shrink at all. Finally, her mouth around him was hot, hotter than any woman he'd had before. Her lips against his soft skin caused sensations he had never dreamed of.

He continued to stiffen inside her and somehow was not shrinking. If anything, he was getting bigger. Janet could only manage to take about half his length in her mouth and throat, so she used her considerably enhanced boobs to engulf the rest of it. Not one of the women he had done this with had been so passionate with him. They had all been about demeaning him and lording their newfound superiority. Janet though? Janet wanted to have fun as much as he did.

The first burst of his orgasm caused a surge of growth, and she swallowed more of him. It happened again. She let her boobs fall into his lap as she went down on all fours and moved closer. He felt her bust pump larger against his thighs, the press of flesh cradling his balls. One more literal growth spurt allowed her to kiss him at the base of his cock. Not once in all his centuries had Almos felt this horny.

Janet tore off her tank, slacks, and panties before sitting astride him once more, her bigger arms squeezing his neck much more than before. Now he felt her pulling on his mass, but only where she kissed or bit. He brought his hands up and felt beneath her hair, only to realize something shocking. Not one of his partners had taken on elvish traits, which meant...

"You're an elf?"

“That’s right, hot shot,” she said, purring in his ear. “I bet you never expected a fuck like this one.”

“But you—”

“Seemed surprised about the growth? An act, of course.”

<Draining bit>

“Fuck, where were you my whole life?”

“You’re what? Twenty-five? Somewhere around here, I’d imagine. It’s hard to remember when decades feel like years.”

By now, Almos’ disguise was down to an exceptionally fit young man, not that different from his normal appearance, and Janet towered over him as she sat in—or perhaps on—his lap. All the muses of all the sculptors could not have provided a more perfect exaggeration of what the human—elven—form could achieve.

Then she rose, lined him up, and took him in one move that made Almos see stars from how pleasurable it was. He had never fucked an elvish woman, they never appealed to him, so he was wholly unprepared for the sensations about to consume him. The world started to become fuzzy as Janet worked him and his dick.

“Oh, don’t give up on me yet, stud,” she said, her pace increasing as she grabbed hold of the couch. “It took a lot to give you my dream dick. I want to feel it for as long as possible.”

Almos came, but was not allowed to rest as Janet keep going. Something about her kept him erect. At the limits of his power, he had to drop the disguise and reveal himself. To his surprise, Janet only grinned more broadly.

“I wondered what it would take you to give me what I wanted, Prince Almos.” Janet’s face morphed a little, and Almos realized exactly who was giving him the ride of his life.

“Adonna, I—”

“Sush now, and show me that rumored virility of elven noblemen.”