



Fantastic Desire

a Ren-Faire side story, by Coffee Pilot

Chapter 4, part 2

Disclaimer: The following is a work of erotic fiction written for adult audiences and contains adult situations, sexual content, and erotic, possibly disturbing transformation content, including various expansion fetishes. Reader discretion is advised and by reading further you agree that you are indeed of legal age and this is legal content where you are viewing it. All characters are of legal age of consent. All characters and locations are purely fictional.

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Also many thanks to you, my readers, for, well, reading! Thanks for giving your support and giving me the reason to spend so much time and energy on these stories. I'm especially grateful to those of you that take the time to comment and discuss my works with me. If you enjoy this or any of my works please let me know by commenting to show your support! I also enjoy constructive criticism in comments so critique away! If you'd like me to respond to your comments please leave a comment here then go over to DeviantArt or the Overflowing Bra forums and comment or message me and I'll be sure to get back to you.

Anyways, on with the story! Please enjoy the final part of Fantastic Desire!

Nymph & Satyr statue by Claude Michel, aka 'Clodion', morphed by CoffeePilot

Over an hour later and the four had finally sated their hedonistic needs. Derrick and Kay were wrapped in an embrace, while Susan and Wendy were intertwined in a scissor position. Amazingly, the noise of their orgy hadn't attracted any attention, or if it had those people had steered well clear of the scene.

Wendy groaned as she sat up, the weight of her enormous bosom pulling heavily on her chest. Her head felt noticeably clearer than before; she no longer felt like being filled and driven to orgasm were the most important needs in her existence. Still, her mind was notably changed. She had no problem with having just participated in an orgy with her best friend, a lithe yet busty nymphomaniac, and a satyr. She felt comfortable with her newfound bisexuality, and knew sex was now a much bigger and more important part of her life. She shivered at the memory of being filled by the satyr's long, thick prick. How wonderful her pussy had felt as he'd plunged deeper than any man had or could ever go, and how perfectly snug she'd felt wrapping tightly around him, squeezing with muscles and flesh she wasn't even aware of before.

She leaned forwards to look down at her enhanced genitals, only to have her view blocked by the massive hills of her breasts. They were so big that sitting up they rested on her thighs, bulgy nipples tingling as they pressed into her thick upper legs. Her eyes went wide. Big breasts she could deal with, hell, she had been dealing with reasonably big breasts for a number of years now. These... things on her chest though... these were too big even for most porn stars! Each was larger than a basketball, closer to a large watermelon or medicine ball hanging down to her lap and tethered to her upper chest by yet more skin and flesh. And their bottoms definitely attached lower down on her chest. There was no way she could have a normal life with boobs this big! To top it off, she could feel her now slight paunch hidden underneath her breasts.

"Fuck, I'm thirsty," she said with a gasp. She wasn't just thirsty; she was parched; thirstier than she'd ever been in her life.

She struggled to stand, disturbing Susan as she disentangled their legs. It felt so strange; having so much weight both on her chest and around her hips. Forget running, she was practically going to have to relearn how to walk!

“Urrrggh!” she grunted as she strained her legs and back to get upright. Easily 40 pounds of boobage hung from her chest; full and well formed yet sagging down to her belly simply due to their size and the law of gravity. Her belly was now the kind that looked soft but strong, thick with the muscular core needed to help support so much weight, but encased in a robust feminine layer of fat that standing gave just the smallest hint of a paunch, yet became soft rolls if she sat or lay down. And yet her skin was perfectly smooth, free from any cellulite, stretch marks or blemishes.

She made her way to the brook at the center of the glen, finding her changed body forced her into hip swaying, breast jiggling gait. She collapsed onto her hands and knees at the water’s edge, groaning as she felt her huge bosom slap down into the moss, its weight pulling her down, and grimacing as she could feel her belly sag slightly. Ass in the air, she could feel the cool breeze against her huge, still slippery wet snatch. Strangely, all these things that she’d thought would discomfort her felt surprisingly good. Praying that the water before her wasn’t horribly contaminated by residential or farm runoff, she began cupping it as fast as she could to her mouth, slowly slaking her thirst.

“It’s the changes,” called Derrick. “The magic is powerful but nothing is free; you’re dehydrated. You’ll be hungry too; the half gallon of wine you drank could only help so much.”

Wendy’s thoughts drifted back to the last hour’s orgy. She and Susan had indeed downed almost the whole giant bottle by themselves. Thinking about that sent shivers of pleasure through her naked body. They had really enjoyed themselves in that fuck-fest, hadn’t they? She continued slurping up water for another minute, at some point giving up on cupping it and simply sticking her head down into the brook, until at last her body felt somewhat satiated. Then she pushed up and forced herself back upright, again fighting the giant spheres of deadweight on her chest, yet finding her body in general seemed fuller, and stronger.

She stared over at the satyr and his curvaceously skinny and well-endowed lover. She didn’t know whether to thank them for all the pleasure she was feeling or condemn them for ruining her body and her life. For a moment, she managed to suppress her carnal feelings and focus on the fact that like it or

not, she hadn't asked for any of this, and that made her angry. She crossed her arms over her midsection, trying to show seriousness and a bit of modesty, though she knew she barely had any modesty left in her, and while hiding her nipples she was creating a hell of a cleavage show, which annoyingly turned her on a little.

"You did this to us, now what," she demanded indignantly.

"Oh?" asked Derrick. "Hmmm, you know, honestly we didn't think that far ahead, did we babe?" He grinned down at his nymphish lover still resting happily impaled on his shaft.

"Nope," she replied. "Derrick needed a good fuck, and I felt bad since I'd been getting all the wild sex for myself, so I recruited you two to join us. Liberating, isn't it? Being freed of society's shackles to enjoy your body to its full potential?"

"Mmmmm, yeah," Susan chimed in with a moan as she tweaked a still swollen nipple. "God I feel amazing."

"Hey! Whose side are you on Susan? Don't you think everyone at school is gonna find it odd that you packed on all that muscle and grew tits overnight? And yours aren't anywhere the size of these..." Wendy grabbed her boobs, attempting to heft them for emphasis, only to nearly wilt at the unnatural level of pleasure they gave her in return.

"Ohhhhh!" she moaned "Fuck! What did you do to me!" she squealed as the pleasure washed over her. She squirmed, mashing her tits into each other. She realized as an afterthought that they'd become quite unmanageable, but she found her cares swiftly leaving her.

"I merely thought how great it would be to have a nymph in our group blessed with amazing curves and really, really big tits," Derrick answered honestly. "I mean, they're a bit big, sure, but damn they *are* nice, aren't they? I thought it would be nice and only fair for our voluptuous nymph to get even more enjoyment out of them than we do."

“I mean what is too big, really? I guess I could have left them a bit smaller, more proportional... or... I could have made them even bigger.” An evil gleam ran across his face.

“Oh God!” Wendy cried as the warmth hit her again, and she felt her breasts swell even more. “Oh no, no, no,” she whined in dread, yet she couldn’t stop fondling them; she felt better than she ever had in her life.

Her breasts inflated as if being pumped with air, growing larger and larger, fuller and rounder. Soon they stopped looking like giant yet natural breasts and took on a distinctly spherical, artificially full and gravity defying shape. She groaned as her splayed hands pushed into them, sinking into the soft flesh they couldn’t contain. Just the visible front of each tit was three times wider than her outstretched hands, and many times the volume of her head.

“Derrick,” Kay cautioned in a stern tone, “what are you doing?”

“Hell I could have gotten really perverted, hmmm...” Derrick mused to himself, ignoring Kay’s concerns.

Wendy felt her nipples growing even more erect, and she couldn’t resist tugging them. They fattened and stretched; pinky-tip sized nubs ripening into strawberry sized teats and soon a trickle of white emerged from their tips. Her areola spread out into small saucers.

“Susan, are you thirsty? Wendy looks like she could use some help.”

“Shit!” Susan exclaimed at seeing her friend’s breasts growing yet even larger. It was scary and freaky and yet she found herself being turned on again by her overdriven libido, and she was thirsty, ever so thirsty. “What are you doing to her? Oh... god Wendy, I’m so thirsty, I need your tits.” Susan’s incredibly athletic form rolled and sprung upright, her own large breasts bouncing from the movement. There was a carnal look of need and hunger on her face.

“Susan, help! I’m gonna fall!” cried Wendy. The combination of the increasing weight on her chest with the unfamiliarity of her new body was only aggravated by the weakness of her horny state. She began to collapse, but

was caught by Susan's strong arms, the athletic girl gently easing her voluptuous friend to the ground.

"Oh fuck Wendy, I love you! I need you!" growled Susan as her mouth descended onto one of Wendy's bloated, leaky nipples. Milk sprayed out, coating the inside of Susan's throat with its silky sweet taste.

"Derrick! Enough already!" yelled Kay. "Come on, can't you see the girl won't even be able to stand!" Kay was all for people transforming into ravishingly beautiful forms, but this had gotten out of control.

Derrick however paid her no mind. His eyes were transfixed by the sight of Susan feasting on the fruits of Wendy's runaway expansion. Wendy herself had both hands on her other tit, mashing and kneading and milking it as she tried to relieve the pressure she felt. Her boobs were still growing, now past the size of large beach balls, her areola stretching out further into wide pink dinner plates. Milk sprayed out of her right boob, dousing both Susan and the ground around them. The ring of desire glowed brightly, as if on fire, funneling ever more magic into Wendy as it devilishly reshaped her to meet Derrick's powerful lust. Now far beyond what it could sustain with raw magic and the mass she had, it began undoing her previous growth to fuel her breasts. Her rump and other curves began to diminish, and she again found herself growing thirstier and hungrier. All of this though was ignored by her conscious mind, as all she could think of at present was the insane level of ecstasy coming from her mountainous tits, tits that had now fallen partially off her torso, resting on the soft mossy ground around her. She silently noted how her arms were now fully extended to reach around her right tit, the sensations of milking almost two feet removed from the wall of her chest. She merely cursed the extra effort it was taking to pleasure herself, oblivious to the obscene size of her mammarys.

"For crying out loud!" cursed Kay. She could feel Derrick's cock stirring within her, throbbing up and down as the randy satyr got off on the sight. Ignoring how good it felt she focused instead on her indignation. Reaching up she grabbed one of his long, goat-like ears and pulled, hard.

"Derrick Mathias Montgomery you stop this this instant!"

“Aaghhhhh!” Derrick cried in pain as his head bent over and down towards Kay’s grasp. Kay hopped spryly back off his now rapidly shrinking erection and to her feet, still holding his ear, which forced the satyr to collapse forwards, head sideways, completely at her mercy.

“What are you doing?!” he asked in a shocked and pleading voice.

“You look at that girl and you think about what *you* are doing!” she replied.

Wendy and Susan were meanwhile oblivious to the lovers spat, totally focused on fulfilling their own sexual and physical needs. Unbeknownst to them, Derrick’s loss of focus and Kay’s own thoughts were already having an effect; Wendy’s breasts had stopped growing and actually begun to shrink slightly.

Derrick looked at Wendy’s Rubinesque form, her ridiculously huge orbs having stopped at over two feet in diameter each and becoming heavier than the rest of her body.

“Oh...” he said dryly. “I guess I really got carried away, didn’t I?”

“Um, yeah!” snapped Kay.

Breasts so large they immobilized their owner, while strangely kinky, did not appeal to Derrick. He’d merely wanted to demonstrate to Wendy what truly insane proportions were, but his fascination with growing breasts had gotten the better of him, and fueled by his almost insatiable horniness he’d failed to realize just how ridiculous Wendy’s proportions were becoming.

Now, with both Derrick and Kay wanting a more reasonably sized rack for her, Wendy’s bosom was quickly shrinking. The growth, supported mostly by the ring’s magic and not yet codified into her form via eating or drinking, reversed itself almost as quickly as it had happened. The ring changed from bright and sparkling to a deep, absorbent green, as it recouped much of the energy it had just expended.

Through all of this, Susan continued to suckle on her friend’s teat, her body still desperate to replenish the energy stores the ring had burned to help

grown her body. She found it strangely tranquil; her transformed body was a coiled spring of compact strength and energy, and this docile behavior made her feel at ease. And yet, she felt like she was somehow in control, not just of the current situation but of her life in general. Susan foresaw a much more active love life in her future, and saw herself in the dominant role with both women and men.

In a way, she was in control right now, for while Wendy's breasts were shrunk back down to a more manageable size by Derrick and Kay's desires, Susan's own desires kept them busy milk factories. The twin jugs lost their artificially pumped up look, and their nipples and areola retreated to normal size, but it was normal size for a lactating young mother, not the nubile college girl she was. Wendy didn't seem to notice or mind the changes though. The shrinking of her breasts felt almost as good as the expansion. It felt like she was draining them, slowly but surely, into Susan's gullet. Susan switched back and forth between the giant orbs, trying to keep on top of Wendy's output, but she couldn't handle it all. Derrick licked his chops at the sight of the excess splattering all over the two girls. He moved in, his erection returning as he dreamed of sucking her tits dry, and thusly returning her to the perfect size. Susan was straddling Wendy at the waist though, and that just wouldn't do. He slapped the girl on her tight, muscular ass, the crisp note dancing through the glen like a snapping branch. He knew she'd like it, she liked things rough before and now she liked them really rough. She gave an excited shriek of a moan, her mouth popping off Wendy's teat and releasing a flood of milk onto her breast. She looked over her shoulder with a rapacious playfulness at Derrick.

"Move over babe, make room," he said nonchalantly. Susan responded with a playful snarling snap in the direction of his cock, before hopping off to her right and taking Wendy's left boob with her.

From about ten feet away, Kay giggled. "Better watch yourself babe! I think you made quite the wild one there."

Derrick descended down onto Wendy and though his shaft was not yet fully erect it was more than stiff enough to drive into Wendy's wide-open box. Her tits, while already much smaller than they'd been, were still huge, and he had to manhandle the bulk of her right one back up her chest quite a bit to

allow her nipple into his mouth while his cock was simultaneously in her snatch. Wendy meanwhile merely continued to emanate bliss-filled groans and moans.

Kay desperately wanted to get in on the action, but decided it was her duty to make sure this ended the way it needed to end; with Wendy the owner of a body that could still be presentable in public. She envied the attention Susan and Derrick were relishing on her, but knew she couldn't be too jealous after the fun she'd had yesterday. She made due busying herself with her own, comparatively compact tits, wondering how Wendy would turn out in the end.

Several more minutes passed. Wendy enjoyed two more orgasms, one from the attention given her breasts, the other from Derrick's now hard fifteen inch shaft slowly hammering away inside her bloated twat. She found the feelings from her enlarged inner lips indescribable, for every time he pulled half-out, she could feel them gripping his length, stretching out inches from her groin, clinging on like a tight sock. Sex had never felt so erotic or wonderful.

Her breasts continued to reduce in size, both from Derrick and Susan draining their milky contents and from the groups combined desires. From their former immeasurable glory they'd become ZZZZ cups, then XXX cups, then R cups. As they shrank not only was the flesh magically reabsorbed, but so was the excess skin, keeping them consistently tight, firm, and free of stretch marks. Susan found her face inching closer and closer to Wendy's as her rack became less and less distended. Derrick found it much easier to suck her teat while also fucking her senseless. Most of her flesh was transmuted back to magical energy, which the ring hungrily consumed. Some though, did go back to her body, and the gently voluptuous curves that had burned off earlier returned. Finally her milk stopped; her once vast glands and ducts greatly reduced in size, and for the moment, dry. Belly's full, Derrick and Susan removed themselves from the fat nipples which just an hour ago had been dainty little eraserheads.

For a few moments, Wendy laid motionless; her eyes wide open and her pulse gently slowing to normal speed. She cupped her breasts, trying to judge their size by touch, her eyes staring off into space as she tried to process what had just happened to her. The whole process of her immense growth and its subsequent reversal seemed like a strange lucid dream, and outside the

feelings and sensations her brain had received she'd been only partially aware of the full extent of what had occurred.

"Holy crap, what the hell just happened?" she finally asked upon sitting up.

"You ummm, got what you asked for," Derrick said with a light chuckle, "smaller breasts."

Indeed, they were smaller than the massive orbs she'd had prior to yelling at Derrick, if only slightly. On the other hand, they felt at least as heavy, much firmer, and her nipples betrayed her recent heavy lactation. With a grunt she stood up, Susan giving her a needed hand as her brain was quite disorientated from all its changes.

"Okay..." panted the exhausted Wendy as she steadied herself with Susan's help. "This I think I can live with." She sighed delicately hefting her breasts. "At least these I can fit into a bra and be seen in public. If I can even *find* a bra to fit them that is..."

She was now 5'9", with heavy yet surprisingly perky 38P cup breasts that while massive by any normal standards were at least within the realm of what a woman was capable of growing naturally.

"You should try Nordstrom," said Kay. "I hear they actually carry quite a few bras for girls at the very large end of the spectrum."

"Oh? And where do you buy your bras?" replied Wendy.

Kay blushed. "Oh?" she giggled a bit. "I stopped wearing bras. Just dresses and robes for me now, or nothing at all. You kinda have to get used to being naked when you can change your size." And for demonstration she suddenly shrunk herself from adult size to a mere foot tall, her wings popping back out and her features becoming extra slender as she did so. Her breasts shrunk and maintained a consistent proportion, her mass collapsing into pure magical energy.

"Ta-da!" she exclaimed

“Wow, amazing!” said Susan. She let go of the now steadier Wendy and ran to the pile of her cast aside clothes, searching for her smart phone. “Do you, umm, mind if I take pictures of you?”

Kay tilted her head, perplexed. On one hand she knew it probably wasn't wise to have pictures proving the existence of faeries, let alone nude pictures of her and Derrick as a fairy and a satyr. Then again, it was the 21st century and no one was likely to believe the photos Susan would take; anything could be done with photo-manipulation these days. Hell, the idea of kinky nudes of her and Derrick excited her, they could recreate Clodian's statues!

“Tell you what,” she said grinning devilishly, “You two come back to our house and you can take all the pictures you want.”



“I never realized how wonderful it felt to be naked,” mused Susan as they walked through the woods. “The sun on my breasts and the breeze on my skin. Even the grass between my toes feels better than ever. I mean of course I've walked around in a bikini before, but there's something thrilling about being completely nude.

Wendy harrumphed, “Says the girl who hardly even needs a bra.”

“Yes,” Kay agreed ignoring Wendy. “It's great alright, unfortunately that won't stop regular folks from freaking out at you strolling around in the buff.”

They'd been making their way back to the edge of the woods, and Kay was keenly aware that it was now late enough in the morning to make the idea of the four of them walking back to the house unseen totally ludicrous. Three well-endowed female flashers were sure to get the cops called on their own and who knew what reaction Derrick would garner. Thankfully, she had an idea.



It was 10:28 when Kay pulled onto the shoulder of a side-street bordering the woods. She'd stealthily flown back to the house in fairy form, changed

back to normal size, donned her sexy pseudo-Grecian nightgown, and then driven her Scion back to retrieve Derrick and the two joggers.

“Damn convenient this power Derrick gave me,” she’d commented to herself while returning to normal size.

There was a rustle in the foliage, then Derrick, Susan and Wendy slipped quickly out from the treeline and quickly piled into the small hatchback. The satyr slid into the front passenger seat, his long legs struggling for space, while the two girls got into the back.

“Oh shit,” cursed Susan. “How the hell do you put on a seatbelt with boobs this big?”

“Oh my god Susan, really?” said Wendy who’d already put her belt on. “My boobs are nearly in my fucking lap and yours aren’t that much bigger than mine used to be!”

“Yeah, I know, but I’ve never really had boobs before. How the hell do you manage shit like this?”

“Hahaha, mmm, let me show you.” Wendy turned and reached over to help her friend, her huge breasts getting squeezed and contorted between her arms and her secured shoulder strap as she did so. She grabbed Susan’s strap and laced it between her large but comparatively compact melons, making no attempt to avoid some playful fondling as she did so. The two looked dreamily into each other’s eyes as the seatbelt clicked home, and their lips soon joined in an impromptu make out session.

“Oh geez,” said Kay looking at the scene play out in the rearview mirror. “You really made ‘em full on bisexual lovebirds didn’t you Derrick?” Derrick just smiled as he looked over his shoulder to enjoy the show.

“Crap, the time, I’m late for work again!” said Kay as she pulled back onto the road. “Quick detour guys, I gotta work so we’ll go there then Derrick can drive you back to our place so you can, uh, figure yourselves out. Tell you what I can even hook you up with some decent outfits while we’re there.”

They sped away from the park at a paltry 35mph. Kay wanted to go faster but the last thing she wanted right now was to get pulled over, or almost as bad, trigger a speed camera. They drove through the residential area around the park before cutting across the college campus, her shop being not too far from the opposite side. Kay began to question her shortcut though as the speed limit dropped to 25 and sidewalks became cluttered with attractive looking students.

Suddenly Wendy spotted a boy she knew walking down sidewalk. A rush of exhibitionism ran through her, and she found herself lowering the tinted window, undoing her seatbelt and thrusting her fabulously huge tits out the window.

“Wooooo!” she called out as they passed, shaking her chest to send her rack quaking as they drove by the stunned college student.

“We’ve done it now Derrick,” Kay said bemusedly. “We made the ultimate spring-break girls.” Derrick busted out laughing, both at Kay’s dry wit and the hilarity of the situation.



They arrived at Kay’s work at 10:55. To Kay’s horror, the open sign was displayed.

“Be right back.”

With trepidation she exited the car and hurried into the store, leaving her three naked companions behind. She prayed one of her clerks had been on the schedule and she’d forgotten about it, but upon walking through the door she felt a rush of terror as the owner herself was behind the counter.

“Hello, welcome to New Horizons,” asked Claire, the owner, as if Kay were just a normal customer. Claire was a decent looking middle-aged woman with long sun-bleached brown hair and tanned skin. She’d probably been quite a looker ten years ago, but a wild life with lots of sunshine and little sunscreen had taken its toll. She was looking at something on her phone, and putting it down did a double-take as she took in Kay’s attire. “Oh, um, sorry, let me know

if I can help you find anything.” She was obviously stunned by Kay’s exceptional beauty and curves crammed into the tiny and very revealing dress.

“Uhhhh, Claire?” asked Kay tentatively, wondering why her friend and boss was treating her like a stranger.

“Yes? I’m sorry miss, have we met? You seem extremely familiar but I can’t place it. Sorry... it must be those clothes of yours, I’m sure I’d recognize you if you were dressed, um, more regularly.”

She doesn’t recognize me, Kay realized. My god, I’ve changed so much and look so much younger and sexier that she doesn’t even know it’s me! She debated staying incognito, she could just buy the scarves and go and Claire would be none the wiser. No, she decided, she had to be honest, besides, wasn’t that what being free and wild was all about?

“Claire! It’s me! Kay!” she almost shouted, pointing at her face with both hands. “I, uh...” she suddenly found herself at a loss for words, not having come up with any kind of excuse for her changes and suddenly unsure just how ‘honest’ she should be about the nature of transformation.

“Kay? As in Kay, my manager?” She stared at Kay’s face in disbelief, then looked her body up and down, then scrutinized her face some more. “Wow, it is you, isn’t it? I guess that explains the calls I’d gotten about my cute new employee. What the hell happened to you? I’m guessing it has something to do with you opening late, closing early, and dressing like you’re running a bordello instead of a bookstore?”

“Heh, ahh, yeaahhh, sorry about that,” Kay said sheepishly. *How do you explain that a magic ring turned you’re boyfriend into a satyr and you into his living wet dream?*

Suddenly Derrick, Wendy and Susan came barging through the door in all their naked glory. Claire’s eyes went wide at the sight of the two buxom girls and the hairy, chiseled satyr.

“Oh my god, what the hell are you guys doing?” Kay screamed.

“What?” asked Susan nonchalantly. “It was getting stuffy in there. You didn’t tell us to wait, so we decided to come in.” She and Wendy were practically draped over Derrick, one of each side. His left arm was clenched tightly around Susan’s ass, his right wrapped around and partially supporting Wendy’s bosom. The girls each had a hand massaging his well-defined torso.

“Derrick!” Kay shrieked with exasperation.

“Hey, you said you’d be right back, and you weren’t, so we came to check. You promised them cute outfits after all.”

“Kay, what the hell have you gotten yourself into?” asked Claire sternly.

Suddenly there was a noise from the back of the store. Everyone turned to see a startled customer looking on curiously at the scene unfolding. He probably a college student, 19 or 20, wearing a simple t-shirt and baggy cargo shorts.

“Damn it,” said Kay.

“Ah, yes,” noted Claire. “Did I mention one of your admirers was already hanging around and pretending to shop?”

“I, uh, I’ll just be going now...” said the young man nervously as he began to make his way towards the exit.

Kay was flummoxed. It was one thing for her and Derrick to flaunt their nudity as anonymous fae in the dark of night, or even her mostly human form in plain sight. It was another matter entirely for their secret to be revealed to one who knew who she was.

“And just where do you think you’re going young man?” Kay called out, her voice altogether both coy and commanding. Almost instinctively she threw up a hand in a waving ‘stop’ gesture, and that’s when it happened. Kay felt a tingling upwelling of energy in her chest, as something flowed out of her breasts, up to her heart, and then back out through her outstretched hand. Her fingers glowed in a yellowish-orange light, quite similar to that of the ring, and

seemed to leave a trail of sparkling light behind them as they moved through the air.

The young man froze in his tracks. His eyes went wide and the color drained from his face as he tried but was unable to make his legs take another step.

“Oh! Well that was easy, wow,” said a surprised Kay. She continued gesturing with her hand as she talked. “Just, err, take it easy, ok? Chill out.”

Instantly the fear went out of the young man’s eyes, his visage mellowed, his shoulders drooped, and suddenly it looked like he was just standing around without a care in the world.

“Oh goddess, Kay you have magic?!” exclaimed Claire.

“What? No, uh...” Kay stammered, trying to grasp the fact that she’d literally just put a spell on someone and that her boss *knew* what it was she’d done. “Uhhh... maybe?”

“Kay, we need to have a serious talk,” Claire said firmly. “But first, we need to do something about your friend here. If you can get rid of him without doing anything overly drastic, that would be good.”

“What do you mean, overly drastic?”

“I mean don’t turn him into a frog or anything! Just make him forget what he’s seen.”

Kay pondered her newfound power. Just what could she do to someone? Could she really change their form, or was she limited to simple mind tricks? She contemplated just what to do to the boy before him. It was rather flattering but also a little creepy that he was staking out the store for a chance to see her. He was decent looking, with a touch of acne and a lean build that was more “cute hipster” than “sexy party dude”.

“What’s your name?”

“Jeremy,” he replied, his tone relaxed and somewhat distant.

“Well, Jeremy, let’s see what we can do with you.” She waved the back of her hand over his face and felt a static-electric buzz between them. As her hand passed it left perfectly clear skin in its wake as well as features that seemed ever so slightly more defined and elegant.

“Beautiful...” she purred. “Now, listen closely,” she spoke directly to him, locking his gaze with her own. “You were never here in this store today; you were at the mall all morning flirting on the food court. You just came down to this strip to see if the comic book store had anything good, but they didn’t, so now you’re heading back to the mall. You should get going.”

“I should get going...” he repeated dully. Regaining motor control he slowly continued his aborted walk to the door. “Lots of cute girls at that food court...”

Kay slapped him on the ass as he went by, squeezing and molding it into a much harder form sure to attract the girls. Jeremy didn’t seem to even notice.

“Make sure you buy yourself a new pair of hipster jeans, a nice tight pair!” Kay cackled, quite pleased with herself as now much cuter boy left the store.

The door clunked shut behind him, and all eyes were on Kay.

“Kay,” asked Claire in a cordial but firm tone as she locked the door behind Jeremy and flipped the ‘open’ sign to ‘closed’. “When did you learn magic, and when did your boyfriend turn into a satyr?” She ignored the nude bombshells in the room with them, astutely determining them to be side effects of whatever Kay was mixed up in.

“Uhhhh, well the magic part today, the rest earlier this week. Honestly I’ve never done anything like that before. Want me to try on you?” Kay attempted to playfully flip the situation around. Maybe she couldn’t do what the ring could, but she bet she could spruce Claire’s looks up quite a bit.

“You will do nothing of the sort!” Claire exclaimed. “I won’t have you making a changeling of me! Now, tell me what happened to you.”

Kay explained to her boss about how she'd acquired the ring at the Ren-Faire and what it had done to them, or rather, what it had let them do to each other. She tried to skip over the most embarrassing and lewd details, but as unrestrained as she now was a lot just slipped out.

"So just how is it you're so in the know about magic Claire?" Kay asked as she finished her abridged version of the week's events. "You seem more perturbed than stunned by all of this."

Claire laughed, "Ah-ha-ha-ha! Shows how easy it is to pull the wool over the eyes of those that aren't looking. I'm a licensed spiritualist and dealer of magical artifacts at the Faire. Didn't you know those crystals we sell can actually do things? No, of course you didn't, they're just pretty crystals to the uninitiated. Anyway, you are all very lucky that your fooling around with this ring didn't have a worse outcome! Why I've heard rumors the last few weeks that it's been causing quite a stir in the court. Luckily for you, I know how to deal with such things. You girl," she snapped and waved at Wendy. "Come over here; let's have that accursed thing off you."

"Who, me?" asked Wendy as she walked over to Claire. "What thing are you talking about? Last I checked I was naked as a jaybird."

"The ring."

"What ring?"

"The ring on your, oh, never mind! Just give me your hand." Claire was impressed by the rings ability to hide itself from its wearer. Grabbing Wendy gently by the wrist, she reached down to take the ring, only to have her hand pushed back as she tried to touch it.

"Strange..." she said. She tried again, only this time her fingers were unable to come within an inch of the ring.

"Dear," she said quietly and seriously to Wendy, trying to hide her annoyance. "You see that ring on your hand I'm holding?"

"Oh yeah! Look at that! It's beautiful isn't it?"

“Yes, good, would you please take it off your finger and set it on the counter?”

Wendy nodded, and reached around her other hand to do so, only to stop before actually grabbing it. A puzzled look came over her face, and she put her arm back down.

“Umm, you know I really kinda like it, sorry, I think I’ll leave it on for now.”

Claire rolled her eyes, the look on her face changing from frustration to exasperation. She rummaged around behind her counter before returning with a gorgeous three-inch long quartz crystal in her hand that was wrapped in copper wiring and had intricate carvings on its surfaces. She returned to the perplexed Wendy and lowered the crystal down. A low-pitched hum began as the crystal slowly penetrated the bubble around the ring, growing louder as the crystal and ring grew closer, until it became a near ear-piercing whine. Claire’s free hand followed behind, ready to grab the elusive band. Then the two objects touched, and suddenly everything grew eerily quiet.

A blindingly bright flash of light engulfed through the store, followed instantly by a deafening crack as if lightning had just struck. Everyone found themselves blinking as they strived to clear the flash from their retinas. Claire had been thrown back several feet into a bookshelf by the force of the magical discharge, her stunned hand wide open, her crystal nowhere to be seen. Wendy strangely was still standing unmolested where she’d been, the ring bright upon her finger.

“Holy crap, that ring really doesn’t like to be messed with,” said Derrick. Kay meanwhile was rushing over to her fallen friend and employer.

“Claire, Claire! Are you alright?” The shop keeper just looked up at Kay with dazed eyes. Kay snapped her fingers before her nose several times but there was no response.

“Well, she’s out for now. Doesn’t look like any physical damage so hopefully she’ll come out of it on her own. In the meantime let’s get you girls some appropriate attire.

Kay led Wendy and Susan back to the rack of exotic scarves she'd raided herself yesterday for an outfit. Derrick looked on in perverse amusement as Kay tied the myriad of gauzy multicolored scarves into impromptu halter-tops and skirts. Susan was by far the easier of the two to fit; her full but firm chest lent itself easily to Kay's tailoring with each breast fitting neatly within a single scarf. On the other hand, attempting the same on Wendy's massive orbs resulted in an extremely lewd display of pulchritude; something akin to a silky string bikini with heavy masses of flesh bulging out to either side.

"Holy cow am I ever huge," Wendy exclaimed as she worked to help Kay wrangle her bosom. Susan giggled at her friend's choice of words. Wendy shot her a death-stare. "Hey now, not funny, don't even start with the cow jokes!"

"Hee-hee, you said it, not me."

Kay meanwhile grumbled in frustration at the silk. "Grrr, girl your tits are so big and heavy I'm afraid if I unfold these it'll be like wearing tissue paper, but folded up they just don't cover enough. If only I could sew them together like this," she said while running her fingers over a spot where she held two scarves overlapping each other. As she did so, there was a sparkle of light, and suddenly the two scarves were magically stitched together.

"Oh! Well then, will you look at that?" Kay stared in amazement at her latest magical handiwork. "I guess that solves that problem," she said and quickly put her new found ability to work. In a few minutes Wendy had a perfectly fitted silk halter top that concealed enough to be decent, if barely. The material was thick enough to hide her bulging nipples were barely visible so long as they stayed soft. She then returned to Susan and cleaned up her work, transforming it from a simple mess of tied scarves into a true garment.

Both girls were now clothed much as Kay had been yesterday. The outfits flaunted their respective figures. Susan looked like a lithe Amazonian goddess. The bare minimum of fabric covered her groin; more akin a colorful loincloth than a split skirt. Her powerfully muscled thighs stood out to either side of the narrow strip of silk that started just wide enough at the waist to cover her groin before gently tapering down to end a mere two inches wide just below her knees. In the back her chiseled ass was barely obscured by a slightly larger

piece of silk, and a simple display of her flexibility would reveal almost everything. Her silken halter top completely encased her pert orbs, but it was a skintight wrapper that would highlight every bounce and jiggle of the encapsulated flesh.

Wendy looked like she'd stepped out of a gypsy caravan. Her watermelon sized jugs were tightly supported by a top that jacketed their bottom halves while pushing them upwards and together into a massive shelf of exposed cleavage. Like Susan, her midriff was exposed, though instead of Susan's super-cut abs she displayed a smooth belly and the soft curves of her dramatic hourglass figure that sloped in from strong shoulders into a modest waist and then out into broad hips, upon which hung a bushy skirt formed from dozens of loosely interleaved scarves that wrapped loosely around her legs. While showing much less skin than Susan, Wendy's garb served to highlight the breadth of her hips and the depth of her rear.

"There!" Kay exclaimed, quite proud of her work. "What do you think?"

A series of loud, slow claps announced Derrick's approval, as did his erect phallus.

"Fuck this is amazing," said Susan. "I feel totally sexy but totally unrestricted! I mean, look at me," she said as she caressed herself firmly, running her outstretched hands up the sides of her ribcage, then over her breasts, "I'm so hot!" Her eyes fluttered as she squeezed them together, then she ran her hands back down her belly, before crouching slightly and driving her fingertips firmly across the taut flesh of her thighs, "and so, mmmmm, harrrrrd." Her eyes took on an aggressive, predatory look as she semi-squatted.

"Shit Susan," said Wendy as her friend reveled in both her body and her new wardrobe. "Stop it; you're making me horny again." Wendy anxiously crossed her arms under her full chest, struggling to resist groping her chest or rubbing her thighs together. She could feel fresh arousal filling her nethers. Beneath her airy skirt her nude lower lips were pressed snugly between her legs. "We just got dressed! Let's stay that way for at least a bit."

Kay herself was having to exercise restraint not to get drawn into another orgy.

“Okay, you three need to get out of here already. Before...” Kay could feel her nipples re-hardening and her body becoming flushed. “Before any more customers show up and wonder why I’m closed!”

“What about me babe? I dare you to try to cook *me* up an outfit with those scarves.” He grinned wildly, and Kay knew exactly what was in store for her if she let herself get anywhere near that cock of his.

“No chance sweetie, besides, I think Wendy’s curves have nearly run our stock of scarves clean out. Uhhh, shit, I’m gonna have to have Claire take those out of my paycheck, seeing as none of us have any money handy. Now shoo! Go home and, well, I don’t care! Just go home!” Kay debated just cutting Susan and Wendy loose, but Wendy still wore the ring, and she needed to get it back to the Faire.



Kay sat behind the store counter, breathing slowly, calming her body and mind. It was amazing how much things had changed in 24 hours. Thankfully it took just a few moments meditation to subdue her libido. She laughed quietly to herself; she was really learning to control the mix of raw sexuality and playful exuberance that defined her new self. She was sure she could turn herself on or off now in the blink of an eye.

Adjusting her robes and pulling a lock of fiery red hair out of her face, she calmly walked to the storefront and flipped the sign back to open. She smiled, confident that now she could not only play anyone who walked into the shop, turning them into a horny lusty plaything, but that she could keep her own libido completely under control as well.

Returning to behind the counter, Kay looked down at Claire’s supine form. Before chasing them out of the store she’d had the presence of mind to have Derrick and Susan move Claire here where she was out of everyone’s sight but hers. No one would see her unless they looked over the top, and if they did Kay was confident she could *make* them not see anything.

“This would be much easier if you’d just wake up already,” she chided Claire’s unconscious form. She squatted down before her boss, eyeing her over more closely. She wondered if that blast had done any permanent damage. Claire *looked* fine, did she have a concussion?

“Too bad you had to do whatever you did to piss off the ring, I’m sure you would have *loved* wearing it, everyone does. You could really use it too, I mean sorry boss but you ain’t getting any younger. Well... unless maybe I...” Kay gave Claire’s face an experimental caress of her hand. She concentrated, feeling the power flow out of her chest, and again her hand glowed magically. Wrinkles melted away from Claire’s face, sunspots and moles disappeared into youthful, evenly tanned skin. The slight bags under her eyes tightened up and vanished.

“Wow...” Kay said in amazement. “I should stop right?” She asked of herself and the unconscious Claire. “You told me not to do this... but why the hell shouldn’t I?”

Kay waved her hand downwards, and Claire’s sagging D cup breasts tightened up, undoing two decades of gravity. Unseen beneath her blouse more wrinkles disappeared, like shrink wrap before a blow drier. Getting more into it, Kay caressed her left hand over Claire’s forehead and back around her hair, obliterating frays and split ends and returning a youthful shine to her tresses.

Just then Claire let out a gentle moan, and a second later her eyes shot wide open, locking Kay’s with a stern gaze.

“Eeeek! Shit your awake!” Kay shouted as she jumped back with a start.

“Yes. I am. Kay, what were you doing just now?”

“Uhhhh, ummmm, checking up on you? I was worried you weren’t waking up.”

“Uh-huh.” Claire said as she blinked her much younger doey looking eyes while rubbing her face with a hand that still looked very much late 40s.

“Kay!!!!” She screamed, jumping up and running to grab a mirror. “I told you not to try anything like this on me!”

“Oh, well, umm, sorry, I uh... didn’t mean to, it just sorta happened. You don’t like it? You look great.”

“Yes, I look quite nice,” Claire said with annoyance as she examined herself with the small mirror atop the ransacked scarf carousel. “Except for these!” Claire pointed a finger at her ear, her other hand holding her long hair out of the way. The ear’s tip had clearly become pointed and slightly elongated.

“Wait, what? I didn’t do that!” exclaimed a startled and puzzled Kay.

“No, you didn’t mean to, but darling you’re a faerie now Kay, and when fae change people they turn them into changelings. I’m sure that nice boy you spruced up has a cute little pair of points on his ears now too, though not so noticeable as these.”

“Oh... um, oops?”

“Yes, oops indeed. You see that ring you found is filled with very powerful, very pure magic. The kind of stuff wizards and witches need spells and rituals and potions and focusing staffs to use. Faerie magic is different. It’s wild, free, and unpredictable. If you have it you can just use it but there are usually side effects. Worse, faerie magic and proper magic don’t mix well. I’ll be lucky if this doesn’t interfere with my own abilities.”

“Well shit. Again, I’m sorry! So you know all of this from working at the Faire? So what, magic is real and all you wizard-folk just hang out there and put on a show for kicks?”

“Hah! In a sense, yes. I suppose I might as well explain, seeing how the cats out of the bag. The Renaissance Faire is not exactly what it seems. There’s a whole hidden world connected to ours, and the Faire is the portal; a world where magic and all the things of myth still exist. Magic is forbidden in this world outside the Faire community, and tightly regulated within. Something as powerful as that ring came over from the other world. Honestly, I should

have known better than to treat it so lightly; I've never heard of an artifact so powerful that it could not only transform someone into a fae but give them faerie magic as well."

Just then, the door opened and in walked an actual legitimate customer.

"Well as long as you're here you can do your job. I need to make a call"

Kay nodded and greeted the customer, who did a double-take at seeing Kay in her elegant but very revealing robe.



"Damn it Allyn why aren't you answering your phone!" Claire cursed as her call again went to voicemail. It was mid-afternoon now and she'd been trying to reach him all day. Quickly scanning through the names in her contact list, she dialed a different one that she thought might help.

"Hi Sonja, it's Claire Renquist. I have a problem. I really need Allyn's help, or maybe Kalliana's though you know how she can be so I'd rather not but it's worth a shot. Anyway, I can't get a hold of either of them and I know you camp at the Faire so I was hoping you could find one of them for me. It's, uh, a magic issue... very urgent, call me, thanks."

"So who is this Allyn guy you keep trying to call?" asked Kay as Claire hung up.

"A friend, well an acquaintance really. He handles magic related problems at the Faire. How this ring got past him and out in the open I have no clue."

"What about this Keelin girl who gave me the ring? She made it very clear that I was to return it to *her*. And what exactly is the problem we need help with?"

Claire turned and looked at Kay with puzzlement. "Really Kay? Have you looked in the mirror lately?"

“So I’m a fairy/nymph whatever girl, and Derrick is a satyr, we know that. So what? I can think of worse things than having great sex all the time.”

“Uh-huh,” said Claire sarcastically. “I’m not sure what your old selves would say about that, but okay. The problem is we can’t have magical beings running rampant in the normal world and we certainly can’t have them spreading their magical mayhem about.”

“Magical mayhem? Claire we’re being very careful! We’re bringing the ring back to the Faire Saturday, I swear!”

“You turned two random college girls into complete sluts! That ring cannot be allowed run rampant in this world for even a day!”

“Oh pfffffft!” Kay blew Claire a raspberry. “You’re no fun. They’re not sluts; Susan and Wendy just love their new bodies!”

“I’m sure they do. As powerful as that ring is I’m sure most people it changes happily accept what happens to them. That doesn’t make it right!”

“Hey, do you see this body?” Kay struck a sultry pose, showing lots of leg and cleavage. “The old me didn’t have anything on this, and it’s all natural, magic sure, but it’s all me. I don’t think it’s magic making me love the new me. Besides, look at yourself in the mirror and tell me you don’t like what I did, I mean, besides that whole changeling thing.”

“I look ten years younger, great, but now how do I go about explaining that to my customers? Most of them don’t know about magic. It’s not going to look good when the lady who pushes all natural everything has to explain why she got a facelift!”

“You’re dodging the question Claire,” said Kay slyly. “Screw what people think or know, you like looking younger, don’t you?” Kay sensed she could turn this around on her boss if she laid on her unnatural charm.

“Maybe, sure, who doesn’t want to lose a few wrinkles? But that’s just it, I *look* younger, but I’m not. Faerie magic is all about appearances and illusions Kay!”

“Well all the more reason for you to try on the ring. But I think you’re wrong. I think this faerie magic can go a lot further than skin deep.” Kay grinned mischievously. She leaned in close to Claire, taking her hands in her own. Gently massaging them, she gave them the same youthful rejuvenation as her face, as well as conveying just how good it felt to be young and spry.

“Oh, Kay stop! What... what are you doing? I told you no!”

“Right, right, sorry!” Kay removed her hands from Claire’s, waving them apologetically in the air, only to surreptitiously move them to the older woman’s inner thigh while Claire stared at her now much smoother fingers. “It’s just that you’re my friend Claire, not just my boss. I always looked up to you, with all your stories of your wild past, those crazy hippy stoner parties and love fests. I always envied what you had, and now I have it in spades. It just seems right to give my mentor back what she once had. Don’t you want men to look at you like they used to?” Kay’s words dripped erotically into Claire’s ears, ears whose lengthening points were now poking through her long loose hair.

“Mmmmm,” Claire moaned. “Yessss.”



“Hi it’s Sonja, sorry I can’t pick up the phone right now, please leave a message.”

beep

“Heeyyyyy Sonja, just thought I’d try you again. So, mmmm, if you know where Allyn is that would be really great ‘cause I think I may be in a bit over my head. Ohhhh, mmmm that feels good.”

click



Claire wasn't quite sure where she was, or what was going on. She felt warm all over, and her head felt fuzzy. She'd drunk a lot of wine, *a lot*. More than she had in over a decade. She didn't want to think of the hangover that awaited her once she sobered up.

"That's fine, that's fine!" Claire heard a voice yelling, or at least it sounded like yelling, everything sounded loud right now.

"I promised her nothing extreme, you're gonna get me fired!" Claire was sure that voice was Kay's. What was she so worked up about?

"Why would she fire you? She'll love it! Come on, just a few more changes." Now there was a jovial man's voice that sounded vaguely familiar.

"It's only fair Kay, you made us crazy horny, let us have some fun now!"

"Umm, no, Derrick did most of that. If you want a fuck-toy, go find your own."

"Oooh! Really? Hey Wendy, how do you think Justin Hargrave would look as a satyr?"

"Mmmmmm, fucking hot! Ohhhh, shit I'm getting wet just thinking about that."

There was a chorus of laughter from the two unfamiliar female voices. What the hell were they talking about? Claire fought the drunken haze that filled her brain. Okay... she'd gone with Kay after work to get... something... what was it? All she could remember of the drive home was feeling excited, giddy even, and then there was a wild party going on at the house when they'd arrived. Some wild hunk of a guy had handed her a bottle of wine when she'd walked in and she'd started chugging it with nary a thought! What had gotten into her? And then...

Claire's eyes flew wide open as full consciousness returned. She leapt to her feet with surprising grace for being intoxicated, only to be shocked as her skirt tumbled to the floor around her legs, her waist and hips several sizes

smaller than they'd been. She covered herself in embarrassment, noticing that her panties were barely hanging on.

"Hey! You're awake!" said Kay. Claire glanced around nervously. Kay and her three friends looked at her curiously. The overly curvy girl stifled a giggle as Claire struggled to remain decent.

Suddenly Claire noticed something, or rather the lack of something; that girl no longer wore the ring! It suddenly clicked in Claire's brain; she'd come here to retrieve the ring, no! She'd come here to *wear* the ring! Looking down at her hand she saw it, she was indeed wearing the ring on her hand, and on a hand that looked suspiciously younger and daintier than she recalled. Quickly she reached down and yanked it off, eliciting a gasp from Kay.

"You... you took it off yourself? I've never seen someone able to do that before."

"Maybe it's my magic," said Claire wearily.

"Hah, yeah! So... about your magic..." Kay was obviously nervous. Wendy again giggled as if Claire was missing something obviously hilarious. Claire found herself becoming increasingly worried about what had transpired in the past several hours, despite her lingering buzz. Her hands went up to feel her face, which felt even more changed than before; her skin unbelievably smooth and soft. Her heart began to race as she felt further up, finding elegant pointed ears that had doubled in length.

"Ha-ha, it was soooo funny!" piped up Susan. "You were plastered and had the ring on, and you kept trying to use your magic to make it undo your changes. I think you just pissed it off!"

Claire's face went pale, and she bolted for the bathroom, which from her night of partying she knew the way to. Modesty forgotten, her panties slipped off and onto the floor as she ran, leaving her in just a loose shirt. Kay followed her in, hoping to offer support to her distraught friend.

The reflection that greeted Claire was both herself and someone else. People could be forgiven for not recognizing her; as her entire body had

slimmed dramatically, losing every ounce of excess weight age had put on her and then some. She was a total waif; skinnier than she'd ever been, even in high school. Her whole body was exceedingly lean save for the noticeably firm breasts under her shirt and a sexy pair of hips that while slightly narrower than before stood out dramatically from a waist that was maybe half the width it had been. Her face was striking; a mix of tight angular features, like fierce cheekbones, a sharp jawline, and a tight neck, with delicately soft cheeks and glistening watery eyes, accentuated by six inch long leaf-like ears. She was well past being a changeling, she was a most definitely a fae. She also looked youthful but not young; there was an eerie sense of timeless maturity to her, including a lock of silver in her otherwise luxuriously silky brown hair.

"I, uh, tried to help," mumbled Kay. "But yeah, with the ring on and you trying to cast spells on yourself and everyone being drunk things got a little crazy. Sorry. It's like you said; normal magic and faerie magic don't mix well."

"I... I don't know what to say..." said the dumbfounded Claire.

"Yeah, trust me, the feeling is mutual. I keep bouncing back and forth between being horrified by what's happened to us this past week and thinking it's the best thing I could ever dream of. It's beauty, it's youth, it's feeling better than you ever have in your life, and it's completely unexplainable to normal society."

"I'm well acquainted with the troubles of fitting into normal society Kay. I've been dealing with them most of my life," she said sighing.

"Let me explain," she continued, "I mentioned earlier that I deal in magical objects. As you might have guessed, there's more to the Ren-Faire than meets the eye. Originally I came from another world, a world where magic and what you consider mythical creatures still flourish. You can think of the Ren-Faire as a bridge between our worlds; a way for those of us who wish to travel and trade between them can without drawing undo attention. Now to keep most of your world's populace in the dark, this all must be tightly regulated. Things like this ring are not supposed to be floating around loose."

She stretched out her lissome arms over her head and behind her back, noting that all the aches and soreness of age that she'd grown accustomed to over the years had vanished.

"I will admit, this does feel quite nice. By the way, I heard what the others were saying. I suppose I should thank you Kay. I have no desire to find out what it's like to be a huge-titted nympho."

"Oh, well, you don't remember then? You were quite a bit, uh... larger last night. That's when things started getting crazy; you got upset they made your boobs grow and tried to counteract it. I tried to help to with my magic, and, well, as you can see you ended up with some rather different changes."

Claire held up the ring that she still clutched in her hand. She glowered at it, rolling it between her fingers.

"Quite the insidious little trinket. So much power, yet designed for such a frivolous and innocuous purpose." The ring glowed with a subtle pulse of green light. A sudden urge to slip it back onto her finger struck Claire.

"Kay... get me a bag, quickly." Kay nodded and ran out the door. Claire stared the ring down intently, as if she could make it blink. "You may have completely messed up what little magical ability I had, but I'm no mere muggle you can dominate so easily."

Kay returned with a small leather coin purse into which Claire dropped the ring. Kay cinched the pouch shut and handed it to Claire.

"Thank the Goddess for small victories," said Claire. Now, I don't suppose you have any clothes that would fit me?



"So, this Keelin girl who gave me the ring, I'm guessing she has no powers to undo these changes?" Kay asked as she helped Claire hunt down something that would fit her.

“Heavens no! I’m not sure what her story is, but the club of actual magic users at the Faire is a small one. And this thing’s magic is *powerful*, not some easily undone potion or simple enchantment. Grrr!” She growled as she threw off the dress she’d been trying, leaving her slender form standing naked and quite cross in the middle of a pile of clothes. She’d always enjoyed dressing smartly, albeit in a rather antiquated style, and as much as she wanted to deny it, it seemed the ring had indeed affected her sense of style and propriety. Everything she’d tried now either made her feel like a slut or a prude.

“Sorry Claire, you’re a lot skinnier than I used to be. I need to move my sewing kit over here from my apartment so I can alter some of these outfits. It feels weird doesn’t it? Like you just have to have some skin exposed or you feel claustrophobic.”

“Yes,” said Claire with a nod. “It’s not that I want to look sexy, I just need the air on me or I feel... wrong. This must be how a nudist feels” She did in fact feel an undeniable pride in the two perfectly formed grapefruit sized globes perched on her chest; their youthfully perky pink nipples semi-erect in the cool air of the bathroom.

Kay laughed, “Don’t get me started. Let me guess, in your world, its normal for fae to run around half naked?”

“You know, you’re right, I ran into a fairy one time traveling with a knight errant and she was wearing a tiny over-bust corset, stockings, and nothing else. She turned quite a few heads flying around town. Then there are forest dryads; they never wear anything.”

“Well, I’m not gonna wear this again, so let’s try this one,” said Kay as she unceremoniously picked up a pair of scissors and the smallest dress she had, proceeding to cleave it into something much more airy. She made a few quick cuts with the scissors, then put them down, and proceeded tearing the offending fabric apart with her hands. The sound of tearing cotton filled the room as she tore first the sleeves off, then much of the skirt, raising the hemline from calf-length to above the knees. Claire donned the butchered garment, securing the still loose waistline with a thin leather belt.

“I suppose this will do,” said Claire to herself in the mirror. The rough torn cuts and frayed hems gave her a wild look, which she found herself attracted to.

“Now come, we must get this accursed band back to the Faire where it can be safely kept!”



Kay and Claire exited the bedroom where they'd been holed up for the last hour. In the living room the previous night's debauchery was still evident. Empty and mostly empty bottles of alcohol littered the available flat surfaces. On the sofa, Derrick lay passed out and nude, his hairy hooved legs overhanging the end. Wendy sat reclining in an easy-chair, her curvaceous form stained with a mix of bodily fluids and wine. She was watching the Price is Right, a hand clasped around a breast and slowly kneading it.

“Umm, Wendy? Are you alright?”

“Oh, hey, umm, yeah I'm alright. Fuck, I just can't stop this! Ohhhhh, it feels so good!”

“Well you do know you can help yourself to the shower anytime.”

“Yeah, I've been meaning to do that, just need to force myself to take a break.”

“Feels good, doesn't it? Well you can always keep playing with yourself in the shower.”

“Oh! Why didn't I think of that? I swear some of my brains must have leaked out my tits! I'm an engineering major for Pete's sake!”

Kay grimaced as Wendy struggled to drag herself up and out of the recliner, an embarrassed smile on her face as she cradled her breasts in her arms, continuing to gently knead them as she made her way to the bathroom. Kay hoped the girl managed to come to terms with her highly sensitive body as she had.

“Oh, by the way, where did Susan go?” Kay asked just

“Oh, uhhh, after Derrick crashed she said she needed to stretch out a bit, so she went for a run. She’ll probably be back in 30-40 minutes.

“Claire, do you think we should take them with us?” asked Kay.

Claire shook her head no. “Too distracting and we don’t need the extra attention. Besides, it’s not like their changes are outside the realm of human possibility, it’s that ring and your mythical boyfriend we can’t have roaming around.”

And with that Claire unceremoniously kicked Derrick’s legs off the end of the sofa, their swinging momentum causing his entire body to slowly roll off and onto the floor.

“Come on you horny goat! Wake up! Time to go see what we are to do with you.”

Derrick barely woke up enough in time to catch himself and keep from face planting into the hardwood. He held himself just inches from the floor, attempting to make sense of the situation as his drowsy mind slowly booted up.

“What? Hey, what the hell just happened?” he mumbled.

“We’re going to the Faire,” announced Claire. “Put on a shirt and whatever passes for pants that you can get around that third leg of yours and let’s go.”

“What? The Faire? Is it Saturday already? Shit did I sleep that long?”

Kay laughed at her Derrick’s perplexity as she fetched him his clothes.

“We’re not waiting till Saturday,” stated Claire. “I can get us in now, and besides, the last thing I need is the two of you showing up half naked at opening ceremonies.”

They were almost out the door before Claire remembered the most important thing.

“Oh, hah! Almost forgot the bloody ring!” She ran back to the bedroom, but couldn’t find the small pouch.

“Hmmm, I thought I brought it in here, must have left it in the lieu.”

She knocked on the closed door, behind which came the sounds of the shower mixed with the quiet moans of Wendy continuing to masturbate.

“Excuse me, Wendy is it? Can you please open the door so I can grab something?”

“Ohhhh? Uhhhhh... yeah! Just a, mmmmmm, second!”

Claire could hear the shower turn off, and the sound of the curtain rings clattering on the rail. Then there was a loud thud, as if something heavy had fallen to the ground.

“Wendy! Are you alright?”

“Haha, oww, yes, just fell on my ass. I was a little dizzy and still not used to balancing all these extra curves.”

Claire could hear Wendy grunt as she pulled herself back upright. There was a quiet pause, and then the door opened. Claire was still amazed at the sight of Wendy. Her magnificent curves glistened from the thousands of water drops clinging to her. Her watermelon sized tits hung to her navel, angry erect nipples dribbling a cloudy white fluid could only be milk.

“So, you sure you don’t want to try this ring on again? I feel so fucking good right now. You know it’s kinda nice having a big ass, that little tumble didn’t hurt at all. Wendy turned to show off her big round bubble-butt which was flushed red from the impact. She gave a little shimmy, making her ass dance as her muscles flexed and her fat shook.

“No, absolutely not, and I’m sure if I told you a few days ago that you were going to change like this you’d be mortified.”

“Hah, you’re just jealous you didn’t get nice big titties and a perfect butt like I did! Look!” She reached back her hand and gave her left asscheek a firm slap, the sound echoing of the small bathroom’s walls. The slap sent a ripple of vibration across Wendy’s ass and down her thighs, leaving a bright red hand print behind. Wendy’s mouth opened wide as she nearly swooned.

“*Fuck that felt good! That never felt like that before!*” she exclaimed. Her hand then shot to one of her engorged nipples and gave a strong squeezing tug, causing it to distend and stretch from her breast as a stream of milk shot out. She’d been fighting the lust within her all morning and slowly but steadily losing. Her body was just too sensual, too erotic, and felt too damn good not to play with.

“I’m sorry this happened to you,” said Claire seriously. “Look, we can help you...”

“Help? Oh god yes, you can help by getting me something big and hard for my pussy. Ohhhhhh, mmmmmmmmm,” Wendy moaned long and desperately. “No, seriously, help me, this is driving me insane! I need to come! Whatever that ring did to me, ohhhhh! Ohhh, it’s soooo goooood!” Wendy collapsed again onto her ass with a thud, the hand not milking her breast dropping down to hurriedly tend to her raging clitoris.

Claire cringed as she stepped around the out of control nympho to grab the pouch sitting on the vanity next to her. She squeezed the small bag, verifying its contents, not risking opening it for fear of what might happen should she again inadvertently don the devious piece of jewelry. Reluctantly she left Wendy to deal with her problem on her own.

“I could stay and help her!” called Derrick from his bedroom.

“No!” Claire and Kay shouted back, the former shutting the bathroom door behind her.



It was Friday afternoon. Allyn, Maria and Keelin had crossed over to the other side just a few days prior. Sonja and her dancing troupe were practicing their pre-opening routine in one of the open plazas inside the fairegrounds. Dancing, she hoped, would take her mind off the madness that had befallen her friend Maria over the past several weeks. With any luck by now she was cured and having the time of her life with Allyn.

A lyrical string of harp chords signaled her cell phone ringing from within her purse. Normally she'd ignore it and continue but their current dance was almost over so she called a break and ran over to take the call.

"Hey Claire," said Sonja having seen the caller ID. "Sorry I missed you're calls earlier; it's been crazy around here. I hope it wasn't anything too important, I haven't had time to check my messages."

"Well..." started Claire, "funny you should say that, I've been having a heck of a time myself. I just got to the Faire, is there somewhere I could meet you in private?"

"Yes, of course, you know where my tent is right? Are you alright? You're voice sounds a little off."

"Oh you'll see, be there in a minute."

The call ended. Puzzled, Sonja returned the phone to her purse.

"Hey girls, let's go ahead and break for an hour, I have to meet someone."

Sonja hurried across the sunny but mostly vacant fairegrounds. The shops were all closed save the few that catered to weekday tours. Soon she reached the area closed to the public where a large semi-permanent camp was set up for all the transient Faire-Folk working the two month event.

Ducking into the tent she shared with several members of her dance troupe, she spied three oddly dressed individuals. Two scantily clad young women with noticeable bosoms stood near the entrance, while behind them a ruggedly handsome man wearing ill-fitting pants and a mostly unbuttoned

shirt reclined on some pillows. He seemed to be deliberately flaunting the noticeably lewd bulge in his crotch, along with the curling locks on his chest that matched his long and tousled hair.

“Umm, excuse me? Who said you could come in here?” said Sonja indignantly at the apparent trespassers.

The older of the two girls, who looked in her mid-twenties, let out a long sigh.

“Sonja, it’s me, Claire. Remember how you said my voice sounded off? Well, here’s the reason.”

Sonja’s jaw about hit the floor. “Holy shit Claire! What the fuck happened?!”

“I recall you had a girl in your troupe who underwent some likewise, let’s say, dramatic changes? Was there by chance a ring involved?”

Sonja’s eyes went wide. “My God! The ring! You found the ring? You *wore* the ring? How? When? Why?” Her tone changed from loud to a quiet whisper as she asked herself the next question, “I thought Allyn had taken care of that before he and Maria went to the other side.”

“Yes,” chimed in Claire. “I’m surprised our dear friend Allyn let this one get past him, he’s usually so astute on these matters. My friend Kay here says she received the ring from a girl named Keelin last weekend. I was the only authorized vendor of magical items at the Faire until Kalliana was granted her license back to practice and deal a few weeks ago. Either we have a smuggler or Kalliana is wasting no time in getting back to her old tricks.”

Sonja’s mind flashed back over the events of the last several weeks. She’d been there when Allyn took the ring off Maria. If this girl had gotten it from Keelin it means she had to have gotten it from him. She had been staying at this apartment, and he had been quite focused on Maria. Sonja smiled and gave a knowing “hmmmm” as the pieces came together in her mind.

“I think I know what happened. Oh, by the way, Kalliana was involved, but you won’t believe the whole story till I get done explaining it. We’ve been trying to keep this mess quiet, but apparently it just keeps getting bigger.”

“Oh you have no idea,” said Claire with a snark. “This,” she said waving her hand at her own changed body, “is the least of the craziness. I’ve got fairy and a satyr here, and a pair of nympho co-eds back at their house! This,” she said holding out the pouch containing the ring, “needs to get back through the portal and into a reliquary before it causes any more chaos!”

“You have it?!” said Sonja.

“Well it cost me my old age, a bit of humanity and most of my magic but,” she reached down into the pouch and grabbed the ring, “here the damned thing is.” She pulled the ring out of the pouch, only her eyes went wide and her stomach fell through the floor as she saw it. Sonja and Kay stared in puzzlement at the silver ring Claire held.

“That’s... not the Ring of Desire,” said Sonja with perplexity.

“Hey,” piped up Kay with a half-giggle, “why’d you grab my ring?”

“Oh... fuck!” cursed Claire.

“Did somebody say they wanted to fuck?” chimed in a grinning Derrick, who had shed his shirt and moseyed up to see what all the commotion was about. Claire and Sonja shot him death glares, Kay, a cheery-faced grin.



Epilogue

Claire quickly deduced that Wendy had swapped the rings while she was in the bathroom. For what reason, she couldn’t be sure, though no doubt it involved her getting someone else to wear it. By the time they’d made the hour drive back to Derrick’s house both Wendy and Susan were gone, a passed out and obviously ravished young male jogger in their place. The four

drove around the area for awhile, hoping to spot the nymphomaniac duo, but there was no sign of them.

“Well shit,” Kay said, “not like we can go searching the university’s dorms room by room for a pair of horny co-eds and a magic ring.”

“No,” Claire agreed. “Before I could have used my powers to home in on it, but I’m all out of sorts from my transformation.”

“You know I’ve found I can sense magic myself, but only from close by,” added Derrick.

Claire pounded the inside of her door with her dainty fist. “And you neglected to mention that you sensed *nothing* from the bag I was carrying!”

“Oh, hah, well to be fair you never asked. How was I to know what you thought you had?” Claire, sitting behind Derrick, responded by repeatedly kicking the back of his seat as hard as she could, but that only made him chuckle. Fuming, she stewed in silence the rest of the drive as they reluctantly returned to the Faire. It appeared that it would fall to Allyn to hunt the accursed ring down, whenever he got back.



With Claire and Sonja’s help, Derrick and Kay quickly settled into life at the Ren-Faire. There were some who argued for the couple to simply be exiled to the other side, that having a resident satyr and faerie interacting with ‘normal’ folk was too big a risk, but cooler heads prevailed. It just so happened that the proprietor of ‘Fortuna et Fatum – Curios and Curiosities’ had mysteriously vanished, leaving no one to mind her shoppe. With curious speed and a surprising lack of red tape, something that heavily implied royal intervention, the couple was made the new owners. When asked what would happen if the previous owner returned, they were simply told not to worry. They were also banned from leaving the Faire until they could prove themselves responsible citizens who could be trusted with not breaking the masquerade. On the plus side, they were allowed to travel to the other side, where their forms were not so extraordinary.

Derrick told his work he was taking a leave of absence, though he continued working part-time through the magic of telecommuting; it turned out you could get surprisingly fast broadband at the Faire if you were discreet about it. As far as hiding his physical state, it turned out faire-goers were perfectly accepting of his 'marvelous costume and makeup', though for obvious reasons he was required to wear clothes capable of hiding his massive endowment. Derrick quickly became fond of a kilt and vest combination, which not only looked good but gave his sizeable organs plenty of room, even if he became aroused while in public.

He was nervous at first about flaunting his satyr form so boldly, not that he was shy but that he wasn't sure if he could trust himself. His giant cock never stopped feeling as amazing as the day he was transformed, nor did his animalistic lust for sex subside. It took a supreme effort to resist touching himself or flat out jerking off when faced with a beautiful woman, and his heightened sense of smell could detect the aroma of desire from 50 feet.

He found an outlet in music; discovering he now had quite the natural talent now for playing instruments and that doing so calmed him greatly. Before he knew it he was an expert flute and lute player, in addition to the stereotypical pan pipes. He had great fun playing and dancing for faire-goers who marveled over both his talent and his amazing costume. Women especially were drawn to his show, often giggling in the audience and not so subtly debating over how authentic his costume was under the kilt. In response, Derrick learned and developed a number of flirtatious songs of varying lewdness, which he could tailor to the audience's needs from PG to R. Sometimes he'd even get the especially audacious fan who'd not just dance with him but attempt to sneak a peek at his goods. He'd let them, knowing no one would believe it was real from just the word of a girl who claimed to see a monster cock hiding in the darkness under his kilt. Photos were an obvious no-no.

And every now and then on rare occasion, Derrick would have to fend off the advances of a girl or two that couldn't resist going home without being ravished by him. He'd flirt, verbally as well as physically dancing around the issue, and make every attempt to politely discourage them. If that didn't work, if they were still intent on throwing themselves to him, then he would take them and fuck them like they'd never been before and would never be again. Once they had submitted to his lustful attentions there was no going back, and he wouldn't stop until they'd been reduced to quivering, moaning, trembling mush, their overburdened bodies filled to excess with his seed. Recovering hours later, they'd stumble in a trance back to

their cars, hiding their sore and still leaking slits that by some magic hadn't been torn apart.

Once in a while, through no intent of his own, Derrick would manage to attract a married or otherwise 'unavailable' woman. Normally the man would be quite irate with Derrick, especially when his wife seemed to be under some mystical attraction that he could not break. Rarely, the two would be enthralled as a couple. Either way, Derrick would lead them to Kay, and in the end the two would leave not just sexually satiated beyond their wildest dreams, but lusting after each other more deeply than they ever had before, a sliver of the magical lust and vitality being commuted onto them. On one occasion security even had to be called, as the couple had somehow recovered enough to continue their furious lovemaking in the Faire parking lot.

Kay loved her new shop. It was filled with so many fascinating things, both mystical and mundane, that it took her weeks just to get a basic inventory done. It was all incredibly intriguing; Kalliana, the previous owner, had obviously been a mage of some kind. There were books on magic, potions and enchantments, as well as all manner of ingredients, tools and paraphernalia. However, as Claire had said, her fae blood made this academic, technical style of magic nigh anathema to her holistic and instinctual nature. It was like an organic hipster chef shopping at a WallMart, or an autistic kid learning calculus by textbook; it just didn't work well. It also didn't help that her new fae nature was not partial to hard study, preferring fun and sex over work and study. Still, the fact that magic was real and that she could use it captivated her, and with Claire's guidance she slowly got better and better.

And just like her true love Derrick, sex remained an integral part of her life that she couldn't live without. Her appetite and lust remained strong despite her improved self-control. This began to show over time with the shop's wares; as 'Fortuna et Fatum' began to stock more and more adult items. Mostly it was clothes. From the merely sensual to the wholly erotic, Kay made sure that anyone that shared her urge to flaunt their beauty would find the garments to do so. Eventually she began stocking toys; all manner of things designed to increase and extend pleasure were hidden away in the shop's many cabinets and alcoves. Then, as her knowledge and understanding grew, Kay began adding various drinks, potions, elixirs and salves. Some were 'proper' alchemical creations, but many were of purely fae origin. It was amazing how a tiny bit of her magic would rub off

on anything she prepared, even if she didn't mean to. The old myths about faerie food certainly seemed to have a basis in reality.

It was discreet; one would hardly think upon entering that they were walking into a sex shop, but the items were there, and Kay and Derrick became quite good at reading customers and directing those that desired something a little more exotic to look in just the right nook or behind the right curtain.

Eventually they remodeled and expanded the upstairs, and soon it became an open Faerie secret that those seeking a wild time, whether just for themselves, with a lover, or with several others, could find their desires met at Kay's shop.

Claire came to terms with her new youthful form, eventually relearning her magic from the fae side and even figuring out how to use glamour to hide her long elfin ears, or even completely replicate her older appearance with a bit of effort. The latter though was not something she cared to do constantly, and so she 'retired' and 'passed-on' her store to her young niece, who just happened to share the same name (it was a traditional name in her family she told customers). She kept her ears and eyes open for signs of the ring's magic, but saw none. One benefit of that week of madness was that her store remained much more popular with the college crowd than before. Claire talked up the students, initially in an attempt to track down the ring, but the more she did it the more she was reminded just how much fun it was to be young again. Initially resistant, she slowly found herself dressing very sexily yet still elegantly. She flirted and teased, but with much more restraint and decorum than Kay had. It definitely helped keep her new clientele coming back.

Outside the Ren-Faire, Wendy and Susan struggled to lead normal lives while coming to terms with their new 'gifts'. Wendy found the pleasures of her new body irresistible. Her breasts and pussy were insatiable. She tried to keep things between herself and Susan. With some embarrassment she found herself at sex-stores buying things like giant double-ended dildos. But it wasn't enough, and within two weeks she was sleeping with guys Susan brought home from sports practice and after that it was fellow engineering students and after a few months she had a well-deserved reputation as the smartest nymphomaniac on campus.

She managed to stay in college, and even keep her grades up. She found cumming really cleared her head, and so long as she got herself off a few times a day and had sex regularly, she could stay focused on school. However this time commitment to hedonism meant she had to quit her part-time job, which exacerbated her already tenuous funding problems. It was either that, or quit her jogging sessions with Susan, and she refused to become sedentary and let her Rubinesque curves 'graduate' into actual obesity. Faced with mounting student loan debt there was only one perfect solution to her problems: porn. It both gave her the release she needed as well as paid the bills. And, not only did she have a great body for it, but her newfound love of bodily pleasure made her every porn director's (and actor's) dream; a young, gorgeous, naturally huge breasted girl who honestly loved sex and didn't fake a single orgasm.

Within hours of sending an application in Wendy was picked up by SCORE and soon became one of their most popular new models. After doing a few photo shoots and videos she also started up her own website; offering exclusive content and webcam video. She quickly became known as the huge titted engineer girl who did spreads with T-squares and computers. She even persuaded her way into the XXsX to do a shoot with some of their advanced equipment.

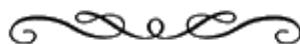
In a few months, she had her tuition for the year paid off, after which she started working towards every college students real dream; graduating debt free. As it turns out, the combination of paying off her debt and constant sexual activity were great stress relievers, and Wendy would go on to graduate with honors and get a job as a structural engineer.

Susan found her own transformation amazing. After taking a short break from track for 'personal reasons', she returned and immediately began blowing away the competition. Her physical changes attracted a lot of attention; it's obviously not normal for a girl to double her muscle mass and grow inches in height in just a few weeks. In addition to track she started playing several other sports such as swimming, volleyball, rowing and martial arts. Every sport she tried she excelled in, as if she were made for it. She wasn't just bigger, faster and stronger either; her reflexes were quicker, her lungs and heart more efficient and her endurance had increased to near superhuman levels.

Also noticeable though, was her attitude change. She was much more aggressive and competitive. She found herself eating her steaks blue and smack talking not just women but guys from the men's teams. A round of lively banter would occasionally end with her getting in the guy's face, only to grapple him into a searing kiss and impromptu make out session. Her appetite for sex remained high, and it was no secret that she fucked hard and often, and was always the dominant party. Susan quickly gained a reputation for being an amazing yet wild and out of control athlete.

Several of her teammates even accused her of taking steroids to her face, culminating in a shouting match in the locker room that ended with Susan ripping off her sports bra to expose her huge 36G cup cantaloupes. "Would I have tits like these if I were taking fucking steroids?" she screamed at them. The other girls just stared dumbfounded at their friend who somehow had been blessed (or cursed as some of the female athletes saw it) with both an amazing physique and a great rack. Her coach would eventually order her to see a doctor to prove she wasn't doping or taking any form of drugs, but the tests just came back showing massive amounts of naturally occurring hormones. "Late onset burst of puberty development," was the best the doctor could come up with, effectively corroborating Susan's claims. Only her lovers saw that as the months went on and she continued to exercise that she developed a thick clit that was a full inch long and half inch thick when erect, a byproduct of all the extra testosterone her body now produced.

Susan would continue to struggle with her body's urges, but with help from a counselor, meditation and lots of fiery sex with both Wendy and various male and female athletes, she eventually found the inner peace needed to succeed. She'd go on to obtain a full-ride sports scholarship before becoming an Olympic medalist. She also modeled for ESPN's "The Body" issue, and as a guest model athlete for the SI Swimsuit Issue, holding the somewhat dubious unofficial claim to the largest breasted woman to win Olympic gold.



Mrs. Heidi Kauffmann strolled out to get the mail. She was an average woman who had recently turned 55, and as many women found on the backside of middle-age her body had lost most of its youthful appeal and was well on its way to chubby old lady territory. Her natural curves, quite striking in her youth, had filled both in and out. Now her figure would most euphemistically be described as motherly; her waist was wide and non-descript, her hips and rear even wider, and she had a sizeable gut. Her once perfect DD cup breasts had sagged and required serious support to look good. The mix of gravity, unforgiving genetics, poor eating habits, lack of exercise, and having three children certainly had had their consequences over the years. It didn't bother her too much though; she was certainly not an unattractive woman, but certainly nothing beauty magazines would feature. She'd been blessed with an enjoyable, rewarding life, and intended to continue so for many decades to come.

She walked back into the house and deposited the mail on the kitchen table. A small white priority mail box caught her eye; it was from her youngest daughter. The contents emitted a muffled rattle when she turned it around.

"Oh, from Wendy, what do we have here?" She peeled off the easy-open end tab and looked in. The boxes only contents apparently were a small sealed envelope which she pulled out. It had a small bulge and in Wendy's neat handwriting was scrawled, 'I put this on and thought of you, hope you enjoy it as much as I did, love Wendy'. Opening the envelope Mrs. Kaufmann's breath was taken away by the gorgeous green and gold ring within. "Oh Wendy, how sweet, you shouldn't have," she said as she rolled it between her fingers, marveling at how the light glinted off its surfaces and refracted through the gemstones.

"What was in the mail honey?" came the friendly yell of her husband Jim from the living room. Immediately she felt a rush of excitement, and she couldn't wait to show him what their daughter had sent her. She slid the ring onto her right ring finger, where it was a surprisingly perfect fit, before calling out her reply, "Oh, nothing dear, just bills." On her finger, the ring began to emit an innocuous glow.

The End?