

Of all the places Jayden wanted to be, this was definitely not one of them. Club Tiresias was loud, crowded, and stank of sweat, piss, and cheap beer. Of course judging by the quality of the drinks on tap, those last two items might be one and the same.

It was all his friend's idea really. You need to get out more, they'd said. You worry too much about work, they'd said. You need to cut loose more often, they'd said. It would have been a more respectable notion if they hadn't all ditched at the first sign of an interested girl, leaving poor Jayden to suffer through the throng of morons and shitty music by himself.

Eventually the helter skelter of the club got to be too much for him. A man can only take seizure-inducing strobe lights set to bad techno music for so long before he snaps. Scanning for an exit, Jayden managed to force his way through the crowd and out a side door, blissfully unaware of the set of predatory eyes tracking him from across the dance floor.

Stepping out into the back alley, Jayden took a deep breath of fresh air, relieved to have escaped from the sensory overload called a dance club. Gazing upward, he took a moment to admire the city skyline, beautifully backlit by the rising full moon. It was a wonderful moment of tranquility, right up until he heard the door swing open behind him.

"Oh sorry," he fumbled, turning back towards the exit, "I was ju- uhhh..."

Words failed him as he stared face-to-chest with his mouth agape at what could only be described as the largest woman he'd ever seen. She was tall of course, her pair of big, black combat boots only adding to the effect, but she was incredibly fit as well. Powerful looking muscles bulged everywhere on her body, barely contained by the scraps of clothing that one could hesitantly call an outfit. Not an inch of her pale skin was untouched by either a tribal tattoo or a piercing of some kind. And to top it all off was black mascara and lipstick with a neon pink sidecut to complete her punk aesthetic.

"Don't mind me chief," she smiled, pulling a pack of cigarettes out of her rolled up sleeve. "Just stepped out for a smoke. Want one?"

"N-no, no thank you. I don't- Cough! Cough! Ack!"

Before he could even finish the sentence, the massive woman had retrieved and lit a cigarette and managed to blow a puff of acrid smoke directly into his face, making him hack and wheeze violently.

"Shit, sorry about that dude," she apologized, fanning away the smoke. "Didn't mean'ta give'ya black lung there."

"It's fine," he wheezed out, eyeing her up and down "Just a little asthma is all."

She must have been an athlete of some kind, to have a body like that, but the smoking would seem to contradict that. A bodybuilder perhaps? Jayden idly imagined her pumping iron, at her size she could probably lift four, maybe five hundred pou-

"Hey!" The woman snapped at him, "What the fuck are you staring at? It's fuckin' creepy!"

"S-sorry," he jolted, quickly shooting his gaze down to his feet. "I-I've just never seen a woman so- rem, uh..."

"So what?" She asked bitterly, "Giant? Freakish? You gonna ask if I'm a man or something?"

"I was going to say incredible," Jayden muttered.

A long, awkward pause filled the air as the response was clearly not what the woman expected.

"Oh," she finally said, cocking an eyebrow and taking another drag from her cigarette. "So, you're one of those freaks, eh?"

"W-what," he stammered out, backing away awkwardly.

"Yeah, I should have known," she smiled, strutting forward confidently, her large hips swaying back and forth. "Little boy likes himself a big, scary amazon."

"No I-

"I bet you jack it to lady weightlifters and shit too, don'tcha?" she sneered, miming an obscene gesture with her cigarette hand.

"No, I mean it's not like that!" It was the honest truth, Jayden had never had an interest in any women of a particular type, but something about this hulking woman just attracted him in a way he'd never felt before, "I don't know, I guess it's just the way you carry yourself is all. The confidence and everything."

"Ha! Confidence?" The woman teased, looking him up and down, "Yeah I've got an assload of that. What's your name, kid?"

"Jayden."

"Hmmpf, cute name, maybe think about shortening it though," she said, taking in another puff. "I call myself Roxxy."

"Y'know, you're not the only one who can stare," Roxxy continued, leaning over him. "I've been watching you all night, Jayden. Standing by yourself, not dancing, not making eye contact with anyone, looking ready to just curl up and die. It's pathetic man!"

“Gee thanks,” he blushed, “It’s just not my sort of scene.”

“I understand,” she replied, reassuring him. “I was a lot like you, not too long ago.”

“Ha! When?” Jayden snapped back.

“Not as long as you’d think,” she beamed, her eyes seeming to glow in the moonlight. “Being confident isn’t as hard as you’d think either. Wanna know my secret?”

“Uhm, sure. What is-”

Before he could even process that, her lips were pressed against his. Embracing him in a warm, deep, loving kiss, Jayden could taste the cigarette smoke on her breath, mixed with a strange, indescribable sweetness that he couldn’t quite place. Her firm body pressed up against his, pinning him up against the wall.

And just as soon as it had happened, she released him, his legs going to jelly as he collapsed on the pavement. Roxxy towered over him, grinning down at him like a mighty colossus. Casually, she leaned over and began undoing his belt. Then in one swift motion, she yanked his pants free.

"When I see something I want," she purred, "I take it!"

She knelt down on top of him, straddling his hips between her massive thighs.

“And what about this?” she asked, caressing his face with a large, but feminine hand. “Do you want this?”

Biting his lip, Jayden rapidly nodded up and down, dumbstruck by the woman’s forwardness.

“Good,” she snarled, “Then get ready for the ride of your life!”

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The sex had been incredible, indescribable really. A strange combination of being loved tenderly by a dear partner and being savaged by a wild animal. The rest of the night was a blur for Jayden; a mix of drinking, cavorting, and love making. Roxxy, for her part, was an almost insatiable lover, demanding action again and again, turning what had been a single encounter in a dark alley into a full fledged one night stand, leading back into the club, then into the back of a taxi, and then finally back to his place.

Drunken hands fumbled for the keys to his apartment, Jayden eventually managed the daunting task of finding the right key and the even more impressive feat of managing to open his front door. The pair made their way inside, giggling like fools and stumbling like drunkards.

Halfway down the hall, Roxxy stopped him. Grabbing him by the arm, she spun Jayden around, shoved him up against the wall, and kissed him softly on the neck.

"Oh God, that feels amazing," he moaned, relishing each sweet embrace. "You're amazing, I wish I could be like you."

The kissing stopped suddenly. "You mean that?" Roxxy asked, earnestly looking him in the eye.

"Yeah," he answered, gazing up at the ceiling. "I just don't want to be tied down anymore. I want to be free, like you."

"Alright, babe," she said, nuzzling against his neck, "But don't say I didn't warn you."

A sudden pain pierced the side of his neck and reaching a hand to the afflicted area Jayden soon found his fingers covered in blood. Shocked, he looked back up at Roxxy, who was already wiping the blood from her mouth and making her way to the exit.

"Sorry, it's gonna hurt at first, but it'll all be worth it in the end," she said, closing the door behind her.

Jayden tried to respond, to ask for help, or just to curse her out for biting him, but words were failing him. His tongue felt heavy and his vision began to fade. The room spun around him as Jayden struggled to stay upright. Stumbling, Jayden fell face first onto the couch, the last thing he saw before blacking out was the bright, silver light of the full moon.

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Jayden did not sleep well that night. He'd tossed and turned all night and dreamt of many curious things. Visions of black leather and bulging muscles haunted his feverish dreams and the sound of screeching guitars and loud music seemed to reverberate off in the distance.

"Shit," he groaned, feeling the first stinging rays of sunlight on his eyes. Sitting up, he clutched at his pounding head and shielded his eyes from the light. "What did I do last night? What time is it?"

He remembered being dragged out to the club, trying to escape, and then running into that woman. That big, beautiful amazon who'd swept him up and had her way with him. Jayden smiled thinking about the night they'd spent together; drinking, fucking, partying, and then taking her back here to-

Eyes widened as he reached a hand up to his throat, recalling how exactly the night had ended. Touching the sensitive skin, he raced to a mirror to inspect the affected area.

Confusingly, he saw no bite marks or even a scab over his neck, in fact there was no sign of damage whatsoever. Uneasily, he poked and prodded at the area where he thought the woman had bit him. Was it all just a dream? A nightmare? How much of last night had actually happened?

He could have spent most of the day staring in the mirror and questioning his sanity if he hadn't caught a glimpse of the clock on the wall.

"Damn!" He shouted, running to the bedroom, "I'm late for work!"

Pushing his hazy memories of last night aside, Jayden rushed through his usual morning routine. A quick shower, a quick shave, a fresh set of clothes, skip breakfast, and straight out the front door where he promptly tripped over the package left on his doorstep.

Annoyed and confused, the young man dusted himself off and picked himself up, eying the box warily. It was a ramshackle little package, obviously not something he'd ordered online, it was duct taped shut with a hastily scrawled note stuck to the top.

*Sorry to cut out so early. You'll need these for tonight. Hopefully they'll be in your size. Come find me tonight after you-know-what.*

- ROXXY

Peeling away the tape and opening the lid, Jayden was puzzled by the content inside. Reaching inside he pulled out the set of heavy combat boots, not unlike the pair the woman from last night was wearing, and a set of dog tags stamped with the large block letters, **J A Y D**.

They must have been a misprint, Jayden thought, turning the bizarre accessory around in his hand. And the boots must have been a mistake as well, they were at least two sizes too large. What a strange pair of gifts to give to a one night stand, Jayden wondered how much of last night he'd remembered correctly and whether or not he'd ever actually meet that strange woman again.

Still, he was running late and his bus would be here soon. Moving quickly he dumped the peculiar presents back in the box and raced with it to the bus stop. There wouldn't be enough time to run them back inside and the box would be fine at work anyway.

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He was able to make good time getting to the office. Thankfully there were few stops between his apartment and work. He was able to slip in through a side door without anybody noticing how late his arrival was. After carefully slipping the odd package under his cubicle desk, Jayden was more than happy to put his thoughts of last night aside and dive into the simple life of a faceless, corporate paper pusher.

"Jensen!" Boomed a voice from behind him, "There you are! We've been looking all over for you."

Swiveling around in his chair, Jayden looked up to see the furious face of his supervisor, Mr. Morgenthau, holding a dangerously thick looking manilla folder.

"Oh hey boss," he smiled awkwardly, trying to look as innocent as possible. "What's up?"

"What's up, is that we're closing on the Abrams account," the old man steered, dropping the folder on Jayden's desk. "There's a lot of paperwork that needs going through. I trust that you can have this all sorted out and on my desk first thing tomorrow morning."

"Uh, sir there's a lot to go through here," Jayden said, thumbing through the papers. "It's going to take more than a few hours to go through."

"Well it's too bad we couldn't find you earlier then isn't it Jennings," Morgenthau eyed him up suspiciously.

"But I'll be at it all ni-"

"Listen Jackson," the boss cut him off, "You know how important this account is, don't you?"

"Yes sir."

"And you realize how bad it would look for a young associate such as yourself to neglect such an important account?"

"Yes sir," Jayden grit his teeth, focusing on not calling the old man every dirty word that he knew.

"Then you'll have this complete and on my desk at 9 am? That's when we start work, in case you didn't realize," the old man added in a passive aggressive tone.

"Yes sir," Jaden sighed, defeated.

"Excellent," Morgenthau said, turning to leave. "Keep up the good work Johnson."

"It's Jacobs," Jayden grumbled after the man was well out of earshot.

A little voice in the back of his head told him that he should put the folder in the trash and tell Morgenthau to go fuck himself. Clenching a fist, Jayden imagined decking the old man and quitting this shit job once and for all. He dreamed of finally sticking it to the man and burning the place once and for-

Wait no, that's right, he thought, snapping back to reality. This was a good paying job and he'd never had an issue working late before, why was he getting upset this time? Slowly, Jayden shook the intrusive thoughts away and went to work, ignoring the simmering urge in the back of his head telling him to break something.

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It was late in the evening by the time Jayden had finished the assignment. Everyone else, Morgenthau included, had long since called it a night and headed home, but here he was still burning the midnight oil. The work had been fairly easy, more a matter of dotting the i's and crossing the t's, but there had been so much of it and as the evening wore on Jayden found it harder and harder to concentrate on his work. He felt himself mentally escaping back to the night before, back to the club, back to Roxxy and had to keep fighting himself to get back to the paperwork.

Finally after several hours of tedious effort, the task was completed. Grumbling as he dropped it off on his manager's long abandoned desk, he turned to leave when a sudden realization struck him. Racing back to his cubicle, Jayden snatched up the box from under his desk. He never thought he'd be so attached to shoes that don't fit and a misprinted name tag, but the little voice in his head had practically blown a gasket at the thought of leaving them behind.

Freed at last from the office drudgery, Jayden carried his little present down to the bus stop. Checking the schedule, he found to his frustration that the next bus would not be arriving for the better part of an hour. Sighing, Jayden could see that the sun was already beginning to set behind some of the buildings. It wasn't really that far, he mused, he could probably walk it and still be home sooner. Despite working late he actually felt really energetic, like he could run there if he wanted to. Well, he wouldn't run, but walking home was actually quite relieving. Something about being out in the city seemed to calm him down.

He was about halfway home when he first spotted it, rounding a corner Jayden looked up to see the light of the rising full moon. Gazing upwards, he was dumbstruck by how large the moon appeared in the sky, how bright, how powerful.

"S-she's beautiful..." he gasped.

Mesmerized, Jayden stumbled towards the glimmering orb. Ignoring his route home he walked towards the light, drawn in like a moth to a flame.

He was unconcerned with the fact that he was going the wrong way, wandering instead deep into one of the city's parks. His eyes fixed on the beauty of the moon, he hardly noticed that he had stepped off the footpath and into the woods.

Coming to a small clearing, Jayden finally came to a stop. Awestruck, he stared longingly up at the sky hoping to drink in the light of the full moon. And that was when the first jolt hit him.

Screaming in pain, Jayden instinctively dropped the box and clasped a hand to his throat, feeling the site of last night's bite pulse with heat. Leaning against a tree for support, he could feel the burning sensation spread down his neck and towards his chest. Beads of sweat began to form on his brow as the warmth radiated through his core.

Pulling his hand away from the wound, Jayden watched with a mix of shock and confusion as a coat of black paint trickled over his nails and the hairs on his arm dropped off one by one.

"What the," he groaned, "What is this?"

The pulsing heat had reached down to the pit of his stomach and seeped further south into his loins. His cock throbbed and hardened, straining against the fabric of his jeans.

Putting his back up against the trunk of the tree, Jayden tried to calm himself, but everywhere the warmth spread, changes were soon to follow. Muscles stretched and bulged, bones ground against bone as Jayden's whole body rearranged itself. Small rips began to form along the seams of his clothes as his frame grew larger, bulking up quickly with new muscle.

Fighting back tears, he shut his eyes tight, praying that this was just some bizarre nightmare and if he ignored the changes they would go away. His prayers were instead answered with the sound of thickening thighs and widening hips tearing through his jeans.

Two things struck Jayden as he looked down in shock at his lower body. First, how smooth and hairless his legs looked and second how huge his ass now seemed.

"The hell?" He growled, turning around to get a better look. Placing a hand on a cheek, Jayden could still feel the muscle and fat growing, swelling, pushing back against his fingertips. Images of those big cheeks rising up and down, riding on a thick cock, floated through his mind, leaving him confused and frighteningly aroused.

His shoes stretched and strained, growing feet threatening to shred through the stressed stitching. Kicking off the constricting footwear, Jayden noticed that though larger, his feet looked smoother, softer, and his toes were tipped with the same black polish as his fingernails.

"What the fuck is happening to me?!?" Jayden howled, feeling another wave tear through him. Visions of beautiful, muscular women trickled through his brain as fought back valiantly against the strange new urges. His torso swelled, growing out further with toughened muscle. His shoulders broadened outward, bulging biceps tore at the seams of his sleeves. The heat of arousal burned deep inside as his erect member twitched and ached for release.

"Fuck it," Jayden hissed, trembling hands gripped the tight fabric of his sweat drenched shirt. Ripping the dress shirt open, without concern for unbuttoning, he tore the stretched fabric free, exposing his naked body to the cold moonlight.



“Fuck it!” He snarled, surrendering to his base impulses. One hand grabbed his erection and the other stroked the bulging abdominal muscles forming over his flat stomach. Closing his eyes and falling to his knees, Jayden furiously pumped his throbbing stiffy, gritting his teeth and begging for liberation.

Sweat dripped out of every pore, as the color drained from his skin, turning his growing body a sickly shade of pale. If Jayden had managed to open his eyes, he might have been shocked to notice the strange dark splotches forming over his once virgin flesh. Tendrils of inky black spread over his skin, merging and twisting, covering his body in a fresh set of tribal tattoos. But locked in a state of lust, Jayden hardly noticed their spontaneous arrival.

Tracing his free hand up his chest, Jayden felt his nipples harden from the stimulation. The small nubs swelled with arousal, expanding quickly to the size of quarters and then larger. He winced and bit his lip, as sensitive new nerve endings formed in his chest.

Lightly touching the soft flesh, Jayden shuddered as a bolt of lightning ran over his chest, down his spine, and directly into his groin. Howling out a string of curses that would make a sailor blush, his whole body shook violently as he came again and again, spilling an inordinate amount of seed onto the dirt.

Collapsing onto the forest floor, his breathing ragged, Jayden moaned as he felt his testes force out the last of their remnants. He could sense the two orbs retreating, pulling up tight against his taint. Gasping, he spasmed as first one, then the other ball forced themselves inside him.

Rolling over onto his back, Jayden stared in horror as his now empty sack withdrew as well, the skin stretching and contorting into flowering vaginal lips. His limp penis shriveled and shrank, the tiny red nub pulled back into the new opening.

Dazed eyes slowly shifted upwards, turning towards the sky they locked on once again with the light of the full moon. Its majesty and mystery entrapped him once again, one word escaped his lips.

“More...”

A large hand found its way to the newly formed slit, petting lightly on the outer lips. The other made its way back to his chest, teasing with a pierced nipple. His already large pecs swelled further out in his hand, but not with muscle. A layer of fatty tissue formed and distributed over Jayden’s chest, expanding rapidly into a pair of heavy breasts.

“Yesssss,” she groaned, clutching a large bosom, feeling the fat swell in her hands. “Gimme tits! Give me the hottest fuckin’ tits!”

A finger slipped inside her new snatch, pumping rhythmically in time with her racing heart. The features of her face shifted and contorted like putty. Her jawline softened, becoming less masculine, lips plumped, cheekbones pressed out.

“More,” Jayden cried out, working her sex, hips bucking up and down. “Give me more! Make me bigger! Stronger! Make me the baddest bitch!”

Black lipstick spread across her lips, followed shortly thereafter by a coat of black mascara around her eyes. Her hair shifted subtly, the longer, blonde hair of Jayden’s usual style were being displaced, pushed aside by shorter messier strands of dark green, reforming into a deep verdant-shaded pixie cut.

“Yes! Yes! Fuck me yes!!” she screamed, arching her back as both she and the changes reached a final climax and Jayden experienced her first female orgasm, before collapsing in a heap on the forest floor.

It was some time before the woman finally stirred. Slowly and carefully rising onto her feet, the massive woman took a moment to admire her new form. Flexing a bicep she watched the muscles tighten and bulge under her skin.

With the confident strut of an apex predator, she sauntered back to her discarded items, picking up the cardboard box and rummaging around inside. Pulling out the set of boots, the hulking amazon laced them up without a second thought.

“Hmmm, perfect fit,” she mused, enjoying the way the leather felt against her skin.

Hand back in the box, she pulled out the other half of her gift. Turning the dog tags around in her large hand, she eyed the big block letters again.

“Yeah, I guess she was right,” Jayd said, her eyes flickering back to the full moon. “It does sound better shortened.”