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Part: 1

Summary: Two girlfriends share intimate, magical secrets.

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The sun shone down on that summer afternoon. It heated the suburban neighbourhood as I walked down to Corinn's house. I adjusted my tank top, and not just to get my cleavage ready for my girlfriend. My skin needed to breathe.

I took a look at the lawn as I walked along the driveway. It always impressed me. The grass never grew too long and the weeds never showed, yet I'd never seen any of the family do any gardening.

I hadn't come just for lawns, though. I knocked at the door.

Corinn's father opened it. He was a slight man, but he had a sense of *presence* to him, especially in his golden eyes. "Ashley," he said, smiling. "Shall I let Corinn know you're here?" His eyes dipped for just long enough that I knew he noticed my lowered neckline. And unless I was imagining things, he appreciated it.

A blush bloomed on my cheeks. By reflex, I put one hand over my chest and the other in front of my skirt. "Th-That would be great, sir." I caught my breath while he was gone, and had myself more or less relaxed by the time he was back with Corinn.

Corinn was a sweet, mousy girl, petite and cute. She had blonde hair, and the same golden eyes as her father. That was part of why I liked them on him. She was quiet, and I used to think she was shy, right up until she asked me out. I had not expected I'd be the one

putting the brakes on every makeout session. But, I had my reasons.

"Ash." She greeted me with one of those heart-warming smiles. "I wasn't expecting to see you until just before school tomorrow. This is a nice surprise."

I found myself smiling back at her, probably to a goofy extent. "Yeah, well, I wanted to come over." I cleared my throat, and tried to clear my head. As much as I'd like to just relax and spend some time together, I'd had a plan. "Can we go upstairs? I want to talk for a bit."

She gave me a curious, slightly worried look. "Okay. Come on." She took my hand and led me up.

Corinn led me up to her room. It was the same as always, and basically what you'd expect. A full bookshelf leaned against one wall, with the rest of the space covered in nerdy posters - stuff like something called 'Up Goer Five'. She had a small bed, and a desk so neat, it looked like she barely used it. Yet, I knew she studied her brain out. She just tidied up, too.

She sat me down on the bed, and slid down close beside me. Her eyes rested briefly on my cleavage, with the pleased smile I'd been hoping for. From there, she gave me a curious look. "So. What did you need to talk about? Or, did you want privacy for more fun reasons?"

I felt a swelling rush toward my groin, and heat on my cheeks. I squeezed my thighs together and forced my mind clear. I'd had a *plan*, dammit. "Actually, um, there's something I need to tell you."

That cleared up Corinn's playfulness. She sat up straighter and put an arm supportively around my waist, a serious look on her face. "You can tell me anything, sweetheart. Go ahead."

I felt a little flutter in my chest, and leaned against her. "Okay. We've been dating for a couple of months now. It's about time I told you..." I took a deep breath. "I'm intersex. Please don't be mad I haven't told you before."

I'd prepared for disgust. I'd hoped for understanding. What I hadn't expected was confusion. "Intersex?"

*I should* have expected that. I kicked myself. It wasn't exactly mainstream. "I, uh... my, uh..." My blush and stammering got worse. I wouldn't be able to tell her anything.

So I had to show her. With a sigh, I got to my feet. I pulled my panties and sleeve out from under my skirt, and lifted it for her to see. I whimpered at the feeling of being 'free'. My dick sprang forth, poking out above the lips of my pussy.

"That," I said. "Please don't be mad. I understand if you want to break up."

"Ohh." Corinn smiled, understanding dawning on her face. Yet, it was the 'knows what I'm talking about' kind of understanding, not 'undying devotion'. I felt silly for having hoped for such melodrama. "I didn't even register that as something to keep secret."

I frowned down at her. "You sound like you were *expecting* this."

"I. Oh. Um." Corinn blushed. She took a deep, nervous breath. "I should tell you something too. I'm magic."

It was my turn to raise an eyebrow. "What."

She sighed. "I'll show you. Come with me." She took my hand.

Maybe it was my lack of underwear, but it felt like the ambient temperature dropped. "Um. Come with you where?"

To answer, Corinn stood up with me, and tugged me along to her doorway. "Outside. Don't worry, nobody will see."

I tried to protest, but she dragged me out. I used my other hand to hold my skirt down. "H-Hey, hang on, I left my—"

"Look around," she said.

By then, we'd left the house. Her lawn was the same as always, but I looked farther out. Every tree had gone from lush, summery green to the varied colours of fall. The chill was even stronger out there.

More than that, I grew to realise that nothing moved. Those cars weren't *idling* on the road; they were frozen mid-drive. Birds hung in the air.

I stared, agape. "What is... what..." I turned to Corinn. "*How?*"

She smiled smugly. "I'm magic," she repeated. "I've been able to do this since I was a kid. Though I've been doing a lot more *with* it in the last couple years."

"So. Wait." I held up my hands. "You can *freeze time* whenever you want?"

"Not exactly." She looked down, and kicked a pebble. After a short distance, it froze. "I can't do anything this *big* in the real world."

"The real world?" I said. "Then... where are we?"

She smiled. "A split-off timeline, my own little sandbox. Time is a lot more malleable here. It only even goes forward if I make it." She took a breath. "Now come on. There's something else you should see." She turned and led the way.

Though she didn't drag me this time, I still followed. One self-conscious hand kept my skirt down. "How come it's so cold in here?" I eyed a tree as we passed. "And fall-y?"

"Because it's fall," she said. "September 14, 12:03 pm. It's the second week of school. Last time I, uh, updated this place."

Second week of school. Once she said it, I realised that cute ass had led me down the streets and to our school. A flash of panic hit me, irrational fear of being *seen* by someone I knew. "Wh-Why are we here?"

"I have something to show you." She paused with her hand on the door. "I hope you'll like it."

She pushed through into the lunch room. So early, only a few people had yet arrived. Only a quick glance told me what Corinn had meant.

A trio of girls drew my eyes. The Gemstones. Opal, Amy, and Ruby. They were some of the prettiest girls in school, and they even ticked the boxes of blonde, brunette, and redhead. Even though our school had no uniform, they always wore blouses and tiny, plaid skirts. Amy's thighs had given me something, um, 'hard to hide' more than once.

That was when she was *clothed*. She and her friends stood naked, their clothes discarded in the air around them. Amy still wore an open grin, frozen in the middle of laughing with the others. It made her nudity feel more casual as I looked her up and down. Pale loveliness from head to toe, accentuated by her black hair and its lone purple streak. She was a little lighter than Corinn, thin enough to look skinny... yet, with slightly larger breasts, perky and high handfuls. I could see how those gorgeous thighs led up to her small, tight pussy. She was shaved smooth, her skin inviting a touch. Or maybe more.

So, yeah. Instant boner even before I looked at the other Gemstones. (Which I did. Ruby's breasts weren't quite as big as her bra made them look, but close; Opal was lithe, dancer-ish grace.)

"I, um." I held down my skirt as much as I could. It... fought a bit more than it had been. "I guess you noticed how I looked at them sometimes, huh?"

Corinn blinked, and then smiled at the trio. "I forgot I left those three like that. I actually wanted to show you something else." She led me towards a certain corner.

I blanched when I saw where we were going. For the first few weeks of school, I'd kept to myself, off in a semi-hidden corner. And as I approached that corner table... there I sat.

Another me, just a few months younger and much less clothed. It felt so strange seeing me – her – from the outside. The same long, coppery hair I struggled to keep straight.

The same face, tomboyish even under the makeup and shy expression. The same tall, strong body. At least she, I, had nicely big breasts to give my physique a little femininity. The other me had them on open display, her sweater and bra lifted up. She had the same hard, uncomfortable cock. The front of her skirt had bunched up by her waist, and her leggings had been pulled down, leaving that thick member pointing towards the ceiling.

I put my hands over my mouth and *stared*. Did I really look like that? It looked... from the outside, it was actually a little hot. God, that was so narcissistic. "That... that's why you weren't surprised. You'd already seen it."

"And felt it." She blushed, her chin ducking.

"Wait, you've felt—" I looked from her to my double's lap, positioned just right for straddling. "You mean you've... you've fucked me? Um, her?" I was shocked, but I found I wasn't angry. The thought turned me on too much. If I hadn't left my underwear at her place, I'd have been at risk of tearing it.

She nodded, still looking at the floor.

Something else nagged me. A question I'd never had a chance to ask anyone. "And... you didn't mind? It wasn't weird?"

She put a hand on my shoulder, smiling at me. "I love it, Ash. Sure it surprised me at first, but it's really grown on me over time."

At first. Over time. "H-How many times have you...?" I asked.

She blushed in a frenzy. "A-A few times. More often since we started dating."

*More often* since. I couldn't help but smile, watching her keep digging. "So you asked me out because of how much you *already* liked riding my dick, huh?"

"That wasn't my only reason!" she shouted, her blush spreading to her ears.

I laughed. I actually *laughed*. It took me a long while to stop. By the end, I was bent double, clutching my sides. And by the end, Corinn was *still* blushing. She'd added a cute

pout. Oh, she even crossed her arms and tapped her foot. That set me off again, for like a full minute.

I finally surfaced. I had trouble remembering what we'd been talking about, until I glanced towards my other self.

Oh, right. Sex. My gaze swept those few naked bodies spaced around the lunch room. My shaft throbbed with a lifetime of unsatisfied need. "But you know, it *is* kind of unfair. You can just come here any time you're horny."

"Well." She bit her lip. Something had changed in her blush. "You could make it fair."

I turned to her, slowly. "What?" Part of me suspected what she meant. Or maybe hoped.

"Make it fair." She nodded to my other self. "She's right there, and she's a *lot* of fun. Go ahead. Fuck her."

Those two words sent a shiver down my spine, drew a yearning moan from my lips. "I... are you sure?" But it was *me*. Only *I* had to be sure... and as I looked at that busty redhead sitting on that chair, I was absolutely fucking certain.

I even knew exactly how I'd use her. The sight of that stiff manhood made my pussy twitch, but my own dick ached to fill her. Corinn helped me move her. Gravity didn't have 'time' to affect her, so she felt strangely weightless as we sat her on the table's edge. Once we stripped the leggings off her, we spread her legs wide open. I slowed as I stepped forward, between those muscled thighs. I wanted to relish this. Fucking myself. What intersex girl *wouldn't* dream of it? I was nowhere near flexible enough to do it naturally, but Corinn had allowed for... alternative means.

I couldn't even describe how that pussy felt around me. 'Good' is such an understatement. The slick heat welcomed me, while the grip sent fire through my nerves. I'd

long since broken my own hymen, but I still knew exactly how virginal that pussy was, and it had tightness to match.

I quivered just from sinking my first inch. It almost overwhelmed me. I didn't think I could make myself *go* any deeper. But then Corinn pushed at my hips, forcing me into myself. That wet heat enveloped me up to the root.

Oh, god. I'd thought it felt good *before*. A switch flipped inside me, and my hips started thrusting, *fucking* with wild abandon. I moved so deeply, I felt my double's cock bumping into my stomach. I went so hard, my tits wobbled on my chest. And so did hers, even as I grabbed hold. I'd felt my own breasts plenty of times, but there was something different, something *better* about this angle. And all the while, I had my girlfriend behind me, egging me on. That multiplied the heat I felt.

It grew too much for me. Ecstasy washed over me like a flood. A dam broke within me, and a lifetime of seed washed *into* my other self. I screamed my bliss at the top of my lungs, thrashing about in the midst of climax. My blood boiled from how hot I felt.

Then, all at once, my blood cooled. It left me gasping, drenched with sweat, and utterly satisfied in ways I'd never known.

A silly thought occurred to me, and I giggled. God, I sounded drunk. "Am I still a virgin?" I asked. "Was this all some very exotic masturbation?"

Corinn laughed too, hugging against my back. "Whatever it was, it was *so* hot to watch. I've been thinking about that since I asked you out." She kissed my ear. "But if you want to be sure you're not a virgin anymore, there are a lot of other girls here..."

"Other?" My lazy heart started speeding up. "You mean..."

"Mhm." She squeezed against me. "They're yours. All of them. Any time you want, just ask me, and I'll bring you here."

I groaned. That sounded good. That sounded so, so good, especially when I looked over at the Gemstones. But while my dick was *usually* so eager, it felt like it'd sleep for a little while yet. "Ask me again in a few minutes?"

She giggled, and gave me an oddly chaste kiss on the cheek. "Take your time, darling."

That word gave me a warm glow inside. "Good. For one thing, it gives us more time to do this." I turned from my double, drew Corinn into my arms, and sat down with her. "Mm. Better." I didn't need a hard dick to want to cuddle with my girlfriend.

She cooed, and leaned into me with her eyes closed. "Much better."

Such relaxation wouldn't last forever, not with the Gemstones right there. Soon, I grew hard again. Corinn noticed it, and how my eyes kept straying. She slid off my lap, and *smiled*. "Come on. You're not done playing yet."

I blushed out to my ears, even as I followed her. "Um. You're okay with that? With me..." I looked over to Amy. "...*playing* with them?"

She leaned her petite body against my back and kissed my ear. "I *encourage* it." Her sensual tone made me squirm.

Still, I only moved slowly, awaiting interruption with every inch my hands moved. Corinn did no such thing, so my fingers soon touched down on Amy's skin. From her stillness, I'd expected her to feel cold, like a statue. But no, she felt warm and supple, her skin *giving* under my fingertips. I found my mouth watering, just from the feeling of her stomach. Then I touched her breasts...

Perky and rounded, but so soft if I squeezed them. Her nipples felt like sweet little pebbles against my palms. I groaned from how good she felt.

Corinn's lips tugged my earlobe. "Why stop there?"

I never had a hope of resisting. My hands dropped from her chest, which sprung back into supple roundness. I'd looked at her thighs so many times, and now I touched them, fingertips exploring their smoothness. I stepped between them, feeling their shape surrounding my hips. Corinn lined me up – the first time I'd ever felt her touch on my shaft, and it was to help me use another woman. The sensation and kinky thrill made me even harder, just before I started pushing against Amy.

So tight, crushing around my spongy head. It took work to get into her at all, and then I felt something begin to stretch.

It took a second, but then realisation struck and my eyes widened. "Holy shit, she's a vir—"

"Keep going," Corinn said. She made such a persuasive point.

So I forced my hips forward, shoving through Amy's virginity and into a piece of heaven. Maybe because she was more petite, she felt so much *tighter* than I had. Even with her nectar making me slick, I could barely move. Just a twitch of my hips made me see stars, made me spend my breath on moaning. I felt ridiculous, getting that much while I barely moved.

Corinn didn't seem to mind at all. "That's it," she whispered. "Fuck her. *Nail* that pussy. But don't forget the others."

She stepped out from behind me, and guided me into playing with all three Gemstones at once. Maybe out of habit, she treated *me* like a doll: she put my arm around Opal's tiny waist; she planted my hand on Ruby's big, natural breast. All while I kept thrusting into Amy's formerly-virginal pussy.

My girlfriend stepped behind my current sex-toy, to keep her from floating too far away. Her hands slid around to feel those supple breasts, groping them like I groped Ruby's.

“They’re *all* for you,” she whispered, her tone just for the two of us, even as she surrounded me with the Gemstones’ warm bodies.

All put together, it pushed me over the edge. I clutched Open’s waist and Ruby’s chest. I slammed once more into Amy’s core. And I shouted with utter delight as orgasm wracked my body. Oh, I could never go back to solitary masturbation again, not after *this*.

My skin tingled afterwards. Had I not been breathing enough? Before I recovered – before I could even see clearly – I felt Corinn’s hands on both my cheeks. She kissed me hard, and spoke in breathless tones. “I love this. I love watching you fuck them like that, like a man... but still scream and squirm like a woman. You’re the best of both worlds, Ash. I love this.”

I giggled, and leaned forwards, chasing up those kisses. “You said that already. Though I wouldn’t mind hearing it some more...” It was nothing like after I’d fucked myself. I felt *energised*, ready for another two or three rounds. I slid from Amy and turned to catch Corinn in my arms, kissing her hard enough to dip her back.

She mmpned with surprise, but sunk back, trusting in my arms to hold her. She gave as good as she got, her mouth frenzied on mine. A leg hooked around my waist. She drew back to catch her breath, her eyes bright and wild. “You’ve never been *this* forward before.”

“Well.” I snuck a hand between us to start opening her shirt. “I don’t have to hide anymore. Now you already know the big secret, I can do a *lot* more with you....” I eased her back against the newest wall and kissed her neck.

She gasped. Reflex arched her sweet neck into my lips and her petite beasts into my hands, but she also put a hand between us, nudging me slightly away. “H-Hold on. I’ve never...” She stammered way more than I was used to from her, but I still knew how that sentence would end.

“You’ve never...” I stared into her face. “What do you mean you’ve never had sex? No, literally, how?” I looked towards my doppelganger, and back to Corinn.

She squirmed. “Not with a real person. Not with someone *live*. Just here. I’m not... I don’t...”

I eased her back to her feet. I didn’t close her shirt, though. Hey, she still had her bra on. “So what you’re saying is, you’re comfy with me having sex with everyone *but* you?”

Corinn nodded. “Exactly. Just until I’m ready.”

I choked. “I... I was joking.” I chewed my lip. Surely she had *some* limits for that. “Alright, then. Where’s Amber?”

Amber Greene was every cliché high school wet dream, made flesh. Long, honey-blonde hair; green eyes; full, red lips; and a tall, slim, well-endowed body that *deserved* its place on the cheer squad.

Corinn had hesitated, but still led me. Amber ‘stood’ under a tree by the football field. One glance told me why Corinn had been hesitant.

She looked like a sexy, humanoid masturbation rag. Each inch of her skin, from her gorgeous face to the tops of her calf-high socks, had been plastered with cum. Her mouth hung open in a strange O, showing the seed that filled her mouth as well as coating her cheeks. It poured so generously on her chest that I could barely even see her nipples. It flooded from her pussy, along her thighs. That thick, pearly coating was the closest she had to modesty. Her uniform had been pulled into disarray: the sleeveless top rested above her tits, and her short tennis skirt floated around her waist. If she’d had underwear, Corinn had long since removed it.

“Holy shit.” It was so kinky-hot I couldn’t even think straight. My dick was hard enough to *hurt*. “Where did it all *come* from?”

Corinn hung back, looking at Amber with a glint of lusty wonderment in her eyes.

“Max, my last boyfriend. He was pretty fond of her. I could have cleaned her up, but I like her this way. So...” She shuddered. “...used.”

“Y-yeah.” I walked forward in a trance. I ran my fingers over her breast – bigger than Ruby’s, bigger even than mine. If anything, they looked *smaller* when they were clothed. The thick, gooey seed came away onto my fingertips. “Holy shit, it’s still fresh. Still *warm*. Did he do all this, like, this morning?”

“No!” Corinn shook her head. “I haven’t taken Max here since we broke up. No, all that took... weeks. It just stays fresh because of the time-freeze.” She bit her lip, eyes transfixed for a few seconds. “It’s the main reason I haven’t updated this timeline in a while. Don’t want to lose it.”

I nodded, following her gaze. “Want to *add* to it.” It scared me a little, how accustomed I’d already grown. I brought Amber’s weightless body to the grass, laying her down in that ‘classic’ position. Corinn crowded in, wanting to watch from as close as possible.

Amber felt swampy around me. With how much Max had cum *on* her, how many loads her he left *in* her? All that semen made it a slippery-smooth ride, but still with enough of a squeeze to send shivers down my spine. Not to mention, I was fucking *Amber*. The sheer thrill of a dream come true would have made it amazing no matter what. She was every bit as good as I’d hoped, and it was easy to fuck her every bit as hard and fast as I’d always wanted. I grabbed hold of her tits, kneading them with tight squeezes every time my hips hit hers.

With each passing second, the heat rose within my body. I couldn’t contain my moans, couldn’t keep my spine from arching. And why would I want to?

All the while, Corinn watched me with those bright, intense eyes. “You’re getting close. Want to put it in her? Or on her?”

I groaned. I wanted to leave my mark on that messy canvas, but I didn't want to leave that blissful pussy. I could tell by the gleam in Corinn's eyes – and the messes she'd already had Max leave – that she wanted to *see* my cum this time. Only that gave me the strength to control myself and pull free. The autumn air felt especially cold after the heat of Amber. I wrapped a hand around my needy cock, beating it off as I crawled over, straddling Amber's chest.

Maybe I'm a kinky sap, or maybe I'd spent one too many nights lustng after Amber's tits. But I swear, that was my biggest climax yet. The white seed rained out of me, the ecstasy white-hot with every pulse. I put out enough to cover her chest fresh. Not just the pleasure, but the sheer *realness* overwhelmed me. When I'd fantasised about it, I'd never thought to imagine how the force of my spurts would make my cum splash, splattering across her breasts' curve, and towards her bunched-up shirt.

I could only gasp, but Corinn had enough breath to speak. "Oh my fucking *god* that was hot." She stared down at my drooling cock and the fresh pools on Amber's skin. "I so love cum. It makes me wish I had a dick on my own."

Just an hour or so earlier, I wouldn't possibly have wished it on any girl. But after some new experiences... "Yeah. Yeah, I think that'd be fun." I idly toyed with Amber's breasts while I talked. "Can't your magic do that?"

She sighed. "I wish." She watched my hands, sticky from where I'd touched Amber. "You really like boobs, huh?"

I found myself both blushing and grinning. "If you're serious, I'm going to feel up every pair of breasts in this school."

"I've done that," she said, conversationally. "Yes, Miss Lakewater's *are* fake, but they're still very nice. Tina's are, like, fantastic." She looked down at her own chest, still

only covered by her bra. She smiled to herself. “Though with your taste for itty-bitties, you should pay Audrey a visit, too.”

My jaw dropped. “Well. I guess I have some catching up to do.”

“Just a little.” Corinn smiled, stood, and offered her hand. “Want to get started?”