

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

The Ring

by Dynamoob

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

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

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

"Wow, cool!" exclaims Gina, jumping in her seat, "Did their house turn into a giant fish tank? It would be so awesome to swim around your house all day."

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

Gina is visibly disappointed. All she could say is, "That's lame," as she sinks back into her seat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thanks,” I reply.

After finishing dinner, I head to my room where indeed lying on my desk is my new class ring. I use my scissors to rip through the packing tape and open the cardboard box to slide the velvet case into my hand. I open the case slowly to observe the shiny gold. Very cool. It is big, like a ring one would get for winning the Super Bowl. Embroidered along the sides are my graduating year and my initials. In the center is a large circular emerald stone. I chose emerald

simply because it's my birth stone. It is very bright and polished, and the shimmer under my desk lamp is almost enough to blind me. I slide it on. It's a perfect fit. As I twist my hand in the light for different views, both the gold and the emerald sparkle brightly into my eyes. I'm very pleased with the product. For a hundred and twenty five dollars I better be. I pick up the cardboard box and after making sure it was empty I toss it into my trash bin. Then I sit down at my desk and log on to my computer. With my ring still on, I spend the rest of the evening searching through my usual blogs and other websites. I'd tell what sort of stuff they are, but it's really not that important.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"They're doing a shoot for a new lingerie line for Victoria's Secret," she explains, still giggling from what was apparently an unusual question on my part. I just sit there dumbfounded by confusion. Motioning to her perky little bosom, she says, "Today's session was supposed to be for smaller bras." Because of where she was pointing, I can't help but look at the sprightly bust underneath a shirt that is literally clinging to the skin. Then I notice her breasts begin to

bulge. As she's talking, they start to swell even more. Slowly, they push out against the cotton, stressing the little spaghetti straps.

"But by some mistake," she continues, seemingly unaware of what is happening, "they also scheduled to shoot the larger bras sizes today too." Cleavage emerges just above the shirt's neckline and keeps growing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She cuts off there and turns sharply in my direction. Her giant boobs sway and jiggle even after she stops. She looks at me harshly. I just try to keep to myself and vainly try to bury myself in food. But I can tell Gina isn’t deceived, especially since I keep looking up at her and mom. How can I not? They just transformed right before my eyes, and nobody seems to notice but me. How is it even physically possible? And why did they become so hot? I mean, look at them. They’re so smoking ho— Ah! Bad thoughts again. Focus on breakfast. Focus on breastfast.

Gina interrupts my thoughts anyway, saying very sternly, “And I swear, if I see you and your devious little friends ogling me and my coworkers again, I swear I’ll kill you. If you have to stare at giant tits, please go to another Hooters and not the one *I* work at.” She’s apparently very

annoyed with me. It appears that since her growth into a full fledged woman, she has obtained a job at Hooters. She is definitely qualified.

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

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

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

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

The bus door creaks open. Staring down at me in the driver's seat is a grumpy old woman in her mid to late forties. With a half-burned cigarette pressed between her wrinkled lips, she puffs out smoke with every other breath. She looks like the chimney from a steam engine of an old locomotive. She's overweight too. I can't help watch the seat beneath her bow out, wondering how much longer before it gives way and she crashes to the floor. All this while, she's glaring at me. Her snarl exposes all the wrinkles in her cheeks and forehead along with the yellow teeth stained from too much tobacco. Such a grumpy old witch; how the school district

allows some one so irritable to chauffeur students around is beyond me. But I enter the bus regardless. The second I'm clear, she slams the doors back shut and impatiently waits for me to sit. I find a seat all to myself near the back. Once I sit, she hits the accelerator, and we're off in a puff of smoke.

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

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

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

Her flowing brown hair is full of volume and shine as it beautifully falls over the delicate shoulders of her frame. I only catch a quick glance at it though because immediately I'm drawn down to the mighty swell of two youthfully large boobs exploding through a strained blouse that appears to have shrunk greatly around a newly trim and tapered waistline. But it struggles to

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

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

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

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

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

I enter the school. To the right I see the large doors to the library. Maybe I can find a nice quiet spot to think this over. I'm here a little early, but in a few minutes, these halls will be packed and filled with distracting noise. The library is probably a good choice for peace. As casually as I can, I sneak into the large, quiet room, hoping not to catch anyone's attention with all the confusion I'm currently in. The last thing I can use right now is for someone to bother me

while in this troubled state of mind. I find an empty table in the back of the reading area and slide into one of the chairs to resume my puzzled thoughts.

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

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

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

"Hi Cindy," I cough back to her with a mild disinterest. However, there is also unrest in my tone that she easily picks up.

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

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

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

Frowning at me disappointed, she asks, "What's the matter? You don't want a kiss?" While she's talking, she begins thinning even more. Her fat is slowly evaporating before my eyes. I rub them a little trying to make sure I wasn't seeing things, but quickly I realize it's not a diet she's on, she's changing just like everyone else. Her stomach is flattening out so rapidly her

tight dress is now more like a hanging curtain loosely flowing around her trim body, and her large sagging breasts are now very cute little bumps on her petite frame.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Abbey’s just a girl after all.” She leans in again; her breasts bursting into my view yet again, however this time I’m too mesmerized to move away. Part of me doesn’t want to anyway. She purrs, “Let me show you what a real woman can do.” She reaches in and plants her curvy, moist lips on mine. Oh man! What do I do now? I can’t let Abbey or anyone else catch me. What would they say? What would they say about the kiss? About Cindy changing? I have to get her off of me. I reach out to push her shoulders away, but her thick hair blocks my vision and my hands brush against her giant bust. Oh God! They’re so soft. I can feel my erection twitch. Cindy feels my hand and interprets it as incentive to be more aggressive. She moves in closer. She is nearly mounted on my lap. Hers arms wrap tightly around my neck; her breasts even tighter against my chest. My penis twitches even more. I can feel it wanting to let loose. I hope to God

Cindy can't feel it. The way she's mounted on me, she probably can. Oh please don't let anyone catch us. Her lips part and I can feel her tongue try to enter my mouth. I resist the best I can, pressing my lips together to keep her tongue from penetrating. She's persistent, fighting hard to french me.

"Ahem," I hear over our jostling.

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

"You see, I uh—"

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

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

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

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

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

Maybe Tony *can* see the changes. I mean those new boobs of hers are huge...and soft. But she still had big boobs when she was fat. And he said those tits *alone* are heavy. That means

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

"Man," Tony says again, "I don't know why you won't have her."

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

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

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

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

But math is clearly not my focus right now. I still have no clue as to the happenings this morning. Walking to class, my body is practically on autopilot while my mind wanders senselessly though recent events. Few of Tony's words reach my attention. I think he's still rambling about having a hot chick clamoring over him. My awareness is divided however. I mean, if I'm not hallucinating, then how are all these people changing? And why is it only girls? Why aren't the guys transforming too? This is weird beyond all levels. And I know I'm not hallucinating because all those guys on the bus were staring ogling the bus driver. Believe you me; they wouldn't have done that if she was still the rusty old woman she used to be. Also, Tony clearly noticed a hot babe in my lap instead of fat old Cindy. But I still can't understand why nobody else but me is freaking out over these...sexy changes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THAT'S IT! The revelation hit me like a ton of bricks. The people aren't being altered, reality is. That's why everybody is treating things like they're normal: because now it is. Reality is changing, and now mom really is a supermodel, Gina really does work at Hooters, Cindy and the bus driver really are smoking hot, and they all...really do have huge boobs. But wait...why am I the only one that still remembers how things used to be? Why isn't it that I too believe in this new reality? Oh boy, answers just lead to more questions.

I drop my head to my desk and lay there. Maybe if I stop thinking, I can decompress and calm myself. Easy enough, my mind starts to blankly survey the room. Class has already gotten underway. Mrs. Wilson is rambling over a bunch of equations on the board. I'm guessing they're

from last night's homework. I obviously haven't been paying enough attention to know. Mrs. Wilson is your average uptight middle-aged woman. Her graying hair is always up in a knot, and I swear those suits she's always wearing are from the eighties. This bitter woman is decades in the past and has long lost her friendliness to students. Who knows, maybe when she first began she was friendly. Now she's just cold as stone. Try telling her a joke, I dare you. She'll just stare back at you blankly with those callous eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Why,” I ask, “just because she smiled at you?”

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

“She was looking that way towards everyone. It wasn’t just you.”

“Whatever, man. Trust me, she’s captivated by me.”

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

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

This is when I realize: I sit completely surrounded by four girls in this class. None of them I know and none of them are particularly attractive enough for me to want to get to know them. But if this morning has shown me one thing already, that’s going to change very soon. By now, I will almost be more surprised if nothing happens. So bracing myself for the upcoming events, I sit down in the circle of unsuspecting girls.

I try to think things out during class. Maybe if I can keep myself focused, I can also keep things from changing. I mean I’m the only one that knows what’s going on. That means all this

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

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

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

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

Standing up next to me are four tight, firm, and round asses; some of the finest I have ever seen, and that's including what's already happened this morning. Ah damn, those hips...I can only fantasize how tight the pussies they're housing are. My dick dances to the idea. And all these legs; I feel like I'm in a sea of trimmed, tanned trees that stretch for miles into the clear sky while perked up so sensuously by four inch heels. I didn't realize they were wearing such tight skimpy clothing. But here they are now in skirts too thin to encapsulate these wonderful derrieres. Those curvy hips all lead to four amazingly toned abdomens. I swear they are too thin to support those giant pert breasts of theirs, and the extra load would snap their back like twigs. Oh and how giant they were. With me sitting and them standing, I have difficulties seeing the girls' whole faces over the eight monstrous mounds that surround me. If it weren't for all that long luxurious hair, I might fall for the illusion that they were headless. My penis twitches. I feel it getting harder. Oh boy, it will be embarrassing to stand up with a boner in front of these sexy

women. I suddenly find myself caring more about them and what they might think of me. It's amazing what a difference massive cleavage will do to a guy. Covertly, I attempt to adjust my pants in order to hide the bulge, and very discreetly, I stand. Looking down, I check to make sure it is cleverly hidden; success.

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

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

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

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

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

"Yeah, that's a—"

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

"Oh yeah? I told yo—"

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

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

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

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

“And Robert Downey Jr....he is so hot in that Iron Man suit. Seeing those muscles packed into that metal armor...mmmm.” She closes her eyes momentarily and imagines the image. While she’s purring, her tits slowly expand yet again. The sound of her shirt stretching against the taut skin makes me tingle. Katie is now just as large as the others, and the accumulative sights of all of them so far is really becoming too much for me to handle. She’s so sexy. My instincts just want me to grab a hold of those two colossal melons and let loose, but reason keeps me where I am, to my penis’s disappointment.

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

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

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

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

Hesitantly, I navigate underneath the power cage and position the barbell onto my shoulders. My spotter, whose name I never knew, guides me out to freely move. The cold steel tickles the back of my neck as the bearing weight of the...well of the weights, push crushingly down onto the strength of my legs. I strain to attempt my first squat. My spotter encourages me as I bend down. Using his hands, he guides my movements. It helps somewhat, but I still struggle. My knees are trembling, and my teeth are grinding from the pain. I get to the bottom of my motion. Lifting myself back up is tougher. Now I'm fighting gravity, and the weights just feel that much heavier. I finish; one squat done.

That's all I want to do, but my eager spotter somehow convinces me to do another. To my pleasant surprise, squatting down the second time seems easier. I guess that first rep was just me getting used to the motion, but this time the motion is coming more naturally. I come back up; it wasn't that bad. I feel pumped a bit. I just performed a couple of squats and they weren't that bad. So I bend down for a third; it's even easier than the first two. I keep going. I could swear the weights have lightened on my shoulders. It almost feels as if I'm lifting feathers. I wonder if this is the feeling all those jock types get when they lift weights. It feels sort of like a

runner's high. Before I know it, I've done a solid twenty-five reps; it felt good. Maybe next time I'll put more weights on the barbell. Wow look at me, I'm actually looking forward to lifting weights again! That's new for sure.

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

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

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

Before turning away completely, I do blush a smile out of unexpected gratification for their attention. It seems to get them aroused. They look like they're about to come right there.

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

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

I proudly walk down the hallways to my last class of the day, English. I wonder how Abbey will react towards my new look. Well, to her I've always looked this way. Is she going to treat me the same, or will she act as lustful as all these other girls? Oh how lustful they are. As I strut down the hallways, I catch glances of each of them. They are all looking at me with the same uncontrollable hunger as the two cheerleaders before. As if only to stroke my ego, whenever my eyes meet theirs, they melt right before me. It is like I am catnip to all these pussies. WOW! Did I just think that? My aroused instincts are really starting to get the better of me. I don't think these transformations finally happening to me personally are helping. Actually, come to think of it, everyone else's knowledge of reality changed with their bodies those previous times. How come my mind didn't alter when *I* changed? Why do I still remember how things used to be? There must be something special about me that kept me from changing completely, but what? Am I really some sort of messiah, or is that all just in my head? Whatever the reason, I *am* the only one who knows what is going on. I have to figure out why soon because if these lustful impulses continue, I may end up in situations I might not want to find myself. What if my mind does eventually change? I might just end up like anyone else and believe this new reality to be true. What would I be like then? Will I still be me, would I end up just like every other muscle-headed douche I've seen before? I don't want to be like that. I should figure these things out soon before it's too late.

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

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

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

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

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

She kisses me again. This one is longer, and I nearly melt at the touch of these voluptuous new lips of hers. It’s like an aphrodisiac when I come in contact with the bits of saliva that seep through our lock. Mmm, she’s delicious. She tastes like raspberry. I don’t know if it’s her or just lip-gloss, but I’m eager to investigate.

Before I realize it however, she parts and is heading down the hallway, kissing me goodbye. “I’ll see you tonight, k?” She bounces down the hall still relatively unchanged. Her breasts only grew marginally compared to what I’ve already seen today, and after a quick inspection, I notice no alteration to her lower body. She is still relatively small and trim; nothing that voluptuous really occurred. Was that it? Is that all that’s going to happen to her? How come everyone else has tits the size of watermelons and Abbey is left with a moderate little B-cup? Or did she just leave before the transformation was complete? Is there still more to come? What more changes will she undergo? Ooo, I can just imagine watching Abbey bouncing up and down with a couple of beach balls protruding out of her chest. Watching her ample, round ass swaying back and forth as she walks in sexy high heels, pressed tightly against my side as she caresses my hard muscles with the tender touch of her fingernails. Oh this is too much. I feel my rock

hard cock squirt out a little cum in my pants; it's warm. I glance down, and to my relief it's not enough to show through the thick denim.

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

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

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

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

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

Content enough with my answer to return to the lecture, she spins her direction back to the front board. With her eyes off me, I turn around to all the beautifully buxom girls in the class and mouth the words, "No more." Overtaken by disappointment, they all give in unison a heavy

pout with those puckered lips. It's the cutest thing I have ever seen. They are all like horny little puppies, and with me being the irresistible guy I am now, they all seem really have taken a liking to me. Though disappointed for the time being, they all look happy and aroused. Add in the fact that they are all now the perfect eye candy for any guy to come, and I have say things might be better now than they ever were before. Maybe these changes aren't a bad thing after all. Perhaps I should just stop worrying about it all and just leave things as they are.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Slumping down onto our pillowed white couch, I slowly sink into the cushions. Staring around blankly at the living room, my eyes notice something slightly odd about their surroundings. No, the room hasn't changed. All the furniture and fixtures are still as they were;

the pictures all hanging like before. But there is still something different. The pictures are where they have always been, but they are different. If I'm not mistaken, it appears that all our family photos have mutated to display the new us. I grab a small snapshot sitting on one of the side tables by the couch, pushing aside a remote in the way, and bring it in for close examination. Sure enough, there is mom and Gina in all their bodacious glory. Gina looks especially ample in that low cut top, her push-up bra making her boobs all the more encompassing on her chest. Mom is no slouch either with a tight sweater that still isn't thick enough to hide her hard nipples.

And there I am. My polo shirt is unable to hide my powerful new chest. It is short sleeved. I can see the veins protruding out of my hard biceps and defined forearms. I feel compelled to flex my left arm to double check. Sure enough, there they are, wrapping themselves over my tight muscles. I half smile at the satisfaction. I sort of feel proud of what I have become. I know I didn't earn this body on my own, but who cares. Lots of guys would kill to look like this. I mean, I have a body as ripped as Bruce Lee. Though, I bet I'm bigger than him. He would no doubt still be able to beat the shit out of me, but being bigger is still enough for a small stroke of the ego.

But here we are in the picture; Gina, mom, and I, looking new and improved. We really do look like the pinnacle of sexual perfection. And the fact that all the pictures in our house have also changed to accommodate the new us just seems to prove to me that all these transformations really are actual alterations in reality. What else would explain why even inanimate objects in the world changed according to everything else? And I have to say, looking back on it all; it has been that bad at all. All the changes seem to be for the better. All the women are super sexy: I would count that as a plus for both them *and* the guys. Maybe I should just stop worrying about it all and just take things in stride. Instead of trying to figure out a way to reverse everything, I think I'll let them play out as they may and find out where everything ends up. Based on what I've seen so far, I can only expect more good to come from this.

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

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

"I'm here."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Well, I guess it’s just going to me and Abbey tonight. Oh yeah, Abbey: I forgot about her leaving me mid-change. I wonder if she finished her transformation after she left. What does she look like now? The image of her with boobs the size of her head roams through my head. They are so perfectly round and smooth. Even without a bra, they are firm and vivacious, standing taut in the face of gravity. Oh, this is too much. I can’t resist myself any further. I unzip my pants and pull out my already hard dick. Slowly, I begin to stroke it. My hand rhythmically glides up and down as images of a buxom Abbey rush through my head. From her enormous breasts, I slide down along her perfectly tapered stomach. The muscles are tight, and the narrowed sides snake their way ever closer to each other before suddenly bursting out with great emphasis at the hips. My hand moves faster; I can feel my member beginning to stir. Abbey’s hourglass figure is complete. Her wide, sexy hips house the perfect round ass, curving gracefully from the small of her back to the beginning of her long, tan thighs. Those long legs of hers glide to and fro with each step. They go on for miles. They are so long and sleek. Rubbing an imaginary hand across them is like touching silk: warm, titillating bronze silk. In reality, my hand is picking up speed yet again. My dick has never been this hard. I envision that it’s Abbey sliding up and down my shaft, her mouth more than able to swallow it all. I loose her face as her thick golden mane covers my lap and tickles my thighs as she moves. Her giant breasts are gently grazing over my shins.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I am taken aback. There she is, standing in the doorway; her shiny golden hair flowing in thick, luxurious waves over the sexiest pouted lips and bright tempting eyes. The flush red lips curve up into a seductive smile as her long eyelashes bat over her intoxicating stare. God damn, she is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen! I am almost intimidated to approach for a kiss, but I can tell from her expression that she is more than eager for one. Looking downwards, my eyes are drawn to the largest set of breasts I have ever set eyes upon before in my life. They are

pinched tightly into a halter top small enough to fit only an infant, but she manages to squeeze these two heaving melons into it with such ingenuity that succulent round cleavage drags me in like a delicious black hole.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I completely agree," she gently replies. Abbey now walks through the house, leading me by the crotch of my pants. I just gaze at her swaying hips like an infatuated puppy. I was right.

That ass looks irresistible in that tight skirt. We enter my room, she displays herself on my heavy comforter, and smiling, I casually close the door behind us.

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