The Weave

The mastery of the arcane arts was once the most noteworthy trait of the Azuria Clan. The clan’s Arch Magus had incredible power, and rule the secluded island hidden behind a mystical vale. By tradition, the Arch Magus was the eldest of their house. The clan would hold a grand tournament every one-thousand years to see who would become the new Arch Magus. While men were never banned from these tournaments, their mastery over magic was rarely potent enough to compete. As more humans began to appear as the planet matured, more beings began to tap into the mystical source of power – the weave. Before long, even the most simplistic magic required long hours of concentration. Azuria island’s magical vale began to fade, as did their magical heritage. They carried on many of these rituals as a form of mysticism, but their connection with the weave was so dampened that within two generations all they had left were stories.

Their magically extended lives were no longer possible to maintain, so the last great Arch Magus who would normally have reigned for 1,000 years and still lived another 300 after that, only lived to see the age of 345. As the ages went on, and humankind began to stretch the weave too thin, it all but disappeared from the word. Some say it lingered on in magical lay lines in the most isolated places in the world, but the world of magic was gone. Though prophecy foretold of a second coming of the weave… One who would call the magic back into the world, but this time it would not give itself freely to all. It would only present itself to those whom it deemed worthy. This prophecy was the last vision of the great Arch Magus before her connection to the weave was finally lost.

“No, look… it’s just that I’m just trying to help but people think I’m trying to take over,” I said.

My mom, “Oh I know. I know, I’ve been there.”

“You always say you know. How could you know? How could you know what it feels like to be a guy like me, with his graduate degree, trying to break out of entry level but people won’t trust me because they think I’m fresh out of school when I’m already 30. How the hell could you know?” I said, but I regretted it instantly. My mother was not the easiest person to talk to, and she did not like being called out.

My mom replied, “Ok. I don’t know! I’m just trying to help. Do you know how hard it was for me to raise three kids, with an unemployed husband working as a temp?”

“Hey I’m not saying what you did wasn’t hard. What you did was miraculous, but I’m not going to say that what I’m doing is similar, easier, or harder. I’m not trying to say who had it worse, I’m just trying to say the pressures I’m dealing with and being a product of my generation isn’t the same the troubles you faced. Please, just concede this to me,” the man pleaded.

“It doesn’t matter if I don’t know exactly what it feels like. I’m just trying to tell you it will get better if you just give it time,” said my mom.

“You’ve been telling me that since I was 22. How much more do I need to do before people stop treating me like a college intern?” I said.

“Just keep working, do whatever your boss asks, and be sure they love to have you around,” she said.

This was the typical conversation I would have with my parents. They wanted to tell me, “shut up and just do your job,” but they were trying to spare my emotions. I wanted to tell them that I had a level of mastery beyond that of my employers, and they keep getting in my way. We keep publishing materials that are subpar, and if they just let me fix them, it would be better for everyone. However, the managers, the dimwitted “professionals” who feel entitled to running the company based on tenure alone see me as a threat. They keep trying to publish articles about interesting relationship between phenomena without doing even the most fundamental analysis, which is highly unethical. Talk like that won’t keep you employed for long though.

Allow me to introduce myself, I’m Blake Fredrickson. My friends thought I was a little boring - six foot tall, brown hair, brown eyes, white guy who spent too much time to himself playing games, reading and writing. For a Social Scientist, I really didn’t interact with people that much. I currently reside in in Austin Texas, hippie central of the Lone Star State, but my family is back in Colorado Springs, Colorado. The difference is like night and day. Nothing but conservative, god-fearing folks who love the traditional way of life in Colorado Springs, versus the young liberal vibe out in Austin. I came here for school, and decided to stay, even if the job I ended up with was a bore. Little did I know this world was going to mean so little to me in just a few days.

After wrapping up my phone call with my parents, I finished getting ready for work, and headed outside.

I thought it was just going to be another day, but by the time I got to my car, a not-so-subtle hint told me otherwise.

“Where are my keys??” I said as I was patting my pants and hoodie pockets. It was at that time I noticed my headlights were still on, and looking quite dim.

“Shit…” I said as I saw the keys were still in the ignition and I had somehow left my lights on all night.

I looked down at the lock button, and it was firmly pressed in.

“Great. Why the fuck didn’t I make a spare, I’m such an idiot!!” I mumbled to myself.

I turned towards my car, and rested my head against the cool metal while I exhaled slowly.

“I don’t suppose you’d just open up for me, would ya?” I asked.

\*CLICK\*

Startled, I looked down, and the door was open.

“No fucking way! This car… just opened up…” I thought to myself. Clearly, something was going on, but there had to be an explanation for it.

“Arch Magus, it wasn’t the car acting of its own volition. I am Drake, retainer of the highest house of the isle,” a disembodied voice said.

I looked around, and I saw a figure fade into sight within my car. This young man was wearing a purple gown, or was that a robe? It was hard to tell with him sitting inside. I reached down and opened the door.

“Who the hell are you, and what are you doing in my car?” I demanded.

The young man exited my car. He stood about as tall as myself, though with very different fashion tastes. He was wearing a purple robe of some sort, with black embroideries all around it.

“Sire, I’m Drake, as I said. Retainer of your noble house,” he said while bowing.

“Um, sure Drake. This sounds EXACTLY like something that would go on youtube. You use a slim-jim to get into a car, hide, make it look like some magic trick. Where’s the punchline?” I said angrily. Clearly this was a more reasonable expectation than my initial instincts. Obviously my car wasn’t just listening to me.

“Oh, you’re right about that. The car can’t listen to you,” said Drake.

“What..?” I stammered. Did I mumble that other part that I was thinking?

“Oh no sir, you just don’t understand how loudly your spirit speaks yet is all. I can hear your inner voice clearly,” said Drake.

Drake continued, “Your life has been one of nothing but obstacles, hasn’t it? You just spoke with your parents about this very thing. You just want to do good, and people keep getting in the way. Well, just speak with me. There is so much to do with the resurgence.”

“What are you talking about,” I asked.

“The weave is coming back. The ancient text said you would come, exactly as you are now. Well, perhaps a few details were missing, but they were written thousands of years ago,” he said.

“You’re not making any sense,” I said.

“You come from a long line of power magi, and you’re to bring in a new era. Though, you can’t be expected to do that as some entry-level grunt can you? You have been given the gift by the weave, selected to spread to good power to this world,” he said.

“Drake, what do you mean? What power?” I asked.

“Do you think it was me who unlocked that door? Well, yes and no. I certainly reached over and unlocked it, but you called me here. I’ve been in a deep magical slumber silently observing things from others who were close to the weave,”

“I called you? What do you mean?” I asked.

“This new weave is young, and still in flux. I must make this point quickly, if you need me just call my name! I’ll be there if you—“ everything went black for a moment.

My head was spinning for just a fraction of a moment. I opened my eyes and saw my car, still locked. The lights were off, and the keys were in my hand. I fog swirled in my head, as if I had been day dreaming as I was walking to my car. Something about a nice young man trying to help me… I think. Who would ever try to help me? People want all the glory and don’t care how bad of a job they do.

I turned on the car, headed out of my apartment complex and went on to work. I hated the drive to work quite a lot. It wasn’t very long, and honestly it wasn’t that hard at all. It was about 1.5 miles from my home, but there were so many stop lights. To exit my apartment, I had to wait for the left turn signal. After that, I could never make it to the next light in time. It was timed perfectly to make me wait every single day. If only I didn’t have to go through all these lights I could make it to work in just a few minutes.

I drove up to the first light, and pointed at it and said, “Green!” It was the sort of thing I’d been saying since I was a teenager. Sometimes you say it and it actually changes. Then you do a fist pump! Well, today I said it, and it turned green immediately (with a silent fist pump from me too)!

I rounded the turn and I had about 100 yards to go till the next light. Even though it was green now, it was going to turn read before I could get any closer. Well, not today. “Stay green for once!” I shouted. Might as well cash in on this good luck, right? Well, amazingly, it did. It actually stayed green. For the first time ever, I made it to the light while it was green. “Wow, they must have finally changed the timing!” I thought to myself.

Knowing they changed the timing put me in an amazingly good mood. Something as simple as having a few seconds shaved off my morning drive put a smile on my face. I’m not normally much of a morning person, but it was starting to look like a good day.

I approached the parking garage and I decided to push my luck. I began to think, “the only way to make this day any better would be to get a parking space on the first floor…” I turned the car into the garage and there was a spot waiting just for me. Not only that, it didn’t have another car parked halfway into it. Wow! What a morning.

I parked my car, checked myself one last time before getting out of the car. I noticed my hair was looking a little long. I can’t recall when my last hair-cut was, probably over a few months, but it was almost long enough to start hanging down. I got out of the car and started to head inside.

I thought this good mood was going to help me power through my morning, but my manager had other plans for me.

After settling in the office for a few minutes, I received an e-mail alert to come to my manager’s office as soon as I could. I set everything else aside, and headed to her office.

“Good morning Ashley, you asked to speak with me?” I said.

Ashley was nice enough person, but she wasn’t exactly an ideal coworker. She knew some folks within the industry, but her knowledge of how to actually do analysis, interpret results, and write a report like that of an intern. When she is forced to do those things, she passes them off to other people. An older employee who thinks their tenure is an asset instead of a burden. Needless to say, I did not have much respect for her.

“Good morning,” she said in a relatively cold manner. She would always say things that sounded polite, but her tone was anything but.

“Morning,” I responded.

“I’m going to need you to run the analysis on this data set again for me. You must have made a mistake. All the numbers for our new client aren’t in there,” she said.

“Well, that’s because you said you didn’t want them included. You told me we needed to see the client separately from everyone else,” I said.

“I don’t want any excuses, I’m just telling you what needs to be done,” she said with an annoyed look on her face.

“Ok… I’ll have that this afternoon,” I said.

“No, I need it by 10am” She said firmly.

“I’ll see what I can do,” I said. She turned back towards her desk and acted like I wasn’t there.

I sulked back to my office and shut my door. I turned on the music and starting pouring over the file.

I began to think to myself, “wow, if she would admit to making any mistakes, and actually acknowledge that all I do is save her ass, that would make me feel so much better.”

I was still compiling the data when there was a knock at the door. It was my manager.

“Oh great, what did I do now?” I thought.

“Hey Blake. I’m really sorry. You’re totally right. I did ask for the other information. You know, you’re always covering for me. It’s really appreciated. I think you could lead a project of your own soon. Thanks again!” she said as she left the room.

I didn’t say a word. I sat there with a blank look on my face as a bit of my bangs dropped down near my eye. I swept it to the side and was still perplexed about what Ashley had said.

After a little while longer, I sent my work in and I began working on my other projects. I stood up to use the restroom but stopped when I reached the bathroom mirror. In the reflection I saw my hair was quite short again.

I thought to myself, “wait wasn’t my hair in my face earlier?”

It definitely was! There is no doubt about it. What the hell is going on? My head started to ache and then it hit me – DRAKE. There was a man named Drake that spoke with me. How the hell could I forget about that… and the strange business with my car.

“Drake?” I said aloud.

The voice returned, “How may I serve you?”

“This morning. The car, calling you, the lights, the parking spot, and my boss. That wasn’t all just coincidence was it?” I asked skeptically.

“No Arch Magus,” Said drake.

“Wait, we spoke earlier and you suddenly disappeared. Why?” I asked.

“The weave is in flux. It’s new, and it has trouble handling the magical pressure that is being applied to it. These are simply growing pains for the new weave. Do you wish to see it?” he asked.

“What… really?” I said, as I brushed hair out of my face. It was getting longer again.

An image appeared before me, scintillating colors swirling and vibrating that feel me with warmth and joy. The more I gazed upon it, the warmer I would feel. It was washing over me in relaxing waves, but it suddenly grew cold and silent.

“What happened?” I asked.

“Drake?” I said.

In the meekest voice I could hear but a whisper, “It is like an infant… give it time magus.”

I looked back in the mirror and saw my hair was shortened again.

“This is… creppy,” I said.

I walked back to my office and thought hard, “I’d like my boss to come by and give me the day off!”

I waited, but nothing happened. I tried again. “I’d like for the building to close for an emergency inspection,” … no dice.

“Well…. I could just say I’m under the weather then,” I thought to myself.

I left to speak with my manager who didn’t look happy to see me. Almost as if our last conversation hadn’t happened.

“I forgot to schedule it, but I have a doctor’s appointment this morning. I’ll be out for a while,” I said.

“I don’t care, just get me that report,” she snorted.

“Ok… fair enough,” I said.

I finished up my work and started to head home. My hair was getting in my face again, this time much longer than before. My clothes were starting to feel loose as well. Was this all part of the magic? Maybe it’s going to make me look like a movie star, or model!

I was feeling a bit nervous at first, but I began to embrace it. I rushed home, hitting all green lights again and made it back into my apartment. I stood in front of my large bathroom mirror and I was a little confused.

My hair was longer, and I swear the color was different. I looked a bit thinner, and… shorter? That’s very strange.

“Drake?”

“Yes magus,” said the voice.

“What’s happening exactly?” I said.

“You’re looking at yourself in the mirror? What do you mean,” he asked.

“Well, I keep getting longer hair and I feel different,” I said.

“Oh. Well your physical form does get shaped as you use the weave. Your personality rubs off on it too. I’ve been watching over it and it’s become much more confident, like you,” said Drake.

“I don’t understand why that would change me,” I said.

“Well, it will make you the perfect vessel for using this power. It will eventually remove all imperfections to ensure your mastery. I thought you would like this,” said Drake.

“Well. Hell, why not?” I said.

“To hasten the process, just try using it a bit more. The more you push the weave, the stronger it will eventually become. For now, it will probably weaken time and again to rejuvenate itself. You’re helping it grow,” said Drake.

“Very well. Umm, do I just keep making things happen?” I asked.

“I would advise against that. If you draw too much attention like that, it could lead to serious trouble, especially when the weave fades out again. For now, try keeping it simple. Try… try turning on your shower without using your hands,” suggested Drake.

“Sounds like fun!” I said.

“Very good. I’ll be keeping close eye on the weave as you try this. It might take me a moment to respond to you, just avoid getting yourself into trouble,” he said in a reassuring way.

“Hey Drake,” I said.

“Yes?” he replied.

“Thanks. I don’t know what else to say,” I said.

“Think nothing of it,” and his voice faded away.

“Okay, just turn the knob…” I thought as I entered the shower. I strained and started gesturing towards it, just like when I was a kid. I used to imagine what it would be like to use “The Force” like in Star Wars, or have telekinesis like a super hero. My hands started to become more stiff as I continued to strain them.

“Come on… turn…” I said.

I focus on it harder and harder until… \*SQUEAK\*

“AH HA!!!! Oh shit!” I exclaimed as I slipped in the shower. The water was so cold! I scrambled up, and slipped out of the shower and saw my hair had somehow become shoulder length. I still wasn’t sure why my hair had anything to do with this, but this was all new to me.

I looked back up at my reflection and saw I was definitely shorter. I had lost at least two inches in height. I’m not sure how I felt about that at all. My hair was definitely starting to look different. A reddish definite reddish tint was present now, but still subtle.

Now that I was getting way too cold, I decided I might as well take off these wet clothes and jump in the shower. I’ll try to adjust the temperature without touching it again, but this time I won’t stand inside it.

After a few minutes of focusing, I got it! The temperature was inviting and warm.

I took off my clothes, which were barely hanging onto me now and I stepped in the shower. That’s when I noticed my chest was looking weird, like it stuck out a little. “What the fuck… I thought to myself…” My hair was getting longer, I looked a little shorter, and are these… are these things… I just can’t bring myself to say it. No way.

“Drake!” I exclaimed. Even my voice sounded different – it sounded higher.

This time Drake appeared in the bathroom with me.

“Who what the fuck dude?” I exclaimed.

“It sounded urgent, I wanted to make sure you were okay. What is the problem?” he asked.

“Look at me! I look like I’m… I mean what are these? Why the hell am I looking more… you know…” I said.

“I sense you mean feminine?” he said. “Surely that’s what you mean. Allow me to explain. The best weaver users have always been females. Men can still access it, but women have the best connection. I’m unsure exactly why. The female spirit has an easier time working with it is all. And like I said earlier, it would rub off on you. It would make you into the best vessel for the job,” said Drake in a plane way.

“What?! I don’t want to turn into some sort of… you know, woman or something,” I said sheepishly.

“Oh. Hey, I um,” Drake started to seem almost like a normal person for a moment before snapping back into his officious manner, “Arch Magus, this is just the way of things. Certainly a spiritual being’s physical vessel doesn’t matter. This existence is temporary after all,” he said.

“Drake, stop it,” I said.

“What do you mean,” said Drake.

“You almost started to sympathize with me, like a normal person might,” I said.

Drake took me by the hand and a shiver went through my body.

“Magus, it’s not that I don’t want to help, it’s just the way of things. Retainers are never to be anything but tools. Please don’t take it the wrong way,” he said.

“Tools? You’re not a tool. You’re the only friend I’ve got right now. Who do you even report to?” I demanded.

“The ancestors,” he said. “Their rules are not to be broken. Casual banter with a magus… they’d have my head,” he said.

“No Drake. I need you to stay here. Well, not in here, but just don’t leave ok?” I said.

Drake nodded and I led him to my room. I asked him to wait for me while I finished washing up.

A few minutes later I left the bathroom and he was staring blankly at the wall where I had left him. He appeared to be in a trance, and in his eyes I saw the colors of weave glowing vibrantly.

I wanted to try to see it for myself. I thought hard and focused… “show me the weave…”

My eyes were once again filled with colors and within them I saw another figure. It was Drake! I urged him to come back to the real world with me.

“Welcome back, I thought I would try—“ I tried to say as I tripped over again.

“What the hell?” I said as I looked down. I had tripped over my bathrobe, now touching the ground even when I was standing. Did I just get shorter again?

“When is this going to stop…” I said

Drake’s was finally back with me, and he said, “the more you use it, the more it will mold you.”

“Why the hell didn’t you tell me that?” I demanded.

“I didn’t want to scare you away from it…” he said. He continued, “I also… well nevermind.”

“What is it? What can’t you tell me. Are these ‘ancestors’ forcing you to keep quiet?” I asked.

“Well…” he said.

“I demand that you tell me now!” I said.

“Yes, of course. You were not to be told, because your passion to change the world for the better would be all you needed. It doesn’t matter what form you take. Ideas know no race or gender. Also, they said you wouldn’t actually fight it at all,” he said.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“I’ll be straight forward with you. Close the door without touching it. By the time you finish, your breasts, that’s right, breast, will actually get a little bigger. However, your mastery of telekinesis will be much easier. Which would you rather have? A more feminine look, or telekinesis… “ he asked.

“I’m not… well….I don’t… I’ve never had to…” I said stammering. I looked over to the door, then down at my chest. I turned around and opened my robe, and noticed my package was even getting smaller. It was downright puny now.

“Not much to lose…” I mumbled.

I started with a fist and expanded my hand and gestured forcefully towards the door, \*SLAM\*! The door crashed into the wall, cracking a bit of the frame.

Drake and I both said, “woah…”

I looked down, and just as he said, my chest was swelling. They were barely A-cups to start with, but then waves of warmth passed through me, just like when I saw the weave before. It was so comforting, a feeling of safety, security, and pleasure. With each wave my chest got a little tighter, and firmer. After only a few moments, I definitely had breast. I wasn’t sure where I started, but these were at least B-cups now. I don’t know how to describe it… but I really like it. It was strange. I had always loved breast, and now I have my very own. Not only that… I can move things with my freaking mind!

I looked over to the door and I pried it open without touching it.

“Your mastery is incredible! You learn faster than any could have imagined,” said Drake with a smile. The first smile I’ve seen from him since I met him.

I then opened both hands and flicked them up slightly, trying to lift my bed, the very bed that Drake was sitting on. It was effortlessly easy! That is… until it all stopped.

Drake’s face turned white as he fell suddenly. My hair got a bit shorter, my breast shrank back down to A-cups, and I even felt my package regain some of its losses.

“What happened?” I asked.

“The weave is unstable. We’ve made great gains! Just give it some time, and we can try again,” he said.

How could I wait? First of all, I wasn’t about to go outside. I looked a bit weird. A feminine guy, or a very funky looking lady… a lose-lose situation. So I suppose I’ll learn more about this Drake fellow.

I turned to speak with Drake but he was starting to fade away.

“Drake?!” I exclaimed.

“The weave is calling me back to tend to it. I’ll be back, don’t worry,” he said.

I paced around my apartment for a few hours, trying to distract myself. Every few minutes I’d try to make something move again, but it wouldn’t work. It was putting me on edge. I wanted to try new things! I didn’t care what this power did to me – it was incredible.

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The sun started to set, and I turned towards my window. I lazily gestured towards it since the sun was getting in my eyes. I wanted to pull down the blinds… and that’s just what happened. The blinds string was pulled without me touching it.

My chest starting to feel tight and firm again (swelling back to B-cup size), my package felt a bit strange, my hair was getting longer, and then I heard his voice, “we’re back!”

I smiled at him as I stumbled around adjusting to my new height. I was a few inches shorter than Drake – he was 6 feet tall like I used to be, but I was around 5’9” now.

Drake appeared in my apartment again and said, “The weave is ready for us again. What would you like to try next?” he asked.

“Hmm, can I make stuff appear out of thin air?” I asked. I continued, “I’d never need to order take out again!”

“Sure. Conjuration. Let’s try that. Creating water is the first step in learning conjuration. While it is the most simple of all of conjuring, it’s not necessarily easy,” he cautioned.

I went to the kitchen to get a glass and moved it to the living room. I set it on the coffee table and put my hands over it.

“Focus on the matter you’re trying to create, what it feels like, smells like, and tastes like. Try to usher it into the vessel,” he said.

I was straining and focusing, but nothing seemed to happen. I kept focusing, just like I had before with turning the knobs in the bathroom. After an hour of hard concentration \*CRACK\*! Bits of the glass shot into the air.

“Oh… that isn’t right,” I said. Luckily neither of us got cut by the glass.

“I think what you need is a focusing word. A mantra, or other chant to help keep your mind calm,” he said.

I grabbed a new cup and sat back down. This time Drake took me by the hand as he placed our hands over the cup. I inhaled sharply to his touch. It was warm, like a bit of the weave was with him.

“Water. Come to us, fill our vessel,” he began repeating.

I began to repeat it with him, nodding my head rhythmically with him. I closed my eyes and tried to envision filling the glass with water. I felt the warmth of weave begin to flow through me! I opened my eyes and saw the cup begin to fill.

“Wow, it’s working!” I exclaimed.

The water was coming to the brim, and eventually it started pouring out on the table.

“Ok, now just slowly turn the water down,” Drake said.

“Ok… just ease off,” I said, but somehow I made it worse. The water started to bubble, then shoot out like a small fountain! It would pause, sputter, then erupt again.

Without much time to lose, I ran over to my dish washer and threw the cup inside it. I could hear it spraying water all over the machine. Now both Drake and myself were soaked from the erupting cup, and while trying to walk back into the living room I stumbled over again.

“Oh don’t tell me,” I said. I tried standing back up, but I felt definitely shorter. Drake was much taller than me now. My hair was dropping a few inches past my shoulder and then I felt something in my chest. It was swelling, again.

“Woah these are growing again? I thought I was done changing…” I said.

“Please, magus, just weather the storm. Your power will grow, even if you change in minor ways,” he said.

“Minor ways?!” I exclaimed. I then shouted, “Have you seen the size of these?”

As I shouted, I hoisted myself to my feet, pointing at my breasts which had now grown two more inches in the last few moments. The warm feeling of the weave was still coursing through me, and I began to suspect that this warmth was the real culprit.

Drake simply blushed without anything to say. He might be trained in the magical arts, but he’s still just a man.

“Drake, it’s not stopping. How do I make it stop. The weave is still flowing through me,” I said.

“I uh…” he tried to say, but his gaze was fixated on my chest. It was still growing, and I was still starting to feel smaller again. I was now only 5’5”, when I had been 5’9” just before our attempts to make water.

I fell to my knees as I felt an immense change in my sack. My penis and balls had completely vanished leaving something else… I knew what it was, but I was afraid to look. Especially with Drake staring at me.

“Drake! Help… please…” I begged him.

“Right. I should go to the weave and try to soothe it. It’s emotional, and probably just excited,” he said.

Drake vanished to work his magic. My chest, on the other hand, wouldn’t slow down. They kept swelling, well past a D-cup now, weighing down on me. I could hear the water spraying from the dishwasher as it was even beginning to leak.

Another minute passed by and I was in DD territory. As for my stature, I had shrunk down to 5’2”. I was beginning to panic. My breasts were getting bigger, and I was still shrinking.

My shirt was starting to alert me of what I already knew. Even though my shoulders and body and shrunken down, my chest was pushing hard against the fabric. I felt the rough fabric starting to push against my nipples much harder now than before.

I started feeling different again. I had just been feeling warm, but now I was starting to feel on fire.

“It’s too much! Drake!” I shouted.

“UGGH” \*RIP\* my shirt tore open with my massive breasts growing even faster now. They were just DD a moment ago, and now I have no idea… they are almost as big as my head (G cup). I was unable to remain standing with my shrinking stature and growing chest. I was on my knees barely able to lift myself up as my chest kept getting heavier.

The water from the dishwasher was starting to leak into my living room. As I struggled to lift myself, I felt the water start to get on my hands and knees. I couldn’t do anything; I was powerless.

“Drake!” I shouted one last time before I collapsed. Feeling my breast swell further I could no longer fight this heat. I passed out in the middle of the living room.

I woke up the next morning with Drake sitting next to me. My head was pounding, my vision was foggy, but in a few moments I regained my senses. I looked down and saw my once monstrous breasts had returned to a more manageable size. They were firm D-Cups. I guess I couldn’t turn all the way back. This was confirmed as I saw my hair was still shoulder length and my manhood was long gone.

“What happened?” I said.

“Sorry for all the trouble. The weave just isn’t ready for anything so complicated. Once the floodgates were opened it was a fight to stop it,” he said.

“How long did it take for me to change back to… well I mean not change back… I’m not a man anymore…”I said as I inspected this new body of mine. I wasn’t sure how to describe it. It was a mix of terror and curiosity. This power was incredible, but if every time I try to do something I turn into a midget with a giant pair of tits, I think I’ll have to pass. Who could take such a thing seriously!

“Let me try again – what was going on? Was that thing I was changing into what I’ll eventually become?” I asked.

“Well not exactly. If it had gone on a bit longer, maybe. But Perhaps your dimensions were a bit burdensome. I’m sure these kinks will be ironed out before too long,” said Drake.

“So I’m a girl now…” I said softly.

This resonated with me, filling me with the warmth of the weave. As if the weave was telling me this is exactly what we needed. I swear I could almost hear it speaking to me, holding me, and pushing me forward. That’s when I noticed I was staring at Drake. I never would refer to another man as hot… but this guy took great care of himself. Without that robe on, he was in great shape and he made me feel safe.

The whispering voice said, “yes. He is the one,”

As the voice spoke to me, the warmth filled me, and I felt the changes again. My hair first, then oddly my hips and ass felt like they poked out. Even though I was just sitting there in bed, I could definitely feel it. I was stuck in a feeling of ecstasy this time.

Drake started to say something to me, but I could barely make sense of it.

“If you do not wish to be a woman, we can certainly try to reverse it. It will take a few years, but I’m sure the weave can be tolerant of any form you chose. What would you prefer magus?” said Drake.

I didn’t really care what he said at all, but I tried my best to respond.

“What I want,” I said as my breast pushed out, once again swelling, “is you.”

“Magus?!” said Drake.

It was too late for him, well both of us really. The weave had us both ensnared.

“Tell me Drake, do you like these?” I said holding my breast up with my hands. Even while holding them they continued to swell, slowly becoming too big to hold.

“Ye…yes, magus,” he said.

“What would you rather see then Drake, a hot rack like this, or did you have something bigger in mind?” I asked.

“… bigger…” he said.

“Wow you pervert,” I said while the heat became more intense. In the time we spoke my breasts had swelled from a D-cup all the way back to a G.

“And one more thing Drake. I bet you like those short ladies huh? Just tell me, what is it you like?” I said in a seductive voice.

“Short, busty, young women with power,” he said meekly.

The heat turned into a blazing fire, my eyes began to glow as my G-cup tits started to swell even faster, and I got shorter all over again.

“Come here and fuck me! Your magus needs it!” I shouted.

Drake wasted no time. He threw the blankets off my bed, turned me over and began plowing his shaft into me. It felt like his cock was getting bigger and bigger each second, but that was actually just me shrinking. If I had stood up, I would have noticed I was barely 5 feet now, and still not stopping.

He started cumming, much earlier than I wanted, but being the magus has its perks. I revitalized him instantly, and we got right back to work. This time I was on top.

His cock was way too big for me now, as I was now between 4’10 and 4’11. My tits on the other hand had continued to grow. With each thrust I was getting smaller and my breasts were getting bigger. They passed H-cups long ago, and were now at least JJ-cups. Double J cups… I didn’t even know that was a size until I grew them, and they were going to keep on growing. I started to climax with all these feelings mixing together. I was becoming a sex goddess and he was my little pet.

A sudden cool feel overcame me after his third orgasm ended.

“What they fuck happened to me!” I shouted as the heat finally left.

“These tits are outrageous. What’s happening to me!” I demanded.

“I don’t… I don’t understand,” said Drake.

I was angry at him, but I knew it was the weave who was the culprit. I started to slowly change back again. I was getting a little taller and my breasts were getting a little easier to handle. I finally settled back to 5’1 with G-cup tits.

“What the hell. I look like a freak!” I said.

“Oh no…” said Drake.

“What is it?” I said.

“I think the weave was trying to… no this isn’t right. The weave heard my inner voice. It heard how lonely I was and it wanted to repay my kindness. It knows exactly what I love in my heart of hearts,” said Drake.

“Are you telling me that it’s turning me into your fuck-toy?!” I shouted.

“Whatever it’s doing it needs to stop at once!” he said with a serious face. He looked appalled at his behaviors.

“Please forgive my impure thoughts,” he said.

I had no reason to forgive this man. I had no reason to believe that he wasn’t responsible for everything. What if he was the only magic user here and I was just his play thing? Well, then why not chose a woman to begin with. Is this some sort of sick game?

“You know just yesterday I was a normal guy and not some sexual object. I was doing work, starting to make my own way, but now look at me. I’m some tiny little sex doll. What the hell is wrong with you!” I shouted.

“I’m… sorry,” he said.

“I will sever myself from the wave immediately,” he said.

“No, no don’t do that… I please just try to see it from my view. I’m sorry Drake. You’ve been nothing but kind to me,” I said.

I walked towards him and held him tight. You’re the only thing that makes sense to me right now. Just stay. While I was pressing my body tightly against his, his hands embraced me as well.

“I know a big part of you wants to go back to the simple life…” he said lowering his face to mine.

“Let that be my parting gift to you,” he said as he pulled me in close for a kiss. He vanished after that.

“Drake?” I said sheepishly.

“Drake?!” I shouted.

“Drake?!?!” I called one last time.

The next days moved on slower than ever. I kept calling to Drake, but he would never come. I tried to summon him as if I could manifest him through magic, but nothing worked. Eventually, I began to meditate; perhaps he was communing with the weave.

I closed my eyes and focused on communing with the weave directly. Even though every time I had been in contact with it, it changed me, I had to risk it.

“You’ve crossed the line Drake,” said one older male voice.

“You are forbidden from committing such an act!” said an older female voice.

“You are to be torn asunder by the weave itself!” said another male voice.

“No!” I shouted. Within a few moments, figures began to appear before me. Each of them wearing robes much like Drakes.

“Please, let him return to me,” I said.

“It is forbidden, even to the magus. We must not question our age-old traditions,” said the first elder.

“This will be better for all of us, we will return you to your original body, and he will be removed,” the woman said.

“But what about what I want?” I asked.

“What do you mean?” said the second male elder.

“This man, Drake, is the only one of our people who is still in the real world. He is knowledgeable of both magic, and the ancient ways. Why would you let tradition stand in the way of shaping a new world!?” I pleaded.

“This man Drake is a deviant. He’s too dangerous. Look at the trouble he got you in. Just look at you. You were a 30 year old man, and now you look like a teenage girl crossed with a fertility statue. Why would you want to be like this?” said the first male elder.

The second male elder said, “Yes, we must take you out of the silly form at once.”

“What if I want to be a girl? What if I… love this.” I said.

“What?” all three of them said with their heads turning.

“What if I want to be a girl, and Drake is the man I want to be with me. He’s the only thing that makes sense in this world, and if keeping him means I’ll need to look a little different, that’s fine with me. I must confess… I’ve never felt so good in my life. I was a loser of a guy, and now I’m… amazing. I thought these things would bother me a lot more, these changes, this hair, these breasts, losing my penis… Hell, I really don’t care. I don’t know how I can describe it, but each time my breast shrank back down, each time I regain some of my height, I felt like I was becoming boring and dull again,” I said

“Really?” said the first male elder, “what would you even call yourself?”

“Zuren, the Arch Magus of the new age!” I shouted. The warmth started rushing into me again. I felt my chest becoming heavier, and my stature getting a little smaller. A smile started to spread across my face… I couldn’t hold back.

“I… I love it. Please. Let Drake stay with me,” I pleaded again.

The elders looked confused and began to mumbled amongst themselves.

“No, a retainer must not be allowed to be with you!” they demanded.

Light began to pour from my eyes, my feet left the ground, my chest swell, and my hair began floating upwards.

“You shall not impede this new order,” I spoke in a voice that was both mine and the weaves.

“These two shall usher in a new age, and your old rules shall not burden them. Drake, retainer of the high noble house, step forward,” we said.

Drake stepped forward and knelt in front of me.

“Retainer of the noble house, Rise, no longer a retainer, but a full-fledged magus of my house. The house of Azuria,” I said.

“What?!” Shouted the elders. “You mean to take him as your mate?! That’s—“ they tried to say.

“Silence – he is not a slave, he is a powerful and knowledgable magus. He must be treated as such. The Arch Magus and the weave speak as one!” we shouted.

A shimmering light overtook me and once again I found myself in my room with Drake.

“Hi…” he said with a smile once he saw me awaken again.

“Drake!” I said as I jumped out of bed to hug him.

I noticed my tits had gotten bigger once again. They were G-cups back when I communed with the weave, and now they were at least H-cups again. Every time I channel the weave, they get bigger, and sure they shrink down a bit, but not all the way…

When I hugged him I felt the huge erection in his pants. He was definitely happy to see me.

“So I was, like, merged with the weave for a bit there. What does it mean for me to call you a magus of my house?” I asked.

“Well, it means we are to be wed. Our houses are joined, or will be soon,” he said. “Wait, that was what you wanted right… I didn’t mess up again did I?” he said.

“Wow marriage? Well, I know one thing. This is going to be one crazy ride, but I’ll need you with me no matter what. Not only that…” I said with a smirk, “but I think we could have a bit of fun,”

“Woah, what are you doing?” he said.

“Well, can’t you tell? Telekinesis was the first trick you taught me,” I said as I began stroking his cock in the most magical way.

“Oh yeah…” he said.

“But I don’t know… sometimes the real thing is much better,” I said. I knelt down, opened his robes, and began sucking his dick.

“UGH!!!” he shouted in extreme pleasure.

After making sure he was good and ready, I climbed on.

“Come on Drake, give it to me,” I whispered into his ear.

He picked me up and began thrusting hard. I was feeling that familiar heat overtake me again, my tits were feeling tight again, my ass was getting more rounded, my hair was getting longer and I was loving it.

“Drake, how big are you going to make me?” I asked.

Each thrust was telling me my answer. My tits were an H-cup for all of a few minutes, they blew right past the I cups, and I was back in the J-cup territory. They were starting to feel extremely heavy. They were struggling to stay perky as they kept creeping further down my body, just a bit. My breast were easily covering the top of my stomach and claiming more space as their own. As for my height, I was happy to stop a 4’11”, anything shorter would have made some issues.

He was still thrusting hard into, and eventually he put me back on the bed, face down. My tits were so big, that when I was on my hands and knees, a large portion of my tits were resting on the ground as well. They kept on growing with each thrust. I don’t know if I was going to be able to stand up after this. My J-cup tits had continued swelling, adding more inches until I was finally at K cups.

“Come on, fill me up!” I demanded. I was already on my forth orgasm. My breast growth alone was enough to set me over the edge.

He continued to thrust his massive cock into my. Perhaps his cock wasn’t that big, but I was certainly small. I’m glad the shrinking finally slowed down at least.

“UGH!!” he shouted one last time, cumming inside me yet again, but this time something was different.

His cum was getting stronger and faster, his eyes began shining like mine had before, the weave had taken control of him.

“Drake? What the hell?” I shouted to him.

He griped himself tight around me and injected me with massive amounts of cum. I could feel it changing me. My ass grew a little more round and firm, my hips grew a little wider, and was that… was that a little belly? What the fuck!?

Drake collapsed behind, and I was finally able to get him out of me. A few hours later, he was the one in bed, and I was the one waiting.

“So… care to explain this?!” I asked pointing to my slightly enlarged belly?

“Oh… serisously?!” said Drake.

So concludes the Blake’s adventure with Drake! Blake, (now known as Zuren) certainly seemed to adjust fairly easily. The will of the weave forced itself on Zuren and Zuren was happy to accept its power. So what if he looks a little different, and that the person who was just a dude a week ago might be a pregnant wizard now. Or maybe that stomach thing will turn out to be… something else! Maybe a poorly written plot twists! Who knows!