
“The Touch” by BB47

PART 1

Jessica was too fat. It would be one thing if she had big fat boobs, but her breasts were just small bumps on her big fat body. I guess I'm just too nice of a guy, because it was obvious she liked me and I kept being nice to her even though she was not my type... physically. She was about five feet tall and must have weighed at least 220 lbs. I didn't want to lead her on.. but shit.. whatever. She stared at me all the damn time in Calculus class. It sucked, 'cause Becky sat in the next row over and she was fucking hot.. and she knew it. Big boobs, blond hair. She'd never look twice at a skinny, short guy like me. In order to sneak a peek at Becky, I had to look past Jess.. and I think she thought I was looking at her.

She'd always follow me directly after class and walk with me to my locker and flirt. It's weird being flirted with.. by a girl you don't like. My buddies would mess with me later, joking about her crushing me or something. She had a sorta pretty face.. but it was too chubby. Her only endearing trait was how much she steered the conversation towards sex. She loved to talk about weird crap.. and being a guy, it was interesting to hear a girl's perspective. She acted like she was my best friend sometimes, asking me advice. What I thought about certain sex positions. How much I liked blow jobs. She even hinted around at asking me what size my dick was. A couple of times she's even bumped against my crotch.. I knew it wasn't an accident. For all of her talk, I was betting she had never been with a guy. Best I could tell, I was the only guy who even talked to her.

Then my 18th birthday came and things started getting weird. Same old routine, she followed me out to my locker.. and she was a bit more frisky that day. I knew I was going to have to let her down sometime but I felt so bad for her. She had her dark hair pulled up on her head and for whatever

reason she was wearing heels. Why? Did she want to be taller today? I noticed she seemed to be wearing extra lip gloss or something. She even had more makeup on than normal. She was standing way to close. It suddenly hit me! Was she trying to get close enough to give me a birthday kiss? What the hell was this all about??. shit! This was not good.

I maneuvered myself in such a way that made it nearly impossible for her to get into a good position. I kept turning this way and that.. all the while keeping the conversation minimal and aloof. I was going to have to end this.. I socially couldn't afford kissing her... nor was I even remotely attracted to her. She persisted, edging closer and closer.

"So.. what did you think about those limits questions on the quiz?" she asked, flipping open her calculus book. "Look here, I think that this is the actual one that Mr. Lang used on the test," she mused, trying to get me to look. She held the book over to the side so that I would have to turn to see it. What was I going to do?

She dropped the book as I turned. Reactively, I leaned down and reached out to grab it. Somehow, she moved really fast in front of me. She slipped herself right into my path, trying to position her face in-line with mine. I think she must have practiced this move or something. Either way, it didn't turn out well.

In the act of trying to avoid her kiss, we banged heads, tripped got tangled and went down on the ground.. me landing on top of her with a thud. She yelped in pain. Books and papers went everywhere.

I felt so bad for her. And as I scrambled to get up, I could hear jeers and clapping from the rest of the kids in the hallway. I quickly got to my feet and turned to look at her. As she laid there on her back, her fat face was red with embarrassment and her eyes were scrunched up with tears. Oh, Shit! I had to help her.

Ignoring everyone else, I reached down and extended my hand out to her.

She looked up and took my hand.

That's when I felt it.

Looking back, it's now obvious to me that it started on my 18th birthday. And that it was activated by an extreme act of empathy on my part. It's weird how things happen for a reason. I now know that had I not tried to help her at that moment, the gift would have passed me by. It was only available for a short window, at a specific time in my life and for certain reasons.

It's hard to explain the feeling. It's not technical, like a computer program.. or like a body scan. It's just a sense of the other persons body.

Suddenly, for whatever reason, as my hand grasped hers, I could "feel" how her body worked. I knew where the pain was in her back where she had hit the ground. I felt the weight of the fat all around her belly. I felt the blood pumping through her heart. It was gross and cool at the same time. I had no idea what she was thinking, but I could tell from her face that she didn't feel the same as me. It was definitely a one-way sense.

I paused as we touched hands. My eyes went wide in disbelief.. but it's funny how social situations will force you to keep your cool. I resolved myself to keep calm and so I set my feet and pulled hard to help lift her up. She weighed a ton. We were both already embarrassed by the fall and I would have done anything in my power to make sure that I didn't slip and let her fall again as I strained. Plus, I saw Becky standing there out of the corner of my eye. I didn't want to look like a weakling in front of her or anybody else.

So, in some weird way.. I made her lighter. Don't ask me how it works. It's far more complicated than it sounds.. but it happened.

With a few seconds, I felt Jess get lighter and I felt myself seem to get heavier, fuller. I pulled her up to her feet and she just stood there dusting

herself off.

I asked her if she was ok, and she just nodded and stared at the ground, looking away from me. I didn't know what to say.. and I felt really strange, so I picked up her books and papers and patted her on the shoulder. She just stood there, staring down. The other kids, sensing the drama was over, had already started to disperse. The bell rang, so I made a stupid quick joke.. like, "Mom always said I had two left feet.. heh." But she didn't smile. I handed her books back to her and hightailed it to my next class, leaving her standing there in the hallway alone.

I changed my mind in about 30 seconds and headed to the bathroom. My stomach felt queasy and super-full. I barely made it to toilet in time before I about blew my guts out. Thank God there was nobody else in there. I had to flush toilet two or three times but I kept on going.. it was horrible diarrhea. It was freaking weird as hell!

I almost threw up and ended up going to the clinic. I was running a fever.. so they called my Dad and got permission for me to drive myself home.

I crashed on my bed as soon as I got home and barely remember my Mom coming upstairs to check on me that night. I woke up the next morning, Saturday, feeling a lot better.

I checked my phone and noticed that there were like a dozen texts. Everybody was checking on me. A couple of my buddies were razzing me about the "Land-whale" incident. One of the texts was from Jessica.

I sat up and clicked on it.

>>R U ok? I M so SRY bout wot hapnd. I undRstNd f U nevr wnt 2 TLK 2 me agen.

I had to think about this. First, there was the weird touch thing. I was pretty sure that something actually happened. Secondly, I needed to ask

her about it. But this would be a great chance for me to cut her loose if I wanted to. The thing was, she's a really sweet person once you get to know her. And if it wasn't for her weight, she actually had an attractive personality.

I don't know if it was my curiosity about what had happened, or if I was just a nice guy.. but I figured, I could pass it off as an accident and in a couple weeks maybe everyone would forget about it.

I texted her back.

>>i'm fiN. HUD? [how are you doing]

A couple seconds later she responded.

>>so embarrassed, i nevr wnt 2 go bak 2 skul

I wrote back..

>>wer U hurt?

A really really long pause.. and then she wrote.

>>n

Why did she pause so long?

I knew something was up. I wrote..

>>U cn caL me if U wnt

About 20 seconds later my phone rang.

"Wassup," I said.

"Oh, my God.. I am sooo sorry about what happened.. I was trying to grab

my book and didn't know you were going too.. and I hope I didn't hurt you.. and everybody was laughing.. I know you just hate me now," she rambled.

"Easy, easy," I said. "No worries.. no harm no foul. Umm... can I ask you a question?"

"Sure," she said, her voice instantly calmer and back to normal.

"Does your body feel ok?" I hedged.. wondering if I was going too far.

She paused again.

"Wha.. why do.. I mean.. what do you mean?" she quibbled.

I breathed out, "I was just wondering.. how do I say this.. don't think I'm strange or anything.. but did you lose weight?"

I held my breath, waiting for her to get pissed off and hang up on me.

Her voice sort of choked. There was just dead air again. Then she exploded in a blabbering torrent..

"That's so weird that you asked that.. I could've sworn that my scale was broken or something... you see.. I know I'm overweight.. you don't have to remind me.. my mom thinks it's some sort of hormonal thing.. but who are we trying to kid.. I mean, look at my folks, they're like, huge. My house is always filled with junk food and we eat horribly and I never exercise except for gym class, where I get winded all the time and the other girls make fun of me and then I don't even want to participate and so I sit out, which makes it even worse. But I swear I lost like twenty pounds between yesterday and today. It makes no sense. So, I went and stood on my Mom's scale and it said the same thing.. so I was thinking that all this time my scale has been broken or something and then it suddenly started working.. but then.. why would you ask that? What, do I look different? Why did you say that? Oh my God, I need to shut up."

There was silence for a few seconds as I took it all in.

“Uh.. well.. it just seemed like, for a second there.. when I was helping you up.. that you got lighter all of sudden. I know it doesn’t make sense.. but it happened. You know.. when we touched hands,” I said hesitantly.

“You cannot talk about this to anyone else.. you have to promise me.. everyone will laugh at us.. and I’ll deny it,” I said.

She giggled for a second. “Uh.. like, Duh!.. like I’m going to tell anyone I lost twenty pounds in like, 5 seconds... This is so freaking weird.. .are you freaked out?”

“Not really,” I said. “I just don’t get it... and I want to figure out whether it really happened or not.”

“Uh, Mike,.. weren’t you listening? I said it happened,” she said sarcastically with a smile.

“Ok.. ok.. shit. This is just really weird. Um.. so.. I’m going out on a limb here.. but do you want..”

“Of course I want to try it again! Can I come over?” she beamed.

I couldn’t believe it, but I agreed to letting her come over. She asked her mom and a couple hours later, after I had eaten and convinced my parents that I was fine and must have just had food poisoning, the door bell rang.

My parents are pretty cool, so they didn’t care if she came up to my room so I could “help” her with her homework. Plus, she definitely didn’t look like the kind of girl my parents would worry about.

We closed the door to my room and she looked around at everything entranced by it. She seemed very excited to be in a boy’s room and I

realized that she probably had never dated a guy before. Next thing I know, she pulled a scale out of her backpack and put it on the ground and stepped on it. It zipped up to about 200.

“See,” she said. “This morning, I swear it said 220.”

Next thing, I know, she laid on the ground on her back and stuck her hand up in the air. She certainly was chubby. This was surreal. She explained that she wanted to re-enact the incident.

Curiosity got the best of me, so I reached down and grabbed her hand.

Nothing.

No feeling. No sensing. Nothing.

We looked at each other. I frowned.

She wanted to know what was wrong. I pulled her back up and asked her to sit on the bed.

I paced back and forth and told her what I had felt when it had happened. The feeling, the sense of her body, everything. She sat there with her eyes all wide. I avoided her looks. This was strange enough, but I had to tell somebody.

“Oh my God!” she said. “You *Have* to try it again!”

I was shocked. I thought for certain she’d think I was a weirdo. So, we tried again. Nothing happened.

We held both hands, we tried with her sitting on the bed, we even tried with me sitting on the ground. It was getting more uncomfortable by the minute. Once again, I think she started getting embarrassed. Her cheeks flushed again and I felt bad for her. I think I got her hopes up and now it all

seemed like a bunch of nonsense. She sat down on the edge of the bed with a frown. I sat down next to her to console her. This whole thing was probably a fluke.. I reached over to touch her arm and bingo. It happened again.

This time, I didn't rush it. I tried my best to understand what I was doing. Slowly, I 'willed' her to lose weight again but this time I simultaneously tried to figure out where it was going. She froze, staring at my face. I must have looked intense.. staring at her arm like that. She realized something was happening.

And there it was. I could feel my stomach getting full again. I certainly didn't want to go through another diarrhea episode again. I wondered if I could put it somewhere else other than inside my digestive tract.

Instantly, I felt my outer belly start to get larger. All of the fat was giving me a huge pot-belly, stretching out my shirt and expanding far into my lap. It didn't hurt at all.

I closed my eyes, feeling her body shape change inside my mind. I was a little scared at what would happen to me if I took too much, so after a minute I stopped and broke contact with her.

She stood up and squealed. Running over to the mirror on the back of my door.

"SHHHH!!" I shushed loudly. "My parents are still down there."

Her clothes hung loosely on her body, except around her bustline. She was still heavy-looking, but the weight loss was a dramatic change. She looked a lot better.

She spun in a circle giggling in front of the mirror. Shocked at her own appearance. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. She turned and positively beamed at me in a wide eyed bliss.

“Holy Crap,” she said. “This is crazy.. this is crazy.. this is awesome... YOU are awesome.. you are the greatest.. oh my God, oh my God, oh my God!” she rambled as her hands slid over her waist and hips under the baggy T-shirt and jeans she had wore over to the house. Her hands slid up to her bust and paused noticing that her small breasts had easily turned into full “D” cups.

She paused, staring at my distended belly. Joy melted into concern.

“Oh.. crap.. are you going to be ok.. oh, no.. please tell me you are going to be ok.. I couldn’t stand it if something..” she spoke as she edged closer to me.

I stood up slowly and groggily and walked past Jessica to the mirror. My huge belly sticking out from my body like a pregnant woman in her 9th month. I felt so bloated, I couldn’t believe it. Luckily, my sweat pants could handle the gain. A million emotions were going through my body, but fear wasn’t one of them. Somehow, I knew. I knew what to do.

I wasn’t the smartest kid, but even I knew that muscle and bone were way denser than fat. I took off my stretched out shirt and looked in the mirror. Huge and bloated, I had no idea how much weight I had absorbed from her. My belly was stretched so thin that it almost looked translucent. I truly looked pregnant.

Closing my eyes, I focused. Sensing the fat in my belly, I also could see my inner workings like I saw hers. I willed the fat to turn into muscle and bone.

And just like that, the transformation began. As she watched me, wide eyed, my stomach began to shrink. Simultaneously, my entire body grew a little taller and a little more muscular. Within a minute, it was complete and I opened my eyes.

I looked a lot better. I had grown about an inch taller and had a slightly better physique. Hell yes.

She laughed and came up and gave me a huge hug. But then she wouldn't let go. She was snuggling her face into my chest and squeezing me like a teddy bear. I guess I had made her day. I really noticed her larger bust. I could feel her new boobs press against me.. and regardless of her weight, I was not only turned on by their presence against me and the fact that I had made them grow.. but also by the possibility of her actually getting bigger in the future. I didn't have any of the queasiness from before. This could turn out quite good.

Finally, she released and went over and jumped on the scale. It came up to 160. She had dropped 40 pounds in under a minute. When I asked her if she had any loose skin and she winked and said, "why, do you want me to take my clothes off so you can see? Especially these puppies," she said bouncing her boobs, "I'm liking this side effect."

The old Jess was back. Flirting just as bad as before. Except for now, she was a little better looking.

We decided not to try any more today and see if there were any side effects. But we planned to get back together tomorrow afternoon to see. We discussed what she would tell her parents. She said that she would make up some sort of lie about a new diet. Hopefully, nobody would ask too many questions.

Unfortunately, they did.

She didn't come over the next day. Nor was she in school on Monday or Tuesday. She didn't respond to any of my texts or calls and I was beginning to get worried. One good thing was that I had a clear view to see Becky during class. Of course, she never looked over. I doubt she even knew my name. A couple of my buddies asked if I had been working out.. and I said yeah, that I was taking some new bulk-up powder from the health store and working out like crazy. However, my parents didn't seem to notice. I spent some of my time at night closing my eyes and focusing in on myself. I tried making some minor changes, but it didn't seem to work. It was like I needed her body to make it happen.

When I walked into class on Wednesday, there she was. A couple of her friends were talking to her and giggling. She immediately glanced over at me and winked. I noticed that there didn't seem to be any side effects. But she had new clothes on that seemed to fit a lot better. Her boobs actually looked good. Her dark hair was longer looking even though it was still right above her shoulders and she had put a red stripe into it. She had make-up on again.

After class, she came right up to me and we walked silently to my locker.

"Is everything ok?" I asked.

"Fine," she said softly. "I love the attention. All my friends keep asking me how I lost so much and how I look great and to keep up the good work. Stacy told me that she didn't remember me having big boobs... hee! I'm so sorry I haven't talked to you.. if you texted me or called me I couldn't answer.. I got in trouble with my parents... I didn't actually ask to go over to your house that day.. I'm not allowed to do that... my parents are really strict. So.. essentially, I'm grounded and they took my phone away and turned it off.. but they're also concerned about my body... they wanted to know if I was throwing up or doing something bad, so they took me to the Doctor on Monday and Tuesday and ran all kinds of tests on me.. only to find out that I'm perfectly healthy. Actually, more than healthy. The doctor said I was in amazing health and blamed the whole thing on some sort of unpredictable hormonal shift. He said that I'm having a late puberty burst. He asked my mom to get with the nurse about getting me into a proper bra. He even told my parents that he wouldn't be surprised if I lost even more weight!"

Well.. that was a cool development... and it gave us a perfect reason to keep trying.

She was standing really close to me and looking up at me like a lovesick puppy. I realized I didn't really mind the attention she was giving me

either.. but it still didn't change the fact that she really wasn't my type, at least, physically.. well.. except for the boobs.. and come to think of it, her face was actually kinda pretty now.. huh.. I guess I had never really noticed before. I wanted to try some more changing.

"So when are we going to meet?" I asked.

She smiled coyly. "So, you're finally interested in me, huh?" she laughed shaking her boobies a little bit side to side while watching me watch them.

"Not that I mind. Why don't you give me a ride home from school today, I'm grounded from my car as well... by the way, can I ask you a question.. is my weight really that big of an issue?"

"I gotta be honest with you, Jess, guys are just very visual and physical. You have a great personality, you are funny and easy to talk to.. but for a guy, it has to click on all levels for him to be attracted to a girl," I confessed with a half smile.

"Huh," she said. "So.. if that's the case.. then what's your type?" she asked with a gleam in her eye and a devious look on her face.

"Why do you want to know?" I asked just as slyly.

She stepped right up to me all of sudden, pressing her new boobs against me.. normally, I was head taller than her.. but did she seem a bit taller?.. she must have been wearing heels again.. and she looked up demurely into my eyes, through longer lashes. Then with a perfectly serious face, her cheeks reddening, she whispered so only I could hear, "you know that this is body is yours, if you want it.."

With that, she smiled, turned and started walking away. She glanced over her shoulder once and winked and giggled. Then off she went.

I was a little taken aback by her forwardness. I stood there in shock. I mean, she had always flirted before.. but this was definitely a side to her

I hadn't seen. In just a couple of words, she had somehow made me interested.

She met me out by my old Tacoma in the school parking lot and I drove her home. When I pulled up in her driveway, she informed me that her parents wouldn't be home until 6 or 7, so we had a little bit of time if I wanted to come in.

In a few minutes, I found myself sitting on the edge of her pink bed in a pink room that looked like Tinker Bell and Strawberry Shortcake got drunk and threw up all over the place. I had to sarcastically comment on it. She laughed and acted all cutesy and defensive about her "little girl" looking room. She had dozens of Barbi dolls all over the place. What was a senior in high school doing with all of this juvenile crap?

We talked for a while about how freaky it was that I had this "power" and we wondered where it came from. She made some jokes about me being from a different planet. Eventually, our conversation turned to sex. Once again, she started teasing and hinting about it. She even hopped up on her bed and showed me how springy the mattress was.. perfect, she said, for 'doing it'. Eventually, I just had to call her bluff.

"Jess.. don't hate me for what I'm going to say.. but I don't think you've ever even been with a guy," I said.

She stood up and blushed.

"I knew it.. listen, Jess, you know you can be honest with me," I told her.
"Why do you act like you are so experienced and all that?"

Looking at her feet, she said, "I thought guys like an 'experienced' woman."

"What?" I said incredulously. "I'll tell you what guys 'like' Jess, we like honesty. I've told you before, you don't have to put on an act around me. I prefer it if you just act yourself."

“I.. I’m not really comfortable showing you my ‘real’ self,” she whispered.

There was a long silent pause as she stood there looking down.

“Why aren’t you comfortable?” I finally asked.

“Well.. it’s just.. I know that I’m overweight.. but that doesn’t stop me from wanting to *be* sexy,” she said, loosening up a little. Making a decision, she turned and walked over to the closet and reached inside. “For example, I absolutely *love* high heels.. my mom would kill me if I ever wore them out, she doesn’t even know I have them, but I think they are hot!” She pulled out a pair of white peep-toe super-high stiletto pumps. They looked like the heels were six inches high. Definitely a special-order item. I wondered where the heck she got these from.

She sat down on her vanity chair and slipped them on. I noticed that her toenails were perfectly pedicured and white-tipped. Despite her fat body, her feet were not chubby at all, so it was a perfect fit. Now that I noticed it, her feet were quite small. When I asked her she said, “yeah, when you’re as overweight as I am, you tend to celebrate your attributes that are smaller. These are size fives but I can actually fit into a size four shoe.” She paused, “I’ve got little girls feet.. I’ve seen you stare at my feet before.. if I didn’t know better.. I’d say you have a foot fetish,” she giggled and crossed her legs, showing off the high heels.

Damn, I thought, that’s actually pretty damn sexy.

She hopped up and walked over to her vanity like she had been walking in heels her whole life. I was turned on by this revelation. This was kind of hot.

“Well...” she said with a pause and a curious look, thinking about something. “I may not be experienced with guys, but I do have to tell

you that I am naturally a very sexual person.. and that's the truth," she nervously giggled. "Want to see my toys?" she asked in a funny way.

She walked over to her dresser and opened the top right drawer. I got up and followed her over. She lifted out a colorful pile of G-string panties and removed a false bottom in the bottom of the drawer.

Hidden underneath was a collection of vibrators sitting on a stack of magazines. I felt my cheeks get red and I got a little nervous at this change of direction. Flirting was one thing.. but this was real. I took a step back and nervously ran my hand through my hair.

She was also completely nervous at this time, but kept talking.. obviously she really wanted to introduce me into this private world of hers.

She reached in and pulled out a small pink plastic one about 5 inches long and no thicker around than a quarter. "This one is my first one that I got. My Aunt Mary is like a total slut. It's funny.. cause my parents are so strict about everything.. they want me to stay young and innocent.. so my Aunt has always pulled me aside and secretly talked to me about sex since I hit puberty. My parents have no idea. My aunt gets me anything I want. She's the one that has told me that guys are all about experienced girls and love to talk about sex... You know.. Mike, in her defense.. she's kind of right. You do like to talk about sex," she said with a mischievous grin. "Anyways, she totally got me to start masturbating."

She saw my face and I guess I looked a little freaked out with my mouth open in a wordless pause.. cause she laughed a little and put her hand on her hip striking an accusatory pose and pointed the dildo at me. "Oh.. don't you dare pretend like you don't jack off," she said with a glare. "My aunt told me that there isn't a guy alive who doesn't masturbate on a regular basis. So don't pretend like there's a double standard and I can't do it too," she said with a self-confident nod.

She put the pink vibrator back in and pulled out the stack of magazines.

“I’m not really visually turned on by pictures like you guys are.. which is so unfair.. but I do like to fantasize inside my head.. so I wanted to check on a couple of things. The only magazines out there that seem to show guys dicks are the gay ones.. but it still works.” She flipped open the top magazine to show a picture of a big black guy with a massive cock hanging down his leg.

“Hello.” I said, with a comic voice. That dude was huge. So it seemed that Jessica was a little pervert! How funny! “Uh.. you can put that away.. I think you’ll be happy to know that I’m not really into guys,” I chuckled.

“I didn’t want you to look at him, silly.. I wanted you to get an idea about what turns me on.. duh!.. I know you don’t like dudes, Mike,” she said.

Turned her on? Wow.

“Here,” she said, as she flipped open another magazine, “is this more of your style?”

It was a big boob magazine featuring a brunette with amazing knockers. My gaze lingered a little too long before answering her. She definitely noticed.

“Uh, yep.. but what are you doing with this?” I asked.

“Well.. you wanted honesty, so you’re getting it big boy,” she smiled and turned back to the drawer. “There’s more than one reason I’ve got barbie dolls all over the place. Don’t you think that I’d like to imagine myself skinny with big boobs? I mean, look at me. I’ve been fat for most of my life. I guess I have a really active imagination, can you blame me? I don’t get out much except for school. Until you actually started being nice to me, I’d never had a guy even give me the time of day. It’s easier just closing my eyes and imagining that I’m someone else for a while. I love to read erotic stories on the Internet.. and it always seems like the guys are really

well hung. So I started trying different sizes. I've tried a bunch of stuff, but I realized that what I really like is the big ones," she said with a shaky voice as she pulled out a big blue translucent dildo shaped exactly like a dick. It was at least 10 inches long and as thick around as a red-bull can. She was going out on a limb being this open with me.

I was shocked. But I had to keep my cool. So I grinned and held out my hand. She handed it to me with a wide-eyed careful stare.. she was obviously trying to read my face for my reaction.

It was some sort of gel material.. you could feel the veins popping out of the long shaft. My hand just barely fit around it.. the tips of my middle finger and thumb touching. The first thought that went through my head was how I could never compete with this thing. If she was masturbating with this monster, she would laugh if she saw my average six incher. I felt diminished and self-conscious all of a sudden.

And then I understood.

This was a way for her to gain some sort of control in her own life-situation. Being obese had diminished her own self-worth. Other girls laughed at her. Guys ignored her and treated her poorly. She wasn't considered attractive at all. So instead she had retreated into her own perverted sexual world of masturbation and fantasy. She probably realized that most guys would never be this big.. so sex had become her own way to diminish others. By basically imagining a man to be bigger than he possibly should. However, there was another part of me that was extraordinarily turned on by this revelation.

I, myself had secret desires as well. I would love to be as big as this dildo. And it turned me on that she liked big dicks. I had wondered how she felt about big boobs, it seems that I had my answer on that as well.

She had invited me into this world.. and was probably freaking out wondering what my reaction would be. As I inspected the dildo, I also wondered what she was thinking.

"Hmm.." I said, noticing that she was holding her breath staring at me, "I'm

guessing that you are wondering how I measure up?" I wiggled the big dildo like a snake.

She slowly smiled, reached out and took it back and turned around to put it back in the drawer, setting everything back into place.

"Well.. yes and no.." she said, facing away, "I'm not an idiot.. I know that most guys could never be that big... but I am curious what you are thinking. You probably think I'm a freak now, do you?"

"Uh, Jess.. I already knew you were a freak. This just confirms it," I laughed.

Steeling myself, I changed the subject. "Ok," I took a deep breath and started, "I've been thinking a lot about this but I need to know something.. so since we're being honest.. "

"Go on," she smiled.

"Were you being truthful about letting me try some "actual".. custom.. changes?" I asked.

"Go on," she looked curious.

"Well.. you asked me what my type was.. and.. if you want me to be honest.. well.. I kinda like big boobs, like your magazine," I said hoping she wouldn't get upset. "I mean, like really, really big boobs," I said sheepishly.

She paused.

"So.. that's what it is.. I knew it!" she said straight-faced.. anger coming into her eyes.

"Wha..?" I said.

“You like Becky, don’t you!” she demanded.. pointing a finger at me from where she stood in front of her white mirrored vanity.

Uh oh. I grimaced, but didn’t say anything.

“Shit!. She’s a total bitch! But you don’t see that, do you? All you guys ever see is big boobs and blond hair. Meanwhile, girls like me, who are throwing ourselves at you .. well.. it’s just unfair!” she snapped.

She kept going, tears in her eyes, “you are so blind! Don’t you know I would do anything for you? I would rock your world! Do want blonde? I could be blonde. You want boobs?” she grabbed both of her breasts and squeezed them, “I would love bigger boobs! You can make them as big as you want! Don’t you know how much I love you?... eeeep!” Her eyes got wide and her hands went up to her mouth as she realized what she had just revealed.

Her face turned bright scarlet and she whipped away from me.

There was a long pause as she stood there, with her back to me, whimpering silently.

“Jess.. hey.. it’s cool.. don’t spaz out on me,” I said quickly, trying to diffuse the situation, trying to think of what to say. I walked over to her and gently grabbed her hand.

Bam!

Just like that, my mind jumped into full contact mode with her body again. I instantly found myself willing her weight away from her body. I had to slow down and take it easy. Based on everything that had just been said, I wanted to try something new this time. Instead of absorbing it into mine and then modifying it, I decided to see if I could just directly convert it to bone and muscle in my body.

Well, it took a little bit of concentration, but it seemed to work.

With my eyes shut tight, I kept drawing more and more off of her until she was no longer overweight. I kept going, molding and changing her in my mind. Hoping I could make the custom adjustments I had been thinking about.

Focusing intently, I willed her breasts to get bigger. I heard a slight ripping.

“Uh!.. Oh God!” I heard her say. “Ohhh.. shit... my boobs.. oh.. they’re on fire! Damn.. that feels so good!” I kept my eyes shut in concentration.

“Bigger, Mike.. make em bigger.. uhhh.. oh yeah,” she said. “I can feel them growing in my hands! Oh my God.. they’re still growing.. Holy crap! You *are* a fucking pervert! Just like me! Ha!” she laughed. I imagined them in my mind going from D cups to E to G.. growing and growing all the way up to the massive K size cups of Eden Mor whom I had just seen in her magazine. “Holy, moly, Mike!” she said, “these things are freaking huge!”

Simultaneously, I focused on my own body. There was one thing I had wished for a long time in addition to being more muscular and taller.

Thinking about my crotch, imagining the blue dildo in my mind, I willed my cock to get bigger and longer.

“My God, Mike! I thought you were going to take it slow?” I heard her voice in the background. She sounded a little panicked.

I finished up and slowly opened my eyes, noticing my own clothes seemed tight all over, especially in my crotch.

She had moved forward and still stood with her back to me, blocking the mirror on the vanity. Her new blouse fit strangely now. It was loose and baggy around her waist. But it was stretched super tight across her narrow back. I was worried all of sudden that I had messed up somehow. Her thin arms curved down to small hands that were holding her now loose pants up from falling down. Her dark hair spilled down past her shoulders in a rich

cascade of shiny waves. She giggled and squeaked in an excited sort of way as she turned to face me.

Perhaps it had been the weight, perhaps I was just blind before, perhaps it was something I had done during the transformation, but underneath the chubby face, Jessica was now more than just a pretty girl. From beneath long sensual lashes, large dark eyes slowly blinked at me. Sensual, plump lips curved into that same devious smile that she wore so well. She had become a grade A hotty. But that was just the beginning. What stood before me now was a completely transformed young woman.

I could see why her blouse had been stretched across the back so tight. Her blouse was inflated out in front of her body framing two huge mounds that were trying to burst free from the strained material. She breathed in deeply and one of the buttons popped. She laughed. The shirt parted open to reveal a bulging creamy cleavage that peeked out from behind the seams. She winked and raised her hands to her shirt, letting go of her pants. They fell to her ankles. My mouth dropped open. Sexy, curvy legs now replaced the fat chubby ones with thick ankles from before. Beautiful hips sloped up to a tiny waist. Her panties were gone, they must have slipped down with her pants. She didn't have an ounce of hair that I could see.

"Damn, Mike.. when you customize, you don't mess around do you?" she giggled.

Not missing a beat, she slowly began unbuttoning the remaining buttons on her blouse. Her tilted dark eyes not looking away from my face. A look of pure lust was now painted on her face. Her white teeth half bit down on her plump lower lip. Each strained button strained as she released it to reveal a little more of the new set of knockers that were fighting to break free from the too-small bra. She stepped out of the pants, still wearing the sexy super high heels. Her legs looked awesome.

With each button, she took another step towards me. By the time she stood in front of me, she gently let her blouse slip off and fall to the floor.

Her breasts were bulging crazily out of the ripped lace bra. With a single motion, she unclasped the bra and her new cantaloupe sized breasts jiggled and bounced as they sprang free. Her perfect, finger-tip sized nipples stood erect on the pert white globes.

“I don’t know about you,” she said, not breaking eye contact with me, licking her plump lips in a cute smile, “but I’m hungry.”

A week ago, I would have laughed at her if she would have said this to me and tried to be sexy. My new reaction was quite different.

She placed her soft small hands on my chest, tracing down my muscles through my tight shirt, she slowly lowered herself down onto her knees and unbuckled my belt and jeans. I was in shock. I stared down at her and she looked up at me as she proceeded, her beautiful eyes boring into my mind.

She jerked my jeans down and gasped at the huge bulge rising beneath my underwear. Excited, she ripped down my underwear to expose my new swelling enormous cock. It was easily an inch or two bigger and much thicker than her favorite blue dildo. She squealed with delight as she grabbed it with both hands and started sucking, licking and kissing all over it.

“God damn!” she said in-between licks, “please tell me you did this for me!” She licked all the way from my balls to the tip. “Oh.. God! I am going crazy! I am so fucking turned on right now!”

Her hand didn’t come close to encircling the wide shaft. One hand reached down lower and fondled my massive balls, each one expanded to the size of extra-large eggs.

Over and over she sucked on my massive stiff rod. Every time I looked down, she looked up and smiled as she engulfed the head deeper into her sexy mouth. Her hands massaged and stroked the huge length. One of her hands would disappear every few moments down between her own

legs. She was fingering herself in excitement. I was transfixed by her bouncing mammaries, visible below her bobbing head. Within minutes her ministrations became too much for me to withstand and I began to cum like crazy into her open mouth. Pleasure rocked through my body. She drank and swallowed each spurt as she continued to milk the long shaft like a cow. An amazing amount of cum had come out of me. I must have ejaculated ten times! She giggled and cleaned off my drooping spent penis with her hungry mouth.

“You don’t know how long I’ve dreamed of doing this,” she cooed.

Standing up, she took each one of my hands and placed them on her amazing breasts. They were much more than a handful, and were soft and pliable. I squished and kneaded them. I brought my head down low and licked and sucked on her big nipples. She Closed her eyes in pleasure and moaned as I fondled her. “Oh, Mike,” she breathed. She reached forward and lifted my shirt off of my body. My chest and stomach had become sculpted like a model. Completely enjoying herself, she fell forward, pushing me to the bed. Getting the hint, I jumped back and landed on her comforter on my back. One second later she was on top of me, smearing her melon sized breasts in my face.

Her hand reached down to begin fondling my partially hard monster cock again. I completely focused on her breasts, licking every square inch of them. Up and down the curves, in-between them up to her chest. They were amazing. She squirmed and moaned with my actions. I couldn’t get enough of them. I had fantasized for years about having a huge succulent pair of breasts for me to play with, never had I imagined I would have access to a pair this big and desirable and here they were.. ready and willing. Attached to a girl who wanted to devour me like a piece of chocolate.

Within minutes, I was hard again. She slid down, moving her mouth to mine. Pressing her boobs into my chest. We ravaged each other. Her tongue danced around mine in a sensual swirl of passion. She kissed

me hard and long pouring her entire heart into it. My hands ran down her small smooth back, past her tiny waist to dig my fingers into her plump ass. She straddled me with her legs, her wet pussy grinding in a rhythm on my massive pole. She bucked and wiggled as we kissed.

It hit me that I truly cared for this girl. Our months of conversations and funny flirting had cemented a bond between us much stronger than friendship. I found myself feeling a deep passion for her. I grasped the sides of her gorgeous face with my hands, lifting her face just an inch away from mine, slowing it way down. She was breathing hard in excitement. Our eyes were locked together.

“Will you be my girlfriend?” I asked.

“Oh.. Ohhhh..” she said in a strange voice. Her eyes filled up with tears and she started crying... actually more than crying.. she started sobbing, overwhelmed by emotion. “Uhhh. Oh...uh, uh. ih. aaaaah..” she didn’t say anything intelligible, her whole body shook and she buried her face in my neck, sobbing and blubbering.

I carefully slipped my arms around her. Her vulnerability turned me on even more. I was super aware of the huge mounds of breast flesh that was pressed in-between us like an erotic sandwich. The smooth sides pressed out against my arms as I held her.

“I...I..” she stuttered, “I’ve n.. never had a boyfriend before,” she said sniffing her tears mixed with giggles. She kept kissing the inside of my neck with her wet mouth. I was seriously falling for this girl.

She kissed and snuggled more fervently. Her arms snaked up around my head as she worked her way up to my ear. She lightly ran her soft tongue around my ear and whispered in a sexy slow voice, “I want my boyfriend to fuck me. I want you to fuck the hell out of my hot, big breasted body with your thick... long... monster cock.”

With that, I felt myself go fully hard. Obviously, she felt it too, because the next thing I knew, she was positioning herself to accept my massive rod. Grabbing my massive meat, she eased back onto it, sliding it into her dripping pussy. She moaned as it went in. It was extremely tight, and felt awesome. It must have drove her crazy, because within moments, she was grinding and pumping herself further down my foot-long turgid cock. With each push, she grunted and squeaked. My hips moved up and down in rhythm with her pelvis, pushing harder and harder. My hands grasped her small waist. She kept leaning forward sliding her big breasts across my chest. She dipped down several times to French kiss me in a passionate blast. She began to squeak and squeal as we fucked faster and faster.

Like a piston, I rammed myself into her. She started cumming, groaning and writhing around while I pumped her tight twat. It was hard for me to believe that this little sexy mama was the same Jessica whose body had disgusted me just a few days ago. I felt ashamed and happy at the same time. You really can't judge a book by it's cover. I had no idea that she was such a horny little sex pot.

"Oh! Oh! God! Oh! I'm Cumming.. I'm Cummmmmming!" she wailed as she orgasmed over and over ramming her body onto my pulsing cock. "Keep going!" she screamed. "Harder! Fuck me! Uh! Oh Fuck!" she yelled.

In the couple of sexual encounters that I had been in before, I had never experienced anyone so horny or anyone who could have multiple orgasms. I had heard about it, but watching it in action was incredible. She didn't even hardly slow down.

She reached forward and grabbed onto her headboard and pulled herself up off her knees into a squatting position, while still riding my long pole. I pushed myself backwards into a reclining position until my face was directly in-line with her awesome creamy white tits. I grabbed them and started squeezing and sucking on them like a mad man. She shrieked in

exultation. She begged me to squeeze and bite them harder. So, as I did, she started bouncing up and down from her squatting pose, plunging her poor little pussy like a jackhammer on my coke-can thick piece of meat. Another minute of this and she was hollering and cumming again. Her massive round titties were swollen and blotchy from my rough attention. Pussy juice dripped liberally all over us. But she kept going, riding me like a bucking bronco.

Somewhere after her fourth or fifth multiple orgasm, I felt my own desire rise inside of me.

“I’m going to cum,” I moaned. She immediately hopped off of my huge dong and started jacking me off as fast as she could with both of her small hands. I loved her french manicured nails, they were so sexy. She swirled her tongue around the tip. I felt it rising in me. Within seconds a huge blast sprayed into her beautiful face. She laughed and licked her sexy mouth. Aiming my cock, she continued to jack me off as I ejaculated over and over into her waiting mouth. I grunted as pleasure coursed through my body. Her mouth filled up with cum and overflowed down the sides.. a pool of white semen could be seen between her wide open lips. After I ran dry, she kept jacking me off, sliding her hands expertly down my shaft sending aftershocks through my body. With a tilt of her head, she swallowed the contents of her mouth and smiled. “Yummy,” she said and licked her lips, “you’re delicious.. I could do this all day long.”

Finally spent, I collapsed back onto the bed breathing heavily. “Holy crap, Jessica,” I said, “you are amazing.. I mean fucking amazing.” She slid back onto me, snuggling her face into my neck again, pressing her huge breasts against my chest. Her legs intertwined around mine. My big cock lay down between my legs, still throbbing as it became softer.

Looking over at her clock, I asked, “when did you say your parents were going to be home?”

She jerked up her head. “Oh Crap!” she said sitting up, “it’s almost six!

My parents will be home in fifteen minutes!” she paused, looking down at her porn star tits. “I can’t believe we’ve been... you know.. having ..sex for almost two hours! Crap, Mike, what am I going to tell them about my body? I can’t let them see me like this! They’ll know something is severely wrong.. they’ll take me out of school.. I’ll never see you again. Ohh..no..” her shaky voice got higher and higher as she started to get hysterical.

I knew what to do.

This time, though.. I knew where to put my hands.

Reaching up, I placed both hands wide-spread on her fantastic round breasts.

Bang!

This time it was opposite. This time, I was taking mostly away from myself and adding it back to her.

“Oh.. oh.. damn.. I don’t want to go back..” she whined as I made the necessary changes. “Uhhhhhh..” she panted as she felt her body expand under the guidance of my thoughts.

I felt myself shrink as well, returning back to the state I was in this morning.

I opened my eyes and she was looking at me through her fingers. Her hands covered her face. She shook with nervousness, staring intently at me in fear.

“What?” I asked.

“I don’t want to be ugly again,” she whispered from behind her hands. “I don’t want you to see me like this.. I don’t want to lose you.”

“Ha ha,” I lightly chuckled. I sat up with her still in my lap, moved her hands

out of the way and kissed her lightly on the mouth. "Don't worry, Jess," I whispered back, "I *have* to go.. since you can't call me later, I'll see you tomorrow."

She stared at me in shock as I hopped off the bed, quickly pulled on my clothes and ran out the door. I turned and winked at her as I closed the door.

The coast was clear as I ran down the stairs and pulled out of the driveway. As I came to the first light, I recognized her parents Sienna as they drove past me. Whew! I thought. That was a close call.

Back in her room, Jessica got up slowly from her pink and white bed. A million emotions seemed to be running through her head. Her body tingled with the extreme changes, orgasms and activities of the last few hours. She was still in shock that Mike had asked her to be his girlfriend. It still seemed impossible. Her.. and him.. together. She had dreamed about it.. but it was just a fantasy. And look at what had just happened! All the toys and crap in her drawer just didn't compare. The real thing was a million times better. She now craved his body, his cock.. alone. He was so sweet and kind to her. She never wanted to let him go. Now that he was gone, she immediately missed him.. her heart hurt. She wanted him back.. she felt empty without him. Naked, she walked over in front of the mirror.

She was a little unprepared for what she saw.

Mike had indeed restored a portion of her weight back to her body.. but even so.. it was in a very different way. He had left her breasts nearly the same size as a few minutes ago.. they were still huge but now they looked more natural. They had more of a teardrop shape and were more pendulous. They were gorgeous.

Mike had redistributed her weight quite differently on her body. Instead of an obese chubby blob, she was curvy and smooth like a plus-size model.

Looking at her face, you wouldn't even know she was fat. He had kept her face exactly the same as the last transformation. She was beautiful. It was hard for her to recognize the woman looking back at her from beneath those large eyes and pretty lashes. Even her hair was still longer and more luxurious. Her waist and ass were big once again, but there was not an ounce of cellulite or ripples. Even with her larger body, he had still given her a scooping waist with massive hips. Turning around, her ass was shaped like a giant set of balloons. But no longer was it a cottage cheese wasteland.. instead it was firm and tight.. he had given her a mega ghetto booty.

Hearing the front door open and close, she dove into her closet grabbing clothes that she knew would conceal the curves but still hang on her body and trick her parents.

By the time her mom knocked on the door, she was ready. But it wasn't enough. Within a few minutes her mom was back on the phone setting up another appointment with the doctor. She was extremely concerned about her daughters dramatic changes.. especially her breast size. Jessica, rolled her eyes and tried to calm her mother down.. but she wasn't having any of it. It looked like she was going to miss another day of school tomorrow.. which means she would miss another day of Mike. She teared up just thinking about it. Her mother noticed thinking it was about her body and gave her a big hug, telling her everything would be Ok and that the doctors would figure everything out.

Dr. James hung up the phone and scratched his head. Flipping to the back of his planner he found the number that he was looking for.

Dialing, a voice picked up. "Tom?.. yes.. this is Fred James..... hey... how have you been?.. Great... we've been fine.. thanks for asking.. I'm sorry to bother you, but I think we might have a case you might be interested in. Yes... yes.. quite possible.. all of a sudden.. yes.. virginal hypertrophy...

yes.. appears bilateral..um.. very quick onset.. the appointment is for tomorrow... oh, ok.. that quick? Ok.. well then.. see you tomorrow.

End PART 1