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 a writing experiment: all transformations are randomly chosen from a huge list and then scenes constructed around the results, so the story might be disjointed or same-y in places.

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During excursion to the mall Tamara was transformed by the Ring of Expectation from a nerdy girl into a vampire-looking bombshell and she started a loving relationship with her sports-obsessed friend Amy. Today they decided that Amy should try out the ring too. But its powers are random and unreliable the girls can’t even imagine the degree of that weirdness yet.

# An Unexpected Adventure

brought to you by the Ring of Expectations

Early morning light was falling on a park favored by the people able to wake up at an ungodly hour and run. Just inside on the grass a college student named Amy was doing stretches while positioned carefully for the best view of her girlfriend. Amy herself wasn't likely to attract similar stares from anybody attracted to conventional standards of beauty: way shorter than most with small breasts barely visible even in her snug green top, her most striking features were red-brown hair and athletic muscles. But today of all days she wasn't worried about that because of who she was looking at. A week ago her new girlfriend Tamara was even less attractive (though slightly taller) than her but thanks to the magic ring now Tam was an extremely pale hottie in glasses with black-red hair, blood-red lips on a face to die for, two cantaloupes protruding from her chest exactly at the level of Amy's eyes, gorgeous tight ass and amazing shapely toned legs. Not all of that was currently visible: inside Tamara was still a mostly shy nerd so her running outfit was a black (she looked SO good in black now) track suit half a size too big for her. But-the-second: when Tamara moved – like, say, during stretching, say, right now – its material flowed and clinged in a way that still showed off just enough. And maybe after they start running somewhere deeper in the park Amy would be able to convince Tamara to let her cleavage breathe a little.

The reason of Tam's transformation was currently on Amy's fingers: a simple-looking antique ring. As far the were able ascertain the ring catches onto people's ideas about the best state of things – hopes, desires, pride, beliefs, delusions – and makes them true for the wearer. And today Amy finally got a chance to try it out for herself. She chose time and place very specifically because she was sure her athletic abilities will be enhanced and it will be interesting to discover something interesting about all these people she saw almost daily and rarely talked.

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And finally girls started running. As most of her changes came from vampire-obsessed teens Tamara's strength, stamina and flexibility were also increased so a morning jog did not pose any problems for her despite protestations about it being too early or too cold. Also she now possessed some amount information about tending to plants and soon expressed her low opinion on heath of some trees they saw.

Five minutes into the run somewhere to the left of their path a male voice loudly grumbled "I could be having adventures, looking for ancient temples and getting cursed in them but instead I'm doing this!"

"What a weird thing to say? Is he Indiana Jones?" commented Amy.

"I didn't hear anything," said Tamara. "Is that the ring working."

"Well, I hear a dude being annoyed that he's here and not robbing some abandoned temples so if ring is planning to do something with that I don't know what's gonna happen."

"Wait..." Tam looked around with puzzlement. "Should trees be so thick in this part of the park? It's like some kind of forest."

And ground literally disappeared from under their feet.

\* \* \*

The fall was short and stopped without any snapping sounds or extreme amounts of pain. Some pain was there though so for a few seconds Amy was just laying there dazed and looking at the square of light where they've fallen through.

"Amy? Are you alive?" she heard Tamara's voice and tried to sit up and look around. In the gloom she soon saw Tam also moving.

"Yeah, I think I am," Amy replied while doing a quick check and finding nothing broken, only small cuts and bruises. "You?"

"Everything hurts like hell but nothing at a weird angle or jutting out. This looks like a cavern but the floor seems artificial."

"Damn," sweared Amy, "it's that Indiana Jones bullshit, isn't it?"

"I'm really sorry, Amy," replied Tam, "I just wanted to see you change like I did but now we're stuck here because of that ring."

Amy was going to say that there was no need to apologize, she knew the risks (even if she wasn't expecting THIS) but suddenly a circle of three-meter spears sprang from the ground around Tamara.

"I am the all-powerful Olios!" a new voice boomed from all around. "I have woken and I demand the sacrifice." Floor under Tamara's cage started rapidly descending.

"What the hell, dude? Sacrifice?!" screamed Amy and then into the closing shaft where her girlfriend was abducted to: "I'll find you, I promise!"

"Ah, you wish to save your lover from the sublime fate to lengthen my rule over cosmos," answered thundering voice. "Then come, champion. If you survive my challenges and my cunning, if you amuse me, I might be magnanimous." A door opened spilling additional light into the cavern.

"Fuck you, dude, and fuck your amusement" murmured Amy limping to the door.

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Beyond the door Amy found a corridor illuminated by wall-mounted torches, not long but long enough for her to work out any kinks and aches left from the fall so she felt herself ready for whatever awaited for her next. And what awaited her was a giant chasm. Exit was in wall opposite from entrance with a short ledge before and the only way across was dozens of columns, thin enough for only one foot to stand on and exactly too far apart for a step. Seems straightforward enough, Amy already saw how she could get to the other side in ten jumps. She took a deep breath and started.

Problems started on the fourth pillar which started to crumble as soon as Amy landed on it so she had to leap off it almost immediately but on landing her center of gravity felt off and girl spend several terrifying seconds waving hands and swaying to regain balance. When that was achieved Amy looked around but all columns looked the same without any way to see potential traps. "So you're gonna be an asshole?" she asked the ceiling. Ceiling did not answer.

Next jump also was harder than it's should be and now Amy noticed that her blue running shorts seemed tighter than usual. Another odd leap and the discomfort got stronger. It was a bad position to check but she was more and more sure that her butt was growing with every jump. "Are you freaking kidding me?" she screamed even more angry than she was at the faulty column.

She tried to adjust to the changes and the next two leaps were somewhat more successful. But the last pillar started to rock in a circular motion after Amy landed there. So the final jump she made with a wild scream, rolled on landing and just laid on the ledge before the exit for whole minute. Then she sit up and discovered that her new ass was rather comfortable on stone floor. Without a mirror she couldn't see the full extent of change her new acquisitions were soft, sensitive and very much didn't fit into her hands. And maybe they were too big to fit into her shorts but as the were no ripping explosion it seem that her clothes got bigger. But just enough to be tight.

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Second room was less obvious: 5x5x5 meters cube with closed exit and the entrance was blocked by a stone wall as soon as Amy stepped inside. Only notable feature of the room were two holes in the right-hand wall with several meters of rope sticking from each. Amy tugged on the ropes and there was small give but too small for it to be easy. The exit's door had a vertical slit through the middle implying that halves of door should slid to the sides. The slit was exactly wide enough for Amy to wedge her fingers inside.

"Goodbye, my nails," sighed Amy and tried to pry the door open. It was slow and demanded significant effort but the door moved and even more easily than she expected. And after a couple of minutes she saw... another closed door. This one had a long horizontal handlebar protruding in the lower part of the door. This one needed to be pushed up and was harder but with muscles straining she managed and the second door slid upwards upward until the bar clanged hitting ceiling of the doorway.

Third door seemed a smooth block of red stone. Except the small indentation in the middle surrounded but a web of thin cracks. Almost size of Amy's fist when she put it there. Angrily she swung her hand back. And they stopped. It can't be that easy, she'll more likely just hurt her hand. Tired young sportswoman looked back into the room, at two ropes dangling out of the wall.

With around a meter between the hole Amy could easily grasp both of the ropes. She pulled one, then another, then both at the same time, decided that the time they were going easier and just stood there regaining some of her strength. Then she lightly coiled roped around her arms, braced herself against the wall with left foot and started pulling.

She did not know how long she was pulling but ropes started piling on the floor before her. Something was moving towards her, she felt it and did not stop. So Amy did not notice that ropes started snaking around her legs as if they were alive. And Amy did not notice when they started phasing through her skin inside of the legs. And when they disappeared completely muscles on her lower legs and calves were bigger and stronger. The ropes continued their movement and process repeated elsewhere. Thighs. Hips. Waist. Back. Chest. Shoulders. Finally arms. Everywhere Amy muscles grew and became sculpted. Then two cylindrical rods popped out of the holes. Amy immediately grabbed one of them, pulled its two meters out and with a roar of exhausted anger swung it at door's indentation. The door crumbled into small pieces revealing new corridor.

Amy let rod go and would've fallen too but she saw her new body. She didn't look like a bodybuilder but every part of her looked obviously strong, every movement seemed powerful, her shoulders and hips wider. She was no longer a successful health-nut but a some kind of idealized athlete, a modern Greek statue.

"Wow," whispered Amy marveling at the change and just moving moving about, getting the feel for things. "Just... wow."

Except her height remained the same. Bummer.

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Another cube of a room, this time with no visible exit and heaps of colored glass by the walls?

"I already miss obvious deathtrap from the beginning." Still that got no answer.

Cracking her new fingers (even her fingers got stronger) Amy looked around. No clues, no puzzles except... She saw a fairly sizable pane of red glass that for some reason seemed weird. Lifting it up she saw that it wasn't the glass that looked weird to her but the wall visible through it: they were covered by writing, in Swedish or Norwegian? Not a lot of clues but that got her to check the room through other glass. Carefully checking shards for sufficiently big pieces she slowly went through blue (Chinise), violet (Russian), yellow (some kind of cuneiform) until stumbling onto green that not only shows Ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs but also a narrow staircase protruding from one of the walls and leading to a door right under the ceiling.

Amy touched the stairs and they were solid enough but when she took away the glass from her eye not only stairs and the door disappeared from view but her arm immediately went through the place where they were. 'So, not invisible but literally does not exist when not viewed through the glass. I'll have to be careful climbing it.'

That was a bit weird going up stairs while constantly looking at it though a piece of green glass but Amy managed it and left the room. At that same moment under her top on the upper part of right breast appeared tattoo of an eye in Ancient Egyptian style, for now invisible to her.

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Now Amy stood at the entrance to the huge, badly lit cavern. Something dripped somewhere inside but other than that it was hard to tell what she was getting into this time.

"Well, that's..." she began and then with terrifying "vroooom" a huge column of bright light appeared a couple of meters before her and slightly to the left. Five seconds later it vanished but immediately two new columns popped up in different parts of the cave which were replaced by several others and that's how it went.

At least now Amy saw interior better: open exit was only three dozen meters in front of her through the field of deadly solar beams appearing through randomly opening and closing apertures in the ceiling. And somehow she was sure that beams aren’t actually deadly or even dangerous. Should she trust that feeling? Does she have any choice?

"Oh for the love of," and she was off marveling at how fast legs propelled her now. She didn't have too much time for that though as a new column of light suddenly was in front of her and she only had time to close eyes, cover them and jump.

A second later she burst from the other side and safely landed on all four. Not even singed. Except her short hair was now platinum blonde instead of usual brown red. But she couldn't notice that because right now she saw only white. 'Am I blind?' was the only thought in her scared head. But no: whiteness was slowly fading and she already could see darkness of the cavern and bright spots of the light attacks. She cursed and started running again.

Second contact with the light didn't even slow her, she continued running through the blindness with her now shoulder length platinum hair. She burst into safety of the doorway and fallen into the heap inside berating heavily, waiting for whiteness to clear.

Slow clapping echoed in the corridor followed by the deep loud voice of Olios: "Nice work, champion, you're doing very well. And I see you picked up some additions on the way. Are you ready for round two?"

"Fuck you, dude," stammered Amy getting up to which Olios responded with a booming laughter.

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"These stone cubes are getting old," commented Amy on the new room.

"Ah, my dear, but you should pay more more attention," answered Olios' voice unexpectedly. And yes, this room was slightly different: instead of usual torches it was illuminated by glowing blue crystals hanging from the ceiling and there was a large featureless metal panel built into the floor.

"Well, at least you're more talkative. So what's all this for?" Amy carefully knocked at panel.

"Tell me, champion, do you know how to swim?" At this moment six jets of water gushed from the cracks between stone blocks walls were constructed from.

She wasn't worried at first but as the room started filling up doubt creepped in. Amy tried to stomp the plate while she could to no effect. She tried to block the flow of water but it was too strong. Floating in the middle of the room she was sure, SURE that the metal thing on the floor was the answer, sure beyond any guess, like she knew. When she was near the top she tried to pulling and pushing on the crystals but that too did nothing. After that she gulped deep breath of air and dove for the final assault. She kicked and even tried to scream underwater until she was on the verge of losing consciousness.

Only then metal plate slid to a side and water rushed into the opening taking Amy with. She did not know how long she was traveling that way but stop was sudden and not comfortable in any way. Girl was lying on her back for a second but then abruptly turned over on all four and started coughing. And as she continued to cough her body started changing.

Her muscles slowly slimmed but without losing their definition and the feeling of strength.

Cough, cough.

Her newly platinum blonde hair became wavy and wispy, patches of different colors started appearing seemingly at random.

Cough, cough.

Her breasts inflated up to generous C-cups with her top not tearing but... opening a cleavage. Her eye tattoo was mostly visible now.

Cough, cough (how much water WAS inside her?!)

Legs lengthened. And lengthened. They grew as much as possible while not seeming freakish with her other proportions. Shapely, strong, swimming legs.

Cough, cough.

Amy was on her back again, exhausted. Her hair now had all colors of rainbow in the correct order but pale. And part of it has fallen over her breasts covering them completely – it would be hair's preferred automatic position in future. Her skin was mostly dry but still glistened as if wet.

"OK, that's all very hot," croaked Amy in the gloom looking over her new body, "but extremely not worth it."

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Amy have never felt so tired in her entire life. She just swallowed and then coughed out what seemed like an entire sea. Yet she couldn't stop. Tamara was close. Maybe even in the direction of that constant thumping sound.

So she exhaustedly trudged through badly lit and damp corridor. After some time floor started sloping upwards because it wasn't hard enough and unintelligible sinister whispers made her shiver.

Only... those whispers weren't really sinister. As time and corridor went on Amy began understanding that they were trying to seduce her, promising never-ending delights if she stayed. With every step voices became more sensual, more erotic talking about sex in ways Amy never even imagined. Shivers resolved themselves into invisible gentle hands slowly caressing her body, never stopping, never going too far, teasing. And she knew that all those promises were true in the same way she knew that the thumping sound will lead her to Tam. Every step was harder than the last, with her body and mind on fire.

She glanced down – only a quick glance because she was afraid even her own chest night arouse her too much – and saw that weird eye symbol on her right breast was slightly gleaming through all that colorful hair. That somehow made her even more sure about chosen course. Some of the invisible hands moved to her face as if trying to resculpt it.

And then with a sharp "crack!" thumping stopped.

Amy ran finally finding strength to ignore voices and touches. So much that they just went away.

She burst into a huge chamber ornately decorated with lion statues, pedestals, wall carvings, steps and lit with way too much torches. And in the middle right before floor abruptly ended Amy saw familiar ring of vertical spears. Except one of them was broken near the floor and Tamara was squeezing herself out through resulting gap. She stopped upon seeing her girlfriend.

"Amy?" she asked carefully.

"Have I changed that much?" Amy tried to sound playful.

And then they ran towards each other meeting in a long hungry kiss of two people just out of danger. It took all of Amy's will not to tear off her lover's tracksuit – final infuence of the whispers – and she compromised by putting Tam's hand on her new ass and grabbing couple handfuls for herself. As the kiss continued some small part of her mind noticed they were almost same height now.

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"Well, except the obvious," Tamara let her eyes appreciatively slide over Amy's body, "your face looks like somebody run it through some kind of cutification program. Smaller nose, bigger eyes, rosy cheeks, that kind of thing."

They were standing at the precipice in the middle of the chamber looking at the long wooden beam stretching towards the opposite wall.

"Do you like it?"

"I might need to kiss it a few more times to decide."

"So," sighed Amy, "now I need to get over there and pull that lever. Feels right, yeah."

"You're too tired. I'll do."

"Only the champion can do it," boomed Olios.

"Well, I'll be her champion," objected Tamara loudly. But the loud voice was relentless:

"She is the ringbearer. She started this, she must end this."

Amy sighed again, then kissed Tam one more time and stepped onto the beam.

A few steps in she noticed she was getting less tired. As if some kind of energy flowed into her through soles of her feet. Her balance improved, walking got easier. Then – when this energy filled her to the top of the head – she felt herself growing. At first mostly her torso lengthened catching up to her legs at the same time as her hips widened (somewhat aiding balance). But legs were not left out and with their growth her breasts started filling out again. But changes weren't only physical: Amy's longer strides were easier, more comfortable, flowing and around the middle she felt like could easily do cartwheels till the end but she restricted herself to enjoying all the swaying she was now doing. And as a final touch her top finally shrunk to a sports bra showing off both her new cleavage (she felt even bigger than Tam) and her abs.

When Amy reached her goal she put a hand on the lever and then turned back making Tamara breathe out excited "Holy shit!". Her girlfriend was now some kind of ideal amazon: over meter ninety in height, both lithe and obviously strong, with lightly tanned almost glowing skin, perfect hourglass figure, magnificent breasts straining her top and chest-length wavy fantastical multicolored hair.

Amy pulled the lever and the room instantly got pitch black.

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When light came back girls have found themselves sitting in two comfortable armchairs near each other before a small round table inside something like a Victorian parlor, with bookshelves and flame crackling in a fireplace. In third chair on other side of the table was heavily cloaked figure whose head was completely hidden by a hood.

"...Hi?" asked Tamara after a pause.

"I feel the need to apologize," began the figure in a quiet, measured voice that Amy didn't immediately recognize as belonging to Olios, "I am but a humble park spirit pressed into service by magic of your ring. It WAS good to feel powerful but hurting you did not give me pleasure. I can only assure you that you were never in any danger of real harm or death."

"Yeah, you try to only 'almost' drown," exploded Amy which prompted a scared look from Tam.

"As I said I regret that," continued Olios, "and before you leave this place I wish to give you a final gift. You, Amy, already possess a power of True Sight and this will something of that nature," two necklaces with golden four-leaf clovers appeared on the table. "These will allow you to enhance your life from time to time – attract luck, opportunities, nudge reality your way. But time between uses is variable so use it wisely."

Amy grumbled but Tamara quickly grabbed necklaces and stuffed them in her pockets. Behind them a door open. "Farewell, travelers. And thank you for this adventure." Soon girlfriends were back in the park and Amy tugged the magic ring off her finger.

"Okay, results are better than I expected. But let's hide this thing somewhere and not touch it for a few years." Tamara only giggled and hugged her.