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# NEW FRIENDS

*by Dynamoob*

Christina woke to her alarm clock early in the morning. The time was six thirty, and the sun had yet to rise. Underneath the sheets of her bed, Christina reached out her arm to turn off the alarm. Then she pulled the blankets off her face and sat up yawning. Her short brown hair was clumped in knots and an overall mess. She reached over and turned on the lamp sitting on her nightstand. The sheets came completely off, and Christina stepped out of bed. Wearing loose cotton pajamas, she slid her feet into her slippers and slowly dragged herself into the bathroom.

The light came on, and she opened the medicine cabinet. She crabbed the toothpaste and her toothbrush and began to clean her stained yellow teeth. Then with a large brush, she worked vigorously to untie the knots in her hair. Unsuccessful as always, Christina proceeded into the shower. After she finished, Christina reentered her room where she slid her underwear up each leg and around her narrow hips. The cotton panties sagged over her small butt. She grabbed one of her bras from her dresser. She wore an A-cup to fit comfortably over her small breasts. A mirror rested on her desk. When Christina looked at herself in it, she became insecure, holding the muffin top hanging over her gut.

All the clothes in her closet were large and loose fitting. Christina grabbed a gray T-shirt off of its hanger and pulled it over her unkempt hair and petite bosom. A navy blue sweat jacket went over it, and a pair of light blue jeans went on as well. Christina sat down in a chair put on her dirty black sneakers then grabbed her backpack and went downstairs.

Christina's mother was in the kitchen preparing breakfast. Her father was already sitting at the table eating a stack of pancakes. Christina entered and dropped her backpack against the wall in the corner.

"Good morning Chris," her mother said.

"Hi mom," she replied.

"Morning Chris," greeted her father.

"Hey dad."

A bagel was waiting for Christina on the table already prepared with butter and cream cheese. Christina sat down opposite her father and began to eat. After only taking one bite however, she swallowed with disgust.

"This isn't blueberry," she complained.

Her mother turned and said, "I know. We're out of blueberry, but I got this instead. It's filled with vitamins or something to help with your growth."

"What kind of growth," Christina asked.

"It didn't say," her mother answered.

About the bagel, Christina remarked, "Well it doesn't taste very good." She reluctantly ate the rest and headed out the door.

The bus pulled up in front of Christina's house, and she climbed aboard when the doors opened. She slowly walked to the back, passing other students along the way then sat down alongside her friend Beth with her backpack resting on the side of the seat. The bus began to move, and Christina's stomach became unsettled. She grabbed her belly and grimaced with discomfort.

Beth worriedly asked, "Are you okay?"

"My stomach hurts," Christina answered, "It's probably that nasty bagel I had for breakfast." She lifted her shirt to check her stomach. Her stomach was suddenly flat! The muffin top was gone, and her abdomen was smooth.

"That's strange," she said.

"What is?" asked Beth.

Christina looked up, "Oh never mind. It's nothing." They continued to the school without mentioning another word about her stomach.

They stepped off the bus in front of their high school. Across campus, students pulled into the student parking lot. Both Beth and Christina watched a sleek black Jaguar drive up and park in front of the building. A handsome young man stepped out and began to walk to their direction. Both girls became excited and jittery. He came closer and closer, and they grew more and more anxious.

He walked up and smiled. "Hi David," Christina shyly said. David kept smiling, but he also kept walking. He passed them both without noticing either of one. Instead, he walked over to a group of other guys and entered the school with them.

Christina looked on with romantic eyes, "He's so dreamy. I just wish he would notice me."

Suddenly she was pushed aside from behind. A young girl named Jennifer came strutting by, saying with an air of self-importance, "Out of my way." She continued to walk to the school with a clique of other girls with similar attitudes.

"Ugh, I hate her!" Beth said with disgust.

"I know," said Christina, "Who does she think she is acting like that? What does she have that I don't?"

"Boobs," Beth answered without hesitation. Indeed, she was correct. Underneath her tight blue top, Jennifer's ample breasts bounced up and down, garnering attention from all the male students in the area.

Resenting the beautifully blonde Jennifer, Christina and Beth slowly walked to the school's front entrance. As they did, Christina's clothes began to shrink. Her shirt and jeans tightened against her body while the jacket started to shorten. Christina looked on with amazement and disbelief. Her clothes now hugged closely to her skin, and she became embarrassed, as the tight clothes displayed what the loose ones hid: her tiny breasts and lack of any curves.

"What just happened Chris?" Beth asked her.

"I don't know, they just shrank! Maybe my mom used a different detergent." They entered the school together bewildered yet amazed.

The tardy bell rang for first period, and the two friends split ways. "I'll see you at lunch," said Beth.

"Yeah, later," Christina replied, feeling uneasy about the morning.

In class, Christina sat near the front. She could not concentrate on the teacher's lecture. Rather, she was too focused on her shrinking clothes and loss of belly fat. While examining her shirt, Christina noticed her fingernails begin to grow. She raised her hands up to her face and watched them mold into perfect manicures. Confused, Christina raised her newly pampered hand in the air.

"Yes Chris," the teacher acknowledged.

"Can I go to the bathroom?" she asked.

The teacher replied, "You may."

Christina quickly rose from her seat and rushed out of the classroom. She slammed open the door to the women's restroom and leaned in front of the mirror.

"What's happening to me," she worried. As she spoke, Christina realized something different about her teeth. She smiled wide to see that her teeth were now white and pristine. At first she liked her new smile, looking upon it with joy, but then realized, "Something's wrong."

The bell rang again to signal the end of first period. Christina quietly left the bathroom and entered the hallway. She walked down the hall to her locker, trying to avoid any attention to herself. The troubled girl made it safely to her locker and anxiously opened it. She stumbled and fumbled objects as she transferred supplies from her bag to her locker. While in such a frantic state, Christina dropped several papers to the floor. She bent down from the waist to pick them up, her legs remaining straight. As she bent over, her butt expanded and forced the tight jeans to stretch. Boys whistled from behind her as they walked by.

Christina quickly rose back up and attempted to cover her butt with the fallen papers. But she noticed a great curve in her hips when she did. Suddenly she had a firm round ass. It felt good. Christina began to softly caress her new ass with her manicured fingers. She felt pleasure in doing so, but soon snapped out of it.

Her concern returned as she thought, "No, this isn't right." She grabbed her things and hastily moved to her next class. With each step, Christina unknowingly swayed her new hips from side to side in a sensual manner. The boys continued to turn around and stare at her as she strutted by.

The rest of the day went by with little change. Christina made it to the cafeteria for lunch. She walked cautiously through the line to get her food. Going to the table to eat, Christina tried very hard to remain discreet, but her hips continued to sway in the tight jeans, garnering unwanted attention. Beth was already sitting down and eating. Christina slid down across from her, but shyly avoided eye contact.

Beth looked up, "You okay Chris?"

"Strange things have been happening to me," said Christina, "Like on the bus, and my clothes. I don't know what to do."

"Try to relax," Beth advised, "Don't get so stressed. Maybe —,"

Jennifer came walking by again with her posse beautiful friends. Her blonde hair bounced and flowed in the air. If some of it fell atop her prominent cleavage, she would swing her head around to remove it and simultaneously display the volume of her golden locks. All the boys stopped to stare.

Beth looked at her and muttered to Christina, "What a slut."

Christina turned to look. Unbeknownst, her hair then began to grow. The knots were coming undone, and the dull messy hair turned smooth and shiny. Neither Beth nor Christina noticed as it happened. But when Beth turned to look at her friend, she asked, "Did you let your hair grow out?"

Confused, Christina turned around and realized her hair had grown down to her shoulders. After she became scared again, "Oh no, it's happening again."

"It's no big deal," Beth reassured her, "It's just hair. You can cut it whenever you want. Stop stressing. Gym is next. Maybe some b-ball will help you relax."

"Yeah, maybe." After lunch both Beth and Christina entered the women's locker room and began to dress into their PE attire: a white T-shirt and blue running shorts. Christina had difficulties getting out of her jeans. She wasn't used to wearing such tight clothing. But she managed and dressed herself in her PE clothes. They however were also tight. The shorts usually hung to her knees, but now they clung closely to her legs and covered only an inch or two of her thighs. The white shirt was also more constricting and much shorter. Fully stretched, Christina could only pull it down to her belly button.

She and Beth entered the gym with the rest of the students. They all lined up as the coach approached the class. Christina fiddled with her beautiful brown hair with an innocent and playful expression of her face that she couldn't help but making. The coach blew his whistle and ordered the students to stretch. Christina bent down to touch her toes: her shorts stretching to contain her ample ass. At first, Christina reached her gym sneakers with ease. Her manicured fingers rested comfortably around the leather. But then her legs grew, and Christina's feet were no longer in reach. She rose up and gazed with wonder at her long, slender legs. The coach yelled at her, and she resumed stretching with the rest of the class. But instead of holding to her toes, she compulsively rubbed her smooth and soft legs with a gentle touch.

After the stretching was finished, the coach brought out a bag of basketballs for the students. All the boys went straight for the basketballs while the girls retired to the bleachers to gossip and admire the athletic boys. Beth jogged up to Christina, who was still admiring her gorgeous legs. A pair of boys jogged up opposite them, one was bouncing a basketball up and down.

"You two aren't going to win this time," said one.

Competitively, Beth replied, "Oh yes we will. Right Chris?"

Christina did not reply. Instead, she uncontrollably marveled at her figure. Beth then nudged her in the shoulder, and she responded, "Oh! Yeah, we're going to win!"

"Losers take out," said Beth mockingly to the boys. She checked the ball to one, and the two v. two game began. The boys moved swiftly around the court and moved the ball between them both. Beth hustled and defended well, but Christina was not effective on the court. Unlike the others, she was very feminine in her movements and how she ran. Beth intercepted a pass and fed the ball to an open Christina. Christina reacted quickly and reached for the ball, but her arms wouldn't obey and very womanly patted the basketball to the ground. It came bouncing back up, and one of the boys ran through and stole possession before she could catch it. He ran quickly on the break and tossed the ball effortlessly and unopposed into the net for the first score.

Irate, Beth screamed to her, "Come on Chris!"

"I'm sorry," she apologized, "I don't know what happened."

Mocking what Beth had already said, the boy teased, "Losers take out." Beth grabbed the ball from his hand in frustration. Christina pranced across the court similar to a dancer or ballerina. Once open, Beth passed her the ball. This time Christina caught it, though still very effeminate in her technique. She turned and dribbled awkwardly down the court. The boys were soon upon her so she stopped abruptly with both hands on the ball, turned, and with her elbows bowed out, shot the ball with both arms. She let out a very light, womanly grunt from the exertion of strength. Not enough strength however, as the basketball fell short of the rim. Again on the counter, the boys stormed the other net with only Beth defending. They scored again, and Beth's anger with Christina boiled over.

"What's wrong with you?" she barked, already caught up in the heat of the game.

"I don't know," Christina explained in bewilderment, "I try to do something, but my body won't let me."

Trying to calm down, Beth suggested, "Why don't sit this one out."

Christina agreed, feeling it was better that way considering her poor form on the court. She walked to the side and allowed for Beth to call a new teammate from another game. She began to approach the bleachers to sit and think, try to clear her head. While she strutted across, unknowingly of course, another change occurred. Looking around, Christina's eyebrows thinned for a more feminine appearance. Her nose softened, and her eyelashes lengthened. Her cheeks became full and lustrous while

her lips were plump and seductive. The change didn't alter her appearance to where she was unrecognizable, but merely enhanced her features for a more alluring presence.

She sat down quietly, unaware of her recent change. The girls were deep in their chatter. Christina sat quietly at the base. Jennifer and her entourage were also present. While talking, the blonde bombshell caught sight of Christina sitting alone just beside them.

"You there," she called. Christina looked up, puzzled that she was being addressed. Jennifer waved her over with her finger. She obliged. Christina rose and walked the short distance, her hips swaying and her hair flowing.

Jennifer scanned her from head to toe. "You're kinda hot. How come I've never seen you before?"

Flattered, Christina responded, "You think I'm hot?"

Jennifer ignored her question and asked her own, "What's your name?"

"Chris," she replied hesitantly.

"Hey Christy, I'm Jennifer." She reached out and hugged Christina, her ample bosom squeezing between the two. Christina returned the kindness and cautiously wrapped her arms as well.

After releasing, Jennifer asked, "Are you new here?"

"No, actually I —," Christina began, but stopped as David walked by the group, a basketball held underneath his right arm. All the girls began to smile. The others looked on with a friendly yet flirtatious mood in their lips. Christina looked on with a flattered, almost bashful and timid smile. She tried to hide behind the other girls, but still remained in the open. David surveyed the line of beautifully buxom girls before reaching Christina.

Still walking, he coolly said to her, "Hey," then continued past them all.

Giddy but shy, she softly replied, "Hey," but her voice was inaudible, and to the rest she appeared to merely mouth the word.

Jennifer asked, "You got the hots for him, don't you?"

Shyly, Christina answered, "Yeah."

"Well meet me after school, and I'll help you get him." A deviously helpful grin emerged in her eyes as she said it.

Back in the locker room, Beth discussed how she came from behind to win the game. Christina paid little attention to her. Instead, her mind was on David. She grabbed her jeans and pulled them over her curvaceous ass. They were shorter now, and more like capris than pants. The waistline was also lower, showcasing the tip of butt cleavage underneath. Her top had changed as well. Rather than the gray before, it was now a faded pink and sported a shorter hemline. Once she put it on, she realized the shirt also had a lower neckline. It only covered half her stomach and left a large portion of her chest bare, but her flat chest failed to provide cleavage for the revealing neckline to be flattering. Her sneakers were replaced by a pair of light pink high-heels. Christina sat down on the bench, her jeans stretching to reveal more of her lovely ass, and slid the two-inch heels on one after the other. She stood back up expecting to have difficulties balancing in her first time wearing heels. But remarkably, her balance was perfect. She actually felt more comfortable in the heels than in her sneakers, which confused her.

Christina glanced into the small mirror at the back of her locker and examined her modified wardrobe. The pants she didn't mind and the heels she actually enjoyed. But the shirt she despised. Looking how it just emphasized her lack of cleavage, Christina grimaced in disgust. She looked down and grabbed hold of her tiny breasts. A quick moment later, pain rose in each one. It soon subsided and then quickly returned again. Christina clenched her breasts in agony. The pain disappeared, and her breasts began to grow in her hands. They inflated a full cup size, stretching the shirt and forming a small cleavage line up the center of her chest. Looking with amazement, Christina stroked and caressed her larger breasts in a pleasurable manner. Her back started to arch and her shoulders fell back, causing her bosom to protrude out for public display.

Her backpack was gone and in its place was a stylish little purse. Christina bent down at the waist to pick it up.

Beth finished getting dressed as well. She turned to Christina and asked, "You ready?" Christina stood back up and hoisted the purse over her shoulder, the tight jeans highlighting her curvy hips and the shirt flaunting her new cleavage.

"You ah," she said baffled by the new look, "...look great."

"You think so?" Christina asked, "Thanks."

School ended and both girls walked outside together. Christina was getting much more looks from the boys as they walked by. Beth tried not to notice, but couldn't. The boys were too obscene with their glances at Christina's bust and buttocks for the pair not to notice. Christina was flattered by the attention, while Beth treated it with repulsiveness.



Jennifer and her friends were sitting together in her silver Mercedes convertible. She waved as she saw Christina emerge from the front door. Christina waved back much to Beth's confusion. Jennifer waved Christina over, and she indeed came, leaving Beth alone without even a goodbye. She hopped into the passenger seat, and Jennifer sped out of the parking lot.

The girls raced through the city streets. The radio was loud, and everyone was singing along, even Christina, who was surprised to know the words to such a pop song. In the wind, her hair grew once more, becoming more luscious and colorful as well. Her skin also changed in the sunlight. It slowly turned from a pale white to a golden bronze. The gorgeous new locks and radiant tan went unnoticed by all the girls, as they were too enveloped by the music.

Jennifer pulled up in front of a clothing retailer, and all the girls got out of the car. Christina stepped out and looked down to see her jeans had shrunk completely and were now tiny shorts showcasing the attractiveness of her legs. They didn't even cover all of her wonderful ass. The stiletto heels grew another two inches, raising her legs and highlighting the curves of her hips as she walked seductively into the store with the others girls.

Led by the busty Jennifer, they migrated to the women's department and immediately looked through isles of skimpy ensembles for Christina. Christina watched by in nervous anticipation. Jennifer grabbed a push-up bra and held it against Christina's bosom for measurement.

"You look like a B," she judged.

They all handed her a small piece of clothing and sent her into a dressing room to change. Inside the room alone, Christina traded her clothes for the scanty articles chosen for her. Looking in the mirror, she cringed in her mind at the whorish appearance. The denim skirt barely covered her butt, and the new bra pushed her breasts up and squeezed them together for maximum cleavage. Looking down at her bare stomach, she watched the muscles tone and tighten, bowing in a little to complete the hourglass figure. Christina tingled with pleasure at the feeling as her breasts expanded again another cup size. They pushed even harder against the tight clothing, and the little bra had difficulties containing the heaving breasts. They looked as if they were overflowing out of the low-cut top and pushed up to her collarbone.

Outside, Jennifer and the others urged Christina to come out. She could not hear them at first, too focused on the euphoric sensation brought on by her ample bosom that now rivaled the buxom Jennifer. They knocked on the door, almost threatening her to reveal herself. Christina stepped out slowly in her knee-high stiletto boots. Her breasts were the first to show, followed closely by the sultry girl that owned them. She stood nervously awaiting everyone's reaction. Jennifer and the others began jumping in excitement at her appearance, their breasts bouncing such that men would drool.

"It's perfect," Jennifer said, more as congratulation for her wardrobe decision rather than Christina's glamorous look. The others agreed and all complimented her. Christina began to get carried away by the compliments. She never received any before and listened to the words with great earnestness. She turned and began to pose in front of the mirror with Jennifer giving advise for more seductive postures. As a mindless puppet, Christina acted out every position described by Jennifer until the stances and movements became habitual. Soon like the others, Christina carried herself with the same enticing poise that sirens used to temp lustful men.

Night had fallen. Jennifer pulled up in front of Christina's house to drop her off. Christina stepped out of the passenger seat with her back arched to flaunt her full bust and her pelvis back to advertise her lavish backside. As she strutted up the walkway to her front door, Jennifer called back, "Later, Christy."

Christina turned and with the same preppy and alluring tone said, "Bye girls. See you tomorrow."

Jennifer drove off, and Christina entered her house. Her parents were already asleep. She quietly walked up the stairs to her bedroom, which was difficult since the stiletto heels made a loud click each time they contacted the hardwood finish. She reached her room with her parents undisturbed. She grabbed a piece of clothes from her closet and took it into her bathroom to change. She emerged moments later in a black, thinly laced nightie that reached only slightly over ass, revealing her scanty panties underneath. The gown did well to parade her buxom cleavage, which made Christina proud to gaze into her mirror one last time before going to bed.

In the morning, the alarm again went off at six thirty. With her manicured fingers, Christina gently pressed the button to silence the clock. She rose from bed as always and yawned, except instead of a deep, heavy gasp like before, Christina yawned lightly and delicately like a woman would. Her hair was a lovely brown with lustrous waves and curls that gave it body and volume. After stepping out of bed, she looked down to realize her breasts had grown yet again overnight to mammoth proportions. She could no longer see her feet over her heaving bosom. The gown did little to withhold the breasts, and they were bursting up and out sensuously. Christina stroked the breasts from top to bottom, the bust being almost horizontal at the collarbone. The ensuing pleasure led her to continue down her toned stomach and to her butt, which had also become much more voluptuous during her sleep. The hemline of the gown no longer reached over the cheeks and could only cover half her wonderful rear. The sensation created a passionate tingle within her and she could not help but caress down her smooth legs and back up again. Christina then softly touched her lips with orgasmic excitement and a lustful gaze in her eyes as her beautiful hair fell softly over parts of her sultry face.

She took a long shower and bathed her supple skin. After, she put on thin lacy panties that almost disappeared within her plump butt cheeks and a black push-up bra that was just large enough to withstand the size of her enormously perfect breasts. Over her underwear, Christina wore a tiny red top that was not much larger than the bra underneath. Her grand cleavage hurled itself outward as the bra lifted the breasts up to each other. A small micro skirt slid over her bountiful rear, only covering a portion and leaving nearly half the butt on display for the public. The final piece included a pair of seven-inch platform stilettos and sparkling jewelry around her neck, wrists, and hanging from her ears.

Christina moved to her desk and began to apply an assortment of cosmetics to pamper herself: lipstick, eye shadow, mascara, etc. Once finished, she looked like a seductive goddess with the demeanor to match.

The whole process took much longer than what she spent yesterday. As she walked down the stairs, she immediately went out the front door without wishing her parents goodbye. Jennifer and the others were waiting outside in Jennifer's Mercedes. Christina jumped into the passenger seat beside her. Side-by-side, Christina's breasts now surpassed Jennifer's greatly, and everyone was quick to notice.

Christina flaunted them to the others, proudly asking, "What do you think?"

They all voiced their approval, but Jennifer spoke with disappointment and slight jealousy that went unnoticed by the girls. She began to adjust her own bra to maximize her own cleavage in vain attempt to match Christina's. Christina watched as she did. Embarrassed, Jennifer gaily commented, "I think it's hot if we all match," to hide her humiliation. The girls sitting in the back listened and pushed too at their bras till the most cleavage was visible.

At school, they all got out of the car together. Everyone stood still and watched in awe as the five girls led now by Jennifer and Christina strutted towards the entrance of the building. Their massive breasts amusing the boys as they approached, and their ample asses doing the same after they passed.

David and his friends were to the side watching Christina and the others. Christina stopped and so did the rest. While Jennifer and the rest stood tantalizingly, Christina walked seductively over to David, who felt isolated by her mesmerizing gaze. She approached and first rubbed her ass against his groin sexually. Then she turned and wrapped her long smooth legs around him and pressed her stomach against his, her breasts squeezed between the two bodies. Christina softly kissed him then gave him the same hypnotizing stare once more.

She whispered quietly and seductively into his ear, "I'm Christy. See you around." She walked away swaying her hips, and David was left speechless and enthralled by her enchanting presence.

Beth ran up to Christina worried, "You weren't on the bus today. I got worried." She stopped suddenly when she saw Christina's monstrous bosom and skimpy attire.

Christina looked at Beth with disgust, her luxuriant hair flowing as she turned her head. "Out of my way," she said with the same tone of self-importance as Jennifer. Christina pushed Beth aside and returned to her voluptuous companions.

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The day went by slowly, and Beth slumped through all of her morning classes. She was distraught about losing Christina as a friend, but she wanted to make amends and try to rescue their longtime friendship.

She waited until lunch. Christina was sitting with Jennifer and the others at the far end of the cafeteria. They were all laughing and giggling through their gossip. David was there too, sitting closely to Christina with his arm wrapped around her slender shoulder. Occasionally, Christina would break from the conversation and give him either a sultry kiss on the lips or a provocative message whispered into his ear.

Beth slowly and cautiously approached the table. They all hushed their conversation and looked upon her with eyes of disgust, Christina included.

"Um," Beth spoke softly, "Can I speak with you Chris?"

Christina sat up erotically and answered as if she was doing Beth a favor, "Sure."

She led Beth over to the corner of the room. While following, Beth couldn't help but notice Christina's plump ass squeezing against her tight skirt as she strutted across the room. The boys couldn't help noticing either.

"What do you want?" Christina asked with impatience.

"Well," answered Beth, "I was hoping we could still be friends even though you're hanging out with that whore, Jennifer."

Christina replied, "Awe, that's sweet. But sorry, you just don't fit in anymore. It would be best if we both move on." She leaned forward and gave Beth a kiss on each cheek as sort of a friendly goodbye then returned to the table where she and the other girls laughed about the incident.

Later that night, Beth sat in her room, staring out of her window. The stars were bright and out in high numbers. Beth sat there gazing at them, thinking about the day. She was saddened that she and Christina were no longer friends. Looking up at the stars, she quietly said to herself, "I wish Chris and I could still be friends."

She sat up and turned off her light then climbed into her bed, setting the alarm before falling asleep. As soon as she dozed off, one of the stars in the sky, the brightest one of them all began to twinkle.

Morning came around, and the sun began to rise above the horizon of house roofs. The rays slowly seeped through Beth's window, spreading across the entire room. Beth was completely submerged beneath her blankets, and only her short black hair could be seen. Sunlight crawled across the floor and made its way toward the bed. When it hit the blankets and shined on the back of Beth's head, her hair began to grow out, becoming shiny and lustrous.

The alarm went off. The ring was loud and quickly woke Beth up. Her hand emerged from underneath the sheets to turn off the alarm, and when it came into the sunlight, her dull fingernails became long and manicured. She gently turned off the alarm with her dainty new fingers. A moment later, she slipped her feet out from underneath the sheets; her toes changing much like her fingers.

Soon, the blankets came flying off, and Beth sat up on the side of her bed. She slept in a t-shirt and panties. When the sun hit her skin as she sat, a tan began to darken into a sexy bronze along her entire body. Her silky black hair fell over her face, and she fiddled with it as if she had had these beautiful locks her entire life.

She stood up and stretched out her arms, rising onto her toes for an extra reach. But while she did, her tanned legs grew longer and more slender in the sunlight, followed shortly by a rush of pleasure. Tingling with excitement, Beth bent down to feel her incredibly soft and sexy legs.

Stroking her legs, Beth swooned in ecstasy. She was bent over with her butt facing the window and the sunlight. Gradually, it began to expand and fill out, making her blue panties appear as if they were shrinking into her lovely crack. Also, came another rush of pleasure, this one greater than the first. It forced Beth to slide her hands up her legs to the bodacious new curves of her hips and butt. Arching her back as she rose back up, she became overwhelmed by the sensations within her.

She turned to look at herself in the mirror. Her long black hair covered part of face in a very sexual way. Her legs were long and sultry, and her heels were raised slightly, making them appear longer.

Leading up her legs were wide hips and a plump backside, which turned a respectable pair of panties into what appeared like a long. All of which was covered by a beautifully golden tan.

Beth looked at her reflection and realized, "Something's wrong. This shouldn't be happening to me. It's not right."

The orgasmic feelings continued rushing through her boding, conflicting her thoughts. "This isn't natural...but...but it...it feels so good."

The light outside hit her face, and like the rest of her body, it began to change. Her eyebrows became thinner and more feminine. Her nose shortened and her cheekbones rose a little. Each change brought more excitement, and it became harder for Beth to control her thoughts.

"I...I...don't want this. It's not...it's not...it's so right." She was having a difficult time maintaining her impulses. She passed her pretty fingers through her luxurious hair and closed her eyes in pleasure. When she reopened them, they were brighter and the lashes were thicker. She looked on with a sultry gaze as her lips plumped into an equally sexual pout.

"I'm, I'm hot. But how did this happen? I don't know how this happened," another rush flew through her, "But I'm so glad it did."

Beth reached her pampered fingers up to her face and began to caress her lips sensual delight then back through her hair, followed by both. All the while, her hips and legs began to sway back and forth as a sort of sensuous dance.

Her thoughts caught up with her, and she quickly reopened her eyes. "I got to fix this...somehow," she said to herself as she moved over to the window. The sunlight beat down upon her as she tried to collect her thoughts.

"I need, I need to figure out a way to reverse this. This isn't what I'm supposed to look – Oomph!" Suddenly, Beth felt a great weight in her chest. She looked down in amazement at her enlarged breasts. Her shirt had gotten tight, and she couldn't help rubbing her hands over her new lumps. They felt tremendous; so soft, yet firm and perky. Again, Beth struggled with her thoughts.

"Mmm...they're so good, so soft. But this isn't right. This isn't what I look like." There was another swell in her chest, and her breasts grew out some more.

"This isn't what I...This isn't...This is...This is what I look like." She caressed her breasts more vigorously, her shirt stretching tighter around it.

“No! No, no no!” Beth exclaimed, “This isn’t me! This isn’t who I am.”

Another burst, and her breasts swelled greatly this time, stretching the shirt to its limit. “This isn’t...This isn’t...” A rush of sensation went through her, “This is...This is exactly who I am. This is exactly what I look like: hot, sexy, beautiful.”

Beth had succumbed to the pleasure and finally accepted in her the changes. She turned back to the mirror and looked upon herself in a lustful manner, enjoying every inch of her perfect body. Then she strutted over to her closet, carrying herself like a vixen. She opened the closet door, and sunlight rushed into the closet, altering all the clothes within it. All the shirts became smaller with rapidly lowering necklines. The pants all shortened and tightened to squeeze against Beth’s ample rear. Each pair of sneakers sitting on the floor began to raise their heels into numerous stilettos and other glamorous high-heels. Beth reached into her closet with great eagerness.

Later that morning, Christina was relaxing in the front of the school with Jennifer and the others. They were all laughing and giggling together, but never stopped teasing the eyeing boys with enticing smiles and provocative body language.

Suddenly a car pulled up, and out of the passenger door came the buxom Beth. She wore a white top with one shoulder strap and a low neckline that flaunted her busty chest. Her denim shorts barely fit around her hips and struggled to contain the lower portion of her ass. She walked across the schoolyard, snapping her curvy hips. The boys watched in awe as she passed, and she didn’t mind giving them playful looks when they did.

Beth approached Christina and the others and very proudly said, “Hey girls.”

They all looked at her in amazement. Christina became overjoyed.

“So good to see you,” she said welcomingly. The two of them merrily hugged, and their massive breasts squeezed together between the two bombshells.

“Beth, this is Jennie,” Christina explained, “Jennie, meet Beth.” Beth and Jennifer hugged as well then together, the three buxom girls made their way into the school to entice even more of the male students.