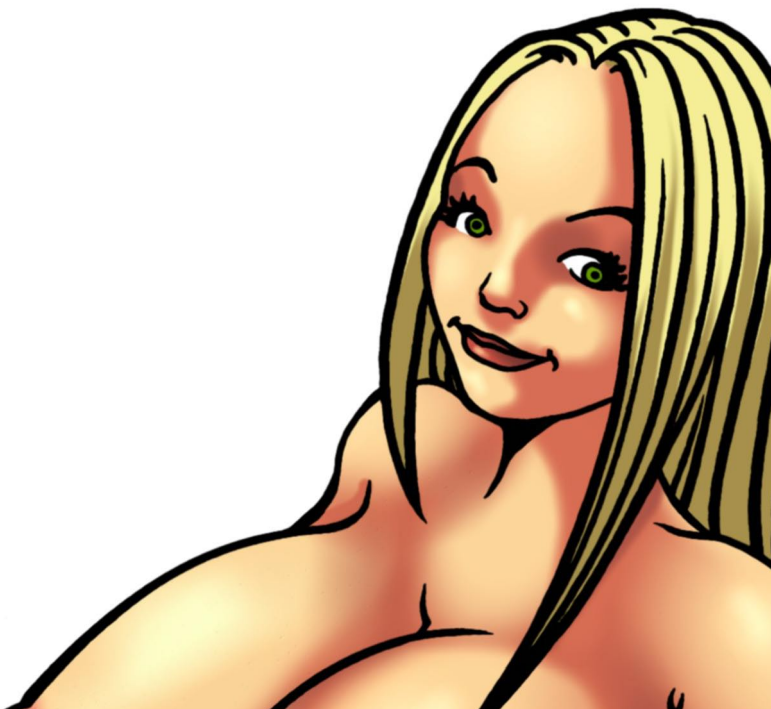


# **One Hard Night**

by Dan Standing



**B**illie's fingernails picked at the edges of the loose vent cover. It had come off easily earlier that day when she had hidden her things behind it between classes. Now she let out a frustrated sigh, realizing that her concerns about someone finding her stash had caused her to push it back into place with too much vigor. She was impatient with the hold up for a few reasons, one of those being that she was standing atop one of the women's room toilets, barefoot. Her toes gripped at the plastic edges as her thin legs spread over the seat. She had no desire to be seen, nor accidentally fall – into or beside the porcelain bowl. A fresh bout of frustration brought Billie's hand down hard as quick knock against of the corners and the vent finally popped open. She eagerly retrieved a plastic bag and slammed the vent shut with an annoyed and overly-violent *Bang!*

Stepping down to the cold tile Billie removed the folded up Sexy Toga costume – little more than a loop of fabric which rested over one's chest with an extension slipping down one's midsection to connect with a skirt – and a pair of heels. This was followed by a marijuana joint and a lighter. Hanging her new outfit up on the hook of the stall door, Billie began to strip out of her day clothes.

Her straight blonde hair, which grew just past her shoulders, tussled as she pulled her t-shirt over her head. She unhooked her bra, which exposed her perky-but-barely-palmful breasts.

The largest thing about them right now were her nipples, which were rock hard thimbles thanks to the cold floor tiles pressed against the pads of her feet.

Her skinny jeans followed suit, and soon she was standing nude in the stall, save for the pink thong she had worn all day. She adjusted it before folding up her clothes and adding them to the bag, along with the sandals she had worn into the bathroom and slipped off before stepping onto the toilet seat. Slipping on the toga she opened the stall and padded out to the bathroom mirrors with her purse.

“Damn it...” Billie muttered as she looked at herself. She was a skinny girl with barely any curves, and there were cheap stuffed pads that had originally come with the costume which were supposed to help round out her figure. Unfortunately, they had not been with the outfit when she’d found it that morning. Billie hadn’t had any time to look for them then, and certainly couldn’t do anything about it now, so she resigned herself to the hope that by the time she got to the party – since night class had already significantly delayed her evening – the guys would be drunk enough not to notice how little she filled out the fabric.

She’d learned from plenty of frantic girl friends that the best idea was to not bring a purse to a Lambda event, so she brushed her hair, checked her make-up, and did all her primping now. Once satisfied she packed everything she had with her, save for her phone and a lit joint, into the plastic bag and perched herself onto the toilet again – only to curse at the jammed vent once more. With relatively little violence she’d opened it once more and hidden away everything she didn’t think she’d need.

Such success deserved a reward, and Billie walked over to the sink and rested her flat ass against it. She was soon enjoying a long drag, letting the effects of the mary jane wash over her. The usual euphoria that the young blonde was accustomed to filled her head like the smoke filled her lungs, and she was certain her night was going to be unforgettable.

Her high heels sent loud clacking echoes down the empty hallway as she strutted past the classrooms of Benton Hall. The loose fabric was swaying in a way that tapped her nipples every other step. Normally this would have been inconsequential, but the blonde's sensitivities were heightened and this gentle knocking, coupled with her expectations for the male partygoers, was starting to get things moist down below. As she neared the exit her phone buzzed. Taking a glance at it she saw the name COLLEEN pop up.

"Hey girl, you there yet?" Billie answered, continuing on her path.

"No, the Lambda boys asked me to escort Mr. Darton here, but he hasn't shown up yet."

Billie recalled Mr. Darton. He was one of the professors of the Science Department...or something. Billie had never studied under him, but everyone knew him as the man who made these parties possible. Without his promised "moral backing and vigilant supervision" the Lambda National House would have suspected something and shut down the campus costume party long ago.

But Mr. Darton, a Lambda himself from years back, got around that by showing up for some posed low-key pictures that he'd pass on to National, then he'd spend the rest of the evening enjoying the party spoils with the soon-to-be-tenured

Spanish teacher he'd been seeing for the last three years.

“What did you decide on?” Billie asked, stopping a moment to examine some flyers on a corkboard.

“I found one of those slutty 90s cartoon princess outfits. What about you? You are coming, right?”

“Oh! I'm costumed so...” Billie answered, her attention suddenly drawn from the colorful papers and redirected at her real task. She stepped forward and pushed open the rear door of Benton Hall, “...yeah, I'll be there. I didn't have much time after class so I changed in the bathroom. I just threw on the one from the last party, but I couldn't find the inserts...”

“You'll be fine without them-”



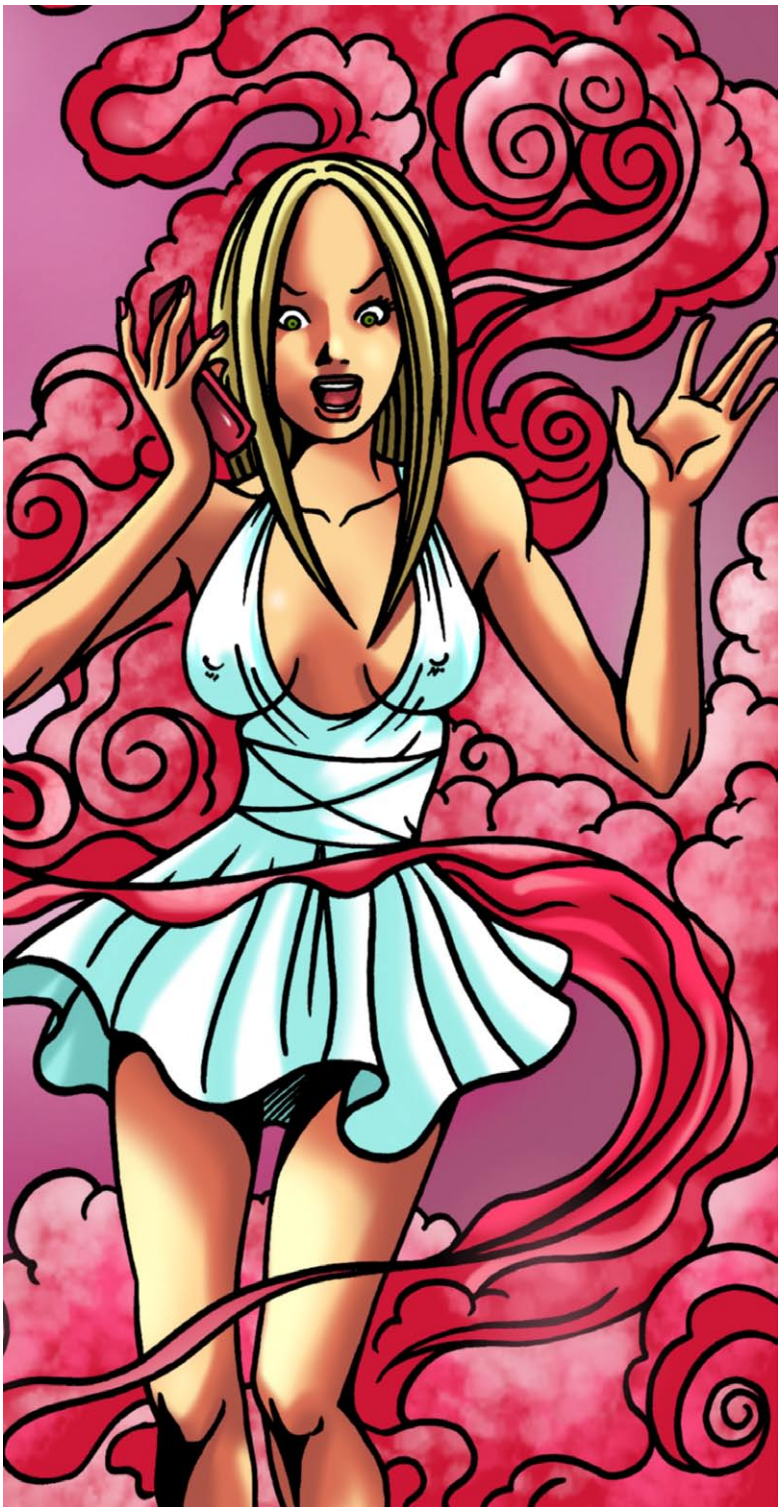


“...this toga sags too much,” Billie continued over Colleen, looking up at the night’s sky in frustration, “I really wish I was more statuesque.”

“Girl, you’re-”

“What the...” Billie interrupted her friend as a strange sensation washed over her. It was tingly, and warm, and...felt very good. Her high may have already heightened her senses and sensitivity, but this was something far beyond any drug she had ever taken.

For a moment she wasn’t sure if she was hallucinating or not, but as she glanced down her body towards one of the concentrations of warmth that had suddenly gripped her Billie was certain she could see her breasts growing at a very rapid



rate. They had already ballooned from the scant crests of flesh on her ribs to the size of apples, her nipples stiffening and thickening even more so than ever before. She could feel extra weight tugging at her, but not enough considering how big her tits looked to be.

Everything happened quite quickly, but Billie's elevated analytical capability made it feel to her like a much longer time. Every sexual enhancement was like a slow caress.

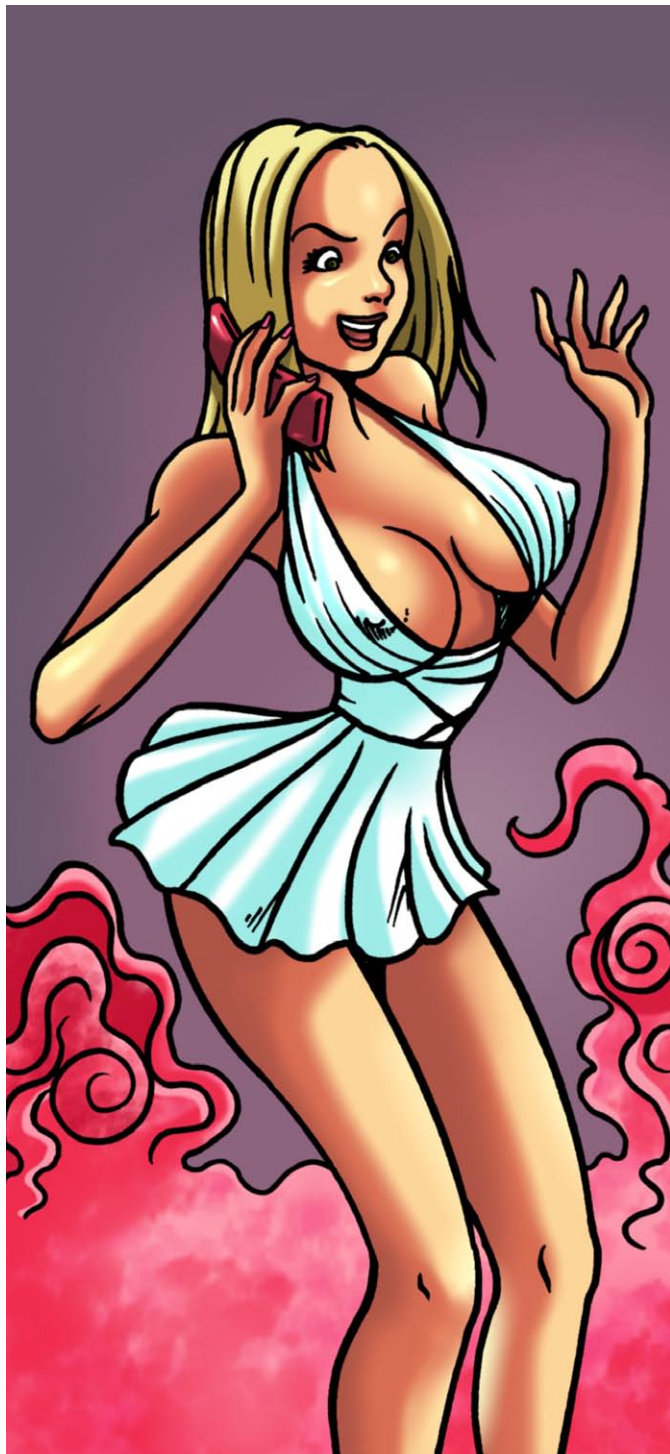
"Oh! What's happening to me?!" escaped her mouth as her chest continued to bloom, soft breast flesh pushing forward through the orange, cantaloupe, and white melon ranges. Her breasts continued to bob and hold their round shape in defiance of gravity.

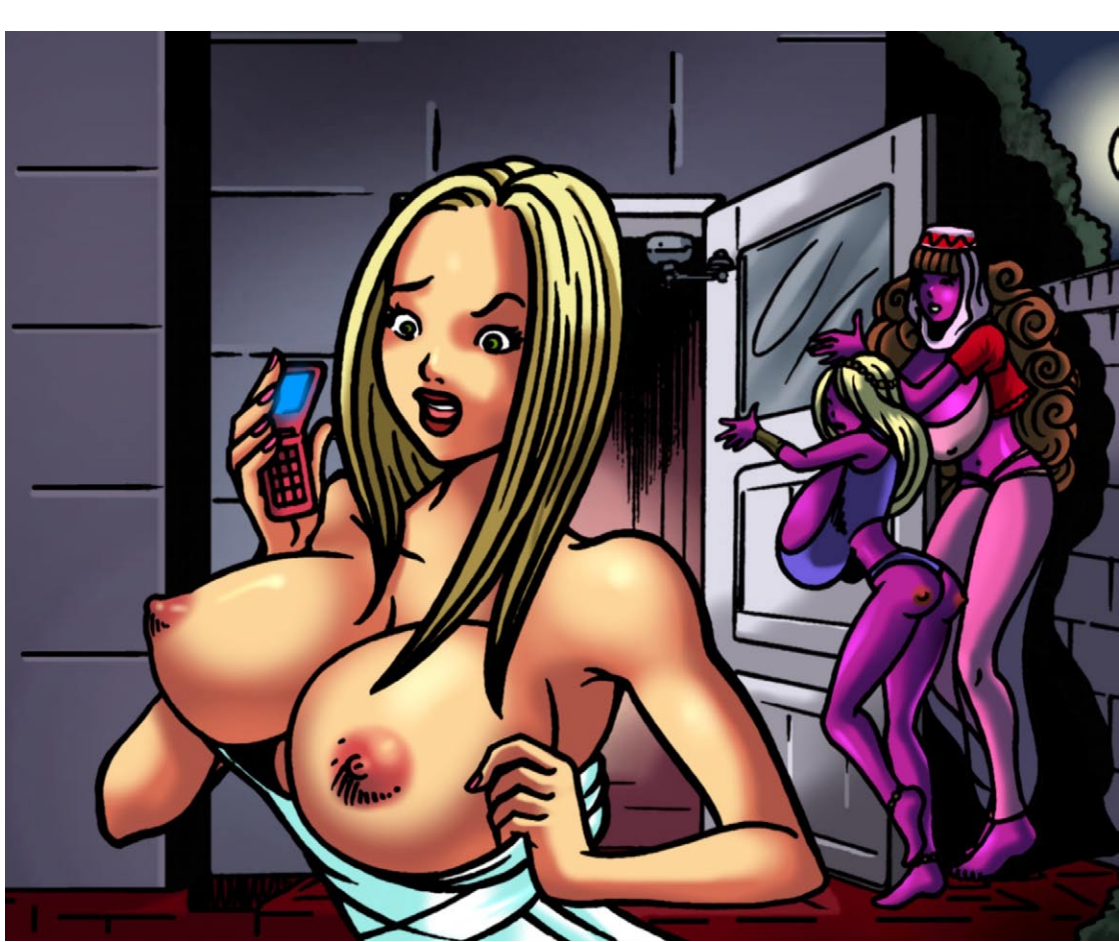
Her nipples were now as thick as her thumbs – no, thicker! – and the toga's fabric was quickly filled to the point that it was no longer capable of hiding the outline of her anatomy. Her legs were also changing; toning and stretching, causing stress on the costume's shape. Billie briefly reveled in the sensation of her flesh brushing along and pressing against the rough fabric, as her skin bulged and stretched. But as the stitches groaned and reached their limits she was quickly met by an uncomfortable and escalating problem.

"Holy shit, I can't breathe in this now!" the blossoming woman gasped. Her boobs had grown to the size of her head, and the fabric was drawing tight lines against her sensitive flesh. Without any thought to her public locale Billie quickly pushed the top of her toga down over her shoulders and exposed her breasts to the cool night air. Red pressure lines persisted for a moment, but her continued growth stretched them away.

Her chest was spectacular. Both breasts were round and







firm, like bouncy watermelons. Her areola, now a little wider in circumference than soda cans, capped the frontward curves with proud and hard nipples.

“I finally have breasts – no! These are tits!” Billie happily proclaimed, for the first time letting a hand run down the expanse of one of the slower-growing tits. Between the magic, her high, and the biologically improved sensitivity a strong sense of arousal washed from where her lingering hand had touched her bosom down between her legs.

It was this increase in attention to her lower body that made Billie realize that the remaining part of her costume was



resting in a way she wouldn't have expected.

“With an ass to match!” Bill exclaimed as she pushed her toga and thong down over her expanding rear. She squeezed her fingers into her spongy ass, cooing at the sensation. She, for the first time ever, wondered what it would feel like to have such luscious lumps smacked.

The fabric continued to slowly fall to the ground while Billie ran her hands over her bigger butt, unable to resist grabbing and squeezing her new squishy asset. Her pussy, exposed to the cold night air, puckered. Billie was of no mind to notice that her curly hairs had vanished from her mons – in fact, she was completely hairless and smooth from the head down now.

Her hands followed her curves up and cradled her bosom, which was now better described as “two small zeppelins hanging from her chest.” Another change to her form had not gone unnoticed by Billie.

“I think my waist has slimmed!” she giggled, jiggling her tits in her arms and reveling in the wonderful sensations pumping down from them to her crotch.

Unfortunately, Billie had not taken stock of every change acting on her. As she admired her growth and new erotic movements, another part of her was becoming harder to move. The skin of her feet was starting to fade from flesh to a dark gray. As the growth of her ass and tits began to slow and stop, this change picked up its pace.

“This is amazing! I feel...”

Billie's high was really starting to top out, and she was having problems concentrating on her words. As her mind



stumbled to get her sentence out the gray had already spread up her legs, washing over her thighs and capturing her needy slit in its fully flushed glory. The feeling of stone pushing over her thighs and hips was much like pulling on nylon leggings... if those nylons hugged and tucked into every corner of skin, before forever hardening in place.

“I feel...”



By now the transformation of stone had locked most of Billie's lower body into the last position it would ever know. It pushed past her navel, and as it washed over her breasts Billie let go of her bosom and looked to her hands and arms. The gray soon seeped into them. As the transformation invaded her neck she got out one last word.



“...stiff-”

It was done. As if dipping beneath some invisible body of water the gray slipped up across Billie’s face and fell over her hair. Her formerly soft and jiggly body was fully transmuted into a sexy stone statue.





She stood silently in the moonlight, her thong and toga discarded around her ankles.

Everything was silent, except;

“Hello? Are you still there?” Colleen’s voice squeaked out of the phone. Billie could barely hear it.

But she *could* hear it. And she could feel the phone in her hand. And she could see the campus stretched out before her, and the one hand she’d raised when she could still move. She could see it was hard stone.

*This is so...amazing...* ran through Billie’s mind. The transformation had completed right as the full effects of her joint hit her. And her body was no longer biological, so she wouldn’t be processing the marijuana out of her system.

Its effects on her mind would last for as long as she was stone.

*My hand...the patterns in it...so beautiful...* she observed. Without the alteration made to her mind she’d probably have been screaming and panicking about the prison her very own body had just become. But such concern was no longer something she was capable of considering for any length of time.

Suddenly the phone in her hand started to vibrate. If she could have checked the screen Billie would have seen it was Colleen trying to call her back. But the petrified woman didn’t care who it was. The vibrations were resonating through her in the most delicious way, driving her heightened senses into a frenzy. It was beautiful. A feeling she could almost see, and taste. The maddening thing was that, as a statue, she couldn’t play with the parts of her body that were currently demanding

attention.

But the pleasurable tingles stopped when the phone vibrated itself out of her loose grip, and landed in the pile of clothes below. Some fabric had clung to Billie's ankles, but the phone pulled it down and was covered by the toga's falling folds.

*Oh...poo...* Billie sighed, saddened by the loss of her pleasure-bringer.

But her mind quickly moved on.

She couldn't change the angle at which her eyes were somehow seeing, but there was plenty of stimulus to occupy her thoughts. For a while she studied the sensation of her rigid feet pressing down on and stressing her heels. She dedicated a bit of time to considering the majesty of the breeze that caressed each exposed nook and cranny of her form, heightening her arousal as it circled her nipples and caressed her slit but failing to sate any of the desire it brought. The lights and sounds of the en route partygoers just over the wall not far from her were quite absorbing. And whenever any of that failed to interest her she always had her hand to study.

Only minutes had passed, but the creases and patterns of her affixed digits were so engrossing it felt like days had come and gone before any new nearby activity caught Billie's attention. At first it was just sound, a group of guys talking.

“And you're sure this one isn't half tapped?”

“Yeah, got it from the state store myself.”

“I'm gonna beat the shit out of Ricky next time I see him.”

“Don't stress it, dude, we're the heroes of the party.”

“Woah, what’s that?”

*Oh! Yessss!*

Suddenly there were hands on Billie’s stiffened form. They were mostly sliding across her enormous tits, tracing the outline where each orb met her chest, and pinching her nipples between rough fingers. But a few fingers slid their way down her sides. Some grabbed her ass and poked along the crease where her thigh met her butt cheek. Others invaded her stone slit, gliding along the chiseled folds.

And the fact that she could do nothing – not push them away or guide them to her neediest parts – only intensified what Billie was going through.

*Ahhhhh! Gooood!* Rang through Billie’s head as the heightened feeling of her body being pawed at brought her first orgasm of the night crashing down over her. So niiiice...

Mutterings of “Where’d this come from?” and “How’d this get here?” and “Are these clothes?” were being passed back and forth. Finally a face moved around her so that Billie could see one of the guys that had discovered her. She vaguely remembered him from previous Lambda parties.

*Keep touching me...*

“Hey, Grill, this looks like the chick your roommate is crushing on...except, you know, smoking hot.”

*Hey...*

Another guy, who the marbled woman didn’t recognize, came around into her view.

“Holy shit, that does look like Billie. Who made this?”

“Who cares, how heavy do you think it is?”

*I'm a "she" not...*

"We can't take it back to the party," another voice from out of view spoke up, "There's too many people who'd know we took it. Too risky."

*Am I...I guess I am an "it" now...*

"I don't think we'd get in much trouble. Look what's been set up here, I think it's a prank in itself. So we're going to use it for our own prank. Grill, how much would Ike freak the fuck out if he came back to find this by his bed?"

"Oh man, that'd be fuckin' funny," Grill grinned, looking Billie up and down, "Can't say I wouldn't mind having something like that around. Tommy's on RA duty tonight, we can totally sneak this in if we put it on the dolly."

*Yes. Lift me. Feel me!*

"Help me lift it."

*Oh YEEESSSS...*

"What about the clothes?"

"Who gives a fuck about the clothes?"

Billie's mind was alit with erotic bliss as three pairs of hands grabbed her. Fingers and palms made no attempt to avoid her most sensitive spots as they searched for support under her arms, under her breasts, cupped under her ass, and firmly pressed into the lips between her legs. Her body, if it could move, would have been helplessly convulsing and quivering from the orgasms rocking her senses. Instead all Billie could do was let her mind nearly go numb as her thoughts were blanched out by the overwhelming force of orgasm after orgasm.

It was only moments before the aluminum keg had been

rolled off the dolly and Billie felt her bare stone feet come down on the cold metal, but to her it had already been a lifetime of orgasms. Two thick straps were cinched around her, one at the level of her navel and the other crossing her hips. As her orgasm-fueled haze gave way to her permanently drugged perception she felt her body tip back and her ass rest hard against the dolly's rear support.

*I am Cleopatra carried through Egypt!*

Billie's analogy quickly gave way to more bursts of bliss, as every bump and rattle of the solid rubber wheels caused Billie to cum as her ass smacked against her metal supports. During the smooth patches of the ride she meditated on what the ramifications would be if her body cracked in half.

*Would I be two parts of one mind?*

*Would the portion separate from my head cease to feel or perceive?*

*I'm no longer a living thing reliant on individual organs, so as a form of solid stone who says the location of my head determines what part of me can think?*

*From the moment of scission on, would I be two parts with two separate consciousnesses going their own separate ways?*

Her long meandering quandaries lasted through her transport around the quad, into the student housing, past the student security who was higher than Billie was, and into a dorm room. Hands unbuckling her safety belts and brushing her body brought Billie's attention back to the events unfolding before her.

But that presence of mind was lost as those same hands

gripped her again, lifting her mind to the carnal heavens as her body was lifted from the cart. Her heels had been left behind, but their absence was felt by the angle at which her feet had petrified. Without the shows to flatten her stance a space in the corner was cleared and her immobile form was rested against the converging walls.

As the two delivery men put into place the digital parts of their prank Billie's mind slowly emerged from the mental bliss. She didn't notice them leave, but she did notice the texture of the wall's paint. She studied it. Then she studied the small portion of a bikini wall poster that was visible to her.

Then she switched back.

And thus, as it had occurred all night, Billie's new existence played out. Her marijuana-enhanced mind helped her lose track of time as she enjoyed the minutia of what lay before her. She didn't even notice the drunken student who entered the room hours later. She barely heard his shriek of surprise, and certainly didn't notice the pile of discarded clothing piling up to the far side of her vision. In fact, she wasn't really aware of any other presence in the room until she felt a fully nude body press up against her.

One that had something attached to it as hard as she was.

It was almost more contact than Billie could handle. Warm hands on her breasts, nips, and ass she'd dealt with all night. But now lips and a wet tongue suckled at her stone tips and licked their way to her face. A chest with countless curly hairs ground against her. Legs wrapped around hers, and a knee pressed stiffly against her stone pussy. A hard warm shaft, covered in lubricant, was grinding into the crevasse created where her thigh and abdomen met.

Billie was in bliss.

Pure sexual warmth hugged her mind, then poured out to encompass her entire form. Given the choice, even with a lucid mind, this sealed it; she never wanted what had happened to her to be undone.

And then it got better.

Ike, who'd so eagerly taken her into this intimate embrace, completed his advances. The sensations of his seed splashing on her stone form nearly wiped Billie's mind away as she experienced...a real word didn't cover it.

It was a concept.

A...a *wondorgasm*.

Something so powerful would have ripped apart a living woman – and Billie would never perceived the world the same way again.

Both were happy. But as both came down from their afterglows, neither of them knew what fate actually awaited them as the sun rose.

*to be continued...*

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