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Disclaimers:

1) English is not my native tongue so there will be some weird phrasing and punctuation. And misplaced articles, lots of them.

2) This is more of a writing experiment: I randomly chose a list of transformations (there is BE but it’s not the point), their durations and then strung together scenes based on them. So “the story” is rather disjointed.

The Ring of Expectations

Tamara is a college student, a nerdy young woman with thick glasses, no curves to speak of and mostly wearing shapeless clothing. Today she goes to the mall with a new piece of jewelry: an antique ring she found in old unopened letter from her grandmother with promise that it will change her life. This is the Ring of Expectations, it magically tries to project on its wearer qualities over people find most attractive but the ring is not too strong and works somewhat randomly.

\* \* \*

Tamara was walking through mall's parking lot to meet her friend Amy inside. As usual her outfit would not win any awards (baggy sleeveless sweater over simple blouse, under-the-knees brown skirt, some boots and bright yellow socks) and the shy girl was not looking around as usual just going forward to the entrance. At least until she suddenly had a very clear feeling that some of the people around her thought she was too short.

Yes, Tamara was slightly shorter than usual but she was never bothered by her height. Analyzing this new feeling she wasn't actually sure that she changed her position. Looking around she saw several men and women that clearly emanated certainty that she was not tall enogh for some reason. There didn't seem any judgment in most of them and the feeling faded as soon as they left her field of view. "Am I having a new inferiority complex and putting it on these people?" wondered Tamara out loud, "Weird."

And now her legs started itching.

\* \* \*

Inside of the mall Amy was waiting for her. Amy was even shorter than Tamara and even more self-consious about that. Red-haired-girl was hyper-active and in love with healthy living and athletics so she while not being conventionally attractive had visible well-toned muscles she did not mind showing off.

Girls embraced and then Amy craned her neck to the side trying to get a look at Tamara's legs. "Are you wearing heels?"

"What? No," answered surprised Tamara.

"Feels like you're taller than usual."

"Don't think so but thanks for accidentally trying argue down a new stupid thought in my head." Actually Tamara hadn't yet noticed that she WAS growing: usually she was only half a head taller than Amy but now her nose was clearly above her friend.

"Not sure what you're talking about but I need to check out this shop real quick and then you'll tell me everything over coffee and scones," and then Amy disappeared into a – Amy sqinted at the sign – a delivery service shop.

Well, now it was her time to wait for friend. While standing near the entrance to the shop and looking around she saw a woman with really gorgeous raven black hair and again suddenly was sure that the woman was thinking about superiority of her amazing hair over Tam's cropped mousy one.

"I am not psychic so am I going mad today?" wondered Tamara absentmindedly scratching a new itch at her scalp.

\* \* \*

"...and then there was this woman with amazing black hair almost radiating 'Yes, your hair will never be as cool as mine, TAMARA,'" she finished telling her story more animatedly than Amy usually saw from Tam. "I don't want to go insane."

They were sitting in a corner of the small cafe with coffee and scones.

"Well, if you are going to go insane maybe you'll do that in the direction of cosmetics section and not fight me as always?"

At this moment a blond woman with gorgeous full cleavege walked through the whole coffe shop from the counter to the entrance and she saw the girls she almost invisibly smirked but today Tamara felt this smirk with her body.

"Yes, I know I don't have any breasts," she murmured quietly only for Amy's ears, "And stop doing whatever you're doing down there, you traitors," that was said in the direction of her chest.

"OK, now your weirdness is scary. Wait," Amy looked at top of Tam's head while her friend was glaring at her non-existent breasts, "did you get black highlights? Is that what this actually about?"

\* \* \*

"That wasn't there in the morning, I swear", girl run itno the first clothing shop with full-length mirrors the saw and now Tama was look at the obvious black locks in hair.

"And it looks like there are more black than a few minutes ago," whispered shocked Amy and then way too loud: "And I told you that you seemed taller!" Yes, now Tamara was almost a full head taller than her friend with only her chin not being above Amy.

That exclamation got them a stern look from the shop clerk so they had to leave.

"So, you felt people thinking that you're too short and now you're growing, then you thought a woman with black hair was proud of her superior locks and you got black in yours," counted down Amy, "Are suddenly magic? Did you find any spells?" And before Tamara could deny she suddenly stopped remembering scene in the cafe, "Are your breasts gonna grow too?"

"What? No. There's no such thing as magic." But the weird feeling in her chest continued and did her breasts touch her blouse more than usual? Nah. But then she was distracted by already familiar foreign feeling.

"Well, we might see if you're right. There are more people thinking taller is better and I am kinda tingly in the legs and spine. On the other hand head stopped itching."

"So, no more black?"

\* \* \*

They decided to halt their barely started shopping excursion and parked at a fountain in the middlr of mall's ground floor. Only Tamara was sitting while Amy was pacing and presenting one fantastical theory after another. That configuration was actually result of the first one: maybe changes were happening when they were the least noticeable?

The main attempt to explain "magic" included the idea that Tam really heard... some kind of people's expectations and somehow turned them into reality. But why only some? People constantly had opinions about how other people should be. And more importantly: how? Was she sure didn't read any spells in weird languages recently?

Tamara surreptitiously looks at her grandmother's ring but then her strange "radar" pinged at the appearance of a group of student couple of years older than Tam and Amy. She motioned Amy to come closer.

"The girl in middle..." she whispered.

"The stunningly beautiful one?" asked Amy conspiratorially.

"Yes. She's... really proud of her beauty. She's happy getting boys and friendship and sometimes even free stuff because of it and she thinks that's how it's supposed to be. That's stupid. And not even about me."

"Well, you're getting it now whatever it is," then Amy took a couple of steps backwards. "Now stand up, let's check you out."

To Tamara's horror she was obviously taller than the last time they checked. Just a few centimeters but her head was completely above Amy's.

"Let's check out electronics casually decided Amy.

\* \* \*

Tam was looking at laptops while trying not to adjust her clothes too often because of whatever was happening under them. She distracted herself with prices of computers: she'll need a new one soon. She glanced at the male store clerk but if she really was becoming beautiful enough get whatever she want (what a silly idea. Several silly ideas, in fact) the process just started (and now that she thought about it she was getting new tingles all over) and it was fairly slow. Well, at least Amy stopped trying to drag her in front of camera in the TV section to "document the magic". At this thought she glanced back at the ring on her hand.

"Got everything I need," Amy appeared holding three USB-sticks, a phone charger and a six-back of batteries, "What's next?"

"Don't know, this breast thing is making it harder to concentrate," admitted Tamara in a whisper.

"I knew there was breast thing!" answered Amy in a more excited whisper. Tam threw a look again at the clerk but he stemmed boring. Meanwhile Amy looked her over, squinted, then shrugged, "Let's find another clothing store with changing rooms and uncover the truth." It took Tam a minute or two to see the pun while Amy was paying for her haul which did not improve girl's mood.

When they were exiting store the clerk called after them: "You should smile more. Young girls should have pretty smiles."

"The cheek!" fumed Amy outside.

"Damn," sighed Tam, "and he really meant that last one."

\* \* \*

Tamara was looking at her topless reflection in changing rooms's mirror. Yep, she most certainly had breasts now. They weren't big but they were there and she'll need a bra. She had some bras but rarely used them when she could just cover herself with some cardigan.

"So, how's your boobs?" Amy's head popped in through the curtain.

"They're not boobs yet but they definitely exist now," sighed Tamara.

"Wait a sec," Amy disappeared and then stepped in. "I need to check if it's okay to get in here to help you with," she nodded at solitary light green blouse hanging on the wall, the random thing Tam grabbed to get the changing room, "Turn around. Hm."

While Amy was staring at her chest Tamara noticed that she again gained some heigh on her friend. Actally her new breast were almost at the level of Amy's eyes.

"I'd say largish A-cup," she blurted out to break the awkwardness.

"Maybe but they look bigger. They're very round and lifted like some kind of fantasy breasts. And I think they're continuing to grow. Yep, now it’s high-end A or low-end B-cup," all that Amy said without tearing her gaze away.

"OK, this is getting weird. WeirdER. Go get me some bras and let's get out of here. Oh no," Tamara's shoulders sagged, "The lady out is nostagizing over her youth and is especially sad that her hair isn't thick, shiny and tall any more. She REALLY loved that hair."

\* \* \*

Wearing new bra with two bigger one in the bag (in case of further growth) and small bumps being now obvious through her sweater-blouse ensamble Tamara was almost running to the nearest exit. To hide in some safe place.

"No big changes," excitedly bubbled Amy trying to stay a step further and studying her friend's face, "Slightly thicker eyebrows, slightly bigger lips, slightly clearer skin, lots of stuff like that. You look cuter."

"Cute enough for you to give me your laptop?"

"Nooooo," drawled Amy, "But you might have more luck with boys."

Tam snorted but then stopped and turned to Amy. "You too?"

"What?"

"I just felt you wishing my changes were more substantial." Now Tamara was really running but in a new direction.

"I'm sorry!" Amy quickly caught up. "It's the Marshmallow Man situation: really hard not think about things you're not supposed to. And in my defense I was thinking that for an hour and it just kicked in..."

"Please shut up. I need to be alone some time!" That stopped Amy in her tracks.

\* \* \*

Tamara saw a ladies' room with no line and run straight for it. Maybe she was imagining it she felt the quickening of changes, tingles and itches all over intensified, part of her face seemed to literally move around, even her breasts were back into weirdness game again.

She was almost there. She just needed a few minutes alone to thinks.

On no. A new ping: behind her a group of teenagers was walking by, some obviously goths, and they were discussing popular TV show about supernatural and right most of them were thinking that shows three vampire queens are sexiest ever.

Shit. Shitshitshit.

She ran into the bathroom and slammed the door behind her without even noticing how many people were watching her go.

\* \* \*

Tamara was sitting in the middle stall in a small empty bathroom looking at her arm, watching it get paler every time she blinked. "God, I hope I don't grow fangs." Then some light brown hair with a streak of black got in her eyes. She swatted it away and was surprised by how soft it seem. "Oh yeah, this happening too, I forgot." She couldn't see the hair (no small mirrors in Tamara's bags) but it was indeed softer, thicker and there were more of it. It wasn't much longer but it was... fluffier? There was more it at sides and at the top, it was turning into veritable mane. And from what she managed to drag into field of view it lost the mousiness and was a prettier shade of light brown.

OK, looks like changes need inventoring, no use to pity yourself.

1) Paling skin – check.

2) Stuff with hair – check.

3) Next Tamara pulled off her sweater to get out of her bra, it was getting really tight. Of course: sexy vampire queen needed a stacked rack. Quick visial inspetion confirmes that yep, the continued to grow.

4) Checking up on her arms again she noticed that she didn't have any hair there anymore. And on the legs too. Also her arms and legs seemed more toned.

At this moment Tamara noticed that she was still feeling vampire-loving teens outside. And they were arguing which of the vampire queen was hotter: black-haired one or red-haired one. Black hair. Red hair. Black hair. Red. Black. R "Dammit, choose already!" she bellowed instantly regretting it and hoping nobody would enter to see what going on.

5) And now noticed that she was more comfortable sitting on toilet's lid. Because her butt was also changing.

\* \* \*

Then door to the bathroom opened and Tamara heard soft footsteps enter. Was it Amy?

"I'm sorry," sad unfamiliar old female voice, "but I saw you run in, you were upset and screaming and your friend is outside also very upset. Is that because of a boy? Did he do or said something?"

For some people boys were the reason for everything. Tamara made some non-commital noise.

Woman was silent for a while.

"I don't know how to help but one universal advice often helped me: confidence. In any conflict you should stay confident. If you don't feel confident then fake it. I have only these empty words but you deemed very upset."

She didn't know that her words weren't that empty: Tamara felt her desire to help with this short speech and well, boost of confidence would be useful.

"Thank you, that was actually very helpful."

"You're welcome. And you have very pretty voice." After that the woman left but Tamara didn't hear that because she was shocked by her new voice: slightly deeper, rich, smooth, silky, all those word. So, that's gonna be "6)".

Oh and 7) all the transformational tinges subsided to the pre-Amy's-wish level, something she was startlingly beginning to consider "normal".

\* \* \*

Alright, Tamara needed a mirror to check for the "damage" from Amy's careless thought. She slowly stepped out and looked at herself.

She didn't think she looked like any of the vampire queen from TV but she was a damn hot bloodsucker-slash-librarian: almost milky white skin, full blood red lips, no blemishes, piercing eyes under her glasses (she still needed glasses). Hair was pretty spectacular in shine and texture and it got more black and some red in there which was a pretty wild combination but she made it work. Also she seemed to gain some more height. Then Tamara smiled.

It was a pretty spectacular smile. Two even rows of white teeth practcally shined. There was a lot in that smile: it could be shy, happy, coy, seductive, cruel. Canines seeme a bit sharper but not fangs.

Glancing at the door to make nobody's going to enter Tam opened up already unbuttoned shirt.

She was greeted by two large tear-shaped breasts, pale with dark pink areolas. They were at least coming to the upper limit of D-cups and – she carefully swayed from side to side – somewhat resistant to inertia and gravity. And then Tam noticed that she has visible abs, four-pack. That led to a small amount of flexing and checking out her new muscles – nothing on Amy's level but obvious and athletic. During THAT she managed to turn around and see her butt (Tam discovered she became rather more flexible) very noticeable under her modest skirt which now stopped slightly above (very attractive) knees.

Tamara started buttoning up the blouse and looked at the ring. She was certain that it was the cause of her changes but some part of her urged her to keep it on to see what happens (was that her new-found confidence?).

Deciding upon that she saw that last couple of buttons weren't coming together because of her huge boobs which settled into resulting cleavage very snugly and eye-catchingly with areolas clearly visible through the white material. Tam looked at her sweater vest and weighed certain discomfort against modestly and for a few next minutes modesty lost.

She got all her stuff and stepped out. Straight eyes-to-breasts with Amy waiting outside. Amy gaped at her transformed friend trying to stammer out a sorry while Tamara caught a thought from her 'Oh God she's turning into some kind of a perfect woman' and almost successfully tried to suppress a small grin while feeling a new wave of tingles spreading.

"I need a new bra," she said softly, againg shocking Amy with her new voice of pure honey, "and I need to ask forgiveness for snapping at you. And I think I know what going on with me."

\* \* \*

Tam bought two bras in her size and another bigger one just in case. Then she chose a new skirt for her new butt, shorter than previous one but still fairly modest. And then some sandals without heels when she discovered that her nails on both fingers and toes were the same blood red color as her lips (and fingernails were noticeably longer than they were in the morning). Luckily she got 25% because she turned out to be "1000th customer". Tamara didn't believe that because of the way cashier was staring and because of the mental message about "face of a goddess" she got from her. Tam smiled shyly at that and politely thanked the woman.

It was interesting to see what part of her changed. Despite her new-found excitement about transformation it seemed to her that she remained same quiet nerdy girl at heart and didn't push her gifts too far. But unconsciously? Well, Tamara did notice that she started to wiggle her ass ever so slightly.

"...and after seeing the extent of changes I decided to leave the ring on for the rest of the trip and see where it takes me," Tam finished telling Amy about her deductions.

\* \* \*

"I think I might've just given another boost," confessed Amy still somewhat in awe of her friend.

"Hah," almost musically laughed Tamara, "no you didn't but I won't mind it next time. So, where we're going?"

"I think you need to pick up some groceries and I'm looking for something to stop my plants dying." Tam thought that calling two flowers in pots maybe was a little strong but decide not to comment.

At groceries they quickly found everything they needed ("You won't ever need to eat healthy with that ring," joked Amy) while turning all the heads around. One guy even exchanged places with them. But not everybody liked what they saw: Tam caught a stray thought from a rather beautiful "Yes, this goth chick prettier than me but she's mature and getting older and I'm still fresh". 'Goth chick' slightly rattled Tamara but she mostly felt sad for the girl.

\* \* \*

Their final stop was the gardening store. Tamara mostly trailed Amy as she tried to find everything she needed and too much "really useful things" she most certainly didn't need. It would've fairy sedate situation but then some body in the store very loudly transmitted their belief that growing plants is the best thing a person could do.

"Seriously?" Tam whispered to the ring.

"What?" Amy tore herself from some UV-lamps.

"I think I might be giving you some unexpected help with those plants later."

"What?" then Amy's eye grew bigger. "Oh! Seriously?"

"I said the same thing." smiled Tam.

\* \* \*

While Amy was paying for her purchases Tam wandered outside and looked at her reflection in shop's window display. She didn't seem to get that much younger, maybe she lost a year of so. Other changes were more noticeable: she didn't think her lips could be sexier but they got there, cheek-bones got more prominent, and - she dropped her glasses slightly lower and looked at herself above them – she had hell of a smolder now. Her hair was mostly light black with some red streaks now. Her breasts did not get any bigger but somehow her cleavage managed to seem even fuller and more crowded than before. When Tam put her hands on hips automatically got "cocked" and her pose could kill.

Amy came out of the shop and upon seeing Tamara standing like than breathed out a stunned "Wow." Tam smiled basfully but before she could say anything she felt somebody behind her thinking "Damn, that girl better have an amazing boyfriend or I'll be sorry I didn't try." And weirdly after that signal got registered in her brain both she and Amy shivered as if her friend heard that too.

"Do we have everything?" carefully asked Amy. "Should we go home?"

And they went. On the way through the mall Tam was suddenly "bombarded" by dozens of people wondering about hey romantic situation. Was she seeing someone? Was that someone hot? Can I of 'mah man' here compete with that someone? And every time she saw Amy react with her without saying a word.

Finally at the middle of parking lot where onslaught quieted down Amy stopped them and for a few moment was just looking at Tamara trying to find words.

"I need to tell you something," she started. "I'm a lesbian. And I always felt very strongly towards you, just.. wasn't sure. About a lot of things. But now I need to ask before somebody better swoops you away. Will you go out with me?"

Instead of an answer Tamara bent down slightly and kissed her friend – her girlfriend – on the lips. And that kiss went on. And went on. And went on.

"So," began Amy when they resurfaced for a breath, "are gonna let me to try on that ring?"