

The Hardest Class

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The university's faculty lounge was a bit noisy. The following week, classes would begin, and the professors were finalizing their schedules.

"Michael, pay attention," Mona said, snapping her fingers and speaking in a serious, professional tone. Michael looked at the papers on the table as Mona pointed at them.

"You can take the class A time slot, and I can take the class C time slot. We can't be late, so which one suits you best?"

"C-Class A is fine by me," Michael said, a little distracted by his thoughts as he looked at Mona more than the papers. He had known Mona since they were children. He had seen her go through countless adventures in her life, several failed relationships, and dramatic situations where they had supported each other. The two of them ended up studying for a teaching career and were now hired at the same university to teach chemical engineering—a field Mona excelled at.

The problem was, Mona hadn't seemed like herself since breaking up with her last partner. She had become cold and calculating, losing the energy and joy that had always defined her.

"Do you have that part of the syllabus ready?" Mona asked.

Michael blinked several times. "What? Sorry, what topic?"

"Are you even paying attention to me?" Mona replied, slightly annoyed.

Michael looked down with some frustration. "I'm just... worried."

Mona's serious expression suddenly softened, remembering she was speaking to her childhood friend. She looked around before leaning closer to him. The scent of her long, wavy black hair reached Michael before she whispered, "I'm sorry. Is everything okay? Do you think it's too much for you?"

"I'm not worried about class. I know I can handle it," Michael whispered back. "I'm worried about you. You've changed a lot since you and Rick broke up."

For a second, Mona's expression returned to her old self—her eyes showing a hint of sweetness and innocence. "I... I'm fine. You have nothing to worry about," she said before standing up and grabbing her things. "Anyways, I'll see you on Monday for the start of classes."

Michael simply nodded, watching as Mona returned to her cold, strict self before locking eyes with him and winking. As she left the room, Steve approached, nudging him with his elbow.

“Wow... I didn’t know you and Mona were so close. Are you two dating or something?”

Michael smiled and shook his head. “No, but I’ve known her for as long as I can remember.”

“So you’re planning to date her,” Steve said jokingly.

Michael didn’t deny it. He just stared at his notes thoughtfully. “I don’t think she sees me that way.”

“Dude, trust me... I’ve dated enough women to know the look she gave you when she left.”

Michael shrugged. “She’s had several partners... and she’s never picked me.”

“Yeah? What kind of guys? What were those guys like?”

“Nothing special. Tall, brown hair... with somewhat cold personalities... and, oh...” Michael fell silent.

“Aha. You’re seeing the pattern, aren’t you?” Steve said, laughing.

That same night, Michael had trouble sleeping, replaying years’ worth of moments with Mona in his head. Had she always been looking for someone who reminded her of him? Her colder demeanor made more sense now. Was she trying to match a personality that would grab his attention?

The next morning, Michael decided to text Mona and try starting a conversation about it. However, any attempt at contact fizzled out. She wasn’t responding—not even reading the messages—which was very unusual.

He tried calling her. Once. Twice. Three times. Each call went straight to voicemail.

As the afternoon wore on, worry got the better of him. He grabbed his jacket, put his phone in his pocket and headed to Mona’s apartment. The drive was short, but his thoughts ran in slow motion. What if something had happened to her? What if she just wanted to be alone?

In front of her door, he knocked softly at first, then more firmly.

“Mona... it’s me, Michael. Are you okay?”

Nothing. Just the silence of the hallway and a growing sense of unease that made his skin crawl. He was about to leave, convinced there was nothing more he could do, when his phone began ringing. It was Mona’s number. He answered quickly, and a faint voice spoke.

“Michael?”

He turned back to the door immediately.

“Yes! It’s me! Are you okay? What’s going on?”

“I-I can’t open the door...” Mona’s voice sounded weak, scared. “Something happened... something bad... I don’t want you to see me like this.”

“Are you hurt? Do you need medical help?”

“No... I don’t know. Please... do you remember the blue flowerpot in the entryway? Look under it for the key.”

Michael checked the small pot by the door. When he lifted the bottom plate, he found the key.

“Are you sure you want me to come in?”

“If it’s just you, that’s fine. I need help.”

He opened the door carefully. The apartment was dim, the curtains drawn, and the atmosphere heavy. He walked in slowly, calling softly.

“Mona...”

“In the bedroom,” she replied.

He gently pushed the door open and found her inside. He turned the lights on just to be shocked at the sight.

Mona was partially wrapped in a blanket, sitting on the floor in the middle of the room. Her body had changed dramatically. A second torso grew from her waist, complete with hips and a new pair of legs. Beneath her original arms were two perfectly formed new ones. Her breasts had grown noticeably and Michael noticed with amazement that instead of nipples, there were small mouths, barely visible beneath the blanket that clung to her figure.

Mona closed her eyes, sobbing softly.

“I don’t want you to see me like this... please...”

Michael felt a lump in his throat, but compassion and affection were stronger than any surprise. He approached slowly, kneeling before her.

“I’m here, Mona. You could have told me you suffered a conversion”

She looked at him with tear-filled eyes, breathing heavily.

“Can you really accept me like this?” she asked, her voice trembling.

Michael reached out, taking two of her hands. “Of course, Mona. It’s still you.”

Mona dropped the blanket and jumped onto him, hugging him with all four arms, completely overjoyed. Michael's arms tightened instinctively as his eyes widened at the sensation. She had hugged him before, but her breasts were now massive in comparison, and the sensation of being embraced by four arms was really overwhelming.

"M-Mona..." he said, a bit stunned. "...you're... you're naked."

It took her a second to register what he meant, but when she did, she blushed deeply, pulling away awkwardly and covering herself quickly with the blanket—though it was clearly insufficient for her elongated frame.

"Sorry, sorry!" she said, trying unsuccessfully to hide. "It all happened so fast and confusing... I don't have any clothes that fit right now."

Michael couldn't help but laugh nervously at her innocently panicked expression. "Calm down. It's nothing... It just caught me off guard." He tried to look away out of politeness, though his curiosity made it hard.

Mona sighed, trying to calm her embarrassment. She let out a soft, nervous laugh, her eyes still moist but now filled with a certain tenderness.

"You know what? This has been crazy. And now here you are... helping me, like you always did."

Michael smiled softly, his heart pounding. "You know I'll always be here for you, Mona. No matter how complicated things get."

She moved closer again, more gently this time, leaving a respectful distance—though clearly wanting to embrace him again.

"All these years... I looked for people who reminded me of you, but I never admitted it. I never wanted to acknowledge it. You were always there, and I never told you how important you are to me... until I became this... thing."

He raised his eyebrows, chuckling softly at her choice of words.

"You're not a thing. You're Mona. Just a little... longer now? With more arms, more legs, and, well... a couple of rather curious features. But you're still the Mona I know and..." Michael swallowed, taking a deep breath, "...and always liked."

Mona's eyes widened.

"You like me? Even like this?" she asked, both incredulous and tender.

Michael nodded shyly, looking down at the floor. "To be honest... you look even hotter than before."

Mona felt her heart race as a radiant smile lit up her face. She dropped the blanket again, forgetting her nakedness as she threw herself at him once more, hugging him tightly and enthusiastically—knocking them both to the floor amid laughter and clumsiness.

“Oh, oops!” Mona exclaimed, laughing as she tried unsuccessfully to balance with her new body. Michael laughed openly as they both struggled to untangle themselves on the bedroom floor.

“Getting used to this body is going to be a real challenge” Mona said, blushing and still laughing.

Michael gently took one of her new hands and looked directly into her eyes, smiling warmly.

“Yes, but I’ll help you learn how to use it properly.”

Mona relaxed, looking at him with a mischievous smile. “That sounds a little lewd.”

Michael was silent for a few seconds before blushing. “N-No... I didn’t mean it like that... I mean—”

Mona placed a finger on his lips. “I know. But I have to confess something,” she said in a low voice.

Michael waited quietly as Mona seemed to search for the right words. “You see... I don’t know if you’ve read about conversions... but... they usually increase libido quite a bit.”

Michael gulped and nodded.



“W-Will you help me deal with that?” Mona asked, crawling a little closer using her legs.

Michael didn't need more words. His lips met Mona's in a deep, passionate kiss. Mona's four hands began to explore Michael's body, gently and curiously. Her ability to touch twice as many places at once was astonishing. Michael raised his arms, letting Mona undress him in record time, with a level of coordination that was surprising for someone who just had a conversion.

The mouths on Mona's breasts began softly kissing Michael's bare skin, triggering a storm of new sensations for both of them. Mona moaned gently, surprised by the exquisite sensitivity of her new lips.

Slowly, Mona leaned back, inviting Michael to explore further. Without hesitation, he began kissing her neck and moved down her torso as his hands slid along her curves, approaching her new lower back. His lips met the mouths on Mona's breasts, eliciting more moans as she watched him from above.

Michael continued downward, tenderly caressing one of her front legs while his other hand ventured across the new skin of her lower torso. Mona let out a breathy laugh, amazed by how sensitive every caress, every kiss, every touch made her feel.

Using all four arms, Mona pulled Michael back toward her, guiding him to lie comfortably on the floor mat. She explored the advantage of her multiple limbs, using all four of her legs to straddle him, wrapping herself around him and resting her full weight on him.

Michael's hands roamed as far across Mona's body as they could reach. The heat radiating from her and the amount of contact she offered pushed him to the edge—long before she even touched his penis.

Mona looked down at Michael's face, which now rested between her front thighs. She could feel his breath against her front vagina while her mind tried to process the sensation of her second hip pressed against his. His penis was fully erect, and she could feel it throbbing against her skin.

They locked eyes in silence for a few seconds, until Mona gently moved her front legs, brushing his cheeks. Her back hip lifted slightly as she gave him a playful wink.

"A little help back there?" she asked in a sensual tone.

Michael didn't hesitate. He took his penis and slowly guided it into Mona's rear vagina, making her moan loudly as she bit down gently on one of her fingers. Her remaining hands instinctively found tasks—one on her breasts, licking her own fingers, another caressing her thighs, and another gripping Michael's hair.

Mona's entire body began to move along with her back hip—undulating, grinding, and wrapping her four legs around Michael. It didn't take long for Michael to begin kissing her front vagina as well.

The wave of pleasure that surged through her was undeniable. Her moans turned into cries of ecstasy, even escaping from the mouths on her breasts in a mesmerizing, harmonic chorus just for Michael.

It wasn't long before the first orgasm overwhelmed them both. After a couple of seconds, Mona rolled off of him, shifting her body and lowering her upper torso in front of Michael. Her large breasts fell across his thighs, and the mouths wasted no time, cleaning the fluids left on his cock with delicate precision.

"W-Wow... you seem skillful with those already," Michael murmured, barely able to contain his moans.

"It's easy when I've got good motivation," Mona replied with a laugh. "Besides, that was only the first round."

"I expected nothing less from you," Michael said, smiling as his erection returned in less than a minute.

Hours later, completely exhausted but fully satisfied after several orgasms, the two lay wrapped and tangled in Mona's limbs, smiling tenderly.

"I never imagined it could feel this good," Mona whispered, gently stroking Michael's hair with one hand.

"Me neither," Michael replied with a tired, happy smile. "But I love discovering all of this with you."

They looked at each other knowingly, laughing softly—aware that this night had marked a new, thrilling beginning to their life together.

After several minutes and a few more kisses, Mona sat up on all fours and sighed. "Well... I think I need a shower. Are you coming with me? I might need help washing all of this."

"Why do I get the feeling you're not done yet?" Michael teased, taking her hand.

"Because you know me too well," Mona said, winking as she laughed.