

Diary of a Wanton Mimic

Written by Leo_Todrius

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Senior year of high school is never easy. Some people burn out from the years of learning, others are too anxious to move on to the next step, and some are swept up in the budding hormones of adulthood. That last part would be enough to deal with for most people, but me? I run the risk of becoming most people - I'm a mimic. Even when I'm not trying to, I adopt traits from those I'm around, especially if I'm distracted... and I'm always distracted. I think I learned just how out of hand things could get from my first boyfriend, Alejandro. It was one of those classic high school romances; he was a demon, and boy did I fall for him.

The air rippled with heat. It didn't just rise up from the nearly molten asphalt outside, it seemed to shimmer as the sunlight came down in the first place. The school year was underway, but summer had not relented. The classrooms were sweltering and the fans that the teachers had brought in just seemed to push the smells of the students around. To many that would have been a problem, but to Chase it was a welcome treat. The eighteen year old sat near the back of the class, leaning forward over the surface of his beige fiberglass desk. His sandy blond hair graduated to a shade of turquoise, silver streaks stained the upper edge of his cheekbones and there was a dreamy smile on his angular elfish face.

It was hard for the mimic to decide which smell was the most delightful. Was it the spicy tang of Nash, the red headed human captain of the wrestling team? Was it the briny sour scent of Bruthuk, the Orc metal head drummer? No, it was something else, something more exotic... A blend of savory salt with the faintest bite of something sulfurous. It took Chase just a moment too long to realize it was coming from the demon Alejandro. By the time he did, a blue hand tipped with black claws was already sliding across his left hip, the hand cupping the mimic's groin before his fingers closed, taking a firmer grip.

Chase gasped, his back arching, his head turning to look over. The demon smiled wickedly, his inky black eyes dancing with mischief. Short black horns curved up in front of his carefully coiffed hair, the tapered fade as perfectly groomed as his demonic mustache. Meeting Chase's gaze, Alejandro only seemed to smile more, giving the mimic's now swollen member an affectionate pat before he stood up, stretching out his shoulders. The tank top clung to his fit and firm torso while his blue spaded tail stretched out languidly behind him. After a moment he wandered toward the front of the classroom.

"Mister Yetil, I have to use the restroom." Alejandro said. The white, shaggy furred instructor barely lifted his head, using a gray calloused hand to wave the student on with permission. Of all the instructors at the high school, Yetil had been hit the worst by the heat wave. He had exhausted his use of the substitutes and had to show up at least once. Thankfully he still had been able to deploy a video on the Naga wars to occupy the students. Alejandro slowed as he reached the door to the classroom, looking back at Chase expectantly. Once more it took the mimic just a moment too long to respond.

“Oh, uh...” Chase rose to his feet, crossing the classroom with the clip-clop of sandals, his silver toenails glinting in the dim light coming through the crack beneath the classroom’s window blinds. He reached the front of the classroom, “Mister Yetil, I-”

“Yes, go ahead...” The Yeti murmured, his face resting on his desk in a futile effort to absorb whatever coolness it offered. Chase’s eyes were wide with surprise but he moved through the door Alejandro was holding open for him like a gentleman. Once they were outside, Alejandro leaned in to give Chase a quick kiss. Chase melted into it, feeling the demon’s experienced lips work his. As they kissed, Chase’s rounded ears started to stretch into points and the shimmer of molten metal appeared before golden rings dropped down from them, matching the piercings Alejandro had sported since he was eleven.

“Now that’s what I like to see...” Alejandro whispered, his claws reaching up to brush down the back edge of Chase’s demonic ears. Alejandro leaned in, kissing Chase’s left temple, then his right. As if responding to his affections, the flesh started to swell and bulge as something moved beneath the surface.

“Sometimes I wonder if you’re really just in love with yourself.” Chase joked.

“Oh I am, and after today I know you’ll be just as in love with me as I am.” Alejandro grinned, running his hand down over his own groin, revealing the unusually large bulge in his pants, a bulge far wider and rounder than any of his classmates. Chase knew better than to question his destiny, nodding eagerly. Alejandro grinned like a cat that had caught the mouse, sauntering down the hall towards the bathroom. Chase followed after, resisting the urge to hold onto the demon’s tail and use it like a leash.

The two secreted themselves into one of the less popular bathrooms lit only by the milky backwash of sunlight bouncing off the cafeteria building and through the frosted glass, giving the room a bluish-green glow. Alejandro muttered something under his breath, holding up his hand. A glowing, sizzling sigil formed over the bathroom door, sealing it shut. Alejandro turned to face his partner, but it was Chase that surprised him this time. Newly clawed hands slipped up under the demon’s tanktop, sharp points teasing his already pierced nipples. Alejandro purred at that, moaning happily, feeling Chase knead and pinch and tug at his meaty nips.

“You’ve learned well.” Alejandro murmured, his spaded tail coiling around Chase’s leg. Chase grinned wider at that.

“I see something I like, I take it.” the mimic murmured in response. Alejandro grinned more at that, trailing a finger down towards the waist of Chase’s shorts. For a moment he left it there, tantalizing and teasing before he turned his attention on himself instead. He carefully unhooked a cloth loop around a hook, then loosed the button on his jeans. No sooner had he done so than his fly burst open.

Chase had seen cocks before, a fair handful actually, but nothing had prepared him for the absolute arsenal Alejandro was sporting. It wasn’t the rich robin’s egg blue or faintly blunt, equine shape that caught him off guard... it was the number. Alejandro didn’t just have one cock, or even two... he had eight - eight perfectly sculpted, half hard and hardening, delightfully demonic cocks. They squirmed a little and writhed, apparently more prehensile than his non-cursed classmates. The urethras pulsed faintly, undulating almost hypnotically. They bumped and wobbled into one another, only coaxing each brother to more of an erection by proxy.

"I know, some unholy shit, right?" Alejandro asked. Chase nodded, licking his lips, shuddering with anticipation even as his upper lip started to bristle with a copy of Alejandro's mustache, his hair darkening and straightening, reshaping to take on the quaff of his partner. Alejandro was too impatient to wait and didn't want to miss the best part. He reached over, unfastened Chase's shorts and threw them to the floor. With a claw handed slap on the mimic's ass cheeks, Chase was pulled forward until his own erection plunged into the vibrant nest of demon dicks.

"Fuck..." Chase moaned, feeling them pressing and squirming and pressing and comforting his own manhood. His heart raced, pulsing and throbbing. His nipples stung as beads of metal formed to copy Alejandro's, making them so much more sensitive. Jolts of pleasure ripped through him, though his head ached for a moment as the pressure built and built before finally the skin burst and two horns pushed up through his skin, curving skyward in defiance. Alejandro grinned at that, leaning in to kiss Chase, finding the other's lips plumper and juicier like his own as they made out.

With a flex and a gyration of his hips, Alejandro started to thrust against Chase, humping and grinding. The cocks went every which way, slapping Chase's balls, sliding up his belly, slipping around his hips. There were so many and they were so good. Alejandro kissed Chase's chin, then his pointed ears, then gave one of his horns a little nibble. The flesh that had been reddened with irritation around the base of the horns darkened, taking on a cerulean pigmentation that began to spread like a setting sun. As the last color drained from his hair, leaving it jet black, blue spread around his eyes, across his nose and down his cheeks. His nipples darkened to a deep shade of purple while his arms thickened, taking on muscle tone and then the sizzle of a black wing tattoo to match Alejandro's.

"Come on, I know you can do it, sprout that cock blossom for me..." Alejandro whispered, humping harder and grinding, several of his cocks starting to dribble and drool silvery precum. Chase moaned, though his voice was deeper and with a bit of a lilt to it. His cock ached and tingled, bloating and swelling, stretching out wider. The growth was asymmetrical, expanding more along certain edges and less on others. The peaks and valleys grew more intense, the flesh looking ripe before the seams split and one cock split into four. Both men gasped suddenly, backs arching. Alejandro's tail shivered, spasming from root to tip. Chase's ass cheeks parted to allow the nub of his own tail to start growing out.

"This is amazing..." Chase panted, his voice having taken on Alejandro's accent and pitch. The demon cooed in delight.

"You're only halfway there, handsome, just imagine the orgies we could have." Alejandro grinned, petting Chase's chest, tugging on one of his nipple studs. Chase grunted at that but Alejandro kept humping, grinding like mad. He reached down to trace his fingers through his boyfriend's cluster of cocks, feeling them bloat and swell again. Apparently it took a little to get the demon aesthetic just right. Maybe it went faster with just the right amount of inspiration... Chase gasped again, this time as he felt the tail that had been coiled around his leg slinking up higher and higher. The pointed tip traced along the curve of his now plump, rounded, muscled ass before poking in-between.

"You're serious?" Chase asked. Alejandro grinned.

"It's like second nature to a demon, I mean, right after you jerk off for the first time, it's the next natural step..." Alejandro whispered. The edges of the spaded tail tip curved as much

as they could, rounding off before it slithered forward, wriggling between Chase's cheeks and through his sphincter. It took a little bit of work but it suddenly made it past the barrier and plunged in with a satisfying pop. Alejandro started to move his tail in and out, back and forth, sliding it deeper and deeper. He plumbed the depths of his near perfect copy, watching the light drain out of Chase's eyes until they were solid, glistening black.

The last pale flesh turned blue as his ankles and feet shifted, the silver toenails stretching out into black claws. Blue from head to toe, the changes were able to focus on the last of the extremities. Chase's newfound tail slunk down inch after inch, flexing and twisting as his brain networked with the muscles, learning how to control the new appendage. Meanwhile, Alejandro was quite delighted that the mimic's cocks were once more full and fat and ready. Grinning with a fang filled grin, Alejandro suddenly leaned down, sinking those fangs into Chase's broader, meatier shoulder.

"Fuck yes!" Chase howled out, his own teeth sharpening into fangs as his tongue split into forks. The pleasure jolted through his body like electricity, traveling down his elongated spine. His tail tightened, his balls throbbed and in a glorious moment of blinding bliss, his cocks split once more. Four became eight, all of them rooted in a sensitive cluster, the blue shafts blunting at the tips into mighty phallic weapons. Sixteen cocks were entwined like a nest of snakes, pressing and brushing and twisting, going every different direction.

The two identical demons found each other once more, their lips meeting, their tongues tangling. Chase inhaled Alejandro's brimstone musk, his hips moving in perfect tandem with the demon's. Alejandro released Chase's shoulder, immediately moving to kiss him instead. The faint hint of iron tinged blood was an exotic aphrodisiac to them both. They humped furiously, and Alejandro gasped as a tail every bit as big and long as his own suddenly invaded his ass. Alejandro's clawed hand reached to caress Chase's cheek. The student had learned every lesson. They tail fucked each other even as their multitude of cocks reached maximum friction.

There was no single moment of perfect orgasm. Instead, it seemed to be a marathon race and they were both stumbling across the finish line. Cocks started to spurt unevenly, sending out silky streams of sticky silver cum. The nest of cocks became a twisted mangrove of roots, squelching and squishing with semen. Despite cumming, the two kept going as long as they could, frothing like madmen until eventually they collapsed against each other. Plump, pert pecs rose and fell with their panting, their blue skin glistening with the sweat of their exertion.

Somewhere in the back of Chase's mind, he felt Alejandro... A piece of the demon sat with him like a polished stone. He could feel the demon's lusts, his wants and hopes and dreams, his mannerisms and his affectations. It was a blessing and a curse, to be sure, but more than anything he felt the price and ecstasy of having eight proud cursed cocks extending from his groin, and he felt just how good it was to let them loose inside a cluster of equally matched demon dicks.

I guess what they say is true: you can never have too much of a good thing... Our ancestors would mimic a single object in its entirety, usually a treasure chest or some other creative lure to draw in adventurers. Fully sentient mimics retain the forms they've taken in the past, sort of a mix and match a la carte sort of thing. Every once in a while I indulge myself in another cock-blossom and think of Alejandro... But sometimes I ask myself, what's better? Quantity or quality? When it

comes to quality, my mind always drifts back to Coop. You know what they say, it's hard to avoid the herd mentality of a satyr boy, especially if he's got a big shepherd's staff...

Another crack of thunder cut across the sky, shaking so hard that the students could feel it in their chests. The rain came down in a torrential downpour so fast and heavy that both parking lots were looking like lakes and the football field had been reduced to a marshy swamp. The storm had knocked the power out at the school, and while most teachers could have gotten by without electronics, they weren't in the bait of teaching in the dark. There had been screams and squeals as students raced through the rain to get from the front doors to their parents cars as fast as possible. A more bewildered flock of students had waited an extra half hour for the school buses to come and get them... But not everyone had somewhere to go, and even if they did, not everyone wanted to go there.

Chase leaned against the coarse, rough red brick outside the gymnasium building, huddled in the limited shelter of the overhang. He was chilled to the bone without having even ventured out in the rain more than a few steps. The blue in his hair had brightened to nearly white as if it had frozen over, and the silver streaks on his cheeks looked brighter than ever. He knew he'd have to make up his mind on what he was going to do before he got so cold that his breath stopped frosting in the air, but so far he couldn't pull himself away from the view...

There was something otherworldly about seeing his school without students, without light. It was still daytime, but all the life had bled out of it. There was water in places there shouldn't be and the big old oak trees out front looked extra heavy with the weight of the water soaking their leaves. As Chase's teeth started to chatter together, a sweeping feeling of ashamed realization crossed his mind. He'd taken on a variety of forms before, surely one of them had to cope with the cold better than he did in his natural state. Chase bit his lip and tried to think, but something caught his eye in the distance... a small plume of smoke was rising from under the bleachers.

The oddity was enough to distract Chase's train of thought. The rain was coming down in such heavy sheets that anything rising up seemed out of place, but sure enough there was another cloud of it a few moments later. Curiosity was a double edged sword for a mimic. Instinctively it was curiosity that had brought their pry close enough to eat in the time of antiquity, but it was also curiosity that allowed mimics to take on their variety of shapes. It was unlikely that a fire could have been started in the middle of such a downpour, but whatever was going on was interesting enough to inspire Chase to motion.

Sneakers splished and splashed through the standing water that covered the edge of the parking lot, though even that felt firmer than the springy, moist rubber turf of the track that ran around the football field. Even on a sunny day it had a bit of a spring to it, but now? It was practically a sponge. Chase padded along, feeling the rain stinging his face like needles as it hit, soaking into his shirt in seconds. His turquoise hair clung to his face in matted strands, but the motion had improved his situation a little. The circulation prompted by the movement had warmed him up a little.

Chase made it a little more than a quarter of the way down the bleachers before he reached one of the first access points to the underside. He stepped up and over the first bench before slipping down through the gap underneath one of the raised platforms used for making speeches or putting sound equipment on. As he maneuvered beneath, a steady hissing sound

came from the rain pelted the aluminum structure. It wasn't exactly a nice sound, but it was distinct and memorable... sort of like an ocean with no ebb or flow, just one constant tone.

The mimic looked around to try and orient himself to where he'd spotted the smoke, but he had little need. Leaning against one of the support columns that kept the bleachers aloft was one of his fellow classmates, though many had assumed the young man to be a janitor or even a teacher thanks to his rather overly mature beard. Coop was dressed in his customary red and black plaid sweatshirt, his baggy gray sweatpants sagging around his legs. His thick dinner plate sized hooves were coated in mud. The satyr's bovine like horns emerged from his head, jutting out wide and proud from his skull. His almond toned eyes were focused on the narrow slits of rain he could see through the gaps as he brought a vape pen up to his lips and held it there. After a moment the satyr exhaled an almost exaggeratedly large plume of smoke from his lips, letting it billow and spill out like a dragon making some kind of statement.

Chase found himself shivering once more, but not from the cold or the wet. Coop was the tallest, strongest, most manly student at their school. His black beard nearly reached his sternum and he'd gotten away with getting drinks for parties under age more than once. He was most certainly a slacker, but he never seemed to get in that much trouble. The students adored him and the teachers seemed to respect him. Despite that, though, no one had ever seen Coop on a date. He clearly didn't have a girlfriend, and if he had a boyfriend they weren't talking about it openly. Chase had his share of fantasies, of course. He knew the other boys did too - at least the gay ones.

Chase summoned what courage he could, deciding to add on a bit of muscle from the time he'd copied Nash to help him with a particularly troublesome geography test, and started walking closer. A furry, pointed ear twitched, as did a curved, fluffy black tail as Coop turned. He hadn't expected to see anyone else inside the bleachers but he exhaled a smoky sigh of relief when he realized it was Chase. The satyr reached up, scratching one finger along the back of one ear.

"I guess in hindsight I'm not that good at hiding." Coop said with a wry smile.

"The smoke signals did give you away, but before that I had no idea you were out here..." Chase said, closing the gap until they were only a couple feet apart. Chase arched one blond eyebrow, "Why are you out here, alone?" he asked. The satyr seemed to consider for a moment, taking another drag from his vape pen before letting it spill out. The tendrils of vapor danced along his long, luxurious beard before catching on the faint currents and wafting skyward.

"It's going to sound like the dumbest thing you've ever heard." Coop warned. Chase shook his head at that.

"I doubt it'll come close to Nash trying to name all the Elvish territories." Chase replied with a smile. Coop tried to smile, but he failed.

"I didn't want to be alone at home, it felt better to be alone here." the satyr said sheepishly. Chase's eyebrows lifted a bit in surprise before they settled down again.

"I get that... I mean, in a way that's why I'm out here myself." Chase considered before smiling a bit more, "How about we go somewhere more comfortable together? Wherever it is, you won't be alone."

"If you walk with me in this rain, you're going to be smelling a lot of wet wool. It's not exactly a popular cologne." Coop warned. Chase looked at Coop shrewdly.

“The only question I need to ask you is how warm a satyr is with wet wool?” the mimic questioned.

Walking home with Coop in the storm had been a transformative experience for Chase in more ways than one. Every crack of thunder felt like it was weaving a new connection between them. Coop’s neighborhood had not been spared from the power outage, though it seemed that a lot of the ranch style homes were empty anyway with their occupants at work. Water rushed down the gutters towards pools extending out from storm drains. Carefully cultivated gardens had been pummeled and each lawn had become a quagmire of mud, but Chase only saw beauty. It had taken about six blocks before the itching had started to cover Chase’s legs. When he’d pulled up one pant leg to scratch, Coop had shot him an interested glance.

“Do you have to become exactly the person you’re looking at?” Coop asked, his eyes glittering almost as much as the beads of rain that collected on his frizzy black beard or his thick eyebrows. Streams of water were running along the underside of his horns before dripping messily over his pointed, furry ears.

“Not if I focus. It’s easier to copy, but sometimes I can get creative and mix and match.” Chase said, hiking his pant legs up higher. While the wool had been growing in black, he focused carefully and the hair shifted to a bright, distinct turquoise blue. Coop let out a low growl of satisfaction.

“Oh, I like that.” he grinned. Chase smiled daringly.

“Well, I like you.” Chase said before feeling as if he might have been too forward, “A lot of people like you.” He added to try and soften it, but that did beg the question, “Is it that you just haven’t found the perfect someone?” he asked finally. Coop considered before shrugging.

“Maybe. My older brother is twenty three and he already has six kids. My other brother has two husbands and a live-in pool boy. I guess it just seemed like a lot to deal with and I wasn’t ready to take on all that. They should have adulting classes in school. I can’t really even ask my parents for advice, they’re always at the dairy working all hours.” Coop said.

“How do you feel about just one special someone? Not all that extra?” Chase asked, though he noticed Coop slow down a little before starting to walk up a driveway.

“It sounds nice without all that extra.” Coop said. He made his way to the garage, pulled out a key and unlocked it before hoisting the garage door up one handed. The panels clattered and rumbled like another clap of thunder, allowing what little light was outside to spill into the garage. “That door opens up to the laundry room, we should probably get out of this wet stuff before we go in the house.” Coop instructed. Chase nodded, kicking his shoes off outside in the garage, wincing a little as he extracted his newly fused toes. No longer restrained by the shoes, the keratin coating on his toenails spilled outward as his feet popped and shifted. Bones reoriented and his heel realigned as his foot took on hooves to match the wool sticking out from the bottom of his pant leg. Unable to wiggle his toes, Chase instead flexed his ankle and rotated it around, feeling relief. It was almost a regret he hadn’t walked there on hooves, but he would have hated to carry his shoes all that time.

As Chase stepped into the house, Coop lowered the garage door back down and came in behind him. Chase’s breath caught in his throat as Coop filled the doorway. His shoulders

were broad, his hips were wide, he was almost seven feet tall, and lord was he hairy. It was hard to believe he was just eighteen. Chase wanted to climb him like a tree. To the mimic's infinite surprise, though, it took only a few seconds for the satyr to drop his sweatpants. The water logged material plopped to the floor, revealing wet black wooly legs, grapefruit sized balls, and the base of a thick, meaty shaft as thick as Chase's wrist... but to Chase's surprise, the shaft angled up, disappearing into Coop's sweatshirt.

Coop grabbed a hold of his sweatshirt and pulled it up, the sleeves barely fitting around his thick, beefy arms. As the fabric lifted up and up and up, more of the satyr's immense shaft was revealed until finally, the fist sized head pulled away from his chest and flopped downwards at a ninety degree angle. The sweatshirt was dropped unceremoniously to the floor before the satyr shook a little, reaching up to wring some water out of his frizzy black beard. Coop ran his hands down the patch of hair that filled the space between his nipples and down his stomach, slicking off what moisture he could before he turned, looking around for a towel.

Chase stared, eyes glazed over with lust, a drop of drool running down from the corner of his mouth after he'd stood there, jaw hanging open for so long. He eventually caught himself and started taking off his jacket and his long sleeve t-shirt. Chase grunted a little, realizing he hadn't found any clean towels in the laundry room. He opened the washing machine and fished around for a dirty one, bending down to wipe the mud off his hooves. Bending over like that, he presented his furry ass to the mimic, bumping into him. Chase gasped suddenly as they touched, the contact setting off a flurry of changes that rippled out across his body.

The mimic's pants grew poofier as the coating of turquoise fur nearly doubled in density. Chase's bones started to ache and throb as they stretched longer and thicker. His fingers stretched longer, his wrists widened and a downy coating of blondish-brown hair began sprouting down his arms. Coop turned around, hearing muffled pops and snaps from beneath his compatriot's skin, watching him stretch up a good three or four inches in the space of twenty seconds. The shirt Chase had extracted seemed too small now as the mimic's shoulders grew wider, his flat chest rounding as his pecs filled with meat and muscle. Coop started to grin.

"That's one hell of a growth spurt..." Coop commented, crossing his muscled arms over his chest. The gesture did nothing to hide the colossal cock that the satyr had apparently bound to his chest all day at school.

"I guess I'm a grower, not a shower like you..." Chase panted. Coop grinned at that.

"Oh, I can grow too..." he replied, reaching down to wrap his fingers around his colossal cock, starting to stroke back and forth along its considerable length. Sure enough, it started to stretch and thicken just like Chase was.

Blushing and sweating from excitement, Chase quickly shed his pants, letting them join Coop's on the floor. His legs had gotten quite furry, the turquoise hue distinct in its contrast. As his underwear slipped off, the mimic realized he was already trying to catch up to his partner in girth. His shaft almost hurt with how fast it was growing, but that pain was far outmatched by the pleasure that radiated from it. Veins pulsed with each heartbeat, the skin ballooning outward as the cells doubled and quadrupled inside.

"Now, don't you go losing your individuality... I want you to be you, just hairier." Coop whispered, wrapping a strong arm around Chase's shoulders, pulling him close until their cocks touched between them. Chase couldn't help but let out a moan as he felt his achingly hard cock squeeze against the satyr's immense shaft. Coop was so big, so manly, so hairy, so perfect.

Chase could feel the blood pressure building in his skull, pounding against his temples and behind his eyes. It was usually the sign of big changes, and looking at Coop he could tell he was going to get big.

Despite Coop's size, he had gotten a bit of fame around the school by dancing on TikTok in some viral videos. He put those smooth moves to work gyrating and rolling his hips. Chase gasped as he felt that tree trunk of a shaft glide up along his stomach and chest, the musky round head coming tantalizingly close to his lips before it slithered back down again. The mimic felt the comfortable weight of the satyr's huge balls saddle across his lap before he moved again. Chase had to grab onto Coop's shoulder to steady himself, his eyes rolling into the back of his head as he felt his cock stretching longer and taller, almost as if it was being kneaded and stretched like rising bread dough.

"Oh yeah, that's the stuff, you're getting wild now..." Coop said, leaning his head down to kiss Chase. Chase met the kiss with eager need, but he hadn't expected the all encompassing tickle to come from Coop's bushy black beard. It tickled his upper lip, his chin, his lips and his cheeks. Their lips parted and a fat, thick tongue plunged into his mouth before sliding back and forth and wriggling around. It snagged his own, locking them in the embrace, sealing the satyr's beard against the mimic's face. It only took a few moments for the frizzy, coarse hairs to start scratching against newly blossomed stubble as it pushed out of Chase's upper lip, his chin, and then his cheeks.

Coop kept up with the sloppy kisses, humping and grinding, kissing his classmate. He felt a freedom he'd been afraid to dabble in. More than that, he felt excited and turned on to be with Chase. The satyr's huge hand came up to brush Chase's cheek and found more fuzz than he expected. He pulled back, breaking the kiss, a grin crossing the lips hidden behind his own downwards curved mustache. Chase had gone from looking like a meek and mild mannered baby faced eighteen year old to the scruffy hedonistic look of a college junior that had given up on personal grooming. A short but rapidly thickening mustache curved over his upper lip, a tuft of hair was stretching out from his chin, and the backs of his cheeks were framed with L shaped sideburns that were taking on their own flare.

In an exercise of great willpower and self control, Coop pulled back further, letting the mimic's cock peel itself free of his own. The satyr spread his thumb and little finger wide, holding it down to measure. Rubbing at the root of Chase's cock, the tip of his pinky almost brushed the top of Chase's shaft. Instead he teased the underside of the gland before bringing their hot and heavy bodies together once more.

"About one shaka so far, but I think we can do better than that... How does your process work? What coaxes you along?" Coop asked. Chase panted hard, nuzzling his face into the hefty cascade of Coop's dark beard longingly.

"I think we're doing it, just... proximity, excitement, need..." Chase panted. Coop grinned at that before he reached down, wrapping one firm, large hand around both of Chase's hips.

"Proximity, huh?" he asked, letting his fingers dig into the turquoise fur that covered the mimic's waist. With one easy hoist, he lifted Chase up into the air. No longer responsible for keeping him upright, Chase's legs responded with a rapid metamorphosis; his ankles continued to refine, his knees popped and snapped as they shifted orientation and the wool covered legs continued to stretch out longer, adding another few inches to his height. Chase squirmed a little,

unused to being lifted like a set of weights, but he inhaled sharply as Coop's massive cock slid down his stomach, alongside his own, and then traced along his taint.

"So satyr anatomy can accommodate men that are so large?" Chase forced himself to ask, though his intestines already seemed to know what they were doing. There was a squirming inside of him, almost a slithering as everything rearranged and maneuvered around. Coop did not answer, instead leaning in to nuzzle and rub his beard against Chase's face, letting it tickle and catch, meshing with the faun's own growth. Chase gasped and groaned, feeling his goatee grow out longer and cheek hair erupting to connect it to his sideburns. His mustache grew in thicker far faster than it grew longer, dipping down over his upper lip until it disappeared entirely before the sides eventually started to dip downward to join the rest of his facial foliage.

Coop felt as if the time was right once he had Chase writhing and squirming in his arms. He gave his partner one last lift upwards, allowing his cock to wobble forward just far enough that when Chase came back down, the shaft began squeezing into him. Chase's satyr legs kicked involuntarily as his ass was spread wide, the blue wooly coating only serving to add friction and warmth to Coop's already hard manhood. Inch by inch by inch, the satyr sunk into Chase. Neither of them had ever been so deep before. One of Chase's arms dangled loosely at his side, but the other slung over the satyr's powerful, muscled shoulder.

Of all the kisses Chase had experienced in his life, none had ever been quite so powerful as this one. It was as if Coop was giving him breath and life and energy, but demanding the same from him in turn. He felt undulations in the satyr's powerful pectorals, a ripple in his fit and firm abdomen. The satyr had biceps as thick as telephone poles and they were moving Chase up and down along a cock that might as well have been a rail. Chase's stomach started to distend at the apex of the thrusts, rounding outward over the mushroom shaped head of the man beast filling him so full.

Drool escaped Chase's lips, his eyes rolling into the back of his head. There was no room for rational thought as he felt his partner's cock slide past his belly button, his stomach, even pressing against his lungs. His tight anus fluttered around the intruder, stretched wide and growing wider by the second. Each thrust brought an electric thrill that shuddered and radiated through his body, spurring on more changes as his spine lengthened, his ribs pushed apart and his chest grew outward.

Every lift, every repetition was growing more challenging to Coop. He'd never exercised with anything that was demonstrating spontaneous increases in mass. As the mimic packed on the pounds, he had to force Chase to swing his limp arm up around his other shoulder and hold on. Chase's legs slipped around Coop's waist and latched on, giving him another point of balance. Coop fucked Chase with everything he had, and his huge cock was already starting to drool cum as he watched the young man's beard growing in. His mustache connected to his goatee, his goatee connected to his sideburns and thousands of tiny hairs filled in the space across his cheeks and under his bottom lip.

Chase threw his head back, thrashing against the pleasure filling him so soundly and completely. He tried to moan but it came out as a staccato series of grunts in a far deeper pitch than he'd started with. Coop kept going even as the trickle of precum worked its way up to a fountain inside of the mimic's ass. Jolts of electricity raced outward to Chase's fingertips, his hooves, his eyes, his forehead and especially his ass - or rather, his tailbone. The inconsequential dormant bone structure in his tailbone curved outward and then up, peeling

away from his skin and carrying away with it the same coating of shaggy turquoise fur. The tail began to twitch, shake, and then flagged upward.

It was a deep regret to Coop that he hadn't recorded the experience, although with the power outage they were lit over my ambient light leaking through the parchment covering over the pantry window at the back of the washroom. From what he could see, Chase was inflating like some sort of very elaborate balloon animal. His arms had puffed up, his chest had filled out, his face had taken on more adult angles, but beyond all of it was the growing size of his manhood. The mimic's cock had surged well past any normal measurement minutes prior, continuing to climb up along his chest and grow fatter with each beat of his racing heart. While his musk had started to take on the nutmeg tinge that most satyrs were known for, it still retained enough of a unique aroma that was intoxicating to Coop. His nostrils flared, his mouth parted and he brought his head down over the fat, thick head of Chase's growing monstrosity.

Nothing could have prepared Chase for the feeling of his growing cock being welcomed by someone else's mouth. Some small part at the back of his mind had assumed the sensation would have been diffused or spread out, but his huge shaft had room for countless more nerve endings that registered the hot saliva, the tight lips and the wriggling tongue. Coop showed off his complete lack of a gag reflex by continually bumping his throat with the wide head of Chase's tool before he did the impossible - he started swallowing.

"B'ahhhhh!" Chase bleated involuntarily as the circuit closed. His brain no longer had the bandwidth to process vision, leaving the mimic in a blurry haze of sexual euphoria. He was impaled on the satyr's shaft and his own was experiencing as much of Coop's esophagus as their angle of attack permitted. The mimic's body had nearly tripled in mass, adding on robust muscles, heavy hooves and thick turquoise wool. Tufts of soft brownish-blond fur had grown out from the back of his elbows and his ears had stretched out into teardrop shapes, twitching as the same dusty brown fur coated them.

As Chase writhed and arched his back, the curved crest of his now impressive beard descended from his face, sliding up and down across his nipples as he writhed. A tinkling sound came as the two bumped up against shelves and the washer, knocking down nick-nacks. At one point Chase tried to grab onto what he assumed was a handle for support, but it turned out to be a curtain rod that was not secured against the weight of a newly minted satyr. It wrenched out of the wall, sending the curtains clattering down the angled slope and into a heap on the floor.

Another heavy rumble of thunder echoed outside, though a little more light was coming through the silver clouds. It backlit the two impressive, heavily muscled satyrs as they fucked and sucked. While Chase had lost almost all of his reason, Coop's plea for him to stay himself echoed somewhere in the back of his mind. It was the blessing and the curse of being a mimic. He could feel the draw and pull of Coop's body calling to him, dark skin and darker hair trying to spread. Chase would have enjoyed it, but not everyone was as vain or self serving as his first boyfriend. Flexing it like a muscle, Chase tried to force his powers in a different way. He kept his own complexion and hair color, but the pounding pressure in his head only grew stronger.

"Fuck..." Chase whispered as the throbbing in his head focused into his temples, "Fuck!" he exclaimed louder, the pressure feeling as if it was going to crack his skull like an eggshell, "FUCK ME!" Chase howled as his skin stretched around suddenly expanding lumps, tearing around boney points before thick, ribbed goat horns curved out of his skull. They emerged like perfectly synchronized twin snakes, curling around the fuzzy flaps that made up his ears,

bringing the points forward along his cheeks a few centimeters away from the edge of his own thick, bushy beard.

The rush of relief as his horns grew in had been more than Chase could keep up with. His swollen balls tugged upwards, his incredibly long and full shaft throbbed and his fat cock head began to issue forth a geyser of nutty, salty, sweet satyr cum. Coop's throat began to undulate with muscles no human had, nursing and milking the shaft, drawing the nutritious semen into his muscle clad stomach. As he fed from the mimic, his own orgasm struck. His seed welled up inside his shaft before it exploded inside of Chase.

There were many warm feelings one could experience in a lifetime, but for a split second Chase thought his heart had exploded inside of his chest. The sudden blossoming heat had caught him off guard until he realized that Coop was filling redundant satyr stomachs with a flood of semen. It almost felt like some sort of medical test where he could map out his newly transformed organs by the warmth from the cum filling them up. While it was strange, it was still a welcome experience. Frantic thrusting became gentle grinding before finally ebbing to affectionate closeness. The two remained mounted, barely fitting into the now trashed laundry room, but they had at least accomplished their goal of not messing up the house... at least not yet. Chase was fairly certain that round two was going to destroy Coop's bedroom, but he had a feeling that was a price the satyr was willing to pay.

What can I say, I must have a thing for guys with horns... After that I spent almost two months as a Satyr. I had to buy a whole new wardrobe and the football team didn't give up on trying to recruit me until I reminded them that mimics were forbidden from participating in organized sports. I probably would have stayed a satyr longer, but Coop's dad walked in on us one time and my knee-jerk instinct was to take on some of his traits. Needless to say, that was a memory that stuck with Coop for the wrong reasons. I went back to being my regular self, at least for the most part... I flaunted what Coop gave me and got to keep wearing my oversized pants.

In hindsight, maybe I should have said that senior year of high school was hard. I know I certainly was. My sexual escapades were nearly enough to keep me from going to college on time, but I managed to pull up at the last possible moment. I was never burnt out on the idea of learning, but it was (and still is) a challenge to focus on education when there are so many sexy men around. Some want to see themselves in me, others appreciate my unique charm, but at the end of the day I am a wanton mimic - and I can't wait to see what I become next.