

The Final Rings
by Avoi

American small towns are a vanishing phenomenon. Especially towns as small as OURS. Taylorville, Arkansas, was little more than a blip with a population of somewhere around 500 people. We were situated next to a railroad, and years ago, those rails had been responsible for the growth of Taylorville. Now they just meant the cause of two or three accidents every year.

Small town means small school. Most of the others around us had been incorporated into the larger school districts. It meant that the buses ran further, but I guess there was some overall money saving somewhere. We had gotten the word three weeks after the start of our senior year: Taylorville was going to be incorporated as well. This was to be the last senior class from THS.

To be fair, I could understand why. I mean, there were four of us in the senior class that year. We'd had more than the usual percentage of dropouts, but not MUCH more. Regardless of the reason, by the start of our senior year, we didn't even have enough people to play a decent game of basketball.

My name's Mark. We four are pretty lucky, I guess. We mostly grew up together, and the team was complete after Max moved in during our first grade year. We helped each other through a lot of tough times, and we had an "us against the world!" attitude going on. Me, Max, Nick, and Ross. We were tight.

So when we went in a group to buy our class rings in early September, no one was surprised that we were all there together. In one corner of one of the three main stores in town, you could order stuff like tuxedos for the prom and rings for your senior class. We all got the same style, some chunky goldish monstrosity that would probably end up at the bottom of a drawer somewhere in ten years. I was okay with that; like I said, we were tight, and we wanted the rings. They were on sale, and we were all able to get the same style, so we were happy enough.

My ring got in two weekends later, in the Saturday mail. I opened the box and looked at it with a mixture of excitement and sadness; it was just another step on the road to probably never seeing this town again. But there wasn't a whole hell of a lot I could do about it, so I went ahead and pulled it out of the box. A folded piece of paper came with it.

I unfolded it and read what seemed to be a hand-written note. "I was terribly sorry to hear about your school being shut down, and also terribly glad that you chose my company to be the ones to make your final four rings. These rings are special, and when used together they will grant great power. You have control of the form. Be careful. You have a month." It was signed with what looked like an old seal...you know, the kind that they used to dip in wax? But this one had just been dipped in ink.

I looked carefully at the ring. It didn't seem any different from the one that I'd ordered, except for a small inscription right under the stone, where the band was the widest. It was a picture, almost an impressionistic cartoon, of a human body. The features and details were vague, though the picture was deeply inscribed. I figured it was just a

manufacturer's mark, so I put the ring on and forgot all about it.

Monday morning, I was still a little surprised to see the ring, but the morning amnesia wore off quickly. I admired it while I drove to school, and then we all met in the cafeteria to show off our new acquisitions. Well, Nick and I showed off; the other two hadn't gotten theirs yet. They were a little envious, but we all figured that the rings would get there during the day.

I said, "Hey, Nick, did you get a note with your ring?"

Nick nodded, never one to waste a word when a gesture would do. I said, "Something about power and being careful. And it said that I controlled the form, and I only had a month. Weird stuff. Someone was having fun with us."

Nick said, "Mine said that I control desire, and the heart." He passed his around, and sure enough, a small heart was engraved inside. I showed mine around too.

When we'd gotten our rings back, Max said, "What does it mean by control?"

I laughed. "That's easy! I can control people!"

We all laughed, and Nick said, "But then what does mine do?"

I shrugged. Still laughing, Ross said, "No, man, Nick controls the girls. You turn people INTO girls!"

We were cracking up over that one when I jumped up and waved my fingers at Max and said, "I command you! Become a girl!"

And in the space of a blink, Max was a girl. She wasn't exactly hot, but she was definitely a girl. She was about eight inches shorter, so she sort of swam in Max's clothes. She looked...actually, a lot like Max, if he had been born female. She had the same hair, same glasses, and same face except for a few rounded angles. She was somewhat plump, like Max, though she was a little slimmer than he had been. It was hard to tell with the huge clothes, but I detected the presence of breasts on her chest, even though they were kinda small.

We stopped laughing and went with staring in stupid, dumbfounded amazement. I looked at the expression on Max's face and realized that she was about to scream, but for the life of me I couldn't do anything. Shock had shut me down. Nick reached across the table and grabbed me by the front of my shirt. "Change him BACK," he hissed.

I looked at him for a few seconds before surfacing from whatever panic was trying to pull me down. Then I said, "Um, become a boy?"

And just as quickly, Max was himself again. His clothes were twisted around on his body, but it was just the work of a few seconds to get him back together. I looked around. No one had seen anything. I guess they all figured that the noise was just our normal horsing around at the senior table.

Shock was allowed its full power, at least until the bell rang. "I...I had no idea, man, I'm sorry..." I said.

"How could you know? It's crazy. I mean, nothing happened, right, because that would be crazy. And I'm not crazy. Are you crazy?" said Max. He rambled on in that vein for a little while before winding down.

Just as we were about to enter our first class of the day (English), Ross said, "Wait...if Mark and his ring do something, what about Nick's?"

All eyes turned to Nick and me. I said, "I don't know...what does it mean to control the heart? I mean, MINE worked."

They couldn't argue with that, at least. We took our seats and waited for Mr. MacGruder to start droning on about Renaissance poets. He was about a thousand years old, and as far as I could tell, he'd used the same lesson plans for the last three hundred. And why not? It wasn't like those poets were going to get any deader. Fortunately, he was mostly deaf, so we were able to talk to each other if we kept our lips still.

"Try something," said Ross to me. "Try something on the Gruder."

"Like what?"

"I don't know! You're the ones with the rings we have to test."

I guess that was fair enough. Control the form? I focused on MacGruder for the first time that year, and noticed that his fine, wispy hair was almost completely gone. I thought about him having more hair, and suddenly it was like a jungle had been planted on his head. Thick brown hair grew in, and then started to get longer. It spilled in waves down the back of his suit. His eyes widened at the sudden weight of it, but when he reached up to touch his head I had already put it all back to normal. He shook his head, stopped for a second, and then resumed droning.

The guys all laughed, quietly. "What else can you do?" said Max.

I had to admit that I was really curious now. I said, "How about this?" and suddenly, we all had foot-long cocks.

A little TOO suddenly, I'm afraid. We had grown somewhat used to ourselves, after all, and we'd suddenly gained at least several inches each. Nick whimpered at the sudden lack of space in his underwear, and Max curled up in silent agony. I was feeling kind of crushed myself, so I willed everything to just go back to normal (since I had no idea how big the other guys were). It seemed to work, and soon enough we were just sore rather than wanting to scream.

When we'd recovered a little, Ross said, "So Nick, what can you do?" We laughed a little, though Max was looking a little wild-eyed (he'd had a rough morning).

Nick just stared at his ring and said, "I don't know. I mean...the heart? Desire? Sounds like this thing plays with emotions. I don't know if I want to get into that."

I said, "But, the changes are reversible. Or at least, they have been so far. Try something minor."

Nick shrugged. All of a sudden, I REALLY wanted some chocolate. Like, it was a burning need that supplanted every other thought. It was all I could do to stay in my seat. Ross whispered, "Okay, so who wants some chocolate?" and Nick laughed. The desire was suddenly gone.

"Chocolate? Chocolate?!" I whispered. "That's it?"

"I kinda doubt it," said Nick, "but what else would you like me to do with just the four of us here?"

He had a point. Ross spoke up. "Hey, what if the other rings do something too? I mean, it would make sense, right?"

"Like what?" said Max.

"How the hell would I know? I mean, come on, just this morning, you didn't think magic rings were real, did you?"

It was an interesting idea. But it wasn't one that we could do much about.

The day was kind of fun, in a fairly scary way. I found out, while experimenting on myself (and others, though quickly and not spectacularly) that I could pretty much change people to look however I wanted them to look. The sky was the limit.

Nick said that he wanted to experiment, but that he was a little nervous. Finally he turned to a couple of juniors who were obviously attracted to each other, and concentrated. The girl's eyes lit up more and more, and they pulled together until they were literally sitting pressed together. The guy's hand rose up her back, and she melted into him. Their friends stared in surprise, but soon enough the talking returned to normal levels. I guess it was one of those things that was bound to happen sooner or later; Nick had just helped it along.

Nick was sweating a little. "This is scary, guys. I mean, I just thought about it, and suddenly there they were. And the worst part is that I know I could keep going. If I wanted to, I could just have them on the floor right now, screwing each others' brains out."

We were sobered by the news. It brought home the fact that we were really dealing with stuff that we didn't understand. I didn't experiment much the rest of the day.

That night, though, when I was alone in my room, I DID experiment. I have never been what you'd call impressive. I was barely normal. But with just a thought I was seven feet tall and covered with rippling muscles, and my cock was fifteen inches long. I was as imposing a physical specimen as anyone had ever been. It was really cool. I experimented with different heights and weights, different hair and skin color and faces. It was like having a real-life Photo Shop program. I didn't turn myself into a girl, though; that was just a little too weird.

I DID accidentally find out that I could adjust the sensitivity of my body. My skin was suddenly a thousand times more sensitive, and I was hard almost instantly. I slouched onto the bed, and just the feel of the sheets running over my back made me come. I squirmed with the shock

of pleasure, and I was hard again within seconds. The next orgasm took longer, but it was just as good. Then it took me a minute or two, even with my enhanced body. Finally it got to the point where, no matter how much I squirmed or touched myself, I just couldn't get hard anymore.

I turned the sensitivity down to normal levels and went to sleep at around two in the morning, eager to see what the day would bring.

Sure enough, the other guys had gotten their rings in the mail that Friday morning. Max was wearing one that had a small picture of a candle engraved inside. He said, "It said that I could control the mind."

Ross's ring had a tiny picture of a globe, complete with detailed markings that showed the continents. "My note said that I could control the outside world."

We clamored. The main thrust of the noise was trying to find out if they'd tested their rings yet. Max grinned widely and said to me, "Sure. What's your name, again?"

I said, "...". For the LIFE of me, I had no idea what my name was. Then, suddenly, it was there again. "Mark. Mark! Wow." Max laughed, and we looked at him with a little fear.

Ross said, "Yeah, I tried mine. I mean, come on, the outside world? Looks like I can change things or make things. Watch this." He put his hand over the table, and coins started to fall out of his palm. It was the damdest thing. Quarters rained down on the table in a never-ending stream. Just when they were starting to pile up and slip down onto the floor, he closed his hand, and they were all gone. He grinned at our faces. "Not bad, huh? I can't do anything at all to people, but I can sure mess with other things."

We all agreed that we had to meet somewhere to discuss this further and figure out what we were going to do. Max was uncharacteristically quiet all day, and Nick was, well, characteristically quiet. Ross was almost bubbly with his power, though he didn't really demonstrate it much. We were all a little scared of what we could do.

After school, since it was a warm day for that time of year, we all met at the tailgate of Ross's pickup. We stood around in silence until I finally said, "Okay, guys, I KNOW you've been thinking about it all day. So have I. What should we do? What do you want to do? Because, you know, it probably won't work unless we all work together."

We agreed. Max spoke up. "I don't know about you guys, but I have been thinking about one thing all day. Girls. I mean, there are some hotties even in this town. Between me and Nick, we could--"

"No," said Nick. "I'm not gonna do that. It wouldn't be right, to do...that...to someone who didn't know any better."

We were all a little surprised. Nick usually went with the crowd and didn't say much. I guess everyone has a sticking point. We sort of shuffled our feet around a little and looked shamefaced, realizing that he probably had a point.

Eventually I said, "You know...we don't have to change people we don't

know."

Ross said, "What do you mean?"

"It's simple enough. I can make us into girls, right? Why not let one of us be a girl?"

Max laughed. "Yeah, right. Who?"

I subsided, but Nick spoke up again. "We could take turns. Like, put our names in a box and just draw to see who gets to be a girl. You know, if we were going to do this." He looked embarrassed, but I could tell that he'd been thinking about just this problem for a while.

Normally we would have laughed and made fun of each other, but the very real power that sat on our fingers made us actually stop and think seriously about it. Finally I said, "Do we know that all the changes are reversible?"

So far, we agreed, all the changes we'd made were totally reversible. I said, "Okay, how about this? We write down our names, and then come up with some descriptions of some girls. So for each day, we draw a name and a description. And then we ALL work to make her a reality, at least for a day."

Max said, "That's great, but how far are we talking here?"

I shrugged. "It's up to the girl, I imagine. And maybe you and Nick."

Nick turned a little red, and he said, "I couldn't do anything unless I knew it was okay with you guys."

Ross said, "Look, I'm all for trying new stuff, but this is nuts. I mean, even if it's all reversible, you're talking about being a girl. A girlfriend, even! How...I don't know if I could do that."

"That's why we take turns," I said. "Look, you don't have to go first. Who wants to start writing?"

Just like that, it went from something we might do to something that we were going to do. We decided that we would all spend a day as girls first, just to see what it was like. Then on Saturday afternoon, we'd meet to draw and find out who was going to go female while the others went back to normal. We were nervous, sure, but Max assured us that he could whip up a change in the town's collective memories so that no one would notice anything. We'd be the only ones.

So I closed my eyes (probably just like the others) and let my ring do its thing.

The change was nearly instant, just a quick wrenching that left me feeling very strange. I opened my eyes and saw my friends standing there wearing female versions of their real bodies. Ross concentrated and suddenly our clothes fit again. She said, "I'm going to change things at home for all of us, so we have clothes and stuff."

None of us, with our lack of makeup or acceptable hair care, was much to write home about. Nick had a surprisingly curvy body, which she was trying to hide with little success by moving behind the truck. I looked

around at us and said, "This is wild! Hey, we need real girl hair. Hang on." My voice was a lot different, much higher and almost squeaky to my ears.

With a thought, I was able to grow our hair from boy-length to girl-length (about two feet). It was strange to feel the additional weight on my neck muscles, but it was a feeling that soon went away. Then it was just the annoyance of having to brush the long hair out of my face.

Then it was Max's turn. She closed her eyes and thought for a little bit, and then when she opened them she smiled. "There. My name is Maxine now. Nick, you're Nikki. Ross, you're Rose. And Mark, you're Mary. Everyone thinks that we've always been this way. You'll find yourselves answering to your girl names, at least for tonight and tomorrow."

There wasn't a hell of a lot else to say. We finally agreed to meet back at the same time, and we drove off home.

I felt extremely strange. I was much smaller overall, having gone from being six-two to being about five-four. The whole world seemed bigger, especially my car. I had to push the seat forward quite a bit and cinch up the seatbelt just so I could drive.

And my body! Man. I wasn't some kind of raving beauty or anything, but I wasn't bad. If I had been standing next to a hot chick, I probably wouldn't have rated a second glance, but when I was alone I would have done nicely. To my male self, if you get me.

My smallish boobs were kind of a disappointment, but I had nice wide hips and a tiny waist. I realized what I was thinking, and I started to have my doubts about this whole scheme (chiefly because part of me was yammering with panic in the back of my head). I mean, I was trapped until tomorrow, by my own promise. Trapped in my own body, and that was one of the scariest things that had ever happened to me. I knew that I wasn't REALLY trapped, but the magic was still so new to me that I had that little caged-moth flutter in the back of my head.

I pulled up to my house and crossed my fingers when I shut the car down and headed inside. I was REALLY hoping that Max's voodoo had worked right. Mom looked at me as I came in, and for a split second I was certain that she was going to demand who the hell I was and what I was doing in her house. Instead, she smiled and said, "There's my angel. Got any plans tonight? Any hot dates?"

It was pretty much the same thing she said to me on most Friday nights. Sometimes I even had a date, but it was uncommon. We both knew that the pickings were extremely slim around here. I said, "No, not tonight. I think I'm just gonna chill a little. The...other girls are all busy with their own stuff. We're going to meet up tomorrow, though."

"Painting the town red, huh? Well, your father and I have a date tonight. Don't wait up." She laughed and headed down the hall to their bedroom.

They left around six, which meant that I basically stayed in the living room and pretended to watch television for a couple of hours. They gave me some money for pizza, dad just as oblivious to my new state as mom

was. As soon as they were gone, I went to my room and stripped down.

As I'd said, the pickings were slim in my town. The year before, I'd gotten as far as second base with a girl who'd moved away two weeks afterward. So, outside of a little bit of time on the Internet and some filched Penthouses, this was the first time I'd ever seen a girl naked.

It wasn't as glamorous as I'd hoped, though it was cool in ways I hadn't thought about. My bra, for instance, was one of those sports things. I didn't have to worry about snaps or anything. I just shrugged out of it like it was a tank top, and suddenly my boobs were on display in the mirror. Like I said, they were pretty small, maybe an A cup, but they were definitely boobs and I could touch them as much as I wanted to. I was still firmly male in my head, so I wanted to touch them. The fact that I could feel it from BOTH sides only made it the entire operation better.

I moved my focus to the lower half of my body. The pants were just pants in one way, but totally uncharted territory in another. Finally, I took a deep breath and undid the snap, then the zipper. I slid them down, surprised at the effort that it took to get them over my much wider hips. I kicked them off and stood there wearing nothing but my panties, a set of white cotton things that were amazingly comfortable.

Finally, I slid those down too, and stood there naked. My nipples puckered up a little in the cooler temperature, but I was too busy seeing the space between my legs to notice. I was definitely all girl. I tentatively touched myself down there, marveling at the softness and the heat of my new privates. I ran my finger around a little, getting to know myself, and stumbled onto what HAD to be my new clitoris. It was a little nub that sent a shockwave through me when I touched it. I jumped when it happened, and my finger went a little way into myself.

THAT was really weird. I mean, the clitoris was strange enough, but I could at least understand it (it was like someone had taken all the nerves from my normal equipment and concentrated them). But this one was totally outside my experience. I moved my finger around in there for a little while, but what really captured my attention was the clitoris. I rubbed that a few times and enjoyed it, and then I let go of myself and took another look.

I was kind of cute, in a no-makeup sort of way. What looked a little scrawny when I was a guy passed for pleasingly slender when I was a girl. I was disappointed in my boobs, but then from what I gathered, so were most girls. My hips were great, though, and I had a pretty nice ass and set of legs.

It was a fairly surreal thing to be doing, rating myself as a girl, but I didn't have much else to do. Then I realized that I did.

My ring still sat on my finger, apparently having resized itself along with the rest of my clothes. With just a thought, my boobs went from disappointing to decent. It was strange to feel them getting heavier, and it was also strange to watch them grow. It was like they were balloons that were slowly filling with water, but they were still nice and soft and warm. And they were...I don't know, solid? Real? When I stopped, they were certainly bigger.

My stomach growled, so I went to the phone and ordered a pizza and something to drink. I still wasn't used to my higher voice, but no one on the other end of the line seemed to think anything strange was going on. As soon as that was done, I went right back to my room to experiment.

It was like that first night all over again, except with a different gender. I had this girl, and I could change her however I liked. True, she was me, but I was still having such a good time that I lost track of how long I'd been playing. When the doorbell rang, I grabbed a bathrobe and headed for the door.

I'm afraid that I sort of gave the delivery guy a shock. I recognized him, some junior, but there was no way on earth that he recognized me as either Mark OR Mary. I was about six feet tall at the time, with legs that went for miles. I had smallish boobs and wide hips again, but the biggest change was that I had gone from white to black. I smiled with my new lips and thanked him for the pizza, and then I kicked the door closed. Just then I realized that my bathrobe had been made for someone who was about eight inches shorter, and it fell mid-thigh on me now. I'd probably given him a free show when I'd lifted my leg to close the door. I shrugged. Not like he'd ever see this chick again anyway.

About ten, I collapsed into bed in my "normal" body. The combination of mental stresses and changes had really worn me out, and I slept like a stone at the bottom of a well.

When I woke up the next morning, I couldn't figure out why things were so much bigger, or what had changed. Then it all came back to me, and I smiled and snuggled back into the pillows. There were worse things, I decided, than being a girl every once in a while.

But then I remembered the point of all this. Could I really be a girl once in a while...and be a girl FRIEND as well? I finally decided that I could. I mean, there were a lot of factors to consider. First, I wouldn't be the only one. The other guys would be doing the same thing on different days. Also, I trusted my buddies. And it wouldn't be totally gross, not with Nick able to change what appealed to us. I admit, I was a little scared about that last part, but I'd been scared of my own power not too long ago, and now I was just having fun with it. To prove it to myself, I made my chest grow again until it was monstrous and I was having a hard time breathing. I giggled, which mom heard.

"Breakfast in five!" she called down the hall. I made my boobs behave themselves, and I dressed quickly in almost the same clothes as the day before. The shirt said, "Cutie pie!" across the front, which was hilarious to me (as well as being accurate).

The day sped by, with me spending some time with my parents as they visited the local farmer's market and just sort of drove around town to check up on things. They weren't particularly civic-minded, but it was a good time to catch up on how we were all doing. It was still strange to me to see them reacting to my voice and face just like nothing had changed, but I eventually got mostly used to it.

Finally the time came, and the five of us gathered at the school parking lot again. Ross and Nick were bubbling over with some news, so we let them talk before we changed back. I had a hard time looking at

the quiet girl in front of me and thinking of Nick, but I guessed that she was having a similar problem with me, so I didn't say anything.

"Look, guys! We can set our rings so that when one of us does something, another one of us does something too!" said Ross.

We stared at her in total incomprehension. She sighed and blew a strand of brown hair out of her face. "Look, um, Mark. This'll work best with Mark and me, just to show everyone. Okay, now here's what I want you to do. Make your boobs bigger. Slowly, though, okay?"

I said, "Ooookay." I thought about my chest, and my breasts started to swell again. They swelled and swelled, and just when they were about to start getting uncomfortable, Ross told me to stop.

Ross said, "Now, you'd think that her chest would make her shirt explode and her bra cut into her, right? But I was able to set my power so that when she did something to herself, her clothes would react and remain comfortable. Any problems in that department, Mark?"

I said, "No, actually, it all feels pretty well supported here. Hang on." Just for the hell of it, I made myself get taller. By the time I was six feet tall, we'd decided that Ross's trigger was working fine. As a joke, I made my tits expand so fast that they looked like they'd exploded. They grew and grew until I was on my knees and they were both as big as the rest of me. At no time did my clothes even show the slightest sign of strain (unlike, for instance, my back and legs). We had a good laugh over my breasts, and I made myself change back into Mary's normal body.

"I found out a couple more things that we can do, too. Did you guys know that we can set our powers on a timer? Like, we can tell our rings that in five minutes, whatever will happen. Or at midnight. Or whenever. It's like a trigger, you know?"

THAT was pretty cool. I said, "In ten seconds, Max's boobs are going to vanish!" Then I very carefully thought of baseball while the other girls watched her chest. Sure enough, at the end of what I guessed was ten seconds, her chest suddenly went totally flat. I said, "Wow! I didn't even think about it after I'd said it...it WAS like a trigger." I gave Max back her boobs (to her chagrin), and then Ross spoke up again.

"I found out that I can do illusions, too. Watch this."

Suddenly, Tyra Banks was standing in a bikini where Ross had been just a second ago. I was shocked, because I hadn't done anything to change her, but then I realized that she was telling the truth about her new power. She smiled and said, "I can do this, and I can make people see what I want them to see. I mean, right now, Nick is seeing Jennifer Connelly, Max is seeing Brittany Spears, and Mark is seeing Tyra Banks. Not bad, huh?"

We agreed; it was, indeed, not bad at all. Ross let the illusion drop.

Then I concentrated, and just like that, we were male again. At the same time, our clothes shifted right along with us. Ross laughed. Max rolled his eyes and then said, "Okay, guys, we're back to being boys in everyone's mind again."

Nick had brought a couple of shoeboxes and some paper with him, and we were all eager to at least get this part over with. I said, "Hey, hang on. Nick, I decided something last night. You're having a hard time with your power, but I found out that if I just willed myself to be normal again, that I would turn back to my normal self. Either male or female, which was handy. I guess what I'm saying is, you can go ahead and experiment on me if you want to...because I'm pretty sure that you'll be able to change me back with no problem at all."

Nick looked relieved and scared at the same time. Both emotions grew when the other two guys agreed with me. He said, "Well, okay, but if it gets too weird, then we stop, all right?"

We were all TOTALLY behind that. We each put our name on half a dozen slips of paper, and then in the other box we dropped some descriptions that we'd worked on the night before. They were pretty open-ended (well, mine were), so that no one would have too much trouble with them.

Finally, the moment had come. Nick reached in both boxes and pulled out some paper. He read the description first. "A hot redhead. Green eyes. Tall." We all laughed, and Ross turned red. That was definitely a description of one of his dream girls. He loved the redheads. He loved a lot of different kinds of girls, but the redheads were at the top of the list (marginally).

Then he opened the other slip. "Me. I guess I'm first."

We all stood around awkwardly. Now that the time had come, we weren't sure what to do. Ross spoke up after a few seconds that felt like years. "Hey, let's do the trigger thing. Like, we can all set things to go off around midnight, and then Nick can spend the day like that, and then we can choose the next person tomorrow afternoon."

It sounded like a good plan. I said, "Okay. I don't know about you guys, but I think I'm going to take things slow at first and not experiment TOO much. Just, you know, play it straight."

We agreed. I said, "Do we want to tell all, or will it be a surprise?"

Max and Ross immediately said, "Surprise."

Nick shrugged, and I said, "I kind of want it to be a surprise, too. Just as long as we don't get too wild, okay?"

We all swore again. We made plans to meet at the local IHOP (one of the only restaurants worthy of the name in our little town) at eleven the next morning. We figured that would give Nick enough time to get used to things.

I didn't have a lot to go on, appearance-wise, so I just went with the bare-bones description I'd been given. At the stroke of midnight, I told my ring, turn Nick into a tall, gorgeous redhead with green eyes. I felt a surge of power, but nothing immediately obvious occurred. I said, "Okay...I think the trigger is set for mine. I set it for midnight tonight."

Max and Ross both said the same. Nick said, "I guess...what, I can

change my own desires when the time comes? Can I do that, I wonder?"

Ross shrugged. "Find out now."

Nick looked uncertain. I sighed and turned myself into a girl again, glad that Ross's magic changed my clothes along with me. I said, "Try it on me. It was kinda weird last night when I was turned on by...by myself..."

I trailed off because the world had shifted subtly. The guys in front of me, instead of being just furniture in my world, were suddenly quite interesting. It was the same low-grade, passing interest that I'd always felt toward girls, but now I was feeling that way toward them. My mind fought it, but it was there as if it had always been. I said, "Whoa. That's weird."

Nick looked worried. Just like that, my perceptions and attractions were back to normal. I turned myself male again and said, "Believe me...you can definitely change someone's desires."

Nick said, "And...you're normal again, right? You don't, uh..."

"I'm not gay now, no. I like girls again. Nicely done."

He looked vastly relieved.

It was getting late, so we packed up the boxes of names and headed to our respective houses. We were all fairly eager to see what would happen the next day.

I know that I couldn't get to sleep that night. I stayed up late, and when midnight rolled around, there was this sudden flash in my head. I felt the discharge of energy, and I knew that Nick had changed. I wanted to call her, but I figured that there would be time enough in the morning to see what had happened.

I spent some time masturbating with a very sensitive body, and finally I fell asleep while softly rubbing my (now) enormous dick and my C-cup tits.

They were still there the next morning, but it was just the work of a thought to get rid of them. I didn't have much to do, since it was nearly wintertime and most of my chores were outside, so I tried to focus on a book for a while. By eleven, I was ready to climb the walls, so I got out of there fast.

I pulled into the parking lot at the IHOP and saw the other two guys standing at the door. We went inside and got a table for four, and we waited for Nick. Finally, she came in. She was, believe me, unmistakable.

Tall for a girl (probably around 5' 10"), she was slender and spectacular. She wore a tight sweater, a cream-colored one that clung lovingly to her small breasts and long torso. Her jeans came down to mid-calf, displaying creamy white skin in the space between the bottom of her pants and the tops of her ankle socks. Her face was angelic, only lightly kissed by makeup. Her long, deep red hair swung back and forth with her swaying steps. It seemed to take Nick years to cross to our table, and we stared in amazement the entire time.

She slid into the booth next to Ross, and then leaned over and kissed him on the side of the mouth, just a quick little peck. She smiled at us, displaying dazzling teeth, and said, "Guys...this is so much fun."

We couldn't say a word. Nick said, "I was nervous at first, when I woke up? But then I saw what I looked like...and the clothes...and I saw that mom and dad didn't know anything had changed, so I figured that I might as well do my part. So you know what? I made myself like being a girl. And I made myself like guys, and it has been so strange and so normal at the same time!"

I finally said, "You...you like guys? You're okay?"

"It's a little weird, yeah, but it's amazing how fast you get used to this sort of change. I spent two hours this morning, just walking and swaying around Wal-Mart and watching boys stare at me." Nick giggled. She actually giggled! And I'd never heard her talk so much when she was male.

Ross was beyond speech, and Max was smirking at Nick, so we ordered breakfast as a way to smooth things over. When the waitress was gone, Max said, "So I guess our first experiment was a success."

Nick laughed and leaned into Ross. "I guess so. You guys...man, it's like I'm in a mirror world, you know? You're all cute in your own ways, but I figured since Ross was the one who wanted the red head, I'd concentrate my attraction on him. And it's working, let me tell you."

She turned the full force of her smile on Ross and continued. "Not that you're getting lucky tonight or anything. But we might ditch these losers and go talk somewhere."

Ross hadn't said a word since entering the restaurant (I'd had to order for him). He looked totally shell-shocked. Finally, Nick took one of his hands and put it on her left breast. She said, "See? I don't bite. It's just me, Nikki."

We laughed, and Ross let go quickly, his face flaming. We finished breakfast and split up, Ross and Nick going off to do who knows what. I went over to Max's house, and we played on his X-Box until six. At one point I said, "What did you do with Nick besides making sure that no one noticed the change?"

He grinned and said, "I just made her more comfortable in her new skin, and more willing to experiment a little. Nothing major."

Ross and Nick came in to the rec room about that time, Ross with a goofy look on his face. Nick laughed and said, "Your mom just said, 'Hi Nikki!' and let us in like it was any other day. You guys ready to do the drawing?"

We sort of were. Nick had really loosened up, and from the looks of her disheveled hair, she and Ross had had a good time. She hugged and kissed each one of us (she was soft and warm, and my body certainly thought she was a girl), and then we got to the drawing.

The first name out of the box this time? Mine. I felt a deep thrill of fear, but I smiled gamely. Nick said, "Really, it'll be okay. I've had

a good time!"

The description said, "A little Japanese girl, with plenty of curves." We all knew it was Nick's handwriting. I was feeling a little wild from the kiss, so I said, "Okay. Can do. But you guys...I think we might want to experiment just a little bit."

Ross frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know...look, Nick has been having a good time, and it's all reversible. I think we can just loosen up a little bit, have some fun, you know? I give you permission now. It's okay, really."

Nick said, "I HAVE had a good time." She closed her beautiful eyes for a second and then said, "All right, trigger's set on my end."

I envisioned a small, lovely Japanese girl with some pleasant curves. One good thing about small bodies, I'd found, was that small curves look larger on them. Ultimately, my breasts would be about Nick's size, but on a smaller frame. I concentrated on the ring and set that body to be mine for the twenty-four hours that came after midnight. I said, "Okay, set here."

Max and Ross set their triggers, and we agreed to meet in our normal place for school. Ross took me aside as we were leaving and said, "Hey, I have an idea, but it might not work. Can I pick you up for school in the morning?"

I said, "Sure. Normal time?" He used to pick me up all the time, before I'd finally gotten my own vehicle. He agreed, and we all went our separate ways.

Now...I figured that I wouldn't be able to sleep at all. But the night before and the day's events had sort of worn on me, so I was pretty tired. I sat on my bed staring at my ring, and then I tried willing myself asleep.

When I woke up, the alarm was wailing in my ear. I reached out for it...and kept reaching. I swore a little bit in Japanese and stretched until I could get to the damn thing. Sometimes it was rough, being short.

I got up and walked to the mirror. Five feet of Japanese hotness gazed back at me. I smiled at my slim body and cute tits, my smooth legs and my slender hips. The ring on my finger had been a real blessing; it allowed me to put my body into sort of a stealth mode, where I could sleep more comfortably.

But I preferred my body in its real form. I let it go back to normal, watching as my boobs swelled to their normal 30-H size and my hips and ass grew until they were their usual 38 inches around (underneath my tiny 22-inch waist, and THAT looked awesome). Mom blamed the growth hormones in the meat we bought, but I didn't care what had done it; I loved my body the way it was (even if it was hard to sleep sometimes, with these tits). True, buying clothes was kind of a challenge sometimes, but it was worth it when I saw the guys staring at me.

I ran my hands over my muscular belly and then smiled. It was nice to be this hot. It sure helped with the boys.

I reflected on them while I dressed. We'd been the best of friends ever since kindergarten, and when Max moved in during first grade we'd really cemented as a group. The Four Musketeers. But then around fourth grade I'd started to develop, and then I'd kept on developing. By sixth grade, I'd been a DD-cup (I'd looked 16), and the guys treated me differently. I hated it; I was still the same girl inside. But we were coming apart at the seams.

So that summer, I hit on a plan to keep us all together: I'd fucked each one of them, over the course of two days. My (apparently) rampaging hormones had given me a high sex drive, so it was on my mind anyway. I finally decided to just go ahead and do it, and I'd had a great time. I told them what I was doing, and that I wanted us to all be friends and stay together, and somehow, it worked. I sighed and shook my head at the thought of this very hot little adolescent earnestly explaining things to her three friends.

But it had worked, chiefly because I kept screwing all of them whenever I had a chance. I'd used my allowance and Christmas money to buy condoms (in bulk) over the Internet, and the guys spent their money on the same thing. Now, of course, I was on the pill (pleading cramps from hell), so we didn't have to worry about that stuff anymore. And since getting the ring, I could just make myself sterile when I wanted to be.

I didn't let them treat me like a fuck doll, though. I was their friend, with benefits, and I damn well made sure that they knew it. And to keep them from getting jealous or too worked up, I screwed all of them at least twice a week each. I mean, those were good reasons, but it helped that I REALLY enjoyed it. Especially since getting the ring, and I was able to change how my nerves reacted.

I went back to the mirror. My long black hair was pulled back into two ponytails, and I was wearing a tight purple t-shirt that said "Japanese Export" across my chest. It was a little hard to read, but that didn't stop anyone from trying. My bra was strong and effective, holding my soft breasts tightly to my chest. I also had on some jeans that were ripped in strategic places. It was still warm enough (barely) to wear this stuff, so I was happy with my look. I skipped to the bathroom and put on a little makeup, and then went downstairs for breakfast with mom and dad.

No, they weren't my "real" mom and dad. I was adopted from an overseas orphanage when I was just a couple of months old. Arkansas is all I've ever known. The most of my heritage that I dealt with was the fact that they still called me by my birth name of Masami. Everyone else just called me Mimi.

Some psychologist would probably have made a big deal of that and my relationship with the boys, citing things like cultural alienation and all that. The truth was, I just loved sex, and I loved those three boys, so I combined the two loves in my life.

I finished in a rush, because Ross was coming over to drive me to school. He had something he wanted to test out with his ring, and who was I to refuse? Nick had been a blast yesterday, but I was glad that everyone was back to normal for a little while. I grabbed my backpack and bounced out the door when he honked.

I jumped into the front seat and greeted him with a kiss. He pulled back quickly, like he was a little weirded out, but I figured that it was just Monday. I put on the seatbelt and said, "So, what did you want to try?"

Ross threw the car into gear and said, "You remember a couple of days ago when I was showing you that I could make illusions?"

"Yeah, that was some funny stuff. Never thought of you as Tyra Banks before, but there you go."

He laughed. "I want to try something, just to see if it'll work. Don't freak out, okay?"

I shrugged. "Okay. Have at me!"

He said, "Uh, yeah. Maybe when we get to the parking lot."

I chattered on about our weekend and the rings, and he seemed pretty bemused. He's usually a fairly decent talker, so I finally said, "What? What's wrong? Are you feeling stressed or something?"

"Stressed? No, I...um...I just don't like Mondays."

"Oh. I can totally understand that. Maybe I can take your mind off it a little." I took his right hand and held it for a while in my little tiny fingers. Then when he seemed a little relaxed, I put his hand on my left tit and pressed it deep. I laughed when he jerked away. "Now, you weren't like that a couple of nights ago. Come on, it's okay. Just...just squeeze a little and work out some of your stress."

I took his hand and put it back. He did squeeze a little, and knead, and even found my nipple when it got hard. That was no trick; my nipples were huge, even for a girl with boobs like mine. After a while he seemed better, so I took his hand in mine and we talked a little bit about the rings.

We pulled into the parking lot and parked, and he said, "Now, you ready?"

I took off my seatbelt and turned to face him. I said, "Ready!"

Just like that, I was totally naked. Well, I still had my shoes and socks on, and the scrunchies in my hair, but that was it. I arched my eyebrows at him as my boobs jumped free and tumbled down. I said, "Well, this is interesting." I looked around to make sure that no one was watching, but the parking lot was mostly empty still.

"No, it gets better. Remember the illusions? Well, here, let me show you."

Suddenly, I was clothed again. Sort of. I was wearing the same things that I'd been wearing a second ago, but there was something strange about the clothes. I couldn't feel them at all. To my touch and my skin, I was still totally naked. Ross said, "This is what everyone but the four of us will see." Then clothes went away, except for my shoes. "This is the truth, and this is what we'll see. What do you think?"

I stared at my enormous, quivering chest and said, "That's awesome! You KNOW I love to show the girls off to you guys. Plus," I continued, gesturing at my hairless pussy (thank you, ring!), "easy access for everyone! This is great!"

I jumped across the seat and wrapped my arms around his head, kissing him deeply and thoroughly. I let one hand drift down and massage him through his pants. He was rock-hard, which was nice. I pulled back eventually and winked, saying, "Later."

I got out of the car and spread my arms and legs to the dawning light. The chilly air made my nipples pucker, and I giggled. I walked over to Ross with a spring in my step as a carload of juniors pulled up. They stared at me, but I was used to that. They didn't yell or point or do anything that made me think that they were seeing anything more than my normal hotness, so I laughed and linked arms with Ross. With him looking stunned and me naked from the ankles up, we went inside.

Max and Nick just about swallowed their tongues when they came in and saw us sitting at our normal table. I waved with both arms, setting my tits a-thrashing. They noticed that no one else seemed to be seeing a naked chick, though lots of guys were watching me out of the corners of their eyes. I greeted the two of them with a kiss and a hug that showed them that what they were seeing was real. Ross explained about the illusion as I was sitting down.

Nick said, "You don't feel...weird, or anything?"

I shrugged. "Yeah, a little, but you know me. I like being naked anyway, and showing off these babies, so this is great! And I KNOW how much you guys are enjoying this."

Nick stared hard into my eyes, oddly enough, and then looked at Max. Max didn't even notice; he was totally focused on my body. I waved my hand in front of his eyes and said, "Hey, it's still me. I mean, come on, you're used to seeing this. You all are. Why are you guys acting so weird?"

They just shook their heads, and the bell rang, so we headed off to English. It was remarkably freeing for me to be walking around like this, my body loose and unrestricted. I giggled at the feel of the air currents that were usually blocked by my clothing, and I laughed at how my breasts bounded around as I walked. I knew that all eyes were on me, but that some eyes were seeing more than others, and it turned me right the hell on. My mind, always ready to think about sex, turned to thinking about sex.

So when we got to the classroom, I said to Max, "Hey, can you make people think that Ross and I are here? And maybe in the next class too? And...is there any way that you can make it so people don't notice us or hear us?"

Max hemmed and hawed a little, but he allowed that he could probably do all that. He said, "Why, where are you going?"

I took Ross by the hand and said, "You guys are ALL pretty tense today, so I figured I'd relax you. I'm just going in reverse alphabetical order. Ready, Ross?"

I took his hand and led him from the classroom. I said, "All right. Let's see...to the gym? We can set up some mats or something there..."

I was running possibilities through my head while leading him on. Sure enough, no one we saw took any notice of us...it was as close to invisibility as I could imagine.

The sophomores were playing dodge ball when we got to the gym. Ross stopped and was about to walk out again, but I confidently crossed the floor to the pile of gymnastics mats in the corner. Now, we were in full view of the entire sophomore class, along with a couple of teachers, but no one so much as glanced in our direction. I patted the mats beside me and Ross sat down, as if he were in a dream.

I climbed up onto his lap, so that I was sitting down facing him. I put his hands on my (incredible!) ass and said, "Now, you're going to have to make sure that I don't fall, here." With that, I started to kiss him. I kissed him deep, my tongue reaching far into his mouth. He kissed back, kneading my ass the way I liked. I disengaged eventually and leaned back a little, putting his face to my chest. I said, "Oh yeah, baby, can you feel it? Doesn't it turn you on, the way we're doing this in front of everyone?"

It did. I could feel it. I pulled back a little and reached down for his crotch, saying, "Quick the first time, just to take the edge off." I unzipped him and pulled him out. Ross had always been a little self-conscious about his penis, saying that it was too small, but I'd never given him reason to feel that way. And now, with the rings, I was able to overcome that entirely. His already-hard cock grew in my hands until it was a full twelve inches long. I made the nerves multiply and become more sensitive until I was sure that he was so hard that he could cut glass. Then I licked the tip of it once, and he came all over my face.

I dodged out of the way of most of it, squealing a little. I said, "Man, hair-trigger boy. All right, you ready for the real thing?"

His eyes were still rolled back in his head, and he wasn't coherent. I giggled and started to roll my huge breasts over his rod. It was still twitching, but it started to come alive again. I licked the tip and pulled a few inches into my mouth, enjoying the flavor. Soon he was hard and panting. I pushed him down on the mat, and watched with delight as he made his clothes disappear. I said, "All right, baby, smile for the birdie."

As I had so many times before, I lowered myself onto him. This time, he filled me up much fuller than he ever had, but I was expecting it. He groaned as I started to slowly grind my hips on his, pumping him in and out of me. He reached up and took hold of my tits, kneading them and pinching my nipples. I arched my back and moaned, pumping faster and faster. "Oh!" I gasped. "Oh! Oh God! Oh! Oh God! Oh God! OhGod! OhGod! OhGod, ohGod, ohGod, ohGodohGodohGodohGoooooooooooood!"

I shrieked softly as the orgasm roared through me, barely aware of the fact that he was filling me up with his white heat. I twined my fingers through his hair and pulled him close to my chest as I gasped and moaned. Finally it released its grip on me, and I was able to relax a little as I rolled off Ross. We lay there panting while the coach called someone out. Finally I said, "Well...you feeling better about whatever it is? More relaxed?"

Ross smiled and nodded. "Thanks, Mimi."

I punched him in the shoulder. "Any time, you know that! Now let's get out of here and find the other two."

He recreated his clothes and we headed back out the door. The other two were still trapped in the droning English class, but I just walked right in with my big bare tits hanging out and tapped Nick on the shoulder. "Your turn!"

I LOVED this. Running around naked, screwing the guys in full view of everyone (but no one seeing a thing!)...it was fantastic! Nick was a little reluctant (what was WITH these boys today?), but I wore him down with my body and my kisses quickly enough. We had our sex on one of the tables in the library, in the corner during a class's research time. I'm sure they would have rather watched one of the hottest girls on the planet fucking a senior into submission, but they kept on looking up information about the old west while I howled and moaned.

Nick was a slow and thoughtful lover, and we had a great time until the lunch bell rang. Then I led him back to where he'd left his books and set out to find Max. I snagged him as he was heading into the cafeteria, and took him to an empty classroom. He said that he didn't want to do like the other guys and fuck in full view of a class, and I took him at his word. For all his brashness, Max had always been pretty shy. I'd had to be the aggressor most of the time, which was fine.

We went slowly at first, like always, but then we sped up once he got into the swing of things. He had just started to twitch and moan for the third time when the teacher walked in for the next class. She calmly put her books and papers on the desk while I finished myself off, moaning and yelping my way through something like my sixth or seventh orgasm of the day. Max was starting to get nervous again, so I sucked him off quickly. We recovered while the students filed in, and then we headed out to find the other guys. Max turned his power off when we did, and I assume that Ross didn't because no one arrested me.

I felt good. I had the afterglow from all those climaxes, of course, but I also felt like I'd done a good job trying to help the boys relax a little. I didn't know what was making them all weird around me, but I figured that I could fuck it out of them.

They were pretty good for the rest of the day, in spite of the fact that my hotness was hanging out in front of them. I giggled (and jiggled) when they touched me, so they started doing it more and more often as the day went on. Nick was a very good tickler, and Ross loved to sneak squeezes of my chest whenever he could. I loved any touching I got from the boys. Max wasn't very shy either, I noticed...a couple of times he ran his hands over me, touching me all over. I just giggled and enjoyed it. I couldn't blame them, after all...I WAS totally naked to them.

When the bell rang, we went back out to Ross's truck and sat on the tailgate. I lounged around, spreading my legs and generally making a spectacle of myself. When everyone else was gone, the boys all started looking at each other and not looking at me. Finally Max said, "Uh, look, Mimi, you know that deal that the four of us have had? About us turning into girls every day?"

I giggled. "Sure. Seems silly when you have me, but I guess maybe you guys want a little variety."

Max said, "Okay, Nick, let's turn our triggers off. Ross, leave yours on so that Mimi doesn't give everyone in the world a show."

"What do you-" was as far as I got before the world warped on me.

Suddenly, mentally, I was Mark again. I gasped in shock. It was like jumping into cold water after a hot day; my lungs clenched up and I couldn't move. I had all of Mimi's memories, right down to the number of times I squealed on the end of each guy's cock. Had I really spent all day naked? Had I really had sex with Ross in front of the Junior PE class? Had I really sucked Max off like that? I looked down at my incredibly hot naked body, still sore and happy in the afterglow, and I knew that I...or rather, that Mimi, had done every single one of those things, and had liked it.

I said, "Holy shit. Holy SHIT."

I tried to turn myself back to my normal male form, but nothing happened. Then I remembered the wording of my trigger: I was supposed to be this girl for 24 hours.

Max was curious. Nick was shame-faced. Ross looked a little embarrassed when I covered up my massive breasts and my hairless crotch. Max said, "What was it like?"

"What was it LIKE? I was a totally different person! And I...you all FUCKED me!"

"Actually," said Nick quietly, "you did us."

"Well, yeah, with your ring doing all that magic! And I've been naked all day, my GOD." I got up and started pacing back and forth, suddenly acutely aware of my jiggling bosom and my swaying hips. I didn't try to cover up any more; I figured that they had seen everything and then had done everything with it.

Max grabbed me by the shoulders. "Look, dude, you told us that we could experiment. We did. Did you have a bad time?"

I thought back. Mimi was perky and cheerful, and she had done what she did out of a sense of love and concern. She HAD initiated everything, and the guys had been kind of reluctant. Finally I sagged and said, "No."

"Are you sure? You never noticed anything or had a bad time or wished you were different?"

It was a weird set of questions, but I just shook my head no. He let go of my shoulders and looked relieved. Finally I said, "Well, um, are you guys ready to pick for tomorrow?"

Ross and Max looked nervous; their names were the only ones left in the box. Ross kept staring at my tits, probably with a combination of "Holy CRAP" and "What will mine be like?" running through his head. I couldn't blame him. I winked at him when he caught my eye, and he

blushed bright red. Max had his eyes closed. He looked like he was praying.

Nick moved his hand around in the box and pulled out a slip. He opened it and said, "Max."

Ross's lungs emptied in a long huff; he'd dodged the bullet one more time. Max's shoulders slumped, but he kept his eyes closed while Nick rummaged in the other box. Finally he read from the paper he pulled out, "A tall, curvy black girl. Long hair, big brown eyes, and a killer body."

I laughed a little. That was a description of another one of Ross's dream girls. I was starting to wonder how many pieces of paper he'd put in to the second box.

Before I could think about it, we all said that our triggers were set. We stood there, three guys and one naked girl, until finally Max said, "So now what?"

I shrugged, giggling a little when I saw their eyes on my chest. I said, "I guess you can go ahead and turn me back into Mimi. I mean, 24 hours was the deal."

Max was suddenly wide awake and staring into my eyes. "Are you totally sure?"

I took a step back. "Yeah. I was thinking about what you said, and Mimi IS a lot of fun. I wouldn't even mind being her again sometime."

Max said, "Okay then. Ready, Nick?"

They closed their eyes, and the world jumped again. I shook my head, feeling my silky hair rustle against the side of my face. I said, "Wow. You guys look like you've seen a ghost. Now the question is, where are you all going to take this little Japanese chick tonight?"

As was our usual, we hit the bowling alley. The boys probably took me there two or three times a week, but it wasn't like we had a lot of choices. The town was dead. This was the first time I'd gone naked, but Ross's illusion held and I was able to bowl without a stitch of clothing. I relished the way that the boys watched my every move, and whenever I got a strike (or even made a spare), I would jump up and down in "innocent" joy just too see their eyes bug out. Granted, the other boys (and some of the girls) at the alley were watching me too, but they weren't seeing everything.

I wore myself out bowling, which was good. If it had been a weekend night, I would probably have snuck one of the boys in to my room (or I would have stayed in one of their beds). But since it was a school night and I was bushed, I just kissed them all good night, let them feel my chest one last time (which felt so good that I almost invited one of them anyway), and then skipped off to shower and head to bed.

I woke up the next morning and slapped for my alarm, grumbling about being so short that I could barely reach the damn thing. I slipped out of bed and went to the mirror, greeting my reflection with my usual sunny smile. The short Japanese girl in the mirror was grinning back at me over the top of a slim, almost curve-free body. I concentrated until

my breasts and hips and ass were back to their normal breathtaking size, and then I got dressed for the day. I was wearing a soft, strong bra (30-H) and a pink t-shirt that said, "Cutie!" across the front in glitter. I wanted to wear the one that said, "Ask me about Miracle Gro!" Ross had picked that one up for the two of us a couple of years back, and it had become more and more accurate as time went by, but the school administration frowned on that kind of thing.

I worked my way into some skin-tight jeans, blessing and cursing my 38-inch hipline at the same time. Thanks to the way my waist narrowed (22 inches, which looked awesome with my tits on top and my hips on the bottom), I had to wear a belt just to give the entire "hourglass" impact that I wanted to give. Granted, I looked kind of ridiculous if you really thought about it, but the sight of my body usually made the boys stop thinking entirely. I slipped my tiny feet into some cute little slip-ons that we'd picked out a couple of months ago, and then skipped to the bathroom for some makeup and hair attention.

As usual, I didn't need much makeup. After dragging a brush through my smooth, soft hair a few times, I just put it up with a couple of scrunchies that matched my shirt. I grinned into the mirror and jumped up and down a few times to watch my own chest bounce. I loved every inch of my body, both for what it was and for the fact that the boys loved to stare at me (and touch me).

I had breakfast with mom and dad (adoptive parents) and headed out the door when I heard a horn honk.

I slid into the car next to Maxine and we performed our normal ritual of checking each other out. She was just as tall as I was short, six-two if she was an inch. She was just about the same color as recording tape, and I always marveled that skin like hers could feel so soft and smooth. Her hair was corn-rowed again, and the ropes of it cascaded down into her lap. Mine was long enough to reach to the middle of my back (not that anyone was complaining, now...most guys weren't really looking at my hair). Her body was absolute dynamite, and it made me wonder sometimes about the growth hormones that mom ranted about when we had to go buy me a new bra.

We had compared measurements a few times. Where I was a 30-H, Maxine weighed in at a whopping 34-K. I know, most of the bra makers don't go that high, but hey, a girl has to tell the truth. Maxine was a LOT bigger than me when it came to her chest. Her waist was bigger too, coming in at 28 inches. But her ass and her hips...man. I had often marveled at the fact that she could get into her pants. She had a 42-inch hipline. When SHE wore tight pants, it was because all pants were tight on her. I noticed that she'd gone with tight shorts that day. They reached down to just above her knees, allowing her to show off miles of calf muscle.

Maxine was like me; in great shape, not plump, but ridiculously curvy where it counted. Sometimes people asked me or her if we'd had work done, since our tits were such a contrast to our well-toned arms and legs (and visible abs), but we were 100% all natural. It was how we'd become friends; we had both started growing our chests at about the same time, and so we'd been sort of outcasts from the rest of the groups. Nick and Ross had stuck with us, and we had rewarded them well for that over the years.

About two miles from school, my clothes suddenly disappeared. I jumped and gasped a little, and I noticed that Maxine had done the same thing (even though I didn't notice anything different). She said, "Did my man just make you naked?"

"Yep."

"Mmmmmhm. Me too. I swear, that boy's head is on one thing only."

"Hell, mine too, but that's what we like about 'em."

She grinned at me and said, "Yep. That's the whole kit and caboodle, for sure."

Maxine and I had always appreciated Ross and Nick sticking with us, even when everyone else seemed to think we were freaks for the way we'd developed so early and so well. When we were thirteen, she and I had expressed our appreciation in fairly concrete, material ways by taking their virginity (and ours too, of course). Ever since then, we'd all been even tighter. Nick was good to me, and I tried to be good to him. Ross and Maxine were the same way. It helped that she and I really liked sex. A lot. It also helped that she and I had experimented together, sometimes in front of the boys and sometimes not. I wasn't gay (I LOVED Nick's cock too much for that), but I wasn't averse to experimenting when the mood struck. We never poached off each other; we were true to our boys. But we sometimes had a little fun on the side. Since we let the boys watch (most of the time), they didn't mind. It helped us all stay tight.

I reached over and honked Maxine's right nipple (her boobs were too big for me to honk...maybe a beep) and she laughed. I laughed too, at the familiar feel of her soft, warm flesh under my hand.

The boys met us at the parking lot door, and I could tell by the way they were staring that they could BOTH see us naked. We protested that as not fair, and Ross changed the illusion with a quick thought. Suddenly I could see Maxine in all her incredible glory, with her high round tits and her amazing body. She took me in as well, and we both smiled and laughed.

I latched on to Nick and she took Ross's arm, and we went to class. That was a great day, especially the class period that we spent having sex with our guys while the teacher saw nothing but our contented faces. We were free to get as loud as we wanted to get (which was great for me because I was a real screamer when things went well, which they always did now).

The month went quickly. We played around a little bit with the rings, doing things like swapping bodies with the boys (it was WEIRD having a cock, but it was sure fun) and making all the teachers and students walk around naked for the day without realizing anything.

Toward the end of the month we started thinking about what we wanted to do that would stay with us. We had no guarantee that the changes that the rings made would stick around after the month time limit was up (if that was even what the notes meant), but we figured that we might as well do what we could. Finally, on the last day of the month, we met up and told each other what we had done.

I had made our bodies strong and healthy. As far as I knew, they would remain strong and healthy for the rest of our (long) lives. The guys got the cocks they always wanted (even though I loved Nick's the way it was...boys). As for me and Maxine, I made sure that our huge tits would never sag and that we would age gracefully like so few women did. We'd keep our good looks for a long time, and we'd never have back problems or hip problems. I made us all extremely flexible and gave us very high endurance. I also made sure that we were all very sexually sensitive. Finally, I capped it by making sure that we were all fertile. It was back to the pill again, but it would be worth it.

Maxine didn't have much that she could do. She made us all a lot smarter, and gave us the ability to pick up information quickly from reading. We also got perfect memory and a knack for languages. Finally, she gave us all a telepathic link that we could turn off and on whenever we desired.

Nick was like Maxine; his power wasn't much good for long-term stuff. He made sure that we would always be as sexually attracted to each other as we were now (which didn't seem necessary, though it was a nice thought), and then he gave us each a keyword that would set off an hour-long frenzy of lust. No, I'm not going to tell you my keyword. A girl has to have some secrets.

Ross made sure that we were all taken care of when it came to money. By the time he was done, our great-great-great grandchildren would be comfortable. And by "comfortable," I mean, "stinking rich." After all, money today is just a bunch of little dots of electricity, and he could manipulate that with no trouble at all. The magic knew how to make sure that the IRS or other group wouldn't get suspicious, and we looked forward to having long lives of great health and wealth.

The next day when I woke up in Nick's bed, I tried to make my tits shrink. Nothing happened. We were right about the "month": it was a time limit. I sighed with contentment and snuggled back down into the covers with Nick.

We went on to graduate that year, and with the cash that we had in reserve, we were able to do pretty much as we pleased afterward. It ended up all being very traditional: Nick and Ross went to school and Max and I stayed home to be mothers. We had a dual wedding and honeymoon, and let me tell you, my enhancements came in handy. I had never dreamed that so much pleasure could exist in the world.

Months later when the babies came, I had never dreamed that kind of pain would exist, either. But we got through it, first Maxine and then me a week later. Thanks to our incredibly wide hips and my enhancements, we came through it none the worse for wear. Nick and I started work on another one fairly soon after that.

The whole thing with the rings all happened eight years ago. You're probably wondering how the hell I ever found out about any of my "previous" life. Well, the answer is simple. It's been my habit ever since I was a little girl (boy?) to keep a journal of each day's activity. Last year when I was packing stuff up for our move to a bigger house, I found those old journals in a corner and started reading them. Ross's power hadn't changed them, and Max's couldn't do anything to material stuff, so all the information was intact.

I'm not upset or anything. I mean, I am totally happy as Masami (and as far as I can remember, I always have been). I have four beautiful children (another on the way, too, if my lack of bleeding this month is any indication) and a husband I would die for. Why would I ever want to change?