

CLUEDOG * JESSIE STAR



PART 2

Sheriff's Deputy Charlie Schwartz could barely understand the person on the other end of the phone. The woman's voice was lost in girly screams and erotic moans, her gasps for help intermittently interrupted by a "yes oh god yes!" or "why does this feel so gaaaaahd" and multiple "Jennie I'm coming again, how many ah timmmmzzzz - Aaah" and so on and so forth. But that wasn't why Charlie was having a hard time grasping the call. Ten minutes earlier, he had been bit by a damn bug flying around inside the small office, and he was starting to feel very strange.

"S-sorry, miss," Charlie's voice cracked as it went up another octave, "where did you say you were again?" A large crash came from the breakroom, accompanied by screams and moans. The phone call was getting nowhere fast, and an emergency actually in the sheriff's office seemed more pressing. "Sheriff, everything okay in there?" Charlie's voice squeaked as he peeked around the corner into the break room.

“Charlie, h-help me!” a husky feminine voice called out. Inside there was a woman in a sheriff’s uniform, raven hair cascading down her back. The deputy wiped the sweat from his brow and cautiously approached. What was an unknown woman doing in their uniform, and how did they get in “Chaaarlie!”

The woman jumped up and grabbed Charlie by the arms, but something wasn’t right. Her face, oh gosh, it was Sheriff Johnson’s face! Or what was left of it anyways. The man he had worked under for six years was melting away into a tiny wisp of a girl. Both men had been thin athletic officers, but this woman was very little. His partner’s face was a mix of familiar and reality starlet, nose shrinking, lips plumping, eyelashes lengthening till it was the most gorgeous thing Charlie had ever seen. Eyes fluttering, thickening lips open for their breathy moaning. The startled deputy wouldn’t have believed it if they hadn’t seen it with their own eyes.

“Hold on, sir, let me get you to your desk” As small as the sheriff’s new body was, it still felt like a lot of work to drag him across the room and set him up on the desk. “Okay, you okay?” Charlie asked the whimpering man, woman? He wasn’t sure how to address Johnson at this point.

The raven-haired officer shook his head. “I need h-help”

“I’m getting you help!” Charlie’s voice now sounded like a high-pitched chipper college coed. As his one hand picked up the phone, he looked at the thinning fingers with lengthening nails on his other one. “Us help” Charlie couldn’t ignore it anymore, his body was on fire, and it was very likely whatever insane transformation had happened to Sheriff Johnson, happening to Sheriff Johnson, was happening to him.

“No, I need your help!” Sheriff Johnson ripped open his top revealing plump c cup breasts, swaying and sweat on their chest. The raven hair beauty grabbed Charlie’s hands and shoved them onto her tits, hard nipples pressing into the deputy’s palms. Sheriff Johnson squeezed his co-workers hands down onto his breast like a bra, flesh bulging between the fingers.

“I can’t call for help without my hands, Johnson!” Charlie’s girly voice cried. But the sheriff wouldn’t let go, and Charlie’s arousal was getting to him. He couldn’t help but massage those sweat-covered boobs like mounds of dough, hypnotized by how they grew larger and heavier with each shuddering breath. He knew it was wrong, that he should stop and seek medical attention. Charlie’s hair was down to my shoulders. His chest was throbbing a pulsing, nipples thick and hard. The feminizing deputy squeezed harder, marveling as Johnson’s breasts grew to the size of melons and beyond. His shirt’s buttons were on the verge of bursting. Her moans and the sheriff’s were blending together.

Charlie pushed his boss away and stumbled onto his new petite feet in a final effort to regain control. Sheriff Johnson wasted no time unbuckling his pants to rub vigorously at his dick-turned clit. The auburn-haired deputy feared he might soon lose his own dick and looked down to undo his pants, but the heaving hills under his top blocked the view. The pressure and pleasure built up in his wobbling masses to a crescendo and with a scream, he arched his back and burst the buttons off the front of his shirt. His surging breasts forced their way into the open air, bigger

than his head, and electrified with pleasure. Charlie hoisted them up to take the weight off his shrunken frame, the simple act filling him with buzzing pleasure from his nipples down to his toes, the contact sending the new opening forming between his legs to soak his pants through. He wouldn't be able to call for help or take care of the sheriff. He wouldn't be able to concentrate on anything till after he filled his new snatch if only Johnson still had his equipment...

