Byte-Size Changes

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Disclaimer: This story is intended for audiences over the age of 18 and who enjoy BE and AE fetishes. Reader’s discretion is advised.

“No, Mindy; it’s the button to the right of that. How many times do I have to say it?”

“This computer stuff is too hard, Karen. Can’t you just show me the easiest way to do it?”

“This is the easiest way! How hard is it to hit a few buttons?” Karen grunted in frustration over the phone; this was the 3rd time tonight she’d had to help Mindy out. This time it was to help her install a word processor so she could type up a paper. The only reason Karen was willing to help out was because they’d gotten stuck together to do a book report for their English 201 class.

Mindy was, by far, the most computer-illiterate person Karen had ever met. That’s not to say she was stupid - any girl who made it through all of her classes with B’s couldn’t be that dumb - but she never learned how to use a computer when she was younger. Her parents were lower-class Russians who never earned enough money to buy a computer, and never found it necessary.

However, what Mindy lacked in computer skills she made up for in her body. She was an exotic beauty; standing at 6’2”, she was able to tower over just about any other girl on campus, especially when she was wearing heels. She had a beautiful face, bright green eyes and luscious black hair that fell in ringlet curls around her face and down her shoulders. On top of that, she had one of the most curvaceous bodies Karen had ever seen; thick thighs swelled into a bubble butt that Mindy had trouble finding clothes to fit over, and everyone else had trouble wrapping their mind around. Her subtle muscles and trim waist from hours of gym time every week only accentuated her tremendous H-cup tits. Karen’s 5’3, rail-thin body couldn’t even try to compare to Mindy’s voluptuousness.

There was silence on the other end of the line, save for keyboard-tapping. Karen assumed Mindy was trying to figure it out on her own, shrugged and put down the phone. Out of boredom, she decided to search for something. For several minutes Karen sat, the search bar staring at her, cursor blinking.

“How about…” Karen absent-mindedly clicked the “I’m Feeling Lucky” button. What popped up surprised her.

“Jealous of my friend’s body?” Karen said, aloud. She looked down at the phone. “I wouldn’t call her my friend…” Still, Karen clicked on the first link in the list.

The webpage she was directed to had a bright red background, with black lettering. “Someone needs a lesson in web design,” Karen thought to herself, struggling to read the text. She found herself looking at a survey that asked you about your physical attributes. Sighing, she spent several minutes filling it out, filling out the many categories. The survey was surprisingly thorough, asking for details such as eye color (brown), hair color (brown), hair volume (thin), lip fullness (thin), freckles (some), etc. After she finished, she clicked the button at the bottom of the page, labelled “Show me!”.

She was immediately shown a loading screen for several seconds, before being shown a picture that looked eerily similar to herself, standing in a wading pool in a bikini. There were two buttons at the bottom of the screen. One said “This is me now!” and another said “Try again”.

“That’s creepy,” Karen said, ready to exit the page. Against her better judgment, she clicked the former. The image was thrown off to the left side of the screen, and a copy of the same image showed up on the right, accompanied by several sliders. Karen was suspicious of the slider names: “Boobs,” “Butt,” “Height,” “Hair,” etc. Her curiosity got the better of her, though, and she started toying with the sliders. Amazingly, the image shifted according to the sliders.

“This is one hell of a program,” Karen said, immersed in changing the image. She watched the girl on the screen go from barely holding the bikini on her body to bursting out of it as her breasts and hips filled in, her ass becoming absolutely massive. The girl grew to tower over the original image, and her face shifted slightly, with thick wavy brown hair running down her back nearly to her ass. When she finished, Karen sat back and admired her work.

“I could get anyone I wanted with a body like that,” Karen said, suddenly jealous of Mindy, and feeling inadequate. She shrugged off the feeling and clicked the finish button. A box popped up.

“Thank you! You will get your results in about 12 hours.”

“Okay,” Karen said, exiting the browser and trying to forget the strange occurrence, picking the phone back up, where Mindy was chattering away.

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Karen woke up the next morning feeling… different. She couldn’t figure out what it was for the life of her, though, until she stepped into the shower. Something was pulling at the back of her head.

“What-“ Karen reached back to pull whatever it was out of her hair, only to realize she was pulling at her own heavy, thick hair.

Karen gasped as she looked at herself in the mirror. Overnight she had gone from a wallflower to one of the sexiest women she’d ever seen. She shook out her long, voluminous hair and marveled at its shine. Her freckles were gone. She had grown a good foot taller overnight, and her skin was free of blemishes, and a perfect pale white. What really impressed her, though, were her new curves.

“Oh, my god, I have an ass!!!” Karen squealed, grabbing her ass. Her hands couldn’t begin to cover the two wobbling balls of flesh sitting on her newly-widened hips. She could feel muscle underneath, but the cellulose in her ass made it jiggle constantly. Her thighs had taken a similar route, expanding to keep up with her bubble butt. Above her impressive ass, her thin waist had a somewhat visible six-pack, and she couldn’t help but shudder as she ran her hands over it.

The feature Karen liked the most, however, were her new breasts. She had gone from an A-cup to so big she couldn’t classify them. They were absolutely huge, so big that they made her waist look even smaller by comparison. Her light areolas had grown exponentially, covering a large amount of her breast, while her pink nipples had followed suit, becoming as long as a joint in her finger. She couldn’t help herself; she crammed one into her mouth, grabbing the showerhead and trying to stuff it in her shaved pussy. She could feel the water pulsing inside her, turning her on immensely.

“Mmm, fuck,” Karen said, reveling in her newfound sexiness

Just as Karen began to ponder her incredible transformation, her cell phone rang. She picked it up off of the edge of the shower.

“Karen here,” She said, her voice burring with lust.

“Karen? Hey, it’s Mindy. I just wanted to thank you for helping me last night.”

“Oh, no problem,” Karen moaned softly, the showerhead still forced against her vagina.

“Are you alright? You sound sick or… something.”

“Hmm? Oh, yeah,” Karen put the showerhead down, blushing. “I’m fine. I guess it’s just allergies.” She cleared her throat. “Sorry for getting so frustrated at you last night, by the way. I know it must be hard learning something new so quickly.”

“Oh, it’s fine!” Mindy giggled on the other end of the line. “So, what do you think about doing something fun tonight? Think of it as my way of thanking you for your troubles.”

“Yeah, that sounds fun! What did you have in mind?”

“Well, I heard there’s going to be a party at one of the frat houses later, starts around 7. Think you can make it?”

“Sounds great! See you then!” Karen hung up before Mindy could reply and returned to the task at hand, picking up the showerhead once more. She marveled at how far her tits projected off of her body, and the jiggle they had when she swung them back and forth. She started massaging one of her breasts while the other worked the showerhead. She tried to imagine the reactions her new body would invoke from the horny frat guys. The entire time, though, she couldn’t help but think of how she might compare to Mindy.

*Sure, I’m big. Sure, I’m sexy as hell. But what about Mindy? She looks like a goddess!* As Karen finished drying herself, she rushed back to her room, trying to keep anyone else from noticing. She slammed the door behind her and booted up her computer while she turned to her dresser.

“Fuck, nothing’s going to fit me! What am I going to wear?” Karen turned back to her computer in frustration and sat down in the chair, stark naked. Her nipples rubbed against the keys as she typed.

*I’ll have to worry about that later…* Karen navigated once again to the site from the night before. She grabbed a measuring tape and began to take note of her measurements, typing them in as she finished taking them.

“Five-foot ten, brown eyes, 26-inch waist, DD-cup tits!?!?” Karen noted, astonished. Nevertheless, she continued. She clicked the button at the bottom, and watched as a woman resembling her was generated on the screen, standing in the same pool and wearing the same bikini as the night before.

“Let’s see Mindy compete with this,” Karen said, a devilish grin spreading across her face. She quickly went through the sliders, pushing most of them to the minimum or maximum. Her breasts bloated to obscene sizes, while the green bikini revealed more and more of her deliciously pale flesh. Her waist, meanwhile, shrunk slightly from the original picture. Her hips once again swelled with her ass and thighs, further increasing her hourglass shape. She grew another 5 inches in height, to ensure that she was far more noticeable than Mindy.

When Karen finally clicked the finish button, she smiled giddily to herself and chuckled slightly. Her tits slapped all over the keyboard. Finally, the dialogue box showed up.

“Twelve hours, huh?” Karen looked at the clock. 8:15. “Perfect.”

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Karen and Mindy arrived at the party around 7:10 to find it already going in earnest. Karen had borrowed some clothes from another girl in the dorm (Which, miraculously, fit a little loosely on Karen’s frame), and consequentially attracted the attention, curiosity and amazement of every girl in the dorm. She tried to blow it off as a growth spurt; most, if not all of the girls in the dorm never saw her save for a scant few seconds between walking in the door and locking herself in her room. Mindy had had a similar reaction to Karen’s new body. The duo attracted more than their fair share of attention; their bodacious bodies just couldn’t be rivaled. Girls shot envious glares, guys tried to bump into them or cop a feel. Karen had never felt so sexy, and the idea that so many people lusted after her turned her on immensely.

By 7:55, Karen had already had a few beers, and was feeling a little tipsy. Mindy had had just as many, but being a frequent partier didn’t feel the effects of alcohol as much. The two girls were dancing wildly, and Karen was talking to just about every guy she bumped into (or bumped into her). Suddenly, Mindy dragged Karen off.

“Where are we going?” Karen shouted over the noise, giggling.

“You’ve got to try this!” Was the only response she got as she was rushed off to another part of the room. Suddenly she was standing in front of a table full of shot glasses with clear liquor in them. Mindy smiled and offered her one.

“What is it?”

“Firewater: the strongest stuff you’ll ever drink!” Answered a young man from across the table, holding a bottle of the drink. “If a few shots of this doesn’t get you hammered, nothing will.”

Karen snatched the glass from Mindy’s hand and raised it into the air, turning to the crowd behind her.

“Let’s get hammered!” She yelled as she downed the shot. A roaring response went up. Karen slammed the glass down on the table and dove back into the crowd, which parted ways to let her through. The entire time, guys could be heard muttering “Damn, that ass,” or cries of “Nice tits!” would go up. Karen encouraged both, making sure to shake her new assets proudly.

Karen carried on for several minutes before making her way back to the table, more than a little tipsy this time.

“Back for another shot?” The young man asked, pouring one as he spoke.

“Damn right! That stuff is great!” Karen downed another shot. This one went almost straight to her head.

Mindy stared at her, amazed and concerned. “Karen, are you alright? You should be more careful.”

“I’m fine! Just let me have my fun!”

Mindy laughed. “Okay, just don’t hurt yourself.” With that, Karen made her way back into the crowd.

She caught a glimpse of the clock: 8:12. *Perfect,* She thought to herself, making her way to the center of the crowd. There she found another table serving drinks. Smiling, she kissed the server passionately before breaking off into a dance, trying to get attention centered on her. When everyone ignored her, she grunted, kissed the server once again, and whispered “Wish me luck,” in his ear before hopping onto the table, causing several cups to fall over. She danced on the table, watching the clock. Just before the clock struck 8:15, she let out a primal scream of lust, cocked her hips, and pulled her shirt up, exposing her tits.

And what glorious tits they were. They jiggled uncontrollably without their casing, her pink nipples probing the air around them as if to make sure that they would be uninterrupted in the process that followed. The crowd cheered the drunken woman on, oblivious to what was about to happen. The clock struck 8:15, and a sight which had gone unwitnessed before started to take place.

Karen’s body slowly began to shift; imperceptibly at first, but Karen felt the pleasure that accompanied the growth. She inched upwards from her already-impressive height of 6 feet, feeling herself start to fill out her clothes more and more. Then her hips began to widen; ever so slowly they filled the space of the short shorts Karen was wearing, always getting closer and closer to filling it up completely. Karen could feel herself start to get wet as she stood there and smiled, drinking in the stares. There was a murmur among the cheers now as people started to notice her changes, and the wet spot on her shorts.

Karen’s ass and thighs started to swell as she shifted to her other hip, shaking her pale tits for all to see. The majority of the crowd, still focused on Karen’s top half, had yet to realize the singularity of the event that was happening before them. Karen felt her ass press forcibly against the material of the shorts and bit her lip as she looked behind herself to behold her curvy lower half.

Next to change was her waist, and her muscle tone. Her torso lengthened itself somewhat dramatically to add to her height; the murmurs grew quite loud at this point. Her toned abs became a complete six-pack as the rest of her muscles tightened up to match; she looked like she was a professional trainer by this point. The crowd in Karen’s immediate vicinity stopped what they were doing and stared silently at the beauty blossoming further before them, their murmurs now confirmed. Her neck lengthened slightly, the corded muscles becoming easily seen. Her calves gained muscle as well, as her body approached its final height of 6-foot-5.

Karen (and her audience) stood in awe of the spectacle which had taken place before them. Karen, however, was somewhat confused for several moments; shortly after, Karen’s unsaid questions were answered, her pleasure reaching new heights as her breasts exploded with growth. The crowd gasped as Karen thrust her hips forward involuntarily, moaning loudly; she had never been more turned on in her life. Her breasts began to swell uncontrollably, her nipples and areolae growing even further out of proportion with the rest of her boobs. Karen played with her nipples, each the width and length of a joint in her thumb, as her tits continued to grow.

“More, more!” Karen moaned, loud enough to be heard above the music. More people turned and took note of the final moments of the display, while Karen’s tits eagerly obliged her. Out and out they grew, as Karen’s ass and thighs continued to push the limits of her borrowed clothing. They grew well past Mindy’s size, and into the range of online big-bust models. They swelled between Karen’s fingers as she played with them, urging them onwards, until her hands couldn’t hope to cover their vastness. Suddenly, Karen felt off-balance, and fell off of her stage.

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She woke up with a splitting headache.

“Ooh, what happened?” She groaned, throwing the covers off of herself. She found it much more difficult than usual to get up, and her confusion was only increased by her hangover.

“You fell off of a table at the party last night,” Came a voice from the other side of the room. Seated in Karen’s computer chair was a handsome young man in a blue T-shirt and black jeans. He smiled at Karen, and she smiled back. “You were pretty wasted, so I brought you back here with the help of your friend.”

*Friend? He must mean Mindy.* Karen started to recollect the events of last night; she had gone to a party with Mindy, and she’d drunk way too much.

“I couldn’t find any clothes that would fit you, so I just put you in bed with the blanket over you. You passed right out.”

*Couldn’t find any clothes…*

“Eep!” Karen hastily covered herself with the blanket, pulling it up to her chin. She scanned the room; her borrowed shirt was stretched beyond recognition, and her shorts had ripped at the waist.

“Did you stay here the whole night?” Karen asked, concerned that a complete stranger had stayed the night in her room.

“No, I just came back here a few minutes ago to see how you were doing. I didn’t want to wake you up, so I just waited.”

“What time is it?”

“About 1:00 p.m. I also wanted to come back and say that I saw what you did last night. That was the most incredible thing I’ve ever seen! How’d you do that!?!?”

Karen wracked her brain to remember what he was talking about. That was when she noticed her fat nipples were hard under the blankets. *Oh, shit,* she thought, suddenly recalling everything.

“It’s a long story. I don’t think I’ll be able to do it again without affecting my mobility, though.”

The young man laughed at that. Then Karen started to laugh too, though her headache still hurt her.

“What was your name, again?” Karen asked.

“David. And you?”

“Karen. Nice to meet you, David,” Karen said. An overwhelming feeling of horniness overtook Karen’s senses as she relived last night. “So, how about I give you a private show for helping me get back here safely?” She cooed, lust all-too-prevalent in her voice. David stood up and smiled as Karen flung the covers off of her body. She marveled at her biceps and sexy abs as she saw her new body for the first time. She looked at David, who was lacking a bit in the muscle department. *Maybe that website works on guys, too…*

THE END