

An Angel's Star

Alice remembered the exact moment she realized she'd never be enough. She'd been thirteen, standing in front of the bathroom mirror in her too-small training bra, pressing her palms against her chest like maybe she could will something to grow there. Her older sister had laughed from the doorway (not meanly, just surprised) and said sadly, "Oh no Allie, you're built like a celery stalk."

Now, three years later, the memory still burned as Kyle's fingers carded gently through her tangled brown hair. She'd cried so hard her nose was clogged, her face pressed into his shoulder while he rubbed slow circles between her shoulder blades. "Whatever it is," he murmured into the top of her head, "it's not worth all this snot, yeah?" His t-shirt smelled like comfort, like him. He'd rarely hugged her at school, but in her most miserable moments, he'd always been there for her.

She lifted her head, blinking against the sting of unshed tears. Kyle's stupid lopsided grin made her stomach flip. "I'm-" The confession bubbled up, lodged in her throat. "I'm just being dumb again." His thumb swiped at the wetness on her cheek, warm and rough against her skin. Outside her bedroom window, the summer dusk painted the sky in bruised purples.

"There's no dumb reason to cry," he said easily, shifting a little closer and looping his arm around her shoulders. The mattress dipped under his weight, tilting her sideways into his side. "I've been telling you that since our first year, haven't I? If you try your hardest, there's no reason to be ashamed, even when you fail." She blushed deeply as she wiped her tears on his t-shirt. Even after years, his sincerity still made her melt, almost as much as his comforting embrace, his six-foot, naturally lean frame towering over her childlike four-foot-eight.

Kyle looked up and gasped as something caught his eye. "Whoa, look!" He shook her gently and pointed out through the open window. A streak of argent light was splitting the twilight in a slow, lazy arc. "Shooting star. Make a wish, Alice!" As if wishing on a star would give her everything she wanted. Still, it didn't hurt to at least try.

She closed her eyes tight and pressed her hands together, focusing on something between a prayer and her deepest wish. Not just for breasts, not for the height to not look like a child, but just the courage to tell him how she really felt. She'd always been hesitant, not wanting to risk the closeness and warmth they already had and the ease with which they could talk. She knew she wasn't anything special, certainly not what Kyle deserved, so she'd never spoken up for fear of making things difficult.

"Whoa, did it just turn?" Alice opened her eyes at the sound of Kyle's voice. The star was indeed making a turn, banking hard in the sky and growing brighter. In fact, it kind of looked like it was *coming right for them-!*

As blinding gold and silver light filled the room, Alice felt Kyle yank her close to him and push her to the bed, putting his body between her and danger. She squeaked in surprise and normally the intimate gesture would have made her heart race, but now she was filled with shocked wonder that only grew at the absence of any sound or impact.

The scintillating light dimmed from blinding to merely bright and pair slowly turned to look. Kyle blinked in disbelief as Alice gasped. Floating in her room in total defiance of gravity, was a single feather as long as Alice's forearm. It was brilliant silver, the edges brushed with faint gold, shedding light that cast no shadows on everything.

"What in the world..?" Kyle whispered, as Alice stood up and approached the feather as if in a trance. "Alice, wait, it could be-"

"It's so... Beautiful," Alice murmured as she reached up and touched the star-feather as it floated just above her head height.

The moment her fingers made contact, the feather dissolved into liquid light, pouring down her arm in shimmering rivulets that soaked into her skin. She gasped as warmth bloomed from every point of contact, spreading through her body like honeyed electricity. Her toes lifted off the floorboards as the remaining light swirled around her in a slow vortex, tugging at her clothes and hair.

"Alice!" Kyle scrambled forward, but the light pulsed outward in a gentle wave that held him back without force. His blue eyes reflected the impossible glow as he watched her body begin to *change*.

She gasped as her skin tingled everywhere, first a prickling heat across her collarbones, then a deep, insistent pressure low in her belly. The oversized sweater she'd worn to hide her shape suddenly felt tight, seams straining as her ribcage expanded with a series of soft pops. Her shoulders rolled back instinctively as her back arched, the weight there undeniable now; full, heavy breasts pressing against the stretched fabric, nipples peaked and sensitive against the sudden friction. Her hands flew up to cover herself, but the movement only emphasized the new, lush curves, her fingers sinking into pillowy softness where flatness had been moments before.

Below, the waistband of her skirt bit into suddenly rounded hips, the fabric tightening over the swell of her backside as it reshaped itself into something undeniably *womanly*. Alice whimpered as the changes raced down her thighs, her once-stick legs now taut with muscle and curve, the bones of her ankles refining as her feet lengthened slightly in her socks. The puppy fat around her jawline melted away, leaving behind a delicate, heart-shaped face, her freckles fading to a faint, charming sprinkle across her nose like someone had gently brushed them away with a thumb.

Even her hair thickened, the strands shimmering as they gained a healthy sheen, the messy tangle now falling in soft waves just past her shoulders, then further still. Her scalp prickled as if a thousand tiny fingers were carding through her roots, tugging gently. The mousy brown darkened momentarily before brightening to a rich honey-blond, the color spreading down the lengthening locks like liquid sunlight. She could *feel* it growing heavier against her back, the ends now brushing the small of her spine where they curled slightly at the tips. The sensation made her shudder, every inch of her felt hypersensitive, alive in a way she'd never experienced before.

Her sweater gave its first audible *rip* along the shoulder seam when she instinctively clutched at her chest, not to flatten herself this time, but to cradle the new, aching weight pressing against the fabric. The material strained dangerously across her bust, stretched taut over nipples that had swollen to sensitive peaks, chafing deliciously against the wool with every unsteady breath. Another seam split near her ribs when she arched backward, her spine lengthening with a series of muffled pops that sent her

towering upward. The ceiling suddenly seemed lower; she could see over Kyle's head now, his startled face tilted up at her as she continued to rise five inches taller than his six feet. The hem of her skirt crept higher up her calves, revealing her white socks as it approached her knees. The pleated fabric clung desperately to her widening hips until she heard the distinct *snap* of the zipper giving way, but miraculously, it didn't fall. Instead it clung like a second skin, the stretched material conforming to every new curve tightly, straining and threads giving way one-by-one.

Her hands instinctively went to her backside when she felt the fabric there stretch and give, the cheeks filling out rapidly beneath her palms. Each globe swelled until they were easily the size of her own head, maybe bigger, and she gasped as they jiggled heavily with every minute shift of her stance, the weight both foreign and exhilarating. The waistband of her skirt dug painfully into her waist for a brief moment before her abdominal muscles tightened involuntarily, her stomach flattening into a smooth plane of toned muscle beneath her sweater. She could *feel* the strength coiling there, not bulky, but lean and sinewy, like a gymnast's. She experimentally flexed her newly powerful thighs, delighting in how they bulged with effortless strength beneath her ruined skirt, her hips and thickening thighs splitting it right down the side.

The sweater finally surrendered with a loud *rrrip* down the middle, sagging open to reveal the creamy swell of her cleavage, the fabric barely clinging to her shoulders by threads. Her breasts, god, they were massive now, each easily larger than her head, heavy and full and swaying slightly with her movements. The cold air made her nipples pucker further against the remnants of her sweater, and she watched in fascinated horror as her areolas darkened to a rosy pink, her skin flushing everywhere as the heat of transformation burned through her.

Kyle's mouth moved soundlessly, his gaze darting between her face and the impossible swell of her body, the way her thighs now strained against her thigh-high socks, the shreds of her skirt barely covering the curve of her rear, the golden spill of her lengthened hair cascading over one plush shoulder. Alice trembled, her new proportions making her feel both powerful and terrifyingly exposed, especially when she caught her reflection in the mirror across the room. The woman staring back was statuesque, radiantly gorgeous, and... Still not finished.

A delicious shudder wracked her frame as another wave of warmth pulsed through her. Her scalp prickled, not pain, but the insistent tug of follicles lengthening in real time. Her eyelashes fluttered as they thickened, each one lengthening into dark, silken fans framing her eyes. The grey of her irises bled away, replaced by molten silver streaked with sapphire, glowing faintly even in the dying light. She touched her lips with wonder as they softened and plumped beneath her fingertips, the bow of her upper lip now a perfect pink pout begging to be kissed.

Her sweater's tattered remains suddenly shimmered gold, tattered threads reforging themselves into delicate chains of light that wove across her skin in intricate patterns. The fabric reshaped itself midair, morphing into a plunging, strapless corset top that clung precariously to her Z-cup bust, the pure white material sheer enough to tease the shadow of her areolas beneath. Long, silky cloves hooked around her middle fingers and ran up her toned arms, past her elbows, ending in a spray of golden frills. The ruined skirt dissolved into liquid metal before reforming as belt of thin golden links and a diaphanous white cloth that *suggested* a skirt, hanging down in two parts, one over her rear and the other covering her groin, each reaching her knees and accentuated her now eight-foot-tall frame, leaving exposed her mile-long legs encased in pearlescent thigh-high stockings.

Alice gasped as two bursts of prismatic light erupted from her lower back, not in pain, but ecstatic pressure, as enormous wings unfurled in a shower of iridescent sparks. Each feather gleamed like polished platinum, the vanes shifting colors with every subtle movement, casting rainbows across her room and Kyle's stunned face. Alice arched with a gasp as the wings stretched to their full twenty-foot span, knocking against the walls and her shelves, sending framed photos and books tumbling. Her thighs trembled—not from weakness, but from the sheer power thrumming through her new form, the divine energy singing in her veins.

She turned glowing eyes on Kyle, whose Adam's apple bobbed violently as he craned his neck to meet her gaze. His lips parted, whether to scream, pray, or something else, she'd never know, because the first thing Alice did with her new, goddess-given confidence was grab him under his arms and yank him flush against her towering body, kissing him passionately.

She had never felt, or even dreamed of feeling so strong, so complete, so *sexy*! Nor for that matter, had she ever been filled with more love for him, love that was now only matched by overwhelming *lust*!

The kiss lasted ten, then twenty seconds, before she finally let him breathe. "I love you," she moaned, biting her perfect pink lip as she stared into his eyes, seeing deeper than ever before. "I've always loved you since the moment we met." A semi-solid, golden halo, rayed like the dawn sun, formed over her head as the final crown of her transformation. "And now I *want* you, Kyle."

She pushed him to the bed, pouncing on top, her gigantic body somehow surprisingly light as she straddled his hips. "Even better, I can see your heart," she purred, her new voice still barely recognizable as her own, but given an erotic purr that raised goosebumps over Kyle's skin. "I know you want me too."

"Wa-wait, Alice, what just happened?" Kyle found his voice at last, clearing his throat as an embarrassing squeak caught in his voice. "What's got into you? W-we shouldn't-!"

Alice rocked her hips back and forth, nudging up against the hard tent in his jeans. "Ah, I love that about you, Kyle," she moaned, the outright pornographic sound sending a shiver through Kyle's body. "Even now you're still thinking of me first. But even if your words aren't true to your heart, your body is." She ran a delicate, manicured finger up the bulge in his pants and licked her lips. "I wasted years. I don't want to waste another *second* and I know you don't either. I can see it and I can feel it - you love what I've become."

Kyle opened his mouth to protest - some halfhearted attempt at propriety - but Alice silenced him by pressing a fingertip against his lips. Then, with effortless strength, she gripped the collar of his t-shirt and tore it clean down the middle like tissue paper. The ragged halves fell away to reveal his toned chest, already beaded with sweat from the heat radiating off her divine form. Her breath hitched at the sight of him, *finally*. She wasted no time peeling his belt open with a single tug, the buckle snapping under her supernatural strength. His jeans and boxers followed, shredded by her impatient claws, her new fingers surprisingly nimble despite their size.

"Oh," Alice breathed as his cock sprang free, thick and already dripping for her. The sight sent a fresh wave of slickness between her own thighs, the wetness unfamiliar but delicious. Without hesitation, she cupped her massive breasts, so heavy they nearly spilled from her corset, and pressed them around his length, engulfing him in pillowy warmth. "I dreamed about this," she admitted in a husky whisper, rolling her hips to grind her soaked nethers against his legs. "Touching you like this, feeling you *throb* against me... But I never thought I'd have enough to *hold* you like this." She squeezed gently, watching his eyes roll back as her cleavage swallowed him to the hilt.

The halo above her head glittered as she began moving, an instinctive motion, slow at first, then faster as Kyle's moans guided her. Her fingers dug into her tits, leaving faint pink marks that faded instantly, her divine skin healing as quickly as she marked herself. She could feel every twitch, every pulse of his cock between her tits, the maddeningly delicious friction the mere appetizer of the feast to come. "Tell me you want this," she demanded, arching to let her nipples brush against the flushed head of his cock. "Tell me you want *me*."

"I-" Kyle's hips jerked, his hands hovering uselessly in the air before settling on her thighs, fingers sinking into the plush flesh there. "You're-! God, Alice, you're *unreal*..!" His voice cracked as she squeezed tighter, her breasts swallowing him deeper with every roll of her hips. "I never- N-never thought-!"

She leaned down, her golden hair cascading over his chest like sunlight as she licked the shell of his ear. "Tell me," she purred, the vibration making him shudder. "Say it properly."

Kyle's hands finally found purchase on her waist—his fingers barely spanning half the width now—as he gasped, "You're... God, Alice, you're *perfect*. I-" His hips stuttered upward involuntarily, his cock twitching between her breasts. "I didn't know I w-wanted you like this until *right now*." The words tumbled out raw and honest, his pupils blown so wide his blue irises were nearly swallowed.

Alice moaned against the flushed head of his cock, her breath hot and wet, as golden light shimmered across her corset. The white silk frayed into golden embers that drifted up and dissolved midair like fireflies winking out. Her belt followed suit, falling away as

insubstantial embers that scattered across the bedsheets without burning. Now bare except for her shimmering stockings and long gloves, she arched her back deliberately, her breasts swaying ponderously, before pushing them down around Kyle's shaft with both hands. The warm sound of flesh against flesh filled the room as she revealed just enough of his cockhead to drag her tongue across the tip, tasting salt and musk and *him*.

Her new senses overwhelmed her, every nerve ending alight as she inhaled the scent of his arousal, felt the vein pulse against her lower lip. She swirled her tongue experimentally, marveling at how *right* it felt to have him this close, this intimate. The first proper lick drew a ragged groan from Kyle, his thighs tensing beneath her. Alice smiled against his skin, a secret, wicked smile she'd never dared show before, as she took him deeper, her pillowy breasts still massaging his length as she worked her mouth over the crown.

Precum beaded on her tongue, thick and salt-sweet, and she swallowed greedily. She wanted to go lower, but there was simply no way to compress her chest enough. Kyle wasn't small, but she was gigantic. When she glanced up through her long lashes, her lover's expression was a work of art - lips parted, chest heaving, fingers tangled in the bedsheets and half-lidded eyes turned towards heaven either in praise or praying for merciful release. He rolled his head and looked down at her, his expression a display of raw pleasure she had never seen before and which made her insides squeeze delightfully, a blissful tremor shooting through her. Rolling her tongue over his tip, she moaned and sucked, squeezing her breasts around him and kneading up and down, back and forth, her elegant fingers stroking over silky skin and hard nipples alike.

Kyle gasped and tensed. His muscles clenched as he tried to hold on, but Alice could feel what was coming and didn't let up, her wings rising behind her and scattering scintillating light across them both as she moaned in anticipation. His seed rushed up and filled her mouth. She had no way to describe the heat that flowed over her tongue, save that she loved it purely for what it meant. That there was so much was to her merely affirmation she had done well. She swallowed every drop, feeling it burn deliciously in her throat.

Alice sat up languidly, slipping a gloved hand down from her lips, over her slender throat and over her chest. She cupped and lifted her colossal breast and let it fall, its

immensity slapping lewdly against her torso as her hand travelled down her sculpted abdomen until at last her fingers covered her wet and glistening folds.

Kyle caught his breath, looking up at what his friend had become. He had always thought of her more as a little sister, but now there was nothing 'little' about her and he wanted her more than any woman he had so much as dreamed of. He had just cum, yet he was still hard as rock from merely looking at Alice's divine body!

"Still hard?" Alice breathed in eager, dizzy wonder. "Good, because I want *more*." She spread her fingers, revealing her dripping, hairless pussy as she rose on her knees and hovered over him. As her old self, even if they ever got this far, she probably would have just been hurt, but now? Her body was perfect for this.

She reached down and gripped his cock, guiding it to her entrance, her wings fluttering involuntarily as she lowered herself onto him. She gasped as his thick length slid into her with ease, the sensation almost overwhelming, yet still she pushed down until he bottomed out inside her. Her silver eyes rolled back as her walls clenched around him, her breathy moan filling the room.

Alice began to move with slow, deliberate rolls of her hips, savoring every inch of him filling her, her inner muscles fluttering around his shaft. But then she felt him twitch, swelling even harder inside her, pressing against places that sent electric pleasure rocketing through her body. She gasped, her back arching as her orgasm crashed over her without warning, her walls clamping down on Kyle's cock like a velvet vise.

She didn't stop. She *couldn't* stop, not now. Her movements grew frantic, her hips pistoning with abandon as she chased the next crest of pleasure. Her breasts bounced obscenely with each thrust, her hands gripping Kyle's shoulders as she rode him with wild desperation. With every slap of her hips, her wings flared, casting prismatic light across the walls, her halo blazing brighter as her pleasure mounted anew.

Kyle's hands found her thighs, his fingers digging into her impossibly soft skin as he matched her rhythm, driving up into her with ragged breaths. Alice's moans grew louder, more incoherent, her divine senses amplifying every sensation until she was nearly

screaming with each downward plunge. The bedframe groaned in protest beneath them, but neither noticed, too lost in the primal, glorious union of flesh and desire.

His cock swelled inside her, throbbing with impending release, and Alice clenched around him instinctively, milking him with her powerful inner muscles as she chased her own cresting pleasure. The moment his hot seed flooded her depths, her vision whited out, her wings flaring wide and her back arching as another orgasm ripped through her, longer and deeper than the last, leaving her trembling and gasping atop him. Kyle cried out beneath her, his hips jerking weakly as she rode out the aftershocks, her slick walls still massaging his oversensitive length.

She could feel his exhaustion in the way his fingers slackened against her skin, his breath coming in shallow pants. As his eyelids fluttered, she leaned down and cupped his face, her golden hair cascading around them like a curtain as she captured his lips in a tender kiss. "I love you," she murmured against his mouth, her voice honeyed and thick with adoration.

Even as tired as he was, he managed a smile and whispered back with the last of his strength, "I love you too, Alice..." before his head lolled back against the pillow, his body surrendering to sleep despite the angelic woman still straddling him. Alice smiled, brushing a stray lock of hair from his forehead as she gently rocked her hips, savoring the feel of him softening ever-so-slightly inside her. She had a feeling she could keep him as hard as she wanted for as long as she wanted, but her beloved needed his rest to even *try* and keep up with who she had become.

The room fell silent save for their mingled breaths and the faint rustle of her feathers as she folded her wings again. The movement was natural and instinctive, which was a nice side-effect of gaining an extra pair of limbs. Moonlight spilled through the window, mingling with the light from her wings and soft glow of her halo, painting Kyle's sleeping form in gentle colors. The boy she'd loved for years, was now hers in every way that mattered. She traced a finger down his chest, marveling at the way his heartbeat steadied beneath her touch. Her own body thrummed with energy, divinity ensuring she could go all night, but for now, she simply watched him, committing every detail of the moment to memory. The curve of his parted lips; the way his eyelashes fluttered softly as dreams came to him swiftly; the fading pink marks where her nails had scraped his

skin in passion. She'd dreamed of this for so long, but had never imagining it would feel *this* perfect.

The first rays of dawn painted the ceiling gold when Kyle stirred, blinking sluggishly. His body felt heavy, limbs tangled in sheets that smelled faintly of vanilla and something *other*, electric, like ozone after a storm. He turned his head slowly, expecting to find the pillow beside him empty, the entire night some impossibly vivid wet dream. But then his gaze caught on the plush bear sitting beside the pillow with judging, glossy eyes, the bear he'd given Alice for her birthday three years ago, its fur worn soft from being clutched lovingly at night. His stomach flipped. This was her bed. This was her room. Which meant there was every chance she could *tell* he had a wet dream *in her bed-!*

A soft giggle right next to him made him turn the other way, to see Alice reclining there, lounging, her legs curled to avoid hanging off the end of her bed. The achingly beautiful angel smiled as she looked away from her raised hand where a miniature solar system orbited above her palm. "Good morning, sleepyhead," she smiled, a chuckle in her voice that immediately made his heart leap. "I hope you're not still tired, because we're only just getting started." She flicked her fingers, the tiny sun and twinkling planets vanishing as she leaned over and kissed him once more.

A word from the author:

Thank you for reading An Angel's Star! This was actually a remaster of a short hentai doujin I helped author years ago and was drawn by my friend Night647. Please make sure to check him out, he's fantastic and if this does well, may be re-mastering the original, unimaginatively entitled Wish Upon A Star, sooner or later!

In the interests of full disclosure, this remaster of the original script was done with the assistance of a Large Language Model or LLM, commonly mis-termed an AI. About 30-40% of the text was written whole-cloth and the rest was edited to a greater or lesser extent, but it would be dishonest of me to claim full credit. I hope that withholding this reveal until the end does not sour your impression of the story.

Best wishes!