

"The First has spread the gift!"

"This is wonderful! So quickly."

"Yes, it's... unusual."

"Never mind that. The High Emperess will be most pleased. This one is most surely an Alpha."

"But Overseer, shouldn't we slow down. Just in case-"

"No. Continue your work. Speak not of this again."

"Yes, Overseer."

CHAPTER 4

Susan stood tall in the dimly lit kitchen, her breathing steady but heavy, as she looked down at Vicky, who was still leaning over the counter, her body trembling from the aftershocks of her transformation. The sight of Vicky, now altered and bearing her own dick shaped clit, filled Susan with an intoxicating sense of power. She licked her lips, her chest rising and falling as a wave of satisfaction coursed through her.

"Stand up," Susan commanded, her voice firm and steady. "Stand up straight and present yourself to me."

Vicky obeyed instantly, her movements smooth yet mechanical, as though the command had bypassed her conscious mind entirely. She stood upright, her posture perfect, her cock jutting outward with a faint, rhythmic pulse. Susan took a step closer, her eyes gleaming with fascination.

“Good,” Susan purred, her voice low and sultry. She tilted her head, cocking an eyebrow as she observed Vicky’s new form. “Now, explore it,” she said, gesturing toward Vicky’s fleshy rod. “I want you to feel it. Understand it.”

Vicky’s hands moved as if guided by instinct, sliding down to touch the wonderful growth protruding from her pussy. Her fingers brushed against its slick surface, and she let out a soft gasp, her expression one of wonder and curiosity. Slowly, she began to stroke and squeeze the appendage, her movements tentative at first but growing bolder as she gave in to the sensations. It was as though she were a child tinkering with a new toy.

Susan watched with rapt attention, her own breathing quickening as she soaked in the scene. The sight of Vicky obeying her commands so readily, the way her hands explored her new dick—it was exhilarating. Susan felt a surge of dominance, a primal instinct that made her spine tingle.

“How does it feel?” Susan asked, her voice dripping with curiosity and authority.

Vicky didn’t stop her exploration as she answered, her voice soft and distant, as though she were speaking from a place deep within her subconscious. “It feels... right,” she said, her fingers tracing the veins all the way up and down. “Like something was missing before, and now it’s found. I feel... complete.”

Susan’s lips curled into a slow, wicked smile. “Complete,” she echoed, savoring the word. She stepped even closer, towering over Vicky now. “And how do you feel about me?” she asked, her voice lower, more intense.

Vicky paused in her movements, her hands falling still. Slowly, she lifted her head to meet Susan’s gaze. The moment their eyes locked, Vicky gasped, her body twitching. Her eyes rolled back into her head, and her lips parted as if she were on the verge of speaking but couldn’t find the words.

"You are..." Vicky began, her voice trembling as though something deep within her was being rewritten. Her body jerked a few times, small spasms that seemed to ripple through her core. "...you are my everything. My queen. You are the..."

Vicky's entire body shuddered, her words catching in her throat. Then, with a final convulsion, she spoke again, her voice dripping with reverence and submission. "...you are The Alpha."

Susan's eyes widened in delight, she didn't know what that meant exactly, 'The Alpha', but the declaration sending a wave of pleasure through her. Her own cock pulsed, and her body responded with an intense surge of endorphins, rewarding her for the truth in Vicky's words. She let out a long, hissing breath, her lips curling into a slanted grin. "Yesssssss," she whispered, the sound almost serpentine.

The moment hung heavy between them, the air electric with the connection that now bound them. Susan's eyes glowed with a new intensity as she leaned in closer, her voice soft but commanding. "And what would you do for me, Vicky?"

Vicky's eyes fluttered open, her gaze locking onto Susan's with pure adoration. There was no hesitation, no doubt as she whispered, "Anything."

Susan's grin widened, the affirmation sending another jolt of satisfaction through her. The power, the control, the devotion—it was everything she hadn't realized she craved before all this. And now, it was hers.

Susan stood in the kitchen, her gaze fixed on Vicky, who now stood tall and ready, exuding strength and confidence. The transformation was undeniable—gone was the meek, nervous friend who barely spoke up. In her place was someone vibrant, radiant with potential. Pride swelled in Susan's chest, a warm, euphoric sensation that made her feel invincible. *Look at her, Susan thought. I made her better. Of course she should worship me. And will I make her stronger still.*

Her moment of admiration was interrupted by a distant voice calling from the other room. "Susan? Vicky? What's taking so long?" It was Barb, her tone tinged with concern.

Susan's head snapped toward the door, her expression instantly shifting from pride to cunning. The others were waiting, unsuspecting, vulnerable. She turned her attention back to Vicky, whose posture was perfect, her hands clasped in front of her as though awaiting further orders. The sight filled Susan with another wave of satisfaction.

Suddenly, images flashed through her mind—visions of Barb and Lucy transformed, their bodies strong, their wills bent to her command. They stood at her side, just like Vicky, loyal and devoted. The thought sent a jolt of pleasure through her, her fleshy appendage giving an approving pulse from between her legs. She let out a shuddering breath as her body massively rewarded her for the idea of spreading the infection.

"We need to show the others, don't we, child?" Susan said, her voice smooth and confident.

Vicky's expression softened, her eyes shining with adoration. "Yes, my Mistress. Whatever you say."

"Yes," she purred, "we will make them... like you."

For a moment, Susan stood there, considering her next move. Infecting them outright would be satisfying, but she needed to be smart about it. Barb and Lucy were already suspicious. If she approached them too boldly, they might flee, and she couldn't allow that.

"They've already seen me, but your new look could be too much," Susan said, narrowing her eyes as she paced slowly around Vicky. "Stay here. I have an idea." Her gaze drifted downward, landing on her tattered pants and the thick dick, standing proud, pressing against what fabric was left. She chuckled softly, running a hand over the ripped material. "But first, I need to change into something else, so I can hide my big, beautiful... thing."

She scanned the kitchen, her sharp eyes searching for something useful. Her gaze fell on the large steaming pot on the stove, and an idea struck her.

"Hm," she began, tilting her head toward the pot, "It's that chili ready?"

Vicky shook her head, her tone calm and obedient. "Yes, ready enough."

Susan paused, then let out a low laugh. "That will do," she said, a gleam of mischief in her eyes. She turned toward the door to Vicky's bedroom, already formulating the next step of her plan.

* * *

Barb and Lucy sat on the couch in Vicky's living room, their heads close together as they whispered furiously, their voices just low enough to avoid being overheard. Lucy was the first to stop, her head snapping up as a strange creak from the hallway drew her attention.

"What the—?" Lucy muttered, her brow furrowed.

Susan entered the room, her presence commanding as she stepped into view. She was wearing a floral dress that clung tightly to her muscular frame, the fabric strained to its limits as though it could rip apart at any moment. Over the dress, she had tied a full-bodied apron, its purpose clear—it was tightly knotted around her midsection, holding her big dick flat against her body. It wasn't fully erect, but even so, the bulge was unmistakable, its shape threatening to reveal itself with every step. To conceal this further, Susan held out a large tray carrying two steaming bowls of chili in front of her, carefully angling it to obscure the outline of her secret.

Lucy blinked, her confusion palpable. "What are you wearing?"

Susan glanced down at herself, her expression cool and composed. "Oh, this?" she replied with a casual smile. "We had a little spill in the kitchen. I had to change into something else." Her tone was light, dismissive, but Lucy's sharp eyes narrowed, clearly unconvinced.

“Where’s Vicky?” Lucy pressed, her suspicion growing.

Susan tilted her head, feigning innocence. “What? Oh, she’s cleaning up. She’ll be out soon.” Before Lucy could probe further, Susan placed the tray down on the coffee table with deliberate care. “Now... we made you something.”

After placing a bowl in front of each lady, she set down two spoons, her eyes darting between the women and the chili with eager anticipation. The tray, remaining firmly in her hands, was lifted back to her body, conveniently shielding her midsection.

Lucy crossed her arms, her tone skeptical. “I’m not hungry. Now, what is going on, Su—”

Susan raised a hand, cutting her off gently but firmly. “Please... have some,” she said, her voice softening. “Vicky worked so hard on it. And then, I promise, I’ll tell you everything.”

Lucy hesitated, her gaze shifting to the bowl of chili in front of her. There was a flicker of suspicion in her eyes, but something about Susan’s tone—about the way she carried herself—made her falter. Her resolve wavered.

Barb leaned forward slightly, her brow furrowed with concern. “Susan, don’t you understand,” she said carefully, her voice steady. “You have to be honest with us. What’s going on?”

Susan’s expression softened, a careful mask of vulnerability. “I know. And I will. But this is... it’s hard for me. I already told Vicky, and it was such a relief. But telling you? It’s scary, okay? Please, just... have some chili. Let me gather my thoughts.”

The words seemed to land, and Barb and Lucy exchanged a glance, their expressions softening with empathy. Slowly, they nodded.

“All right, Susan,” Barb said, her tone less sharp. “We’re here for you.”

Susan’s eyes darted to the bowls, the anticipation building in her chest as she watched them pick up their spoons. Barb stirred her chili thoughtfully, while Lucy hesitated, sniffing at the steaming bowl.

“This smells... really good,” Lucy murmured, her voice laced with surprise.

Susan’s smile grew wider, her hands gripping the tray a little tighter. “Right? Go ahead... have a bite.”

Lucy glanced at Barb, who gave a slight shrug, and then both women lifted their spoons. The room seemed to hold its breath as they raised the chili to their mouths. Susan’s eyes were fixed on them, her heart racing with eager anticipation.

The fact was, Susan, in the kitchen, just moments earlier, jacked off in the chili. Streams and streams of her creamy white spunk was mixed into the pot of chili. *Perhaps too much of it?* She thought. *I guess we’ll find out.*

Barb and Lucy’s movements hesitant at first. The smell was enticing, savory with a hint of spice that wafted upward, teasing their senses. They each carefully, slowly, took their first bite... and almost immediately, the effect was apparent. Their faces lit up as though they had just tasted the most exquisite dish of their lives. They chewed thoughtfully, their initial skepticism giving way to something else—something Susan recognized immediately.

“Mmm,” Barb murmured, licking her lips. “So, please, Susan, tell us—” She paused, spoon halfway to the bowl for another bite. “Wow. This is... good.” Her voice was filled with genuine surprise, and she scooped another spoonful, the question she’d started to ask forgotten.

Lucy following suit. She took another bite, then another, each one more hurried than the last. “Yeah, it’s... really good,” she said, her tone almost defensive as if trying to downplay the obvious truth.

Susan stood over them, a slow, knowing smile spreading across her face as she watched her friends eat.

Barb and Lucy tried to pick up the conversation several times, only for the chili to pull them back.

"Susan, seriously, what is this about—" Barb began, only to interrupt herself with another spoonful.

"Wow, I can't—Mmm, I need more of this."

Lucy nodded, her spoon clinking against the ceramic as she invaded the bowl for another bite. "I was going to ask you... something... but this chili," she muttered, her voice growing breathier. "I need another bite first."

The sound of spoons scraping against bowls filled the air as they continued to eat, their pace growing faster with each bite. Their initial restraint faded entirely, replaced by genuine enthusiasm. Moans began to escape their lips, low and soft at first, but growing louder and more intense as they continued. "Mmm... oh, this is so good," Barb groaned, her voice filled with satisfaction.

"Yeah," Lucy agreed, her spoon moving with increasing speed as she shoveled the chili into her mouth.

"So good."

The act of eating began to feel... pleasurable. Barb's moans became deeper, her eyes fluttering as she tipped her head back, savoring each bite as if it were a profound experience. Lucy started to notice it too, her body responding in ways that confused and alarmed her. Yet, she couldn't stop.

Suddenly, Lucy snapped out of the haze, her spoon hovering midair. She turned to Barb, who was now eating at a near-frantic pace, shoving spoonfuls into her mouth before she had even finished swallowing the last.

"Wait," Lucy said, her voice shaky. "What's going on? What's in this?" Susan shrugged, but Barb didn't hear her. Her focus was entirely on the bowl in front of her.

"So... good," Barb muttered between bites. "Almost done. Is there... more? Mmmm!" Her moans were now borderline obscene, her body trembling as the chili seemed to work its way deeper into her system.

Lucy stared at Barb in disbelief, her hand trembling as her own spoon moved toward her mouth seemingly of its own accord.

“Jesus, Barb,” Lucy said, trying to sound stern but failing as her voice wavered. “Get ahold of yourself.”

Even as she spoke, her own hand betrayed her, bringing another bite to her lips. She flinched, her eyes widening as she realized she couldn’t stop herself.

“What the—?!” Lucy gasped, the bite of chili slipping past her lips. She chewed, her resistance crumbling with each passing second.

Susan stood over them, moaning softly as she watched the scene unfold. The sight of her friends succumbing to the chili’s effects, to the cum she squirted inside it, was intoxicating. She felt a deep, primal satisfaction knowing that the corrupted dish was effecting them so effectively. She could only imagine what more could do... would do.

Lucy’s expression twisted into a mix of fear and longing as she managed to choke out, “What... what is this stuff?”

Susan’s head tipped back, her moans growing louder as she dropped the tray she’d been holding. Her hands roamed her body, running over her curves and the growing cock hidden beneath her apron. “It’s happening!” she cried out, her voice filled with ecstasy. “Can’t you feel it?! Yesssss!”

Barb had finished her bowl, licking the rim with abandon, her spoon forgotten. “So good,” she murmured, her voice barely coherent. “So, so good.”

Lucy turned to Susan, horror dawning on her face as she noticed something moving under the strained fabric of Susan’s dress. The apron tied tightly over Susan’s stomach became taut as the thing beneath it swelled and pressed outward. A sickening ripping sound filled the air as the apron gave way, the knot releasing, and the fabric falling to the floor.

Susan let out a guttural moan as her eager dick sprang to life, bursting through the front of her dress. The remaining fabric tore down the center, revealing the grotesque, fleshy growth, thick and pulsing, its veins throbbing with unnatural life.

Lucy screamed, her hands flying to her mouth as she scrambled back. Barb froze in place, her empty bowl clattering to the floor as her wide eyes fixated on Susan's exposed form.

Susan stood tall, her chest heaving, her cock fully revealed, grown to eleven inches now, glistening under the dim light of the living room. Her tongue writhed inside her mouth, coming out to lick and press against her full lips, as if to taste the moment.

As the tension in the room reached its breaking point, Vicky emerged from the kitchen. Her transformation was now unmistakable, her body exuding a radiance of strength and dominance. She wore nothing but her bra and underwear, both stretched tight over her newly sculpted physique. Her dick jutted confidently from the top of her pussy, veiny and pulsing with its own rhythm. She walked with an almost feline grace, her fingers idly stroking her cock as though it were a cherished pet.

"Don't worry, ladies," Vicky purred, her voice soft but dripping with menace. "You're going to love it."

Barb and Lucy turned toward Vicky, their faces pale, their expressions frozen in shock. It was too much. First Susan, and now Vicky. They trembled visibly, their bodies reacting to the overwhelming fear coursing through them. They began to back away, their movements slow and tentative as they edged toward the front door.

"Where are you going?" Susan's voice rang out, a mockingly sweet tone laced with malice. She stepped forward, her weighty dick swaying slightly with her movements, her fingers strumming its surface in an almost hypnotic rhythm. "Don't you want to have more?" she asked, her giggle deep and resonant, sending chills down the spines of her friends.

Barb and Lucy didn't answer. Their backs pressed against the door, their hands fumbling for the

doorknob, but their fear rendered them clumsy.

“Stop!” Susan’s voice boomed, sharp and commanding.

The two women spun around and froze in place, their bodies stiffening as though an invisible force had seized control. They stood trembling, their eyes darting around the room, desperate for some escape but unable to move. Susan tilted her head, a slow, predatory smile spreading across her face as she observed their helplessness.

She took a step closer, her presence overwhelming, her authority palpable. “Hmm,” Susan murmured, tapping her chin thoughtfully. “I could finish what I started... but no.” Her voice dropped, deep and resonant, filled with an unnatural power. “You’re not ready. You’ve been planted with my seed, yes... but you’re too fragile to truly accept it.”

Barb whimpered softly, her hand pressed against her chest as though to steady her pounding heart. Lucy’s breath came in shallow gasps, her wide eyes locked on Susan’s grotesque form.

Susan leaned forward, her tone shifting to one of dark amusement. “Go,” she said, her voice silky and commanding. “But remember this.” Her eyes glinted with a dangerous light as she spoke, her words weaving themselves into their minds like a spell. “You will not tell anyone about this. You cannot. Even if you want to, the words will not come. Do you understand?”

Barb and Lucy nodded quickly, their heads bobbing like terrified children. Susan’s smile widened, and she straightened up, exuding a sense of regal authority. “Now go.”

The spell broken, Barb and Lucy bolted for the door, flinging it open and stumbling out into the night. Their frantic footsteps echoed down the quiet street as they fled, the sound of Susan and Vicky’s laughter following them like a haunting refrain.

As the door swung shut, Susan turned to Vicky, her expression shifting from menacing to contemplative. “Mmm,” Susan mused, running her hands along her treasured meat popsicle, feeling its pulse once

again synchronize with her own heartbeat. "I think I'm going to get used to this."

She glanced at Vicky, who stood eagerly at her side, her eyes bright with anticipation. Vicky clapped her hands together, her smile wide and childlike. "What's next, Mistress?"

Susan's lips curled as she reached out, her fingers brushing against Vicky's cheek. "First..." Her voice dropped to a low, sultry tone. "...let's get some more of my cum in you."

Vicky's excitement was palpable, her hands trembling slightly as she clasped them together. "Oh goody!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with giddy enthusiasm.

Susan chuckled softly, her laughter carrying a dark promise as she stepped closer to Vicky, ready to ram herself inside her... once again.

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BARB

Barb's hands gripped the steering wheel tightly, her knuckles white as she drove home through the dark streets. Sweat beaded on her forehead, her breathing shallow and erratic. The car's interior felt suffocating, and she repeatedly checked the rearview mirror, half-expecting to see Susan running behind her, pursuing her.

"What did I just see?" she whispered to herself, her voice trembling. Her hands shook, causing the car to swerve slightly, and she quickly corrected the wheel. "No, no, no. This can't be happening."

When she finally pulled into her driveway, she sat in the car for several long moments, her chest heaving as she tried to collect herself. But the memory of Susan's grotesque appendage and Vicky's eerie transformation played on a loop in her mind. She closed her eyes tightly, muttering, "This isn't real. It can't be real."

Barb stepped out of the car and hurried into her small, cluttered home, locking the door behind her with trembling hands. The living room greeted her with its usual chaos: stacks of newspapers, a threadbare couch, and her seven cats weaving through her legs, their meows insistent and grating.

"Not now," Barb snapped, brushing them aside as she paced the room. Crosses and religious imagery adorned every wall, the decor conservative and old-fashioned, as if plucked straight from the home of an elderly church matron. She clutched at her head, her thoughts spiraling.

"What was that? What did I just see?" Barb muttered, her voice rising with each word. "No, no. I'm imagining things. That wasn't real. It... wasn't real."

The cats meowed louder, circling her legs, clawing at her skirt. Their cries mingled with the rising cacophony in her head. Barb stopped pacing, her breath catching as a terrifying thought struck her. She turned slowly, her eyes wide and glassy as she whispered, "Or... am I going crazy?"

She sank into her worn armchair, her body trembling. "Is this the work of..." Her voice faltered as she clutched the small gold crucifix hanging around her neck. "...the devil?"

The word hung in the air, making her shudder. Tears welled in her eyes as her mind raced with scripture, sermons, warnings about sin and temptation. *Could it be Satan's influence?* she wondered. The thought sent her into a panic, and she stood abruptly, pacing faster across the living room floor.

The cats, growing more agitated, swarmed her, their meows reaching a fever pitch. "Shut up!" Barb snapped, kicking one of them lightly to clear a path. The sudden outburst startled her. She clutched her rosary beads, her fingers shaking as she began to pray aloud.

"Our Father, who art in heaven," she started, her voice quivering. "Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." Her voice grew louder, more frantic. "Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from..." Her voice broke, her breaths shallow as she tried to focus.

The cats grew louder, pawing at her legs, their cries becoming unbearable. "Deliver us from..." Barb stammered, her grip tightening on the beads. The cats clawed at her skirt, yowling incessantly, driving her over the edge.

"FINE!" she screamed, her voice raw and filled with rage. "Fucking shut up! I'll feed you, you little shits!"

The words echoed in the quiet room, and Barb froze. Her hands flew to her mouth, her eyes wide in horror at what she had just said. "Oh, God," she whispered, tears streaming down her face. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, sweeties."

The cats, unfazed by her outburst, continued to paw at her legs, their cries as relentless as ever. Slow and defeated, Barb shuffled into the kitchen. Her movements were mechanical as she opened the pantry and grabbed the bag of cat food.

The weight of the night's events pressed heavily on her shoulders as she filled the bowls, her hands trembling. She felt hollow, as if something inside her had cracked, and she feared she'd never feel whole again.

"Father O'Connell. He'll know what to do."

* * *

LUCY

Lucy stood on her porch, her hand resting on the doorknob, but she couldn't bring herself to go inside. Her breaths came in shallow, uneven gasps, and her fingers trembled as she tried to make sense of what she'd seen. Susan, Vicky... the things attached to them, the moaning, the overwhelming dominance radiating from Susan; her mind replayed the scene over and over until she thought she might scream.

Finally, she fumbled through her purse, pulling out her phone. She hesitated for a moment, her thumb hovering over the screen before she pressed a familiar number. She hadn't called it in months, maybe even a year. The line rang twice before a groggy voice answered.

"Lucy?" It was Jeff, her ex-husband. His voice was soft, a little surprised. "Is everything okay?"

Lucy closed her eyes, her words faltering. "Jeff... it's me."

"Yeah, I know it's you," he replied, concern creeping into his tone. "Are you okay?"

She hesitated again, clutching her phone tightly. "Can I come over?"

* * *

Lucy sat on Jeff's couch, her arms wrapped around herself as she stared blankly at the floor. The soft light of the living room lamp did little to warm her chilled body. Jeff sat beside her, his brow furrowed with concern. He placed a hand gently on her shoulder.

"You're shivering," he said softly, his voice filled with worry. "What's wrong? Did something happen to you?"

Lucy looked up at him, her eyes wide and pleading. She wanted to say it. She wanted to tell him

everything—the horror she had witnessed, the transformation of her friends, the... appendages, and the overwhelming fear that consumed her. The words were right there, on the tip of her tongue. She opened her mouth, inhaled deeply, and...

Nothing.

The words wouldn't come. She tried again, willing herself to speak, but all she managed was a shaky exhale. Panic set in as she tried to force the words out. "Susan drugged me," she wanted to scream. "She's changed. She's a monster." But her throat tightened, and no sound escaped.

Jeff leaned closer, his arm wrapping protectively around her. "Lucy, talk to me. You can tell me."

She tried once more, putting every ounce of strength into forming the words, but all that emerged was a low, guttural sound, almost like a choke. Her chest heaved as tears spilled down her cheeks. Finally, defeated, she collapsed into Jeff's arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

"It's okay," he murmured, stroking her hair. "It's okay. I've got you."

Lucy sobbed against Jeff's chest, her body trembling as he held her. The warmth of his embrace, the steady rhythm of his breathing, the familiarity of his touch—it all brought a strange comfort, even as her mind raced with terror.

She pulled back slightly, just enough to look up at him. Her face was still streaked with tears, but there was something else in her eyes now—something raw and vulnerable. Without thinking, she leaned in and kissed him. The kiss was wet and salty, and desperate.

Jeff responded, his arms tightening around her as he returned the kiss. Their movements grew more passionate, more urgent. Lucy tangled her fingers in his hair, pulling him closer as their bodies pressed together. For the first time all night, she felt in control, and the sensation was intoxicating. A small, almost imperceptible smile played on her lips.

Lucy looked at him now with lustful contempt. Jeff was just a thing, a thing with something between it's legs, something she needed. In fact, he was her little bitch, with one purpose, to...

"... fuck me. Fuck me now," she whispered, patting the side of his face with condescension.

Jeff reached for his belt, fumbling to remove his pants, but as Lucy glanced down, her mind was suddenly flooded with an image: Susan's cock, pulsing and grotesque, protruding from her crotch. Then Vicky, kneeling, transformed and subservient. The vision hit Lucy like a thunderclap, and she recoiled in horror.

"No," she whispered, pushing Jeff away. "I... I can't."

Jeff looked at her, confused and concerned. "Lucy, what is it? What's wrong?"

Lucy stood abruptly, her movements jerky and frantic. She turned her back to him, clutching her head as she tried to banish the images from her mind. "This was a mistake," she muttered, more to herself than to him.

"Lucy, talk to me," Jeff pleaded, stepping toward her.

"Don't!" she snapped, raising a hand to stop him. Her voice cracked as she continued, "Just... stop. This was a mistake." She grabbed her purse and bolted for the door, her heels clicking sharply against the hardwood floor.

Jeff followed her as far as the doorway, his expression filled with worry and confusion. "Lucy, wait!"

But she was already in her car, slamming the door shut. As she sat in the driver's seat, her hands gripped the steering wheel tightly, her knuckles white. The tears came again, hot and unstoppable, as she buried her face in her hands and sobbed in the silence of his driveway.

* * *

BARB

Barb stood in her dimly lit laundry room, the hum of the washer and dryer filling the silence. The room smelled faintly of detergent and fabric softener, a comforting, familiar scent that usually grounded her. But not this morning. Her nerves were frayed, her hands trembling slightly as she loaded the dryer with a bundle of damp clothes. Every movement felt mechanical, her mind elsewhere.

She shut the dryer door with a hollow thud, a little louder than usual, and twisted the dial. The machine rumbled to life, its low, steady vibrations spreading through the floor. Barb stepped back and leaned against the folding table, her thoughts racing. The events of the night before played on an endless loop in her head. It was madness, pure and simple, but it had felt so real.

“What am I going to say to Father O’Connell?” Barb whispered, her voice barely audible over the noise of the dryer. Her fingers tightened around the edge of the table as she rehearsed the conversation in her mind. “Father, I think I’ve seen evil itself... No, that sounds crazy.” She shook her head, frustration mounting. “Father, I believe my friends are possessed. Possessed by what, though?”

Her hands gripped the rosary beads hanging from her neck. She rolled them between her fingers, seeking solace, but the comfort they usually brought felt distant and hollow. “Lord, please give me strength,” she muttered under her breath.

The dryer’s rhythm grew louder in the small room, the vibrations intensifying. Barb felt it travel through the floorboards, into her legs, and up her spine. It was subtle at first, but then it struck something deeper, something primal. A small gasp escaped her lips as an unexpected warmth spread through her

lower body.

Barb froze, her eyes widening as she stared at the machine. The vibrations seemed to resonate with her, stirring something inside her that she couldn't understand. She tried to move away, but her legs felt heavy, her body unwilling to obey.

"No," she whispered, shaking her head. "No, this isn't right."

The vibrations grew even stronger, and Barb's breathing quickened. She closed her eyes, letting out a soft sigh as the hum seemed to take on a hypnotic drone. Her hips started to sway gently, almost imperceptibly at first, but with increasing urgency.

As she pressed herself against the machine, a bead of sweat trickled down her chest, and her breasts began to feel heavy, sensitive. She reached up, pulling one of her tits out of her tank top, and grasped it firmly. Her breathing grew faster, her sighs turning into soft moans. She felt a deep need in her pussy, an ache that threatened to consume her.

With a quiet moan, Barb started to hump the dryer in earnest. Her sweatpants were getting wetter by the second as she ground herself against the machine, her hips moving with increasing fervor. Bam! Bam! Bam! The noise of the dryer, and her own body slamming against it seemed to create a rhythm that propelled her toward a crescendo of pleasure. She felt the corners of the machine pushing against her juicy cunt. She was losing control, her hips moving on its own, driven by an unseen force.

And then, in one final, shattering moment, she grabbed her rosary beads... and came. Her legs locked, her muscles tensed, and her entire being seemed to convulse with the power of her orgasm. Her rosary broke and beads flew everywhere, as her body jerked and spasmed a few last times. The dryer buzzed, letting her know that it too was finished. Time froze for a heartbeat before releasing her back into the world.

As she slowly opened her eyes, she felt the first pangs of shame and embarrassment, the reality of what she had done setting in. Barb's face was flushed with a mixture of horror and self-disgust. She looked down at herself, seeing the large damp spot on her sweatpants and feeling the wetness between her legs. Her breast still hung out of her shirt, and she quickly pulled it back into her tank top, trying to

compose herself.

She stumbled backward, away from the dryer, her back hitting the wall. Her chest heaved as she stared at the machine, her eyes filled with fear and confusion. The thing seemed to mock her, as if the dryer itself were alive, aware of her struggle.

Looking down at her own arms, Barb noticed something strange. Her forearms seemed thicker and there were little veins streaking across them that weren't there before. Holding her hands out in front of her, she squeezed. She could hear the tightness of the skin creak from the force of her clenched fists. There was a strength there, something new. She started to smile, but stopped and shook her head.

Barb forced herself to move, pushing off the wall and staggering toward the door. She paused in the doorway, turning back to glare at the dryer, her heart pounding. "I need to go to church," she said, her voice firm despite her trembling body. "I need to speak to Father O'Connell."

* * *

LUCY

Lucy gripped the steering wheel, her Bluetooth earpiece snug in her ear as she maneuvered her car through the morning traffic. "No, Rachel, that's the wrong client," she snapped, her frustration spilling over into her tone. "This one goes out this week. Not next. Come on, get your act together." She sighed heavily, weaving between cars.

The voice on the other end was apologetic, but Lucy barely registered it. Her mind was already moving onto the next task. "Now, what's the deal with—" She glanced down at the dashboard and saw the fuel

gauge hovering on empty. “Huh? Oh, shoot. I need to get gas. I’ll call you back.”

She hung up abruptly and pulled into a nearby gas station. The sun was glaring down, making the pavement shimmer. Lucy parked next to one of the pumps, grabbed her card, and slid it into the reader. As the pump clicked to life, she stood there, leaning slightly against her car, trying to shake off the stress.

Her eyes wandered around the station. A trucker parked on the far side was unloading supplies, and a mother corralled her kids into the convenience store. At the pump next to hers was an elderly woman, her frail hands gripping the nozzle as she filled her sedan. Lucy caught the woman’s eye and managed a polite smile, which was returned with a gentle nod.

Lucy’s thoughts drifted. The events of the other night flashed in her mind—Susan, and Vicky, kneeling and eager. She shook her head, trying to dispel the image. “No,” she muttered under her breath.

But when she glanced back at the old woman, her breath caught in her throat. The frail figure was gone, replaced by Susan’s towering, muscular frame, wearing leather pants and a tight tank top that strained from the size of her large breasts. Lucy blinked, her heart racing. There Susan stood, impossibly large and imposing, holding the gas nozzle like it was a little toy.

Lucy froze, unable to look away. Susan locked eyes with her, a cruel, knowing smile spreading across her lips. But it wasn’t just Susan’s presence that horrified her—it was what she was doing. The gas nozzle was gone, replaced by the fleshy, veiny cock jetting out from Susan. She was thrusting it into the car’s gas tank, pumping rhythmically.

Lucy gasped, her hand flying to her chest. She wanted to scream, to run, but she couldn’t move. The scene before her was terrifying, yes, but it was also... something else. Heat surged through her body, her breathing quickened, and her legs pressed together involuntarily.

This Susan began to laugh, her voice deep and echoing. With each thrust, the huge meaty cock entered the greasy metal hole, causing the whole car to rock each time.

“No,” Lucy whispered, her voice trembling. But her body betrayed her, her hips grinding slightly against the side of her own car as the scene unfolded.

Susan’s eyes locked onto hers, gleaming with malice. The thrusts grew faster, more deliberate, and Lucy couldn’t stop herself from letting out a small, breathy moan. Sweat beaded on her forehead, her knees wobbling as her body responded against her will.

A sudden blaring car horn snapped her out of the trance. Lucy let out a scream, a mix of surprise and release, her entire body jolting. She looked up, panting heavily, to see the elderly woman staring at her with wide, horrified eyes.

Mortified, Lucy hurriedly removed the nozzle, fumbling with the pump as she tried to compose herself. She didn’t look back at the woman, but she could feel the judgmental gaze boring into her. Slamming the gas cap shut, she jumped into her car, her hands shaking as she gripped the wheel.

As she drove away, the cool air from the vents did little to calm her. Her heart pounded, her body trembling from the bizarre, humiliating encounter. “What is happening to me?” she whispered, tears stinging her eyes. The image of Susan, her mocking smile, the thrusting cock—it was burned into her mind.

She slowed as she passed a local bar, its neon sign flickering faintly in the morning light. Lucy stared at it, her breathing slowing as an idea formed. She pulled into the parking lot, cutting the engine. Her phone was in her hand before she realized it, and she dialed.

“Rachel?” she said when the line picked up. Her voice was steadier now, though still tinged with exhaustion. “I’m not coming in today.”

She hung up before her assistant could reply. Pocketing her phone, Lucy stepped out of the car, her heels clicking against the pavement as she walked toward the bar.