

Disclaimer: *This is a piece of erotic fiction containing scenes of growth and other events of a sexual nature. It is meant only for those 18 years or older and has an interest in its subject matter. Those who are not advised not to read lest they risk the utter corruption of their souls.*

The Ring

by Dynamoob

I take a bite of chicken; it's greasy in my fingers. Mom always makes good fried chicken, and by that I mean she knows how to stop at KFC on the way home from work. Being a single mom is tough; she spends most of her time working, which in her occupation is hard enough in itself. You see, she's an agent for a local modeling agency and is always having to deal with very stuck-up clients. Most days, she comes home exhausted with a bag of some sort of fast food since she never has the time to prepare a proper meal, and because of this, I'm not really the most physically fit person you'll meet. She comes home often looking like shit in the evenings. Her brown hair is usually a mess, and her skin is obviously pale from all the energy being sucked out of her, while the bags under her eyes are always an indication of her long day. To her credit though, she does always try to be engaged in what me and my little sister, Gina, do during the day. I would never blame her if she just came home and went straight to bed.

"So Mark, how was school?" she asks me, her tiredness seeping through her upbeat tone.

"It was ok, I guess. Nothing special happened...Oh! Change in plans: tomorrow, Abbey, Tony, and I are meeting here for our English project instead of Tony's house. Apparently, a water line broke or something and their whole house flooded."

"Wow, cool!" exclaims Gina, jumping in her seat, bits of chicken skin flying through the air, "Did their house turn into a giant fish tank? It would be so awesome to swim around your house all day." The enthusiastic six-year-old is clearly excited by the idea.

"No," I correct, "There wasn't *that* much water. It was only a few inches. It destroyed all the carpets, so they had to tear everything up to putting in new flooring."

Gina is visibly disappointed. She mutters in a low tone, “That’s lame,” as she sinks back into her seat with her lower lip pushed forward.

“Well,” says mom, “I’ll likely be running late again tomorrow and Gina is going home with a friend after school, so you guys will probably be by yourselves for most of the afternoon.”

Gina begins dancing and singing teasingly, “Mark and Abbey sittin’ in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g!” She then leans in close to me and mockingly puckers her lips at me, giving an uncanny imitation of a kissing fish. I try to dismiss her antics, but I’ll admit I’m a little riled by them.

“Knock it off,” I tell her with an irritation detectable in my voice. She apparently senses it because it just encourages her to continue smacking her lips even louder. “Quit it!” I exclaim; she just persists with even more exuberance. Mom, either sensing my frustration or just too tired to deal with the noise, commands Gina to stop, and feeling deprived of her fun, Gina quietly sinks back into her seat, taking a defeated bite of her biscuit in the process. She frowns, glaring off into the distance.

It’s suddenly quiet now; accompanied with an all too familiar awkward feeling that occurs in situations like this. Mom tries her luck at breaking the unease, “I got a phone call today about your car,” she says to me, “It should be back from the body shop in a couple of days.”

“That’s great!” I respond, genuine happiness filling my stomach. The thing was, a few weeks ago I was in a fender-bender with some near-sighted old lady. The damage wasn’t that great, but it still needed repairs. The old woman, Barbara, was so concerned for me. She kept wanting to do everything she could to make sure I was alright. She even insisted on paying for all the damages. She is really kind, her motherly instincts still lingering even in her advancing age. Anyway, since then I’ve been in transportation limbo while waiting for my old Chevy to get repaired. For the last week or so I’ve been forced to take the bus to and from school or hassle one of my friends for a ride. It’s going to be great to finally be able to drive myself again.

“Oh,” mom continues as if just reminded of something, “Your class ring arrived in the mail today.”

“Sweet,” I exclaim. I’ve been waiting for it for a while now. My senior year at Lawrence High is almost over, and now I can roam the remaining months through the halls proudly with my new class ring. I’m one of the last few people to receive it, so it’s not going to be that big of a deal to anyone else. But at least it’ll make *me* feel good.

“I left it on your desk in your room,” she informs me while I get up from the dining table to wash my plate.

“Thanks,” I reply.

After finishing dinner, I head to my room where indeed lying on my desk is my new class ring. I use my scissors to rip through the packing tape and open the cardboard box to slide the velvet case into my hand. I open the case slowly to observe the shiny gold. Very cool. It is big, like a ring one would get for winning the Super Bowl. Embroidered along the sides are my graduating year and my initials. In the center is a large circular emerald stone. I chose emerald simply because it's my birth stone, otherwise I didn't delve deeply into my decision. The stone's very bright and polished, and the shimmer under my desk lamp is almost enough to blind me. I slide it on. It's a perfect fit. As I twist my hand in the light for different views, both the gold and the emerald sparkle brightly into my eyes. I'm very pleased with the product. For a hundred and twenty five dollars I better be. I pick up the cardboard box and after making sure it was empty I toss it into my trash bin. Then I sit down at my desk and log on to my computer. With my ring still on, I spend the rest of the evening searching through my usual blogs and other websites. I'd tell what sort of stuff they are, but it's really not that important.

Hours go by quickly and it's now getting late. I'm also growing sleepy. So I exit my blogs, turn off my computer, and pull the ring off before heading to bed. It's so comfortable I almost forget I'm wearing it. Anyway, I slide it off and return it to its velvet case and back onto my desk. But before I do, I notice writing on the ring's interior. Picking it back up into the light, I read the phrase, "*Change the World.*" Funny, I don't remember requesting that phrase be imprinted onto my ring. Nor do I think my school picked that as a class motto. But I don't really mind though. In fact, I kind of like the symbolism. It fits the whole idea of graduating and going on to change the world as a young adult. Admiring my ring one last time, I put it back into its case and place it down on my desk. Walking towards my bed, I pull off my shirt and kick off my shoes and socks. Then I plunge into my bed in just my shorts and quickly I'm fast asleep.

I wake up to the buzzing sound of my alarm; its ringing echoes through my ears as I desperately attempt to turn it off. My arm reaches out from underneath the covers and smacks blindly on my nightstand. Eventually, after two or three hits, I locate the clock and press the button to turn off the awfully loud beeping. Lazily, I crawl out of bed and drag my feet into the shower. Walking into the bathroom I immediately notice my reflection in the mirror. My hair is a mess and my eyes are only half open, but I can still see the bulge of my belly in profile. Too much fast food; it's not healthy. I take my shower. During most of it, I just stand there letting the warm water hit me, trying to let it wake me up. Refreshed, I dry off and get dressed: a t-shirt and jeans, nothing special, and lastly, I put on my shoes and slide on my new class ring. I give it another good look. The morning light is shining through my window and glimmers off of the

polished emerald. It sparkles again. Although this time is different, as if the light came from within the stone. It almost looks like it is glowing; cool.

I gather my things for school and head downstairs for breakfast. Entering the kitchen, I notice mom in the corner of my eye. I don't bother to look over or greet her right away. Instead I just reach for a bowl of cereal and begin eating at the table in the nook.

"Good morning," I hear her say. Her voice seems livelier today. She must have had a good night's rest.

"Morning," I reply, trying to match her mood.

She explains, "Now remember, I have a photo shoot today that'll be running late. So I won't be home until about ten thirty. Can you and your sister handle dinner without me?"

"Shouldn't be a problem," I answer with a mouth full of cereal. She's usually always a bit late from work each day, but rarely is she held up as late into the evening as she will be tonight. The few times she is, it is generally because the model working that day ends up having a diva moment, and the day ends up dragging on forever. I would know, I've visited a few photo shoots and witnessed it first-hand. So with curiosity, I ask her, "So who's modeling today?"

She giggles and answers, "I am, silly."

What?! Did she just say she's the model? And did she just giggle? She never giggles. In utter confusion, my head shoots right up and immediately turns to mom with surprise. But what I see isn't mom. Well, it *is* mom; it just doesn't look like her. She looks different, much different. I can still tell it's her, but now she's...she's...hot! Her brown hair is thicker, and I think longer too. Her face seems more radiant than before. I can't tell if it's because of her mysterious new tan or if it's the brightness of her brown eyes, but her plump lips and healthy cheeks create a luminous appearance each time she smiles, something she's doing with greater regularity than usual.

But what really had changed is her body. It is now much slimmer and toned. I had no idea she was so fit. Then again, all those pant-suits she wears hide her physique anyway. Unlike now, as she is wearing a tight cotton top with spaghetti straps and pajama shorts that say "*Baby Doll*" across the butt. When did she get these clothes? She's never worn anything like this before. Regardless of when she got them, they are certainly showcasing her body for all to see. This is the first time I ever think I've seen mom show her legs; they're longer than I thought, smoothly rising into her curvy hips, held snugly within the small pink shorts, then past the exposed belly button and up the narrow waist, ending ultimately at her round, perky breasts— Bad thoughts, bad thoughts!

"They're doing a shoot for a new lingerie line for Victoria's Secret," she explains, still giggling from what was apparently an unusual question on my part. I just sit there dumbfounded by confusion. Motioning to her perky little bosom, she says, "Today's session was supposed to

be for smaller bras.” Because of where she was gesturing, I can’t help but look at the sprightly bust underneath a shirt that is literally clinging to the skin. Then I notice her breasts begin to bulge. As she’s talking, they start to swell even more. Slowly, they push out against the cotton, stressing the little spaghetti straps.

“But by some mistake,” she continues, seemingly unaware of what is happening, “they also scheduled to shoot the larger bra collections today too.” Cleavage emerges just above the shirt’s neckline and keeps growing.

“So in a hurry, they needed to find a larger model for today as well.” She arches her newly enlarged breasts out to show me as if to answer the unasked question: which larger model did they find?

“So they got me to do it.” She acts as if nothing is out of the ordinary; as if she always looked this way. She just grew something like three bra sizes, and she’s thinking nothing of it! It’s as if her mind is being altered along with her body to believe she’s a busty supermodel. Her smile hasn’t left her face. “That’s why I’ll be so late: because we’re essentially doing two shoots instead of the scheduled one.”

I’m afraid to say anything. I’m afraid to *think* anything. I just can’t stop looking at mom in utter disbelief. I especially can’t stop staring at her protruding boobs, trying my damndest to restrain any deviant thoughts. This is when Gina skips into the kitchen, cheering, “Good morning.” Oh boy, what will Gina do when she sees mom? How is she going to react? To be honest, I’m still not sure *I* know how to react. But I really don’t think mom’s sexy new look is something for a little girl to see, especially with the suddenness in which it occurred. But Gina just walks around like everything is normal. I know she sees mom, she looked right at her when she entered. Yet she acts like nothing has happened; as if mom’s supermodel looks are normal.

She merely hops over to mom asking for a cup. She gives no second glances, no double takes; just looks her right in the eyes and asks for the cup. She doesn’t even bother to register, publically at least, the massive breasts hovering just above her petite little head. Very merrily, mom turns around to face the cupboards behind her, providing me with an unrestricted and unwelcome view of her toned rear end. Opening one of the top cupboards, she reaches up to grab a little plastic cup for her daughter. All the while, her reaching is forcing her onto her toes, tightening the muscles in her legs and squeezing her butt cheeks together. Her shorts are riding up a little, and I’m being exposed to far more of my mother’s skin than I would like. After grabbing the cup, she turns back around and bends down to hand it to little Gina. I can’t help notice her massive cleavage falling out of her now too little top. Even more unsettling, I realize Gina is unfazed by this. She obviously has the perfect, straight-ahead view of mom’s gargantuan melons as they’re being bent over, but she just grabs the cup from mom’s hands with a smile devoid of abnormality.

I stare in blank awe as Gina, with a carefree attitude, places the cup on the counter; she's still too short to see over the top of the counter and must get on her toes to place the cup down. She walks to the refrigerator and grabs the carton of orange juice. The carton is still quite full, and it takes two hands for her to carry it. Mom offers to give assistance, but Gina declines.

"I'm a big girl," she says with determination while she struggles to carry the juice back to the counter. When she arrives, she now easily stands over the countertop, clearing it by many good inches.

I have to double-take. She just grew half a foot in a matter of seconds! It must have been a growth spurt. Is she at that age already? She can't be, she's only six, and growth spurts don't happen as rapidly as this. I watch her pour the juice with ease and begin drinking, and as if the juice was a growth supplement, Gina begins growing even more. Her legs stretch upward like tall, slender tree trunks, and her hips slowly push outward. Her once little butt grows into an incredibly firm and voluminous backside. The little orange skirt she's wearing at first extends down to just above her knees. Now it can barely reach the top of her toned thighs, and all of her tan, smooth legs are being revealed. It continues to be stretched to its limit as the little girl's body develops into that of a fully grown woman. Her pudgy little cheeks mature and define into the portrait of a Greek goddess, and her thick lips suckle the edge of the plastic cup. With each gulp of juice, her breasts swell to greater and greater size, and by the time she finishes the beverage, her breasts are now equal to the size to mom's heaving new set, pushing against her tiny t-shirt, which has risen up in her growth to reveal a perfectly toned and tapered abdomen; no longer something belonging to a six-year-old.

I don't know what to make of all this. These two both just transformed into big breasted babes, and neither of them seems to notice any change! Oh God, I'm afraid to look. After all, that's my mom and little sister, well she's not so little anymore, but that's not the point. They're family! Looking at them, I'm afraid bad thoughts will come to mind; naughty thoughts. Must focus on breakfast. Must focus breakfast.

"When will you be home today, Sweetie?" mom asks Gina very matter-of-factly, still apparently unaware of any changes either to Gina or herself. It's as if they are completely oblivious to anything going on. Either that or they somehow believe they've always been like this.

Putting her glass down, a fully grown Gina answers, "Well I have two classes this morning then I'll be at work till seven."

She cuts off there and turns sharply in my direction; her giant boobs sway and jiggle even after she stops. She looks at me harshly, while I just try to keep to myself and vainly try to bury myself in food. But I can tell Gina isn't deceived, especially since I keep looking up at her and mom. How can I not? They just transformed right before my eyes, and nobody seems to notice

but me. How is it even physically possible? And why did they become so hot? I mean, look at them. They're so smoking ho— Ah! Bad thoughts again. Focus on breakfast. Focus on breakfast.

Gina interrupts my thoughts anyway, saying very sternly, "And I swear, if I see you and your devious little friends ogling me and my coworkers again, I swear I'll kill you. If you have to stare at giant tits, please go to another Hooters and not the one *I* work at." She's apparently very annoyed with me. It appears that since her growth into a full-fledged woman, she thinks she has a job at Hooters – she is definitely qualified.

I'm too embarrassed to reply. I just sort of sit and stare at her blankly. "Ugh, you're hopeless," she dismisses with a level of disgust. I sure hope she didn't take the blank stare the wrong way. I want to make things clear, but I can't respond. This is just too unreal! What the hell is going on? It's as if I went to sleep and woke up in a different reality, but that's impossible. Isn't it? After all, I didn't think it was possible for breasts to grow insanely huge in a matter of seconds, but that is exactly what just happened. Why did they change? And why did they change the way they did?

A horn honks outside before I can try to answer. "That must be the bus," mom merrily announces. She's as preppy as a cheerleader. She comes up to me as I grab my backpack on the floor. After bending down to grab it, I rise back up and am immediately greeted by a pair of bulging tits protruding directly into my face. Uncomfortable, I bolt straight to my feet so they're at least not at eye level anymore. But it doesn't help as mom without warning leans in to kiss my cheeks goodbye. Her fuller lips make greater contact against my face than I would have expected. They feel softer than I would have expected too. Is she wearing lip gloss? She's not normally the kind that would, but whatever the cause, her lips are soft to my cheek. What are unmistakably soft however are the two melons pressed into my chest. And they're warm, so very, very – Bad thoughts again! Have to stop thinking about breasts. Don't think about the warm, soft, perky – STOP IT!

Being released from her hold, I am ushered out of the house by my impatient sister, "Bus means school, you dead weight. Now go," she commands. I've always been annoyed by her teasing before, but the aggravated tone in her voice would imply that I'm the one doing all the teasing. She closes the door behind me, rather forcefully I might add, and I am left alone on the small patio facing the yellow school bus.

I slowly march down the concrete walkway. I hate having to ride that rusty old piece of tin. Man, I can't wait until I get my car back. Unfortunately, my car is just the least of my problems. I still have absolutely no idea what the hell just happened in there. Perhaps if I can just spend the day at school and relax, this whole thing will settle down and I can figure out what I just saw. Maybe I was only seeing things.

The bus door creaks open. Staring down at me in the driver's seat is a grumpy old woman in her mid to late forties. With a half-burned cigarette pressed between her wrinkled lips, she

puffs out smoke with every other breath. She looks like the chimney from a steam engine of an old locomotive, and she's overweight too; I can't help notice the seat beneath her bow out, wondering how much longer before it gives way and she crashes to the floor. All this while, she's glaring at me. Her snarl exposes all the wrinkles in her cheeks and forehead along with the yellow teeth stained from too much tobacco. Such a grumpy old witch; how the school district allows some one so irritable to chauffeur students around is beyond me. But I enter the bus regardless. The second I'm clear, she slams the doors back shut and impatiently waits for me to sit. I find a seat all to myself near the back, and once I sit, she hits the accelerator, and we're off in a puff of smoke.

The bus slows to a stop just outside of the school's front entrance. I must have spaced out during the ride. But I do feel better now; more relaxed, even if the drive here was as reckless and turbulent as a roller coaster ought to be. My butt may be a bit sore, but my mind is feeling rested and a little clearer. The uneventful ride has definitely helped my brain clear up. I glance outside the dirty bus window just inches from my face. Students are roaming in every which direction, but mostly bound for the four large doors at the building's entrance, above them reads in large letters "Lawrence High School."

Everybody inside the bus has already stood up and are slowly pushing their way towards the exit at the front of the bus. I carefully wait my turn and shimmy my way into the crowded center walkway. As I inch forward, I begin to hear an odd noise coming from just ahead. To my surprise, it is coming from the bus driver. I can hear her voice wishing the students a very pleasant goodbye. It was such a lovely voice; very soft and delicate with a jovial and upbeat quality emanating through it. I never would have pictured a woman who smokes so many cigarettes would have a voice so sweet. Nor would I have expected her to be so cheerful, especially after that sneer she gave me earlier.

As I push forward still, I can begin to see her. At first I see a large, voluminous mane of silky caramel hair that I don't remember her having. Oh no! Is she changing too? Has she already changed? And how come nobody is noticing? Why do they all seem oblivious to what is happening? Then I realize that not everyone is so oblivious. I start to look at all the guys as they walk past her. Each are taking prolong glances at her with grins wide enough to fit a zeppelin in. They walk slowly as if to stall, and exit down the stairs with their heads turned back so as to apparently get as long of a view as possible. These are not looks of shock or surprise, but of horny pleasure. It is now when I approach the driver seat that I realize why.

Her flowing brown hair is full of volume and shine as it beautifully falls over the delicate shoulders of her frame. I only catch a quick glance at it though because immediately I'm drawn down to the mighty swell of two youthfully large breasts exploding through a strained navy blue blouse that appears to have shrunk greatly around a newly trim and tapered waistline. It struggles to contain the heaving melons jutting through the chest; two buttons have already given way, exposing to me and to everyone else an inexplicably long cavern of cleavage goodness. The next two buttons in line look as if their holding on for dear life as well. I can only imagine how far out these breasts would protrude if they weren't being held back by the constricting little blouse. I manage to pull my eyes out of her hypnotic cleavage for just a moment to travel down the rest of her body. Past the perfectly narrow waist and stomach is a plump and curvaceous rear end hidden under an equally tight, navy blue skirt that is hugging ever so closely to her hips. It's just long enough to cover up obscene areas, but I bet if I look at the right angle I could see her underwear underneath. Just past the edge of her skirt are two long and shapely legs wrapped in sheer silk stockings. Boy are they mesmerizing; just the right amount of muscle that ride down for miles to her feet. She's wearing black pumps with tall stiletto heels that are making me wonder how she can drive in such things. Now I begin to wonder not only why and how she transformed, but also how she acquired her scanty new wardrobe. My mind draws only blanks as I am drawn back into her wonderfully ample bosom. Oh man, this may be the sexiest body I have ever seen.

"Have a nice day," says a soft friendly voice, breaking my prolonged staring. As if pulled from a trance, my eyes quickly dart to the welcoming hazel gaze of the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. With her thick fluttering lashes and plumped pink lips arching up into a smile, she smiles heavenly into my astonished stare with a refreshing kindness I never knew she had. Waving me goodbye, the enchanting driver follows my stare as I am slowly ushered out by the crowd behind me. I, like the others before me, exit stepping backwards to allow myself the longest gaze possible before she is completely out of sight. She on the other hand, quickly moves on from me to those behind me, gladly wishing them a farewell too.

Standing just outside the door in utter amazement, I contemplate how such a grimy old hag could become such an intoxicating beauty, and have nobody notice the change. It's as if everyone merely took the change for granted. Either that or they're completely unaware.

The bus drives away, and the students proceed into the school building without alterations in their natural routine, unlike me who stands here dazed. I'm hesitant to join suit, but reluctantly I make my way, still trying to grasp these happenings.

They obviously were aware of the changes. Otherwise none of those guys would have stared at the driver the way they did getting off. They definitely noticed her new body...and enjoyed it.

I enter the school and to the right I see the large doors to the library. Maybe I can find a nice quiet spot to think this over. I'm here a little early, but in a few minutes, these halls will be packed and filled with distracting noise. The library is probably a good choice for peace. As casually as I can, I sneak into the large, quiet room, hoping not to catch anyone's attention with all the confusion I'm currently in. The last thing I can use right now is for someone to bother me while in this troubled state of mind. I find an empty table in the back of the reading area and slide into one of the wooden chairs to resume my puzzled thoughts.

If they did indeed notice the driver's new, younger body, why didn't they mention anything? Perhaps they were just too awe struck by those double D tits to say anything. I know I was. But still, those looks weren't of surprise, just of lust. From what I could tell, they didn't appear off-put by any sudden changes. They just behaved like she was always like that. And what about mom and Gina? After they changed, each of them behaved as if they were always that way too. They even treated each other as if the other's transformation was the norm as well. Did the change also alter their minds in addition to their bodies? Anything seems possible now. Or maybe...

Suddenly, a chunky little girl notices me from across the room. She immediately alters her course and heads my way. Cindy has always had a huge crush on me ever since the third grade...I think. Third or fourth; something like that. I don't know; I just know she never ceases to annoy me. Even though I've been dating Abbey for two years now, this fat little woman continues to try to flirt with me. God, she will never leave me alone; not even now, one of the worst times for me to have to deal with such things.

"Hey Mark," she says through chubby cheeks, trying the best she can to act sexy. Unfortunately, rolls of fat hanging from every limb are not exactly what I call attractive.

"Hi Cindy," I cough back to her with a mild disinterest. However, the unrest within me is too much and also comes out in my tone, and she easily picks up on it.

She leans forward on the table between us, the top of two flabby breasts poking out of her dress for me to see. The unsightly vision of watching those things sag atop her engorged belly makes me cringe. "Aw, what's the matter, Sweetie?" she coos.

"First of all, don't call me that," I bark back very directly, "and nothing's wrong, so you can leave now."

She leans in closer, obviously not listening to what I'm saying. "Don't be silly. I can tell something's bothering you." She tries for a kiss, but I cringe away. Leaning back, I'm just far enough to avoid her lips. I reopen my eyes from my repulsed evasion, and to my amazement, Cindy doesn't look that bad anymore. She appears thinner than I remember her. She's still overweight, but she no longer looks as flabby as usual. Maybe she's on a diet and I just didn't notice at first.

Frowning at me disappointedly, she asks, “What’s the matter? You don’t want a kiss?” While she’s talking, she begins thinning even more. Her fat is slowly evaporating before my eyes. I rub them a little trying to make sure I wasn’t seeing things, but quickly I realize it’s not a diet she’s on, she’s changing just like the others. Her stomach is flattening out so rapidly her tight dress is now more like a hanging curtain loosely flowing around her trim body, and her large sagging breasts are now very cute little bumps on her petite frame.

I try to answer her question, but when seeing the fat melt away from her cheeks to reveal what is actually a cute face, I stutter in my reply, “We-Well not from you. Y-you see me an- me and Abbey-”

She cuts me off. “Oh, I understand. You and Abbey are dating.” Now after just shrinking away all the fat, little Cindy begins to grow again, only this time in only certain places, the right places. “She’s your girlfriend, and you don’t want to offend her,” she continues while her body does likewise. Those cute little bumps on her chest begin to inflate. They push rapidly against her dress, tightening it back up.

“That’s so sweet of you, staying true to your girlfriend like that.” Meanwhile, her hips start to bulge outwards and her butt plumps into two finely round cheeks. At the same time, her waist pinches in slightly to make her growing hips stand out even further.

“Abbey’s so lucky to have a nice guy like you as her boyfriend.” Her black hair thickens and lengthens into millions of capacious curves. Her legs stretch upward to reveal more of her toned thighs beneath the tightening hemline. All the while her breasts are still steadily swelling. I’m speechless; she isn’t.

“Abbey’s cute and all, but a guy as wonderful as you deserves a real knockout.” Her lips plump to a glossy pout. Eyelashes flutter with every seductive smile. Her breasts and hips are still growing. The dress is now just as stretched as before only now by a physique much, much more pleasurable on the eyes.

“I think you need a real beauty around your arms.” Cindy’s gaze is positively seductive. Her thick, flowing hair drapes over her face and shoulders, heightening the sensual intrigue. Her cleavage now is absolutely exploding out of her dress. No longer sagging, but full and firm, her breasts are now much larger than before, larger than mom’s or the bus driver’s...and oh so much sexier. I can feel my penis stiffen against my jeans. I really hope she doesn’t notice. It could just add fuel to the fire.

“Abbey’s just a girl after all.” She leans in again; her breasts bursting into my view yet again, however this time I’m too mesmerized to move away. Part of me doesn’t want to anyway. She purrs, “Let me show you what a real woman can do.” She reaches in and plants her curvy, moist lips on mine. Oh man! What do I do now? I can’t let Abbey or anyone else catch me. What would they say? What would they say about the kiss? About Cindy changing? I have to get her

off of me. I reach out to push her shoulders away, but her thick hair blocks my vision and my hands brush against her giant bust. Oh God! They're so soft. I can feel my erection twitch. Cindy feels my hand and interprets it as incentive to be more aggressive. She moves in closer. She is nearly mounted on my lap. Her arms wrap tightly around my neck; her breasts even tighter against my chest. My penis twitches even more. I can feel it wanting to let loose. I hope to God Cindy can't feel it. The way she's mounted on me, she probably can. Oh please don't let anyone catch us. Her lips part and I can feel her tongue try to enter my mouth. I resist the best I can, pressing my lips together to keep her tongue from penetrating. She's persistent, fighting hard to french me.

"Ahem," I hear over our jostling.

Cindy's lips finally break loose of their tight hold. We both look up to see Tony standing over us with a look of smirking discovery. He looks at me more so. I see in his eyes he has the look of "I caught you red-handed." I was expecting that would someone catch this, they would have a look of utter disbelief at Cindy, so for Tony to stare at me the way he is now is off-putting. Immediately, I jump to explain myself. "It's not what it looks like!" I don't know how convincing I can be with Cindy's massive yet supple breasts pressed so heavily against my chest. What can I say that could explain her transformation without him thinking I'm a loon? I'll have to try my luck anyway.

"You see, I uh—"

"Save it," Tony cuts me off, "I've seen Cindy jump all over you hundreds of times before. It's nothing new."

Strange, he doesn't seem to notice that Cindy is now incredibly hot. Or does he? What if he just believes that she's always looked this way, just like all those guys on the bus? I see Tony motion to Cindy with a wave of his thumb for her to get off of me. Slowly and reluctantly I can feel the weight of her pillow-like bosom lift from my body. Her thick hair escapes my eyes, and lastly her warm thighs raise themselves from my groin. Part of me begins to ache from her absence.

"I don't know how you can handle all that weight on you when she does," comments Tony.

Wait a minute! "...All that weight?" does Tony still think that Cindy is the fat, porky girl she's always been. That must be it! That's why nobody has been noticing the changes. Nobody can see what's happening, nobody but me. I'm the only one that's aware of what Cindy really looks like; what the bus driver looks like; what, uh, mom and Gina look like. But this could mean I'm just hallucinating. Oh man, what if I am? That means none of this is real. It means I'm just seeing things. I don't know if that would be relieving or troubling. On one hand, this is all in my head and everything is still normal, but on the other I will have to question my sanity.

As Cindy slowly, and seductively, walks away, Tony adds, “I mean those tits alone must weigh twenty pounds each.”

Maybe Tony *can* see the changes. I mean those new boobs of hers are huge...and soft. But she still had big boobs when she was fat. And he said those tits *alone* are heavy. That means he could also be referring to all the lard from her old flapping belly. Or is he talking about that plump, ample butt that she was using to ride my groin? Ooo! I feel it twitch again. Suddenly I feel compelled to glance over at Cindy once more before she’s out of sight. Oh God, that ass is so sexy swaying back and forth with each gliding step. It’s like a tight, plump peach, ripe for the picking. She slows momentarily and half-turns back. She too reaches for one more look before leaving. Our eyes meet, and she gives a very coy smile before finally exiting through the library doors. I’m afraid to smile back, though part of me wants to. I don’t want Tony to get the wrong impression. After all, he knows very well I’m with Abbey. Plus he might still think Cindy’s a fat pig. Who wants their best friend to think you have the hots for an ugly fat girl?

“Man,” Tony says again, “I don’t know why you won’t have her.”

That’s an odd thing to say. If he still thinks she’s fat then why would he think she’s worth having? Oh shit, what if he does see the change?

“I mean I know you and Abbey have been steady for a while now. But man, if a hot girl like that wanted me that badly, I’d be all over that.”

Whoa, he just called Cindy hot! He definitely noticed the change! Why didn’t he point that out though? I didn’t see him make any note of Cindy’s new look. Maybe he just didn’t recognize it was Cindy. I mean, she did undergo a massive change. I bet if I didn’t see it occur right in front of me, I wouldn’t have recognized her either. But didn’t he say Cindy’s name when he first saw us? He could’ve just been using Cindy as an example. Yeah, that’s probably it. He just saw some random hot girl on me and didn’t think twice because he’s seen Cindy on me before and knows I still love Abbey... right?

The bell rings to signal first period. I grab my bag from the floor, and Tony and I head to first period. Tony and I shared several classes together; it’s great being able to spend most of your school hours with your best friend. First, we have algebra. I’m fairly decent at math; but by no means however am I a math wiz. I’m still good enough to get the occasional “A” though. Tony on the other hand is horrible. He never does well on tests or seems to know the material. It may be because he’s always falling asleep in class. I sometimes wonder how he’s not failing.

But math is clearly not my focus right now. I still have no clue as to the happenings this morning. Walking to class, my body is practically on autopilot while my mind wanders senselessly through recent events. Few of Tony’s words reach my attention. I think he’s still rambling about having a hot chick clamoring over him. My awareness is divided however. I mean, if I’m not hallucinating, then how are all these people changing? And why is it only girls?

Why aren't the guys transforming too? This is weird beyond all levels. And I know I'm not hallucinating because all those guys on the bus were staring ogling the bus driver. Believe you me; they wouldn't have done that if she was still the rusty old woman she used to be. Also, Tony clearly noticed a hot babe in my lap instead of fat old Cindy. But I still can't understand why nobody else but me is freaking out over these...sexy changes.

Without realizing it, I'm already sitting in my desk; at least I think I am. I look around; the view seems different, then I realize I'm in the wrong desk. I'm in fact five seats off the mark! I turn behind me and see Tony looking confused back at me. Quietly and a little embarrassed, I slide backwards into the correct chair. My mind is really drifting right now; I have to try to settle down and compose myself. Otherwise, I don't know if I can wrap my brain around what's going on. Again, maybe Tony just didn't recognize Cindy. That's why he didn't say anything. But what about mom and Gina? They...eer...grew right in front of each other. Why didn't they say anything about it? I can only think that the changes altered their minds as well. They now believe in something that isn't true. Oh God, that's gonna lead to a lot of troubling scenarios. I hope the two of them aren't causing too much confusion out there.

I hear Tony faintly in my ear, "You alright man? You completely sat in the wrong chair."

"Yeah, I wasn't paying attention," I reply, "I got a lot on my mind right now."

"Yeah well, anyway," he goes back into talking about hot women, he really has a one tracked mind, "just imagine having twenty four-seven access to beautiful, gigantic tits like that; to be able to feel and grope them to your heart's content! And what's best is that the girl would love every minute of it because she wants you so bad! Man, what I would kill for to have a smoking hot babe like Cindy crazy for *me* like that!"

"Whoa, what!" I shockingly exclaim, "Did you just say Cindy was hot?" Despite witnessing her sexy transformation first hand, the idea of fat Cindy being hot still catches me by surprise.

"Yeah dude." He motions with his hands like he's holding two basketballs to his chest. "Those breasts, that ass: if you don't think Cindy is hot, then there's no saving you."

Oh boy. That proves *my* hypothesis wrong. Tony definitely knew that was Cindy. He knew she was super hot and with boobs that entered a room hours before she did. And *he* didn't change, so his mind wasn't altered by any transformation. But then why does he believe Cindy is super hot and act like she always was?

THAT'S IT! The revelation hits me like a ton of bricks. The people aren't being altered, reality is! That's why everybody is treating things like they're normal: because now it is. Reality is changing, and now mom really is a supermodel, Gina really does work at Hooters, Cindy and the bus driver really are smoking hot, and they all...really do have huge boobs. But wait...why

am I the only one that still remembers how things used to be? Why isn't it that I too believe in this new reality? Oh boy, answers just lead to more questions.

I drop my head to my desk and lay there. Maybe if I stop thinking, I can decompress and calm myself. Easy enough, my mind starts to blankly survey the room. Class has already gotten underway. Mrs. Wilson is rambling over a bunch of equations on the board. I'm guessing they're from last night's homework. I obviously haven't been paying enough attention to know. Mrs. Wilson is your average uptight middle-aged woman. Her graying hair is always up in a knot, and I swear those suits she's always wearing are from the eighties. This bitter woman is decades in the past and has long lost her friendliness to students. Who knows, maybe when she first began she was friendly. Now she's just cold as stone. Try telling her a joke, I dare you. She'll just stare back at you blankly with those callous eyes.

My eyes wander towards the clock. Damn, class is almost through. How long was my mind wandering? My eyes wander still. I glance down at my class ring; the shiny emerald is still sparkling, still as if it is radiating its own glow. This really is money well spent. I don't think most gems sparkle this much.

I turn myself to Tony at my right. The boredom on his face is evident. I can see him trying to keep the weight of his eyelids from closing completely; he's not succeeding. But then he gradually begins to stir. His eyes open wide and his gaze is firmly fixed to the front of the class. He appears full of energy and vigor. It's as if he just juggled down a can of Red Bull. He erects himself in his chair and even starts to lean forward a bit. I'm amazed mostly by the huge grin emerging on his face. I wonder what could have caused this sudden enthusiasm and attention, and quickly it dons on me. I don't want to look, but slowly my head creaks around to the front board. I'm really not surprised anymore.

Mrs. Wilson had changed. Her gray hair is gone and what is left is a luscious mane of blonde that had grown beyond her updo. Many bits and strands are falling free of the knot and carelessly hanging over her newly wrinkle-free face. Her skin is clear and radiant; there is a healthy glow of youth to her now. Scrolling down her physique, my first inclination is that her clothes have shrunk, but that only lasts a split second when I catch gaze of those two new mountains shooting out of her chest. They aren't quite as big as Cindy's or the bus driver's, but they're still immensely larger than what they were before. That blouse and coat she's wearing better hang on for dear life. Already the top two buttons have flown into oblivion. The cleavage now revealed is titillating. It is no wonder why Tony is so erect and alert now as I quickly find myself becoming erect as well. I shift my legs so nobody can see; like anyone's looking at me anyway with Mrs. Wilson standing over there. Still, instinct is instinct. She's smiling more. Maybe the transformation has regressed her back to a friendlier younger age. She is definitely treating the students kindlier in her speech than before. Don't ask me what she's saying because things start to get inaudible when you're lost in two wondrously perfect breasts.

The bell rings for class to end, and Mrs. Wilson quickly turns to write the new homework assignment on the board. I glance over at the students; all the guys are clearly willing to stay late. She's writing, but I don't see what. That pert derriere of hers takes my full attention in the tight pencil skirt. And those calves: perfectly toned even in those short heels. Smooth and tan, her strong legs captivate me nearly as well as the protrusion of her rear.

"I would like you to solve these problems for next time. If there aren't any questions, I'll see you tomorrow, class," she cheerfully says, turning back to face us. Everyone gets up and slowly marches out of the classroom. Mrs. Wilson happily waves goodbye to us all. I turn around and see Tony lagging. He is permanently fixed on the teacher's new body. I try to force him out of the room, but he's resistant.

"Bye Miss Wilson," he says very longingly. I glance at his face; he's completely infatuated with her. Oh boy. Why am I not surprised? Horny-as-hell Tony has the hots for Mrs. – correct that – *Miss* Wilson. I guess she's single now. The universe is just making these changes more and more out of an adult movie. But why? That's the next thing I got to figure out. Then maybe I can learn a way to fix this.

I finally get Tony back into the hallways. He's positively smitten with love, or at least what he thinks is love. My guess is that it is just puppy lust, at least that's what it looks like to me. He manages to snap out of his trance once Miss Wilson is out of sight. "Dude, she wants me," he declares with an unwarranted confidence.

"Why," I ask, "just because she smiled at you?"

"No man, did you see the way she was looking at me?"

"She was looking that way towards everyone. It wasn't just you."

"Whatever, man. Trust me, she's captivated by me."

"If you say so," I reply dismissively. Student-teacher relationships aren't my main concern right now, no matter how serious they may or may not be. I still want to know why the hell all this is happening, and why the hell I'm the only one that notices it.

Reluctantly, I part with the love-struck chump, but I have history class next and can't be expected to keep an eye on the guy until later today. Maybe not listening to his constant babbling over motor-boating a giant set of hooters can help me concentrate. It could happen. I walk into class; the teacher is the overweight assistant coach for the football team. I let out a sigh of relief. I remember that only girls have been changing, so I can sit assuredly that nothing will happen this period with a male teacher.

This is when I realize: I sit completely surrounded by four girls in this class. None of them I know and none of them are particularly attractive enough for me to want to get to know

them. But if this morning has shown me one thing already, that's going to change very soon. By now, I will almost be more surprised if nothing happens. So bracing myself for the upcoming events, I sit down in the circle of unsuspecting girls.

I try to think things out during class. Maybe if I can keep myself focused, I can also keep things from changing. I mean I'm the only one that knows what's going on. That means all this has something to do with me. Perhaps I have some control over it. It could be that all these changes are happening around me just because it's around me. Nah, that doesn't make much sense, but then again not much today has made sense anyway. But think about it; mom and Gina changed because I was talking to them at breakfast, the bus driver changed after I saw her when I entered the bus, Cindy changed when she tried to molest me (which wasn't that bad a feeling in hindsight), and Miss Wilson didn't change until I looked up at her. So maybe if I stop paying attention to all the girls around me, I can keep them from changing. All I have to do is to keep from thinking about the girls around me. Just don't think about them gaining luscious, gigantic knockers that bounce and jiggle with every movement. DAMN IT!

Cautiously I look around; to be safe I try to use my peripheral vision as much as possible. I don't know, maybe that will keep my attention from being obvious. To my relief nothing has happened. They are all the same plain-looking girls they've always been. Just to be sure, I wait about ten minutes and check again. Still nothing. I let out a big sigh of relief, having managed to avoid another transformation.

Now I'm just left with the puzzling questions: why? and why me? What makes me so special? Why is the universe changing everything *but* me? Am I like some sort of chosen one, like a revolutionary? I can only imagine me being some sort of messiah, leading a revolution of buxom hotties to a new world of prosperity and sex. Ha-ha, I chuckle at the thought. But my laughter escapes me as quickly as it came. It's soon replaced by horny desire and sooner by nervous anxiety. After all, what if it's true? I can't handle that responsibility, no matter how kinky it sounds. I'm no messiah; I'm no chosen one. I don't even think I could handle being team captain for a junior varsity soccer team. Oh man, this is too much responsibility. I rock nervously in my chair, asking myself, "Why me? Why me?"

The bell rings, and in my state, it startles the hell out of me. So much so, I nearly explode out of my desk and into the ceiling above. I'm a jittering, twitchy mess right now. The only solace I can find that no new reality shifts have happened in a while... I fear I spoke too soon.

Standing up next to me are four tight, firm, and round asses; some of the finest I have ever seen, and that's including what's already happened this morning. Ah damn, those hips... I can only fantasize how tight the pussies they're housing are. My dick dances to the idea. And all these legs; I feel like I'm in a sea of trimmed, tanned trees that stretch for miles into the clear sky while perked up so sensuously by tall heels. I didn't realize they were wearing such tight skimpy clothing. Yet here they are now in mini-skirts and short-shorts too thin to encapsulate these

wonderful derrieres. Those curvy hips all lead to four amazingly toned abdomens. I swear they are too thin to support those hefty pert breasts of theirs, and the extra load would snap their back like twigs. Oh and how giant they were. With me sitting and them standing, I have difficulties seeing the girls' whole faces over the eight monstrous mounds that surround me. If it weren't for all that long luxurious hair, I might fall for the illusion that they were headless. The girls are so top-heavy already, and to think there may still be some puberty left in them for more. My penis twitches; I can feel it getting harder. Oh boy, it will be embarrassing to stand up with a boner in front of these sexy women. I suddenly find myself caring more about them and what they might think of me. It's amazing what a difference massive cleavage will do to a guy. Covertly, I attempt to adjust my pants in order to hide the bulge, and very discreetly, I stand. Looking down, I check to make sure it is cleverly hidden; success.

Slowly dragging myself out the room, I can't help being mesmerized by each seductive snap of those generous hips in front of me. To anyone who sees me now, they would probably think me a deviant, but I highly doubt anyone's looking at *me*.

The nerves are still there. I eventually find myself staring worryingly at my locker. I'm really letting this whole thing get to me. I'm an absolute wreck. The last thing I want to do now is to go to my next class, especially because it's gym. Watching girls go from hideous to sexy in front of my eyes is one thing, watching them do it while exercising in tight shirts and gym shorts is another. My dick grows again. I have to push it down with my hand to restrain it. I think I'm going to have to fight my instincts all day today. I know for a fact that if I get too horny, there is no way I could think straight enough to figure this whole problem out, let alone just restrain my sexual urges.

"Hey there, Mark," I hear behind me. I jump from surprise, and my jitters keep me from relaxing afterwards. In fact, I am tenser now that someone is near me. Very awkwardly, I turn slowly to face the unquestionably cheerful, high-pitched voice. It is Katie, an excited little Asian girl with a tendency to overload on sugar from time to time. Only 4'7", this petite girl has the energy and attention span of a squirrel. She's bouncing more than I'm jittering, and she looks much too excited to notice my problems.

"How has your day been, Mark?" she asked with the speed of a chipmunk. I try to answer, but she's too quick and too impatient. I can't get my words in. My mouth opens and lets out only half a muttered syllable before she lets loose a rambling chain of tongue-twisting, mouth-tying sentences at the speed of sound.

"My morning's been good. I woke up comfortably. I think that's good. Waking up comfortably, I think, leads to a good day..."

"Yeah, that's a--"

“It gives you a good sense of well being, body and mind, ya know? There was this one day I woke up really crappy like. That ended up being a really bad day for me; a lot of things went wrong for me that day. I got a D on a quiz, and the power went out at my house, so I couldn’t watch my favorite show. It was a new episode too, and I missed it just because I woke up wrong. But not today. Today’s been good. I woke up well, and so far things have been going great; noting bad yet. Hey I finally watched *Iron Man* last night!”

“Oh yeah? I told yo—“

“I watched it on DVD. I went to the store yesterday, thinking ‘I want to watch a movie.’ So I was roaming through the aisles trying to figure out what I wanted to watch. Have you ever had those moments? Where you have all these choices in front of you and you just can’t decide? That’s how I felt yesterday, but I remembered you telling me how good *Iron Man* was, so I said to myself, ‘Hey self,’ see that’s funny because I address myself as if I’m two people. But I’m obviously not two people, unless I had like multiple personalities, which I don’t. So I said, ‘Hey self! Mark said *Iron Man* was a good movie. Maybe you should watch that.’ And I did. I bought it, took it home, and watched it later that night.”

She just stands there silent. I feel strange. She just raced through all those words, and I don’t even know if I understood it all. But now she looks quietly at me, eagerly awaiting me to speak. I don’t know what to say, so I just ask what comes natural to me at the moment, “So...how was it?”

She explodes, “It was AWESOME! It was like one of the best movies of all time! I mean the action scenes were incredible! All the explosions were like BOOM!” She flies into the air, swinging her arms around to mimic a great explosion. All the papers she flings into the air only add to the affect. Though the real explosion occurs in her chest; the moment she screams, “BOOM!” her breasts burst out from tiny bug bites to a respectable B-cup. Oh no, another change. Why me, why me? Why is this happening to me again?

She continues as if nothing happened, “Iron Man flying around in that suit, outracing jet fighters: it was so cool. He let those rocket boosters go, and he was all Broooosh!” This time her hips flare out, immensely so at that. Her breasts are now bouncing with every motion. Their hypnotizing movement is nearly enough to make me cum here and now. I have to restrain myself. It’s very hard...she looks taller now too.

“And Robert Downey Jr....he is so hot in that Iron Man suit. Seeing those muscles packed into that metal armor...mmmm.” She closes her eyes momentarily and imagines the image. While she’s purring, her tits slowly expand yet again. The sound of her shirt stretching against the taut skin makes me tingle. Katie’s bust levels out at just larger than what I would guess is a C-cup; something between C and D. Her hips and ass on the other hand are so enormous, much more so than any of the others, and the accumulative sights of all of them so far is really becoming too much for me to handle. She’s so sexy. My instincts just want me to grab a

hold of that colossal booty and let loose, but reason keeps me where I am, to my penis's disappointment.

Katie reopens her eyes and sees me. We are at eye level now. She is just as tall as me. Her jet black hair falls over her exotic face when she speaks up again, "Ya know, you're kinda cute too. Maybe you should have played Iron Man. Then I could fantasize about you in that suit." She's still talking with the same rapidity as always. The one perk about it now is that she's speaking so fast that her body is jittering up and down constantly. This of course is making those succulent boobs of hers bounce and wiggle like jello. They just won't stop jiggling; it's arousing.

The bell rings. Oh shit, I'm late for gym. "Hey listen, I gotta go," I say, half anxious half aroused, hoping that she will hear me through her constant babbling.

"Oh that's no problem," she sporadically replies, "no problem at all. I heard the bell ring too. That means class is starting again. I have art class next. It's very fun. I like drawing nudes. Penises are fun to draw. They are very stimulating...Ooo!" She looks as if she just came in her pants. I would love to stay with her in this state, but I can't afford to be late for class. So I quietly sneak away to leave Katie to her thoughts. "I wonder what a real penis feels like?" is the last thing I hear her say.

The coach is having us lift weights today. I'm not good at lifting weights. As you may have guessed, I'm not exactly what you would call athletic. So when I get in situations like this, I usually do as much as possible to be at least active as possible. I know; I get the irony. But I just don't like going in and lifting only ten pounds when everyone else around me is doing thirty or forty. It's embarrassing. Yet here I am, standing in front of the free weights, staring down the barbell as I prepare to perform squats. My spotter is too overenthusiastic for his own good. I had to take off at least seventy pounds from the barbell after he pushed out twenty reps more than I ever could.

Hesitantly, I navigate underneath the power cage and position the barbell onto my shoulders. My spotter, whose name I never knew, guides me out to freely move. The cold steel tickles the back of my neck as the bearing weight of the...well of the weights, pushes crushingly down onto the strength of my legs. I strain to attempt my first squat. My spotter encourages me as I bend down. Using his hands, he guides my movements. It helps somewhat, but I still struggle. My knees are trembling, and my teeth are grinding from the pain. I get to the bottom of

my motion. Lifting myself back up is tougher. Now I'm fighting gravity, and the weights just feel that much heavier. I finish; one squat done.

That's all I want to do, but my eager spotter somehow convinces me to do another. To my pleasant surprise, squatting down the second time seems easier. I guess that first rep was just me getting used to the motion because this time the motion is coming more naturally. I come back up; it wasn't that bad. I actually feel pumped a bit; I just performed a couple of squats and they weren't that bad. So I bend down for a third; it's even easier than the first two, so I keep going. I could swear the weights have lightened on my shoulders. It almost feels as if I'm lifting feathers. I wonder if this is the feeling all those jock types get when they lift weights. It feels sort of like a runner's high. Before I know it, I've done a solid twenty-five reps; it felt good. Maybe next time I'll put more weights on the barbell. Wow look at me, I'm actually looking forward to lifting weights again! That's new for sure.

Walking back to the locker room, I'm feeling confident. I can sense myself walking with a swagger of accomplishment. To my right I catch a glimpse of a couple of cheerleaders resting after practice. They are pretty girls as you would expect; most popular cheerleaders are. They're in shape too – I'm not surprised. All those dances and acrobatics require a good physique. These girls are definitely two I wouldn't mind admiring from afar. To my surprise however, I find them looking at me as if they were doing the same to me. In their eyes is a look of attraction that sets me aback. Never before in my life have I gotten glances like this from girls like that. I mean, Abbey looks at me like that, but she's my girlfriend, and Cindy gives me that look because she's a crazy hottie with a crush. I never would have thought two cheerleaders would be admiring me like they are now. What's it all about? They're looking at me like *I'm* sexy. But why? Is the confidence I'm feeling really making that much of a difference?

That's when I notice their bosoms inflating before me. I almost forgot about the reality shifts. Large round lumps swell beneath their sports bras; soft, squishy cleavage squeezes its way into view; and little bulges of flesh reflect light off of their sweaty pores. They almost look oiled. Lips salivate in pleasure. Their transformation appears to have intensified the cheerleaders' arousal, and the look of lust in their eyes seems to have only increased. Unable to resist the added attraction, they start touching themselves provocatively in ways I think are meant to summon me. They almost have no decency as to who catches their lewd gestures. I feel a familiar feeling in my pants; their signals are clearly working. I would just love to march over there and fondle those newly engorged boobs. Who better to take them for a test run but the chosen one, right?

Unfortunately, reason gets the better of me again and I continue on without a single motion to the voluptuous pair. I don't think I could keep myself from letting loose if this keeps up. For my sake and the universe's, I really have to figure out a way to stop this.

Before turning away completely, I do blush a smile out of unexpected gratification for their attention. It seems to get them aroused, as they look like they're seconds from orgasm.

In the locker room I begin to undress. As I pull off my shirt, I notice it and jump from surprise. These transformations just got way more personal. I look over into the mirror to confirm it: I'm ripped! I mean really, I have muscles! I'm not the Incredible Hulk, no. But my body is completely shredded! I can't believe it! This is amazing! I flex my arms and chest a little into the mirror and observe the tight muscles stretch and contract with my movements. This is so cool. I touch my left peck and am astonished as to how hard it feels. My biceps are no different. I'm as hard as steel. And there's a lean six pack I never knew I had. I wipe my fingers up and down each bulging abdominal. I have abs that could grade cheese, and I love it! This is so cool!

This must be why those squats were getting easier and easier; I wasn't just getting used to the motion, I must have been developing these new muscles right then and there. Talk about instant results. I redress myself, admiring how the clothing fits over my improved physique. Gone was my tubby belly, I feel like one of those Calvin Klein models advertising underwear with bodies of Greek Olympians. My body now looks like what every girl would fantasize about. Wait a minute, that's why those cheerleaders were staring at me that way. It wasn't because they were fascinated by me; they were just attracted to my new physique. But these changes are actual alterations of reality, so that means this really is me. I think to myself as I glance back down at my perfect abs. So those cheerleaders really were attracted to me!

I proudly walk down the hallways to my last class of the day, English. I wonder how Abbey will react towards my new look. Well, to her I've always looked this way. Is she going to treat me the same, or will she act as lustful as all these other girls? Oh how lustful they are! As I strut down the hallways, I catch glances of each of them. They are all looking at me with the same uncontrollable hunger as the two cheerleaders before. As if only to stroke my ego, whenever my eyes meet theirs, they melt right before me. It is like I am catnip to all these pussies. WOW! Did I just think that? That's not normally me, but I've been so horny today, and my aroused instincts are really starting to get the better of me. I don't think these transformations finally happening to me personally are helping. Actually, come to think of it, everyone else's knowledge of reality changed with their bodies those previous times. How come my mind didn't alter when *I* changed? Perhaps it did; that catnip thought certainly isn't how I used to think. Maybe my mind did change after all. Yet why do I still remember how things used to be? There must be something special about me that kept me from changing completely, but what? Am I

really some sort of messiah, or is that all just in my head? Whatever the reason, I *am* the only one who knows what is going on. I have to figure out why soon because if these lustful impulses continue, I may end up in situations I might not want to find myself. What if my mind does eventually change? I might just end up like anyone else and believe this new reality to be true. What would I be like then? Will I still be me, would I end up just like every other muscle-headed douche I've seen before? I don't want to be like that. I should figure these things out soon before it's too late.

Looking around, I observe all the horny girls admiring my sculpted frame as I strut by. They are all relatively average looking girls, but after I pass by and turn back to look behind me, I find myself getting horny as well. So many giant tits and exposed skin, I would almost think I am in a whore house. What's better still is that their transformations into such sexy bitches appear to have only increased their arousal. Their desire is uncontrollable, and it's all towards me. Maybe these changes aren't all that bad.

I see Abbey running up to me from across the hall. How is she going to respond to the new me? "Hey there good looking," she says. We embrace, and she gives me a small peck on the lips. Not much appears different. She smiles up at me with her usual glowing hazel eyes. They are always what I love the most about her smile; the way they twinkle when they look at me. It seems that my new appearance hasn't affected her outlook on me at all; nothing different in the way she's treating me. I guess we are still the same normal couple as before. Although she *did* call me "good looking." I don't think she's ever called me *that* before. It's always just something like "honey" or "sweetie." But "good looking" is fine too, I guess. Maybe my new body has changed something, even if it is just something minor.

After giving me another peck, she says, rubbing my chest very tenderly, "Listen babe, I won't be at English today, k? Softball is meeting today for extra practice before the tournament tomorrow."

Uh oh, her yellow hair is thickening up. Now Abbey's beginning to change too. I watch her lips plump and darken before me. Man I would kill to have those back on my own. Underneath her top, I see her two small mounds slowly swell up. They aren't that big yet, but they have a bit of bounce to them now; I love bouncing, it just makes them more fun to play with.

"But don't worry," she continues. Like everyone else before her, she is blissfully unaware of what is happening to her. As reality shifts again around us, she carries on like nothing is out of place, "I'll still be able to make it tonight to work on our project. I'll try to get there as early as I can, k?"

She kisses me again. This one is longer, and I nearly melt at the touch of these voluptuous new lips of hers. It's like an aphrodisiac when I come in contact with the bits of

saliva that seep through our lock. Mmm, she's delicious. She tastes like raspberry. I don't know if it's her or just lip-gloss, but I'm eager to investigate.

Before I realize it however, she parts and is heading down the hallway, kissing me goodbye. "I'll see you tonight, k?" She bounces down the hall still relatively unchanged. Her breasts only grew marginally compared to what I've already seen today, and after a quick inspection, I notice no alteration to her lower body. She is still relatively lean and athletic; nothing that voluptuous really occurred. Was that it? Is that all that's going to happen to her? How come everyone else has tits the size of watermelons and Abbey is left with a moderate little B-cup? Or did she just leave before the transformation was complete? Is there still more to come? What more changes will she undergo? Ooo, I can just imagine watching Abbey bouncing up and down with a couple of beach balls protruding out of her chest. Watching her ample, round ass swaying back and forth as she walks in sexy high heels, pressed tightly against my side as she caresses my hard muscles with the tender touch of her glossed fingernails. Oh this is too much. I feel my rock hard cock squirt out a little pre-cum in my pants; it's warm. I glance down, and to my relief it's not enough to show through the thick denim.

I have to say, English is very distracting right now. I really have no idea what the lecture has been about. Instead, I am being distracted by note after note being passed to me from all across the room. I've never felt so popular before in my life. This new physique of mine really has some perks. This note in particular reads, "You're the hottest thing I've ever seen." It's signed, "Alyssa, XOXO." I look up and across the room. Alyssa is staring back at me longingly. Her long blonde hair is falling over her shoulders as she leans forward and presses her heaving cleavage together in my direction. The firm nipples scratch across the top of her textbook. I give her a smile of gratification, and I swear she nearly orgasms right there.

To my right, another note gets slipped onto my desk. This one is from Megan. She says, "I long for you to have me." She even went the extra mile with a wet kiss of lipstick underneath her signature. Looking over to her direction, I see her with her head resting on her desk. Well, it's not exactly on her desk. She's leaning her giant breasts on the wooden table and using them as a sort of pillow. She has a puppy dog look of longing in her eyes. Her tongue licks her swollen red lips in hunger. I give a slight wave to her direction, trying to be discreet enough to avoid the teacher's attention. Immediately, she jolts up in her seat, her boobs jostling greatly from the sudden movement, and returns my wave with a great deal of admiring enthusiasm. She hyperventilates from her giddy excitement.

I slide the two notes into a pile with the other seven I've already received. This is when I notice two large, round shadows loom over my desk. I glance up to be met with the underside of the teacher's massive pair of double D's. Poking out above them is a face built for modeling peering down at me.

"Save the notes for after class," she sternly says to me like any teacher would.

"Yes ma'am," I respond. It's hard to keep eye contact. It's no surprise that I find myself wandering between her face and her boobs, especially with them looming directly about my head. It may be a surprise that I'm not just staring at them indiscreetly.

Content enough with my answer to return to the lecture, she spins her direction back to the front board. With her eyes off me, I turn around to all the beautifully buxom girls in the class and mouth the words, "No more." Overtaken by disappointment, they all give in unison a heavy pout with those puckered lips. It's the cutest thing I have ever seen. They are all like horny little puppies, and with me being the irresistible guy I am now, they all seem to have really taken a liking to me. Though disappointed for the time being, they all look happy and aroused. Add in the fact that they are all now the perfect eye candy for any guy to come, and I have to say things might be better now than they ever were before. Maybe these changes aren't a bad thing after all. Perhaps I should just stop worrying about it all and just leave things as they are.

I finish the school day with this thought. As the bell rings, I say goodbye to Tony who tells me that the algebra teacher needs to see him after class. "She's probably going to tell you that you're failing," I say.

Very jittery from excitement, he replies, "No man. She's going to tell me she loves me."

"You're crazy. She wants to see you because you're failing," I try to convince him, "I mean you never pay attention in class. You just spend the whole class period ogling her boobs."

"I know. Aren't they huge!?"

It's hopeless. There is no getting through that thick horny brain of his, so I concede. Starting my way to the bus, I ask of him, "Well, just don't be late tonight. We still have that project to do." However, I have absolutely no clue if he hears me. As I get on the bus and stroll past the busty young bus driver, I just hope he doesn't do anything foolish.

I walk through the front door, dropping the mail on the kitchen counter and my backpack on the floor just next to it. Boy has this been a weird day. I feel that now that I'm home I can perhaps relax, decompress, and try to put my head around it all. Dragging my feet over to the couch, I can feel the fatigue slowly setting into me. It's mostly mental fatigue, I must say. Spending that whole day trying to fight my desires, trying to keep myself from coming all over each milky melon, I find myself drained from the internal battle between decency and sexual urges. Yet, despite any tiredness I currently feel on my mind, my new body has the vigor to run miles on end. As I would have expected, being fit gives me a lot of new energy I have never had the luxury of before. It's refreshing, to say the least.

Slumping down onto our pillowed white couch, I slowly sink into the cushions. Staring around blankly at the living room, my eyes notice something slightly odd about my surroundings. No, the room hasn't changed. All the furniture and fixtures are still as they were; the pictures all hanging like before. But there is still something different. The pictures are where they have always been, but they are different. If I'm not mistaken, it appears that all our family photos have mutated to display the new us. I grab a small snapshot sitting on one of the side tables by the couch, pushing aside a remote in the way, and bring it in for close examination. Sure enough, there is mom and Gina in all their bodacious glory. Gina looks especially ample in that low cut top, her push-up bra making her boobs all the more encompassing on her chest. Mom is no slouch either with a tight sweater that still isn't thick enough to hide her hard nipples.

And there I am. My polo shirt is unable to hide my powerful new chest. It is short sleeved, and I can see the veins protruding out of my hard biceps and defined forearms. I feel compelled to flex my left arm to double check, and sure enough, there they are, wrapping themselves over my tight muscles. I half smile at the satisfaction. I sort of feel proud of what I have become. I know I didn't earn this body on my own, but who cares. Lots of guys would kill to look like this. I mean, I have a body as toned as a professional athlete, and earned or not, it's still enough for a small stroke of the ego.

Still, here we are in the picture; Gina, mom, and I, looking new and improved. We really do look like the pinnacle of sexual perfection. And the fact that all the pictures in our house have also changed to accommodate the new us just seems to prove to me that all these transformations really are actual alterations in reality. What else would explain why even inanimate objects in the world changed to accommodate everything else? And I have to say, looking back on it all; it hasn't been that bad at all. All the changes seem to be for the better. All the women are super sexy; I would count that as a plus for both them *and* the guys. Maybe I should just stop worrying about it all and just take things in stride. Instead of trying to figure out a way to reverse everything, I think I'll let them play out as they may and find out where everything ends up. Based on what I've seen so far, I can only expect more good to come from this.

The phone rings. I place the picture back on the end table and casually get up to answer it. The phone's in the kitchen; I stroll past the front counter to get to it. Answering, I hear Tony on the other end; he's breathing heavily.

"Hey Mark, is that you?" he huffs.

"Yeah, man. What's up?"

"Hey listen, I won't be able to make it tonight to work on our project. Miss Wilson insists on keeping me late after class." I sense his unquenchable lust in his voice. I know what he's going to say next, and as sure as rain, he adds, "She wants to keep me after to confess her love for me!"

"Dude, I think you're confusing love with detention," I try yet again to convince him, but it's like trying to persuade a tree; there's just no budging him.

"Detention?" he asks with shocked surprise, "Why would you think I have detention?"

Well I'll be damned, my words somehow managed to pierce his horny skull. "Because," I say, "you never pay any attention in class. Instead you spend the whole period staring at Miss Wilson's boobs." That's odd. I wanted to say that he sleeps during class, but that came out instead. Oh shit, am I starting to believe this new reality too? How long will it be before I can't remember how anything used to be?

Tony interrupts my thoughts, "Dude, how can I *not* stare at them? They're soooo perfect. I can't wait until tonight when I get to rub my face in them!"

I guess my words didn't get through to him after all. I'm about to caution him against doing anything stupid, but before I complete a single word, Tony bluntly interjects as if in a hurry, "Ok, gotta go. Sorry I can't make it tonight. Hope you and Abbey do fine without me." And like that, he hangs up. Let's just pray he doesn't make a fool of himself.

Well, I guess it's just going to be me and Abbey tonight. Oh yeah, Abbey: I forgot about her leaving me mid-change. I wonder if she finished her transformation after she left. What does she look like now? The image of her with boobs the size of her head roams through my head. They are so perfectly round and smooth, and even without a bra, they are firm and vivacious, standing taut in the face of gravity. Oh, this is too much; for too long today I have been holding back and I can't resist myself any further. I unzip my pants and pull out my already hard dick. Slowly, I begin to stroke it. My hand rhythmically glides up and down as images of a buxom Abbey rush through my head. From her enormous breasts, I slide down along her perfectly tapered stomach. The muscles are tight, and the narrowed sides snake their way ever closer to each other before suddenly bursting out with great emphasis at the hips. My hand moves faster; I can feel my member beginning to stir. Abbey's hourglass figure is complete. Her wide, sexy hips house the perfect round ass, curving gracefully from the small of her back to the beginning of her

long, tan thighs. Those long legs of hers glide to and fro with each step. They go on for miles. They are so long and sleek. Rubbing an imaginary hand across them is like touching silk: warm, titillating bronze silk. In reality, my hand is picking up speed yet again. My dick has never been this hard. I envision that it's Abbey sliding up and down my shaft, her mouth more than able to swallow it all. I lose her face as her thick golden mane covers my lap and tickles my thighs as she moves. Her giant breasts are gently grazing over my shins.

The thoughts are too much! In an explosion long overdue since this morning, semen comes bursting out of my shaft and gets all over my lap. The sticky white substance slowly drips down my softening penis. That was one of the best masturbations I have ever experienced. I have never felt such euphoria before in my life. If that was just my imagination, who knows how it will be when Abbey is actually standing there in front of me looking like that – I shiver a bit at the thought. Looking down, I examine the aftermath. I'm a mess; I better go clean myself up. I shouldn't take that long.

After only a few quick minutes, I'm back in the kitchen, cleaned up and in a fresh set of trousers. I just stand there, not knowing what to do while I wait for Abbey to come over. Then I notice the mail lying on the counter, so I figure I could sift through whatever came to pass the time. I survey through them one at a time like an assembly line: bill, bill, junk, junk, junk, coupons, bill, junk...what's this? It appears to be a letter from the company that made my class ring. I wonder what it has to say, so I drop the other envelopes back onto the counter and proceed to open the letter.

All it is is a note card, a blank note card. On it are two small words, "*Satisfaction Guaranteed.*" That's odd. What the hell is this supposed to mean? It seems unnecessary to send a completely separate letter for just this little message. You would think they would just stick it in the box with the actual ring.

Although, I *do* like the ring. Looking over it again, I admire all the little qualities that end up making the little note card true: the pristine gold finish, my initials engraved on the side, the sparkling emerald stone in the center, even the little phrase engraved on the inside that says...CHANGE THE WORLD! The realization hits me like a ton of bricks. I feel stupid for not putting two and two together. Last night, I receive a ring that says "*Change the World,*" and the very next day...the world starts fucking CHANGING! My ring must be causing all of this. That must be why only I realize what is going on; I'm the one wearing it.

But how? How is the ring doing this? It must have special powers that I'm unaware of. But what if it's just coincidence? Maybe the changes have nothing to do with the ring, and the fact it says "*Change the World*" is just by chance. It's possible, but I don't think so. A strong feeling in my stomach tells me that this ring is positively the culprit to all of this mayhem. Perhaps mayhem is not the correct word. Everyone is really happy with the new world; nothing chaotic about it.

I rub my index finger over the emerald, trying to figure out how to solve this puzzle. I really want to know how this little piece of jewelry contains the power to alter the fucking universe.

The doorbell rings, distracting my concentration. Who can that be? Oh right, that must be Abbey; she said she was going to try to get here early after all. She really didn't waste much time. Softball practice must have ended sooner than I thought. To be honest, I wasn't expecting her for another hour or two. I casually stroll over to the front door and routinely turn the knob.

I am taken aback. There she is, standing in the doorway; her shiny golden hair flowing in thick, luxurious waves over the sexiest pouted lips and bright tempting eyes. The flush red lips curve up into a seductive smile as her long eyelashes bat over her intoxicating stare. God damn, she is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen! I am almost intimidated to approach for a kiss, but I can tell from her expression that she is more than eager for one. Looking downwards, my eyes are drawn to the largest set of breasts I have ever personally set eyes upon before in my life, without doubt larger than any of the other girls today, including Cindy's gargantuan pair! DD's? E-cup maybe? I can't really tell. They are pinched tightly into a halter top small enough to fit only an infant, but she manages to squeeze these two heaving melons into it with such ingenuity that succulent round cleavage drags me in like a delicious black hole.

God, those hips: just as wide as her chest is large, I can only wonder what that fleshy ass looks like in that taut leather skirt. Her waist is impeccably thin. If I couldn't see the trim belly button just below the raised hemline of her top, I would mistake her for wearing an extra tight corset. The fact she isn't and these are her natural curves make my knees tremble. Whilst thinking about the ring, I had again forgotten about the idea that Abbey may have continued her transformation after I left, but seeing her here now is reminding me like a blunt brick to the skull. Her bronze legs are smooth and exposed, ushering my gaze for miles down to a pair of clear plastic heels: five inches or six based on what I can tell. My penis stands alert, ready for more action.

Like a goddess of femininity, she glides near me and pushes her stomach against mine. Her boobs feel so good, so tender. They push up high between us, and nearly touch Abbey's delicate chin.

"Hey there sexy," she purrs. I nearly cum here and now. Abbey leans forward and gives me a light kiss, but lingers slightly as if to savor me as much as I am her. Pulling away, her teeth bite hold of my lower lip and tug it slightly before releasing and then slowly licking her own. I think she likes what she tasted.

Trying not to look like a complete fool, I stutter the words, "You uh, softball practice must have ended early. I, I wasn't expecting you over so, so soon."

“Softball?” she asks in bemusement, “You know I haven’t been able to play softball since my breasts grew in last year.” She presses them harder against my chest and says lowly, “Not like that’s a bad thing.” Mmm, she is so damn sexy. I feel her hand slide into my shirt and start strumming across my abs. Her deft touch tickles my stomach; chills shiver up my spine.

“I got a call from Tony,” she purrs. She is getting more intimate, “He said he won’t be coming tonight.” Her hand drifts lower. They are now navigating through my trousers, tickling the tip of my penis. I try as hard as I can to hold myself in; it’s a difficult battle, and staring at Abbey’s delicious body is making it harder, pun intended. “That means it’ll just be the two of us tonight,” she whispers, “all alone with no distractions.”

I believe she isn’t talking about our English project. I get giddy at the thought of what is to come, however I play calm and try to go along as normal. Being nonchalant about it, I say, “Well we shouldn’t waste much more time.”

“I completely agree,” she gently replies. Abbey now walks through the house, leading me by the crotch of my pants. I just gaze at her swaying hips like an infatuated puppy. I was right; that plump ass looks irresistible in that tight skirt. We enter my room, she displays herself on my heavy comforter, and smiling, I casually close the door behind us.

The two of us spend that entire night together alone; we never work on our project.

Chapter II

The morning alarm sounds off again as is routine, and as is often the custom, though I try to silence the infernal device quickly, in my sleepy haze, I stumble across the bedside table with a blind hand trying to find the clock. Four rings sound before I turn the alarm off.

I proceed to lightly turn over on my side to check on Abbey. The alarm had not woken her, and she remains peacefully asleep beside me in my bed. She's resting softly on her back, her head leaning slightly my way, with a single sheet pulled up and half covering her succulent bosom. Her mighty breasts lay comfortably on her chest with their soft weight spread high upon her ribcage; just from the way they mold themselves from the shape of gravity, I know they are entirely natural. Actually, looking at them, I think they're a bit bigger than they were last night! I can't be sure, and they were enormous already, but I don't remember them being *that* big! Oh, just looking at them is making me hard under the sheets.

Images of last night crawl back into my mind. As I closed the door behind us, Abbey had already begun sliding her top down her waist. The compressing fabric had squeezed her heaving breasts so tightly together that the thick cleavage was pushing ever nearer to her chin. Once she had released herself of the tiny clothing, they bounced down naturally into the shape of two perfect and full teardrops. Her nipples were erect, and I knew they were tingling with unbridled sensation because after tossing her top to the side of the room, Abbey immediately reached for each one and began to vigorously fondle them with her long, painted fingers. Her neck flung back in pleasure, swinging her voluminous blonde mane into the air, and when she brought her head back up, delicate yellow strands fell over her face. Her gaze was one of impetuous desire; she bit her lower lip seductively and beckoned me forth with her lustful gaze.

I had likewise already removed my shirt and tossed it away with hers, letting my powerful chest and rock hard abs display themselves to her desires. I approached slowly, allowing her to breathe in the image of my muscled frame while I soaked up the eroticism of her fondling. Her eyes were moving evermore south as I slide myself into her juicy lips with my own and brought my tongue to intertwine with hers. She was anxious; raising herself to meet me. As I lay her down onto her back with our lips inseparable, with one hand I studiously undo my belt buckle. Abbey was likewise sliding her tight leather skirt down her legs after first struggling to wiggle them off her enlarged hips. My underwear came down with my pants; her red thong remained sunken into her ass cheeks momentarily, already was the fabric moistening around her slit.

I guided myself up as I mounted high upon her chest. My dick had never softened since she first arrived at my doorstep, and now I was guiding the erect shaft between her monstrous

tits. Resting comfortably on her back with her golden head propped up by my pillows, Abbey was quick to bring her own chest pillows tightly together. As she pressed the sides together with her forearms, soft bubbles of tit flesh engulfed the entirety of my penis. The warmth of her fatty breasts encouraged the sensitivity in my dick. I began thrusting my hips back and forth, sliding my member in and out of her enormous tits. Faster and faster, my pace quickened, and the friction was sensation after sensation through my body. All the while, I'm watching Abbey and seeing in an eager face that whatever pleasure I am feeling, she is experiencing ten-fold. She watched on intently as the tip of my penis popped in and out of the top of her cleavage. I knew what she was waiting for, and when my orgasm came, she brought her mouth in close to lap up the salty cum. It may have been the heat of the moment, but "what a good girl" I thought to myself.

Abbey wiped her cheeks of any residue and while she licked her fingers clean, she whispered the word, "More!" Releasing my cock from her enveloping breasts, she pushed me off her to stand at the foot of the bed, and crawling on all fours, she came to meet me. Her head was level with my cock, and before it could begin to go limp, she took hold of it again and began to massage it back to life. Once a full erection had returned, as quickly as it was, she swallowed the member deep into her mouth. Meanwhile, her free hand had gravitated down into her underwear to stimulate the lips of her labia. As her head bobbed up and down my shaft, her nimble tongue massaged over the tip as plump lips tingled sensations all throughout my being. She increased the intensity with which she stimulated both mine and her own sex organs. Her fingers had dug ever deeper into her clit as juices began running down her thigh. An all too familiar tingle began to ride up my cock, and I convulsed another load into her willing mouth. As this happened, I caught Abbey's eyes roll back as she simultaneously quivered to a climax.

We each took a quick moment to recover, but it wasn't long before the greedy nymph was craving more. She leaned back onto her elbows, her tits settling beautifully on her tight frame, and spread her legs in open display. I reached for the tiny fabric denying me access to her snatch and pulled them with gusto off her prominent booty. "The poor thing," I thought; her pussy looked so hungry, so deprived of what it desired most. Juices ceaselessly dripped from it and ran down her legs to form an aromatic stain on my bed sheets. My penis hadn't softened a bit from the blowjob; eagerly did I position it against her labia. The tip brushed against her slit, and Abbey shivered at the sensations it pulsed through her. I thought, "If just that induced such pleasure in her, imagine what full penetration would cause."

I wasted little time and aggressively rammed myself into her cunt! The force of my thrust pushed her up against the headboard slightly, and she gave out an audible moan of startled satisfaction. I don't think she was expecting me to enter her so forcefully, but her reaction was one of immense euphoria that readied her for another like it. Again and again I thrust myself into her wanting pussy! Abbey's moans grew louder and louder to the point that she was nearly screaming with carnal pleasure! Her eyes closed and her head rocked back into her luscious golden hair. As I relentlessly continued, her moans became weaker and weaker as the

overwhelming sensations rolling through each fiber of her body exhausted her with insatiable pleasure. Watching her panting her breaths in ecstasy drove me to thrust harder and faster. Abbey reached for her right breast with one hand and began working vigorously over the hardened nipple; her left hand clutched desperately to the bed sheets as the rapture overtook her. My orgasm came fast and hard; the semen ejaculating deep inside her cunt! We both melted under the intense feeling of ecstasy that flowed through each of our taugth bodies! I pulled my dick out slowly, feeling the tight vaginal walls wiping clean any excess cum lest it be robbed of any of the warm substance. After many hours, I eventually fell down beside her, and we both dozed to a blissful sleep as we let the euphoric tingling of all that we had done run through each of our bodies.

I look now again at the sleeping goddess with golden hair. Her boobs, certainly bigger than last night, I'm almost positive now, gently rise and fall under her delicate breathing. Under the bed sheets, I can see the soft curves of her pinched waist and prominent hips; the generous lumps fading down her long legs until her feet disappear beneath the thick fabric. Gazing back at her lovely face, I marvel at the sensuous features: soft cheeks and a delicate jawline, great full lips glossed with kissability and an adorable button nose. It is only now that I am noticing her skin is darker, tanned and bronzed. Paired with her platinum yellow head of hair and extremely voluptuous physique, Abbey looks now like a sexualized parody of the classic California beach blonde. Is this another overnight change or was her skin this sun-kissed shade when she arrived here yesterday? I admit I was too enamored by the shapes and sizes of things to take note of their color. It doesn't matter now, I guess, because whether it happened last night or yesterday afternoon, my girlfriend has the skin of a bronzed beach blonde.

Eventually, I manage to pull myself away from the evocative sight that has become of Abbey. I locate a pair of boxers from my dresser and quietly enter my bathroom, being careful not to wake my busty little minx. I leave the door cracked and step in front of the toilet. Waiting for the routine stream to begin, I can't help noticing a slight added girth to my penis, and surely as I finish urinating and shake it dry, I examine that indeed my penis is larger than before: an inch, inch and a half maybe. I know this is only the doing of the ring, but part of me doesn't mind at all. On the contrary, I'm sort of reveling with pride at my added size. Once again, I really don't think this ring is something to worry about whatsoever. After all, all it's done is transform reality to make every girl into a hyper-sexualized hottie with tits you can drown an elephant in; what's so bad about that? Then it went and turned me into a muscular babe magnet with a body that melts all those busty babes before my feet – without doubt I take that as a plus! Come to think of it, I feel *bigger* than before. I step over to check in the mirror and find that I am right. Just as Abbey's boobs swelled up a degree overnight, it appears that my muscles have as well! I look like some powerful linebacker or heavyweight fighter! I'm probably taller too; I certainly feel as if I am. I can't help flexing my chest and arms a bit before leaving the bathroom, striking a couple poses that I've seen bodybuilders do before.

Abbey had rolled over in her sleep while I was in the bathroom; I can now see the soft cushion of plumped derriere. I admire the view as I pull on a pair of jeans and silently leave my room to grab some breakfast; naturally I slide my ring back on as well.

This is new! The house is different: bigger and much, much nicer! The hallway alone is a generous expanse with well-lit corridors branching away. It appears that mine and Abbey's bodies weren't the only things changed in the overnight reality shift. While I navigate through the unknown architecture, I note the similar family photos of mom, Gina, and myself to confirm that this beautiful new residence is my own. In the pictures, mom and Gina are looking voluptuous as before, but I'm caught by how much less they are wearing compared to yesterday. In this one on the wall, mom is wearing a tight purple dress with a neckline plunging all the way down to her bellybutton; the natural heaving cleavage and visible nipples indicative of her foregoing a bra of any sort. The hemline covers nothing of her long legs, nestling tightly around a firm butt. Next to the image is a photo of an equally busty Gina squeezed into a white spaghetti-strap midriff and jean cut-offs that barely conceal her privates. Both have their hair done big and voluminous and are wearing a minimum five-inch stilettos. Their make-up is thicker, and I see a sort of absentminded gaiety in their smiles. Something happened to reality to make these two very free in showing their skin plus provide us with this expansive new home, and I have a strong intuition both are somehow connected.

After roaming through beautiful room after beautiful room, I finally locate the kitchen, the huge new kitchen. With marble countertops and an enormous island in the center, this is the sort of kitchen you see in those expensive home catalogues. The appliances are all stainless steel, and the floor tiles are a polished marble to match the gleaming countertops.

There with her back turned to me, mom is preparing something on the stove. I can hear the sizzling of food in the pan, while the fresh smell of pork fills my nostrils. Mom's long brown hair is down and just as voluminous as in those family photos; is it *always* salon ready? It's of a lighter color, I'm noticing; this is not the dark brown hair that runs in the family. Instead hers is a light chestnut, almost a dirty blonde. Her back is exposed behind her locks, and I realize that underneath a thin cooking apron, she is not wearing a top of any sorts! The sides of her boobs peak out underneath her arms as she moves. She is thankfully wearing a pair of shorts, even if they are riding up her cheeks and into her crack. Her posture is very pert with her butt rises high into the air, probably wearing impractically tall heels again no doubt.

I take a deep breath and compose myself for what lay before me. "Good morning," I call, approaching the huge island.

Mom turns, "Oh! Good morning!" she chimes. Her enormous breasts splash and bounce underneath the unrestrictive apron. The garment can't even cover the sides or tops of her bosom; there is just barely enough to conceal her nipples from lewdness. I choke a bit at the sight because not only are her breasts greatly exposed; they are immensely bigger in size!

“Oh my God, are you okay hunny?” she asks as I desperately cough air back into my lungs.

“F-fine, I’m fine. I-it’s just that your...your boobs are...are so...big!” What was that?! Why did I just say that?! You don’t comment about your mom’s boobs like that; it’s just wrong! Oh God, why? Stupid! STUPID!

“Ooo, why thanks hun!” she bubbles in reply, jumping a pep to proudly bounce them around at my apparent compliment. “After all, I wouldn’t be a very good porn star if I didn’t have giant knockers!” she giggles.

“Porn star?” I ask confusedly, “I...I thought you were a lingerie model.”

She giggles again, “What’s wrong with you, silly? I’ve been doing porn since I was nineteen; your sister’s the model in the family, not me!”

A porn star mother and a supermodel sister; I guess that explains the money that bought this lavish new house of ours.

Mom turns again and begins filling a plate with freshly prepared food. She hands it to me with her long manicured fingers, saying, “Here sweetie, have some breakfast!”

I pull up a stool in front of the counter and take a seat in front of the plate of warm eggs, hash browns, and crispy bacon. As I take my first bites, I am immediately marveled by the exceptional taste! Who knew mom was such a great cook? I eagerly down the rest of it. “Wow! This is really good!” I exclaim with a mouthful of hash browns.

Mom blushes a smile. “I’m really glad you like it,” she says, pouring me a tall glass of orange juice. Eagerly I grab it and begin gulping down the beverage. “My, my, is my big boy hungry after his long and ‘busy’ night?” probes my mom.

I almost choke on the juice, “W-what are you talking about?” I ask, trying not to give anything away. Unfortunately, I’ve never had a very good poker face; I doubt mom is falling for my feigned innocence.

“Oh, don’t be coy,” she teases, “I know what you had planned last night; obviously you guys were up late into the night. Even when I got home last night, I heard the rustling in your room as I walked by your room.”

What is she getting at? I’m not sure if she’s talking about the school project I had originally planned or something...else. Does she know just Abbey came over? That we spent the whole evening having sex? I can’t tell anything from her vague wording. There is, I sense, a coquetry in her knowing tone. Perhaps she *is* referring to the sex. Maybe the reality shifts made my initial plans to bang Abbey rather than work on some school project for...what class was it for again? Ah, who cares!

Regardless, I don't have the faintest idea what mom is referring to about last night, and I don't want to accidentally give her the wrong impression. I try the best I can to be as coy and vague about the subject as she is, "Yeah, well, you know how it is: nights like that can certainly take up much of your time."

"Oh, I know what you mean," she purrs, as if knowingly, "Mmm, but isn't it so satisfying?"

"Err, uh..." I stumble on my words; this is getting very uncomfortable.

The doorbell rings. Thank God; an excuse to leave this awkward conversation. I get up to go answer the door, but Gina comes bouncing through from another room, cheering, "I got it!" She is in a baby blue pajama top and matching pajama shorts, all the while her big hair is bouncing with each step of her long legs. Just like mom, her hair has turned a very light brown, and of course her boobs are noticeably at least a cup size larger as well; honestly, I'm not surprised anymore.

As Gina trots off to answer the door, I realize that I am stuck still in this uneasy situation with mom. She isn't being distracted by the door and continues to patiently look to me for a reply. More "Err's" and "Uh's" stumble out of my mouth as I try to bide time for my brain reach something coherent.

"Well, uh, actually, you see—"

Gina pokes her head back into the kitchen, "Mark! It's for you!"

"Oh, thank God!" I hastily make for the door to escape this uncomfortable exchange with my mother about sex. I still don't know for sure, but at this point I am very confident; the warm glow that's taking over her, as if from recalling certain times from her acquired work as a porn star, is inclining me to think she knew all along just what Abbey and I were doing last night. Eww! She was getting hot at the idea of my having sex! What sort of libido charged slut has my mother become to be getting off at simply implying sex?! Not only that, but of her son having sex! I don't want to think about it anymore! Dirty, devious thoughts – I want none of it!

The front door is cracked ajar, and I open it to see a tall, grizzly man in a grimy blue jumpsuit and an equal cap. There is a bit of a potbelly around his middle, and bristles of facial hair cover his stout face.

"Mark Pearson?" he asks.

"Yeah, what can I do for you?"

He held up a clipboard with some papers, "Got your car here for ya'! Just sign here at the bottom, and I can turn it back over to ya."

“Can do!” I can’t hide my excitement even if I was offered money to do so. I got my car back! No more nagging friends for rides, no more taking the bus to and from school! Though after yesterday, the bus probably wouldn’t be that lame anymore. Ah, who cares?! If I need a hottie to admire on the road, I always have my little blonde bombshell sitting shotgun!

I’m signing the papers when I notice the forms identify the car as a Bentley, not my Chevrolet. “Excuse me, I think this is a mistake: the car was a Chevy, not a Bentley,” I say.

“Nope,” he corrects, “This is the car you brought in: a 2014 Bentley Continental GTC.” The man very casually points his finger over to the side driveway, and sure enough is the beautiful silver convertible he described. The thing is gorgeous and looks brand new. This is my car now?! Oh man, someone pinch me, this is incredible! I can’t help it; I kiss my ring in gratitude.

After gazing over the sexy vehicle a little, I notice old Barbara standing patiently beside it. “What’s she doing here?” I ask aloud accidentally; the numbing sensation given to me by the stunning car rendered the filter between thought and mouth inert.

“She came into the shop early and wanted make sure everything was alright I guess,” the man answers very nonchalantly, “Sign here.”

“Oh right, yeah,” I sort of mumble out, still gazing at the car as I sign the papers. As soon as they are signed and his job here is done, the busy man quickly heads off and I slowly inch myself closer to my new toy! Barbara, the courteous old lady she is, patiently allows me to look over and marvel at the car. My fingers slide over the polished metal, tracing its sleek curves. I look over and bask in the deep leather interior. Man, I cannot wait to drive this thing!

“I do hope everything turned out ok,” says Barbara, looking for approval on what I guess needed repairs.

I pull myself away from the car eventually, as hard as it is, and answer, “Oh, everything turned out fantastic! Couldn’t have been any better!”

“I am relieved to hear that,” she sighs. The little old lady steps in closer, and as a sultry sway suddenly emerges in her stride, I notice that she is growing a bit taller, as if regaining the inches lost to age. Her loose skin gradually tightens and plumps back, and I realize that elderly Barbara is changing before me like everyone earlier. A soft glow returns to her cheeks; regressing the old woman back to the prime of youth. I’m getting used to this sort of thing now and know from the former events that what is occurring is an absolute positive! Barbara is regaining her youth and beauty, and if the past is good indication, is also gaining something a little extra! So, why should I worry and stress over this like I did all of yesterday? No! This time I’m going to enjoy the moment!

“Relieved are you?” I bait her.

“Oh yes,” she coos with her caring voice, “I’m so glad that I could make up for all the troubles I have caused you.” Her figure tightens up to that of a firm twenty-something; her skin is refreshed and her creamy complexion gives softness to her curves – curves which are slowly growing evermore prominent.

“I was so worried about you, what might have happened to you,” her sweet voice purrs. Dry grey hair grows long and thick into silky red velvet, draping over her strong green eyes; a crimson seductress Barbara is becoming! She steps in closer with her strong smooth legs, almost wrapping them around my thighs.

“Now why were you so worried,” I toy with her, enjoying every second.

Her breasts swell underneath her floral dress; milky orbs of flesh emerge into view. “Because,” she explains with that sweet demeanor of hers, “it would be such a tragedy if you were ever hurt.” She brushes her fingers up my bare stomach. Her knees pinch together to contain the warm sensations growing in her; I’m relishing it and only tease her further by sliding my hand over her widening hips.

“I don’t want to cause you any harm,” she purrs in a low sultry voice. My hand slides around to her firm butt, and pulls her in closer to where our bellies touch. “I just want to take care of you,” she says, her plump red lips dangerously close to my own, “to make sure your every desire is met!”

“I bet you would,” I return as seductively as I can. Honestly, I’m surprising myself at how suave I am right now; perhaps the ring is at work again.

Barbara reaches for a kiss, but her ever growing breasts expand at such pace that their overwhelming girth pushes our mouths apart. The young redhead pouts her lower lip in disappointment and consigns herself to defeat, that I am not to be had at this time. Still, the voluptuous little sex kitten keeps her seductive confidence as she blows me a kiss goodbye. “Till next time,” she declares.

My eyes follow the sweet sway of her generous hips in the tight floral dress as she takes her leave, enjoying the sight thoroughly. That was fun, playing along with the changes like that; why didn’t I do that at all yesterday? Why did I ever let myself worry about everything the way I did? Nothing but good things has come from this ring...it’s time to stop worrying and enjoy it all!

Back inside, I may want to rethink that thought: there’s Abbey in only her thong and one of my old shirts chatting with my mother and sister. I can certainly guess the subject of their giggling; no doubt Abbey’s presence means mom certainly knows what she and I did all night last night. This may be a good time to slip away unseen back to my room. NO! I said I’m going

to stop worrying about this, to enjoy it! Buck up Mark; face this head on! I take a deep breath and proceed forward.

“Morning, Baby!” Abbey cheers when she sees me. She jumps into my arms and plants her soft lips on mine. I expect a simple good morning peck, but she goes all out: opening her lips in passion, feeling her tongue around the inside of my mouth. I feel a bit awkward about her frenching me in front of my mom and sister, yet at the same time I find it oddly comfortable. After all, glancing over, I see that neither seems at all phased by Abbey’s heated greeting. I said I’m going to enjoy things, so that’s what I’m going to do; returning the same desire back to Abbey.

After we eventually pull apart, mom asks, “So who was at the door?”

“It was the guy from the shop bringing my car back from repairs,” I answer.

“I bet you’re real excited about that; no more having to hitch rides”

“Definitely!”

“And what did Barb want?” Gina asks, “I saw her out there too.”

“Oh, wasn’t she the cute little redhead that crashed into you?” asks mom.

“Um, yeah, yeah, she was. She just wanted to make sure I – I mean my car, was alright,” I answer.

“I bet that wasn’t the only thing she wanted,” Gina teases, poking me knowingly near the groin.

“Wha-what do you mean by that,” I futilely try to act innocent.

“Oh come on little brother, I’ve seen the way she’s always trying to rub up against you! And don’t try to hide that you haven’t given her looks back in return!”

“I-I,” I stumble, motioning to Abbey as if to tell Gina to cease.

“Oh I don’t mind,” Abbey says, “because I know that it’s me that you always come to for a *good time*.” She squeezes in closer to me, pressing her boobs against my chest.

“Yeah, so how was the sex last night?” mom gleefully inquires.

“Eww, Mom!” I shout disgustedly at her bluntness.

“I was fantastic!” Abbey declares in a low voice, exuding pure pleasure. She begins twirling her index finger around my hard abs, “When he started pumping that huge—”

“Abbey!” I interject, “I don’t think that’s something to be telling my mother!”

“Since when did you get so shy?” she questions.

“That’s Ok, Sweetie,” says mom, looking at the clock, “It’s time for you two to leave anyway or you’ll be late for school.”

“Oh no! I forgot to bring an extra outfit with me! I don’t have anything to wear!” Abbey shrieks.

Gina puts a calming hand on her shoulder and says, “Don’t worry, you can borrow something of mine. I’ll take you to my room to change.” Abbey leaps and hugs Gina with joy, and the two buxom beauties strut off to get dressed; I guess I should too.

All eyes are on my car as I pull into the school parking lot, and why wouldn’t they be? I make sure to drive slowly to let them admire the polished vehicle that much longer. That’s right everyone: enjoy my ride, you all know you wish you had one as nice as this! I rev the engine a couple of times just to watch the deep reverberation tingle up the spines of on-looking girls. With the sleek Bentley parked a few places back from the school doors; I step out and make my way around to the passenger side to escort my lovely date out from her seat. Two acrylic white stiletto pumps gracefully step out from the car interior onto the pavement below, and a pair of long, silky smooth, tanned legs glisten in the morning sun. I offer my hand in assistance and it is met by the delicate touch of dainty fingers with extra-long nails painted a soft pink. Out steps a flowing mane of golden blonde hair full of volume and style. Abbey’s honeyed bronze skin glows radiance around her. She’s in a skin-tight baby blue strapless mini with white trim that hugs every inch of her ample curves; her behemoth breasts pressing up and together as cavernous cleavage pours over the top and a short hemline wraps snugly over the whole of her ample butt and generous hips, but only just. Long legs present themselves fully as she poses initially after stepping out of the Bentley; her hips popping to the side and her chest thrusting out teasingly. Her alluring face is made up fully: bold mascara transforms her thick lashes into souring wings with every bat of her eyes, a soft amount of blush brightens her round cheeks, and luscious gloss of light pink to match her nails coats her plump lips with a delicious finish – so appetizing!

Together we strut down the parking lot to the school entrance. We have our arms around each other; mine over her shoulder, hers hugging my hips. I see the looks of everyone we pass, and it’s a stroke to my ego to see awe in all their faces. I puff my chest with confidence, showing off my strong frame. Abbey arches her back, pushing her ass out and projecting her tits forward.

Nobody can take their eyes off us, and who can blame them: the two of us are physical perfection! We are the king and queen of this school!

I push open the school door with my free arm...the sight inside is something to behold. Everywhere I look, filling the halls are droves of overly inflated breasty babes. All wrapped in skimpy dress, displaying more skin than could be considered legal, multitudes of voluptuous female figures roam the halls; it's as if they were all pulled from the pages of porn magazines. Most girls are just carrying on with their morning as usual, giggling and chatting away about silly nothings, but many more have their backs against the walls and their lips locked to some guy that may be their boyfriends or just some stranger who happened to walk by; one or two instances, the girls are kissing each other in front of a cheering crowd. Abbey and I continue forward, and regardless of how enthralled most are in making out, many still pause to gaze in wonderment at the beautiful couple strutting past them; giggling gossip turns to whispered swooning by groups of girls. While all are images of perverted sexiness, each frame has its own individuality: some girls have larger breasts, others a bigger ass, while there are those with killer legs or shapely hips. Regardless of the different nuances to the many figures, each girl is dressed to display their best assets. All in all however, I believe Abbey turned out the most perfectly proportioned in the whole school with the best balance between giant bouncing titties and a juicy gyrating ass. She's like the ideal template from which all these sluts were molded... That was odd calling all these girls sluts like that...wasn't it? No, I don't think it was, look at them: they're dressing the part and the promiscuous making out is not telling me otherwise.

I can't finish whatever train of thought I am getting on because I feel Abbey pinch my ass and twirl around to kiss me. I think the constant sight of slutty girls making out is getting her aroused, either that or she is jealous and desires to join in as well. I promised myself to take things in stride, so I take initiative and push her into the lockers behind her; I notice her get off a little by my forcefulness, I get off a little by her submissiveness. We go at it vigorously for a couple of minutes; her fingers massage over my cheeks as my hand cups one of her massive tits and aggressively kneads at it. Suddenly she stops, and before I can question why, she whispers in my ear, "Here comes Cindy!"

I turn and...HOLY CRAP!!!! Those tits are monstrous!! Even for this super busty new reality I'm living in, Cindy's breasts are leaps and bounds more massive than anyone else's! I don't know if there are enough letters in the alphabet to describe her bra size – damn those things are gargantuan! I don't think I can wrap my head around the sheer heft of those jiggling orbs of flesh; how can her back support their weight? She has them impossibly squeezed into a deep red midriff with a plunging V-neck displaying a cavern of cleavage longer than the Grand Canyon; there must be some marvel of engineering occurring underneath that top to support such massive mammaries. They are too large to be contained by her chest and drop heavily over her stomach; I can barely spot her bellybutton just below the cups. What of her waist that isn't shrouded by those colossal boobs is exposed bare and pinches inward just thus that it exaggerates the flare of her hips wrapped in a short black leather skirt. The bottoms of her butt cheeks peek out from

underneath the hemline and her long smooth legs are accentuated by knee-high black boots with pencil-thin five-inch heels. But those breasts, oh man those breasts...I can't pull my eyes away from them! They truly are the eighth (and ninth) Wonder of the World! Even with her long dark hair brushing over the tops of skin as an invitation to pull my eyes to that sultry face, I remain lost in Cindy's substantial cleavage!

Cindy presses in close, as close as she can with those huge chest orbs coming between us, and lifts my chin with her index finger. "You liking what you see, Babe?" she purrs, "they don't call me "The Boob Queen" for nothing." Once again I am rendered speechless, but it matters not because she pulls me in and plants my lips to hers. She moves vigorously round my mouth and I feel her tongue nimbly maneuver its way around mine. My first instinct is to push her away with Abbey right here watching us, but I notice in the corner of my eye her bite her lower lip with a raw sexual desire; I think she may actually be getting turned on by my this!

After a few relentless moments, Cindy does eventually pull away and takes a finger to her lips to savor the taste. "You know I'm always available if you ever change your mind." She slides the other hand about my abdomen, dangerously close to my growing erection.

"Uh, what? Change my mind?" I ask innocently oblivious to her meaning.

Abbey presses in closer to me, "I still don't why you don't have Cindy join us. I think it would be, like, super sexy having a three-way!"

"A...a three-way?!"

"Yeah: a three-way with Tits!" Cindy melts a little at hearing herself being referred to as nothing more than her largest feature, "What do you say, Baby, pleeease?"

Both girls look up at me smiling, eagerly awaiting my answer and hoping it will be yes. Has Abbey really become this slutty that she would eagerly desire a threesome with Cindy, the girl who for the last several years has been trying to steal me away from her? She has after all always been very relaxed about Cindy's come-ons even before all these reality shifts began yesterday. Who knows, maybe even back then she was open to experimentation with other girls; maybe she was always so cool about Cindy hitting on me because secretly she desired to have a ménage à trois. Perhaps that's just my imagination running wild with me. Regardless, both girls seem certainly willing right now – who am I kidding; these two are hungry for it! They appear perfectly keen to share me without discretion...perhaps I *can* have them both.

"Ok, sure!" I announce.

The girls bounce together in giddy unison. "Yippee!!" they cry. They both leap in to hug me with gratitude, and I merrily embrace them both.

I see a janitor's closet a little way down the hall. "Right this way, ladies," I smoothly say, already leading them away with my forceful arms. It doesn't take any coercion of course, both are eager to begin.

The door to the small room flings open and I escort the girls inside. It's a small space yet still generous enough for the three of us. Cindy is the first in and turning her back against the far wall, she immediately reaches to pull her top down from over her tits; they come flying out, spring loaded from the compressing fabric which now is a belt around her stomach. Her eyes close and she bites her lower lip as if trying to endure some pent-up carnal desire. "Oh God, please someone grab them...I need it!" she cries.

I whisper into Abbey's ear, "Won't you be a good girl and oblige her?" she nods with a wide-eyed grin as if just been rewarded with a treat. Promptly, Abbey's lips are suckling steadfastly at one of Cindy's enormous nipples; the other nipple starts getting caressed by Abbey's hand. Abbey works diligently on both nipples, making them hard and swollen as her attention is fully fixated on the immense softness and size of those breasts. Cindy is simply lost in the sensation of it all, and she is panting desperately as she's overcome by uncontrollable euphoria. I drop my trousers and with my rock-hard erection as my guide, slide in behind Abbey and begin to probe around her groin. I reach in to yank her panties down and begin to ram her from behind. When she feels my cock entering her pussy, inaudible moans leak from her busy lips. Instinctively, her legs spread and her hips arch to push her ass up to meet me; all in an effort to ease my access to her pleasure areas. I pump my hips fast and with purpose, causing Abbey's whole body to undulate to my rhythm, which only adds to the stimulation she's providing to Cindy's tits. Abbey, in the heat my pumping her full with my hard-on, still has the wherewithal to coordinate her suckling and fondling with the tempo of my thrusting – what a good slut, so talented!

Cindy, who has just been rendered utterly helpless by the stimulation, reaches behind her and clutches desperately to the flimsy shelf behind her. Our movements begin to rattle it till several buckets and bottles of cleaning fluid are falling to the floor. Cindy begins moaning, uncaring of any who may hear us out in the hall, "More! More!" Abbey takes her free hand and navigates it down between Cindy's legs. Wriggling her fingers around Cindy's dripping wet panties, she slides into Cindy's cunt. Slowly at first, Abbey teases with only the tips of her fingers entering, but quickly knuckles slide farther in and nearly her entire hand is working the inside of Cindy's pussy. The added penetration is almost too much for The Boob Queen, and moans grow louder and louder still. Watching this display from both girls drives me further as I gain speed in my trusts; the added force causes Abbey's boobs to sway back and forth. She still hasn't let up kneading Cindy's tits with vigor, and now with the extra stimulation working deep inside Cindy's cunt, Abbey is showing herself to be the most incredible little slut. My attraction to her is only amplified by this though, and I feel myself approaching orgasm. Harder and harder I thrust, knowing that climax is coming. I listen to both girls moaning to the sensations, Abbey's getting muffled by the giant teat in her mouth. Here it comes: the immense tingle shivers through

the whole of my shaft and I feel the warm release of cum into Abbey's wanting pussy. At the same time, both girls release themselves in climax, completely enraptured by the sensations riding throughout the whole of their being. Cindy's screams of pleasure erupt and reverberate through the little room, and she sinks to the floor in her juices. Abbey arches her back and brings herself back upright as she leans against the small sink to the side; her knees going weak. I rest against the far wall and likewise allow the euphoric feeling to tingle over my body. The three of us all rest silently, looking over each other with the same satisfied smile on our faces.

Then between her heavy breathing, Cindy whispers, "Again!"

The three of us eventually emerge from the closet, adjusting our clothes so as to be presentable once again. Abbey fixes her blonde hair and Cindy adjusts her breasts underneath her top while I finish with the last couple of buttons on my shirt. After three additional rounds within the janitor's closet, I realize that we had missed the bell for class. The halls are vacant but for us, and there is a certain silence to these long corridors when empty; something solitary, of isolation. I gaze up and notice the clock reads four minutes past nine o'clock; first period is already half way through.

"Come ladies, let me take you to your classes," I say smoothly, wrapping my strong arms around each of them. They are so receptive: leaning in close, pressing their hips against mine, and all the while smiling in the perfume of sex still lingering on our persons. You know, I can really get used to this: two incredibly sexy girlfriends to have at any given moment! One an ideal of the California beach blonde with a hyper-sensualized hourglass silhouette, and the other a raven-haired seductress with overly engorged breasts – what more could I ask for? I glance down proudly at the prizes wrapped under my arms. From my vantage point I can clearly see down the plunging necklines of both girls' tops. Deep cleavage pressed tightly together draws my eyes in like black holes, and with each step in their tall heels sends a ripple through the pillowy flesh. The sight of constant jiggling and bouncing, from Cindy especially, is bringing me back to full mast.

Cindy is the first to her class, and as we stand outside the door, she reaches in for a passionate goodbye kiss. With the same sexual enthusiasm as when she first approached us this morning, the exaggeratedly busty girl dances her tongue around mine – I gladly return the gesture. Unwilling to part, she savors every ounce of the moment before finally releasing herself from my lips. Slowly, with a distinct coquetry that is becoming the unique way she carries herself, Cindy glides through the door into the class, blowing another kiss goodbye as the door shuts behind her.

Abbey and I walk the quiet halls alone. She nuzzles her head against my chest tenderly and lovingly brushes her hand over my stomach. I hold her tight as she squeezes close against my body. My thumb caresses over her bare shoulder to incite a warm tingle down her back. Her eyes close and a satisfied smile grows across her lips as she gets lost in our romantic intimacy. Our stroll is slow moving; we are too enamored by the pleasantness of each other's company. Though, we do eventually arrive in front of Abbey's first class. I don't wish to part with her, and I see in the look of longing in her eyes that neither does she. What's that line from *Romeo & Juliet*: "Parting is such sweet sorrow." We embrace once more, trying to soak up as much of each other as possible. Our lips connect, and I feel an undercurrent of deeper emotions than pure lust. Enraptured together, our bodies locked, I get lost in the passion! I realize that this girl has become more than just mere woman: she is a golden goddess! A goddess of passion and sex! My voluptuously buxom goddess!

We part ways, and I travel to first period math alone. I wonder what the class is like now. With all the changes happening to everyone, I can imagine the atmosphere in every room of this building has changed. Surely the air of lust and sex must be filling the classrooms: guys unable to stop ogling over the super busty girls, and girls struggling to control their growing desires. And what of the teachers that have changed? Teachers like Miss Wilson...students staring numbingly into their ample breasts, drooling hopelessly on the tops of school desks. The teachers too, I can imagine, have become more promiscuous in their new reality; sending coy glances and teasing gestures back at the admiring students. Hehe, I bet that would liven Tony up to have Miss Wilson flirting with him throughout class. The kid's hopefully enamored with her and her swollen chest pillows – talk about being hot for teacher. Between periods, I need to tell him about everything that's happen. Who cares if he won't believe me, someone needs to hear about, and Tony would probably get the biggest kick out of it anyway – how could he *not* enjoy a story about growing breasts and sexual conquests? Besides, I bet if I'm vivid enough, the imagery would be enough to get him off. He's probably got so much built up from Miss Wilson's flirtatious presentations in class.

Or maybe he doesn't...

I open the door to first period math and realize that there isn't any math taking place. Rather, Tony is sitting in Miss Wilson's chair at the front of the room with Miss Wilson mounted on him and aggressively riding him for what he's worth! Likewise, all the female students are grinding in the laps of the male students. There are a few extra girls than guys, so a couple girls have doubled up on one particularly lucky guy. All are dressed in skimpy little outfits and slight dresses, things more suited for a strip club than a classroom. Even Miss Wilson is more scantily dressed than before: her hair is let loose and is flailing around with her vivacious movements, a tiny baby-blue blouse is entirely unbuttoned, pulled up and tied into a little knot just under the curve of her heaving tits, her bare abdomen swivels and pivots her ample hips side to side, a micro-mini skirt rests atop her round ass, unable to even reach half over those round cheeks, and

long legs are covered in lacy black pantyhose while lifted by tall black heels. She definitely has that “naughty school teacher” look going on right now!

“Now girls,” Miss Wilson says, “when you lean in close to your guy, make sure to arch your back a little and pull your shoulders back so your titties get shoved into their face; like this!” She demonstrates how it’s done: leaning her chest in close to Tony’s face, and though she is bending over, she still maintains an arched curve in the small of her back. Her butt is pushed up high, and when she pulls her shoulders back, her giant rack gets launched into Tony’s face, nearly suffocating the lustful boy. Promptly, all the other girls practice the same maneuver. I can’t believe this – Miss Wilson is giving the girls lap dancing lessons! So much for math!

Miss Wilson spots me looking on in wonderment at the sight of it all. “Well good morning Mark, I’m so glad you can join us! Please take a seat!” she cheerfully greets, continuing her lap dance all the while, “Jillian, Morgan; one of you leave Jared be and practice with Mark here instead!”

As commanded, Jillian, the voluptuous brunette, eases herself off of Jared, much to his dismay, and make her way to me. Her bountiful hips are her most prominent feature, and she sways them sensually with every step of her thigh-high leather boots. She wraps her arm around mine, marveling at the ruggedly formed musculature, and escorts me lovingly to an empty seat somewhat near the back. Her face is heavily made up, and a blank look of pure lust expresses her eyes; lips lacquered in an auburn gloss. I feel her hips press against mine – she’s wanting for physical contact like an addiction.

I sit down in the chair and prepare myself for an enjoyable ride. Jillian spreads her legs wide and rests her hands on the sides of the chair. She begins by practicing the move Miss Wilson had just demonstrated, leaning her large chest into my face and arching her back to lift her impressive boobs against my cheeks. She isn’t as smooth as Miss Wilson was, but that’s what we’re here for: every good slut should be an expert at this sort of thing, and I’m happy to help these burgeoning beauties practice!

Jillian turns around to swivel her ass for me. In those tight little short shorts, her protruding ass cheeks are overflowing out of the high hemline, and I would just love to pinch those lovely pockets of soft flesh. Why not? I reach out and give Jillian’s butt a little pinch, and it excites her. She spins back around and enthusiastically mounts herself atop my lap, then continues to swivel and gyrate her hips. Now her movements rub over my groin, and the friction easily arouses me to an erection. Oh God! This feels so incredible! I sure hope Abbey takes this class at some point; surely she would excel at this like she does everything else. I can’t wait for her expert hips to rub and grind against my lap because if it’s anything like what Jillian is doing right now, I could set a record for orgasms achieved from a single lap dance!

I lean my head back to relish in the moment and enjoy the pleasurable sensations riding throughout my body. In the corner of my eye, I see the twinkle of my ring, and then it happens!

Across the room I watch as Tony's hair grows long and thick while Miss Wilson rides him vigorously. His body mass deteriorates to a slight frame, and from what I can tell from here, his facial features are softening to something that looks almost feminine! Oh My God! Is Tony turning into...NO! That would be too weird! There's no way he's becoming a...two lumps swell underneath his shirt and steadily grow into a healthy pair of breasts. He is! He is! Tony is becoming a girl! Holy crap, my best friend is becoming a girl!! His breasts won't stop growing – they are continuing out further and further. My God! Not a hot little bombshell like everyone else! This is weird, this is too weird! Things are starting to feel uncomfortable around me. Look at him – at her, he seems more turned on as a girl than he was as a guy. He – she's now reciprocating some of Miss Wilson's affections back to the sexual teacher. The lap dancing is devolving into aroused making out.

Around the room a similar situation is going on. All the guys are transforming into big breasted bimbos, actively getting involved with the girls dancing over them. Why are all the guys turning into girls too?! And why aren't I? I'm actually glad that I'm not...this is already freaking me out too much as it is. I couldn't even begin to imagine myself becoming something so drastically different. I mean look at them! Their manly features are gone and are replaced by very womanly ones; they all have boobs the size of every other girl in this new reality and I'm certain, though not wanting to check, that their penises having now become vaginas as wet as the others. Oh God, look how horny they are! What if one of them begins hitting on me? What if I actually get turned on by them?! I mean, she used to be guy! I would be getting turned on by a guy! A former guy? A hermaphrodite? I don't know; this is too much!

I jolt from my seat, knocking both it and Jillian to the floor. The commotion of my sudden action draws the attention of all in the room, bringing their grinding and dancing to a swift halt. Twenty-something beautiful pouting faces confusedly look up at me; all their eyes are fixed upon mine. I am the absolute center of attention, and my worried stare betrays me.

“Why Mark, what's the matter?” Miss Wilson innocently asks.

“I-I, uh...” words are escaping me. My mouth just hangs open, but nothing comes out. I choke on the words and all I can verbalize are stuttered mumbblings. All the girls stand up and look on with concern on their faces. I scratch desperately at the back of my head, somehow thinking that it may shake loose a coherent thought. My finger shakily points around the room in my weak attempt to address the changes around me, but to the others I'm acting frightfully erratic.

Miss Wilson begins approaching, cautiously trying to gage me on my troubles. All the other girls slowly follow in. They are all converging in around me! Oh God! Which one's which now?! I'm losing track of which ones used to be guys! They're all blending into an orgy of enormous breasts and tight bodies. I almost want to turn away from all for fear I may find a guy attractive, but my eyes won't allow me. Everywhere I turn, I see them! They are closing in,

constricting my space! Under any other circumstance, I would find this position glorious, however all I feel is an uneasy sense of claustrophobia.

Miss Wilson reaches a hand out gently against my cheek. “Mark, Mark talk to me: what’s wrong?” she probes. I remain silent. She turns and places a hand on Tony’s shoulder – damn has he turned into a right little hottie...No! Stop! Stop right there Mark before you start eyeing your best friend and his perky new breasts. Don’t even consider how soft and warm they are, or think about those plush pouty lips glistening and eager to suck something long and hard. No, don’t do it!

“Tina dear,” Miss Wilson says to him, “get Mark here some water please.” He, she dutifully acts and travels across the room to grab an unopened water bottle from the side counter with her elongated fingernails. I find myself too busy fighting myself from staring at the snap of her pronounced hips in those tight jeans. She brings the water over and hands it to Miss Wilson. The teacher opens the bottle and guides it to my mouth. With all the girls watching, I’m caught like a deer in the headlights. What am I going to do?

Just then the bell rings to signal the end of class. Yes! Yes! I have to get out of here. I push myself forward through the crowd of sexy teenagers. My arms brush against a half dozen fleshy bosoms, and despite my knowledge of whom they belong to, my hormones betray me as my penis stiffens and twitches from their enviable softness. I rush out the door, foregoing any of my belongings I may have left behind. I don’t care about those, whatever they may be; I just need to get out of there. In the hallway, I gaze around and observe a sea beautiful, bountiful busts bouncing buoyantly on the bodies of bodacious beauties. All around me there walks passed stunning women in sparse clothing and more T&A than I could believe was possible to fit into a single space! Girls, girls, girls – nothing but hot girls! Where are all the guys? I can only assume that every one of them is now a member of the sexy babe coalition, and they are walking among me right now. An entire student body has transformed into big titted babes!

Tina comes bouncing out of the classroom after me. “Are you okay Mark?” she asks. Despite his changes, I still feel a sense of comfort around Tony – I mean Tina. She’s still my best friend even if she is such a sexpot now.

“No, no I’m not,” I answer, “I need to go somewhere right now and think.”

She rubs her hand on my shoulder, “Would you like me to come with you?”

“No, I need to be alone.”

“Well I’m here if you need me.” Though her voice is sweet and assuring, I sense a level of animalistic desire in the word “need.” Red-painted fingers matching the shade of her lips ease themselves on the back of my shoulder, caressing tenderly across my back; it’s enough to almost make me reconsider leaving, but I resolve to depart in spite of an inner temptation to stay.

I weave through the hallways, jittery and uneasy, not wanting to come into accidental contact with any soft flesh that was once male's. Needless to say, I'm not faring very well in such a crowd. Bodies squeeze and press together as everybody tries to swim through the sea of people, though 'people' is too nonspecific a term. Except for me, absolutely everyone moving through the halls is a spritely teenage beauty. To think half of these girls were boys just a few minutes ago, and now I'm the only one remaining. Why? Why me? It's one thing that only I have noticed these reality shifts the last two days, but that doesn't explain why I am literally the last man standing in this school. I can't think straight in this crowd, I need to find someplace to myself.

I manage to squeeze myself out of the dense river of moving bodies to find an island of calm next to a set of lockers. There are girls on either side of me rifling through open lockers or gossiping between each other while retrieving textbooks for next period. They pay little attention to me and I can somewhat manage to do the same. I do catch glimpses of the different books and note the subject matters they cover: Makeup Theory, Intro to Fellatio, Pole Dancing 101, to name a few. I guess these courses go hand-in-hand with the Lap Dancing class I just came out of.

My eyes glance to my right, drawn to the bent-over booty reaching into one of the lower lockers. Her face is obscured by the door and draping long black hair. All I can see is honestly all I would ever need to see if I were to come. Long shapely legs with a dark yellow tan stand together in white knee socks and black Maryjane's. Bending at the waist, a tiny plaid micro skirt flares over an absolute enormity of an ass. The skirt covers nothing; the miniscule piece of clothing simply floats over the generosity that is this backside. It is not hyperbole when I say that this is the most incredible, the most enormous, most firm ass that I have physically seen in my life! This is the ass to Cindy's tits! A new wonder of the world if there is to be one. I stare so long at its perfection that at this point I desire to know who possesses this wonder. As if on cue she closes shut her locker door and bends back up.

"Oh, hey there Mark!" chirps Katie.

The not so petite Asian looks on with a perky smile that stretches from cheek to cheek, and her eyes reveal the cause of her joy. It is not so much that she is pleased to see me as it is the desire to see the rest of me. Her pupils dilate while scanning over the terrain of my physique; I cannot help finding myself doing the same with hers. Snug into that tight blouse are the burgeoning mounds of tits just large enough to stretch the buttons enough to restraint. A hint of pillow cleavage reveals itself by the collar; an inviting tease of what beckons underneath. There is enough voluptuous delight in her breasts to wet my appetite for the main course that is her incomparable ass. Even when standing straight in her heels, the curvature of her butt is still laughably too much for that poor belt of a skirt. Her thong disappears into the crevice between those cheeks, and one would be forgiven for believing she is without underwear.

Katie sees me eyeing her curves and instinctively shifts her weight to one leg. Her hips pop to effect as I begin to feel helpless around them. Our eyes meet each other once more, and there is a short period of silence as we each wait for the other to speak. I draw blanks, my mind still racing over half the student boding morphing genders. I fail to even say “Hi” in return. Katie licks her ruby red lips before opening them to speak.

“You’re looking good today. Things going well?” I try to reply but it doesn’t matter, she rambles on with her usual sprightliness.

“Of course they are! Best looking guy in town with his pick of pretty girls to choose from; why wouldn’t things be going well for you? I bet you had another fun night, didn’t you? I know how wild Abbey can be at times; it’s no wonder why she’s your favorite. I was having a good time last night too! I don’t know if I told you already, but I finally got around to watching those movies you mentioned a while ago.”

“You mean ‘Iron Man’?” I point out. There is a sense of Deja-vu running through the back of my brain, yet I get the feeling in this reality of something different still – sure enough.

“Yeah!” Katie bursts, her black hair swinging across her cheeks, “it was really good! I mean, the story was fairly good and it kept me interested in between the fun parts.” By ‘fun parts’ she means, “the sex scenes were incredible though! Super erotic; they kept me wet and coming throughout the whole movie! I don’t remember who that guy was, but I totally know why they call him Iron Man!”

She’s watching porno parodies, should I have expected anything else? “Then last night I watched XXX-Men,” she continues, “There were so many great scenes in that one. With all the different characters, it offered such a big variety of situations and positions – I was never bored with myself. And I know you don’t like it when watch one of your mom’s movies, but she was like the best part of that film.”

Oh God, please don’t.

“She was so sexy looking in that leather costume.”

Stop talking!

“With those enormous tits of hers popping out.”

STOP!

“And it was amazing how flexible she is in some of those positions.”

AAAH!!!

“You think she could give me some pointers? These big hips of mine make it difficult for me sometimes.”

I reach out to grab Katie by the shoulders to implore her cease talking. “Listen, Katie,” I plead, not making eye contact, “it was nice seeing you and all, but I need to go someplace to think; I – I’ve got a lot on my mind right now.”

She is thankfully understanding of my situation. “Oh, no big deal at all,” she says, twisting her ample hips into mine. She kindly nudges me with her side accompanied by a friendly wink and a smile as a friendly gesture that I be off.

Happily I take my cue and attempt to reenter the moving wave of students. Too many people, too many girls – I need to find a place to myself, but where? I survey around me, looking over the heads of others for somewhere that I may find refuge. I see restrooms, but they are women’s only. Next to it I expect to see a men’s room, though it is simply another women’s. I get that the entire student body is now female, but is there not a place for a man to go to the bathroom? Is there not a man in this whole building other than myself? I guess that should I find a men’s room I can be certain I will be alone. Come on, Mark, keep looking, you can find something.

I keep looking, slowly moving through the crowd. I round a couple of corners looking for a men’s room of some sort. Again I see women’s rooms paired together, and again. Eventually and to my relief I discover a unisex bathroom for faculty and staff. Optimistically I weave through the scantily covered bodies and hope that the room is not locked. My hand reaches the door handle and slowly I turn it. Not locked; thank God. I slide into the room and lock the door behind me.

A single-toilet room, cleaning supplies left in the corner, I make my way to the lavatory and lean my arms over the counter. I stare at my reflection in silence for several minutes. By the time I hear the first tardy bell ring have I settled enough to collect my thoughts.

Okay Mark, think. Let’s try to put all this into perspective. Start from the beginning: two days ago everything was perfectly normal – Abbey and I decided to eat lunch under the big oak tree near the running tracks, and later after class Tony stumbled into a parking bollard because he was too distracted by a nearby cheerleader. There was nothing out of the ordinary at dinner either; Gina was being a nuisance as always. But that’s when my class ring arrived in the mail. I peer down at it, the bright emerald gleaming back at me. A ring with a cryptic phrase “*Change the World*” inscribed on the inside band arrived into my possession and the very next morning the world started to fucking change! First it was mom and Gina then pretty much every girl I came into contact with since has had reality bend and twist around them to make them super hot and sexy. It even affected me at one point to make me ripped and strong. Right, so up to that point I was completely freaking out about everything – I wasn’t prepared at all for any of it. I did relax about it eventually though; it’s not like any of the changes were made for the worst.

Although it was weird that I still retained all my original memories even when reality changed me. Unlike everyone else, I'm still aware of how everything once was. That's because I'm wearing the ring, right? I look back down at it – it seems to be getting brighter. This is assuming of course that I'm right about the ring as the source of all this. I honestly don't know for sure; it's just a theory, but it's the most plausible one I've got – certainly beats the one that means I'm just going crazy. Besides, I can't ignore the timing of it all. It's got to be more than coincidence that the world begins changing the day after I get this ring.

The final tardy bell sounds off throughout the whole school and I honestly don't care at the moment. There's too much on my mind and I can't put it aside now, instead jumping back into recalling these strange events.

I half figured that everything was finished changing by the time the day was over yesterday, but reality just kept shifting. Abbey for one ended up with even bigger breasts than the day before, as did mom and Gina, and they all seemed much more promiscuous than before. All this of course is without mentioning the newfound wealth resulting from mom's transformation into a...a porn star.

Comparatively though, most of the other changes this morning have been consistent with all else and not unusual really – well when put into context of course. Sure, Cindy's tits are now so monstrously larger than seems genetically possible, but they're simply an extreme case of what's been happening to all the other girls. I had been thus far able to take these continual shifts in reality in stride. I do say I've actually quite enjoyed myself at times. Thoughts race back to the events in the janitorial closet not too long ago and my cock begins stiffening back up in response.

But that's when things got strange. I mean, it's one thing for an average girl to become super hot, but what just occurred leans on the side of weird – unnatural even. I just watched Tony, my best friend for twelve years transform into a girl, and a hot one at that; no different from the ones he used to always covet. When I look at him-her now, my bodily reaction is instinctively one of arousal. I can't help it, that's just what happens. But he's not a real woman though: he's actually a guy that's just been changed to look like one. That would mean when my dick starts hardening, I'm getting turned on by a dude! And those other guys that changed, all of them, the whole school, they're not real girls either, right? I raise my hand up to my face and examine the ring more closely, remembering the nature of the reality shifts. Alterations in reality mean that in essence what is new is real and what was is null and void. So when Tony became Tina, reality made it that Tina has always been and Tony never actually existed. But he did exist; I have memories of him existing. But does that mean that my memories are false? Does that mean that *I* don't exist anymore either? The old me, the one I have memories of; am I a nonexistent consciousness occupying the body of this new Mark, this stranger whose life is unrecognizable to what I have experienced? That means that I am not me – I am nobody!

This is seriously hurting my head. Things were so much easier before when everything was straightforward and simple. I just want to go back to that. I'm done with all of this reality madness. I reach with my other hand and grasp at the infernal ring prepared to remove it in hopes that its power will become null and everything will revert to normal. What if it doesn't work though? What if the ring is the only thing keeping me able to remember who I was/am? There's a chance that I could forget everything and lose myself completely to this new reality. However, there's also a chance that my wearing this ring is what's activating its power, and without it everything will be as it was again. I hesitate momentarily at the impasse in my thoughts but resolve that the ring must come off.

I pull but it won't move.

I pull harder yet it still doesn't budge.

I struggle for a good few minutes but the unyielding piece of jewelry refuses to release from my finger.

Shit. Now what?

Suddenly the emerald charm begins to glow unmistakably. It's so bright and intense that I must shield my eyes with my other hand. The whole room glows with the familiar green hue. Then just as suddenly that it shines bright, so too does it dim back to a faint glimmer. I stand looking at the thing adhered to my finger, trying to make sense of what that was when I catch my reflection in the mirror.

My face begins to elongate, my jawline becoming more pronounced. The overall pudginess of youth melts away from my cheeks. I look distinguished, seasoned, and older. I look older – I just became older, somewhere in my late twenties, early thirties by the look of it. Taller too; I notice that I've grown a couple extra inches as well as gained some additional muscle mass. When I shift my weight, I clearly feel something large brush against my inner thigh. There is now a generous girth to my penis that even when flaccid is still a hefty presence between my legs. This proves it then, doesn't it? The ring truly is the cause of all this – and I'm stuck with it.

I pull at it one last time but again to no avail. Staring at my reflection and noting all the recent changes to me and this reality, I ponder to myself some more.

So what if my memories are false now? If my identity doesn't exist anymore then there's no changing it. The ring won't come off and from what I can tell there is no going back. I'm in this new body now, this new life, and I might as well make the most of it. The old me may be gone, but I have an opportunity to make a new identity for myself. Perhaps that's what I should do: embrace this new reality and forge my own existence from it. This body may be a stranger to me but I have the ability to make it my own, to make it a new me. I gaze into the eyes looking back at me in the mirror.

Yes! The only way from here is forward! I clap my hands together and turn to leave the little restroom. There hanging to the inside of the door by a strip of scotch tape is another of the cryptic notes. I peel it away and bring it closer to read. Its message is one of reinforcement, “*Embrace the New You.*” There’s a little waste basket of metal mesh to my left in the corner, and I crumple the note and toss it in, leaving it behind as I exit the restroom.

I arrive at the door of what normally would be my next class, but who knows what awaits me now on the other side. My hand grips at the handle and with a deep exhale I push the door open.

Standing in the threshold I face a room filled with sexy nubile young girls at their desks all dressed in matching school uniforms. They had all similarly modified their individual uniforms to best highlight their most prominent features. Skirts are short to show off long defined legs and pert round asses; some girls have elected to don extra tall heels over their knee-high socks for greater emphasis. Half the blouses are tied into a knot high on the waist to reveal slim little midriffs; all of them are unbuttoned at the top to allow for as much cleavage as each girl is capable. They let for their most attention gathering lingerie to show through underneath except for those audacious enough to go without. I can see several pairs of erect nipples poking through the thin cotton. The minimum bra size in the room must be at least an E cup; anything less is unwelcome.

“Why, good morning Headmaster,” I hear to my left. I turn to see my old chemistry teacher donned in impeccable designer wear, professional but still overtly sexual. She’s in a form-fitting sheath dress of dark maroon. The hem of the pencil skirt cuts just above the midway point of her highly toned thighs and intimately follows the curve of her plump ass cheeks. There is a window of cleavage in the center of the dress that draws the eyes into her superfluously ample bosom. Clearly she owns the largest set in the room and thusly commands the most respect from the students. Her figure is highlighted by an expensive necklace of pearls with matching earrings and a classy up-do of deep black hair. Dark stockings cover her legs and 5-inch leather pumps complete the ensemble. Her face is expertly painted to match; her lips and nails the same heaty maroon as the dress.

“Are you here to observe the lesson, Sir?” is the question offered to me by those lips. I process the words carefully to assess my situation. Headmaster huh? I’m now in charge of this entire school, to come and go and do as I please. My time is now at my discretion. I can very well just turn and leave right now to enjoy myself elsewhere, claiming my intrusion as a mere mistake. Though I choose not to; this marks the beginning of me paving a brand new existence

for myself, a whole new identity, and the head of a school of sultry, ample women seems as fine a place as any to start. It will be for me to mold and shape these impressionable young girls into fine grown women, to imbue them with the proper knowledge and skillsets to suit their obvious talents. Hehe.

I step forward through the threshold of the door, answering, “Why yes I am.”

“Wonderful,” Miss Russo exclaims, clasping her palms together in front of her jostling bosom. “Allow me to inform the class – girls,” now addressing the room, “attention girls. Headmaster Pearson is here this fine morning to observe our day’s lesson. Make sure you all act on your proper behavior.” There is a silence of compliance among the students and Miss Russo turns back to me, extending out a guiding arm, “Please have a seat, Sir.”

“Why thank you, Rebecca,” I acknowledge and begin my way towards the back of the classroom. I see her cheeks get flush with delightful pleasure at my mention of her by name. It appears I’m now at an age where even the seasoned teachers also find me irresistible. Nice.

As I locate a chair in the back, Rebecca composes herself to begin the lesson. “Let us turn to page three hundred and ninety-four,” she instructs, “Today we will be discussing common fashion do’s and don’ts and create a set of guidelines on how to abide by them.” I settle into my seat and watch on. Even as Miss Russo gives her lesson she continually passes me sultry looks and I give her knowing smiles in return. The girls directly in front of me also keep stealing coy glances over their shoulders at my direction. They arch their backs to push their cushiony asses against the bars of their chairs. My eyes are drawn to their beautiful cracks, wondering what I could do to them. So this must be what they think of by “proper behavior”. I ease into my chair and enjoy the rest of the period.

I spend the remainder of the morning attending and observing classes, noticing the differences done to each. Art class has become makeup application, History focuses solely on the sexual dynamic between men and women over the years, and Sex Education has become much more hands-on. Gym oddly enough has remained largely unchanged, only that the students are far more invested in getting into peak physical shape. Now it is nearing the end of the lunch period and I walk the halls full of primed young women in the making. All dressed in their matching school uniforms, they each give me desirous looks as I pass.

“Good day Sir.”

“Hello Headmaster Pearson.”

“Good afternoon Headmaster.”

They are all so polite and respectful to their senior despite the growing lust building within them – very well trained.

I spot some familiar faces as I survey the halls. There’s timid little Sarah whom I’ve known since junior high; a skinny stick of a girl her whole life, she’s busy adjusting her scanty blouse over a set of juicy double G’s as I walk past. In the corner to my right gossiping amongst each other are Christina, Jennifer and Beth. I remember before meeting Abbey I once tried asking Christina out and she turned me down, but that was a lifetime ago and I’m certain things would be different this time around.

“Good afternoon girls,” I say to the trio as I continue past them. All three blush and coquettishly play with their hair.

“Good afternoon Headmaster Pearson,” they coo in unison – as I thought.

I see Tina at her locker refreshing her makeup in the little mirror inside the door. I consider approaching her but opt against it, choosing instead to continue my progression elsewhere. I’m still not ready I don’t think to have my longtime best friend coming on to me. Besides, seeing how I unanimously spark horny desire in the entire student body has actually given me an idea. The bell rings and the girls promptly begin to disperse to their select classrooms. But what of myself? Where should I head? ... Perhaps it’s time to see what a Headmaster’s office looks like.

I head in the direction I know the faculty offices to be located and when I arrive I see a ditzy young secretary with dark auburn hair and a bronzed Latin complexion. She’s all dolled up in thick makeup, a compact but no less vivacious body saran wrapped in a tight navy blue halter dress and cream acrylic stilettos.

She looks up from gleefully priming her fingernails with a singsong humming all the while to see me approaching. “Good day Headmaster Pearson,” she greets me in her accent.

“Good day, uh...” I quickly scan her desk to find a name plaque, “...Melody.”

“How has your morning been today, Sir?” she asks with a bright and chipper voice.

All I could really come up with to say is, “Very eventful.”

“You’re looking like very casual today, I see.”

I peer down at my clothing, realizing I’m still dressed in the same shirt and jeans as when I left home this morning; not really proper attire for a Headmaster come to think of it. “Yeah, I suppose I am,” I say suddenly almost embarrassed.

“Well there’s like a spare suit in your office should you want it,” she informs me.

“Excellent,” I proclaim as I make my way to the door, “And could you call Abbey Turner to my office for me?”

Melody replies with a blissful smile, “Absolutely Sir!”

“Thank you darling.” She squeaks out a slight giggle of delight.

Just as I finish adjusting my tie in the mirror I hear a gentle knock at my door.

“Come in,” I call from over my shoulder and turn to see Abbey standing demurely in the open doorway. She is a picture of the sexy schoolgirl: her long golden hair done up in big blonde pigtails, her blouse is completely unbuttoned and tied in a knot underneath her enormous tits to hold everything together, and the sleeves are rolled up to her shoulders. She wears her pleated skirt low on her hips but the hem still isn’t long enough to wrap entirely over her cushioned ass. Six inch stiletto Mary Janes polished to a fine gloss and sheer white stockings adorn her long and nimble legs. All around her makeup is a heavy blend of bubblegum pink and shimmery gloss.

She is the definitive schoolgirl slut, yet still carries herself with an innocent naivety. She holds a perfectly strait posture from toes to head, her legs brought together and her back arching her chest. As she cradles her books in her arms just below her bosom, Abbey gives me a doe-eyed look with her pursed lips parting in the center and her eyelashes fluttering with a childlike virtue. She evokes a contradictory character of a girl whose body is built for being penetrated but still maintains that virginal innocence. It’s all a façade though, I can tell, just an act to make men all the more wild about her – to make them desire to corrupt her. I love her devotion.

“You wanted to see me, Headmaster,” she softly says through plumped lips better served in another manner.

I walk over to her and put my arm around her shoulder to guide her fully into my office, making sure she can feel my firm bicep against the back of her neck. I in turn feel her melt a little in my secure embrace.

“Why yes I did, Abbey. Please come in and have a seat.” I guide her to the nearest chair in front of my desk and she sits as I make my way around to the seat behind it. She places her books on the floor beside her and sits upright with legs together and her hands properly in her lap.

“I was speaking with Miss Hughes and she was telling me how well you are doing in your stripping class,” I say.

Abbey playfully lets a finger twirl one of her pigtails, “Why thank you, Sir. It’s a very challenging class.”

“Indeed,” I peruse the contents of a manila folder I had Melody get for me, “and not just stripping, it seems. Exhibitionism 401, Advanced Fellatio; you’re top of your class in nearly every subject, I see.” As I list things off, Abbey’s expression moves from cute sweetness to being coquettish and tawdry. This is good; she’s receptive as I have figured. It seems my idea has a good chance of working, so I continue, “Your testing results are also very high; your score on your oral exams are actually the best this academy has ever seen.”

“Thank you very much,” Abbey says with a sultry undertone emerging in her childlike voice. Her knees part a little while her free hand begins to gently massage the top of her thigh to draw attention to the fact.

“I also see that you participate in a number of extracurricular activities: you’re a member of the Kama Sutra Club and the president of the Role-Players Club just to name a couple.”

Abbey’s legs part further as her hand slides from the top to the inside of her thigh, her fingers toying with seams of her stockings. My eye wanders up her skirt to see that her bright pink panties are darkening with moisture. Play it cool, Mark. You’re almost there. Meanwhile, her other hand switches from fiddling with her hair to the inside seam of her blouse, brushing up and down over the goosebumps forming over her lengthy cleavage as nipples harden underneath the fabric. It’s time to make my move now, I think.

I close the folder and look right at her, and she right at me. Both our eyes wander, neither of us can help it; that old connection from worlds ago still sparks between us. I lose myself in her curves as she fully takes in my musculature. There is an unspoken agreement of mutual attraction between us – I can feel it.

I lean in close over my desk with my hands clasped on the desktop that accentuates the size of my arms. “In fact you’re expected to finish the year as valedictorian.”

There’s a genuine joy in Abbey’s reaction to the news I’ve given her. She leaps in her chair with giggly glee. I have to maintain my composure after receiving the jolt in my hardening erection upon seeing her enormous tits bounce with such vigor. Hold on down there, it’s not time yet. Almost there though. It takes an elongated elapse before their jiggling finally settles again. Watching the whole thing, I almost fail to notice that Abbey actually says something in her spontaneous jubilation.

“Oh My God! Really? Valedictorian?!” she exclaims rhetorically, allowing it to sink in. “This is such wonderful news!”

“Well you’ve certainly earned it, my dear,” I tell her as I get up from my chair and make my way around the desk to where she sits. I get right in front of her and lean confidently against my desk, positive by this point that my gambit will pay off. My crotch is now right at her eye level and the enlarged bulge showing through my pants is drawing her undivided attention. She wishfully bites her lower lip as I see her lose herself just being in its proximity.

“Still, good news is good news,” I say. Reaching out, I lift her chin up with my finger so her glossy-eyed gaze is directed to my face. “How shall we celebrate this good news?”

Before I can even get out all the words, Abbey already has my pants undone and around my ankles. Already my cock is hardening and this is my first real opportunity to see just how large a specimen it has become since this morning. The sight of it alone fills me with a primal sense of superiority over all other challengers. Abbey desires more however, stroking it with an expert grip until it grows to full mast. Her fingers move to the base as her glossy lips coated with lubricating saliva make contact with the tip. First she licks around the sides to gather what pre-cum has dribbled out, then in one swift motion glides the entirety of my shaft down her throat with ease. Lips briefly kiss my balls before she slides it back out. Abbey works up a rhythm as she oscillates her throat up and down my impressive dick. My hands brace the edge of my desk as I succumb to the unbelievable sensation I’m feeling courtesy of her acrobatic tongue. My eyes close to relish the moment...I think I am going to enjoy being Headmaster.