

“Oh! Oh! Do Katy Perry!”

Kristi googled the pop star and then closed her eyes. The tingling and crawling feeling of her face and skin shifting to match a picture of someone else was unnerving each time she did it, even after doing a few celebrity transformations. As with the others she had done that night, she stopped the transformation as it reached her choker, but that did not stop her hair for continuing to change to match the long flowing curls from the photo.

“That’s, like, so cool!” Her roommate Linda cooed. The blonde played up a persona that matched her bimbo-like appearance, but she honestly sharper than Kristi. That did not stop her from being a social butterfly and managing to be the contact point for many outings. In this case, it was her parent’s lodge that was hosting their Halloween bash. “Can you do another one?”

A chorus of “Yeah, do someone else!” went around the ring of eight or nine people watching. It made her feel warm or maybe that was the vodka. Either way, she was glad it was going well.

When she had first decided to come out as a shapeshifter at a the party, Kristi expected people to be freaked out and that was mercifully not the case. Perhaps it was the holiday which helped to smooth the creepiness factor. Maybe it was bravery from the three bottles of Smirnoff it had taken to feel up to it. It might have even been that her close friends already knew, but had no idea what her secret meant. Whatever the reason, those standing around felt like they were actually enjoying themselves.

“Who should I do next?” She asked as she shifted back to her normal appearance and took a swig of her fourth green apple Smirnoff. As her audience debated, her mind wandered. It was still fascinating how her body seemed to know what it should look like. She never had to visualize her broad nose or her fat bottom lip. Her cheekbones rose of their own accord as her jaw line narrowed and tilted up to reform her pointed chin. Her dimples returned without prompting. Her skin tingled as her darker complexion reasserted itself and she had to blink a couple times when her eyes reverted to black

from blue. Her hair shrinking back was by far the weirdest feeling out of everything though. She was keenly aware of how it felt like each strand was telescoping inwards as her style went from long, black, and curly to short, straight, and blue-green.

“Can you become a man?” It was a question seemingly from left field. She glanced over and locked eyes with Kitty, her older sister’s best friend. The Filipino woman was smiling nervously, her thin eyebrows raised in a questioning way. “I mean, if you can’t that makes sense, I just was thinking-”

“I’ve never tried actually,” Kristi said to break up her awkward stammering. “I don’t see why not...Have anyone in mind?”

“Idris Elba,” she responded after a moment's pause, naming her crush after all his sci-fi appearances. The phrase DILF was thrown around a lot by both her and Steff, Kristi’s older sister.

“Of course you’d name him.”

Kitty giggled and Kristi guzzled the rest of her flavored vodka and slammed the bottle down on the table. A Google search confirmed what her target face looked like and she closed her eyes once more. The crawling feeling of her face stretching to match the British actor’s was expected. What she did not count on was the sensation of facial hair sprouting from her skin.

As she itched at the stubble, she forgot to stop the transformation from spreading past her neck. The feeling of her shoulders and chest growing against her shirt as they bulked up was enough to remind her and she halted the changes. She had bulked up numerous times before, only she was alone in front of the mirror. Doing it where people could see gave her an odd thrill.

“Aw...I was hoping for more once you let it reach your shoulders.”

“Hey now,” Kristi said, the actor’s gravelly voice issuing from her lips. “Don’t make me cancel this party like I canceled the apocalypse.”

The group around her laughed and Kristi joined them as she changed back.

“So, can you change just yourself?” The question was posed by Marcus, a bi-racial guy who

lived a floor up in the dorms and was someone she wished she got to talk to more. She had long since admitted her crush on him. He was just so cute in that nerdy awkward way, like that guy from IT Crowd. That was probably why Linda included him, come to think of it. She was always trying to play matchmaker.

“I don’t follow,” she said, cracking open another bottle as she looked at him. He was wearing his glasses today instead of the contacts he wore to class and the slim-fit, Pumpkin King t-shirt he was wearing looked loads better on him than his usual oversized button downs. She never realized he had a Deathly Hallows tattoo on his forearm.

Marcus wiggled his fingers like he always did when trying to figure out the right words. “Can you...can you change your appearance without becoming someone else?”

“Oh! Yeah that’s cake. I first realized I was a shapeshifter because I changed myself.”

Her best friend Peggy raised her hand, as if waiting to be acknowledged. She was such a loveable dork even if she did swear like a sailor in private. They had grown up together, Peggy the voice of reason when Kristi went off the handle. She had been the first to know her secret, but still did not really know much else. “Can has story time?”

“Might as well,” she said with a smile that had a surprisingly strong effect on her freckled friend. Maybe the booze was doing more than just making her brave and her friends laid back. “It was during gym class in middle school when I first realized. I was racing another girl to do more sit-ups. I wanted to go faster, willed myself to go faster and then suddenly my stomach and back were throbbing and each time I hit the mat, I got more athletic.”

“More athletic how?” Marcus asked.

“Like I had been fitness training all my life, heck longer than my life. With each rep, I became faster and faster until I was doing two sit-ups for each of the other girl’s one...then I was back to normal. And everything burned like I had run far beyond my endurance. I threw up a lot that night...”

Linda put a finger to her plush lips. “So, like, did you transform all the time after that?” she asked, obviously going hard on the bimbo persona since she did know the story and was half the reason she had even bother to try transforming again at all.

“No, actually. The experience was honestly kind of traumatising. It was months before I transformed again and even then it was another moment similar to that gym class. I’ve only been able to control it like this for a couple months--six tops.” You know, since we moved in together, she added silently. Linda winked as if she heard.

“So what about just making yourself taller?” Peggy asked. “Is that possible?”

“Sure, that’s easy.” Kristi exhaled, letting her mind center. When she inhaled, she visualized her body stretching and her ability activated. Inch by inch, her pant legs rode up while her frame stretched from five-two to pass five-five.

Unlike becoming someone else, growing as herself felt very enjoyable--like she was being massaged all over. It was so relaxing she had started to do it to unwind from the day. It was hard to stop sometimes, there was one time she had nearly destroyed the bathtub.

Doing it public like this was a different sort of feeling. Feeding on the crowds surprised exclamations, she let herself continue to slowly grow. Her rising shirt started to show her tummy as she continued to swell towards six feet. Her friends ‘ooo’s’ and ‘aah’s’ at the display became louder, pulling her back to reality before she grew much past that.

“Grow some huge cans!” someone in the back yelled.

“Yeah! Slut it up!”

The chant echoed around the beer pong table. Normally Kristi would have recoiled from the attention or told them to fuck off, but the buzz and the attention were convincing enough to take on the challenge. After doing a quick search, she put her hands to her chest to cup her pert b-cups and closed her eyes and thought about having a bigger rack. A bigger, slutty rack. With the next breath in she

pulled her hands away and her boobs followed. They did not just grow, they swelled, the mounds filling out like fake breasts as they inflated.

The feeling was unlike any she had felt before. She was actually starting to feel a little aroused, which had never happened. Perhaps she had been too afraid to explore her abilities this this before now, but the feeling of warmth was one she wanted to feel again and again.

Her fingers began to spread as her hands were pushed away by the tide of flesh. Her breathing was becoming ragged as the strain of changing mingled with the rising feeling of pleasure. In no time they were bigger than her hands could hold and they looked like balloons under her shirt when she opened her eyes. They pushed up out of her stained collar, her skin seeming to shine from how tight it had been pulled.

There was a sound of ripping as the sides of her shirt began to fray. She wondered if she could grow right out of the shirt. Try as she might to coax them larger, she felt a strong resistance. This was probably as big as she could grow for the time being. Not that she objectively wanted to get any bigger. These were already massive on her otherwise slim frame.

“Holy shit!”

“That’s insane.”

“That’s hot!”

Caught up in the moment, she leaned down to Marcus, giving him a big look into her tightly squeezed cleavage. In an instant she plumped her lips a tiny bit and stained her skin like she was wearing make up. “Well, What do you think? Slutty enough?”

He just nodded, his mouth hanging open. Feeling bold, she moved closer and whispered into his ear. “This might be a surprise, but...I want you, have for months.”

“Oh-oh-oh really?”

“Yes. Really.” She pressed her fake tits into his chest and visualized them relaxing into more

natural shapes, effectively letting them melt against him. The barely suppressed moan and the tentative grope of her boob was followed up by a nod. "I'd love that."

"Well then, meet me upstairs in ten minutes," she said before turning to the rest of the crowd. She let go of her transformation, shrinking back to normal once more. "Alright folks, I'm going to take a break. Back in a bit. Linda, can I ask you something?"

Her roomie nodded and followed. "I need a favor."

"Okay...what kind?"

"I, well, I want to have sex with Marcus. Now. While I'm just buzzed enough to feel brave, but not so drunk that I'm stupid."

"Finally!"

"Huh?"

"We've been waiting to see when you two hook up. You can use the guest room...there should be a key on the lintel."

"Thanks, you're the best."

Ten minutes later she and Marcus were making out on the guest bed. His hands toyed with the hem of her pants. Hers rubbed his chest under his shirt. His tongue tasted like salt from the tortilla chips. His lips were powerful against hers as his fingers finally slipped into her panties to cup her ass.

They broke apart. She sat back to push into his hands. He sat up and bit her lip softly. They rolled over so he was on top. His shirt came off over his head. She put her arms around his neck and pulled him back down into more kisses. As she did, her lips began to throb. Each brush of his lips was more intense than the last.

He pulled back to look into her eyes. His were a shade of green that sometimes looked grey instead. "Some guys dream of having sex with their fantasy...I can't believe I'm actually going to."

“Just tell me what you like,” she said breathily before brushing his ear with her teeth.

“I like you as you.”

She pressed her forehead to his. “Oh, that’s bullshit and you know it. You were out of your mind when I grew those big ol’ tiddies.”

He stammered and looked away. She caressed the back of his neck and her turned back.

“Look, I’m not going to be offended if you fantasize about women with volleyballs for tits or horsecocks or whatever. Just be honest with me. Me changing is part of who I am and I want to share that with someone.”

“Can you...um...”

“Can I what?”

“Can you grow your boobs while I suck on them?”

"It's a start." She pulled off her shirt and threw it to the side. He sat back, his gaze flicking between her face and her chest. She rose to a sitting position and pulled his hands to her so that he was cupping her boobs. Just that slight touch was enough to make her gasp.

“Ready?”

“Yeah.”

She planted her hands on the bed behind her visualized them growing again. They surged larger, easily doubling in size in the blink of an eye. At once his lips were on her left nip as his fingers worked her right. She focused on growing her nipples a little and shuddered at the new level of sensation as he wrapped his tongue around the one in his mouth.

“Oh fuck that’s goOD.”

Unconsciously her expansion accelerated. He moved to her other tit, sucking up her whole areolae. She gripped her other one, feeling its weight in her hand as it began to fill her palm. He ran his

teeth against the sensitive skin. Her body, seemingly on autopilot, responded by plumping up her areolae. The flesh grew to fill his mouth and he moaned into her. The vibration made her clench in more ways than one as her hips began to move on their own .

Her boobs grew even larger, their size doubling once more. It felt like trying to hold a water balloon with one hand as the flesh began to overflow her open hand. He pushed her to her back. She undid her pants and put a hand down her panties. After a moment, she realized he was looking around. She tried to follow his gaze when suddenly he smiled and reached for something out of view. He came back with a bottle of oil.

“For later,” he said before returning to his sucking. His tongue rolled around her plush areolae, pushing down on the soft, sensitive flesh. Her fingers pressed into her mons, fingers brushing through her hair as she moved back and forth. Her other hand gripped his hair, pulling him close. He let go of her left nip with a faint pop and moved to her other one.

“Ah! Use your teeth more.”

He half bit down on her nipple and then slowly dragged up its length. Her body arched under him. Her fingers began to circle her clit, brushing her button every once in awhile. He sucked hard, pulling both her nipple and areolae back through his pressing teeth. She swore her button got bigger under her fingertips as it throbbed.

After paying all that attention to both nips, he slid his thumbs down and pushed her tits together as he clamped down on the pair at once. Her nipples rubbed each other in his mouth, setting off another spurt of growth where they swelled until they felt as thick as her thumb and much longer than before. He moved his head back and forth, making her jiggle as he scraped the base of her nips with an increasingly tight grasp. After a few passes, he pulled back, dragging his pointed teeth along her nipples until they popped free and then rose to a kneel. Her free hand began to toy with her nipple and she could almost wrap two fingers around it.

Seeing just how big they had gotten, her arousal suddenly spiked. Her fingers slipped down to either side of her clit, squeezing it between her knuckles as her fingers slid back and forth along her labia. She had never thought her body would respond to sex like this. Sure, she had swelled up a little when she occasionally humped her pillow, but this was different. More intense. More primal. It was as if she were somehow reading his fantasies and making them happen.

His grip moved from the base of her tits to her nips. Pinching them between his finger and thumb, he pulled up. Had she been anyone else, her boobs probably would have just followed the tug. Instead, they grew to fill that space. The stretched skin of her boobs and nips inflated wildly as he pulled, battering her with wave after wave of surprise pleasure. Her hips were rocking like crazy now, her fingers working frantically.

Letting go of her tits, they sprang back to a more spherical shape. Their volume once more looked fake as the substantial curves did not droop around her ribcage. Her nipples were definitely longer. Overall, she had to be bustier than she had been earlier. Her free hand cupped her boob and was surprised when her palm barely made it to her puffy areolae.

He stood up on the bed and pulled off his pants then hesitated at his boxers. He was pitching quite the tent down one leg. She bit her lip as she forced herself to stop tweaking her clit. He looked nervous.

“What’s wrong? She pulled her legs under her and rose to his crotch. Her unsupported boobs pulled at her shoulders and back, their weight much greater than she expected. She felt a tingle run up her spine and then a sudden throb followed by a swelling as her core muscles grew to meet the new demand on them.

“You, um , ever wonder why I’m so nervous around girls?”

“I figured that was just part of your charm,” she said with what she hoped was a sultry laugh. Her fingers slipped along his waistband.

His tent shook as he throbbed, the rounded point sliding ever so slightly further towards the bottom hem. “More like, well, you’ll see.”

“Oh I will, will I?” She began to slide his underwear off and stopped when the base of his cock came into view. It had to be more than an inch thick!

“See what I mean? I’m--”

She jerked his boxers down and his shaft sprang free to quiver near her lips. It was much darker than the rest of his swarthy complexion, but that only made it more interesting for some reason. She touched it tentatively, he had to be more than six inches long “Wow! So big!”

“Yeah...I’ve always worried I’m too big honestly.”

"Well," she said as she hefted her boobs. “These can take anything you want to do.”

“Hah, you’re not wrong. S’probably why I have a thing for big tits. I’ve just never...”

“Had the chance?” She lightly wrapped her rack around his shaft. The feeling of her unnaturally perky assets melding to Marcus’s length made her shudder. He opened the oil and poured a few drops on her skin as he began to thrust against her rack. The chill liquid made goosebumps rise as it trailed down into her cleavage. The small bits of slickness made his movements jerky.

Annoyed, she took the bottle from him and dumped oil out until it was pouring off her shelf of tit and running down her stomach. The feeling was like the tenderest caress and her body responded by tensing up. As it did so, the burn of muscle growing began again.

When he stopped moving to gape at her glistening mounds, she took charge. Pressing her tits tighter together, she began to stroke his length. With each cycle, her arms and shoulders pulsed as they contended with the weight of her tits. He groaned and then stumbled as his knees began to shake and she pulled him down onto the bed.

Rolling over, she enveloped him once more, his lower torso blanketed in tit flesh. Now, he was moving with her. Bucking into her underbust with wet slaps. Something about that vibration set

them off and with a noticeable stretching feeling, they began to expand once more. Feeling her arms being pushed further apart oddly excited her. That she could surpass her limits with a little encouragement provided for a host of opportunities.

They were touching the bed around him and that only seemed to fuel his frantic thrusting. His fingers dug into taut, but yielding curves as he began to gasp her name over and over. Figuring he had it under control, she let go of her tits and instead pulled her legs under her and worked her clit with one hand.

They could not have been like that for long, but it felt like time stopped as the level of stimulation reached a climax. Gritting her teeth, she tried to push herself over the edge as she mashed her clit with a circling motion. Just. A. Little. More!

Suddenly, he swore and he thrust up. His balls smacked into her tits as a small burst of cum shot up out of her cleavage. He kept going, launching burst after burst with each thrust. She pinched her clit and her began to clench over and over again as a sharply tingling orgasm that almost knocked her out gripped her body.

Just then the door opened and Peggy stood in the hallway.

“I...uh...I’m sorry. I just. I wanted to ask you. And Linda said you were up--”

“Peg, why don’t you come in and we can talk?”

She nodded and stepped into the room, closing the door behind her. She was still mumbling apologies.

Kristi let go of Marcus who was lying there dazed. His thick cock dropped to his balls, the member slowly shrinking as his erection subsided. She spun on the bed and put her hands on her knees like she was ready to listen. This had the unintended side effect of pushing her oiled boobs up and out. That seemed to make Peggy even more nervous so she glanced around for something to cover up with.

“No, it’s okay, I just...no, this was a fucking bad idea. I’m sorry. I’ll go back down stairs.”

“Just...tell me what you wanted to ask me,’ she said throwing a blanket around her shoulders.

“Well, um, have you...have you ever kissed a girl?”

The irony of her picking Katy Perry as her request made Kristi laugh.

Peggy’s face got really red and she balled up her fists. “You know what? Fuck you, you slut.”

“I, what? Oh! I wasn’t laughing at you...just that you asked me to turn into the singer of ‘I Kissed a Girl and I Liked It’...was just a funny coincidence.” It then occurred to Kristi this was not the first time Peggy had given off a lesbian vibe. Looking back on their friendship, she had been dropping hints for a long time.

“Oh,” Peggy said, her stance relaxing as her face got even redder. “I suppose that’s true...heh.”

Kristi stood up, her body wobbly from the orgasm and being so top heavy. She visualized a bust line closer to average and felt them shrink by more than half. “Anyway, I’ve never kissed a girl, but there is one or two I would probably share one with.”

Her friend made a small noise and hid behind her hands as Kristi crossed the room. Which made her pause. “Peg, you did come up here to ask me to kiss you, right? I’m not misreading the situation?”

“No, you’re not. It’s just...oh goddammit! You got so fucking sexy in like ten minutes and I just can’t fucking deal! I’m too fucking gay for this shit!”

“I know I’ve grown a little bit--”

“A little? Kristi, look at yourself in a fucking mirror.”

There was not a mirror in the room and she did not feel like getting dressed just to look at how much she had transformed. Then it occurred to her to take a selfie. The phone felt smaller than she remembered and she fumbled with the unlock sequence, but she finally got to the camera app and

switched it to the front facing lens.

When she saw herself, she gasped. Staring back at her was not just her with an insane boob job, but someone who looked like they came from the Hyborian Age. She was thicker overall, but also powerful looking with how her muscles shifted under her skin as she flexed. On top of that, she had to be more than six feet tall now. No wonder Peggy was intimidated.

Focusing on normal, she expected her body to simply return to the starting point. Instead, her boobs surged back to their previous size. “What the fuck? I can’t change back!”

“What do you mean, you can’t change back?”

“Just what it sounds like,” she said whirling to face Peggy only to turn a bit more from the weight of her tits. “Ugh. Thinking of being normal again just turned me back into Miss Huge Fake Tits.”

“Don’t you have... I dunno...a mental picture of yourself for when this happens?”

“Not really...I’ve never experienced this issue before.”

“You never had sex while fucking transformed?”

“Only once and I didn’t...Oh. Oh no,” she said as she dropped to the bed.

“Didn’t what?” Peggy put her hand on Kristi’s arm.

“Didn’t orgasm. I didn’t orgasm then, but I also didn’t know how to play with myself to reach climax either. Maybe that tingling I felt was my normal being changed?”

“Hmm, perhaps.” Peggy began to pace. “I mean, being a fucking fetish model for the rest of your life isn’t the worst right? I sure as hell know there’s plenty of places who’d pay for a shoot with a goddamn tiddy goddess.”

“I mean, sure, but how the hell am I supposed to go to class Monday like this?”

“Fuck if I know, but I’m starting to get a real YOLO kind of feeling about tonight.”

“What do you mean by that?”

Peggy answered by jumping on her and pressing their lips together. “If my best friend is going to be most of my fantasy, then I want in on it.”

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“You had to know what would happen if I had sex.”

It was the next morning, she and Linda were driving back to the dorm. Marcus and Peggy were asleep in the back seat. Kristi was focusing on keeping herself small enough to fit in the car, resisting the urge to let her body return to its new default of Amazon Goddess.

“Of course I knew. I’m a shifter too, don’t forget.”

“Then why didn’t you warn me?”

“And ruin your fun exploration? Why ever would I do that?”

“Because now I’m stuck with a foot long tongue, tits nearly twice the size of my head, and an ass you could bounce a quarter off of as my default state. I look like I’ve been stuffed full of Silicone!”

“Don’t forget the overall build of an Olympic power lifter,” Linda added with a laugh. “But are those really terrible things? Like, if you really hate it, transform back to your normal self the next time you orgasm and your default will change to match. I bought you something for that, actually. It’ll be waiting by the time we get back to the dorm.”

“You had a vibrator delivered to the dorm mailroom? Are you sure you’re not actually a dumb blonde?”

Linda’s hair changed in cascade to bright red instead. “You were saying? Anyway, how did last night go with Peggy? The three of you sounded pretty into it when I came up to bed.”

Kristi felt her face heat up as a blush started to spread. “I still can’t believe it myself. Peg and I ate each other out for at least twenty minutes. Then Marcus was good to go again so I kept eating Peg,

which is how my tongue ended up so long. Meanwhile he...well..."

"Did you from behind?"

"Yeah. He came inside, too. At least I was sane enough to block off my uterus."

"That is one advantage to having out physiology, yes." A few songs played on the radio before Linda spoke up again. "Would you do it again? A threesome, I mean."

"Maybe? I'm not sure. It just happened so organically that it never occurred to me."

"I'll keep that mind. Do you regret it?"

"Not at all. Well, maybe the being stuck as a goddess part."

"And that's already an easy fix."

"So you say. What else about being a shifter haven't you told me?"

"Oh girl, you have no idea..."

They chit-chatted the rest of the way until Kristi ears were burning and she had to make Linda change the topic. It was a relief to get back to their double in the dorm. The strain of staying shrunk was starting to give Kristi a headache, but Linda assured her that her present would fix all those issues.

"It's a Hitachi!"

Kristi glowered and took the box from her then slammed the door to the bathroom. She flipped through her phone for a picture of her normal self. Keeping her normal self in mind while the vibrator worked its magic on her body was difficult. She kept wanting to let herself go just a little bit to get more sensation out of the toy. Finally, she clenched her thighs around the wand as she screamed so loud they probably heard her downstairs and the tingle from before washed over her body.

Linda walked in a moment later stripped to just her bra and panties. Her pale skin was flawless, doubtless from hours of time in front of the mirror transforming until she was satisfied. "See?"

Totally fixed. Now you know my dirty little secret to being this damn pretty.”

“Oh shove it.”

“Shove what?” Linda asked as she put her hands on the wall to either side of Kristi. She grunted and her crotch began to throb. A shape rose out of her lace-trimmed briefs and then the pink head of a pale cock peeked over the hem.

“You can...you can do that?”

“Of course, you were changing just your face before, why not another body part elsewhere?” She moved in close. “I can be a big as Marcus. Bigger even, if that’s what you want.”

“I’m just...not sure if I’m ready for our relationship to change. Being intimate with you makes things...awkward.”

Blinking, Linda stepped back, though her cock continued to grow in pulses, its skin darkening as it did so. “What do you mean? We’ve been half naked nearly the whole time we’ve shared a room.”

“Yeah, but that’s different. It’s us being casual. That’s not me...” she trailed off as Linda’s cock was finally big enough to push her panties down and let it point straight out as it continued to grow. “Um, yeah, that’s not me looking at you as a sex partner. Hell, I only had the guts to do what I did last night because I was high on the moment. I have no idea how I’m going to deal with having eaten out my best friend or growing impossible tits for the boy I like.”

“Oh.” Almost at once her cock shrank away. “I guess I figured you would be open to experimenting with someone more practiced now, but if you’re not ready...I can respect that.”

“Thanks, that means a lot.”

“I’m ready whenever you are. Just let me know and I’ll be whatever you want so you can get more comfortable.”

Kristi nodded and turned the shower on. "Linda?"

"Yes?"

"Do you think we maybe could snuggle when I get done?"

"I'd like that." (5430)