



SIDE EFFECTS INCLUDE...

(CHAPTERS 1-4)



**A NOVELLA BY
THE ETHICAL HYPNOTIST**

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Chapter One: A Woman In Need of a Change

Grace moaned, softly, as she worked the vibrator. Her other hand roughly pinched a nipple. On her phone, a blonde bimbo got plowed by two studs, the grunts and groans piping into Grace's airpods. She felt her orgasm rising in time to the bimbo's pumping, and she imagined the taste of the stud's thick cock in her own mouth...

BANG BANG BANG "Gracie! Gracie, are you in there?"

Goddamnit, every fucking time! "Yeah, mom, I was taking a nap."

Gritting her teeth in frustration, Grace jammed the sex toy under her mattress and scrambled into her clothes. She did her best 'just woke up' impression and cracked the bedroom door.

"Sweetie, you've got therapy at 6, you need to get up."

Grace turned to look at the clock, then turned back to her mother with exasperation. "*Mom*, it's only 2:30! I could've slept two or three times - er, hours!"

"I know, but we need groceries and I want you to stop at the Hobby Lobby and pick up some lavender oil for my soaps. I ran out and I need to make a condolence basket for Mrs. Westfall across the way." Grace's mom leaned in to whisper. "Her chihuahua died."

"You don't have to whisper mom, the dog can't hear you." Groaning inwardly, she shut the door and went to shower.

—

Grace Stavros drifted through her chores on autopilot, lost in thought. Here she was at 27 - living at home in Queens, working as a secretary, and desperately single.

One major problem, in Grace's mind at least, was her looks. She was *cute* - almost terminally cute. She stood 5' 1", 100 pounds soaking wet, with modest curves, and a face that was adorable no matter how she did her makeup. Adjectives people used included "lovely," "dainty," "slight," and "mousy."

Grace looked like the girl next door, the girl you imagined holding back happy tears as you lifted her wedding veil, a future mom who would age gracefully into a grandmother.

But Grace wasn't the girl next door, not inside.

Grace was a horny freak who wanted to get *fucking railed*, hard and nasty, around the clock.

Puberty had hit Grace like a hammer, and she'd been hornier than any of her friends - hell, hornier than most of the teenage boys around her. She had a collection of sex toys before she had a driver's license, and had gotten a Pornhub Premium account the moment she had her own laptop.

High school had been a mess - Grace had been too scared of being branded a 'slut' to sleep around, and didn't lose her virginity until senior year.

College had been the opposite problem. On her own for the first time, she absolutely cut loose. Her freshman year had been an endless parade of cheap beer, weed, and cute boys. By the time she came out of the bacchanal, Grace had a D- average and chlamydia.

She eventually pulled out of the tailspin, and found a balance between the classroom and the bedroom. Grace left school with a theatre degree and a sexual appetite that had only sharpened with four years of boyfriends and hookups.

Soon it felt like she was on her way - she got a lighting job at the Atlantic Theater, her own (tiny) apartment in Manhattan, and a pretty actor boyfriend who could keep up with her in bed. She was a strong, confident young woman with a bright future ahead of her.

Then COVID hit, and everything went to hell.

The theater shut down, Ethan went home to Chicago, and Grace moved back with her mom. Then months of lockdown, trapped at home, unemployed and masturbating. By the time things opened up again, Grace was stuck in a full-blown depression.

It had taken a year of exercise and therapy to pull herself together, and another year to find a job. But even then, things had never gotten back on track. Grace's confidence had evaporated and she almost radiated an aura of 'tiny sweet girl that needs lots of snuggles.'

Grace *hated* snuggles.

At work, she was everyone's kid sister. One time she had hit on DeAndre Lawson and he not only missed the hint, but actually *patted her head*, like she was ten years old.

Dating was a disaster too. The decent guys all took things *way too slow*, and the fuckbois were all creeps. One notable asshole hadn't taken the hint until she threw her martini in his face and kicked him in the balls. Grace had abandoned Tinder after that.

Now she stood alone, comparing frozen lasagnas, six fuckless months later.

I just need a push, she thought, something to get me in the game again! Something to remind them all I'm not 'cute!'

Groceries and oils delivered, Grace took the N train to 28th Street, to the offices of Doctor Linda Featherstone. The psychiatrist had helped her through the really black times of the depression, gotten her back into the world when everything seemed hopeless - and for that Grace would be forever grateful.

They'd had less success in Grace's love life. Things had been improving, but Mr Kick-to-the-Balls had sent her back to square one, and the doctor's reassurances hadn't been terribly reassuring. "Still gotta do it," Grace muttered to herself. "I'm not going to magic my insecurities away."

The hair on the back of Grace's neck stood up as she opened the office door. Something was off, a strange vibration in the air, a noise she could feel but not hear. The normal reception lady was gone - in her place was a small man, middle aged, with graying brown hair and a neat beard. He was dressed in a nice gray suit, an old-fashioned cut, which seemed overly formal for the situation. He smiled politely at her as she stood in the hall.

"Ah, Ms Stavros, yes? Perfect timing!" He stood up and offered Grace his hand, not moving from the desk. Not wanting to be rude, she entered and took it. "I'm Robert, filling in for Delilah. I'm afraid she's taken ill - as has Doctor Featherstone. Very sudden, very short notice."

Grace sighed, shoulders sagging. "So I came all the way here for nothing? Crap."

"Oh no no!" Robert shook his head, still smiling. "Your session hasn't been cancelled. Doctor Featherstone has transferred all her clients to my employer until she recovers." He pointed back to the door. "His office is just down the hall on the right. I can escort you there."

Grace took a small step back. "That seems... kinda weird. I think I should call the doctor..."

Robert waved a dismissive hand as Grace pulled out her phone. "There's no need to call - the doctor is in her office, resting a bit before heading home." He picked up the desk phone. "Excuse me Doctor, could you come out? Ms Stavros is here, and she's concerned about the transfer."

After a moment, Doctor Featherstone emerged from her office. She was shockingly pale, shivering beneath a black turtleneck. "Hello Grace... sorry for all this trouble. I just got... so tired and weak all of the sudden. My apologies, I'll have Delilah reschedule ASAP."

Grace raised an eyebrow. "This guy says you transferred my appointment?"

The doctor raised an eyebrow in return, looking askance at Robert. "What? That's ridic - " Then she stopped speaking, her jaw audibly clicking shut. Her eyes were glassy as she turned back to Grace.

"That is correct. I am unwell, and the good doctor has graciously agreed to take on my caseload until I recover. He is an excellent psychiatrist, and is well equipped to help you with your sexual issues. He is Romanian. Everything is normal."

*Something is **deeply** wrong*, Grace thought to herself.

No, everything is fine and normal, a thought in her head replied - which logically, Grace herself must have thought. *You - I mean, I - should immediately head to your appointment - MY appointment, damnit!*

Her concerns apparently addressed, Grace said goodbye and let Robert escort her down the hall. The door at the end was a large slab of smoke-blackened oak, ornately carved and set in a medieval frame. The whole thing was *deeply* out of place among the contemporary Manhattan chic, but Grace realized *it had always been there and was normal*.

She moved to grab the iron handle, but the door opened by itself. Beyond was an average waiting room, a handful of chairs next to a water cooler and some dog-eared magazines. A single door of modern design sat at the far end.

Robert moved to the desk and pressed a button, and the second door clicked open.

"The doctor is waiting inside. Please, enter of your own free will."

Grace swallowed hard as she approached the door. She paused for a moment, then walked through. The room seemed more or less like any other psychiatrist's office - warm lighting, wall of books, couch for Grace to lay on, huge black oak desk carved to look like a dragon.

Behind the desk, the doctor looked up at her. He was a large man, with wild black hair and a long droopy mustache. He wore a white dress shirt under a grey sweater vest, khakis and a long black cape. His eyes were grey and shined like fire, and his smile seemed to have too many teeth.

All perfectly normal.

"Ah, Ms Grace Stavros. I bid you welcome to my office." He rose, and then was next to her and kissing her hand.

Grace jumped slightly at the greeting. "Oh! Um... yeah. Pleased to meet you, Doctor..."

He took a step back and bowed. "Acula. I am... Doctor Acula. Please, rest upon the couch and tell me of your troubles. **Hold nothing back, no matter how carnal** - no secrets can be kept from Doctor Acula."

Feeling dazed, Grace nonetheless laid back on the couch and told her story from the top, the doctor back at his desk. The words seemed to spill out - her life, her troubles, her frustrations, and her *burning lust*. That she discussed in both length and detail. Doctor Acula listened intently, taking notes and interrupting only occasionally with questions.

"Was it three or four men you serviced at the fraternity party?"

"Would you prefer sexual congress *on* the first date, or *before* the first date?"

"So the officer dropped the speeding ticket but not the illegal lane change. How did that make you feel?"

After what felt like hours, Grace finally got to today's interrupted masturbation. As she finished the monologue, her mind cleared - and she realized that she'd just told a complete stranger every graphic detail of her sex life and her desires. She blushed furiously, filling with shame. She turned to face the doctor, ready for judgement and condemnation.

She saw only compassion and sympathy in those burning grey eyes, a kindred spirit who understood her *perfectly*. The relief that cascaded through her body was almost as good as an orgasm. He rose from his desk and he seemed to fill the room, a shadow that shielded and soothed her. **Which, again, was perfectly normal.**

"The people of this grey world condemn you, Grace Stavros. They call you harlot, they call you whore, they call you slut. They hate you, because their souls are tiny sparks while yours is a bonfire."

"But Doctor Acula does not hate you. I see you, I see your *hunger*, and I revel in it. I too am a... creature of appetite. I know what it is to have red desire overwhelm all reason - and in turn to have black melancholy smother all desire."

"You found the balance once, Grace Stavros, but this modern plague stole it from you. Doctor Featherstone could not help you reclaim it - **but I can!**" The Doctor raised a hand dramatically, cape fluttering as he pointed to the heavens. Lightning flashed in the window behind him, the thundercrack making Grace jump.

"DOCTOR ACULA SHALL HELP YOU GET YOUR GROOVE BACK!"

There was a long, somewhat awkward pause as Grace took this in. She moved to a sitting position and tried to collect her thoughts. "Um, ok, thanks Doc. I'd really like to 'get my groove back.' But how? I've been on the couch for years now, and we've tried every antidepressant known to man."

“Ahh...” the doctor smiled, flawless white teeth bared. “That is where Featherstone failed. She limited herself to things known to man.”

Doctor Acula opened a desk drawer and removed a small bottle shaped like a heart - not a cartoon heart, but a real human heart. It was dark crimson, nearly black, and it glowed in the light of the full moon. Grace’s eyes were drawn to it like a magnet, and she *wanted* it.

“You have the soul of a Venus, a Freya, an Ishtar - chained to a life of grey mundanity. This phial can pick the locks of those chains, make your outer life properly reflect your inner life. It can transform you into something more worthy of your appetites.”

Transform? The word set off an alarm bell in Grace’s mind. Part of her knew **everything was normal and fine**, but another part of her knew the first part of her was full of shit. She stood and took a step backwards. “I... I don’t think I want...”

Then she was standing next to the doctor at the window, staring into his burning eyes. “But you *do* want it, Grace Stavros. You *want* to live a life unchained. Simply submit to your desire...”

“Holy shit, you’re trying to drug me!” Grace drove her knee into the doctor’s groin, and he crumpled to the ground, groaning and swearing in Romanian. She darted across the room, grabbing her purse and shoes up off the floor.

From his back, balls aching, Doctor Acula waved limply at the door, which slammed shut just before Grace reached it. She wheeled, dropping the shoes and pulling pepper spray from the bag. “Come on creep, just fucking try it! I will melt the eyes from **your fucking skull!**”

“*Jesus fuck* woman, calm down!” The doctor dragged himself into his chair, tried to catch his breath. “I’m not trying to drug you!” He paused. “I *am* trying to give you a drug - but I’m a doctor! I’m supposed to give you drugs! I’m not, like, *slipping* you a drug!”

“You’re no doctor - you’re just a Russian sex-creep!” Grace was furious, her fear washed away by the outrage of it all. It had been a long time since she’d been this mad. She marched up to the desk, spray in hand.

Now it was Doctor Acula’s turn to be outraged. “Hey *fuck you!* I *am* a doctor! MD, John Hopkins, 1949! ABPN certified since 1953! And **I AM ROMANIAN, not RUSSIAN!**” With a snarl, he pointed to the opposite wall, which was filled with diplomas, certifications and awards.

Grace stared at the wall for a moment, then back at the doctor. She lowered the pepper spray a little. “Ok...fair enough.” Sheepishly she added, “Sorry I caved your balls in.”

He waved her off as he composed himself. “Forget it. I got caught up, tried to do it old school. You’re a strong willed woman - seduction by moonlight wasn’t gonna work.” He opened the drawer again, and pulled out a bottle. “You want a drink? I love wine.”

The suggestion of booze, after a drug scare, didn't go over well at first - but the doctor took a long pull off the bottle before handing it over. Mollified, Grace took her paper water cup and poured. "So you say you're a doctor and you're trying to help. Assuming I believe you, what's this medicine in the creepy bottle gonna do?" She knocked back her drink - a really good red.

"It'll change you. Your body, your life, your past - whatever. A drop on the tongue by moonlight, a clear and heartfelt description of your desire and... whammo!" Dr Acula pounded his left fist into his palm to emphasize the point.

"Oh *come on*. Whammo? First you're a doctor, now you're a magic doctor?" She stood up and made to leave. "This is nuttier than a squirrel fart. Thanks for the drink, Gandalf."

Doctor Acula gritted his teeth. "Goddamnit, I have tickets to Book of Mormon tonight!" He gestured and Grace rose a foot into the air, floating back to the desk. As she rotated to face him, her eyes were full of fury.

"Now stop being an asshole and **stick out your tongue.**"

As Grace's jaw levered open, Doctor Acula pulled the dropper from the phial. The fluid inside glowed a faint red. A single drop fell onto her outstretched tongue. She tasted blood and honey, and her whole body started to tingle.

"Grace Stavros, daughter of lust, **I command you to speak!** What would you change?"

"I..I.." Grace's mind swam - the whole situation was insane, she couldn't find her voice. Doctor Acula, clearly irritated, tapped his watch and scowled. As the tingling redoubled, her anger and fear faded, and the possibilities suddenly sprang up. *What if it was true?*

"I want long legs!"

There were two loud pops, and suddenly Grace was standing again... though she hadn't been lowered to the ground. She looked down. Her feet were firmly planted on the carpet, attached to legs that were almost a foot longer than they used to be. She looked back up at Doctor Acula, eyes wide with shock.

He shoved the phial into her unresisting hands. "One drop before midnight, any time the moon is visible. Side effects include dry mouth, headache, insomnia and lowered inhibitions. Do not take it while driving or operating heavy machinery. We'll have a follow up appointment in 28 days to see how you're doing."

"NOW SLEEEEEEEEP!" He waved his hand dramatically and Grace slumped to the floor.

Chapter Two: She's Got Legs, She's Not Totally Sure How To Use Them

Grace awoke with a start in her bed, sweating bullets and breathing hard. She shook herself, trying to chase away the nightmare. Her head was pounding and her mouth was dry. She glanced at the clock - 3am. Groaning, she pulled back the covers and sat up. Time for an advil and a glass of water.

She swung her feet to the floor and stood up... and up. Grace looked straight ahead at the top of her TV, silhouetted in the moonlight. She hadn't been able to see the top of her TV last night.

She reached down to turn on the light, then had to reach down further. As her eyes adjusted, she saw the heart-shaped bottle on the nightstand.

“MOOOOOOMMMMMM!”

Ten minutes later, Grace and her mother were staring at Grace's legs as she sat on the living room couch. They were long - very, very long. They were still quite shapely, but the sheer length threw off Grace's proportions. She had become almost ridiculously coltish.

“I dunno Gracie... maybe it's an allergic reaction?”

Grace tilted her head, staring at her mother in disbelief. “An allergic reaction that made my legs a foot longer?”

“I don't know!” Mrs Stavros threw her hands up in exasperation. “There's got to be a reasonable explanation!”

An explanation, yes, Grace thought. Just not a reasonable one.

“It's ok mom, I'm fine. We'll figure it out in the morning.” She stood up, which took longer than it used to.

“*It's clearly NOT ok!*” Mrs Stavros grabbed her daughter's hand, eyes full of concern. “We have to go to the hospital right now!”

“Yeah, you're right. Let me just use the washroom.”

Grace went back into her bedroom, grabbing the bottle and moving to her bathroom. She stared at herself in the mirror for a few long breaths, then opened the blinds and pulled the dropper.

It's 3am, she thought. *That's 'before midnight' technically.*

She tasted the blood and honey again, felt the tingling start to spread.

"I want to be the only person aware of the changes," Grace said to herself in the mirror. There was strange pressure in her head for a moment, then the tingling ceased.

She went back to the living room, where mom was asleep on the couch. She put a blanket over her then returned to her own bed. *We'll figure all this out in the morning.*

—

The morning alarm snapped Grace awake, and she pulled back the covers. There they were - her new crazy long legs. She hadn't *really* expected it all to be a dream, but it was still hard to process. Someone - a creepy weirdo, apparently a doctor - had given her a bottle full of wishes.

Why? To what end? What did he want? *What was the cost?*

That last question stopped her dead as she showered. In the moment, the whole thing had been mostly surreal, but also oddly comforting. She'd told the doctor all her horny secrets, and he'd simply nodded and offered help. But now, in the cold light of dawn, it was all *profoundly sinister*.

Also painful. Her head was pounding. The doctor wasn't kidding about the side effects.

Grace looked in the mirror, staring herself in the eyes as she swallowed some advil. "Deal with the Devil or not, you still gotta go to work." She paused, blinking slowly. "Why didn't you wish yourself a fortune? Idiot."

She spent a few minutes trying to find something in her closet that would draw attention away from her new... extensions, but it was fruitless. "Fuck it, turn into the skid." She picked out a cute dress, once tastefully cut just above the knee. Now it was damn near a miniskirt - yards of creamy thigh on full display.

"I may look like a giraffe, but at least I'm a *hot* giraffe. I'm nobody's kid sister anymore."

Mom gave her some static about her 'scandalous' dress, but she didn't freak out about the extra foot of height, so apparently wish number two had worked. Grace wondered how everyone at work would react.

The pigs on the E train reacted with leers and wolf whistles, but that was just the MTA. She'd be irritated tomorrow, but suddenly Grace felt sexier than she had in years - she'd allow it this once.

Getting off at Lexington and 53rd, she made her way to the offices of Blue Horizon, way up on the 43rd floor of Citigroup Center. As an Administrative Assistant, Grace spent her days coordinating the schedules of millionaires who sold yachts to billionaires.

It was... it was work. A lot of people had it a lot worse. Her coworkers and bosses were tolerable, and she made enough money to live comfortably in Manhattan - once she worked up the courage to move out again.

Grace immediately felt the eyes on her as she entered. Every man turned to watch her as she passed - and most of the women too. Internally she pumped her fist.

About time you people noticed me, she thought with some satisfaction. A little bit of freak factor at the moment, but we'll fix that. At least I'm not invisible anymore.

She spent the morning in the Nautilus Room, assisting DeAndre as he tried to sell 50 million dollars worth of boat to some Wall Street bigshot and his wife. More than once, Grace's new assets left the man momentarily tongue tied, stumbling over his words as she brought in the coffee or leaned over the desk to poke at the laptop. The wife had a sour expression as they left.

"Thanks for the help, Grace. I think we've got him on the hook." DeAndre tried not to stare at her legs, and failed miserably. "You wanna go grab some lunch?"

Yes! Grace cheered inside. *Finally!* A vision of getting plowed in the supply closet flashed in her mind, but she shook it off. She didn't think he was ready for that just yet. Soon though, God willing.

"God or somebody," she murmured.

"I'm sorry?" DeAndre tilted his head in confusion.

"God, I wish I could," she improvised, "but I'm already going out with Mercy." Grace gave him her sexy smile, brushed her hair back behind her ear. "Tomorrow?"

DeAndre nodded excitedly, dopey grin on his face. "Sure!"

Bubbling with confidence and lust, Grace packed up her stuff and left - taking a moment to lean over the table and give DeAndre an "accidental" look at her butt.

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"How's your love life, Stretch? Any water in the desert?"

Merziyah Khan - Mercy to everyone in the office - pointed a playful fork of salad at Grace as she sat down. Mercy was hired around the same time as Grace, and the pair had quickly moved from 'office friends' to 'actual friends.'

The woman was loud, brash and mischievous; Grace's late father would have called her a 'firecracker.' She sang and played bass for Chappal Attack, an all-girl, all-Pakistani-American punk rock band. Grace ran lights for their shows sometimes - whenever they played somewhere big enough to *have* lights.

The 'Stretch' nickname was new, but it was *much* better than the previous 'Shorty.'

"I think I finally see an oasis on the horizon, Mercy. And not a minute too soon, because I am *fucking thirsty*." Grace sat down, and the pair chatted and ate as the food court filled. Every man in the place glanced at her legs as they passed.

She discreetly adjusted her skirt to give them a better show.

"Bout damn time, girl. You've been gettin' real twitchy lately - lowering your standards. You hit on that security guy last week at the show."

"He was kinda cute..." Grace retorted weakly.

Mercy raised an accusing eyebrow and Grace withered. "Yeah, if you had three or four drinks in you - and he was *definitely* high on K."

She waved it off and raised her Pelligrino. "But here's hoping the SS Good Dick steams into your port soon. Mine too, come to think of it. *Fucking* Scott, cheating *bastard*..."

Mercy shook her head. "Ah to hell with him - Let's both get laid!" Grace raised her iced tea and gave a hearty 'amen'.

Chapter Three: Hunger Unleashed

Grace stumbled through the rest of the work day totally distracted. She kept imagining all the things she could change, all the ways she could 'become more worthy of her appetites,' as Dr Acula put it.

New ass, new tits, some big ol' DSLs - visions of strippers, porn stars and hookers swirled through her head. She had to duck into the bathroom at one point to calm down.

Ok girl, let's not jump right to turbo-bimbo. Grace closed her eyes, took deep breaths. Let's just start with balancing things out - and getting some money. A few million ought to do for a start. Enough to quit my job and focus on getting laid.

By the time she made it home, Grace was practically humming with anticipation. She raced up to her room, locked the door and grabbed the heart-shaped bottle - only to realize that nightfall in mid-July was hours away. She'd never been so *mad* at the sun in her life. Two agonizing hours later, the stupid idiot sun slunk away and the glorious moon rose above the neighbor's garage.

Grace disrobed and stood naked in front of her mirror. She'd wanted to watch the change this time. With an air of ceremony, she pulled the dropper, crimson fluid glowing in the glass pipette. She took five deep breaths and squeezed the bulb. Blood and honey filled her mouth, tingling spreading from her tongue. She spoke with solemn authority.

"I want fifty million dollars and a beautiful body to match my legs."

Her mouth instantly filled with the worst taste she'd ever experienced in her life, a burning tire that had contracted dysentery and used her throat as a toilet. She gagged and spit, trying not to vomit, shouting profanity that would have given her absent mom a heart attack.

She lurched towards her bathroom, either to gargle some mouthwash or cut out her tongue, but the foulness faded after a few steps - then realized she was still tingling with the power.

"Ok, didn't like the wish, I guess." Grace tried to think, but the sensation was becoming urgent. She took a stab - maybe a compound wish wasn't allowed.

"I want fifty million dollars!" The taste returned, the Devil using her tonsils as an ashtray.

"FUCK! Ok, fine - no money! I want a sexy body to match my sexy legs! HAPPY NOW!?"

The blood and honey mercifully returned, and the tingling sunk into her chest, throbbing in time to her heartbeat. Grace gasped at the sensation, then gasped again as her body started to change.

At first, she simply seemed to 'scale up,' limbs and torso lengthening to match her legs. That was good, she supposed. She was proportional now, a six foot version of her five foot self, but it wasn't exactly what she'd envisioned.

Then her tits started to swell, throbbing forward with each breath, heavier and heavier on her chest. The nipples were hard as diamonds, becoming longer and thicker as she stared. The sensation of growing and warping flesh was incredibly alien - but also incredibly arousing.

It moved down her torso, and she watched her belly fat contract, replaced with a flat tummy that would have taken five years of crunches to achieve. There was a gentle hint of the abs beneath while remaining pleasingly soft - flawlessly toned without actually being muscular.

Her waist contracted as her hips expanded, bones shifting like quicksilver beneath her skin before resettling into an amazing hourglass shape. Her thighs flared out a bit, though they'd already been decently thick from the first wish - just a bit of extra padding to accentuate the other changes.

Grace twisted as the sensation moved behind her and watched her previously average butt turn into a full-on booty, thick and juicy, a magical Brazilian butt lift. She shifted back to a forward position, but could still see hints of it behind her.

Her calf muscles swelled a bit as the changes moved farther down, just a bit of definition that would really pop in heels - then the sensation reached the soles of her feet and bounced back up, spreading out to her skin and racing upward. Blemishes faded and hair retracted, leaving only flawless olive skin.

She felt her face start to shift, but the wave hit her scalp and her hair exploded outward with an audible pop, an extra foot of auburn waves cascading down her back and covering her eyes. She scrambled to push it aside.

Grace stood in front of the mirror, stunned, breathing heavy, staring in shock at her new body. She ran an elegant hand across her flawless skin, soft as silk, looked into emerald green eyes set into a model's version of her own face.

"I'm the hottest woman I've ever seen in my life." Even her voice seemed different, breathy where it had once been simply reedy.

Her other hand moved down to her sex, and she ran a finger along her perfect vagina. A single stroke of her clit sent a flame of desire running up her spine. Urgent lust broke the mirror's spell and Grace moved with purpose to her bed, pulling out the vibrator and casting PornHub to the TV.

Soon she was huffing and groaning in time to the bimbo on the screen, free hand pawing at her new tits. Just as the action on the screen was ramping up, the inevitable knock came at the bedroom door.

“Gracie, what’s going on in there? What’s on the TV? What are you doing?”

Grace opened her eyes, furious. *Every Fucking Time!*

“I’M MASTURBATING TO PORNOGRAPHY!” she shouted. **“WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK IS HAPPENING!?”** There was a gasp from beyond the door and the sound of a dropped water glass. Grace turned up the volume and got back to work.

Thirty minutes and two orgasms later, Grace showered and dressed. Nothing fit right anymore; it was all too tight and too short. This wasn’t a problem from the ‘looking hot as hell’ perspective - tight and short was what Grace was going for - but underwear and lingerie needed to be at least *a little* comfortable. She cobbled together some support out of a string bikini and shoelaces, then squeezed into a crop top and miniskirt.

Mom was eating her dinner when Grace emerged, and the woman turned beet red when they made eye contact.

“I... I...” she stammered, then broke eye contact. “I apologize for bothering you during your... personal time. I didn’t mean to..”

“Yes you did, mom.” Grace’s voice was firm and authoritative, commanding. “You knock on my door any time you think I’m masturbating, to try and scare me into stopping. But that’s done right now. I’m a grown woman, and I can get off any time I want. You’re not going to stop me, and you’re not going to shame me.”

While the woman tried to sputter out a reply, Grace grabbed her purse and moved to the door.

Mom stood up, trying to regain some control. “Where are you going, young lady? It’s almost ten.”

She turned back to face her. “I’m going out to get laid, mom. Don’t wait up.” The look on her mother’s face as Grace shut the door was immensely satisfying.

It took her thirty minutes to reach the East Village. Grace turned the head of every man she walked past, and she drank in their stares, the hunger inside her growing the whole way. By the time she walked into The Wayland, she felt hornier than she had in years.

Had there been a piano player in the building, he would have stopped playing when Grace entered. She drew eyes like an electromagnet, and she saw several groups of guys start urgently talking to each other.

With a flirty smile to the room at large, Grace sashayed to the bar and took a seat. She felt the effect was slightly spoiled by wearing sandals instead of three inch heels, but none of hers fit anymore, so it would have to do.

She asked the bartender for a glass of water, and discreetly pulled some advil from her purse. The dry mouth and headache were both kicking in, but Grace would be damned if she went home empty handed tonight. *What were those other side effects?* she wondered idly as she turned to the room, a lioness looking for a gazelle.

The first free drink appeared before she had time to finish her water. A tall guy, handsome, well-dressed with a dark beard, toasted her from the opposite end of the bar - his buddies looking on. *Finance guy, Grace figured, out for drinks after some big Wall Street plunder.*

You'll do.

She gave a little smirk, took a sip of the martini (top shelf gin, she noted), then gave the tiniest flick of her head, beckoning him over. He got a slap on the back from a coworker as he joined her.

"Edison," he said by way of introduction, raising his glass.

"Grace." She returned the gesture, then locked eyes with him. He flushed, swallowed.

"So, what do you do, Edison? What brings you out on a Monday night?"

She listened to the man babble for a few minutes, for the look of the thing. He was an options trader (*called it*), and was celebrating some big trade. Grace wasn't really listening - she just nodded and smiled, gave a few "oh cools!" and waited for the story to end.

"Congratulations, Edison! Well done." Grace leaned in, cleavage spilling out, and put a finger on his chest. She stared him hard in the eyes, and he leaned back a little. "How about you and I go somewhere and... celebrate?"

He nodded dumbly, vein in his neck throbbing. Grace glanced down, saw his Tom Ford slacks tent up. She licked her lips in anticipation.

Grace led Edison out of the bar, the guy giving a thumbs up to his hooting co-workers as they left.

The pair grabbed an Uber, drove to Edison's apartment in NoHo. Grace kept him talking, flirting with him, keeping his erection on a simmer. She stuck her tongue down his throat as the elevator took them to his apartment. They stumbled through the front door, and she kicked it closed as she grabbed his tie.

"It really is your lucky day, Edison. 'Cause I'm a girl that doesn't wait for the third date. I am *absolutely done waiting*." Grace put a hand down his pants.

"Bedroom. *Now*."

Mouth slack, Edison practically scrambled down the hall. Grace took the moment of privacy to strip - she didn't want to ruin the moment awkwardly untying shoelaces. Taking a breath to compose herself, she stalked down the hall, an apex predator trapping its prey.

He was still fumbling with his pants as Grace reached the bedroom, cute butt and erection both visible against his boxer-briefs. She nodded approvingly - lean and muscular, lots of dark chest hair and what looked to be a serviceable cock - then leaned against the door frame and waited.

Edison gasped when he saw Grace, unbelievable figure silhouetted against the hallway light. "*Jesus Christ*," he whispered.

"Oh, he's not here tonight." She strutted to him, slowly, pressed a hand to his chest. "If you need to pray, pray to me." Then she shoved him onto the bed.

Grace crawled on top of Edison and kissed him deep, tongue urgently probing. Her hands roamed frantically, from chest to butt to cock, gently squeezing it and sighing with relief at its hardness.

Edison tangled his right hand into her hair as they kissed for long minutes, left hand grabbing her ass before sliding up her back and down to her left breast. He broke the kiss to suck on the right, and Grace shivered at the sensation.

She released his cock to rub at her clit, breath growing heavy, imagination filling with pornographic images. She saw herself as a platinum blonde bimbo, tits big as bowling balls, getting double teamed by well hung studs.

Her eyes snapped open and Edison froze as he met her gaze. "Foreplay's over, Edison." she half growled, "Time to get to work. Time to impress me." With that, she rose up and spun around, sitting on his face while staring hungrily at his erection.

The man licked and sucked at Grace's pussy, and she moaned with pleasure. She squeezed her breasts roughly, moved her hips in time to his tongue, watched the precum ooze from Edison's pulsing cock. Grace let him eat her out for a full minute, losing herself to lust, exulting in his worship - then she leaned forward, pressing her body against his, and took his cock in her mouth.

Fucking finally. Grace worked the shaft, soft lips moving the entire length, tongue swirling across the head, hands gripping his knees. She was indifferent to the taste of cock and cum, but here and now it was indescribably delicious.

Her sucking became urgent, almost desperate, as she felt her orgasm starting to rise. She pressed him with her thighs, wordlessly commanding him to keep going, and Edison took the hint. Time lost meaning - there was only pleasure, animal sensation, a wordless blur of porn in her mind - and then Grace came hard.

She moaned loud and low, still sucking, and squeezed Edison's head between her thighs like a vise. The pleasure raced up her spine, spreading across her body like lightning, thought evaporating when it reached her brain. Grace was still riding the aftershocks when Edison exploded into her mouth, and she swallowed hungrily before rolling off and collapsing.

Breath ragged and cock still dribbling, Edison got up on an elbow to look at Grace and his eyes were big as saucers. "*Good god!*" he gasped.

"Goddess," Grace retorted from her side. "You weren't so bad yourself. If you're as good at fucking as you are at eating box, we are going to have a *lovely* evening."

They did indeed have a lovely evening. Grace gave him half an hour to recover, taking the time to chat, snack and split a joint. Edison seemed a decent enough guy - warm and witty once he overcame the shock of Grace's sexual hunger.

Grace rode him for more than half an hour before he came a second time, giving her two more orgasms along the way. As she peeled the condom off his softening cock, she was already planning for more.

'You wanna get a drink tomorrow night?' Grace asked as she tied her panties back together. He nodded, still huffing. She added herself to his contacts, leaving a topless pic for her profile, then said her good-byes and left.

Chapter Four: The New New Girl

The useless talentless asshole sun rose ridiculously early, upsetting Grace's sleep in a very pointed and deliberate way. She bared her teeth at the fucking thing as it went out of its way to shine through her blinds. "If you had a face, I'd punch it," she mumbled.

Her crappy mood followed her into the shower, and she was still muttering until she absently rubbed some body wash onto a breast. A spark of pleasure ran up to her brain and soon she was leaning against the wall, pawing at her tits as she sprayed the showerhead against her clit.

She emerged from the shower with a *much* better attitude, but it curdled slightly as she tried to find an outfit for work. Her work blouses were all too tight - not 'sexy' tight, but 'too goddamn small' tight. She could just about close them if she held her breath, but the buttons were visibly straining against the load, little cleavage windows between each one. It felt like they'd shoot off if she gasped too hard.

Her slacks and blue jeans were all lost causes too. She spent a few pointless minutes lying in the bed, trying to force ten pounds of ass into a five pound bag, before throwing them on the growing heap.

"Damnit, I'm not buying a new wardrobe," she said to the room at large, "especially this early in the process." She picked up the heart-shaped bottle from her nightstand, and stared at it. "Are you gonna let me have some nice clothes, or are you gonna shit in my mouth again?"

Unfortunately, the answer to that question wouldn't come until nightfall, so Grace was stuck for now. She emailed her boss, feigning some vague family emergency to take a half day. Then she squeezed herself into her biggest yoga pants and a Chappal Attack t-shirt. She jury-rigged another bikini bottom to avoid camel toe, but skipped the top.

Mom was eating breakfast as Grace emerged, and gave her daughter some serious side-eye.

"You're going to work dressed like *that*? You're not even wearing a bra!"

Grace let out an exasperated sigh. She was getting real tired of her mother's shit.

"No, mom, I am not going to work dressed like this. I am going to the store, so I can buy work clothes. I don't have anything that fits right now."

"Maybe if you didn't buy so many skin tight booty shorts..." Mom mumbled into her toast.

"*You know what?*" Grace pointed an accusing finger at Mom, fury in her eyes. "You can be a bitch to me later. I have shit to do." She stomped out, ignoring Mom's outraged protests.

She was in a foul mood all the way to Target, but some retail therapy buoyed her spirit. She wore a size seven shoe now, and a 32G bra. By ten, she was on her way to the office in a purple sleeveless dress and matching blazer, both tight without being *too* tight.

After five solid orgasms in twelve hours, Grace wasn't quite as desperate for attention, so everyone staring at her as she entered wasn't quite so life affirming. She nodded to her coworkers, grabbed her laptop, and headed for the Admiral Room.

DeAndre was in the middle of a presentation, but stopped dead as she slid in the door. The clients turned to see the interruption, and four pairs of eyes went wide.

"Sorry gentlemen." She pointed at the flustered salesman. "DeAndre, you were saying?"

"Saying? Oh, uh, yeah... we were discussing flooring options for the main deck..."

The meeting proceeded, the banal minutiae of obscene wealth. Grace watched DeAndre work; the man was smooth and confident, the consummate salesman. That style had always turned her on... she wondered if he could keep it up under pressure.

Grace flirted with him mercilessly from the back of the room - lots of eye contact, smiling, playing with her hair, nibbling on her pen. She repeatedly leaned forward to show off her cleavage, and twice uncrossed and recrossed her legs. It did not take him long to notice, and watching him squirm and try to hide his erection filled her with wicked delight.

She escorted the clients out, then returned to the Admiral Room to help clean up. DeAndre swallowed hard as she entered, but gave her his warmest smile. "Thanks Grace. I think we made quite an impression." She smirked at that and he swallowed again. "Did you do something special today? You look, um, different."

Looking up from her work, Grace leaned forward, tits pressed against the table, ass straining against the skirt behind her.

"New haircut." She gave DeAndre her dirtiest smile and arched an eyebrow. "You wanna eat?"

As the pair left the Admiral Room, Grace let DeAndre keep talking about the deal, while subtly steering him down the back way. He was still babbling when Grace suddenly pushed him into the wellness room, locking the door behind her.

She had her tongue in his mouth immediately - wordlessly declaring her intentions while keeping him quiet. He was shocked for a moment, but soon he grabbed her ass and leaned in. They kissed and writhed for several minutes, then Grace broke away and started to undress.

DeAndre followed her lead, eyes wide and panting. "What if someone shows up?"

"I booked the room for an hour." She pulled off her panties from beneath her skirt. "So don't waste time talking."

Soon Grace was sprawled in an office chair, moaning and shuddering as DeAndre knelt before her, face buried in her snatch. "Fuck, oh fuck, *oh fuck*," she breathed, trying to keep quiet. She tangled her fingers into his curly hair, his smooth face contrasting wonderfully with Edison's beard. The thought of Edison made her reach for her phone, rifling through her purse.

DeAndre looked up at the motion, gave Grace an inquiring look. She only shuddered and pushed his face back down. His work resumed, Grace sent Edison a text.

The Wren at 10. Can't wait to see you!

DeAndre stopped, panting, and rested an elbow on Grace's thigh. "What *are* you doing?"

She looked down at him, lapping at her sex, and decided not to be annoyed that he stopped. It was a fair question, even if she wasn't going to answer it.

"I'm getting ready for the main event." She slid down off the chair, pushed him firmly to his back, and put his cock in her mouth. As she worked, she switched her phone to the camera app and started filming, watching herself suck and bob. The sight turned her on immensely, and she stroked her clit. She tried to deep throat his cock, but gagged halfway down. *We'll have to fix that*, she thought.

"Ok, it's time." Grace sat up, pulled a condom from her purse. Ripping it open with her teeth, she presented the latex roll to DeAndre before sticking it in her mouth. She bobbed on his cock twice more, rolling it out with her lips and tongue, then lay back before handing him her phone.

"Film it," she commanded. "I want something to watch when I bury a dildo in my wet snatch."

He didn't need to be told twice. Holding the phone in his left hand, DeAndre lifted a leg with his right and slid into her. Grace looked at herself on the phone's screen, sighed and smiled. All her fantasies were coming true; she was becoming the fuckable slut she'd always wanted to be.

He pounded her for ten minutes - a very respectable showing - before cumming with a full body shudder. She was damn close herself, and a few moments of rubbing brought a delicious climax as DeAndre lay down on her heavy tits. "Holy shit Grace, that was *amazing*."

"Oh, it's a good start," she breathed. "Tomorrow will be even better."

—

Mom was out when Grace came home, for which she was profoundly grateful. She cooked herself some dinner, scrolled through Instagram, and strategized her next move while she

waited for the stupid sun to go down. By the time the beautiful moon rose over Queens, she was ready.

Grace stood naked before her closet, all the old useless clothes thrown onto the bed. She held the heart-shaped bottle in her hand and tried to hype herself up.

"It's gonna work," she repeated to herself, "It's gonna work. It's gonna work. It'll make things sexier - It's gonna work."

Not at all resolved, Grace nevertheless pulled the pipette and let the drop fall.

"I want a closet and dresser that are always filled with top end clothes, shoes and lingerie - the best of the best - that make me look sexy, that fit and flatter my body, no matter what shape it takes."

She tensed, ready for the taste of Sasquatch urine, but slumped with relief as blood and honey filled her mouth. There was a moment of tension, then release, followed by a cacophony of little pops as clothes materialized in the closet.

Blouses, pants, dresses and more - yard after yard of beautiful fabric, in every cut and style, every color of the rainbow. A whole shoe store of heels appeared on the floor, ranging from high to very high. There was a single pair of gym shoes as well, thank god... or whoever.

The dresser was practically *stuffed* with lingerie, an ocean of silk and lace. Everything was delicate, sheer and left nothing to the imagination. She looked at a few tags and her eyes popped. "Agent Provocateur!? Holy fuck, this is a 900 dollar bra!"

Grace grabbed armfuls of clothes from the closet, half-emptying it, then did the same with the dresser. She covered the bed with the sexiest wardrobe she'd ever seen in her life, a pile of clothes that was worth more than she'd ever possibly earn at her job.

Then she closed the closet door, shut her eyes and counted to ten.

When she opened it again, the closet was full, the mound of dresses and garters still on the mattress. The dresser was the same.

Grace pumped her fist in triumph. "FUCK YEAH! Hack the planet!"

She raced to Encore Resale, black heels clacking through the door five minutes before close, arms full of cloth grocery bags. "I am *so sorry*, but I have a few things to sell - rent's due, you know?"

An hour later, she walked into The Wren in a Dolce and Gabbana black dress, sides cut to the waist, that cost more than a used car. The plunging neckline showed off about a yard of

cleavage, and it was just sheer enough to highlight the lacy lingerie beneath - half cup bra, stockings, garter and high cut g-string. She wore a sparkly black choker, and a pair of three inch heels.

There was also about three thousand dollars in her Gucci purse, which was nice.

It took Edison almost ten seconds to collect himself when he saw Grace, mouth literally agape at the vision of elegant sex before him. "Buh... Buh..." he stuttered.

She put a finger to his mouth and smiled. "Oh this old thing? I just threw something together after work. Should we get a drink?"

—

Grace made her way home around 1am, watching herself get railed by Edison on her phone. She licked her lips at the memory, getting turned on by her own dirty talk and heavy breathing. As she unlocked the door, Edison pulled the condom off his throbbing cock and shot his load all over her tits as she moaned. *Just gonna rub one more out before bed*, she thought with deep satisfaction.

"Hello Gracie."

Grace jumped, dropping her phone and keys. She knelt down to grab it all, hoping her mom hadn't seen her scooping cum off her tits and into her mouth. "Mom, what the hell are you doing up so late?"

Mom rolled her eyes. "Oh, you know me - I love watching infomercials at 1am. But since you're up too, why don't we have a talk?"

Grace grimaced, pinched the bridge of her nose, but sat down at the table. "Ok mom, go ahead and scold me. Please just do it quick so I can go to bed."

Mrs Stavros gave her a sour look. "I was going to start with an apology, if that's ok with you."

Grace slumped, eyes dropping to the table. "Sorry mom," she mumbled.

"And I'm sorry that I keep interrupting your private time. You're right - it's your body. I shouldn't try to pour cold water on you like a dog in heat." Grace chuckled at that, gave her mom a tiny smile.

"But I worry about you, Grace. I'm your mom, I'm allowed to do that. You're going out every night, staying out all hours god knows where, going out in thousand dollar dresses with your butt hanging out, trying to have sex."

“Are you ok? Are you drinking, taking drugs? *Are you being safe with these men?*”

Grace took a long, deep breath. “To answer your questions in order - I go to bars with my dates, but don’t drink too much. I’ve smoked pot since the tenth grade, but don’t touch anything else.”

“I’ve got an IUD and I always use condoms. And I only go with nice guys, who know how to treat a woman.” She gestured at her insane figure. “Look at me! I don’t have to settle for jerks and fuckbois! Anyone I go to bed with is someone I’d be proud to bring home to meet you.”

She took her mom’s hand. “I’m ok, Mom. I’m finally coming out of my funk and I’m celebrating.”

“I’m becoming who I always wanted to be.”

Mom looked at her for a few moments, trying to take it all in. “You’ve been smoking reefers all this time? It’s only been legal for two years! You could’ve gone to jail!”

“Also, are you using protection when...” She hesitated, clearly uncomfortable. “...When you do mouth stuff? You can catch diseases from mouth stuff.”

Fuck, she’s right. Grace had always been sloppy about oral sex safety. Condom blowjobs were unpleasant, and she’d never been able to get off when she used a dental dam. However, she’d also caught Chlamydia freshmen year from a drunken blowjob. It was a miracle she’d never caught herpes - or worse.

I’m gonna have to fix that, damnit. A boring maintenance wish.

“It’s all good mom, I promise.” She took mom’s hand, and the two of them rose and hugged. Mrs Stavros stepped back and looked her daughter up and down.

“How *do* you go out like that? You look like a damn lingerie model - you must have to keep the men down with a cattle prod!”

Thanks for reading!
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