

Bigger and Brighter Future (FtF, WG, AP, RC)

The locker room was almost empty by the time that you decided to get changed after class. You always did stay behind after PE class for a bit longer, either just wasting time or helping the teacher, just so that you could avoid that bitch Rebecca. God, you hated her. It sometimes felt like she had been placed on this planet to make your life miserable.

Unfortunately, to your dismay, you could see that she was still in there when you walked in. She was talking to her equally bitch friend, and you could swear that she started talking louder when you walked in.

"I swear, I can't wait to get out of this hellhole and go to college. There are some losers here that I'm looking forward to never seeing again." She stated, and you could even see how she glanced over towards you as she said it. God, what a bitch.

Rebecca was the stereotypical high school diva that everyone seemed to adore and look up to, despite what a bitch she was. Tall, beautiful, popular. Long blonde hair and a body that every guy in school thought of when they masturbated. Slim, yet with round curves and large breasts that most girls would love to have. Unfortunately, that included you.

You hated her with every part of your body, yet you couldn't deny that you wouldn't hesitate to kill someone if you could have a body like hers. Thankfully, they left quickly, but only after leaving a snide comment.

"Oh, Emily! I didn't see you there." Rebecca said as she and her friend were walking out of here. **"You did great today! I bet it must be easy to sprint and run around when you don't have any tits to speak of."** She remarked, leaving you even more annoyed than ever.

Soon, you were finally alone, and you could shower and get changed in peace. God, you hated her. But, she was right. You didn't have any breasts or curves to speak of, and it was often something that made you worry about the future. What kind of guy would date a five-foot-tall brunette that was about as curvy as a boy? Sometimes, even you had a hard time believing that you looked at an eighteen-year-old girl when you saw yourself in the mirror.

You ran your hands over your narrow hips, sighing at how slim they were, and you glanced down at the nearly non-existent mounds on your chest. The only thing that indicated that you were even a girl was your cute face and the feminine snatch between your legs. It was hard to believe that you were eighteen, let alone that you were about to go to college soon. It wasn't something you were looking forward to, not after all the stories of the douchebags and sluts that would no doubt make your life miserable there as well.

'God, I wish I could skip ahead of everything.' You thought as you finished the shower. *'And I really wish that I had some curves.'*

A tingle passed down your spine as the words echoed through your head. For some reason, you found yourself thinking about it as you got dressed, far more than you usually did. You found yourself so lost in your thoughts that you didn't notice the shiver that passed through your spine and the faint goosebumps forming on your arms.

It wasn't after you had pulled up your jeans and put on your tight top that you noticed that something was off. Your bra felt tight, unusually so, and you could feel how the straps seemed to pinch the side of your boobs ever so slightly. It was a very unfamiliar sensation due to how small your bosom was. When you glanced down, you could see and feel just how swollen they were.

"What the hell?" You muttered as you took off your bra and shirt. It was hard to believe what you saw. There they were, two soft and gently rounded breasts that were infinitely larger than your previous bust. They probably didn't even fill out a B-cup, but

to you, that didn't matter. All you could do was stare, in awe, as they were slowly but surely growing bigger.

A million questions poured through your head. How was this possible? Why was it happening? And yet, none of it mattered. It felt like someone, or something, had heard your cry for a curvier and more feminine body, and it was now granting you your wish. You ran your fingers over them, marveling at their increasingly rounder shape and form, and you couldn't stop grinning like an idiot.

Then, in the corner of your eye, you spotted something on one of the benches. It was a gym bag, probably Rebecca's, and you weren't proud of what you did next. You walked over to it, rummaging through her clothes until you found one of her bras. Soon you were standing in front of a mirror, wearing her bra, and watched as your breasts were slowly filling out the cups.

The bra was too big, to begin with, but that was slowly changing as time went on. Your hands pressed gently against your chest, so you could feel your mounds growing with each passing moment. Your heart raced as you could feel them swelling in size, fat pouring into them, and you couldn't help but giggle at how happy you felt. They grew until they filled out Rebecca's DD-bra perfectly. It was like a dream come true, and you were even more delighted when you watched as your face started to shift and change.

It began with your lips, the thin things slowly plumping up and becoming fuller with each passing moment. The rest of your face seemed to shift slightly as well, becoming a bit rounder and gaining a more feminine form to it. You traced your fingers over your more pronounced cheek and caressed your lips, your smile widening as you realized just how gorgeous you started to become. The thin brown locks that framed your face began to shift, the color fading and the strands growing. The shoulder-length brown locks soon grew longer, thicker, and brighter in color. It didn't stop until it reached down to the middle of your back, framing your face perfectly, and it was as blonde as Rebecca's hair was. It lost a bit more color, becoming paler than your rival's hair until it was almost white.

However, during all of this, there had been this strange tightness of your chest. It was only until your breasts started to ache somewhat that you noticed it, and at that point, your eyes went wide with shock. It didn't seem like your tits had stopped growing during all of this. The breasts had started to overflow the cups, and you could feel how the straps were digging quite a bit into the sides of your soft orbs.

"Okay, you can stop growing now." You said as if you had control over any of this. Nothing happened, and your breasts continued to grow. The bra was stretching outwards, struggling to contain your growing mammaries, and panic started to wash over you. You pressed your arms over your now full tits, hoping to stop the growth that way, but it didn't work. Pleasure and discomfort washed over you as your breasts continued to put even more pressure on the stolen bra, which sent more strange sensations through your body. At this point, the top had pulled up enough by your growing mounds that you were showing off some of your midsection.

It was at this point that you noticed something else. Your jeans had been feeling awfully tight over the past few moments, and soon you could see why. In the mirror, when you turned sideways, you could see just how much your ass had grown. It was stretching your jeans now, parts of your butt-cheeks even overflowing the top. You even blushed at the sight of the ass cleavage you were showing off. It wasn't just your ass either, but your thighs and hips seemed both a bit wider and thicker than before.

All you could do was to stare in shock at yourself in the mirror, watching as your body was stretching the clothes to the very limit. You only snapped out of your daze when your bra finally gave up. The cups had been overflowing with your boobs, and the poor undergarment had finally reached the limit. The clasp on the back finally gave up, and it snapped, and you found yourself gasping as it happened. Panicking, you pulled it off and down until your heavy tits hung freely underneath your top.

God, they were huge! They had already surpassed Rebecca's breasts in size, and they were starting to become as big as your head. The sensation of your now fat nipples rubbing against your top, stretching it to the limit, was sending shameful tingles down your spine.

"Stop growing!" You hissed, once again trying to cover your bosom with your arms, but that only made you even more flustered. Your top was struggling to contain your expanding bust, which in turn was causing it to reveal more of your waist. It was at that point that you noticed that your slim waist wasn't as thin as before. You ran a hand over your tummy, feeling how soft it was, and you groaned as it suddenly started to gurgle loudly. Your belly pushed outwards, fat pouring into it, and you gasped as it went from slim to chubby within a few moments.

The faint sound of your denim jeans stretching to the limit filled the room, and you could feel how your expanding bottom put more pressure on them. At this point, there was nothing slim or thin about your thighs, ass, and hips. Your thighs were thick, having gone from small to padded to chubby in a matter of moments. The same had happened to your ass, and your rear was now cushioned and soft. Hips popped and cracked as they widened, stretching the jeans even more and resulted in your panties giving you a wedgie.

"Fuck!" You groaned as you let go of your expanding breasts, feeling the heavy and fat tits now sag downwards on your chest. It took everything you had, but you managed to pull down your jeans to your ankles before they had squeezed the life out of your growing lower body. It was in the nick of time as well, since your pelvis cracked loudly and widened immensely. Your hips were jutting, covered in fat, and you could see just how curvy your entire body had gotten. No, not just curvy. Chubby. Pudgy. Fat.

The last thing you wanted was to be fat. And yet, it only kept getting worse. Your chubby belly leaped forward, gurgling as fat poured into it, and soon it hung slightly down over your crotch. It jiggled slightly as you shuddered at the sight of your fatter body in the mirror, face red with shame and fear. There wasn't an inch of your body that got spared from this. Your limbs were padded and thicker, and your face was rounder and chubbier. You could even see that you had cute little dimples on your fat face, and you even noticed how a double-chin was on the verge of taking shape.

The sound of your panties tearing apart soon filled the room, the underwear finally giving up on containing your bountiful behind. They had looked far more like a thong before it had given up, and it was a relief when they finally tore apart. It almost seemed like your ass decided to take this as its chance to swell in size, both cheeks ballooning

outwards. Your thighs didn't seem to want to be left behind, and they exploded in size. The gap between your legs soon disappeared as if it had never even existed.

And then, after what felt like an eternity, it was over. You were breathing heavily, droplets of sweat on your brow, and your chubby arms tried in vain to cover your rotund body. Naked, except for your top that only managed to hide your fat tits, and you shudder at the sight of yourself. There wasn't anything subtle or dainty about it anymore. It was thick and beyond curvy. Your tits were as big as your head, and your gut was now flabby. Your thighs were as thick as tree trunks, and your ass pushed far out from your body.

A tingle swept over your body as you stared at yourself in the mirror, and your eyes went wide in shock as you saw what happened next. Your youthful face was starting to age, becoming more mature and less innocent. The impressive and flabby curves started to sag even more as your body became ravaged by time. It was over a few moments later, and at that point, you had nearly doubled in age. What you saw in the mirror wasn't a youthful and thin girl but a mature and fat woman.

"I look like a fat old hag!" You exclaimed as you ran your chubby fingers over your cherubic face. In all honesty, you were somewhere in your mid-thirties, but to you, it felt like you were a granny. At least now, when you were this upset and distressed. You looked more like a fat version of Rebecca's mom now, and that realization made you want to cry. Your head had been aching slightly during all of this, and it was now only getting worse. The more you stared at yourself, the less upset you started to feel, your mind slowly adapting and getting used to the body. In fact, you began to feel oddly sexy.

A soft smile started to spread over your fat lips as you marveled at your visage and slowly but surely falling began to fall in love with yourself. Not only that, but your taste in men seemed to change as well. You found yourself no longer yearning for some teenage boy to sweep you off your feet. Instead, you found yourself lusting after mature women your size, and your loins ached as you began imagining yourself with a woman as beautiful as yourself. The thought of being a young teenage girl started to slip from your mind, and instead, you found yourself identifying as a mature and plump woman.

"Um, what the hell?" A familiar voice said behind you, and as you turned around, you could see how a certain blonde-haired girl was standing there. Rebecca had turned around when she realized that she had forgotten her bag in the locker room, and the girl clearly didn't expect to see a massive blonde whale when she walked in here.

Love and hate were closely intertwined, and your feelings towards the girl began to change. You still felt as intensely about her as before, but it soon became passion instead of disdain. The more you stared at her, the more you wanted her, and you soon found yourself approaching the girl with a smile.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Rebecca said, but your lips had pressed up against hers before she could really react. Her eyes were wide with shock, her hands pressing up against your soft gut and fat tits in an attempt at pushing you away. It was no use since you were far too heavy for that, and all she could do was to let you kiss her passionately.

The initial disgust she felt soon disappeared, and the girl's body started to burn as warm as yours did from the makeout session. Her hands had stopped trying to push you away, and instead, she was embracing you. Rebecca's hands sunk into your ass, her fingers gripping it tightly, and the girl was soon finally kissing you back.

Then, you could both feel it. Rebecca's body began to grow, swelling in size, as fat poured into her slim frame. Her outfit was soon struggling as much as yours did to contain her expanding frame. It was as if the fat on your body was infectious, and it was now spreading over to her slim yet busty frame. Every part of her body was growing, her bra struggling to contain her expanding breasts and her panties soon disappearing between her fatter ass-cheeks.

Curiously though, her hair and face seemed to shift as well as she grew fatter and older. The blonde locks started to darken, becoming as black as night, and her eyes became slanted. Her skin became pale, and it wasn't long before the former Caucasian girl had a more East Asian appearance. Her curves, now matching yours, began to sag ever so slightly as she approached your age. Not that she cared, all she could focus on was how good you made her feel.

It hadn't taken long before Rebecca had burst out of her clothes, the outfit hanging in tatters over her now rotund body, and she was as passionately kissing you as you were kissing her. Her mind shifted, the hate she felt towards you now turning to love, and her fat loins were aching for you just like yours were aching for her.

Rebecca's friend came back after a while to see why it was taking so long, and her eyes went wide with shock as she walked in. She saw two fat and curvy women in their mid-thirties on the floor, fucking each other and moaning, instead of her friend. She gasped, shrieked even, and ran before either of you noticed that she had been there. You two would be gone by the time that anyone else came here, your abundant curves stuffed into tight dresses that had magically appeared. They left very little to the imagination, just like how you both wanted it.

In the end, you got what you wanted. You now had the curves you had yearned for, and you no longer worried about the future. Instead, you found yourself looking forward to spending every day that you had with your new fat wife.