

MY LIFE AS A LESBIAN GODDESS - CHAPTER 1

The air in the museum's conservation lab hung heavy with the scent of age, more than just dust, but something *deeper*, old paper, ancient stone, cured leather, and the faint traces of mineral oil. It was a sterile, filtered space, but the artifacts seemed to exude their own weathered aroma, as though centuries clung to them even now. Overhead, the soft hum of fluorescent lighting buzzed gently, punctuated by the occasional metallic clink of tools or fragile relics being set down with care.

Diane Pepperwood stood at one of the steel workbenches, pale skin peaking from beneath her gloved hands as she delicately brushed fine bristles across the surface of a carved stone chalice. She was focused, her green eyes magnified slightly behind the round lenses of her glasses, the light catching in their curves. Her black hair, straight and tucked into a modest braid, dangled over one shoulder, swaying each time she leaned in to inspect a new detail. A white lab coat covered her small, plain frame, though the collar of her "Ancient Sumerian Studies" club t-shirt peeked out from underneath, a soft grey cotton worn thin with love and nerdy pride.

A shallow plastic tray sat beside Diane, filled with various items from the recent estate donation. Each was waiting to be tagged, numbered, and passed through preliminary inspection. Among the bounty were fragments of broken pottery, a bronze brooch encrusted with green corrosion, and an old ornate wooden box that smelled faintly of clove and ash. Everything came from the private collection of the late Hollis Wainwright, eccentric billionaire and infamous antiquities hoarder. The surviving members of the family hoped that their act of "charity" would result in write-offs that would offset the taxes and fees associated with their pending inheritance.

Diane adjusted the angle of her stool, her petite frame barely making the lab chair creak as she shifted her weight. Her movements were steady, reverent, as if afraid one wrong move might disturb or even damage the donations. A low instrumental track played over a nearby bluetooth speaker, something calming and classical, at Amanda's insistence. It gave the space an air of tranquil authority, as the professor was off reviewing recent records for accuracy.

The internship at the museum wouldn't have been possible without the recommendation of Diane's professor, Amanda Dalton, a remarkable woman who had both beauty and brains, and someone Diane wished she could be more like. It was a dream come true, allowing her to get lost in the ancient civilizations that had fascinated her since she was a small child. She had promised to one day repay Amanda for her kindness and for believing so deeply in Diane's potential.

Diane paused to take notes on a tablet perched on its stand, the stylus tapping against the screen in practiced beats. Her handwriting was neat, if small and precise, much like her. The sleeves of her lab coat had bunched slightly at her wrists, and the faintest smudge of dust streaked one elbow. She had barely noticed, as her thoughts were already elsewhere, fixed on

the strange markings carved into the chalice's underside. It wasn't any writing system she was familiar with, which only excited her more.

Pushing up her glasses with the back of her wrist, Diane blinked, a million questions swimming behind her eyes. Her lips parted, about to ask one aloud to no one in particular, something she often did when left alone too long, but caught herself. She let out a soft, self-conscious sigh, grabbing the tablet for a moment to take a few pictures.

As Diane adjusted the camera, capturing closeups of the chalice's carvings, she felt a strange tingle in her gloved hands. Her gaze slowly turned to the old, ornate wooden box, its surface dulled by age and streaked with hairline cracks. A low pulse thrummed against the air, like the after-beat of a struck drum, a sensation too faint to be heard, but strong enough to prickle the skin of her arms even through her coat.

Diane's brow furrowed behind the glass of her lenses. She questioned her senses, doubting what she felt was real. After all, artifacts didn't *hum*. Yet, when she placed her fingertips against the side of the box, she felt it, a continuous, heartbeat-like murmur against the dry wood. She inhaled sharply, curiosity tugging harder than caution.

Carefully, Diane lifted the box, surprised by its weight, heavier than she expected for something that size. Turning it in her hands, she examined its surface. Faded etchings traced along the grain, patterns that didn't match any style she immediately recognized, much like the chalice, only this felt *older*, as if it existed outside of time.

Diane's thumb brushed across the small lock that dangled from the latch. It was so corroded with rust that it looked like it might crumble at the slightest provocation. Curiosity getting the best of her, she tugged at the lock, expecting it to give little to no resistance, only to be surprised by how firm it remained, refusing access to the box's contents.

Refusing to let the lock win, Diane's eyes darted to the nearby set of tools. She hesitated, only for a moment, before reaching for a slim, flat wedge designed for lifting fragile lids. Sliding it into the gap between the lock, she applied a cautious, steady pressure. Even her small frame could manage it, the metal surrendering with a gritty *snap* as the latch sprung free. The sound echoed louder in the sterile lab than she had intended it to.

Heart pounding, Diane eased the lid open. A faint wash of dry, perfumed air spilled out, carrying a faint scent of myrrh and something floral. It was heady, clinging to the inside of her nostrils, utterly intoxicating. She tilted the box toward the light, her breath leaving her in a rush.

Inside, nestled in worn velvet, lay an idol unlike anything Diane had ever seen. The figure was beyond beautiful, a voluptuous vixen carved in polished stone. Angelic wings stretched high and majestic from its back, each feather crafted with breathtaking detail. The curves of its body were exaggerated yet elegant, its breasts bound by a jeweled clasp that shimmered faintly under the

hanging light. It matched the piercing jeweled eyes that pulsed gently with a pink luminescence, echoing the same rhythm Diane had felt through the wood.

Diane couldn't look away. Her pulse quickened as her eyes roamed every inch of the idol's flawless curves. It was the sort of figure she had seen only in the half-forgotten margins of mythology books or the lurid pages of dark fantasy romance novels stacked under her bed. The kind with heroines who were swept away by forbidden gods, kissed by creatures from another realm, transformed forever by their touch.

The thought made Diane's chest flutter, a strange tightness settling in her throat. She told herself it was just the craftsmanship, the historical mystery of it, but something *deeper* tugged at her. The longer she stared, the more she *felt* it, a whispering urge that slid beneath her reason. It wasn't words, not exactly, but a feeling, warm and insistent.

Diane didn't realize she was leaning closer until the glow of the idol's eyes and clasp painted her glasses with faint pink highlights. Her gloved fingertips hovered just above the idol, trembling as if she were afraid to touch, though every part of her wanted to. Her gaze drifted from the idol's down to its chest, feeling a tinge of jealousy, wishing that she could have a bosom even half as impressive.

The cataloguing tablet pinged softly beside Diane, reminding her of procedure, of forms, of Amanda's expectations. The demand of duty should have broken the moment, but it didn't. Instead, her thoughts twisted around the notion that she couldn't possibly just leave it here. The idea of putting such beauty, such strange power, into a drawer with a label felt *wrong*.

Diane's breath came shallow as she made her decision. She had no memory of weighing the pros and cons. The choice seemed to arrive fully formed, as though it was planted in her mind. She needed to keep the idol with her.

Moving as though in a trance, Diane reached into a supply cabinet and pulled out several lengths of clean cloth. With almost maternal care, she lifted the idol from its velvet cradle. The stone was cool but not cold, unnervingly smooth against her gloves. She wrapped it in layers, folding and tucking until the radiant gems were hidden, its presence smothered beneath plain white fabric.

Diane slid the idol into her backpack, nestled between textbooks and her well-worn copy of *Moonlit Bride of the Abyss*. The pack sagged with weight, but she tightened the straps until it rested secure against the back of her chair. One task was completed, but another challenge remained.

The box couldn't be empty, as the sudden reduction in weight would make it clear to anyone else that handled the shipment that the box was tampered with. Diane glanced around her workbench, eyes landing back on the stone chalice. It was heavy enough to mask the swap being made. She forced it down into the velvet-lined space. Barely fitting, it scraped the sides of

the wood, but eventually settled with a muffled thud. She closed the lid, the broken latch hanging uselessly.

Diane's heart pounded in her ears. She told herself she'd bring the idol back later, that it was just *research*, just a temporary loan to satisfy curiosity. Deep down though, she already knew she was lying to herself.

Just after closing, Diane slipped out of the conservation lab, hugging her backpack tightly to her chest as if the weight inside might give her away. The museum's hallways were dim and echoing at this hour, with only the occasional creak of the HVAC system breaking the silence. Each step of her shoes on the polished tile sounded much louder than she wanted it to. The backpack shifted slightly on her shoulder, and her fingers clutched at the straps to steady it.

Diane couldn't stop glancing around. It wasn't guilt, she told herself, it was just protocol bending, not breaking. She'd bring the idol back before anyone ever realized it was gone. The lie didn't make her heartbeat slow.

Beneath a row of towering statues, Diane passed through the main gallery, the shadows from their chiseled faces watching her like silent judges. Halfway to the exit, just past the Egyptian wing, she heard heels clicking against the tile ahead. Diane froze, seeing the professor heading her way.

Poised as always, Amanda stepped out from between two ionic columns with her arms folded neatly under her chest, a leather portfolio tucked at her side. Her brown hair framed her face in elegant waves, her glasses catching the soft gold of the overhead lights. The curves beneath her blouse were hard to ignore, statuesque in their own right, but Diane's eyes quickly darted back to the professor's face, wide with surprise.

"Diane," Amanda said warmly, though with a subtle note of curiosity. "Working late again?"

Diane straightened up so fast it made her backpack jostle. "Y-Yes! Just finishing up with the latest artifacts. The, um..." Her voice cracked slightly, and she cleared her throat. "The estate collection. Mostly minor items. Nothing too... uh... difficult."

Tilting her head, Amanda's sharp eyes flicked briefly to Diane's pack before returning to her face. "You seem a little... flustered." She stepped a bit closer, her tone gentle. "Everything okay?"

Diane's heart thundered. She managed a nervous laugh, one hand tugging down the hem of her shirt awkwardly. "Oh! I... I'm just tired, I think. Long day. Lots of labeling and brushing and, you know, staring at deceased people's stuff. It gets to you after a while."

Studying Diane a moment longer, Amanda found her to be unreadable. Then Amanda smiled, slow and thoughtful, the kind of smile that made Diane feel seen in a way she wasn't ready for.

“Well,” Amanda said finally, “I’m sure you’re just a little overworked. You’ve been doing excellent work lately. I appreciate the care you put into your efforts, truly.”

Diane tried not to visibly sag in relief. Amanda’s smile lingered for a beat longer, she nodded once, then stepped aside. “Get some rest. If anything interesting turns up in that collection, let me know.”

“I will,” Diane promised, a voice a little too high, a little too fast.

Amanda raised an eyebrow, but didn’t press. “Have a nice evening.”

“You too!” Diane shouted over her shoulder, not looking back as she rushed for the door.

Watching Diane go, Amanda’s expression was calm, composed, and just a touch curious.

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The hallway outside the dorm was quiet, save for the faint hum of vending machines and the distant thump of someone’s bass-heavy music leaking through the walls. Diane hesitated at the door for just a moment, casting one more glance down the corridor as though expecting Amanda to suddenly appear from the shadows. She unlocked the door with a soft *click* and stepped inside.

The room was dark, cool, still. Diane flipped the light switch with a soft *snap*, and warm yellow light filled the space. The familiar clutter of textbooks, posters, and half-folded laundry greeted her like an old friend. Ramona’s bed was untouched, still in the same crumpled mess from the morning, her oversized gaming hoodie tossed across the blanket like a lazy flag of absence.

Diane’s heart skipped. “Ramona?” she called, just in case, but only silence greeted her. Then her eyes caught the folded piece of notebook paper sitting on the shared table by the mini-fridge. She crossed the room and picked it up, recognizing Ramona’s messy, round handwriting immediately.

“Crashing at Jules’ tonight. Pizza + Street Fighter tournament against friends. Don’t wait up.”

Diane exhaled, deeply, breath shaking with relief. “Thank god...”

To ensure she wouldn’t be disturbed, Diane locked the door, then made her way to her desk. She slipped out of her shoes along the way, already trying to get more comfortable. The backpack came off carefully, clutched to her chest like a fragile package of glass. She sat on the fluffy chair cushion, the bag settling on her lap. Her hands trembled as she peeled back the zipper.

Diane's laptop sat idle on the desk, lid closed, mouse light blinking. Beside it, she cleared a space, moving aside a copy of *Divine Myths and Mortal Lovers*, along with a half-drunk cup of tea that had gone cold. She reached into the bag and began to remove the cloth-wrapped idol, layer by layer, heart thudding harder with each soft whisper of fabric against stone.

The last fold fell away. There it was again. The idol gleamed softly in the dorm light, regal, mystical, enchanting. The idol's curves caught the glow from Diane's desk lamp, the pink gems almost *pulsing*, but she just chalked it up to her imagination running wild. It looked entirely out of place against the cluttered chaos of her dorm, like a fallen goddess hiding in plain sight.

Diane placed it next to her laptop, as if she were placing it on an altar. Her eyes locked onto its face, then down its body, her fingers curled tight in her lap to keep from reaching out and touching it again. "I shouldn't have brought you here," she whispered, more to herself than the idol.

The laptop flipped open, the faint glow of the screen reflecting in Diane's glasses. Her fingers tapped swiftly across the keys as she logged in, pulling up one search after another. She started with the basics, descriptions, keywords, terms that danced along the borders of archaeology and mythology, but found nothing.

Diane's green eyes narrowed, lips pursed as she tried again, different combinations, different spellings. She adjusted her glasses and pulled up university databases, slipping in through portals only available to staff. Archives flooded the screen, old scanned manuscripts and detailed expedition notes. Still, nothing resembled the radiant idol perched just inches away on her desk.

The hours crept by, the room relatively silent, save for the light clicks of her keyboard and the steady hum of her desk lamp. Every so often, she glanced sideways at the idol, swearing that the eyes were glowing faintly in her peripheral vision. It felt almost as if it were watching her, waiting patiently, biding its time.

Diane's frustration built, but so did her excitement. If there was no record of this artifact, not in public archives, not even in the restricted databases she had access to, then she might have uncovered something unprecedented. A discovery that wasn't just a footnote in someone else's journal, something *hers*.

The thought of it made Diane's heart race. *Groundbreaking. Life-changing.* She imagined Amanda's expression if she ever presented the idol as her own find. A vision of her name in the papers, the envy of her peers. The dream of...

Diane's chin dropped. She jerked back upright, narrowly avoiding slamming her forehead into the desk. Blinking furiously, she rubbed her eyes, groaning softly. "Stay awake... just a little longer..." she mumbled, though the words slurred as exhaustion threaded through her voice.

The idol gleamed back at her silently, pink gems pulsing faintly in the dim dorm light.

The screen looked blurred, Diane tried to remain focused, her fingers slowing. Her breathing deepened, steady but uneven. She didn't notice the moment her hand slid down to rest near the idol, fingertips almost brushing against it. Her eyelids felt increasingly heavy, as if the sandman himself was gently tugging them down. She slumped against the desk, lips parted, glasses slightly askew, drifting into sleep without even realizing it.

Outside of Diane's mind, the dorm was silent, but on her desk, the idol's eyes stirred. The pink gemstone pupils shimmered, then bloomed with a sudden flare of pink light, tiny tendrils of energy slithering out in all directions. The faintest hum filled the room, thudding in time with her heartbeat.

The dream did not creep in gently. One moment Diane floated in the darkness, the next, she stood barefoot on smooth obsidian stone. The air carried the sweet, heavy scent of myrrh and something darker, decadent, almost sexual. Faint moans and whispers echoed through the chamber like music. Overhead, the sky was a swirling expanse of violet and pink clouds, distant lightning crackling in slow, lazy forks.

Before Diane rose a wide dais of polished black marble, its edges engraved in glowing runes she couldn't read but somehow *felt*. Atop the platform sat a throne, not cold and stone, but carved of living wood, shaped like twisting vines and thick, fleshy petals that cradled the seated figure like a blooming flower.

The moment Diane's eyes fell upon the woman in that throne, her breath felt trapped in her lungs. The stranger was a goddess in every sense of the word. Diane was stunned, unable to move a muscle, in complete awe of the vision of perfection before her.

The woman's skin glowed with a soft, otherworldly radiance, smooth and flawless as if carved from stone. Her breasts were massive and gravity-defying, each easily as large as Diane's head, their round weight resting lightly atop her torso with the plush fullness of ripened fruit. Her nipples were stiff, prominent, like royal jewels set in flesh.

Diane's eyes followed how the woman's waist dipped inward, narrow and tight, curving into wide, ravishing hips that demanded attention. She had thighs that were thick and toned, yet soft and inviting, made to cradle, to *smother*. Her pussy was bare, glistening with moisture, as if aroused by her very existence. Legs stretched long and commanding spread with the lazy confidence of someone who knew they were worshiped.

Trailing back to the woman's face, Diane's eyes fluttered, trying to process the impossible. The goddess's face was *hers*, or more accurately a perfected, far more alluring version of it. Diane's shy, bookish features had been transformed in ways she could never imagine.

The goddess's jawline was more defined, cheekbones sharp yet feminine. Full and glossy, her lips were made for smiling or *seducing*. Her long black hair now a flowing river of shimmering silk that spilled across her shoulders and down her back like ink. She still had the same green eyes, but they sparkled with power and lust, no longer obscured behind glasses.

At the foot of the throne, clinging to each of the goddess's legs, were two breathtakingly beautiful, naked women. The one on the left was a tall, statuesque blonde with a mane of golden curls and pale, creamy skin. Her tits were enormous and heavy, each one jiggling softly as she nuzzled against the goddess's thigh, kissing and licking with desperate reverence. She had wide, flared hips and a thick, dimpled ass with just enough plush to make it irresistible.

The woman on the right had dusky brown skin and long black braids adorned with gold rings. Her body was thick and powerful, muscles wrapped in soft curves, breasts nearly spilling over her arms as she clung to the goddess's knee, pressing her cheek against it with tearful adoration. She didn't even bother to hide her dark, erect nipples, as her full lips trembled with whispered praises that Diane couldn't hear but *felt* like worship in her bones.

Behind the goddess, perched at each shoulder, were two more figures of striking splendor. One was a petite redhead with ivory skin, freckles dusting her bare chest and shoulders, her tiny body contrasted by a pair of perky, breasts of considerable heft, that bounced as she leaned forward to stroke the goddess's long hair. Her tongue darted out to lick at the goddess's ear, smiling like a playful imp.

The other woman was a bronze-skinned beauty with short, coiled hair and a body built like a dancer. Her breasts were slightly smaller than the others', but still quite large and exuberant in their own right, with puffy nipples that were begging to be sucked. She draped herself over the goddess's shoulder, pressing her chest against the back of the throne as her hand slowly caressed down the goddess's arm in a slow, possessive stroke.

Before Diane could process the enormity of what she was witnessing, the world *shifted*. Like falling backward through her own body, her perspective tilted frantically, and when she blinked, she was sitting at the throne, looking down. Her chest felt heavier, skin buzzed. She breathed in deep and *knew*. The goddess that was Diane and the dreamer Diane were one.

Upon her living throne, Diane sat, her body a decadent monument to divine femininity. Every inch of her pulsed with power and sensuality. The weight of her heavy, lush breasts settled softly against her chest as she crossed one thick thigh over the other, her glistening folds visible between them like an invitation and a challenge.

Diane could feel the four worshipers as they cooed and clung, fingers stroking her curves, tongues lapping at her thighs and shoulders, mouths whispering reverence. Their breathy moans echoed through the dream realm like a choir of desire. She enjoyed the experience, the power that surged through her.

At the foot of the black stone steps stood a woman whose eyes Diane had once seen through. A woman modest in build, with pale, smooth skin and small, pert breasts. Her hips were narrow, her body soft but unremarkable. Long straight hair whispered over her shoulders, and her almond eyes, wide, dark, beautiful, stared up at the throne with reverent fear. She was entirely naked, hands clasped together in front of her pelvis, her nipples stiff from either awe or arousal, perhaps both.

Diane looked down on the woman with a knowing smile, slow and indulgent. "Well," Diane called out, her voice low and velvety, the kind of tone that soaked into your bones. "Have you come to offer yourself as tribute?"

The woman's breath hitched. She nodded nervously, her entire body trembling under the weight of Diane's gaze. The woman's thighs rubbed together, as if her body had no issue showing how aroused she was.

Diane purred, uncrossing her legs slightly. "Mmm... I see potential in you," she declared, her eyes raking over the woman's body. "Not yet as refined as my darlings here..." She ran her fingers through the hair of the redheaded worshiper beside her, who whimpered with pride. "But beauty can be *earned*."

The woman fell to her knees instinctively, palms pressed flat to the floor. "I-I offer my body and mind," voice shaking with emotion. "In service of you, my goddess."

Diane's smile widened, baring teeth like fangs, delicate, seductive. Her hand lifted, palm open, as her eyes blazed with pink light. With it came the familiar crackle, like power waking from a long slumber. Mystic energy surged around her fingertips, licking up her wrist in arcs of sensual lightning. The air shimmered with heat and promise as she pointed a single finger in the petite woman's direction, sending electric tendrils in her direction.

A gasp squeaked past the woman's lips as the pink energy curled around her body like a warm mist. Her knees wobbled, legs spreading slightly for balance as a delicious heat rolled beneath her skin, like a lover's kiss placed across every inch of her body. She gleefully gave herself to the magic, which had already started the slow, salacious process of reshaping her.

The change began with a soft tingle in the petite woman's chest, a gentle flutter beneath the skin, like a sensual hum vibrating through her ribs. She blinked, surprised by the warmth pooling between her breasts. Her hands, delicate and trembling, rose instinctively to cup them.

At first, the woman's modest bust fit easily within her palms. As her fingers brushed across her nipples, a strange heat spread outward. Her eyes widened, lips parting with a sharp gasp as her breasts began to *grow*. "Mmmmm... Oh... *oh goddess*."

It was slow at first, to the point it felt like a dream. The soft tissue of the woman's chest swelled, pressing more fully into her hands. The sensation wasn't just physical, it was *intimate*, deeply arousing. Each subtle inch of growth sent delicious pulses of pleasure straight to her core.

The woman's nipples stiffened against her palms, becoming more sensitive with each passing moment. She moaned, the sound airy and high, her legs pressing together as her pussy slickened from the intensity of the change. Watching her breasts grow, she could barely believe her eyes, or the bliss that blossomed from within.

Gaining weight and softness with every thudding beat of her heart, the woman's fingers sank deeper into the plush swell as her breasts expanded. They pushed up and out, the skin stretching, becoming rounder, firmer, heavier. Her hands could no longer contain their heft, as they overflowed her grasp, jiggling slightly with even the smallest movement.

A dreamy smile spread across the woman's face. Her tongue lolled lazily from her mouth, eyes heavy-lidded with ecstasy. She let out a breathy giggle, her thighs rubbing together with greater intensity, as she squeezed the growing globes of flesh in both hands.

The woman's moans deepened, taking on a needy edge as her fingers teased and rolled her nipples, puffier than before. Pinching them sent shocks of pleasure through her spine, lighting her nerves on fire. Her breasts continued their relentless advance, inch by glorious inch, until they reached the size of basketballs, deceptively perky despite their weight.

Biting her lip, the woman arched her back slightly, presenting her new form proudly, lovingly stroking the sides of her tits and watching them wobble and settle in her grip. Her breath came in short, excited gasps. Even her pussy ached for attention, drenched with arousal born entirely from the pleasure of her own transformation.

Above her, Diane leaned forward on her throne, one hand stroking lazily along her own thigh. Her glowing eyes relished every second of the transformation, lips curled in a smug, pleased smile.

"Yes..." Diane purred, her voice echoing through the dreamscape. "*Feel* it. Accept it. Become what you were *always* meant to be."

The woman's moans shifted into a guttural whine as the magic moved beyond her breasts. Her waist narrowed, hips flaring wide with a series of slow, *cracking* pops. Bones were reshaped to accommodate her blessed curves. Her ass plumped out thick and high, round like an overripe peach, while her thighs filled in with plush, jiggling flesh that would have made anyone stare in hopeless lust.

Mystical energies slipped down into the woman's once-soft stomach, tightening it into flat smoothness, her skin taking on a radiant glow, as if she had been born of silk and heat. Her face followed, cheekbones lifting, lips plumping, nose reshaping into perfect symmetry. The

plain woman from before vanishing, replaced by a divine vision of Diane's making. She was exotic, regal, almost too beautiful to touch.

The throne chamber pulsed with heat, the air thick with magic and lust. The newly formed woman stood below the throne in awestruck silence, her chest rising and falling with labored, stimulated breaths. Her body glistened with the sheen of her metamorphosis, enormous breasts wobbling slightly with each inhale, as her thighs remained slick with her essence.

Diane gazed down at the woman, eyes glinting with carnal approval. Power radiated from Diane's skin like heat off sun-baked stone. Her voice was low and velvet-rich, reverberating through the polished halls as if it were a divine summons. "Come to me"

The woman obeyed instantly. She ascended the black stone steps on trembling legs, her hips swaying with an instinctual, sensual rhythm, a creature reborn for pleasure. Her breasts bounced hypnotically with each step, her bulging nipples stiff with arousal, the weight of her new form pulling her posture into an elegant, submissive arch.

Diane stood tall as she rose from the throne, magnificent in her nude divinity. Her long, black hair flowed down her back like living silk. Still larger than the other women, her breasts bounced proudly on her chest, tipped with stiff nipples that ached from the charged air.

The moment the woman reached the top step, she moved to Diane's side, head slightly bowed. One hand rested on her own thigh, a perfect gesture of submission. The anticipation of being *claimed* by the goddess that had remade her was becoming unbearable.

Diane turned toward the woman and took a long, indulgent moment to admire her creation. She appreciated the way the woman's full lips were parted with breathless need, the billowing bounty of flesh that was her bosom, the curve of her back and faint tremble in her thighs. Diane had taken this plain thing and molded her into a living embodiment of lust.

Satisfied, Diane slid one arm around the woman's waist, pulling her in tight until their bodies met with a soft press. Their breasts squished together, nipples dragging against each other. The woman gasped, but Diane silenced her with a hungry kiss.

Diane's free hand rose to tangle in the woman's silky black hair, gripping the back of her head with authority. Their mouths met with raw, claiming passion, lips crashing, parting, tongues lashing together in a messy, lustful dance. The woman moaned into Diane's mouth, shivering with need as her hands found Diane's hips, digging into the goddess's soft, pliant skin.

The woman's nipples grazed and slipped over Diane's, stiff and throbbing, the heat between their bodies rising to a fever pitch. The friction was *delicious*, a slow grind of swollen breasts and eager flesh, like their very skin craved more contact. Diane deepened the kiss, taking her time, tasting her acolyte's surrender, marking her with every slow roll of her tongue.

Whimpering, the woman's body felt like it was melting in Diane's hold, desperate and hungry to be used, to be *owned*. When Diane finally pulled back, a line of shared saliva stretched between their lips before snapping. The woman's legs buckled slightly, her breath ragged, eyes dazed with worship and desire.

Diane licked her lips, eyes blazing with pink fire. Power surged through her body, divine and decadent, her hunger rising like a tide. "It's time for more than just a taste..." she declared, her voice low and commanding, heavy with meaning.

The woman gasped as she felt her breasts pulse, the soft flesh tightening with a strange, building *pressure*. A low moan slipped from her lips as her nipples tingled. She looked down and watched in fascination as her breasts began to swell once again. Unlike before, this was a slow, deliberate weight that spread all throughout her chest.

As the woman's tits thickened with mass, her palms sank deeper into the plush curves, not from fat this time, but from something warmer, denser. She whimpered, barely able to contain the rising pressure. Her breasts sloshed gently with even the smallest shift, soft waves of fluid swaying inside them. She couldn't believe the sound of it, that rich, subtle *glurp* of milk moving within her, audible only in the quiet between her breathy moans.

"*Unnnhhh... s-so full... s-so heavy...*" the woman panted.

The weight of the woman's breasts was maddening, exquisite, like her chest was being pumped full by some unseen force. The first dribbles came as thin, warm trails down the undersides of her breasts, tickling her skin. She inhaled sharply as her nipples leaked again, thicker now, creamy droplets beading at the tips and rolling down in lazy streams.

Then came the trickles, steady little rivulets that dripped onto the woman's thighs, soaking them in gentle warmth. The sensation was electric. Her breath came in short gasps, nipples throbbing, tingling, *aching* as her breasts continued to swell and slosh, full to near bursting.

"Ohhhhh f-fuck... it's so warm... I'm... I'm so *full*..." the words fighting to be said between breaths.

The woman cupped herself tighter, trying to contain the flow, but her hands were no match. The milk drizzled down between her fingers, over her wrists, pooling at the insides of her elbows. Her breasts wobbled with every breath, heavy and fluid-filled, audibly swishing with even the faintest movement.

Body set ablaze with heat and sensation, the woman pleaded, "*Haaaaahh... yes! Yesssss, more! Fill me more... I want to overflow.*"

Diane purred in satisfaction. With one graceful hand, she lifted one of those swollen, milky breasts to her mouth, fingers sinking into the soft, weighty flesh. Her lips parted, tongue swirling

slowly, seductively, around the hypersensitive nipple, teasing, tasting, *savoring*. Then, with a deep, eager inhale, Diane latched on.

The suction was immediate, intense and greedy. Diane's cheeks hollowed with effort, drawing milk in thick, warm streams, her lips sealed tight around the nipple as if she'd gone days without sustenance. The milk flowed down her throat in heavy, rhythmic pulls, as she drank with a growing, wanton appetite.

Small trails of creamy liquid leaked from the corners of Diane's mouth, dripping down her chin, across her jaw, and down between the deep valley of her own glorious breasts. The woman cried out, her fingers clutching Diane's shoulders as the sensation overwhelmed her. The acolyte's swollen tits twitched with each tug of Diane's lips, nerves alight with unimaginable pleasure. She whimpered, whined, *shook*, until her body convulsed in a sudden wave of release, coming harder than she ever had before.

The woman's thighs clenched, her body bucking as her essence gushed down her legs and splashed against Diane's thigh, soaking the dark stone in a warm rush of climax. Her moan traveled down through the hall, sharp and wild, her hips rocking as she surrendered completely to Diane's touch. Still drinking deeply, possessively, Diane's eyes were half-lidded with bliss and the rush of command.

Diane pulled away from the woman's massive, engorged breast with a deep, wet *pop*, strands of milk and saliva stringing between her glistening lips and the extremely puffy nipple. A flush of gratification colored her cheeks, but her emerald eyes burned with unfinished desire.

Leaning back slightly, Diane licked her lips with a sultry hum. "There is only one more request I have of you," she proclaimed, with a tinge of sinful mischief. "*Please me...*"

Without hesitation, Diane took the woman's hand and guided her toward the throne. Diane settled back onto the writhing wood like a goddess prepared to accept tribute, her legs parting slowly, provocatively, until she was spread wide, her glistening slit framed in dominance and invitation. The woman knew exactly what was expected of her.

Diane placed a firm but gentle hand on the woman's shoulder, guiding her down with divine authority. The woman's knees met the floor, and she leaned forward in reverence, her breath ghosting across Diane's sensitive folds. With a look of adoration, awe, and barely restrained hunger, the woman gazed up at Diane.

Around the throne, the other worshipers watched with glee, hands moving frantically across flushed skin, eyes wide with yearning. Gasps, moans, and the slick sound of fingers meeting flesh filled the chamber, adding a rhythm of lust to the sacred silence. Sometimes the worshipers would even be so bold as to steal a kiss or a touch from one another as they watched..

Hovering just above Diane's glistening mound, the woman took a breath, savoring the scent of heat and power. Then, gently, with loving devotion on the tip of her tongue, she flicked out to taste the goddess's clit. Diane's body jolted, her back arching with a sharp gasp as pleasure sparked like lightning through her core.

The worshipers moaned in harmony with Diane. Her hand tightened on the woman's shoulder, her hips rolling against each slow, teasing lick. With practiced precision, the woman sucked at Diane's beating bud, releasing just to take it in again, driving the goddess mad with pleasure.

Growing bolder, the woman's tongue became more insistent in the pace and pressure she applied, swirling around Diane's clit. No longer satisfied with worshiping her from the surface, the woman slipped her warm, wet tongue deep into the goddess's pussy, parting her folds with reverent voracity. Diane gasped, a winded, stuttering moan breaking from her lips, as her thighs shuddered around the woman's head. Her fingers slid from shoulder to scalp, threading through the woman's dark hair and gripping firmly.

"Mmmmm... yes," Diane whimpered, voice shaking as pleasure bloomed inside her like wildfire. She rocked her hips forward, grinding shamelessly into the woman's mouth. Each thrust brought another slick, wet *slurp*, another flick of the tongue against the most sensitive parts of her dripping sex.

Diane's moans grew louder, filling the chamber, mixing with the breathy cries of the watching worshipers. They fed off her pleasure like it was divine nourishment, trying to chase a similar bliss. Squirming bodies surrounded the woman *devouring* Diane, paying tribute to her goddess with a ravenous vigor.

Head lolled back, Diane's eyes fluttered shut as she gave herself over fully, bucking against the woman's face with wild, cadenced desperation. Her juices slicked the woman's chin, dripped down her neck. The woman clung to Diane's thighs, taking in every drop, every motion, tongue darting deep, curling just so.

"Mmmnnnnh... Yes, yes... fuck... I'm... Haaaaaahh... I'm cuuuuuuuming!
AAAAAAHHHHHH!!!"

Diane screamed out her climax, a primal, soul-shaking cry that surged from the depths of her being. Her body trembled aggressively as her orgasm overtook her, releasing in thick, pulsing waves of her essence that gushed into the woman's greedy mouth and splashed over her face and chin. The woman swallowed eagerly, lips still latched as if not wanting to miss a single drop.

THUMP

Colliding with the table, Diane jolted upright in her chair with a gasp, her heart hammering in her chest. The dim glow of her dorm room greeted her like a slap to the senses, her laptop screen

black from falling into sleep mode, casting faint reflections on her wide, shocked eyes. Just to the right of the keyboard sat the idol, innocently, unchanged and still.

Diane blinked rapidly, breath caught in her throat, her pulse racing as she tried to regain her bearings, where she was, and where she had *just been*. The sensation of that reverent tongue, the firm grip of hair in her fingers, the sensation of reaching completion still echoing in the space between her thighs like a ghost of ecstasy. She questioned if it had been just a dream.

Shifting slightly, Diane froze. Her panties were *soaked* through. The heat between her legs was undeniable, even through her jeans. She felt the slick cling of wetness pressing against her thighs. Swallowing hard, her cheeks burned in disbelief and lingering arousal.

With a long, shuddering sigh, Diane slumped back in her chair. “What the hell...” she whispered to herself, eyes flicking once more toward the idol as an uneasy thrill twisted low in her belly. Whatever the dream was, it had felt *real*, too real.

Diane reached toward the idol with trembling fingers. Her curiosity was stronger than her hesitation. She needed to know, *needed* to see it again, to examine every inch and find some trace of what had just happened to her. As she lifted the idol from the table, her body twitched from the sudden surge of aftershock, causing it to slip out of her hands.

“No! Wait” Diane cried out, swiping at the idol, hoping to catch it in time.

CRACK

The sound echoed in the dorm room like a fallen stack of books. Diane flinched, her heart skipping a beat. She stared in horror as the idol shattered across the floor, broken into several uneven pieces. The head rolled away toward the closet, torso split from the hips, and a carved arm skittered under her bed.

“Shit, shit, *shit!*” Diane bellowed before diving from her chair.

Heart racing, Diane’s palms skidded against the hardwood floor as she scrambled to gather the fragments. Her hands shook as she tried to reassemble them, knees scraping the floor, hair falling into her face. No matter how hard she tried, the pieces didn’t fit together cleanly anymore, edges splintered, chipped. The pieces just wouldn’t click back into place.

“Come on, *please*... just... just hold together, please!” Diane begged whatever higher power that may have been listening.

Desperation clung to Diane’s voice as she grabbed the head of the idol, bringing it closer to the lamplight. She froze. The eyes, those deep pink gemstone eyes, had changed. No longer bristling with vibrant color, they were *clear*. Not just faded, but perfectly transparent, like crystal glass, hollow, lifeless.

Diane's gaze dropped to the gem adorning the clasp carved over the idol's breasts, only to find that it too had gone clear. A chill ran down her spine. Her fingers trembled, refusing to let go even as the dread pooled in her gut. Before she could even think to react, the idol began to *crumble*.

It started from the edges, flaking like dry clay. The head dissolved into a fine gray dust in Diane's palm, slipping between her fingers like sand. She gasped, backing away just as the rest of the pieces collapsed, one after another, into piles of fine powder. No sparks, no sound, just the soft hiss of disintegration. In a matter of seconds, the idol was gone, nothing left.

A faint static charge tingled through Diane's fingers. She flinched as her skin prickled all over, like a thousand invisible pins lightly dancing across her flesh. It crawled from her hands, up her arms, across her shoulders, and down her spine. Her breath caught as something unseen surged through her, fast, electric, *alive*. A pulse of raw energy flooded her body in one blinding instant, and then, it was gone.

The sensation vanished as quickly as it came, leaving only goosebumps in its wake. Diane's eyelids fluttered, hands still hovering over the last bit of dust. The whole situation was odd, leaving her with so many questions, and a yearning for answers. She rubbed her arms, the tiny hairs still standing on end.

Diane half-expected something crazy to happen, as if she were the protagonist in one of her books, but no follow-up jolt came, no strange lights, no whispering voices, just *silence*. She shook her head, brushing the experience off with a disappointed mutter, "Probably just static..."

Still, Diane couldn't ignore the ache in her chest, not from the energy, but from *loss*. Her gaze fell back to the thin layer of ash and dust where the idol had once been. She still couldn't believe it was gone, *obliterated*. Not even a shard remained solid. Her stomach turned.

Now, because of one stupid slip of the fingers, Diane felt she might have destroyed the most significant archaeological discovery she'd ever come in contact with. Not just for her studies, but possibly in history. She slumped back onto her heels, sighing deeply. "Way to go, klutz..."

The guilt stuck in Diane's throat as she retrieved a dustpan and broom from the closet and carefully swept up the remains. The dust left streaks on her fingers, fine and silvery gray. There was something almost *metallic* about it, but she didn't look too closely, not wanting to linger on the loss.

Diane dumped the powdery remains into a small tin and sealed the lid with a quiet click, placing it on the far corner of her desk, away from view. Tomorrow, she'd figure out how to explain this to Professor Dalton. Then again, nobody knew she took it, so maybe she would just never bring it up again.

With another weary sigh, Diane stood, slipped out of her jeans, and peeled off her damp panties with a grimace. The cold air against her thighs made her shiver as she tugged on a fresh pair and climbed into bed, pulling the blankets tight around her.

“Tomorrow will be better,” Diane murmured into the otherwise silent dorm room. “It *has* to be...”

— * * * —

The next morning came too early. With bleary eyes, Diane dragged herself out of bed, finding the warmth of her sheets a poor substitute for the lingering heat of her desk dream from the night before. She tried to shake it off, but it clung to her mind like a needy lover. As she pulled on her usual outfit, a simple oversize sweater layered over a loose graphic tee and jeans, flashes of slick skin and soft, pillowy curves kept invading her mind, a temptation as subtle as her own appearance.

The rest of the morning passed in a fog of lectures. *Ancient Civilizations, Intro to Epigraphy, Mythological Symbolism in Post-Classical Cultures*. Diane took notes robotically, her handwriting trailing off whenever her mind wandered, which was often, and *always* back to the same place.

Diane was back in the throne room. The warm milk running down her chin. The woman’s eager mouth pressed between Diane’s thighs. She vividly remembered her own body, *divine* and voluptuous.

The memories made Diane’s thighs rub together under the desk as a subtle pulse of heat stirred deep between her legs. She crossed them tightly, cheeks burning behind her glasses. *Why am I like this today?* She thought, biting her lip. *I’m not even interested in women... am I?*

Diane had a couple of boyfriends in the past, fumbling, almost as shy as she was, but neither lasted long. At least they satisfied her, but this wasn’t like that. This was something *else* entirely. Something more intense, more *real* than anything she had ever felt in the waking world.

At lunch, Diane joined Ramona at their usual spot near the window of the student cafe. Diane had made friends with the self-proclaimed “hardcore gamer” during high school, and the two remained pretty close since. Ramona was shapely, compared to Diane, not exactly chubby but there was a certain plush softness to her. Her long, straight brown hair was often left to its own devices, draped however the strands saw fit, while still framing her typically smiling face. There was a confidence to her, despite still being slightly introverted, that Diane admired.

Ramona talked enthusiastically about some boss battle she finally cleared in one of her endless online games, pausing only to stuff fries into her mouth. Diane smiled and nodded along, but barely heard a word. It wasn’t that she didn’t care, as she often enjoyed Ramona’s tales of digital heroics, but Diane’s mind as elsewhere.

Diane's thoughts were still trapped in that dreamy fantasy chamber, watching those impossibly busty, worshipful women moaning and offering themselves freely, full of pleasure and purpose. Her gaze drifted to Ramona's lips as she licked ketchup off her thumb, and something about the way her tongue brushed against her finger made Diane inhale sharply.

What the hell is happening to me... Diane asked herself, unable to deny the warmth in her core. It had been a while since she last had sex. She thought that maybe the dream was just a manifestation of her body's desperation, and that almost anything could set her ablaze at this point.

The only place where she could somewhat calm her thoughts was the museum's conservation lab. The familiar scent of old parchment and cleaning solvents helped anchor her in the real world. The artifact she was tasked with reviewing today was a fragmented mask, dull, clay-like, with flaking edges that reminded her too much of the idol she had shattered. Still, she worked silently, hands steady, brush gently lifting away decades of dust.

"Ahem."

Diane jumped, nearly flinging her brush across the table. "Ahhh!"

A soft chuckle followed behind Diane. "Sorry," came Amanda's warm, teasing voice. "Didn't mean to scare you."

Diane turned, eyes wide behind her glasses. Amanda stood with her usual elegant composure, her chestnut hair tied back loosely, a clipboard in one hand. Her smile was kind, but her gaze was curious.

"You just seemed a little... far away," Amanda pointed out, a gentle smirk curling across her lips. "Just wanted to see how the estate catalogue was coming along."

"Oh... uh... n-no, it wasn't... I mean, I was just-" Diane's voice cracked slightly as she fumbled for words, face going red. "It's nothing. Still... not feeling one-hundred percent. I had a hard time sleeping last night."

Amanda raised a brow, still smiling. "Bad dream, I take it?"

"Something like that." Diane replied, sheepishly. She turned back to her work, trying to hide behind her glasses as if they could shield her from the mortification. Her pulse pounded in her ear.

Hunching slightly over her workstation, Diane tried to refocus her thoughts on the next piece from the collection. It was a sheathed dagger, encrusted in various jewels. It was hard to say where it originated from given the various design elements and resources that came together to craft it. Thankfully, she enjoyed a good challenge, and could frankly use the distraction.

Amanda stepped close, curiosity piqued. “What have you got there?” she murmured, her voice low and warm. She leaned over Diane’s shoulder to get a closer look at the relic, along with the others Diane had arranged across the bench.

Diane stiffened. She caught a waft of Amanda’s scent, like aged vanilla and faint sandalwood. The professor’s chest pressed lightly, inadvertently, against Diane’s upper back and shoulder, soft, *full*, warm. Diane felt her lungs seize her breath.

To Diane’s relief, Amanda didn’t seem to notice. The professor gestured toward a faded glyph etched into the handle. “This one’s interesting. See the curve of the line here? That suggests a ceremonial context, possibly rebirth...”

Not a single word could be heard. Diane’s skin had erupted in goosebumps. A flush bloomed from her neck to her ears. Her heart thudded loud and fast as warmth welled up between her thighs, sudden and unwelcomed. The brush slipped from her fingers.

Diane pushed back abruptly, scooting her chair away with a loud screech of legs on tile. “S-sorry! I... uh... I think I might need to, um... head home early. If that’s okay. Just really feeling off.” Her words tumbled out too fast, breathless, panicked.

Amanda blinked, startled. “Oh, of course. Are you alright?”

Avoiding eye contact, Diane already fumbled to gather her notes and tools. “Y-yeah. Just... tired, *really* tired. I thought I could keep going, but...” She forced a weak smile. “Maybe it’s best if I call it for the day and start fresh tomorrow.”

Amanda studied Diane for a moment, a puzzled crease forming in her brow. Then she softened. “Sure. Self-care is important. Don’t worry about it. I’ll mark you out early.”

“Th-thank you,” Diane muttered, her cheeks still tingling. The memory of Amanda’s breasts against her back haunted her skin like a phantom touch. It was driving her crazy that her body was betraying her in such a way. She finished packing her bag and rushed toward the entrance, gaze locked on the floor.

— * * * —

Diane pushed open the door to her dorm room with a weary sigh and dropped her bag on her desk. The familiar scent of shared laundry detergent and leftover snack wrappers grounded her, even as her nerves still hummed from earlier. It just felt nice to be somewhere safe, where she could work through whatever was happening to her.

Sitting cross-legged on her bed, Ramona was hunched over her laptop, her gaming headset glowing faintly around her ears. Her fingers danced across the keyboard, eyes laser-focused on

the screen. Bright flashes of magic and clanging steel from the MMO she played lit up her face in bursts of color.

As the door clicked shut, Ramona looked up and pulled one earpad away, keeping the other in place as her attention split between Diane and whatever dungeon she was currently crawling through. "You're back early," she said, surprised. "Museum kick you out or something?"

Diane offered a weak smile as she stepped further in. "No... nothing like that. I just..." she hesitated. Her mind had been spinning all day, and now that she was finally back in familiar territory, she didn't want to keep bottling it up.

Ramona noticed the tension in her voice immediately. She logged off and turned fully to face Diane, headset off. "You okay?" she asked, genuinely concerned. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

Sitting down on her bed, Diane tugged her legs up to her chest, arms wrapped around her shins. Her voice was quiet. "Promise not to freak out?"

Ramona tilted her head. "You're the one looking freaked, but sure. Lay it on me."

Taking a deep breath, Diane began. "I brought home an artifact from the museum last night, an idol. I wasn't supposed to, I know, but it was just for a little while to study it more. It looked old, ancient. I thought I was about to make a life-changing discovery..."

Cheeks flushed, Diane paused, rubbing the back of her neck. "I had this... *dream*, or *something*. It was *vivid*. Like I was in some temple. I was different, *gorgeous*, worshiped. There were these women..." She bit her lip. "Let's just say it got *really* intense."

Ramona blinked slowly, processing. "...Sexy dream intense?"

"That's... uh... an understatement," Diane muttered, her face burning.

"Okaaaaay." Ramona leaned forward slightly, lips twitching with a small, teasing smile, though her tone stayed kind. "So you had a wet dream. Why's that got you so rattled?"

"Because I *don't* have dreams like that. Not about women. Not about... any of *that*." Diane hugged her knees tighter. "Ever since I woke up, I've been feeling weird, off. I'm so distracted, *horny*, like *constantly*. To make matters worse, I broke the idol this morning, and when I tried to put it back together, it crumbled. Like it *used* me and then disintegrated."

Ramona's smile faded. "Wait, for *real*?"

"I'm being serious," Diane whispered. "My skin tingled. I felt this surge of... I don't know, *power* or something. I can't stop thinking about the dream, the bodies, the way it *felt*. It's like something's *stuck* inside me."

Ramona was quiet for a moment, brows furrowed. She moved from her bed to Diane's and reached over to gently tug her friend's hand away from her knees, giving it a squeeze. "Okay. Deep breath." She waited for Diane to inhale and exhale slowly. "Listen, you've been working yourself into the ground lately. Classes, museum stuff, long nights in the lab, it's a *lot*. You're exhausted, probably sleep-deprived, and maybe your brain just decided to throw all that stress into one weird-as-hell dream. It happens."

Diane looked away, lips tight. "It didn't *feel* like a dream."

"I'm not saying it wasn't intense, but maybe you just need to get out of your own head for a bit, *recharge*." Ramona gave Diane's hand another squeeze. "What if we plan a day off? No classes, no artifacts, none of that stuff. Just you and me, somewhere chill, away from it all. Something normal."

Diane let herself smile, just a little. "That... actually sounds really nice."

Ramona grinned. "Good. It's settled. You just let me know when and where you'd like to go."

With a soft chuckle, and for the first time all day, the storm inside Diane quieted, just a little. It was a welcome sense of security on an otherwise chaotic day. Even at her lowest, she took solace in knowing that Ramona always had her back.

— * * * —

The sheets clung to Diane's body like steam-soaked fabric, twisted around her thighs as she rolled once more beneath them. Her skin was on fire.

Diane tossed her head against the pillow, sweat dampening the roots of her hair. The cotton tank top she wore felt suffocating, sticking to the curves of her back and chest, her nipples hard beneath the thin fabric. Her inner thighs were slick, hot, *aching*.

A soft, rhythmic sound slipped through the wall. Diane stilled, eyes fluttering in the dark. It was *moaning*. Faint at first, it was barely audible over the whir of the ceiling fan, but once she noticed it, she couldn't *stop* hearing it. A woman's voice, high and breathy, punctuated by the faint creak of bedsprings and the *wet*, subtle slap of skin against skin.

It came from the dorm room next door. Someone was getting fucked, *hard*. Diane bit her lip, tension coiling deep in her belly. Her legs clenched as another moan slipped through the wall, this one louder, drawn-out, laced with helpless need. It struck something inside her, and her hips shifted instinctively under the blanket.

Diane turned, glancing across the room. Ramona was fast asleep, one arm draped over her stomach, face turned toward the wall, earbuds in and still pumping music just loud enough to hear the bassline. She was completely oblivious.

Exhaling slowly, Diane hesitated for only a second before her hand slid beneath the blanket. Her fingers found the waistband of her sleep shorts and slipped underneath, straight to the wet heat waiting between her thighs. She gasped softly at the contact. She was *soaked*, slick folds pulsing against her fingertips, already throbbing with need.

Diane's other hand pressed against her mouth to muffle the sound as her fingers began to move, slowly at first, tracing lazy circles around her clit, her breath catching as the friction sent sparks racing up her spine. Another moan bled through the wall, desperate, pleading. Diane's eyes closed as her hips rolled, chasing the pleasure blooming between her legs.

*I want that, she thought. I want someone on top of me. **Inside** me.*

Diane's imagination surged, raw, unfiltered. She pictured herself on her back, legs spread wide, her body bouncing under a faceless man's thrusts. His hands gripping her hips, stretching her open with every deep, hungry stroke. Her back arching, voice moaning loud enough for *other* people to hear *her*.

*Yes... **yes**, fuck me... please don't stop...*

Fingers moving faster, slick sounds joined Diane's labored breaths. She bit her lip hard, trying to keep her voice contained, but a small whimper slipped out anyway.

The man in Diane's mind was rough, strong, fucking her with purpose. Dominating her the way she didn't know she needed until now. She loved it, *craved* it.

Diane's toes curled as the pressure built in her core, her thighs trembling with every flick of her fingers. Slick with her own arousal, every movement teased her closer to the edge. Her breath came in shallow pants against the back of her free hand, as she struggled to stay quiet, the heat in her body reaching a fever pitch.

Another moan bled through the wall, longer this time, more *raw*. It wasn't just the sound that hooked Diane now, it was the *voice*. It was feminine, sultry, unrestrained.

Diane's fantasy twisted like a switchblade, sharp and sudden. The imagined man above her flickered, dissolving into shadows. In his place, the woman from the other side of the wall emerged, nude, flushed, eyes lidded with need. Diane could almost see her now, pale skin glistening with sweat, heavy breasts bouncing with every buck of her hips.

Whimpering softly, Diane's fingers slowed for just a second as the vision formed. She wasn't being fucked anymore, she was *with* the woman. Their bodies were pressed together, naked, skin against skin, sweat-slicked and trembling. Their breasts mashed between them, nipples stiff and sensitive as they ground together, lips crashing in desperate, hungry kisses. Diane imagined their moans tangled into one as they humped against each other, pussies rubbing, sliding, slick, *wet* and grinding hard in a fevered rhythm.

Oh god...

The mental image of their thighs interlocked, their clits sliding together in perfect, molten friction made Diane's hips jerk against her hand. She bit down on her wrist, hard, stifling the cry that nearly escaped her throat. The feeling of ecstasy was welling up, intensifying by the second to the point it was almost unbearable.

In Diane's mind, the woman gasped her name, before devouring her lips again. Their hands roamed freely, cupping breasts, grabbing hips, clutching desperately at each other like they were drowning in lust. Diane could *feel* the woman's wet pussy pulsing against hers.

Diane and the dream woman bucked their hips into one another, sloppy, hungry, *lost* to the sensation. The moans from the wall crescendoed into something shameless and primal, pleasure in its rawest form. Diane broke.

Back arching off the mattress, Diane's thighs quivered, and the orgasm ripped through her like lightning. Her mouth opened in a silent scream, one hand still clamped over her lips as her pussy throbbed around her fingers, coming into her palm as wave after wave of euphoria crashed through her.

Diane rode it out, panting through her teeth, trembling under the blanket as the sound of her own heartbeat thundered in her ears. Her fingers finally stilled, drenched in her own slick heat. Slowly, the high began to fade, and the shame rushed in.

Laying there, Diane stared up at the ceiling, her chest rising and falling rapidly as the aftershocks quivered through her thighs.

It happened again.

Diane experienced another orgasm, another fantasy, with a *woman*. To her surprise, it had felt *so good*, too good. The kind of pleasure that clung to her skin even after it was over. She closed her eyes tightly, her brows knit in frustration and confusion.

Why do I keep dreaming about women? Why do I like it so much?

Turning onto her side, Diane pulled the blanket back up to her chin, even as her skin remained damp with sweat and arousal.

This isn't me. It never was... was it?

No matter how hard Diane tried to deny it, one truth thumped through her mind louder than anything else. She *loved* every second of it. Her mind struggled with this delicious new part of herself, as she drifted slowly back to sleep, worn out from exertion.