

Building a Better World - Part 3/5

“Aaaand done,” said Dia. “Lotsa nice new knife-ears to talk down to us every time we walk into the woods. *Great*. What’s up next?”

Scatagast held up his hand again.

“Oh no you don’t, you withered old fuck. You’ve got your trees and you’ve got your elves. I don’t care whether you want to hug them or fuck them, but give someone else a turn.”

Scatagast dropped his hand, looking suitably chastened.

“If I may...?” said a different voice.

Dia turned to face a little girl in a wizard’s robes. *Ah, yes, she thought, it’s about time you spoke up.*

“We shall need a new queen,” said the little girl, giving Dia a look that said she was set on it.

Dia grit her teeth. Of course. Lollian here had been apprentice to the Royal Wizard before he’d fallen off a bridge fighting one of the Dark Lord’s demons. With her master gone, she was the obvious candidate for the position. No wonder she wanted a new queen to play adviser to.

As the ‘little girl’ stared her down, Dia stroked her chin. “You don’t *actually* want us to put a random Hero in charge of the new kingdom, do you?”

Lollian huffed. “Of course not! Well, not straight away, at the very least. What we need is someone *raw*. Someone with enough smarts to make a suitable monarch, while also being pliable enough for us to shape them into an ideal ruler.”

Ah, thought Dia. So it’s a puppet queen you want. “Okay, so you want... what, exactly?”

The little wizard’s eyes lit up. “A *princess!*” she said, grinning widely.

Dia raised an eyebrow. Lollian had sworn several times that her apparent youth was the product of a curse and her true age could be measured in centuries, but sometimes... “A princess,” she said flatly.

“Ooh, and they’ll need a new palace, since the old one got wrecked. A big one. Oooh, and of course, we can’t just drop a fine castle into the middle of the wasteland. We’ll need a suitable city to surround it too.”

“You want a castle *and* a whole fucking city—?”

“Oh, not *just* a castle—a palace, of course. Something suitable for a queen. And not just a city, but a grand metropolis to serve as the capital of our Her Majesty’s new kingdom.”

For several seconds the only sound was the trumpeting of Mt. Hotshit's perpetual eruption.

"Anything else?" said Dia. "Say, I've got an idea, why don't I summon you a table and some teddy bears, and you can act out your stupid fantasies in your own time, okay?"

Lollian huffed and put her hands on her hips. "Are you suggesting we *don't* need a new ruler?"

Dia put her own hands on her hips with a 'hmmph'. As a matter of fact, she didn't. Jeez, what was it with people and the need to serve a monarch? Even the Hero had thought kings and queens were a great idea, the prat. "Fine, fine," she said, "whatever. Let's make your fucking princess."

Lollian clapped her hands with an audible giggle.

Dia gave one final sigh of disgust, before closing her eyes and turning her gaze back to the multiverse.

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To Chris's ears, the lecturer's words might as well have been the sound his headphones played when he plugged them into the wrong port. Sitting there amid the crowded stand of the lecture hall, the business major sighed and closed his eyes. He couldn't focus at all this morning.

Yawning, he rummaged in his backpack and retrieved a flask of coffee, poured himself a cup, took a deep chug, and sighed again. God, why did they have to run these lecturers at six o'clock in the morning? He'd give anything for another hour in bed.

As he took another sip, he noticed the girl beside him staring. Swallowing, he offered her the cup, but she simply shook her head and turned her eyes back to the lecturer. Chris shrugged.

Tightening the lid of the thermos, he breathed deep and tried to focus on the professor himself. The guy was droning on about something called International Joint Ventures, which meant as much to Chris as it would to, say, an alien. Nothing.

As another slide's worth of speechifying passed through his brain without exciting any neurons, Chris decided it might be time to call it quits. Closing his notebook, he went to shuffle out of the stand...

...and tripped as the lecture hall flew away from him.

With a gasp, Chris toppled right into the chest of the girl sitting beside him. Face in her breasts, Chris turned red-faced and struggled to pull back. The girl screamed in shock—it took him a second to realize it wasn't because of him.

Only as a blast of cold air struck his flesh did he realize they were falling. *Freefalling* through a vortex of swirling pink and blueness. Gasping in shock, he looked around and found it extending infinitely in every direction. Little pricks of light flickered in the distance, like strangely-colored stars.

Something flashed above him, and Chris snapped his gaze up to find himself staring at the form of the guy who'd been sitting beside him. Another flash went off just above *him*, and Chris saw the girl who'd been next in line too.

As Chris lay there atop his neighbor, flash after flash went off in sequence. He felt like a celebrity who'd stumbled on a crowd of paparazzi. All he could do was stare, stunned in silence, as the rest of his fellow students appeared one after another.

Before he had a chance to process what this meant, the girl he was resting on screamed. An instant later, a blade of wind flew up from beneath them and cut through their clothes like a sword. Chris and his neighbor squealed in shared shock as their t-shirts and pants flew away in little scraps.

A moment later, a second wind struck them.

As Chris and the girl beneath him struggled to untangle themselves, a wave of warmth and comfort passed through his form and left him tingling all over. He made a sound that was almost a moan, while his fellow student squeaked and ceased to move at all.

A strange heat filled Chris's body, starting with his feet and slowly rising, as if he were a mold someone was pouring hot metal into. As it reached his cock, he threw back his head and moaned aloud—in an instant, he was as hard as he'd ever been. His erect penis slammed into the thigh of the girl beneath him, but in the moment he didn't care, and she didn't seem to either.

Flooding Chris's body, the strange heat seeped through his flesh to his skin, and he cried out in shock as all his hair, from his stubble down to his pubes, vanished in a thousand tiny flames.

Beneath it, the skin revealed seemed somehow smoother, glossier. With trembling hands, he stroked it and squeaked at how soft it felt. Below him, the female student turned red and started to swell, as if suffering from a particularly intense allergic reaction.

Chris had other things on his mind, of course, namely that the hair he hadn't lost was growing, falling past his face on a race to his feet. Stranger still, it had turned gold. For some reason, it made him think of Rapunzel.

As he slipped his fingers through his newly-golden locks, staring wild-eyed at their silkiness, his limbs pulsed and tingled. He snatched an arm to his eyes and stared as it lost all its thickness, as all his muscle simply melted away into the air, leaving a limb as slender as any woman's. In his head, the jigsaw came together. He gaped.

Beneath him, the female student's body turned soft. When he touched her now, it felt less like feeling a person and more like pushing his fingers into a mattress. Even as he watched, her hair flowed down and around her, stitching itself into a thick, comfy cover.

Chris had other things to deal with: between his legs, his cock had started trembling like a rocket about to shoot off its launchpad. To his shock, it did the opposite, collapsing instantly inside him, leaving only a pair of glistening lips with the tiny nub of a clitoris between them.

Trembling, he poked at it. And screamed at the electrical pleasure that coursed through him. Juice spurted out of his new sex with force, forming a puddle on the unfortunate girl beneath him.

As Chris struggled to regain his breath, another blast of warm wind struck his form and flowed through him. He threw back his head and squealed as his face started to tingle, as his nose shrank and his chin lost its edge and his brow lost all its thickness.

Down below, his body pulsed and *rippled* like a puddle. Two waves of fat arose from his midsection, one of which flowed down and one of which flowed upward. He squealed as the former plumped up his hips, fattening his thighs and bumping up his buttocks. The latter washed up to his chest and boosted it into a pair of plump breasts, large, but not so large as to look *common*.

He gasped, at a far higher pitch than he was used to.

Below, the female student continued to pump up like a balloon, though instead of forming a sphere, she became a flattened cuboid, as though shaped by an invisible mold. Slowly, she spread outward beneath him, till he lay on the raft of her bloated form. In the moment, all he could process was how comfy she felt.

As he knelt there, stunned into inaction, the girl's body sprouted four wooden appendages, which grew downward to form a quartet of little legs. A second later, her hair-turned-cover spread over them and concealed them like a shirt, while a rectangle of wood rose from her end, forming a large, cushioned headboard.

With that, their changes appeared to be over. Heart pounding, Chris tried to take stock. *I-I'm a girl? And she's a bed?* Neither made any sense. Had he drunk too much coffee? Was this all some kind of weird, caffeine-induced dream?

Someone screamed above him. He looked up.

He was just in time to the boy who'd been sitting on his other side shooting downward towards him, his falling body changing as it fell. As Chris watched, eyes wide, the guy's skin turned pink and flimsy, and his body hollowed out, opening at each end.

His male neighbor wasn't the only one affected. With wild eyes, Chris saw everyone in the same row come shooting towards him too, their bodies changing as they flew. As he stared, one girl turned smooth and silver, before splitting down the middle. Another's skin gilded itself as she shrank and curled into a ring. Nearby, a third shriveled into her own paling

chest, while a young man wrapped his arms around his back and slimmed into something tight and skimpy.

The latter was the first to reach Chris. His shrunken form smacked into Chris's hips like a leaflet on the wind, and Chris found himself wearing a pair of tight white panties.

He gaped.

A second later, the girl-turned-bra slammed into his chest, catching his unsupported breasts in a tight, comforting embrace. Chris grabbed her in turn in shock, eyes wide at how relieving it was.

Next a pair of white, thigh-high socks, which coiled under his body and up his legs like a pair of voracious snakes. No sooner had their jaws tightened on his thighs than a pair of silver slippers dropped out of the sky to cap their ends. Blinking, he squealed and threw up his arms... just in time for a pair of long gloves to cover them.

A moment later, he received his male neighbor. Transformed into a dress, he slid over Chris's body without the slightest resistance.

The pièce de résistance was the girl who'd turned gold. *She* landed atop his head as a little bejeweled crown. With her came a rush of strange new thoughts that Chris found difficult to process. All she could do was raise her head to the sky and watch the whole strange mess playing out above her.

Above, she saw the rest of her classmates changing. One woman browned and flattened into a door, while another six stretched into walls, a floor, and a ceiling. Others bulked into wardrobes and drawers, while others still flattened into rugs and carpets and paintings.

She could only watch and stare, heart pounding in her swollen chest, and this vast array of items tumbled into place around her, slowly forming a box that cut off sight of everything outside.

The last thing she saw before the box closed on her: people were flashing into existence in their hundreds. There must be more than just her lecture hall here now. By the looks of it, the entire campus had joined her. More than the entire campus. There must be thousands of people falling after her, all changing as they dropped.

And then, all at once, her drop ended. She gasped as she bounced a little atop the bed.

For several seconds, Chris simply sat there on the transformed woman, heart pounding, breathing heavily. Her gaze snapped around, exploring the room in which she found herself: between the luxurious bed, the grand rug beneath, the stone walls and wooden floor and ceiling, it seemed distinctively medieval. Sunshine shone through an open window.

She pinched the fabric of her dress, struggling to remember what the boy who'd become it looked like. It felt so silky, so smooth, between her fingers. Absently, she recalled the weight

on her head and snatched the crown off to stare at it. If you looked, you could just about make out the figure of the woman who'd become it.

A little bead of sweat dripped from Chris's brow. Leaping from her bed, she ran to the open window.

Outside, a grand city was building itself in thousands of flashes of blue light.