



Futa Space Princess Xeno-X vs The Horny Cuntboy Empire

A quick silly futa magical girl story

by Razmagurk

(No, seriously, this one is silly)

This was a mistake.

Walking across campus shouldn't be this hard, but these stupid heels wouldn't let me go three steps without threatening to send me spilling to the ground. I don't know how the princess made it look so easy.

This was the opposite of what I'd wanted. It had been so easy in my mind: just blend in, be normal. I'd had so much weirdness in my life recently.

"I wish you'd let me dress like a fucking guy," I mumbled under my breath.

"Too obvious," came the reply, ringing soundlessly in the back of my head. "My research shows this is appropriate for grown human females attending studies. You have to blend in."

"Research?"

"I have been on your internet. A search for 'School Girl, Adult' revealed this outfit, as well as several instructional videos. There may be hope for your people yet."

"Of course," I sighed. I looked down at the uniform I was wearing. The open blouse didn't even have any buttons, it just tied beneath my breasts in such a way as to hoist them up for all to see. The tartan skirt barely went to mid thigh.

Honestly I don't even know why I was bothering to complain, it's not like any of my guy clothes would even fit. It was all just another painful reminder that I was a girl now.

Well, mostly a girl. The skirt was long enough to hide that much at least. No one could see the powerful pulsating bulge in my panties. Not that people didn't try. God! The perverts were falling over themselves to get a better look at me.

I hated it, but what choice did I have? I was going crazy from the isolation. I had to reclaim some semblance of a life, engage in some basic human behavior that wasn't running around at night half-naked prowling for pussy!

These circumstances were far from ideal, however. I wasn't even me right now, I was this random girl, but I suppose I was getting increasingly used to that, wasn't I? To what that represented: the stares and the attention; to being light and weak. Ah, - I flexed my powerful kegel muscles - Mostly weak.

"Can't I at least have a sweater?" I asked, rubbing at my sheerly-clad arms.

"Your new physiology renders you immune to such concerns. The more skin you cover the less ready you will be if you're under attack."

I sighed mentally. I knew better than to argue. The princess didn't take no for an answer.

"They wouldn't really attack here, would they?"

"Our foe is wily. Many of our greatest warriors were brought low by vaginal treachery. I will not let it happen again."

Again I held my tongue. It was pointless to argue. Besides, I had arrived. The life sciences building loomed over me, feeling larger than life from my new shorter perspective. How I'd missed it! It had only been a few months but it felt like forever. Yet, as I stared up at it something didn't feel right – and not just what these heels were doing to my calves. Did I really think I could just walk right back into this after all that had happened?

I shuffled into the lecture hall. I hadn't given myself nearly enough time to get here and Professor Blond was already starting her lecture. I hadn't accounted for how slow being a girl was, for all those tiny steps I had to take, mincing along in these heels. I couldn't cut across the grass in them. Hell, I couldn't even run without risking a major wardrobe malfunction, and given the size of the skirt I was wearing that would be catastrophic.

And, speaking of catastrophe, shit, there was Xavior. My best friend. The only person I'd ever met with an X name besides my own. Xerxes and Xavior, always last on the alphabetized attendance lists. He was sitting next to an empty seat. My empty seat. Right. What did I expect to happen?

He turned to look at me, his face a sight for sore eyes. I started walking over to him then stopped when I realized where exactly he was looking. My boobs. My big fat girl boobs. Because I was a girl. Fuck, right. I wasn't me. I wasn't Xerxes.

Oblivious to my mental stumble he gave me that stupid little charming smirk that made all the girls at the bars flush. I flushed, then I flushed all the harder as I realized. It wasn't supposed to work on me!

I averted my gaze and kept going, mincing past him in a way that gave him all too good a look at the way this skirt swished around my juicy ass. I tried to play the whole thing off as natural, but the humiliation was keen. It was probably for the best – at least it distracted me from the anguish of him not recognizing me.

Step by step I walked up the lecture hall's sloped tiers until I got to the back row. There I had a bit of privacy. We were half through the year but a lot of people had dropped out, so there were plenty of free chairs. I could be alone.

Alone.

That was the whole fucking problem, wasn't it? I was lonely! The only person I had to talk to these days was the princess and she was half the fucking problem. I had nobody to talk to about all the sudden weirdness in my life.

I looked back at Xavior wistfully. He was looking right back at me, curiously. Did he know? Did our brotherly bond bind us even across this womanly curse?

No. He was trying to look up my skirt.

I huffed, and drew my legs together as much as my fat balls would allow. As if he'd even like what he saw.

How many girls had he managed to sweep off their feet? Most girls would be happy to have him checking them out - he was undeniably handsome and this was college, right? Everybody was getting laid these days, you know? Hell, if I *was* a girl – a real girl! - I'd probably be totally down to run my fingers over his chest and feel the grip of his hand against mine. But I didn't like him like that.

So how come my dick was half hard?

Okay, focus. I shifted in my seat, trying not to give him a show. The thong I was wearing offered very little support, no matter how much the princess insisted they were a vital part of the outfit.

"Your magic is building!" I heard her voice echo in my head. "Are you under attack?"

"I'm fine!" I shifted again, trying to get my monster boner under control. "It's just my stupid hot friend. All this estrogen really has me all fucked up."

"If your dick is getting hard it must be a sign. He could be a cuntboy infiltrator. You have to fuck him into submission!"

"What? No, he's Xavior. All this is a sign of, is how fucked up this whole situation is. Now please, I'm trying to concentrate."

Trying was the operative word. I had been out of class for so long that I had no idea what professor Blond was droning on about. Not that she didn't have plenty of other features to devote one's attention to, if one was so inclined. Wavy blonde hair, soft pouty lips. I actually really liked the way she pulled off the labcoat blouse.

Wait, were my boobs bigger than hers? I couldn't help but compare. She had always had the biggest around and now I guess I was giving her a run for her money. Wow. That was something I never thought I'd have to think about. Mmm... I wondered what it would be like to have her strip me naked so we could compare first hand?

Not helping, brain. God, what was I doing?

Xavior was still looking back at me. I was still stuck at half-chub. I was just glad I wasn't up next to him, smelling his aftershave. Oh god, what if he *was* an infiltrator?

Okay, so my options were either I was picking up some stray hormones and catching feels for my best friend, or he was an alien infiltrator sent to destroy me. I don't know which was more unlikely. Either way, I couldn't help but picture our bodies locking in a passionate struggle as we exchanged energies back and forth.

I sighed softly. I wasn't cold anymore.

Fucking girl body! The princess was to blame for all this. My life had been normal once. Now I couldn't catch a break. I focused my eyes on the professor but let my mind wander. It hadn't been too far from here when it had all started, had it? I'd been in this very class just a few hours before it had all gone down.

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I had been running in the woods near campus, prepping for the 10k when I saw a line of roaring fire split the black sky above me.

Crash!

Whatever it was, it slammed the ground so hard I felt it even half a kilometer away. I slowed down and stopped, trying to catch my breath. My heart was racing and it had nothing to do with the cardio. This was like something out of a TV show. I pushed through the leaves, ignoring the 'keep to trail' sign and forcing my way into the woods, my imagination dancing.

Finding it had been easy - I just had to follow the trail of burning leaves and destroyed trees. There it was, a glow shining up from the skidding crater it had left, couched in steam, smoke, and the stench of smouldering earth.

I pulled out my phone and tried to get a good shot of it. It was so much bigger than I'd expected. Almost as big as me? Bigger? I tilted my head. Was I just imagining it or was it kinda shaped like a dick?

I stepped onto the crater's edge. I don't know what I was going to actually do but I wanted to get closer. I wanted to see more.

"Not so fast," came a voice from behind me. I turned to look, but there were three flashlights bright in my eye, and in the dark of night that was suddenly all I could see.

"Looks like we found her before she could finish compiling," the figure on the left said. His voice was deep and rich.

"Good," said the one in the middle one nasally. "Then this will be all too easy."

"What do we do with this one?" A hand raised, finger pointing at me.

"Turn him," said the center voice. "He's seen too much."

"With pleasure!"

One stepped forward, silhouetted by the lights. I stepped back, the sinister intent in his words only just hitting home. What was this, some kind of cheap drama? What had I walked in on?

That's when I saw he was naked. Mostly naked. Naked where it mattered. He wasn't wearing pants, is what I'm getting at. I balked, then held a hand to my face to block the sight, but in the high contrast all I could see was that...

He had a pussy?

I squinted, seeing the other two as they approached the glow of the rock. They were likewise naked and likewise *unmanned*. They were handsome, almost weirdly so. Like anime figures come to life.

Okay, what the actual fuck? A trio of half naked transmascs were about to kill me over some kind of giant space dick?

I fell backwards on the rough warm lip of the crater.

"Sorry kid," one said. "It's just the price of business."

"Things will look a lot better soon enough," the other agreed. "You'll hardly miss that dick at all."

And then they started to press their fingers into their pussies, rubbing softly, fingers shlicking.

My eyes went even wider as I scurried backwards, trying to get away from these perverts until - ow! - I slammed up against the meteorite. Despite the glow, it was perfectly cool.

And then things got weird.

There was a... *force* pulsing out of these people before me. I could feel it tugging at me, lifting me, pulling me, as if gravity had decided to start dragging me towards them instead of the ground. The rhythm of the force lined up with the play of their hands across their pussies, now moving in sync.

And it felt... good! Deep down good. As the waves crashed through me, I was wracked with this warm wet sensation that tingled pleasurable along my spine. It would have been nice if it wasn't ruined by the realization my dick was rock hard. This brought up some horrifying implications about my sexuality, but now really wasn't the time to be dwelling on that.

The middle one of them flicked their fingers and my pants flew off in shreds. I brought my hands up to cover my crotch only to see that my dick was *shrinking*. Still hard as ever but getting smaller and smaller inch by inch.

Oh. Of course. I laughed. This was some kind of crazy nightmare.

I laughed as my dick started to shrink down to nothing, as my balls receded into my body, becoming a womb. I put a hand to my crotch, fingers tracing an unmistakable outline: I had a pussy!

"Weak!" came a sultry voice, more in my head than in my ear. It was distant though and sharp, like someone speaking through a cardboard tube while they were also using that tube to smack me on the head. "Have you really surrendered already? Fight back!"

"Is someone there?" I begged. "Help me. Please!"

"Very well," the voice crowed proudly. "I shall give you a part of my potency, to empower you against these villains!"

There was another pulse, but this time in the opposite direction, and this time it was far from gentle.

The nub of my dick, almost fully given over to clitoris-hood, exploded outwards, swelling larger and more powerful, inch after steel-hard inch. But even as it grew, that seemingly ultimate proof of manhood, the rest of my body shrank away, flesh twisting and warping into a decidedly unmanly shape. There was a heavy swell at my chest and my hip and my butt

“What the fuck?” I took a step forward, away from the strange rock, the ground coming up to meet me instead of me falling down to meet it. The rock behind me had stopped glowing but there was still light. I looked down to see it was shining inside me, churning down in my balls like a flashlight.

“She’s found a host!” one said, taking a wary step back.

“She’s still weak - get her!” cried the center.

I looked again at my assailants. Whatever weird heat of arousal I had been feeling earlier was back, filling my spine. Now I was steel hard in my purpose. I reached down to grab my dick and it was like grasping a long burning spear.

“Use my power!” came the voice again.

Lost in the dream logic of it, I gripped my dick tighter and began to slide my hands along its length. I stroked it even as the weight upon my chest swelled round and soft, as I became that much more full bodied. It was all I was able to do.

With each stroke, my assailants were sent staggering back, though they redoubled their fingering. One pulled out a vibrator from what looked like a gun holster and as it plunged against his clit it was like I could feel the rub of it vibrating directly in my brain.

“Stop fighting me!” the voice screamed.

So I stopped. I relaxed. I gave in to the flood of energy coursing through me.

And that’s when I stopped being me.

There was a flash of purple sparkles as I rose into the air, twirling, light flashing around me. Shapes and colors warped in the air like ribbons and in the center of it my body shifted all the harder, dick growing even bigger, legs lengthening, hair growing. Eventually the light solidified into garments: a short skirt, a slutty top barely able to restrain these enormous melons thrusting up in defiance of gravity and sense.

And when it finished, I struck a lurid pose.

“That’s more like it!” I heard myself say. “In the name of the Futa Kingdom! I will purify you!”

“Run!” the assailant cried “I’ll hold her off!” The two not holding vibrators booked it. The third intensified the force of his masturbation, but it was too late. With a wave of my hip, cock swinging, I knocked the tool from his hand. I reached down to fondle my enormous balls, knowing exactly what to

do to bring forth the magic. Gripping tight at my shaft I relieved all the pressure within me until I cried out in a gasping throaty moan,

I came like a cannon, a blast of cum so potent it splattered across all three of them. And as it hit, it seemed to drive something out of them, some spectral yonic essence which fled like a ghost from the light.

They fell over, unconscious. Where they had pussies before, they had dicks now, but breasts were budding on their chests and their facial features were softening.

"Don't worry," I said to myself. "They won't remember a thing."

"You turned them into girls!" I cried out.

"A small portion of my power," I responded, "to protect them from the enemy. Your misbegotten, mixed-up gender has no natural defence. I had to make a few changes."

"What the fuck is going on!?" I yelled again, exhausted.

"Human!" I posed again, lewdly. "Your world is in peril. The Cuntboy Empire is moving to conquer your planet and convert all here to their sinister ways. Their spies are already everywhere. I am Space Princess Xeno-X of the far-off Futa Kingdom!" I switched to an even more lewd pose, my dick straining heavily in the air before me. "Long have we suffered under their hands, for they know that our royal bloodline breeds a power stronger than theirs. I am the fruit of that union, and with the power of my dick standing strong, I can drive them from their hosts. But I need a host of my own. Human, you shall bear that honor."

And that's when I fainted.

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Next thing I knew I woke up in my apartment, groggy and confused. Already the memories were fading like the dream it was. It was dark. It was late. Had it been something I ate? I could feel the tension of my morning wood against the sheets. I rolled over onto my chest as I looked over at the clock, then winced as I rolled on my boob.

Wait... boob?

I shot upright, reaching up with my hands to confirm the strangeness, taking a soft handful in each palm. Holy shit, I had boobs! Just like the dream. In shock, I reached down to feel for my crotch, terrified of the implication, that I'd find a pussy waiting, that I'd been turned into a girl. What I found was entirely the opposite. It was a dick, but it wasn't *my* dick.

Holy crap, this thing was massive.

Look, there had been nothing wrong with my size before, okay? But this was like gripping a python. At first I thought maybe that was just my new delicate hands, but no: it reached well down my legs, with balls to match. It was heavy!

I stumbled out of bed and hit the lights, letting out a girlish scream at the naked sight before me. I *was* a girl. Well, mostly. Pretty damn cute too, if I do say so myself. I still looked me like me, but my face was softer, my lips fuller, my hair so much longer. It was like looking at the sister I'd never had.

"What the fuck?" I pinched myself in an attempt to wake back up.

"Rejoice, human," came the voice in my head. It was louder now, clear, *sultry*, even though I couldn't quite place from where it was coming. "For you have been remade in my image, to serve as the host for my essence in the battle of the sexes."

"Turn me back!" I screamed. "I'm a guy!"

"As long as my essence dwells within these fat nuts, you are not."

Oh god. That was where the voice was coming from!

"Then get out!" I yelled at my dick.

"Would you truly cast out your salvation, human?"

Memories flooded back into my gender-addled brain. Not just of last night, but of vistas from worlds I'd never seen before. I saw a planet consumed and swallowed up into the cuntboy collective. I saw worlds burn in horny yonic power. I saw fleets of Amazonian futanari princesses fighting against the darkness, but the pussy was too good. One by one they fell. I saw this princess, one of the last and greatest, dispatched here to save our world before it too could fall.

She was desperate. She was alone.

There was a moment of silence as it all came crashing down.

"What..." I took a breath. "What do you need me to do?"

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And that's how it had all started.

Every night, under the cold light of the moon, I had transformed into Futa Space Princess Xeno-X. I had gone out and battled against the growing tide of cuntboys and each time I had allowed her more and more control.

But every morning I woke up exhausted and horny. And no matter how much I tried to communicate that to the princess, she never quite understood. She was a warrior, a soldier. This was nothing for her.

After the first month I realized this wasn't a short-term problem. The cuntboys had fucked their way into positions of power across the planet, and driving them out meant pulling them up by the root.

But eventually I could bear the loneliness no more. I was never an extroverted person, but after months riding hard in the saddle I was desperate for even a chance to leave my apartment on my own terms.

We started going on field trips. I framed it as opportunities to teach the princess more about Earth culture, so she could see what she was fighting for, but so often it was just me yearning for a shot of normality.

Maybe that's why I had come back to campus. Maybe that's why I was sitting through a lecture I was hopelessly lost in.

I looked back at Xavior. I wished I could tell him all this! I wished I could talk through all these strange urges and feelings I was struggling to come terms with. The two of us hanging on the couch, controllers in hand, talking and laughing again. My dick twitched at the thought. Was I really so lonely that I was physically aroused by the thought of companionship?

I aimed my thoughts away from the notion of what else we could do on that couch. I had to be careful with this dick. No matter how much I tried to restrain the thing, it was always just a moment from snapping free. It was too powerful, even when I wasn't fully channeling the princess's power.

No matter how horny it left me.

I took a breath.

"I should talk to him, right?" I thought loudly at the princess.

"Your lust for your friend is admirable," came the princess's voice, "but something about this situation isn't right. There must be a pussy nearby, I can smell it."

"I thought they only went after important people."

"Not always. Sometimes they make a game of it. But they'll be drawn to you, just as we are drawn to them."

I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. I didn't want to be vigilant. I just wanted normal human interaction.

Well, as close to normal as I was going to get.

That was it! I was going to talk to Xavior. I'd earned that, hadn't I? After all the good I'd done? But god, how even do girls approach a guy? What do they say? How do they act? I'd spent the past months doing nothing but waving my dick around and burying it in any hole it could find. I somehow doubted he'd appreciate that.

Imagine my surprise when after class I noticed him approaching me.

"Hi! I'm Xavior."

"I'm -" fuck, I didn't have a fake name to give him. "Xena?"

"You sound unsure," he teased.

"Trying something new."

"I like it. Very badass. X is an underappreciated letter." He laughed. "I haven't seen you around, are you auditing the class?"

"Yes!" I lied, desperate for conversation. Fuck, he was even hotter up close. "It seems um, interesting. What do you think?"

"I think it'll be all the better with you in it. Do you want to go get coffee?"

And that's when my dick burst free of my panties.

"Oh god!" I cried out, my eyes going wide. I spun around, putting my backpack over my lap, the weight of it feeling way too good. The lights flickered, the magic of the princess's dick sending ripples through the building.

"You know what?" I pretended I wasn't panicking. "I'm going to go talk to the Prof about something, why don't I meet you there?"

"Wouldn't miss it for the world." He gave me a wink that sent my heart fluttering.

Fuck!

Five minutes later I was in one of the stalls of the unisex bathroom, my hard dick between my fat tits, furiously trying to relieve enough pressure to make it go down without blowing up the building.

"This is a disaster!" I fumed mentally as I navigated around the pleasure coursing through me.

"If you like your friend so much why don't you just bend him over and fuck his ass until he can't see straight?" the princess' sensuous voice throbbed in my brain. "I don't understand why all this beating around the bush? Don't the men on your world enjoy sex?"

"I don't want to fuck my friend!" I slapped a hand over my mouth. I'd said that out loud.

"You don't want to fuck who?"

I froze.

It was a guy's voice. Xavier.

The stall door shoved open with uncanny force, leaving me standing before my best friend, my enormous girl-dick in hand, tits spilling plaintively from my top, my aberrant sexuality plain for all the world to see.

"I can explain!" I held up a hand.

“No need,” Xavior sneered. “I could smell the big dick energy off you a mile away.”

“What?”

He pulled down his pants to reveal a glistening pink pussy.

“Oh come on!”

“Ha!” the princess laughed with my voice. “I knew it!”

“Not so fast,” Xavior tutted. No, not Xavior, but something inside Xavior, speaking with his voice. “We’re onto your tricks, Princess. If you try to purify me, you’ll destroy this host!”

“You really think that will stop me?” the princess took control of my hand and gripped our cock like the hilt of a sword.

“Stop!” I called out, pulling my hand back. “You can’t! He’s my best friend.”

“I know you think you love him, human, but that was just them using their pussy magic to lure you in. Haven’t you been the one saying you’re not into guys? This was all a trick. You should be grateful this is the end of it.”

“Love him? I don’t love him!”

Did I?

So why did I still feel so strongly? It wasn’t just that I didn’t want her to hurt him. My heart skipped a beat as I thought of the way he’d smiled at me when he’d asked me out. It was like everything was going to be okay. I wanted to believe in that smile.

It was either that, or a trick. I didn’t know which was worse.

“There must be some way to save him!”

My nose sniffed, bringing the scent of Xavior’s aftershave and glistening cunt into the fore of my brain. My balls churned as the princess rolled the scent around in her mind. “No, he’s right. Too much power will overwhelm him. He’ll die, even if I turn him into a girl. But we can’t let that stop us! Wherever pussy comes to call we must deliver!”

“No!” I pulled my hands off my dick.

“What?”

“I refuse. I won’t let you hurt my friend”

“Your friend is already lost!”

“Yes, that’s it!” Xavior came closer, his pussy approaching precariously close to my dick until the two touched like the gentle kiss of lips. I bucked at the sensation. “Surrender the princess’s power! Join us!” I could feel the touch of it pulling the vitality out of my cock. “You’ll see the world is so much better with a tight cunt. Pleasures you wouldn’t believe.”

“What are you doing?” the princess snapped at me. “Is your friend worth the fate of the world?”

“Is the world worth it,” I snapped back, “if that is the cost? There has to be another way.”

“Your friend is not in control! He’s directly possessed by the enemy!”

“Wait, does that means he’s still in there somewhere?”

“Yes, seeing everything that is happening.” I could imagine the princess narrowing her eyes. “Just like me and you.”

“Then he can fight it!” I curled my free hand into a fist, then held it out, imploringly. “Xavior, look, I know what happened to you. I can help you. Fight it Xavior! I know you’re better than this. You don’t want to hurt anybody.”

“What would you know of it, puppet?” the thing behind my friend’s eyes scowled.

“Because I’m not just any girl.” I drew my cock along his pussy like a bowstring. “It’s me, Xerxes, your best friend!”

There was a moment’s confusion on Xavior’s face.

“Xerxes?” there was a struggle behind his eyes, but I couldn’t tell if it was anything beyond gross disbelief.

“I’m here to help you, man. It’ll all be okay! We’re going to fight through this together.”

“It’ll take more than that to stop me!” cried the creature.

“Agreed!” smirked the princess. “We fuck!”

My dick pressed forward at the same time his pussy slid home, the length and girth of my the princess’s mighty member met inch by inch by the boiling depths of his pussy. His magic and the princess’s now locked in a desperate back and forth struggle.

We clashed, body to body, my full round tits pressing into his handsome chest. He reached out and grabbed my boob – cheap shot! I yelped as the pleasure curled my toes in delight.

Oh so it was going to be like that, was it? Most of the cuntboy soldiers were pump and dump chumps. No tricks, no skill. They barely even left me satisfied. But if there’s one thing Xavior knew, it was how to make a girl feel good.

I could feel the princess trying to thrust harder to counter, to go harder and overpower him with her virile might, but I wouldn't allow it. I couldn't let her blast him to bits.

I shoved his head between my enormous tits, sending him struggling for breath. I could feel his gasping and the tightening of his pussy. There was still enough of him in there: I know how much he loved big boobs.

But fuck, that just gave him access to my body. He ran his hands along the delicate arch of my back, he fluttered his fingers across the nape of my neck. And his lips, oh fuck! They knew exactly where to kiss and suck, oh god! Was sex as a girl always this good?

Tingles shot through me, a raunchy buildup of both feminine and masculine pleasures, my soft yielding body and my ramrod dick. I tried to return in kind, but I was weak and pathetic, unskilled. What made a man feel good? I wasn't half the lover he was when I didn't have raw strength on my side.

Back and forth we battled, this sexual duel; me doing all I could to hold back the power building in my balls, deflecting the princess's every gambit to win, pulling away every chance she got to thrust deep and hard enough to leave him a gasping drooling wreck. I couldn't do it!

Goddammit, I wanted to save him! Like the princess had saved me. Oh if only it had been him that day instead of me I could have...

Wait, that was it.

"How poetic," the cuntboy mewled. "You thought you could save your friend, but that has made you weak! You've held back too hard. You are vulnerable!"

"Stop holding back!" The princess's need pounded in my head. "I've already told you, there's no way for you to save your friend."

"There's no way for me to help, but you can!"

"What?"

"I have an idea, follow my lead!"

I reached down and gripped a handful of churning ball, almost as soft and as sensitive as my tits. It was like a force multiplier. I'd gone from squeezing the hose shut to opening it full blast. A sudden lurching bliss as my pleasure receptors peaked.

"Futa princess power!" the princess cried out as energy poured from her.

And then I came. I came hard and heavy and it was like I could feel the whole of my essence draining out into his pussy, filling it up well beyond its limits. Amidst the bliss, I was floating, awash in a tingling white light.

"You fool!" The voice laughed mockingly, taking some final pleasure in how my victory had come at the cost of my friend's life. I could feel Xavior fading in the magic of the princess's cum. It was too much, just

like it had said. He fell away, off my dick with a wet squelch and the dribbling of cum on the linoleum tile. There was laughter from that thing in my friend, but it was weak.

"I told you" I whispered in his ear. "I'm not giving up on you!"

And I brought him into a hug. Pulling him tight even as he seemed to fade away. Somewhere behind his eyes I could see the force that had been controlling him departed, leaving hardly anything left of my friend.

And once the thing had left what else could I do? I lined myself back up with his sloppy cunt and I put myself inside him once more, willing all that magic that had protected me into him, giving him the golden light of the princess's power, making him a vessel instead of me.

And that's when everything got fuzzy.

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"What the hell just happened?"

By the time my focus returned, Xavior had found the mirror. His newly feminine face somehow was even more beautiful than his masculine one had been, his hair cascading in picture-perfect rivulets down his face and back. Was he wearing makeup?

"It's a long story." I sat down on the changing table.

"Wait, you're really Xerxes? And holy crap, I'm really a girl now too?" He pulled up his shirt to get a hungry look at the swinging hooters beneath. "This is... this is..."

"I know -" I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. "We're stuck like this. It's awful!"

"Yeah, awfully sweet! Holy shit dude." He swung around to me, jiggling his titties in my direction. "I'm a total babe! And I still kept my dick, with an upgrade to match!" He rotated his hips to and fro, letting his hefty donkey dick slap from one knee to the other. "I see zero downsides."

"More than just that," came the princess's voice, now as much from his mammoth cock as my own. Despite my best efforts, I had not been able to get rid of her completely. "You too shall now be my host. My power is now split between you."

"Who's there?" He raised an eyebrow.

"I am Futa Space Princess Xeno-X, Defender of Earth!" My body posed once again as she said it.

"You know what?" I said to my new sister in arms. "It's a really long story. What's say we get that coffee?"

We pushed our way out of the locker room into the hall beyond and right into Professor Blond, standing there with a confused expression. She gave her hair a twirl and gave us a strange look. Had she overheard any of that? Or was she just mad because we had clearly been banging in the bathroom?

It didn't matter. There was only one thing that mattered to me in that moment: I wasn't alone anymore.

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Little did we know that somewhere, in some distant part of space, a signal was travelling:

— This is bimbo infiltrator BLO-ND on secure channels, bimbo space ranger HQ please stand by. We've found her. Repeat, we have found the Futa Queen. Like, send in the mothership! —

To be continued?