

Sarah Finds Satisfaction

by Walster

In an average suburb somewhere in the outskirts of an average city lived a woman named Sarah. Sarah, not unlike her environment, could easily be overlooked because of her relative normality. She worked from nine to six in an office cubicle at a job she didn't really enjoy, but did not dislike either. It made her enough money to keep up a living of which others may be jealous – she never *really* wanted for material things, she had a wide circle of friends and she enjoyed the company of them regularly, mainly at bars and nightclubs.

However one thing was notably missing from Sarah's life – a significant other. Sarah, who now was in her early thirties, had had a few boyfriends and lovers but none-of-them seem to hang around that long. Maybe it was because she was shorter than most (at just 5' 3") or maybe it was because one would say her looks were plain at best (short dusty auburn hair, a freckly face, B-cup breasts and probably carrying an extra ten pounds than a average woman of her height) ...or just maybe it was because her personality wasn't engaging enough. Whatever the reasons, she had seen her friends and neighbours of a similar age all find someone that they could happily love or lust over for months and years, not just a matter of days or weeks as in Sarah's case.

Just like Sarah's lack of desire for flashy material things, Sarah has not given her relationship issues much thought until one day when it came to the surface...

It was just like any other Monday evening, Sarah was in her local supermarket completing her weekly food shopping when something different happened. At the end of the aisle, she could see a youth with a baseball-cap pulled down across his face rummage through an unsuspecting elderly lady's handbag while the elderly lady was reaching in vain for an item of the shelves. Before Sarah had a chance to holler to draw attention to the theft, the youth has decided to snatch the handbag and bolt for the door. Unfortunately for him, the nearest exit was at the end of the aisle where Sarah was standing. Rather than doing anything particularly brave, Sarah pushed her full trolley into the path of the escaping youth causing him to fly over the trolley and land on his head rendering him temporarily unconscious. By the time he had come around, the

youth had been nabbed by security and the elderly lady was thanking Sarah for her help in retrieving her handbag.

The elderly lady introduced herself as Mavis and while Sarah was embarrassed by Mavis's overwhelming thanks, Sarah did accept Mavis's invitation to buy her a coffee and evening snack at the coffee shop next door. As it turns out, Mavis had a large quantity of valuables and money in her hand bag (which she had just emptied from a bank safe deposit box that day) and she had a lot to be thankful for.

Over the course of the next hour, both ladies really opened up and shared a lot of their life stories. Mavis was recently retired and widowed and yet could not help feel an immense amount of sorrow for Sarah given that she seemed like such a good girl who had been unlucky in love and lust. In fact, the more Sarah spoke about her life, the more apparent it became that the lack of finding a boyfriend was tearing her up deep inside. She was tired of seeing her friends and others pick up month-after-month and her speech began to get a little broken as she stated, *"I just want to be noticed ...in fact it would be nice just once if I could be the first person noticed in the room, rather than one of the last"*. As tears welled in Sarah's eyes, Sarah excused herself to the rest room. Little did Sarah know that Mavis was about to repay her with much more than a free meal and two cups of coffee. With Mavis's new found spare time, she has been dabbling in ancient magic and was keen to try some out to help her new friend Sarah. Before Sarah came back from the rest room, Mavis was able to drop a few drops of a clear substance in Sarah's second coffee while whispering a few phrases that if the people two tables across could have heard, they would have sworn sounded like a language more ancient than Latin. Mavis had remembered what Sarah had said before excusing herself and had hoped that her ancient incantation might grant her this one favour. Once Sarah returned, she felt embarrassed about the situation and once both ladies politely swapped phone numbers (with probably no real intention of calling each other), they headed home.

Tuesday arrived for Sarah like any other – it was still a long way until the weekend. Sarah dressed for work in a knee-length skirt and a short-sleeved blouse that while snugly fit around her breasts was also long enough to be out-tucked to just cover her slight muffin-top. Her office was a small one. While there were cubicles, there were only eight of them, all eight of them occupied by women because her male manager had sexist tendencies and didn't mind ogling women while have them work for his business.

In fact, Sarah was probably fortunate to remain working there, as she was probably the plainest looking of the eight women in the office – she was sure it had something to do with the fact she was three times as productive as any other woman in the office. The one woman who got most of the office's attention was Jessica. She was always immaculately dressed, was the tallest girl in the office at 5'10" and had an athletic body in every way except for her breasts which at a D-cup stood out on a tall and very fit frame. The women of the office admired Jessica's flawless complexion and flowing red hair while the male manager purely noticed her for her body. Sarah was always one of the first into the office every morning and Jessica was always the last, except on Tuesday which was the day the manager played a weekly morning round of golf. Normally, the office would not acknowledge each other until Jessica arrived when morning conversation would usually begin with how one aspect of Jessica's appearance was radiant that day. Jessica entered the room with the other staff members busily working, heads down at their desks, just like any other day. However, this was not going to be like any other day...

As soon as Jessica stepped inside the room, Sarah felt a twinge in her legs. The twinge soon became a pain as it felt like someone was pulling hard at her feet. Trying hard not to make a noise, she kicked her shoes off hoping that would ease the pain. It was then, while glancing at her legs she noticed a few tears in her stockings below the knee ...and the tears were getting slowly longer. As Jessica began to approach her cubicle, Sarah would have yelled in pain but she was shocked to feel a tickling sensation on her neck ...only to look down and find that her hair was no longer shoulder length but past the front of her collar bone and slowly approaching the top of her breasts. Sarah was almost about to faint but it was then she could see that her hair was also changing hue from a dusty auburn to a brilliant shiny light brown. Before Jessica would place her bag on her desk and greet everyone, Sarah stood up bolt upright and noticed that she could see over more of the cubicle than she could before even without her shoes on. Oblivious to Sarah standing up, Jessica began to greet her co-workers, "Good Mor...", when she was interrupted by a small wail from Sarah. Sarah had just grown another two inches in five seconds and the women who would have normally responded to Jessica's greeting were now also standing, gasping and gushing at Sarah's new appearance. Everyone noticed Sarah this morning, commenting "how brilliant her hair looked especially with what must be new extensions", how "she must have some killer pumps on to make her look taller" and that "her complexion was beautiful this morning". Jessica was also still in shock when Sarah's head then appeared to move upwards by another two inches. While Jessica added in must be

difficult to “stand on tippy-toes” in extra-high heels, Sarah was more concerned about bolting into the Ladies to examine the changes herself. As Sarah ran to the toilets, one co-worker briefly noticed that Sarah did not have any shoes on but shook it off as seeing things.

As Sarah entered the toilets with some amount of cramp-like pains, she locked the main door behind her. She positioned herself in front of the mirror to find that she appeared at least six inches taller without her shoes on. How could this have happened? Was she dreaming all of this? It was while she was pinching herself (realizing it was clearly not a dream) that another pain got her attention. Her legs were cramping again and she could see her knee-length skirt was now three inches above her knees and fast approaching a mini skirt. Did she just grow another two inches? – she figured her height in the mirror was now around 5’11”. While she was pondering that, she noticed that her reflection had flawless skin and while she peered closer, her hair was lengthening slightly again and also changing hue once more. Her hair colour was now a blondie-brown but shiny like the hair shampoo commercials – it has also just finishing growing to cover the top half of her breasts. Just then the cuffs around her short sleeves began to feel loose as her arms were visibly becoming more toned in a matter of seconds – any trace of fat on her arms and legs had now appeared to melt away before her eyes in the past ten minutes.

After examining herself for another ten minutes in front of the mirror, Sarah now felt that she didn’t care what her ‘pinch’ test was telling her, that she was definitely now dreaming and she was going to continue to enjoy her dream while it lasted. After removing her stockings which were torn beyond recognition, she re-entered the office space to more gasps that “she must have just dyed her hair” in the Ladies to complete the transformation. Her co-workers were now getting slightly concerned that they had spent fifteen minutes talking about Sarah’s new look and had figured they had better get back to work ...while Jessica was quietly fuming that she had not been showered with her usual amount of attention that morning. Some of Sarah’s colleagues were also curious to how their manager, Brad, would react to Sarah’s new look.

As the morning ebbed away, Mavis was just rising from a good night’s sleep. She was retired without a hubby and could enjoy her sleep ins after all. One thought kept troubling her as she has slept however. She kept thinking over the encantation that she had performed the night before, trying to offer Sarah the feeling that “*it would*

be nice just once if I could be the first person noticed in the room". Even though, she was a relative beginner at her craft, she was confident from her extensive research, that her incantation would work. She was nagged by the thought that she might not have included all of the right words in her incantation. Had she spoken that ancient words for "*just once*"? ...or left them out of her spell ...she could not be sure.

Brad had not had a particularly good round of golf. In fact, he'd had one of his worst rounds ever. He was grumpy about his game but began to cheer up when he started to think of copping an eye-full of Jessica when he walked through the office. While well dressed, Jessica always wore a tailored revealing blouse that her very pert D-cup breasts managed to sit at least half of the way out. Of course, Jessica had the cubicle closest to his corner office which also meant he could begin his day with a last minute ogle before getting down to business. Not to confuse the mental picture that Brad would begin his day with, he would always walk with his head down past the other cubicles only politely greeting his other workers, while not paying attention to their appearance. Jessica would always be the first to get his 'full' attention each day by following this pattern.

By early afternoon, Sarah was happily playing an internet game on her PC, convinced that this was one of the longest dreams ever, reaffirmed by regular glances at her new appearance. While Brad was getting out of his car, ready to begin his half-day of work, Sarah began to feel a returning pain in her legs. Was she growing again...? At this point, she could care less, suck up any pain and enjoy the 'dream'. As Brad began to walk up the one flight of stairs to the office, Sarah felt a different feeling. It felt like a tightness across her chest, in fact it felt like she was inhaling air into her lungs without doing so. Sarah looked down at her chest and noticed it moving slowly outwards. She could see that her buttoned-up blouse was starting to tighten around her upper torso. While making sure she was in definitely not inhaling, seconds later, she could see gaps opening up in her blouse and see more of her breasts. Wait ...were her *breasts* now growing? Oh, Sarah was going to enjoy this (remembering, in the back of her mind, she still has this pegged as a dream). Her breasts were not only growing out, but up. She did put on a push-up bra this morning and her old B-cup breasts were now beyond C-cups and beginning to push-up through the top of her blouse. Her top button started to show signs of strain when she noticed that her hair was lengthening again. Her hair was also changing to a shiny pure blonde color while now lengthening past the

sides of her breasts ...and the sides of her breasts were now getting more noticeable and Sarah was beginning to get turned on. The sides of her breasts were struggling to be contained by her now very tight blouse. Just then, her top button pinged across the desk as increasingly pert breast flesh began to form a canyon of cleavage with her extremely tight bra. Brad had rounded the corner to the office floor when a warm powerful surge hit Sarah's entire body. The leg pain was back, her legs lengthened another two inches. Her skirt was now definitely a very tight mini. While the skirt was tight around her bottom and legs it was no longer tight around her waist. It felt like the extra weight from her muffin top was being sucked upwards into her breasts. Sarah's blouse was now losing a battle it could not win. A second button zinged off and the third was being pushed to its limits. Breast flesh was being pushed around the side of her blouse and her push-up bra was doing its job by now pushing her DD-cup breasts skywards. Just as Brad was approaching the second cubicle, he could help but spot out of the corner of his eye a tall blonde's head sitting in the chair where Sarah would normally sit. He decided to keep eyes front today and as he did it appeared as if the tall blonde has just raised her chair. In fact, Sarah was going through one final amazing spurt which now had her pushing 6'4" in height. Her arms lengthened more, as did her fingernails which now began to become covered in shiny red nail polish. Her lipstick also changed to a glossy bright red while instantly puffing out like they had had a quick shot of collagen. They weren't the only things to puff out – she moaned pleurably as as her breasts surged forward and up one last time until they appeared like to beautifully round F-cup spheres squeezed together into a clearly visible bra which was now five sizes too small. Brad was now standing at Sarah's cubicle and rapidly sporting a massive boner. He could vaguely distinguish what looked like Sarah from the face but couldn't see much of it as she was visibly panting beneath golden tresses and trying not to breathe in deeply. Sarah could sense Brad overlooking her desk and decided to look up. Seeing his mouth agape caused her to take a deep breath in a moment of surprise. This inhale caused the last of her blouse's top buttons to zing off into Brad's chest revealing two spectacular breasts barely contained by Sarah's bra which was now digging deep into Sarah's back.

While Brad came in his pants, Sarah wasn't sure if this was still a dream – the feelings were all too real. She honestly did not know quite what to think anymore, but did know that she had to get out of the office. Leaving a commotion of chatter behind her, she jogged bare-foot out of the office and with a blouse wide-open headed for the car. It took longer than she expected to run to her car given that she had to get used to a much shorter stride and a much heavier upper body. Once sitting in her car, she

noticed that she was not as out of breath as she would normally be after a quick jog. It must have had something to do with her toned physique. As she adjusted her seat and checked her mirrors, she took another double take. Sarah noticed that her stunning looks were beginning to fade away. It began with her hair shortening and returning to its auburn color. She was now very confused and just wanted to be home. She drove as quickly as she could, adjusting her seat and ignoring traffic signals all the way. By the time she had pulled into her driveway, Sarah was as plain looking as she had been her whole adult life.

Sarah, still very confused, walked inside and stood in front of her full length mirror. Apart from a blouse that looked like it had been used in a game of tug-and-war, no shoes or stockings and some marks from her bra straps, she looked almost exactly as she had when she left for work.

The eight messages on her home answering machine (including five from Brad and a bitchy one from Jessica) were making her consider seriously that she was definitely not dreaming. She would almost certainly not dream about her manager leaving her amorous phone messages. After sitting on her bed for a while wondering what the hell just happened, Sarah decided to pop a couple of valiums, have a stiff drink and a lie down and hope this made some sense when she awoke.

Sarah slept well, very well in fact. It may have had something to do with the come down after all that adrenalin had coursed through her body the day before or possibly the valium/scotch combo. Either way, she was going to be late for work on Wednesday by the time she had woken up. Except she wasn't going to work ...how could she? After what had happened the day before? More messages on her answering machine that morning confirmed it really *must* have happened.

Sarah called in sick on Wednesday ...and then on Thursday ...and then on Friday. She had plenty of leave up her sleeve and Brad was prepared to cut her a lot of slack given he was living with, more-or-less, a full-time boner since Tuesday. He couldn't wait for Sarah to show up at work whenever she was ready (especially if she going to look like *that* again).

Sarah was brave enough to take on the outside world again on Friday. She decided she would do it in the company of friends at a local bar they liked to frequent. Sarah figured a Friday night out would take her mind of the earlier events of the week which by now she was trying to put down to a freak occurrence. While she had many friends, only three of them were able to join her for the night out, as many others were doing 'coupley' things. Ross and Jane were a cute couple who Sarah had been friends

for many years. They were engaged but still like to party in the lead up to their wedding. Both of them were slightly better than average looking but it was her third friend who was going to stand out from the crowd tonight. Michelle, whose boyfriend was out of town visiting his parents for the weekend, was a stunning redhead with a wonderful hourglass figure (34-28-34). She was also very striking, standing six feet tall which certainly made her a good match for her underwear-model boyfriend. That being said, Michelle was prepared to play up a little and endeavour to be a good wing-girl for Sarah who she knew was a bit down in the dumps.

Given Sarah had the 'day off' work she arrived at the bar early – in fact so early, just after it opened at 5pm – it was a trendy bar that was renowned for drawing its crowd late in the evening. Sarah liked that the fact that it was quiet early so she could catch up quietly with her friends, but she was also up for a big night and had put on her little black dress just in case. Ross and Jane came straight from work soon after and joined Sarah at the table booth where Sarah was sitting finishing her first drink. After Ross and Jane finished stirring her about sitting with all of her friends, they caught up on recent events (Sarah did not mention Tuesday) until a couple of twenty-something guys arrived at the bar. While waiting for service, they glanced across at the only other people in the bar, the table of three, and could help but immediately notice that the short girl's eyes seemed to be glistening and seem to call to both of them 'take me home'. The two guys couldn't be sure which one she was eyeing off and they both thought they might have a crack at the plain-ish short girl later if they got drunk enough and didn't score elsewhere during the night.

As more some more people started to fill the bar, Sarah began to feel some familiar stirrings but initially thought nothing of it. An observer would have also noticed that for one reason or another, Sarah was generating more attention than she would normally. Sarah was beginning to notice some extra sets of eyes on her when she felt her foot reach the bottom rung of the bar chair. She could have sworn that her legs were swinging free before. At the same time, Jane suddenly asked "Have you coloured your hair? I couldn't be sure in this dim light earlier but I can it definitely say now your hair looks a lot blonder". In fact, of the dozen people now in the bar, Sarah was the only person with blond hair and it was drawing most people's attention early. A moment of intense fear spread through Sarah's body and it wasn't the only feeling that was beginning to stir. Sarah excused herself for the bath room just as the cramps began again. Behind a locked door, she watched as she grew four inches in a matter of seconds, while her hair was indeed now a golden blonde and steadily lengthening to her shoulders. A more unfamiliar feeling came across Sarah's face this time, literally, as

her cheek bones became more accentuated (like Jane's) and her jaw lengthened slightly. All this was occurring while it felt like an invisible feather brush was contouring Sarah's face with a professional make over. After three or four minutes, the changes appeared to stop. Sarah rubbed her eyes and took a good look at herself. The changes weren't as stark as the other day but she could certainly say she was matching it with Jane in the looks department now. Hell, in fact she was better looking than Jane now. After snapping off her heels, to conceal the obvious, and with some new found confidence and less trepidation about the changes, Sarah strode confidently back to her seat. The twenty-something lads even took a second, third and fourth glance when Sarah walked by. Jane blurted "Wow, you look great with your hair out – I didn't realise that you had it up ...and whatever you did to powder your nose, your make up looks great as well." Ross wasn't sure what to say but he was thinking that he never imagined he could ever 'go Sarah' until this very moment.

As more people began to enter the bar, Sarah's hair slowly became even more radiant and her position near the front door made sure that everyone's attention was first drawn to the girl with the stunning hair and long silky legs in the short dress. By now, Sarah's legs (and torso less so) had lengthened so that she would now be 5' 10" tall if she had been standing up.

Not long after, Sarah with a little more liquid courage in her system, was getting anxious that her wing-girl Michelle had not arrived. With her improving self-esteem she was getting more confident she could land the right guy tonight. Sarah texted Michelle just as she was finishing her final touches to her make up. Not that Michelle needed much make up, her curvaceous figure, model looks and six foot of height always got her plenty of attention. And tonight like a loyal wing-girl should she was going all out to draw more attention to their table by cramming her DD-cup breasts into a body-hugging red dress that showed off every inch of her curves. With a plunging neckline, it also showed off her wonderful 22-year old body's cleavage. Sarah's phone pinged with a message from Michelle that she was "On her way. C U in 5". At that moment, something else also pinged Sarah apart from her phone. It was a faulty clip on the top of Sarah's bra which had just let go under the slight strain of Sarah's now inflating bosoms. Even though her breasts had grown a cup size, it took the bra strap half-giving away for Sarah to realise she was changing again. She was drawn away from Jane's girly-talk as she looked down at a cleavage line that was becoming more apparent at the top of her tight black dress. Sarah's legs were now touching the floor but her leg growth could not distract her from watching her chest billow out and up slowly. When Sarah realized that she also had Ross and several other guys devoted attention she

began to make a bee-line for the front door. "I'm just going to meet Michelle out the front" she stated hurriedly. Almost everyone in the bar was distracted by the tall thin girl with the skin tight black mini dress move quickly and clumsily towards the door. Just outside the entrance to the bar, she could not help but gaze and be astonished by her reflection in a large window pane out the front. She pictured that her height was now around 6' 1" and that if she grew any taller her very little black dress would soon reveal her underwear. As Michelle drove down the street on which the bar was on, Sarah felt another shockwave hit her. In a moment, her bottom and bust simultaneously began to expand. While her waist was shaping down, her butt was growing nicely into the bubble butt that she had admired on many other girls, like Michelle. Now standing side on to admire her new butt, she had briefly neglected the changes that were happening up top. Her hair was lengthening once more and changing colour again. This time it was slowly changing from blonde to amber, then to red. Her reddish-hair was now cascading around her ballooning bust line which was now expanding at a quicker pace. Sarah's bra had now given up its second and final clasp, but her breasts did not seem to require it as much anymore. Her D-cup boobs, now attempting to squeeze out of a seemingly spray-on black micro dress, were becoming increasingly perky while growing larger and larger.

Just then Sarah noticed her face in the reflection, apart from the flawless make up and puffy lips she now sported, she also noticed wrinkles disappearing. Could she be getting younger...? Her boobs started to look as perky as they did ten years ago, but they were never this big.

A car door slamming in the distance briefly broke Sarah's trance-like state. It was Michelle who'd just got out of her car – she could pick that skin-tight red dress and gravity-defying cleavage from a mile away. Sarah called to Michelle ...and Michelle from a distance could not recognize who this tall girl was calling to her. Sarah called again but this time as she did she doubled over in pain. Michelle moved as quickly as she could in high heels to help this girl (which strangely sounded like Sarah) who was in obvious discomfort. Michelle helped Sarah to her feet and Sarah immediately threw her arms around Michelle. Sarah's pain was now replaced by a warmth that could only be described as near-orgasmic, as her body morphed again. Sarah quickly grew by four inches so that she could now see begin to see the top of Michelle's head for the first time. Michelle, who was holding Sarah around the waist, could feel one of her hands move away just a little as Sarah's butt expanded even more. Michelle also noticed that this girl's dress was now changing colour to match her fiery red hair. It also felt like it was changing from a cloth to an almost lycra type material so that this girl's

awesome curves were becoming even more visible. Sarah did not notice her dress change but she did notice her breasts push into Michelle's ample chest even more. Sarah was breathing deeply now and with each breath the air seemed to stay in her chest propelling her bust line beyond DDs and into F-cup range. With one final gasp, she withdrew herself from Michelle's embrace and it was only then that Michelle could truly admire the sexpot that stood before her. Standing before her was a girl that *she* wanted to have sex with. She had to be 6'6" in height, no older than 21, with bright and shiny red hair, a supermodel's face, new red leather high-heel boots at the base of shimmering legs that seemed to go forever ...well up until the edge of a spray-on shiny red lycra dress which showed off every inch of what seemed like impossible curves including the best rack Michelle had ever seen. Almost G-cup boobs pushing their way right up to the base of this girl's collar bone. In fact, they were so round, perky and perfect, you could swear they were inflated with helium. It was at that point that Sarah spoke ...and Michelle promptly fainted.

When Michelle came to, Sarah briefly explained what had happened to her over recent days and they both proceeded into the bar. This time Michelle was going to need that stiff drink. As they both stood in the doorway for a moment, Sarah knew at that moment, that she was going to find any guy she wanted tonight, beginning with any of dozens of men gawking at her with their mouth wide open...

One month passed and Sarah woke to once again stare at her dowdy reflection. She could care less about her 'morning looks' now and she was not that fussed about finding the perfect guy to settle down with either. She had been having some mind-blowing sex with incredibly hot guys in public places. She could also care less about working for Brad. Sarah had landed some sweet walk-up modeling gigs – she was always the best looking model in the room. After giving the past month some more thought, she figured that she might just have to find where she wrote down Mavis's number ...and thank her for the coffee.
