

Dat Ass (Man to Big Butt Woman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Daryl thinks he's hot shit when it comes to women, but when he slaps a woman's ass without consent, he makes a big mistake. That woman is the goddess Venus herself, and she decided to 'bless' him with an ass that everyone wants to slap and touch. But with every fondle, Daryl finds the rest of his body changing. Can he escape becoming a sexy woman known for 'dat ass'?

Dat Ass

Daryl was drunk and feeling frisky. The club was filled with a lot of hot ladies tonight, so there was plenty of choice when it came to who he was gonna dance up on, and who he was going to enjoy a sneaky little squeeze from. He'd always been this way, ever since he was a teenager snapping the bras of the early bloomers back in high school. Now, as a man in his early thirties, he'd only gotten more handsy with women, even in public. He just couldn't help himself, or at least that's what he told himself to excuse his behaviour. A nice set of titties, a magnificent set of baby making hips, a long set of legs emerging out the short hem of a cocktail dress; they all demanded a pinch, a squeeze, a cheeky fondle, as far as he was concerned.

But most of all what turned him on was a big, peachy, juicy, bouncy, fat and phat ASS. It was true, he liked big butts and he could not lie. Women with fine dump trucks were his strongest addiction, and one he'd never consider giving up. More than once after a girlfriend had chosen to leave him because of his repeated groping, or groping of other women, he had just sighed.

"I'm sorry to see you go, gal, but I love to watch you walk away, and you know it!"

It didn't matter if they were black, white, Asian, hispanic, or whatever, so long as they had a big derriere that he could sink his fingers into, then he was in. He'd been kicked out of a few restaurants when he'd spied a waitress with a pair of plush seats, and gave a nice squeeze as they walked by. A stewardess had squeaked in shock when he'd slapped her on the backside as she pushed a serving trolley down the aisle, only to wonder who had done the deed. Most of the time he got away with it, though. Daryl was a tall, fairly muscular guy. He didn't actively workout much, but his work as a firefighter kept him in good shape, and it also gave him an air of authority. Most women simply didn't complain, others never found out who was behind the sneaky little grope, while others at the club weren't exactly going to pick a fight against the six foot tall guy who was giving a shit-eating grin. Most of their boyfriends were too pussy, as he thought of them, to make a deal with it either.

And, of course, a few of them even enjoyed it. The club he was in now had a few women like that; they shook their asses for attention, even twerking to the songs and dancing up on men. One was doing so now, and he was gripping her ass tightly whenever he could.

“You’ve got one sexy ass, lady!” he exclaimed.

“You’re damn right, feel it!” she cried, giggling drunkenly and without shame.

He did so. God, he loved black girls; they had the biggest asses on the hottest figures. He didn’t like chubby girls, though he didn’t mind them thick - or *thicc*, as he often thought of them. No, he liked the ass to stand *out*. This girl was a perfect specimen in that way.

“Maybe when we’re done dancing, we can go back to your place and I can fuck you right up your sweet ass!” he said. It was more of a declaration than a question, and his own audacious comment turned him on.

The woman halted, turned around, and *slapped* him across the face.

“Asshole!” she declared. “Way to ruin it!”

She stomped off, moving off of the floor, but no one really noticed in the thick throng of it. Indeed, he just reverted to that same mantra: he was sad to see her go, but as that ass shook, he was more than happy to watch her walk away.

Daryl went to get a drink at the bar. His brown hair was starting to feel matted, and his skin had a very fine sheen of sweat from all the dancing. He cooled off with another beer rather than something stronger; he was still hoping to get in some anal today. He didn’t just love slapping a fine ass, he liked fucking one too. It was the hottest feeling in the world, dumping a load right into a woman’s dump truck. But maybe the prospects were a bit thin tonight. In a sea of attractive women, even some fine-chested ones, there was not a big butt in sight. Just a lot of white girls with pancake asses.

“Damn, shoulda gone slower with that black chick,” he murmured to himself.

But then he saw *her*, and his eyes went wide.

She was the most divine, gorgeous, attractive, perfectly shaped woman he’d ever laid eyes on, and from the looks other men were giving her, it was obvious everyone else thought the same too. Hell, even quite a few of the chicks were looking her way, a mix of attraction, awe, and goddamned envy. She had olive skin and plump lips, dark almond eyes and long curly brunette hair that fell down to the bottom of her shoulders. She wore a golden headband that somehow seemed to suit her, and it was matched by a white dress that made her appear like a freakin’ goddess: it fell off of her in all the right places, showing tantalising samples of her large bosom without quite causing a wardrobe malfunction, only to pull tight against her hips and rear before cutting off around her mid-thigh. Daryl couldn’t believe the sight of her, it was almost impossible to look away: she really did seem otherworldly, a mix of

ancient beauty and modernity that also extended to her dress sense. Her feet were in sandals, albeit with heels, and it had the effect of pronouncing the very particular feature he was most obsessed with.

Dat Ass.

It was round and plump, pert and perfect, and it visibly wobbled and shifted with her movements. Her hips were wide and childbearing, and it only made her backside bigger, a lovely derriere to match all others. No! To surpass them! It was like someone had granted his greatest wish. This was a holy sight to be worshipped.

Worshipped, and *slapped*.

Without even thinking, and with yet more alcohol flowing through his system, Daryl began to move towards the woman, on an implacable advance to do what needed to be done. She was talking with a man - no, a man and a woman, and they were holding hands, smiling sweetly and basking in her glow. It left her defenceless. He was in the thick of the crowd, and he could easily enjoy this moment before vanishing out of view. Hell, he could even return and chat her up, having tried to 'chase off' the man who'd done the deed.

"I love dat ass!" he called in an exaggerated voice.

The woman's face turned much, *much* faster than he could have anticipated. Her eyes glowed with an impossible golden light, somehow, probably contact lenses, he reasoned. But it was too late: he was already in motion, and his hand had been drawn quite far back. His open hand connected to her ass in what felt like slow motion, slapping perfectly against the round hill that was her left cheek. It made a loud *slap* of connection, and the flesh *rippled* like a stone thrown into water, an earthquake of movement coursing out from the site of impact. It was enough to make Daryl instantly hard, even as he tried to disappear into the crowd.

Except her hand shot out and grabbed his, far faster than he could have believed. And despite her loveliness and curves, she was somehow much stronger than he could have anticipated.

"You *DARE* slap me!?" she said in a voice as equally laced with honey as it was with venom.

"Nah lady, I saw that guy coming for you and tried to stop him. He's getting away and-"

"Lie not to a goddess, you fool," she said. "I am the Goddess Venus in human form. I descended from my Olympian home as I do often to spread the gift of beauty and love. This pair have been brought together, their aspects given ultimate perfection, as a gift for keeping the worship of me ongoing "

The woman and the man looked different from when Daryl had seen them just a minute ago. The man was taller, fitter, his jawline broad. The woman was cute, with large eyes and a cute pixie cut, her chest not huge but certainly pert. He'd thought they were dorky

nerds before, but he assumed it was just a distortion effect from being near this crazy goddess with her perfect ass.

“Look, whatever. So I did slap *dat fine ass*. Don’t claim you didn’t want it, girl! And don’t claim you’re some powerful goddess when we all know the power’s in that sexy behind of yours!”

He laughed at his lame joke, but the woman was positively seething by this point. She still looked beautiful in anger, but there was something deeply terrifying about it too. She stood taller, and he realised he was actually shorter than her. When had that happened?

“Daryl Jenkins, it seems you worship a woman’s ‘ass’ more than you worship her as a person.”

“Goddamn right,” he said, trying to pull his arm away from her. “Wait, how do you know my name, lady?”

The woman smirked, her golden eyes seeming to actually glow. “Well, then, this is your lucky day, Daryl. I am Venus, goddess of love, beauty, fertility, and attraction. I have blessed many mortals in my eons of existence, but yours will be a new kind of blessing for me, to match your particular *tastes*. Daryl Jenkins I hereby bless you with, what did you call it? Ah yes, *dat ass*. From this point, your rear shall be irresistible to everyone, particularly men like yourself. You have ‘blessed’ others with your crude gropes, squeezes, and slaps, and now you will be ‘blessed’ in turn. Your lovely backside shall arouse all who bear witness to it, but when a man grabs or slaps or gropes or squeezes that ass of yours? Well, your rear shall become more and more impressive, and the rest of you shall change to suit your new *derriere*.”

Golden light seemed to ripple out from her arm, into her hand, and then into Daryl. He winced, feeling a strange pouring of energy into his being. It surged through his body, down through his belly, and then collected, just as the woman said, in his two cheeks. Something in the air changed, and Daryl gasped. He pulled away his hand finally, the woman claiming to be Venus releasing him.

“What the f-fuck was that!?”

She simply smiled. “That was my blessing, foolish man. Enjoy it, and all the ‘fruit’ it bears you. Don’t panic too much over your changes, Daryl. I will be there to finish off my ‘blessing’ when the time is right - or shall I say, *ripe*?”

Something like terror sparked inside Daryl. The two lovers with Venus were watching with awe, but others in the club were now looking at *him* instead of her, gazing and muttering to themselves.

“*He’s got a nice ass.*”

“*Dude, check out that guy’s backside?*”

“*How come a man has a nicer butt than me?*”

It was too much to take in. He simply couldn't believe it. The goddess placed her hands on her lovely hips, turning just enough to show off her magnificent rear.

"Something else to say, Daryl? You're not thinking of fucking me in 'dat ass', as you? Because I assure you, I can bless you with such an experience too, though not in the position you think."

Daryl fled. He couldn't explain his fear. It was entirely stupid, he knew, fueled by his drunkenness. He'd probably been slipped something. But still he ran.

It was only when he'd gotten clear of the crowd and their weird comments that his brain caught up to him, and he could have kicked himself right up his *own* ass over how stupid he'd been. The whole thing had obviously been some kind of set up or prank, probably orchestrated by some girl whose ass he'd slapped as a little humiliating revenge against him.

"I'm a goddamn idiot," he said, pinching the bridge of his nose.

But it was too late to go back and make a scene without looking like an idiot, so he began to make his way to the exit. He'd come back another night and enjoy a little ass-pinching action.

"I'll get ya back," he said as he exited the club, thinking of the woman calling herself 'Venus.' "Just you wait. I'll find a way to get you to slip out of that dress for me. You'll be moaning like a whore in heat as I fuck you right in your ass."

It was just a way of saving face, saying stuff like that, but with a woman so goddamn divine he could just imagine it. He pictured it in his mind, him on all fours, her sliding a big dildo into his phat rear and-

"Ugh! Jesus, I'm drunker than I thought!"

He began to head towards his car, moving past a group of men and women loitering outside the club.

"Hey fella, you got a nice ass!" one called.

"Yeah, yeah," he replied, "so you're in on it too. Very funny."

"Nah, I'm serious! Can I touch your butt? Just one squeeze."

"Me too!" cried a girl, clearly having been kicked out for being drunk. "I'm so jealous of your ass! Can I pinch it! Pretty, pretty please!"

Disturbed, Daryl pushed past the group, making sure to shove aside the largest man in the group. They had to be in their early twenties, while he was a good ten years on them, and probably nearly a whole foot too. He shoved them aside with ease, and yet, to his own shock, one still leapt back to grasp at him. Or, more accurately, to *grope* at him.

THWACK!

The man's hand collided with Daryl's ass in an impressive smack. Instantly, he was flooding with anger, humiliation, and - most foreign to him of all - an overwhelming burst of

pleasure that bloomed from the cheek that had been slapped. It was entirely alien to Daryl; from the point of contact came a joy that mingled with the pain, radiating outwards and spreading until it engulfed that entire half of his rear. His toes curled, and he had to bite his lip to prevent himself from moaning like - like a woman whose ass had just been slapped!

“What the fuck do you think you - nghh!”

He gripped his rear. It felt like it was swelling, but surely it was just from the particularly firm slap on the sensitive skin. It didn't make sense otherwise.

“Sorry man, I just had to have a taste of that juicy rear of yours!”

“Fucking f-freak!” Daryl exclaimed. He turned and walked away faster than he would have liked, unnerved by the experience. As he travelled back to his car, he couldn't help but feel that other onlookers on the street were gaping at his rear. He bent over when he dropped his keys, fumbling with them.

“Shouldn't drive drunk. Just this once.”

“Nice ass there, fella!”

He spun on the spot. An old homeless man was rugged up on a bench, but had woken just to tell him that creepy message.

“What did you just say to me?”

“I said ya got a nice ass. Wanna show it to me?”

“Fuck you!”

He got in the car, his seat feeling more cushioned than usual, and drove home. Thankfully, no cops caught him drink driving, and no one else could see his ass to comment on it. He dropped like a sack of potatoes into his bed as soon as he could, wanting to put this whole bizarre experience behind him. Daryl didn't even notice the near-invisible figure hovering over him as he slumbered, her figure divine - quite literally.

“It's just begun, my dear Daryl Jenkins. I hope you continue to enjoy asses, because the world is about to enjoy yours.”

Daryl felt a big snug in his trousers when he changed at the fire station. It was a slow day, so there were plenty of his peers sitting around, checking over gear and ensuring maintenance was up to code and up to date. He kept adjusting his pants, but the real concern was his rear. He remembered all the strange events of yesterday, but had chalked it up to a mix of drink, a bad reaction, and some weirdo pranksters trying to rile him up.

“Stupid fucking wannabe goddess or whatever. Goddesses aren't real. She was just trying to get in my head and-”

THWACK

Daryl *jumped*, squealing a little in response to the hand that had made contact with his ass. He turned on the spot to see who had dared do that to him, but once again he was hit with a strong pulse of pleasure that left him with his eyes clenched, a result of the searing wondrous sensation.

“Aahhh, ohhh! S-stop that! Who the fuck was that? Jimmy, what the fuck!?”

It had been one of his friends, Jimmy, and he looked pretty damn pleased with himself. This despite the fact that Jimmy was happily married and loyal to his wife, a position Daryl never understood.

“Sorry Dee,” he said, grinning his freckled face off. “Just couldn’t resist with that quite tush of yours sticking out. You need to get better fitting pants so we can appreciate that peach of yours.”

Daryl tried to get his breath under control. His backside hurt, but it was a *good* hurt, and part of him felt a strange need to have someone else smack him. He quickly buried that odd need, replacing it with white-hot fury instead.

“If you fucking touch me like that again, I’ll-”

The siren blared. A call was coming in. Their chief, a man named Franklin, shot out from the office. “Fire at Maltherson Street!” he called. “C’mon, everyone! Get your asses in the truck, especially you, Daryl. We all want to see your ass out there, don’t we boys?”

A shared laugh rang across the station. Daryl blushed a horrified red, but began moving to get to the trucks. He didn’t even notice that Amy, one of their few female firefighters, was detouring just briefly to approach him.

“Amy, now’s not the time,” he muttered. “What do you n-”

She reached around lightning fast as squeezed both his cheeks with her hand, her fingers sinking into the flesh more than they should have, almost as if they had . . . grown,

“Mhmm! Ohhhh God! S-stop! Stop that, why are you - mmhmm - doing that!?”

“Just a quick squeeze for luck! Thanks a heap, bubblebut!”

She gave him a weak and playful slap, which only induced another ripple of unwanted pleasure, and then ran off to the truck. An exasperated Daryl swallowed, his heart pounding in horror. He could feel his cheeks clench and swell, almost like they were growing. What the hell was happening?

“This is all fucked up,” he muttered under his breath, his trousers growing tighter by the second. “There’s no fucking way that blessing was real.”

But he needed to get moving. There was a fire, and this would be his job on the line. He moved to the fire truck that was his to passenger in, and buckled up. The driver was Haynes, a man in his sixties with wrinkled brown skin. A total bore. He looked Daryl up and down, his eyes lingering upon the seat portion where Daryl’s cheeks were squatting.

“Guess it’s my lucky day, huh?” he said, grinning.

It was not a big fire, but being out in a rural location it could have been far worse. Daryl did his part, and in the aftermath of the victory he and his peers were given a great cheerful thanks from the farming family whose barn had nearly burned down. Despite the snugness in his pants and his anger at how his colleagues were treating him, he was at least basking in this moment of feeling like a hero. It was the kind of treatment that bolstered his ego when it came to his approaches to women.

Except now members of the farming family were looking at him like he *was* a woman. The patriarch was whispering to his son, who was only in his twenties, and the two were giggling together as they gestured to Daryl's behind. The younger man even licked his goddamned lips. It was enough to make Daryl's skin crawl, but worse, it was making him strangely aroused. This was a new development, but it was one only increasing in potency. Jimmy had come round to chat to the pair about the aftermath of the fire, and then the firefighter was also pointing, making crude gestures with his own ass as an example. Daryl tried to control his breathing. This was damn humiliating, and worse, it was making his dick hard. It didn't feel as prominent as it should have, but that was less important than the fact that just having these men check out his ass was having this effect on him.

"This isn't fucking normal," he muttered, voice cracking a little. He scratched at his hair, which was loose and wet from their efforts. He wondered if he needed a haircut.

"My husband's looking at you," came a voice that nearly made him jump. It was the farmer's wife. Her name was Sasha or Sarah or something. She was pretty plain-looking, so Daryl hadn't bothered to even remember it.

"Oh, ah, yeah. I don't know why. Guess he's just glad the barn is saved, right?"

She smirked, pulling up alongside him and corrected her honey-blonde hair. "Maybe. Or maybe he's enjoying the sight of those hills, hmm?"

"What? Hills?"

They were on a flat plain. Daryl tried to see what she was referring to, only to seize up. The woman had slid her hand down the small of his back in open view of her husband, and was gently lowering her hand to caress his rear. It *definitely* felt swollen.

"You can stop me anytime you want," she purred.

"I - I - oh God, I -"

Daryl had no idea what was wrong with him. He *had* to stop her. He simply *had* to. All of this insanity, this fucking 'blessing', if it even *was* real, was humiliating him in a degree he never thought possible.

But the sensation of her caressing his ass, rolling her fingers over the increasingly soft flesh, willing it to *grow* even peachier, was like a taste of heaven itself. Or a temptation from sinful hell. Daryl shuddered, biting his lip. It felt slightly fuller than usual, the same way his eyelashes seemed to flutter oddly as he blinked rapidly in response to the reluctant bliss.

“I think this ass is the best I’ve ever seen, and I’m not even into girls. Do you mind if my husband joins in?”

Daryl practically spluttered. He was trying to work up the will to push her hand away, but her gentle touch had now evolved to a single finger moving in circles around his cheek.

“Lower the trousers,” she said, motioning her husband to come over. Daryl could see him leaving Jimmy’s side, and his friend looked . . . *jealous!*?

Daryl slowly lowered his trousers, exposing his underwear. The woman slid her fingers over the waistband and then down to the soft expanse of skin beneath.

“Honey, feel this. I’ll be gentle, you be *hard*. Like we are in bed together.”

“That sounds perfect, Sarah.”

Daryl groaned. He needed to escape this, but now the farmer’s fingers were squeezing his right buttock, and squeezing hard. There was pain, but also a bloom of ecstasy that was utterly addictive. He bent over further in order to emphasise his rear, only to witness all his coworkers standing before and around him, their eyes wide.

“It - it isn’t wh-what it looks like! I’ve been f-fucking cursed! I - ohhhhh! Why does it f-feel so f-fucking hot!?! OHHHH!!!”

His cock throbbed in his pants, and the shared ministrations of the soft touch of Sarah and the painful domination of her husband became all too much.

Daryl came. He came *hard*. To his surprise, he didn’t ejaculate much into his pants, but he still shot small wad after wad into his underwear, shaking and writhing and supported by the husband-wife team so that he didn’t fall over. In his mind flashed an image of himself with an even bigger butt, his features far more feminine, and it wasn’t a hand pleasuring his rear, but a *cock*. One inserting right between his cheeks and making him moan with delight.

“What the f-fuck is happening to meeeee!?”

His underwear drew tight. The fabric rapidly stretched. Daryl clenched his eyes shut, feeling yet more fingers on him.

“Our turn now!” Jimmy and Amy announced, now returning for another touch, and Fire Chief Franklin lining up behind them.

“No! You’re making my b-butt bigger! My ass is g-growing, I can feel it! You have to - mhmm! Ohhhh!”

They didn’t listen, and as much as his male ego screamed to resist, his addiction was in full hold over him. He didn’t even try to stop them; the chauvinist harasser simply accepted his own harassment meekly, lost in pleasure as his two ‘hills’ expanded. It was like they were

being actively pumped full of fat, his ass growing outwards to the point where his uniform trousers wouldn't even fit anymore, and his underwear was stretched to near breaking point.

"I love dat ass!" shouted Franklin, and he slapped his behind with surprising force, leaving Daryl to topple forwards and sprawl upon the ground, ass stuck up on the air as if presenting himself to be fucked; a thought that sent further arousal through him.

It wasn't even the kind of thing Franklin would say: he was an older man who wouldn't use some slang. For just a moment, there had been a feminine warble in his voice, almost like that of the woman who claimed to be Venus.

"Chief, what did you say?"

But the man just grinned. "C'mon, Daryl. Enough playing in the mud now. We've all enjoyed the sight of that ass of yours but it's best we get back to the station. I think you should forgo the trousers now; you won't fit them and frankly I don't want you in them. We'll have some nice lunch while things aren't busy and we can all take turns taking pictures of that backside of yours."

Daryl just whimpered. Was this what it felt like, to have people treat you like a piece of meat? It was shameful.

And yet his body couldn't get enough of it.

As he stood up, it was Haynes, who looked at him with a bit of amusement.

"What?" Daryl whined, voice still cracking.

"Daryl, you know your ass is basically our fire service mascot, but I'm admiring those titties of yours, too."

The man squeaked, horrified. He cupped his chest, only to find two small but present mounds there.

"She really is a goddess," he managed to say.

The next few hours were utterly excruciating for Daryl. When he got back to the station, Amy was the first to grab his ass, slapping it playfully as she went past "for good luck." This started a conga line of other firefighters and staff doing the same, and even Debbie who helped run the phone line got in on the action, and she was seventy freakin' years old! Daryl could only grunt and groan and take it, humiliated at being groped and yet aroused by the way his ass continued to expand. His cheeks were now almost out of his underwear, and there was no way he could fit into his trousers now. Worse, the hair around his butt and legs was gone, and his chest had lost its hair too. He managed to slip away and check himself out in the mirror, only to gasp.

"No! Fucking no!"

He'd stripped naked, and the effects of all the gropes, squeezes, caresses and slaps were obvious. He was looking more feminine than ever. Still a man, but with a smaller penis, softer edges, and a distinct lack of facial hair. His five o'clock shadow had been replaced by baby-soft skin, and his eyelashes and lips were weirdly prominent. He didn't quite have boobs, but he definitely had *manboobs*, though his sore nipples were swelling, becoming needier with each passing hour.

"This is fucked," he said, voice whinier than it should have been. "This is so fucking *fucked!* I need to get out of here!"

He went straight to the Fire Chief and explained the situation: he was sick and needed emergency time off. It was a slow day, so that should be fine, right?

The chief raised a grey eyebrow and smirked. "Sure, I'll let you take the day off, Daryl. But first, I wanna have some contact with those sweet cheeks of yours. And I want them naked, okay?"

Daryl bit his lip. What the fuck was doing on? How far would this go? Silently, desperately, he dropped his underwear and faced away from the chief in the privacy of his office.

"J-just be quick, okay? I've got to find someone. I have to make sure she ends this fucking curse before I - agh! What the hell!?"

He turned around, only to find Franklin's face up against where his buttocks had been. Daryl gripped his right asscheek. God, it was huge! The kind of ass he loved in a woman. Worshipped, even! But now it had a fucking *bite mark* on it.

"Just wanted a taste," Franklin said, grinning. "Enjoy your sick leave, Daryl. Don't take too long. A man can get hungry."

Daryl fled. He didn't even bother putting on sweatpants or anything, simply raced out into the street and found his car and got going. A number of onlookers remarked upon him.

"Look at that man! What a sexy ass!"

"God, I've leave my girlfriend just for a chance of fucking that."

"Nice cheeks, toots!"

He got home in the hopes of quickly securing himself against onlookers, though it didn't stop him from coming across his neighbour Thomas, whose eyes gleamed as he approached.

"Hey, Daryl!"

"No now, Thomas!"

"Just one thing! I just need to tell you one thing!"

Daryl cringed, turned on the spot as Thomas entered his year. "What is it? What? I'm in my goddamned underwear here, Tom."

"I just wanted to say hi to a neighbour, and tell him how much we all appreciate him in the neighbourhood, isn't that right, folks?"

"Sure do!"

"Absolutely!"

"We love you Daryl, and your lovely derriere!"

It was a quiet neighbourhood, and rarely communal. And now women and men and even some geriatrics were waving from their porches and windows, all drinking in the sight of his fat behind.

"Whatever, I just have go. Don't follow me."

"Of course not! It's sad to see you go, Daryl . . ."

The changing man realised what was about to happen just before it did. Thomas' hand connected with his huge peachy rear with one impressive and satisfying *SLAP*.

"But I love to watch you walk away!"

"Ohhhh, s-stop! Mhmm!"

Daryl barely managed to get into his house before the next orgasmic change began. He gripped his rear, feeling it swell. With each step forward his pendulous ass wobbled and trembled, full and pert and yet bouncing with each motion. His hips felt wider, as if trying to accommodate his thick rear, and it meant he now swayed his hips from side to side, causing his ass to shake further.

"This is a nightmare, this is a nightmare, this is a n-nightmare."

He sat down on his couch, only to feel a terrific amount of padding beneath him. It was alien to the touch, and when he caressed even part of 'dat ass' he shivered a little. Surely no woman's behind was *that* sensitive. This *had* to be another part of Venus' 'blessing.'

"She's punishing me," he moaned, seeing his reflection in the black screen of the turned-off television. "I look like a girly dude. I've got a huge soft ass. She makes me fucking cum when people play with it, and the world is obsessed with it! I need to change back! Ugh!"

But no relief came. No appearance of the goddess. He pleaded and begged, even *prayed* to her, and yet still nothing. Not even a whisper. So he started doing research instead. Daryl had never been an academic, he usually just slept with smart chicks because they were often insecure. Now though, he was forced to try and find out myths and legends of Venus, how this roman goddess could possibly still exist, if there were other sightings of her and so on. It was a maddening few hours, punctuated by him getting up to talk a walk, and this only reminded him of how swollen his backside was. He ended up dressing in sweatpants, and even those hugged his new rear curves, accentuating how full and ripe his

rear was. Occasionally while trying to unfurl the mystery behind his 'blessing' he found himself running both hands over his ass, cupping it and letting it bounce.

He was only distracted from this surprisingly pleasurable experience when his phone dinged. He'd been putting messages on greek myth sites and pagan chat zones for several hours, hoping anyone could help him out. What he got was more than he expected, because the poster was *PatronVenusGoddessofLove*

Hello Daryl, the private message started. It seems you're already enjoying the ripe fruits of my blessing. I trust that others have enjoyed it as well. If you wish to see me again, you need only visit the very club in which you violated me. There you can plead your case, mortal.

He quivered on the spot. That would be hours away! And he'd have to be in goddamned *public* again. Who wanted to go out when you would just be treated as some piece of meat, harassed and groped without your consent?

"Fuck me, is that how it felt for them?" he said. It was a moment of realisation. He tapped on the keys to reply to her.

I'll never grope a woman again. I'm sorry. Pls turn me back.

But the reply was curt. *The Club. 9pm. Tonight.*

Which meant that all Daryl could do was sit on his fat ass and wait.

Daryl shuddered. He had made it to the entrance to the *Nightcraze* club and he'd already had his ass slapped three times. He simply couldn't stop them, and each one left him reeling from the dopamine hit as well as further expansion to the rear. One man had even shouted out "I love a white girl with a black girl's ass!"

"I'm not a girl!" he shouted back meekly, but his voice picked a bad time to break, which caused the offender to crack up laughing with his friends.

His nipples were sore, his manboobs now looking like a small pair of breasts. He wasn't dressed up; just in a casual shirt and sweatpants, and yet he was allowed to bypass the line to the club entirely, the bouncer licking his lips and going for a quick fondle.

"For an ass like that, baby girl, anything for you."

Daryl tried not to moan, but ended up producing a feminine cooing sound anyway. It was all so very wrong, and it got worse when he entered the throng of the club, its many men and women dancing and drinking and chatting and celebrating, and all those who could see him slowly turning their gaze to him. Well, to a particular part of his body, anyway.

The comments came once more, as did the procession of touches.

"Phat ass right there, man."

“Check out the chick with the huge ass.”

“I hope she’s into anal. I bet she’d love it.”

“I’d love to squeeze that while I fuck her pussy.”

Daryl squeaked, and not just from the continued touching as he probed deeper into the club. They were thinking of him as some damn *chick* now. He’d feminised a little further, his brunette hair longer, his face softer, his figure more female, but he was still a man! He was still recognisable as one, and yet they couldn’t see it!

THWACK!

Another growth in his backside, stretching even the confines of his sweatpants. Daryl lumbered forward as if in a trance, too overcome to even fight against the sensations, the growth, any of it. He accepted it as it came; gropes, squeezes, caresses, fondles, slaps, tickles, touches, the works! All that mattered was the vision of a woman in a white revealing dress on the other side of the club, her hair in gorgeous brown curls, her skin olive, her figure the kind he lusted after . . . not that he was feeling anything for women now. His mind filled with images of men as he approached the goddess Venus. Men with large cocks that could dive deep into her rear. Men with powerful palms who could squeeze her ass.

He managed to catch himself; he’d started even thinking as a *she*.

“Get a grip, Daryl,” he muttered to himself. “Just apologise. Say sorry and never fucking do it again, never come here again.”

Finally, he reached her. She was talking to a man, one who looked deeply handsome. He was tall, black, and muscular, with short black curls upon his head. He glanced at Daryl from over Venus’ shoulder and whistled, clearly impressed. Daryl ignored him, even if his appearance was . . . alluring. He had the perfect hands and strength to enjoy an ass like his. The thought was seductive, and all kinds of wrong.

“Venus!” he shouted, his words lost in the music of the club.

The woman held up a hand, ordering him to wait, then said a few more words to the handsome black man. Then, she turned, displaying herself fully in profile so he could take in her large chest and her large rear. Daryl was horrified to realise his own ass was now more impressive than that of the goddess of lust. She seemed to smirk at his realisation.

“Quite a blessing you have taken on there, Daryl Jenkins,” she said in her seductive tone. “How are you faring, now that you are experiencing all that you have put women through for so many years?”

“I - I’m . . .”

“Cat got your tongue?”

Daryl had intended to be civil. Hell, he’d intended to get down on his knees and fucking *beg* to change back. He’d intended to change his ways and become a better man and never be like this again.

But now, standing in front of this woman, something in Daryl just snapped. He'd spend most of his life enjoying the sight and feel of women regardless of what they wanted, and now this woman had put him through the absolute ringer, and all for what? To teach him a lesson? To make him *weak*? He wasn't being weak, he was just being a *man*. And there was no way that a hottie like her was going to somehow emasculate him!?

No way in fucking *hell*.

"Want to say something, Daryl?" Venus asked, one eyebrow raised.

Daryl folded his arms, trying to ignore the softness in his chest, and the sensitivity of his nipples. "Yeah, I came to tell you to fucking change me back already, you freak bitch."

There was an audible "ohhhhh," from several people surrounding Venus. The tall handsome man behind her simply shook his head and smiled, as if part-expecting this. Venus just *glared*. Daryl was momentarily intimidated by this, but that intimidation was emasculating, so he doubled down.

"Yeah, I'll say it. So you've got fucking magic and magic is real, whatever. You've had your fun. Now fucking undo this stupid 'blessing' you've put on me or you'll have another thing coming. I'm not afraid to kick your ass if I have to."

At this, Venus' glare broke into an enormous smile, and the smile broke into an even huger cackle. Her eyes glowed that eerie gold.

"Well, I'm very glad you've spelled it all out to me Daryl, because it makes this next part *so very much* easier. You see, I told you that once we met again, I would complete your blessing, didn't I?"

Daryl froze. Her glowing gold eyes were freaking him out, and his own rash words stung in his ears.

"Now, wait. Look, I just said that because of all you've put me through--"

"But you've put others through a lot worse, Daryl. A lot worse. And now you've had just a taste of it, and you want out? No, no, no. Not with this goddess. I have blessed you with a bountiful backside. I have aroused the lusts of all around you and fixed them upon that rear of yours. If you had grovelled before my glory, I might have been amenable to reversing my work. Now, instead, I am more than happy to make you one of my blessed mortals, a creature that inspires pure lust. And Sidney here is going to take you the rest of the way, aren't you, Sidney?"

The man stepped forward, flashing his white teeth in a broad smile. "Hey there, it's great to meet you, Daryl, though I guess I won't be calling you that for long, huh?"

"Sidney here has been quite a devoted worshipper of mine, and now I reward him with a taste of my power. Sidney, you know what to do; take Daryl here all the way and beyond."

Daryl tried to run, but his legs failed him. The man was already stepping forward, muscular and tall and *gorgeous* in a way that was foreign to his mind. He raised his hand, and Daryl was helpless but to stick his ass out, as if presented himself to his mate.

“Here goes then,” the man said in a crisp, classy voice.

And then he brought his hand down upon Daryl’s ass, colliding with it heavily and perfectly, eliciting the most dreamlike wondrous sensations from the horrified harasser.

SMACK

“Ohhhhhh! Oh G-GOD!”

It began immediately, and there was no stopping it. Daryl whined as his hair, already longer, began to spool out from his scalp, drifting over his shoulders. His voice took on a mesmerisingly seductive quality, no longer male but utterly femme fatale. His hips widened further, his ass expanding yet again, but his shoulders and waist shrunk, providing an hourglass figure. He clutches his chest, feeling twin balloons forming. As much as he was an ass man he loved a fine pair of tits. Now, to his horror and orgasmic pleasure, he now had a ripe pair of Double-D’s sitting on his chest, heavy and wobbling.

“N-no! You can’t do this to m-meeee!”

His penis slid back inside his body, inverting and hollowing, burrowing a passage deep into him. Daryl’s stomach twisted, leaving him to whine once more in that orgasmic tone, and there could be no doubt: a womb and pair of ovaries and a vaginal tunnel leadig to both had just formed within him.

“Ohhhh! F-fuck! Fuck meeeee! Noooo!”

He wailed even as his clothing changed. It connected and merged, his sweatpants and shirt reforming in size and shape and material to become a tight, tight, *tight* red cocktail dress, the kind that showed off his soft thighs and pulled right up against his ass, allowing one to see both cheeks and their dip. His boobs were almost spilling out of it, and the makeup that collected on his face and the product in his hair left him devastatingly beautiful. He knew because he could see his own reflection in Venus’ eyes. It shouldn’t have been possible, but her godly magic made them like reflections: he was now a busty, beautiful brunette with a backside that men would ache to touch. As if to emphasise this, he gave one final groan, his new tunnel becoming moist with arousal, and it expanded once more, left cheek then right.

“I love a white chick with a black girl’s ass,” said Sidney.

Daryl cringed. It was the kind of line he would have used. He looked down at himself, taking in his dainty hands, the way his cleavage blocked the view of his feet, the absence between his thighs. Something shifted gears in his mind, and then all of a sudden *she* couldn’t even think of herself as a *he* anymore, nor as Daryl. She was now . . . she was now

. . .

“You’ve made me Desiree,” she said, her tone sounding like it was inviting Sidney to bed. “Why the fuck h-have you made me think of myself as Desiree?”

Sidney whistled, clearly turned on by her. She could feel his gaze on her huge, wobbly, bouncy, peachy backside, and it was making her even more wet, a sensation that was completely alien and completely fucking *hot*.

Venus smiled. “Because that’s who you are now, honey. And that’s who you’ll be for the rest of your life. And the name suits both my power and your own appeal. You are an avatar of desire now. Men who like big butts will flock to you, and women too. Don’t worry, I’ve added a few features to help you adjust to this life. Your name has now always been Desiree, and you’re no longer a firefighter but a stripper who *loves* being groped on the job, and even more when she comes to clubs like this. You’ll feel a strong compulsion to follow this new life of yours.”

“But - but-”

“Even better,” she continued, gesturing for Sidney to grab her ass. He did, and Desiree exhaled sharply, shuddering from the bliss. “Your ass will be the most sensitive part of your body, even more than your clit! And having it be slapped will automatically make you wet, mortal. In fact, you can orgasm just from having your ass played with. But when it *does* come to sex, let’s just say that all the anal you’ve been lusting after in your dirty mind will be exactly what you’ll be receiving, Desiree.”

“N-no!”

“Yes,” she said, golden eyes flashing. “You’ll crave it. You won’t be able to live without it. You’ll suffer the endless humiliation of a man blowing his load deep in your ass, and it’ll make you go wild each and every time.”

Desiree couldn’t take this all in. It was a nightmare. Just her words were making the new woman wetter and wetter. She could practically feel her juices sliding down her thighs.

“Please!”

“It’s too late for that, but if you’re looking for relief, that’s what Sidney is here for. The first to be blessed by your own blessing. Sidney? I hear there’s a nice area in that hallway closet you can enjoy to your heart’s delight. Right through that corridor there. Enjoy her for as long as you want, then pass her forward. The Goddess of Beauty, Love, and Lust should always share her gifts around.”

She turned and walked away, leaving Desiree stuck with Sidney, unable to leave his side. She was rubbing her thighs together, but it was another part of her that really wanted attention. She gripped her own cheeks, moaning furiously and getting the attention of other clubbers who until now hadn’t noticed her due to Venus’ magic. Now, they took her in.

“What a hot fucking ass.”

“I’d like to do her in the backside.”

“Take a squeeze, Hannah! I bet she likes lesbian action!”

She fled straight to Sidney, embracing him thanks to the dreadful compulsions on her.

“Get me out of here!” she begged.

The man held her, cupping her large ass. She had a sudden image of dancing up against him, letting him grip her hips and sink his fingers into her peachy rear while they danced together. It was intoxicating.

“Sure thing,” Sidney said. “I know a great closet nearby.” He lowered his lips down to her ear. “What so we go there and I fuck you in the ass until you cum?”

Desiree couldn’t even turn him down. The compulsions, the arousal, the inability to fight back, it all combined together to form her next words.

“S-sure thing, hon,” she replied. “You can do anything to this fine backside all you want. Everyone loves ‘dat ass.’”

He took her by the hand, leading her to the corridor, and then into the closet area which he promptly locked. Desiree’s male ego screamed, but it was too late now. Thanks to her actions and words, this was her for good. She was one of Venus’ chosen, a woman whose derriere could launch a thousand ships. And now she was sliding up her dress, and he was unbuckling his pants, and then he was entering her and she was gasping as he fucked her right in the ass.

“Y-yes! Yes! Fuck me!”

She leaned against a cupboard, letting him thrust into her from behind, right up her ass while he squeezed her big cheeks. It was heaven and hell, it was torture and it was pleasure. It was a curse and a godly blessing. Sidney would blow a load right into her, and it would send her into heights of ecstasy she had never known. And even that was only just the beginning.

From this day forward, Desiree would always have *dat ass*, and thanks to Venus’ blessing, she would certainly be using it.

It was years later, and Desiree was crying out as she was rammed from behind. She was on all fours on the floor, and her gentleman caller - Fred or something - was damn big inside her. He squeezed her ass, fondling it in all the best ways. She’d already cum multiple times, but the big one was yet to come, though the man was close.

“Don’t stop h-honey!” she cried, making her voice as honeyed as possible. “I want you to put your whole load inside me. Cum in my ass! Cum as much as you c-can!”

The man finally exploded within her, and it *did not* disappoint. These were the moments Desiree lived for, when all the gifts Venus had blessed her with bore the finest of fruits - the sensitivity of her ass, the obsession she inspired in it from men and women alike, her own need to have it played with. At the very moment he ejaculated, the man slapped her cheeks, *hard*, and it was perfectly timed, for it left her *howling*. Her huge ass hugged his cock, his balls cushioned between her cheeks, and something about that was just right.

"Holy shit, that was good," the man said, withdrawing from her.

She exhaled breathlessly as he slipped out of her, jiggling her ass in satisfaction. "You're damn right that was good, baby," she replied, turning her head back to take him in. "Mhmm, that's what I needed before I go to work."

"Can I see you there, at the club?"

"After that performance? Mhmm, yes. You more than deserve it, honey. And remember, you can slap and grope me when I'm up there dancing as much as you like, so long as you tip me."

He grinned. "Do I have to tip you for this?"

She crawled onto him, kissing him on the lips as she planted his hands on her ass. The residual pleasure was still there.

"This? This was just fun," she said. "Me using my gifts. We can do it again sometime, if you keep up such a fine performance. Now come on, you can help me choose what sexy outfit to wear to work today. I want something that'll show off this ass of mine, and I want you and everyone else to appreciate it."

She got off of the floor to head to the shower, a brief reprieve from using her Venus-endowed talents. As she did so, she caught sight of herself in the mirror, and just for a moment grappled with how much her life had changed.

But then Desiree turned on the hot water and basked herself in it, cleaning herself out and gripping her own backside just for the hell of it. She couldn't escape this life, and after several years of failing to fight it, she'd found it was far easier to just embrace it all and go along for the ride. She was one of Venus' avatars of lust now, and she'd never be going back. And the stripclub more than paid her bills from how many men paid to grope her delicious backside. Several years of cumming from the sensitivity had finally made her adapt.

And why not have a little fun shaking what her mother goddess gave her?

The End