

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.

Working (the Ring of) Expectations

(Part 1?)

When Kate applied for this librarian job she did not expect her interview with library's director to go the way it was going: library's director was a typical slick-haired corporate asshole – you know the type, almost as if they were made in factory – and obvious in his disinterest, mumbling question about her resume and qualifications and experience. Of course the interview was a formality he was treating it as: Kate wasn't applying to anything she was actually proficient at, like accounting or data entry. No, after a month of checking listing need to eat drove her to trying for whatever was there, like shelving books in a public library – admittedly the one that was getting some private funding, hence the guy in an expensive suit on other side of the table. Except for some reason Kate was sure that the interview seemed this inconsequential not because she was overqualified. Oh no, the corporate asshole was expecting to hire some eye-candy like his very attractive black-haired secretary because he was trying for the old "sex sells" bullshit. In a library!

Kate was so annoyed by this – and she trusted this instinct without question – that her whole body was tingling like a taut string. Yes, she was very average looking with her glasses and her dull-blond hair in a tight bun and her cheap brown skirt suit that did nothing to flatter her figure. But she knew she's a really good worker, she needed this job and she did not deserve to be yanked around like that. She glanced down at her right hand where middle finger was encircled by an antique ring that she was given couple years ago by her two college classmates Tamara and Amy with a promise that it will bring her luck when she needs it. Kate forgot all about it since then and found the ring a few days ago while looking what she could sell if thing got especially dire. *Well, doesn't look like you're a good talisman.*

Then with mounting dread Kate felt her bun starting to slowly come apart. Coming out of a train-wreck with messy hair was very appropriate. Except... As her hair was falling down the director stopped without finishing another superfluous question and was looking at her with new interest. He then checked his paper, smile forming on his face and suddenly his whole demeanor has changed.

"I kinda need to ask: why choose librarian with you credentials? It's kinda menial and as I understand it stressful job and you're such a talented woman..."

"I, uh," for some reason Kate needed to catch her breath before answering, like after a hike, "Rent is due and I don't have any better options."

"Oh somehow I doubt that," that smile was bordering on a leer. "Well, I like what I see. If you can start today our head librarian will show you the ropes before your first full day on Monday. You'll get a half-day pay if you're worried about rent." He proffered right hand.

Kate was feeling off-balance and weirdly constricted by her clothes but she managed to stand up for a handshake. "Yes, thank you, that would be lovely." She wasn't sure whether accepting this half-

day of work was a good idea instead of having a lie down in her own bed but she did need any money and so Kate managed to leave the office with only a slight wobble that elicited a strange chuckle behind her.

Outside secretary simply stared at Kate as if she was expecting someone else.

"I was told to report to the head librarian but do you have some kind of employee room? I need to freshen up," asked Kate already feeling better.

"Y-yes," stammered secretary coming out of her reverie, "there's a bathroom two doors down the corridor and a librarian lounge right before service entrance to the main room of the library."

"Lounge" was a strong word for that room but it did have ten lockers hidden behind a screen, a small kitchenette, a table with four mismatched chairs, couple of short shelved with eclectic collection of reading material. And full-length mirror that paralyzed Kate after a single glance in its direction.

That wasn't her in the reflection, was it? What grabbed her attention was that she had a neat bob of platinum blonde hair instead of severe bun of her usual wheat color. This sparkling hair framed version of Kate's face that seemed kinda... Younger? At least fresher: skin was healthier and shinier, sharp features slightly softened, her green eyes got bigger, greener and deeper, and her thick-rimmed glasses, the only unchanged part, were still sitting better on her nose.

Her gaze traveling down Kate saw the reason for her discomfort: where usually blouse was hiding her barely noticeable breasts now top buttons were open displaying an obvious cleavage. Kate's new assets were C-cups and they managed to get snuggly smushed by smaller bra into fairly attractive position. And when she turned to see herself from a side Kate noticed that her butt was somewhat sticking out in her no-nonsense business skirt now which explained her new boss's farewell chuckle.

Before Kate could even comprehend these changes a gruff male voice called from the door "You're the new librarian?" Its owner was a middle-aged man, a head taller than Kate, with black buzz-cut and he obviously stopped caring about his body in last couple of years.

"Yeah," Kate mind was mostly still dedicated to the mystery of what happened to her.

"'Yes, sir'," barked the newcomer, "I am Mister Atkinson, head librarian here, and *whatever the reason*," derision was audible, "Baxter hired you I decide if you stay here and do the job." Oh God now she's getting this macho crap. What is this place?

But she only nodded her understanding and followed him into the library proper where for the next 40 minutes she was taught the book filing system in excruciating detail as if she was complete idiot and data sorting wasn't her actual job. Also Mr. Atkinson loved to interrupt himself to bark orders for other librarians if one appeared in his field of vision. Kate saw at least two of her colleagues: tall leggy red-haired woman and much shorter and younger one who might actually be in school.

Finally Kate was deemed in possession of all wisdom head librarian could impart and sent out with a load of books to shelve and a cart while Atkinson was smiling with obvious malice that sent shivers up her legs. At least in a maze of shelves she finally had to adjust her clothes and gain at least some measure of comfort. And maybe finally to think.

First thing she noticed about books entrusted to her was that half of them should be placed high, just out of her reach. Wow, how incredibly petty. Except – again that feeling of “except” – when Kate finally finished with lower books she noticed that she could put those other ones into their places much easier than expected and had to climb the cart only twice. When Kate by chance glanced down she saw that hem of her skirt was now located an inch above knees instead exactly at the knees. She wasn’t sure whether even to be surprised anymore.

Her new boss was obviously disappointed that Kate didn’t ask for any kind of help but he took this “defeat” gracefully and sat her down at the counter to collect returned books and check them for stuff like damage being overdue. Explanation was mercifully short and most of the job was achieved by scanning books’ bar-codes or typing in catalog numbers. As it was last two hours of library’s workday on Friday there was a fair amount of people, by public library standards so she didn’t have time to chat with her colleagues – Erin and Chloe – one of whom was always handling requests near her.

This desk duty gave new perspective on the today’s strangeness: she kind of felt attentions of library patrons on her and some of their opinions about her appearance. Most very benign and didn’t even distract Kate but from time to time she caught especially forceful thought about how her hair is too short or that she was too pretty to work at the library which immediately sent shivers to her scalp or her face. The most interesting example was when a young girl loudly asked “Mommy, that lady is so beautiful, is she magic?” Kate didn’t hear the answers as she was distracted by that same tingling but... in her heart... and in her brain?

After workhours finally reached the end Mr. Atkinson locked the main entrance and with a bark of “Nobody leave” walked away. Ten minutes later Kate brushed away a stray lock of hair – that was growing now and got almost to her shoulders – turned to Erin (blonde) and Chloe (young girl) and asked: “What are we actually waiting for?”

“He’s a slavedriver,” drawled Erin tiredly, “he’s looking for something out of order to make us stay for at least an hour.”

“What? We already work longer than any private business and it’s dark outside already. Nuts to that, I’m going home.” Kate got up, looked around remembering that she has no stuff to grab on the way out and took two determined steps towards employee exit.

“Hey, where you’re going, missy?” Atkinson’s angry question echoes around the empty room.

“Home. We’re all tired and it’s almost night,” Kate tried to sound reasonable but it was hard to keep an edge out of her voice.

“You think ‘cause you’re pretty you can do whatever you want but I’m in charge here and I’m saying you stay.” Atkinson stalked towards her and she noticed that now he wasn’t that much taller than her, half a head max.

“I. Am. Going. Home.” Kate said through her clenched teeth. She was feeling some kind of new energy building inside of her, something powerful created in response to Atkinson’s words.

“And what’s next? You’re gonna want to run this place? You think you’re could do better job than me?”

“Yes,” was only thing Kate said before she felt being that weird new energy being released and immediately the head librarian stopped talking and just stepped aside. Kate strode out of the

building and allowed herself to limply collapse only when she sitting inside a bus. She won this day but she had no idea how she did it.

* * *

An hour later Kate was intently looking at her friends' ring lying atop her dresser. She was sure it was to blame for her changes and tugged it off finger almost immediately after leaving the library. No new weirdness happened since then thankfully as Kate still wasn't sure how to cope with what she's already got. With that thought she glanced back at the mirror and the biggest changes from the workday, namely hair and face. Former was brighter, shinier and grew out to the middle of her neck. It was harder to say what changed about her face but it was obviously more attractive than before, like every feature was slightly re-drawn to compliment every other feature, and Kate temporarily got lost among the curves of her eyebrows and lips, smaller slope of her nose and the green depth of her eyes.

With an effort of will she tore herself from this "self-reflection" and back to the subject of the ring. If it was the reason for her transformation it was obviously powerful, dangerous and something that shouldn't be real. But... she couldn't say that the ring hurt her, could she? She got the job thanks to it (hopefully she'll still have it come Monday) and now she looked nicer. Except not in any way she chose.

Maybe Max will have something to say when they met tomorrow for lunch and shopping. He was into those psychic reality shows and "Ancient Aliens", right? Kate sighed at her best choice of an expert and hid the ring into dresser's drawer. At least taking Max to buy new bras for her would be an interesting experience.

That decided Kate finally changed into white tank-top (new breasts still felt weird in her old clothes) and comfy pink shorts and went about making dinner. Which in these dire times meant microwaving remains of yesterday's takeout and flopping herself before TV hoping for a decent movie on HBO.

Everything was going according to plan for about hour and a half or so and she was sitting on the couch in the middle of her small apartment, room lit only by TV's glow when she felt return of that energy that filled her during confrontation with Atkinson. And then... Kate didn't know who lived in a flat below her but now... she felt him. It was some guy and he was... watching porn. Kate searched for a way to shut down this information stream but no amount of concentrating or breathing exercises helped. She wasn't wearing the ring yet this was still happening! At least she wasn't getting a "picture" or any specifics, mostly his desires and even that was too much. He was admiring porn actress's hair, her smile and her smooth voice, he wanted to be controlled by a strong woman with those hair, smile and voice. Every bit of Kate's body tingled with mysterious energy and this disgusting awareness, she felt like she would burst if she didn't find a way to get rid of it. Finally when she couldn't think of another way to fight her body started to glow and all she was able to do was to surrender to paralyzing waves of warmth crashing through her.

First she felt her hair growing again, reaching her shoulders but not only its length changed, it became softer and more voluminous. Then feeling of change moved into Kate's mouth and throat. It was rather pleasant and slowly Kate smiled. The glow coming of her teeth was getting brighter as they turned from merely clean to pearly white and moved into straighter positions. After that finished all of her muscles started slightly vibrating and as Kate writhed in weird pleasure she moaned "Oh shit" and coughed shocked by her voice sounding higher and more melodious than before. Meanwhile any loose skin on Kate's arms and recently-lengthened legs firmed up which was followed by appearance of visible and toned musculature under it. Her hand unconsciously

drifted under her tank-top and she felt with her fingers how her tummy was getting flatter than ever in her life with a hint of abs. "OH DAMN!" This continued for five minutes giving her body of a woman reasonably obsessed with staying healthy.

Then the glow dimmed and all alien feelings stopped. And Kate only just noticed that she lost the "feed" from downstairs neighbor even earlier, somewhere in the middle of the event. Weakly she got up and staggered towards bathroom. This transformation did not seem to be ring's doing, it was different from how changes in the library happened. Was it something innate? Did the ring put it into her? Could she learn to control it? Kate had no answers as she flicked the light on and looked at her reflection. The shining platinum waterfall of shoulder-length lush, thick, soft hair didn't shock her too much and she spent less time running her fingers through it than flexing her new muscles and making faces. She was somewhat disconcerted with how easily smiles of all kinds came to her. But these were really pretty smiles.

By the time Kate finished checking herself over her movie has ended and time was well into the night. While she was worried that this... magic thing could "flare up" again during sleep day's multiple stresses finally caught up with her and she dragged herself into bed without even changing clothes.

* * *

Despite Kate's worries night and morning went without incidents. Except she maybe spent way too long in the shower again looking over herself and marveling at how water was moving over her new muscles. And she couldn't resist sneaking glances at every mirror she encountered still mesmerized by her new appearance. So time flew by and before she noticed it Kate had to get ready for her meeting with Max. She chose her biggest black T-shirt (as a way to mask the lack of a fitting bra) and loosest canvas pants which still hugged her ass maybe slightly too much.

When she arrived at the cafe Max was waiting at one of outside table and it was a pleasant September day for that choice. Twenty-something guy with short dark brown hair and untidy stubble, he was wearing a plaid shirt and artfully ripped blue jeans. They met and became friends at her previous job where Max still was an IT guy. Currently he was gaping at Kate.

"Katie? What kind of Extreme Makeover happened to you?" he asked in a shocked whisper, "Is that a wig?" Kate noticed that he wasn't the only one with that reaction, her glowing mass of hair was sure attracting some looks.

"Not a wig," she sighed. She spent hours searching for a good way to tell her story and ask Max for help but still wasn't sure how to begin. "This is going to sound like a hallucinatory ramble but stick with me. Some really weird shit happened to me yesterday."

She told him about her job interview, the ring (safely in its box in her handbag), her changes and the first day at work. Kate decided to keep to herself for now weird energies spilling out of her and the night transformation as she felt it might be too weird even for this story. She just spliced those changes into the ring narrative. Finally she showed him the ring.

"I think I believe you," Max said slowly looking at the magical jewelry, "We saw each other less than a week ago and you couldn't have changed so much since then, even your voice change and that would be too elaborate of a prank..."

"It's not a prank," Kate assured him. "And I hope you can help me."

“How?” he asked dubiously.

“You’re the only one I know with even a slight interest in paranormal...”

“I just watch those dumb shows for fun, I don’t believe in that stuff,” Max laughed then grew thoughtful, “Obviously I need to re-examine those beliefs. Still I never heard about anything like what’s happened to you, at least not in such a drastic way. But... I might know a witch. Or rather I know somebody who knows somebody else who might be a witch.”

“That’d be at least some kind of start,” Kate allowed herself to relax and leaned backward in her chair.

“Y’know what would help for that story to be more convincing?” Max smiled shyly trying not to stare at how Kate’s new chest was pushed forward by her movement, “If I got to wear the ring for a few hour.” Kate immediately frowned and he added hastily. “Yeah, I know it’s uncontrollable but no changes yet were harmful and I’ll just take it off if something bad starts happening. We kinda need to test that thing.”

For several minutes Kate was feeling already familiar welling up of that strange magic inside her. Which was another thing she needed to test out and quite possibly learn to live with. After a short silent deliberation she decided: “There might be a better way. I haven’t told you everything but for that we’ll need a more solitary place.”

“OK, *now* that sound like there’s a prank happening.”

Max knew of a park couple of blocks from the cafe and a few minutes later they found a private place inside, with a lone bench under so thick a cover of yellowing trees that they almost blocked the sun.

“So, I haven’t told you everything about the ring. It also gave some kind of magical power. I don’t understand this power completely but I think it could be better than the ring. Also I really need to learn to control it cause it’s constantly trying burst out of me. With your permission...”

Max nodded numbly head reeling from today’s unending revelations.

“Think about what you want to change,” and Kate concentrated on releasing the magic in Max’s direction. Her eyes began to glow and immediately Max slowly but visibly started shrinking. When his face suddenly lost its stubble Kate realized that something was wrong. With a wail of “oh no no no no no no” she tried to stop the process but the power refused to be dammed.

As Max was steadily growing shorter his plaid shirt started changing too: its front melded together into one cloth, sleeves were receding over his arms before stopping a few centimeters before shoulders, then the shirt got longer and longer until it overtook Max’s knees, and disappearance of the collar with a sizable chunk below neck made it obvious that Max was now wearing a sundress.

Distracted by that transformation Kate only just noticed that her friend stopped shrinking and was now more than a full head shorter than her and his face was changing. Max’s features were hardly especially severely masculine but now any traces of that just melted away. His cheeks slightly puffed up, became rosier and acquired cute dimples. His mouth got smaller and lips became just slightly glossy. Nose shrank and may got a smidge upturned. Dark blue eyes turned lighter and then almost doubled in size with dark short lashes and lightened eyebrows. And then weirdly Max’s ears moved a bit to stick out of his hair. With skin losing final blemishes and pores the impression Kate

got from his new head was adorable young woman, maybe even a girl. She hoped she didn't turn him into a kid as she tried to stop the magic once more with no success.

Transformation continued with Max's hands becoming slimmer and more delicate with short nails. And finally that empty space the top of the dress began to fill by growing cleavage. And growing. Aaaaaand growing. When the growth stopped Kate was looking at two grapefruit-sized breasts peeking out from dress's opening and looking positively gigantic on such small frame.

Only things unchanged were Max's white sneakers that just got smaller to fit his/her new feet. Where the jeans went Kate had no idea.

"Holy shit!" breathed Max and immediately clapped her hands over her mouth shocked by young girl's voice that came out.

"Oh damn, I'm so sorry, I tried to stop it when I saw where it was going but I couldn't. I'll turn you back, I promise," Kate profusely apologized trying not to get hysterical.

"I kinda like it," Max giggled looking over her new body, "I might stay that way."

"Don't you even dare joke that way, we're turning you back this instant," Kate snapped with unexpected force and tried to grab her friend who easily danced away from her.

"Wow, that bossiness is new."

"Yeah," Kate suddenly felt ashamed at her anger, "I might've picked it up from my boss, he's an angry dictator. OK, let's check what we've got and then decide what to do."

They quickly discovered that Max's ID and social media now described a woman named Maxine with mostly the same friends and interests, and even age despite her looking much younger than Max was. So, Kate accidentally re-wrote her friend's past. But Max did not seem too distraught by any of what happened to him... her.

"I must admit I've had fantasies about turning into a woman from time to time," she twirled around. Max also didn't seem to have any trouble adjusting to her new body. "And your new... assets may have distracted me from proper visualizing my ideal male self," she hefted her own breasts to illustrate.

"Yeah, yours are now bigger than mine," Kate couldn't help but smile at Max's antics.

In the end Kate grudgingly agreed for Max to remain a woman for around a week or until she got into some serious problem. Which didn't seem likely if magic continued helping out the new girl. And Max pointed out that it might be a good way of test their potential witch. Then she grinned mischievously.

"I still wanna to try out that ring of yours and experience full range of magic bullshit. And you can't say no after involuntarily changing my gender."

Kate's borrowed bossiness found it hard to resist those huge blue eye in full puppy mode. "All right, all right. But you have to go shopping for bras with me," she remembered her other main reason for this outing as the smaller woman slipped the magic ring onto her finger. And it would be interesting to observe changes from the outside and to discuss how it feels.

As soon they got out of park and met a sizable amount of people Max laughed quietly and whispered to Kate: “That dude,” she nodded at a barely-out-of-school guy turning away in got-caught-staring embarrassment, “was checking out my boobs and loudly thinking whether my ass matches them. Feelings down there say it might soon,” she giggled again delightedly.

And that’s how it went: by the time they hit a row of shops they met somebody fantasizing about kissing big soft lips and a person frantically researching way to look paler, both of which manifested in buzzing all over Max’s body. Store clerk at lingerie shop was very appreciative of the way Max flitted around and admire her “obvious dancing skills”.

Fifteen minutes later Kate was in a fitting room stumped for choice: she didn’t actually have too much disposable money and who knew how much and when she’ll grow next. She could afford maybe two bra, should she for her current size and... say, two sizes bigger? Her suffering was interrupted by a text from neighboring cubicle: “Get in here and look me over.” She was mostly clothed so it took Kate only a few seconds to slip there.

“What do ya think?” chirped her friend in a simple white underwear trying to turn around in their cramped situation and managing it with a fair bit of grace. She was noticeably paler as if she hadn’t seen the sun at all in at least half a year but not in sickly way, it was working for her. And Max was rather slight which Kate did not notice earlier thanks to her dress. Except her butt was not slight at all. While it did not reach proportions of her breasts the “booty” *was* there and everybody would be able to see it now.

Max stopped whirling, stared at her older friend through mirror, winked and made a kissing motion, then pouted for a second and smiled again. With smaller mouth, big eyes and the illusion of make-up those motions of newly enlarged lips made her look like a doll.

“You’re getting cuter,” Kate finally answered, “Wanna continue or have you had enough?” That last one came out harsher than she intended.

“We’re really need to get that nastiness out of you somehow. Do I need to put the ring onto you and think saccharine thoughts at you for ten hours or what?” Maxine pouted again.

“I might need that nastiness on Monday to keep my new job at the library,” Kate sighed, “My money situation getting dire,” and she explained her bra dilemma.

“Well,” Max tapped her finger on the chin, “as a thanks for letting me stay this and putting my transformed self I’ll help you out: you buy whatever you reasonably can and I’ll pay pay, let’s say, for two more,” she shushed Kate protests: “Nah-a, don’t you start. I still have a well-paying job. *And* I have an additional condition: let me buy something sexy for you, ya’ll need it.”

In the end they both got what they wanted and Kate was returning home with reasonable stockpile of bras, a black lacy underwear set and one of those short – up to the middle of her thighs – dressing gowns made out shimmering red silk that cling to body (“Wow, imagine how it’ll look on you like a few ring cycles later!” “We’re calling them ‘ring cycles’ already?”). Max for her generosity got a woman so incensed by the angle of Max’s nose that it almost immediately straightened and got smaller – that was when Max decided she’s had enough of the ring... for today.

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Rest of the weekend was as uneventful as Kate could possibly make it. She haven’t touched the ring and the magic inside her haven’t stirred. She talked to Max more about new woman’s experiences

with transformation: magic was really helping Max, like when she stumbled on something new in her changed past the correct fact would simply pop into her head, and so Max was really enthusiastic about exploring this new life and... ahem... new body (*that* talk Kate was *not* ready for, without alcohol and not on this Sunday).

Rest of the time Kate spent trying not to worry about her next workday, weighing her options and potential arguments, failing not to worry or getting angry. So when on Monday morning before leaving she received a text informing that the director wanted to talk to her first thing Kate decided to chance it and grabbed the ring out of its hiding place.

So now Kate was slipping the ring onto her finger while sitting in the waiting room wearing the same cheap brown suit she was three days ago. Almost immediately she felt lust and greed emanating from the office which sent tingles over her chest and hips. After making sure the secretary wasn't looking at her Kate carefully opened couple of top buttons on her blouse getting in several senses. There were also some curious signals coming from that secretary now that she thought about her...

"The director will see you now."

Is she on a dating app right now? A gay dating app?

Kate stood up, smoothed her clothes – suppressing a shudder from touching herself on magically sensitive sides – and entered the office. The director, the same corporate asshole was sitting behind his desk looking like he did on the Friday – pleasant smile and half-empty, half-hungry eyes taking her in with such force that Kate almost stumbled. On his left was Atkinson looking surly as if he just lost argument.

"Hya, Kate, nice to see you again. Very nice," that plastic smile greeted her. "So I hear you had a small altercation with our head librarian on your first day." It was hard to judge on whose side he was.

The secretary meanwhile was trying to decide if she was into breasts too. This seems to be her early exploration of her sexuality.

Kate decided to be firm: "Your head librarian runs the place like a petty tyrant with no regard for the employees and work hours."

"I am as strict as you ladies deserve," Atkinson snapped back, "if you can't cut it you're free to leave."

Meanwhile the secretary was spending a considerable amount of time over a photo of really fair-skinned and freckled redhead with mesmerizing golden eyes.

"Now-now, let's not argue over semantics. I have already spoken to Mr. Atkinson and other librarians about your behavior..." the leer was back in-full.

As Kate was very acutely feeling movements in her torso against the background of full-body tingles – created by the secretary outside – she chose a moment when both men were looking at each other and sneaked a glance down. She saw there two spheres of pale flesh almost trying to escape her cleavage. Her breasts at least caught up to Max's, maybe even slightly overtook them. When the corporate asshole turned back he was even hiding the direction of his hungry stare.

«...and I hear you think you could run this place better than our esteemed librarian. Weeeeeell, ss it happens Mr. Atkinson has some vacation days saved up so I propose an experiment...”

Atkinson grumbled something illegible but angry.

Wait he's not going to chew me out?

The pressure of the battle between her hips and skirt was mounting and it was hard to say who'll lose first.

"...you will be given a title of acting head librarian for a week while he cools down somewhere nice and we'll see what you achieve. Cool compromise, eh? Now shake hand, you two, and back to work."

Shock must've been obvious on Kate's face as it caused giggles from the director. She hoped that her wobbliness from changes in weight distribution would be also chalked up to shock. She wasn't the only one with conflicting emotion as the head librarian stormed off after the shortest possible handshake prompting another burst of giggles from the asshole who then wished her good luck in a rather uncomfortable way.

It was a trap, of course. Nobody could get any meaningful results in a week. The asshole was trying to butter her up by giving her these five days and hoping to get something special by the end. And then Atkinson will be back with a vengeance, literally. Well, she will not go down – in several meanings – without a fight. Even if she has to use magic.

Kate went through that train of thought by the time she reached office's door and then her spirits were lifted by already familiar sight of secretary gaping in shock. Kate didn't pay much attention to the her but after this meeting she became an almost irresistible magnet for attention. Kate slowly ran her hands over the enlarged hips with a growing brilliant smile while looking at the beautiful black-haired young woman, now wearing small reading glasses and an expensive silk beige blouse accentuating her impressive assets, then slightly bent forwards to better show off new breasts and whispered "I think we need to see each other more" using her new musical voice for all it's worth and walked away trying not to overdo – due to lack of experience – the sway.

Continuing to vaguely repeat events of the Friday Kate stopped again before the tall mirror in employee lounge to confirm today's changes. She has already seen her now-boobs and spared them only a second to declare them higher limit of D-cups and to congratulate herself for bringing a bigger bra. More interesting was that her skin turned "fair" like Max's did but Kat also got a smattering of freckles on her face – couple of dozen no more – under newly yellowish-green. Which despite platinum color of her hair gave more easy-going air. Oh, and hips weren't as huge as they felt but they were really obvious under stretched skirt and Kate definitively possessed curves now with her waist also losing an inch or two.

Thankfully Atkinson did not put an appearance. Kate could him growling some threat about how "it's not the end". So she quickly changed her underwear and steeled herself to "address the troops". She was sure there'd be some resentment at new girl grabbing leadership position on her second day and she'll need a way to squash it.

She decided to continue gently swaying hips as she entered library's main room – to draw attention to her changes, to raise questions. Out of two women waiting for her taller blonde Erin was more visibly displeased, and even she was taken aback by Kate's appearance. Shorter girl Chloe just stared.

“OK, I know how this looks,” Kate jumped into the opening, “me being acting head librarian is a surprise to me too, I did not ask for it, I did not *do* anything to get it. Also I don’t think they’ll pay me more,” at that Chloe giggled. “Let’s just treat this as a respite from our shared enemy actual head librarian and do our jobs.”

That seemed to satisfy Erin somewhat but she was still frowning while moving away deeper into shelves with a cart-full of books. So Kate decided on a drastic course of action and followed her in.

“Erin, one more thing,” she stopped before her co-worker and held out the magic ring, “I know you’re still not happy with me, so let me try something: please wear this ‘till day’s end and you’ll understand everything.”

* * *

(Huge thankyou for reading. I’m not yet sure if there’ll be a Part 2, just some vague ideas, so I’d love some comments about whether it’s needed or not. — 89er)