

## **“Upgrade”**

### **Draft by TROGDOR297**

Sylvie stood at the edge of the dark club, leaning against the wall by herself, feeling entirely uncomfortable. Her hand trembled with nerves as it gripped her half empty cocktail, making the ice within clink against the side of the glass. She'd hoped the alcohol would help her feel more at ease, but so far it had failed to accomplish that goal.

The lanky brunette had come here tonight because...well she didn't really know why she'd come here tonight. Desperation perhaps? Two weeks ago she'd attended her fourth wedding this year, this one hosted by one of her friends from university, Carol Simpson. It had been a lovely event, very classy and elegant, but the entire experience had left Sylvie feeling dejected. Carol was the last of her friend group besides herself to get married, and though she knew it was catty of her and she felt a little guilty about it, Sylvie had always thought that there was no way that frumpy Carol would find her prince charming before her.

And yet she'd watched her friend walk down the aisle a fortnight ago, while she'd sat alone in the pews. After that night it was like a fire had been lit under her ass. She wasn't old by any means, only 32, but it was time for her to stop thinking that she should just wait for some storybook romance to fall in her lap. If she wanted magic, she'd have to find it herself.

Standing in the nightclub, head pounding from a combination of the music and the dry ice, she had the creeping suspicion that she would find no magic here. In fact she deeply regretted coming. The drink was overpriced, the music was much too loud, and everyone in here was at least 5 years younger than her. In hindsight she knew this was a stupid idea, and a waste of time.

With a sigh, drowned out by the ambience, she walked over to the bar to return her glass. She leaned over and placed the half full drink on the illuminated countertop, then turned to walk away, when a voice caught her attention.

“Didn't like that one?”

She turned around to see who'd spoken. A man leaned against the bar, wearing all black, smiling at her over his shoulder. He was...handsome? And in his 30's?! Where had this guy been all night!

“It was fine...” She said, stepping over to him. “I...I was just leaving”

“Leaving before you finish your drink? Those things are 25 bucks each, that just seems wasteful...” He gave her an impish grin.

Sylvie shrugged. “Maybe...Guess it just wasn't good enough”

“Gin & Tonic?” He asked.

She nodded. "Mmhmm"

"So what would you prefer?" He said.

Sylvie walked up so that she was leaning on the bar beside him, a smile forming on her face. "I don't know...not a Gin & Tonic..."

"Fair enough" He said as he leaned closer, reaching out and resting a hand on her hip. Sylvie at first felt shocked at this brazen contact, but at the same time she also felt excited. "Well how about...you try this"

Not breaking eye contact with her, he slid a drink forward along the bar from behind him. It was a glass similar to the one she'd been drinking out of but it was filled with an amber coloured liquid, and had an orange peel floating in it.

Sylvie raised her eyebrows at him skeptically. "You're kidding right? Do you think I'm one of those dumb 22 year olds?" She said, gesturing to the dance floor. "I'm not going to just drink some random drink. I just met you, you could've put something in it!"

The man nodded, pursing his lips slightly. "Fair enough." Then he lifted the glass and took a sip of it himself before setting it back atop the bar before her. "How about now?"

Sylvie looked from the drink to the handsome stranger. Oh, what the hell, he seemed trustworthy. She reached for the drink and brought it to her lips, taking a sip of the amber liquid inside.

"Mmm!" She let out an involuntary hum of delight as she savored the taste of the drink before swallowing. "That's amazing! What is it?"

The man took the drink from her and took another sip, swishing it about in his mouth. "Pretty sure it's a Negroni?" He guessed.

"Pretty sure?" Sylvie asked, confused. "Isn't it your drink?"

He smiled at her. "No, it's your drink"

Sylvie frowned. "What?"

The man shook his head, his smile widening "Never mind. Do you want to get out of here? The music's hurting my head..."

Sylvie reached for the Negroni, her fingers brushing against his, to take another sip. "I thought it was wasteful to not finish a drink?"

The man laughed. "Alright, alright, you got me there!"

Sylvie found herself smiling as she sipped the drink. She was surprised at how good it was. She'd never had one before, but she reckoned she'd never had a cocktail that tasted as

delicious as this one. She tilted the glass back and drained it, the orange peel bumping against the tip of her nose.

"Alright, let's go" She said, setting the drink back down on the bar.

Together the pair of them walked aimlessly through the city streets. Sylvie learned that his name was Peter, and that he'd only just recently moved downtown. He'd gone to the club for the same reason she had, to maybe find someone, and like her had been frustrated when the only people present had been far too young for him. That was until he'd seen Sylvie pass him by.

As they walked through the dark streets, their hands found each others, fingers entwining and gripping tightly. The pair of them wandered, simply talking and sharing, not a care for anyone else in the world. Peter seemed nervous as he walked, constantly touching his face, and arms, but Sylvie found it endearing. Though she had a better grip on it, she was certainly feeling the butterflies in her stomach too.

Every so often a car would drive past, headlights illuminating the pair of them. Each time Sylvie was surprised to find how attractive Peter was. She thought she'd got a good look at him in the club, but every time she caught glimpses of him he seemed...different. Better. His hair was better styled, his chin more defined, his stubble...stubblier. Even his body seemed different. She could've sworn he wasn't this buff before, biceps stretching the sleeves of his tight black t-shirt.

"Where do you live?" She asked, shivering slightly in the cool night air.

"In an apartment across town" Peter said. "Would you like to see it?"

Sylvie nodded with a smile. "Let me call us on Uber" She said as she reached for her phone.

Peter caught her by the wrist "No need! I drove"

Sylvie's eyes raised in surprise. "You have a car!?" Peter had told her he both lived and worked in the downtown core. Most people she knew with that lifestyle, didn't bother owning a car. It was an unnecessary expense.

Peter nodded "Yeah, I'm just parked down this alley" He said gesturing to the dark gap between a pair of buildings.

"Here? Why here?" She asked.

With a smile Peter gestured across the street. They were standing on the other side of the road from the club where they'd met. She hadn't noticed but they'd walked one big loop.

"Come on" He said, gently tugging her hand and leading her into the darkness.

"Ah!" She cried as she was pulled into the shadows. "Peter! I can't see anything!"

"Don't worry, I can" He said calmly.

They continued on for another twenty feet, before he stopped in front of her.

"Just a second" He said. For a few moments there was silence in the pitch black alley. Sylvie stood nervously in the dark, holding on to Peter's hand. Then suddenly the alley was filled with light, as two bright cones beamed forth. The pair of them were standing just before a car...but not just any car.

"Oh my god!" Sylvie squealed. "You have a Lamborghini Aventador?!"

Peter stared at the car, a look of surprise on his face as well, but it disappeared when he turned back to Sylvie. "Yeah...I guess I do"

"Oh Peter, you don't understand. I love this car! It just looks so sleek and sexy!" Sylvie ogled the shiny black metal of the supercar, her mouth split with a broad grin.

Peter nodded "Glad you like it...Hop In!"

Giggling with giddiness Sylvie rushed around to the passenger side, and pulled open the door, sliding into the low leather seat. Peter got into the drivers seat, staring at the wheel with confusion. The car still wasn't on, but Peter didn't seem to know where the ignition button was.

"Is something wrong?" Sylvie asked as she looked over at him. From the overhead light it was very noticeable that Peter was much more muscular then when she'd first noticed him, but she figured it just must've been poor lighting in the club.

Peter shook his head. "No, nothings wrong...just...always forget where the ignition is"

"It's right there" Sylvie said, pointing at the button.

"Aha, right, duh" Peter said, as he pressed it, bringing the engine to life. Shifting into gear he stepped on the gas and they shot out of the alley and onto the street.

"Wooooooo!" Sylvie whooped with delight as they took off into the night, the engine of the Lamborghini roaring with power.

After an exhilarating joy ride through the streets of the city they arrived at his apartment building. It didn't look like much from the outside, certainly not the level of elegance she'd expected from someone who owned a Lamborghini. As they pulled into the parking garage, they passed row after row of low level sedans. Sylvie pushed the oddity out of her mind. Peter had said he was new to the city, perhaps this place was just temporary until his real place was ready.

Minutes later they exited out of an elevator into a musty old hallway. Sylvie followed him to the door at the end, where he stuck his key in the door.

“Sylvie” He said, turning back to her.

“Yes?” She said smiling at him.

“Could...could you close your eyes for me?” He asked.

Sylvie chuckled “What? Why?”

Peter’s mouth squirmed as he failed to offer a suitable reason. “Please?” Was all he said.

Sylvie looked at him with confusion, but after a moment shrugged, then closed her eyes. Now blinded, she felt Peter take her hand as the door before them opened. Then gently he led her in.

“What’s this all about, Peter?” She asked. “Can I open my eyes now?”

“Not...yet” He said, voice strained.

“Peter?” Sylvie said, now feeling a little concerned. “What’s going on?!”

“Just a second...” Peter’s hand gripped hers tightly, until with a sigh he released. “Ok, you can open your eyes.”

Sylvie did so and was immediately taken aback, a hand coming up to her mouth in shock. The luxury of the apartment that he’d brought her to was far above the exterior facade of the building. Marble floors, stainless steel appliances, tasteful art on the walls, plush furniture all in white. It was like something out of her interior design dreams.

“Peter...wow...This is a beautiful apartment. I absolutely love what you’ve done with it” She said as she walked on, gently setting her purse on the large kitchen island.

Peter nodded, as he followed in behind her. “Thanks.”

Sylvie walked over to the floor to ceiling windows on the far side of the room, staring out at the dark city. She could get used to visiting a place like this...or maybe even living in it.

She felt Peter’s presence as he stepped up behind her, hands resting upon her shoulders. With a sigh of contentment she leaned backward into him, enjoying the feeling of his broad pecs pressing against her head.

Wait a minute, her head? Peter wasn’t that tall...She’d walked with him for almost an hour on the street, and he’d been at most 2 or 3 inches taller than her...maybe more. But certainly not tall enough for her to be dwarfed by him.

Suddenly feeling scared, Sylvie stepped away and spun around to face him. Peter stood in the middle of the room, a smile on his face. He was huge, easily 6’6” and his body was rippling with muscles. His shoulders had to be at least twice as wide as hers. Images of him

from throughout the night flashed into her mind. This was not the man that she'd met at the club. Or it was...but it was an exaggerated version of him.

Sylvie found herself torn. She felt confused and scared, as she didn't understand what was going on, or why Peter had changed. But at the same time she felt deeply aroused. The body that Peter had grown into ticked all of her boxes, and staring at his massively muscular body made her feel flushed.

"Sylvie?" Peter said, noticing the fear in her eyes.

"What...what the fuck is going on?" Sylvie said.

Peter shook his head "What do you mean?"

"I mean why are you so big? You weren't this big when I met you" Sylvie said, voice growing more confident.

Peter blushed, giving away his guilt, but despite this he doubled down. "What? What are you talking about, of course I was!"

Sylvie shook her head. "Don't lie to me! You obviously weren't! I don't think you could even fit into a Lamborghini looking like this!"

Peter opened his mouth, but no words came out. His eyes darted back and forth, fearful.

"What is it!" Sylvie yelled. "Talk to me!"

Peter said nothing, looking away in shame.

Sylvie rolled her eyes. "Fine. Be a fucking weirdo. I don't need this" She turned and set off for the door, grabbing her purse off the island. She was at the door when he finally spoke.

"I'm sorry! I...I can explain"

Sylvie turned back to look at him. He did seem deeply apologetic. "Ok" She said, as she walked back over, sitting down on the couch. "Explain"

Peter sat down on the couch beside her, causing the cushions to sink under his mass. "This may be hard to believe but...I have magic powers"

Sylvie let out a single loud guffaw before she restrained herself. "I'm sorry, that was rude, but...well come on Peter, is that really the best excuse you have?"

"It's true! I have the ability to upgrade things that I touch" He said, voice earnest.

Sylvie stared at him, but gave him enough grace to not laugh in his face again. "Prove it" She said.

"Hand me your phone" He replied.

Sylvie reached into her purse and pulled out her phone, an Iphone a few generations old, with a cracked screen. Peter took it from her and held it in his hand. His eyes fluttered for a moment and then...nothing. No flash of light, no sound, no indication that anything had happened at all.

"Was that it?" Sylvie asked, her scepticism growing. "Nothing happened"

"Here you go" Peter said, handing back her phone.

Sylvie took it, her mouth falling open as she looked at it. In her hand was a brand new Iphone of the current generation. "What?!" She cried out in surprise. Then she looked over at Peter, eyes narrowing. "Ok, very funny. Nice sleight of hand. Now where is my actual phone?"

"That's it" He said pointing at the device in her hand.

"This is not my phone" She said. "My phone is old and..." When she clicked the button to unlock it, it had her wallpaper already set. Staring with bewilderment, her fingers entered her password, and sure enough the phone unlocked. Under her notifications she saw that she had a text waiting. Opening it, she saw it was a confirmation from Amazon that her package had shipped.

"This...is my phone?" She said quietly.

Peter nodded. "Yes, I upgraded it"

Sylvie stared at it in shock. "But....How?!"

"I told you...Magic"

Sylvie gaped. Suddenly the events of the night echoed in her head, the things that had been mere oddities before now, now were glaring foreshadowing. The drink that he'd said was "hers". The fancy car that he didn't know how to turn on. The apartment that he wouldn't let her see until they'd been inside for a few silent moments.

"Oh my god..." Sylvie said slumping back against the couch cushions. "You upgraded yourself?"

Peter nodded silently.

"How...how did you know this is what I'd like?" She let the unspoken statement that she did indeed like this hang in the air.

Peter smiled "It's a little quirk of my magic. Upgrades will either be generic or they'll be along my preferences...unless someone is touching me. Then I can adjust to suit their preferences instead."

Sylvie nodded with understanding, remembering that she'd held his hand all night as they walked, as he'd slowly changed himself, getting taller and buffer to suit her desires.

"I'm sorry that I didn't tell you." Peter offered. "Usually the changes are subtle enough that they aren't obviously noticeable...this time I just pushed it too far."

Sylvie laughed at the obviousness of his statement. "Yeah...definitely. But...weren't you concerned that eventually I'd find out?"

Peter shook his head. "Not really. I...forgive me, but I actually didn't have any intention of seeing you after tonight."

Sylvie turned to look at him, surprised at his brazenness. "Oh...huh...I see. Well thank you for your honesty. Wait... before... you said 'Usually'. Does that mean you've done this before?"

Peter shrugged "Yeah...quite a few times...Cards on the table, I made up that story that I just moved here, and went to the club to try and meet someone. I've actually been to that club every Saturday for the past three months."

Sylvie shook her head. "Wow...and you sleep with a girl every time?"

Peter nodded. "Yeah it's not hard, when you can morph yourself into their dream guy. Then you woo them with their favourite drink, show off with their dream car, and then take them back to an apartment that they absolutely adore. Admit it, before you figured me out, you were 100% going to sleep with me"

Sylvie opened her mouth to protest, but stopped herself. "Alright, fine, yes I was."

Peter nodded "Figured as much."

Sylvie turned to look at him. "Why are you telling me this?"

Peter stared straight ahead as he talked. "I dunno. I guess it's nice to have someone to share this with? No one else in my life knows..."

"No one?" Sylvie said. "Not your friends? Not your work?"

Peter laughed. "Oh I don't work. I just go to the bank, buy a roll of pennies, and then upgrade each one into a \$100 bill."

Sylvie laughed "That is...ingenious."

Peter smiled. "Thanks. Anyway...It's late. Let me call you an Uber to take you home"



Sylvie frowned. "What, why?"

Peter looked over at her, matching her look of confusion. "What do you mean why? Why would you stay?"

Sylvie smirked at him. "Because we were going to have sex?"

Peter shook his head. "Wait, really? I thought you'd no longer want to sleep with me? You know, because of the lying and all that?"

Sylvie sat up. "Ah yes, that..." Bracing a hand on his shoulder, she swung her far leg across so she was straddling his lap. Her hands slid down his torso, savoring the feeling of his thick muscles under his tight shirt.

"You are a liar, Peter" Sylvie purred as her hands reached the hem of his shirt, grabbing on and then reversing their journey, dragging the fabric up. "And while that would make you a bad boyfriend, you have no interest in being my boyfriend, so that really doesn't matter. What does matter is-" she let out a slow breath as she lifted his shirt up over his head, revealing his chiseled torso, covered with a thin layer of curly brown hair "-you did change yourself into my exact type. You are without a doubt the hottest man I've ever laid my hands upon, and I'm not about to pass up this opportunity"

Peter's perfect face, previously tainted with confusion, broken into a hungry grin, as his hands lifted up to grip her slim body, pulling her into him. Their lips met, and Sylvie moaned from her chest as she pressed herself against him. Without ceasing their makeout session, she reached down and scrambled to undo his belt. She pulled away for only a brief moment as Peter pulled her dress over her head, and tossed it away, leaving her sitting upon him in only her underwear.

Biting her lip with a grin, she lifted her hips enough that he could slide his jeans off, exposing his groin. Peter watched, hands still gently holding her slim frame, as she excitedly reached forward and tucked a finger into the hem of his underwear, and pulled them away. His cock, wasn't quite yet hard, but each second it pulsed as blood filled it, lifting it upright.

"Mmm, not bad" She purred as she reached forward and wrapped a hand around his member. He was decently thick, though average in length. It twitched in her hands as she slid her grip up and down, thumb teasing his head with each pass.

"Ah that feels good" He grunted. "You know...you don't have to settle for 'Not Bad'"

Sylvie looked up at him, realization dawning on her. "Oh...oh!"

Peter held out a hand, as his other reached forward to grasp his cock around the base. Sylvie grabbed on to the offered hand as she settled in to watch. Peter closed his eyes and focused, as Sylvie stared at his erect shaft. Then before her eyes it grew, his shaft extending longer, the head of his cock growing bigger.

Sylvie felt her pussy tingle as she watched his cock grow to an 8" monster. It was perfect...well almost perfect.

"How's that?" He asked, opening his eyes.

Sylvie smiled "Good...but just missing one detail"

Peter closed his eyes and focused, gripping her hand tightly. Sylvie watched with growing excitement as his cock began to curve, the head sloping back toward his waist. Once it stopped changing she pulled her hand away and clapped excitedly. "Bravo, sir. It's absolutely perfect"

Peter laughed at her mock applause "Glad you appreciate my handiwork. Although I think maybe there's a better way you could appreciate it"

"Absolutely" Sylvie said as she lifted her body up, then using one hand guided his erect cock into her. She shuddered as she slid down upon his shaft, eyes rolling back into her skull. His dick was literally perfect. It was deliciously thick, stretching her amazingly, but not enough to cause her pain. When she was fully sheathed on it, his tip stopped just short of her cervix, filling her completely. The curve caused his tip to rub against her G-spot with every bounce. It was heaven.

"Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck!" She exclaimed each time she slid fully down upon him. This was, without a doubt, the best sex she'd ever had, and they were just getting started.

"Goddamn" She muttered when she paused to take a break, body tingling as she felt his cock twitch inside her. "You...you're amazing. You're so fucking hot!"

Peter leaned forward and kissed her, before he pulled back and said "Thanks"

Sylvie waited as she caught her breath, frowning when she realized he wasn't going to say anymore.

"What?" He said noticing her angry expression.

"I'd appreciate a little reciprocation!" She said, lightly slapping his chest. "Don't you think I'm hot?!"

Peter shrugged. "I mean...you're alright?"

Sylvie gasped "What?! Rude! So Rude!" She reached out to hit him, but he caught her wrists easily.

"Sylvie, come on. We've been pretty open and honest with each other so far. I think you should be honest with yourself, too. You know you're not a supermodel."

Sylvie pouted. He wasn't wrong, she knew she wasn't the prettiest girl, but she thought she was at least a 6. It's not that there was anything wrong with her, she was just plain. "Maybe not, but you could've just lied"

"Why lie? I'm never going to see you after tonight"

"Maybe not, but you still come off as pretty shallow" Sylvie said, crossing her arms over her chest.

Peter laughed. "Me?! Sylvie, you're only fucking me because I literally transformed myself into your idea of a sex god."

Sylvie blushed. He had her on that point. But still, it wasn't her fault that she couldn't magically make herself hot...Wait...

Sylvie reached forward and pressed a hand over Peter's lips, to silence him as he was still laughing. "Could...could you upgrade me?"

Peter nodded, gently removing her fingers from his mouth. "Of course, I can upgrade anything I can touch...but...are you sure you want me to do that? I was and still am down to have sex with you as you are, you don't need to change yourself for me"

Sylvie shrugged "Well... maybe I want to anyway..."

"Alright, sure. Just let me know when you're ready?" Peter said giving her a reassuring smile.

Sylvie took a deep breath in and out, taking a moment to be sure that this was what she wanted to do. "Ok. I'm ready"

"Alright, here we go. I'll warn you, this may feel odd" Peter said as his hands came forward and gripped her around the waist.

Sylvie waited with bated breath as before her Peter closed his eyes. After a few seconds of nothing happening she spoke. "Peter, I don't feel anything, are you sure this is-Whoa!"

All at once she felt a pleasant tingling emanate from all over her body. She felt it at her waist, her legs, her head, her face, her chest. The effect was overwhelming, and so it took her a few seconds to realize that she was changing.

Her waist narrowed slightly, her stomach becoming more toned. Her hips flared out, her ass getting slightly thicker. Her face began to shift, her features becoming more refined, more elegant. Her breasts swelled, bulging out over her bra as they grew from B-cups up to full Double D's. Her hair lengthened, sliding over her shoulders and down her chest. Looking down she could actually watch it grow, as inch by inch her hair grew longer. Then shockingly, in a single wave that started at her roots, her hair morphed from her normal dark brown to blonde.

"Hey! What the fuck!" She said angrily.

Peter let go, and the tingling all over her body stopped at once. "What? What is it?"

Sylvie grabbed the ends of her now long golden hair and held them up. "This! I didn't say you could change my hair colour! Me and Blonde don't mix!"

Peter held up his hands defensively "Sorry...I did tell you the changes follow my own preferences."

"Well change it back!" Sylvie demanded, jabbing a finger into his chest.

"Uhh...I can't really. That wouldn't be an upgrade for me..." Peter said sheepishly.

Sylvie rolled her eyes "For someone with magic powers, you sure are dumb. Just use my preferences, duh! I want my hair back to brown so changing from blonde will obviously be an upgrade"

"Oh right...that makes sense" Peter said as he reached out and took her hand. "Ok, just one second"

Once again he closed his eyes as he placed his free hand against her exposed waist. Soon the tingles began once more, but they felt different this time, they felt warmer, almost happier. Sylvie let out a sigh of relief as her hair immediately swapped back to brown, and then began to slide back up her chest to shoulder length. She'd always loved her hair that length.

"Alright, thank you, that's en-Oh...Oooo" She let out a moan as she felt the tingling grow in intensity. A wave of them passed over her skin, as she instantly became tanned. A warmth flowed into her face as her features shifted even more, her lips growing plumper and juicier. And her breasts...her breasts began to grow larger...and larger...and larger. They flowed out over the edge of her bra, getting bigger and rounder.

"Fuck that feels good" Sylvie moaned as she began to move her hips again, resuming their lovemaking while Peter morphed her body. Her legs pumped as she began to bounce on his perfect cock once again, a new sensation now felt as two fleshy masses slapped against her rib cage with each motion. Soon the tingling stopped, but the fucking didn't, as Peter took over, holding her body up with his arms and beginning to thrust up into her. Sylvie leaned forward resting her upper body against him, suddenly feeling the large masses in between him and her. How big had she grown?!

With a grunt Peter thrust up into her for a final time, his cock surging as he came. Together they collapsed on the couch breathing heavily. As she felt him go soft inside her, Sylvie pushed herself off and sat down beside him. It was then that she finally took a look at herself.

"Oh my god...what...what did you do to me!" She breathed.

"Only what you wanted" He said between heavy pants.

"I...I need to look at myself...do you have a full length mirror?" She asked.

Peter shrugged. "It's your dream apartment, you tell me?"

Sylvie nodded as she pushed herself upright, her legs still tingling. He was right, he'd created this apartment to completely match how she would've liked it which meant there would be a mirror...right by the front door. Hurriedly she padded over to stand in front of the mirror, placed exactly where she thought it would be.

"Holy shit..." She exclaimed as she stared at herself in the mirror. She couldn't believe that the reflection that stared back belonged to her.

Her face was hers...but it wasn't. It had similarities to her face, but they'd been altered, refined. Her eyes had gone from brown to a bright blue and featured long luscious lashes. Her nose had narrowed, into a petite little nub that turned up slightly at the end. Her cheeks were fuller and more defined, her chin sleeker and more elegant. And her lips most dramatically of all were incredibly thick, and painted ruby red.

Her hair was still the same colour it'd always been, but everything else was better. It was shinier, thicker, more voluminous. Her waist was slightly narrower, and her hips were slightly wider. Turning to the side she could see that she actually had a decent ass now. Not that anyone would notice with her breasts in their current state.

Each one was a large smooth round mass of flesh, sitting high on her chest, firm and perky. They were like a pair of skin coloured cantaloupes. Her nipples sat on the outer end, pointing slightly up toward the ceiling. They were lifted slightly from underneath where she still wore her old bra. Eyes still fixated on her chest, she reached behind and undid the clasp, removing the brassiere that wouldn't come close to fitting her now. As she pulled it away, her breasts dropped, but only slightly. They still hung off her chest, projecting outward, seemingly defiant of gravity.

Sylvie stared in silence, a single hand rising up to cup one, feeling its weight in her hand. They were warm, her skin smooth and soft.

"I...I don't understand" She said after a half a minute of studying her new body. "This...isn't what I want..."

Peter still lounged on the couch watching her. "My magic doesn't lie, Sylvie. You changed to match what your true desires were"

Sylvie looked back at her naked form. She looked like an instagram bimbo. Tan skin, over-exaggerated lips, massive breasts. She looked ridiculous. She looked foolish. She looked...oh fuck, who was she kidding, she looking so fucking incredibly sexy. Her juicy lips parted into a gorgeous smile as she ogled herself.

For years she'd spent hours browsing through instagram, looking at pictures of those women, with their impossible bodies, and she'd always told herself "Those poor things, how

they must suffer to achieve that look". The truth she now realized was that at the same time she'd subconsciously always wanted to look like them. And now...she did.

She spun towards Peter, her breasts bouncing slightly from the movement. As she began to walk towards him she noted that without effort her hips swung back and forth as she walked, much more than they ever did before.

"So, Peter" She said as she stopped before him, hands upon her hips. "Would you say, I'm hot now?"

He nodded, eyes wide as they drank in the sight of her incredibly full bust. "Oh fuck yeah..." He said, voice heavy. He sat up off the couch, hands reaching forward, outstretched towards her. But before he could touch her, she stepped back, moving her breasts just out of reach.

"Ah ah ah!" She tutted. "What makes you think you get to touch me? Hm?"

Peter frowned. "You're kidding right? We literally just had sex"

Sylvie nodded. "Yes we did, when I was still...how did you phrase it...'plain'. Now..." Her hands slid down her front out and over the round shape of each large jug, stopping underneath to cup them, giving them a firm squeeze. "Now I don't think plain is quite the right word."

Peter stood up "No, you're definitely not plain now, you're a fucking smokeshow...thanks to me" He said voice tinged with annoyance.

Sylvie nodded "Yes, thanks to you. And I am thankful Peter, truly, but that doesn't mean you have the right to feel me up. You aren't my boyfriend after all..." She gave him a coy smile after this last sentence, rubbing in the consequences of Peter's choices.

Peter shook his head with frustration "Fine, whatever. Now can I call you an uber?"

"That would be lovely. Also...be a dear and upgrade my old clothes. I sincerely doubt they'll fit me now" She said as she bent down and picked up her dress with a single finger.

Peter looked up from his phone "And why should I do that? *I'm not your boyfriend*"

"You'd seriously turn me loose on the street like this?" Sylvie said, irritated with her argument thrown back at her.

Peter shrugged. "I'm not the one who wanted breasts the size of melons, though I must say, they were an inspired choice"

Sylvie threw up her hands, let out an exasperated sigh. "God, you are so annoying! Fine, if I let you touch them will you fix up my clothing?"

"Of course, Sylvie. What are friends for?" He said with a devilish grin.

“Apparently extortion” Sylvie said as she stepped toward him. “Be gentle” She said poutily as Peter lifted his hands up toward her ample chest.

**Author's Note:**

*This idea was inspired by one of my favourite pieces of B.E. content, the music video for “Caviar” by St. Olie. Obviously I couldn’t replicate the concept 1 to 1, as a man metaphorically turning into a magic air pump doesn’t work in written fiction as well as it does in visual media. I also didn’t have a real great plan for where the story would go when I started, so once I reached the point where she got her boobs I stopped writing and never came back...*