

Experimentation (TG RC Bimbo, Breast Expansion)

An Anonymous Commission

Calvin is a salvager who enjoys finding interesting bits and bobs at garbage disposal sites. One day, he finds something very strange indeed; a magic 8-ball that has the power to change his body in any way he pleases. He decides to experiment with its features in front of the mirror at home, and see just how far those changes can go.

Experimentation

“Hell yeah,” Calvin said as he picked up an old wire antennae. “I bet this would look fantastic as part of my sculpture.”

The man, who was in his early-thirties picked his way through another trash heap, taking a small plastic lid, a doll’s arm, and what looked to be a cable for an old SEGA video game console. To most people, Calvin’s actions would have been strange, perhaps even repugnant. Picking through trash? Spending your Saturday looking through the garbage disposal site at the edge of town? Who would do such a thing?

But Calvin was an artist, a modern sculptor who loved to take old things and repurpose them. The process of change was a fascinating one for him, ideas of rebirth and renewal that were inspired by the South-East Asian philosophies he had learned back in university. He loved to infuse them into his works; creating an Adonis-like man from bits of scrap metal, or a Gaia-like mother of nature from discarded wires and thrown away Fuchsia remains. Old magazines could be torn apart, eyes and ears and faces ripped off and combined to form new people. For him, to take something that was beaten-down and ossified and place it in a new context was an act of beauty, or exploration. He wished there was some way for that to occur with people, but the closest he’d managed was in finding those who found meaning in his work, which was enough to pay the rent and utilities, humble though the payments were.

Calvin checked his watch. He had to be back for an apartment inspection soon, but still had a little time before he had to wash off. He ran his fingers through his close-cropped brown hair; he’d practically shaved it off last time he’d had it cut, and it was only slowly growing back. Once more, there was that notion of change that infected him with enthusiasm. Just as he’d once been quite overweight, now he was fairly fit from constant walks and days such as this. More change.

He filled his pack with the equipment he’d salvaged, placing it in a special plastic bag to avoid spillage or smell. He’d wash it all carefully in a disinfectant bath later, but for now, he was done.

That was, until he spied the 8-ball with a slightly purple sheen lying beneath an ironing board mat.

“What have we here?” he said as he took it in his hands.

A unique opportunity awaits you

He chuckled. "Well, that just about sells it. I reckon I could make you the centrepiece of a good display. What do you think of that?"

He gave it another shake.

A change is coming, but you must decide upon it

He shrugged, putting it in his pack, and set off home.

"Strangest 8-Ball I've ever seen. Might see what else it has to offer when I get back."

Calvin put away his things back at his apartment, and set to cleaning away the scrap metal and junk so it presented no harm or risk of infection. The 8-Ball, surprisingly, was completely clean when he took it out, but he gave it a go over with some foamy water just in case. He left it to dry, took a shower, and spent an hour figuring out how he would alter his next sculpture based on his haul. It was only after he'd made himself butter noodles and washed it down with a relaxing beer that the 8-Ball caught his eye again.

"So, last you said, there was a change coming. Will I like this change?"

He gave it a shake.

It depends on what change you ask for

Calvin nearly dropped the 8-Ball in shock. Surely it couldn't have just *answered* him? He'd picked up a lot of weird shit digging around in the trash, and turned it into even weird shit on occasion. But an 8-Ball that talked back? No, it had to be just part of its 'change' theme. At least it was interesting enough to use as a centrepiece. After all, change and rebirth was his whole deal. Sometimes it made him wish he'd been born elsewhere, somewhere in Asia perhaps, where such themes were central to the local culture.

"Okay, give me an example of change I should ask," he said, shaking the ball.

Hair might be a good choice

He did drop the 8-Ball that time, staggering backwards and nearly knocking over his metal sculpture of a man reaching out for a papier mache moon of discarded travelog magazines.

"What the fuck?" he said. He approached the strange 8-Ball with its odd purple sheen, and picked it back up. There was no message anymore.

"Fine. Okay. How about this for a change; my hair style, how about that?"

Another shake, and a message appeared.

Very well. Ginger and curly.

All at once he felt his hairs flourish from his face, his short beard becoming long, sideburns spilling out. Curly ginger locks writhed out from his scalp to fall in his view

“Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit!”

He ran to his bedroom, barely managing to avoid knocking over the same sculpture again. In the corner of the room was a tall mirror that allowed him to see his entire form. He gasped a second time as he saw his frizzy red hair in the mirror. It made him look like an entirely different person, he’d changed so much.

“My God, you’re actually alive, or something. This is - this is magic. Can you change my hair again?”

Shake, shake.

Something new. An impressive afro.

A tickling sensation of hair rearranging, and becoming heavier. His beard fell away entirely, or rather sucked into the skin of his face, and suddenly he was the proud and confused owner of an black afro that would have made a Seventies black jazz musician proud. He felt at it, pulling the strands of kinky hair. It was real; he could even feel the tension against his scalp.

“I can’t believe this,” he said, astonished, “I really can’t believe this. What are you?”

The 8-Ball of Change, it read after shaking.

“How did you come to be?”

Always was

“What can you change?”

My owner’s form and nature

“Is the change always random?”

That’s the fun. But can be specific. And can return

He considered this, the sheer implications of it. A magical item, or entity, that could change his body as he desired it, with the added chaos of the universe. It was change, and it was rebirth! It was - potentially - the most fantastic thing that could ever happen to him. It was also incredibly daunting. He couldn’t simply assume new lives straight off the bat, or assume he’d hold this power forever. There were tales as old as time that warned of accepting bargains with strange beings. And yet . . . the allure was strong. And there didn’t *seem* to be anything amiss with the 8-Ball. It simply desired the fun of change. That was something he could certainly get behind; it was practically his whole philosophy!

No, he simply need to *experiment*. See what this magical ball could do, what it was capable of, and just how fun it could be. Calvin grinned in the mirror, examining his altered reflection. Just how far could he take it?

“Okay, if what you say is true, and you’re some kind of - I don’t know, avatar of change or something - can we have some experimentation with your abilities?”

Things are heading in your favour

“Okay, I’ll take that as a ‘yes’ Look, I’m an artist. I create new things from the old, and refashion materials in new ways. What you can do - well, it’s astonishing! It’s art, potentially! I’d like to test it. So here goes. Can you change . . . my race?”

He shook the 8-Ball, a little harder this time, as if doing so would summon more magic than it otherwise would.

A form to suit the hairdo, perhaps?

Instantly, there was a rippling sensation that crept across his skin. Calvin laughed, astonished, as his skin began to dark, first across his arms and legs, and then in sweeping changes across the rest of his body. His face was last, the mirror reflection showing his skin going from a pale Caucasian to a dark, chocolate African. His features altered; nose broadening, lips puffing up, jaw becoming further square, eyes becoming darker, lines of mirth around them. The new him was quite handsome, his features suiting his black skin. He smiled, and his teeth were much whiter, giving him a generous smile.

“Wow, okay. But my voice doesn’t suit. Can you give it another quality.”

An unexpected change of fortunes awaits

Before he could ask what that meant, he felt his vocal chords alter, muscles and tendons and nerves dance and rearrange. He coughed, and to his astonishment, it sounded almost dainty. Feminine, even.

“Wait, did you just - oh my God, I sound like a woman! Like a really sassy woman!”

Indeed, his voice now had a husky, deep, lively quality to it. He even had the cadence of a woman from the Bronx, and an almost stereotypical sassiness that followed it.

“Wow, this is strange,” he said, as he posed in front of the mirror. “A man’s body, and a woman’s voice. But then, this makes me think of something . . .”

Already, he had dived in deep. In many ways, Calvin couldn’t believe his luck, or the situation at all! And yet there he stood, suddenly a dark-skinned man with a husky woman’s voice. He laughed, and there was a lively, musical quality to it.

“Fuck it, I’m all in,” he said, still laughing at his own voice. “If I’m to have a woman’s voice, why not match the rest. Can you change my sex?”

Another shake of the 8-Ball, and it almost seemed as if it was shaking itself. Was it as eager to perform such changes as him?

You will get exactly what you want

Calvin crossed his fingers, hoping that the 8-Ball was not like the mischievous genies from fairytales. Without fanfare, his skin ripples once more, only in far more places, and with much greater severity. Numerous pressures overcame his body, and he grunted as they began to push and pull, compress and stretch his body in different directions.

"H-holy shit, this is - ngh! - actually h-happening!"

His skin softened, his body hair pulling inwards, retracting back into his body to remove any trace of manliness. His body shrunk, the vertebrae of his spine reducing in size, clicking together to cause his height to shrink. He moaned, a strange passion building, as his penis began to withdraw between his legs. It was accompanied by a tingling in his nipples, which swelled outwards, denting against the thin material of his blue shirt. He gasped as the flesh around them puffed out, slowly at first but gathering speed, until he was growing actual feminine breasts in real time. His limbs thinned, his thighs thickened considerably, and he squealed uncharacteristically when he felt a pinch on both ass cheeks. They too swelled, growing round and large and peachy, the kind of ass he would have loved to stare at as it walked away from him.

"S-so b-big!" he moaned, though he was increasingly a *she*, for at that moment his penis retracted, pulling into his body, its girth dissipating until it formed a sensitive clitoris at the top of his feminine hood. He couldn't help himself; he rubbed his increasingly slender fingers around the crotch of his shorts, feeling the tantalising flesh that had formed there, and the tunnel that was just connecting to the new organ he felt lurch into existence in his belly.

Even as his ass finished its impressive growth, flesh tightly compacted within his shorts, his new tits were still growing. They rose like dough upon his chest, and with each great breath they expanded further, rounded and globe-like and surprisingly heavy. The collar of his top stretched as the shirt strained to contain his new 'girls', and a canyon of cleavage formed, pushing upwards towards his clavicle.

"Holy f-fuck, now theses are big!"

He squeezed them, feeling their sandbag weight yet yielding softness, and the new woman could not help but moan seductively. She was aroused, and the unfamiliar sensation of her feminine passage lubricating itself only made her more turned on.

"Now th-this is change! This is rebirth!" she said, between grunts. The final changes settled over her; an incredible widening of the hips, a shrinkage of the feet, a tightening of the waist, and then she was finished.

She was a new woman.

"Okay, this is officially the greatest day of my life," she said, her new voice now suiting her new figure.

In the mirror, was a deeply, deeply attractive black-skinned woman whose curves were straining against her restrictive male clothing. She was impressively busty, though not

too much so, with a D-cup perhaps; breasts the size of little mangoes but certainly larger than apples. They had a bob and a jiggle to them, and their large nipples dented against the blue top. Her belly was slim, with just a little fat, and her ass was wild. With her full lips and prominent cheekbones, she was a vision, with a body built for breeding.

"Oh yeah, girl, you fine!" she said, giving a little show of stereotypical behaviour. She clicked her fingers several times, not quite able to pull it off. "Ah well, plenty of practice time. Though, as amazing as this form is - and jeez, what an ass this girl has got! - I always imagined a change in my form being a little more . . . Eastern, y'know?"

The 8-Ball hadn't responded.

"Okay, you like the randomness then. Can you change my race again?"

Changes will be arriving shortly

She smirked, gazing one last time in the mirror to admire herself.

"Might try this one again in the future, if I can keep this 8-Ball around."

Again, that twisting and pulling, and again, that wonderfully sweet sensation of change. Flesh altered, skin tugged and pulled, bones reshaped and lengthened. Her breasts shrunk, just slightly, but her hips became even wider, her waist even itty bittier. Her body altered, and she chuckled as she saw what she'd become.

"Ah, a gorgeous Latina," she said, though her voice remained the same tone of an African-American, rather than the distinct lilt of her new ethnicity. Her smile was gorgeous, contagious even, and her olive skin was made all the more beautiful due to her thick black eyebrows and curly dark hair that fell around her shoulders. She twirled on the spot, imagining herself dancing upon a stately ballroom floor in a vibrant dress, or driving a sportscar in a formfitting leather jacket and shades. "I love it. But again, not *quite* what I'm looking for."

Another request, another change. A Mongolian woman, broad and strong, head close shaved. A shake of the 8-Ball of Change, and suddenly she was a tall Scandinavian blonde with hair that reached to the small of her back, and a generous bust to boot.

"Pretty good, *ja*," she said, affecting a cute northern accent, before realising she could request exactly that from the 8-Ball.

Not quite the change you were looking for

And that was how she acquired a cute French accent, which she decided worked after all. It had a light, sensual quality to it that she just loved, and it worked well with her next form, which was that of a red-haired, pale-skinned woman with a gymnast's body.

"Ah, mademoiselle is quite athletic, no?" she said, posing in the mirror and wishing she had a beret. "But zis is not quite what we are after, is it? I would like to change race again. I sense we are close to the perfect change!"

She thrust the hand holding the 8-Ball of change into the air dramatically, before bringing it back down to read.

You will get exactly what you want

“Oui!” the artist said in her new French accent, “here we go! I cannot wait to see this! To be this!”

The changes began. She rubbed her nipples and stroked the insides of her thighs as she changed. She had discarded her shorts ten minutes ago, preferring the easier access to her new pussy. The transformations brought a sensuality she had never thought possible, and she began to caress her form as it bubbled and shifted and changed. She lost height, gained a slight spreading of the hips. She felt her breasts expand once more, becoming what felt like C-cups, at least to her still-male knowledge. She squeezed them, groping the tender flesh and rubbing her soft thumbs over her erect nipples. Each stroke caused a little shock of pleasure, and that in turn caused her to moan excitedly, gasping at the feminine bliss. Her thighs thickened, her hair changed to become long and dark and straight, cascading down her shoulders, and her skin darkened, taking on a yellow-brown tone she associated with people of East-Asian heritage.

“Oh, finally,” she said. “I’d always imagined, but never dreamed it would come true. It’s like I’m an artwork coming to life!”

Her face altered, and her lips become just a little bit thinner. Her cheekbones remained, but her cheeks fattened a little, giving her face a classical rounded aspect typical of women of her new heritage. Her eyes shifted, causing Calvin to giggle in anticipation. Indeed, they altered, lifting up a little and becoming almond-shaped, developing epicanthic folds that gave an alluring look to her features. Her nose became button-cute, and a number of wrinkles melted away. She whistled at her reflection.

“I look like a cute Cambodian woman,” she mused, turning to look over her body. “At least, a lot like the women I saw there while on holiday.”

Her figure was trim, athletic, with a solidly ample chest but fairly flat behind. She had an almost cheeky expression as her default, one that broke out into a grin that seemed to take over her whole face. Or perhaps she was just that happy. She had become, after all, a gorgeous looking Asian woman in her early thirties, the exact kind of change she had always imagined as Calvin.

“I’ll have to think of a new name,” she mused, still in her French accent, as she turned her body left and right, appreciating the curve of her hips and shapely legs. “But I look a little awkward in just underwear. Can you give me proper clothing?”

Some changes can be daring

“Okay, *that* makes me curious.”

Suddenly, material formed across her chest even as her male underwear altered in shape and fabric. The material was bright red and quite lacy, and in moments the

altered former man was wearing a rather racy set of lingerie designed to tease a very male audience. The frilled bra lifted her C-cup tits up, giving them a gentle arcing curve, the material just managing to cover her brown nipples. The straps were more akin to string, showing off as much of her little brown shoulders as possible, and a wedge of cleavage was formed from the way her breasts were pressed together. It was most certainly a push up bra, and it looked *dynamite*, giving her excellent support - the kind she'd heard many women needed - but also allowing that distinct little jiggle to entice. Her underwear had also altered, becoming a set of sexy panties that were crotchless in nature. The kind of sight that would turn a man weak at the knees.

"Hmm . . . I do wonder," she said, as she placed her hands on her hips and gave them a little wiggle. "Can you even change mental aspects?"

She gave the 8-Ball a shake.

"Can you change my sexuality?"

More than you might think

In moments, thoughts of sexy, hunky men flew through her brain, their bodies tall and muscled. The thought of being with a woman remained enticing, but far more dominating now was the idea of being actively *penetrated*. It made her pant, breathing in an erratic pattern as she absorbed her new bisexuality, which was slanted further in men's favour than women's. She could picture being held in a strong pair of arms, a hard cock pressing against her belly, her soft tits against his chest, his tongue in her mouth. She bit her lip as the image continued, footage she desperately wanted to become real; his large dick entering her, painful at first and oh-so pleasurable, her moist depths taking him in, *devouring* him, clamping onto him, gripping his shaft and riding out the pleasure. She bucked her hips a little, placed her hands over her sexy bra and squeezed just at the thought of it. God, she was getting aroused so much already.

"F-fuuuck, you've made me so horny. But - oohh - I like it!"

Calvin had never been the most sexually active individual, though he'd had his share of lovers, of course. But the desire for sex she felt now as a woman was beyond anything he'd experience. It was like the 8-Ball had taken her libido and cranked it right up to eleven.

She began to rub her pussy, slowly and gently, savouring the little pulses of pleasure. Her dainty fingers stroked around the outside of her new equipment, and she marvelled at how different it felt to the act of masturbating as a man. Where the latter was forceful, singular, this experience was multivaried, like a conversation with her own body. There was so much more pleasure to draw out, but a great patience to do so.

"Mmhhmm . . . can - can you change my accent?"

She grabbed the 8-Ball off the nearby shelf and shook it in her hand, still teasing herself with the other.

Lots of potential here

"I didn't want a Russian accent!"

Another one

"Streuth, am I an Australian now or a bloody Kiwi?"

Perhaps this

"Oh, I like this very much," she said, her voice now a classy British accent, a received pronunciation with just a hint of an Indochinese lilt to her voice. "That is a deeply sexy voice. Mmhmmm."

Her voice was even turning her on. She traced her finger around her throbbing clit, giggling a little at the sensations it produced.

"Hair next. I want s-something different - ahh."

Lots of possibilities await

A cute little 1920's flapper bob.

"Cute, but not quite what I'm looking for.

A close-cropped punk look, traces of blue in her hair.

"That'd be fun one day. I'm thinking longer."

Several more hairstyles cycled, including a more feminine afro than she'd had before, which looked amusing and kind of strangely hot on her new form. She stopped when her hair descended, strands growing from her scalp to form a long and luxurious curvy wave that ran down her back. It was similar to the Latina hair she'd had before, with luscious curls that somehow enhanced her Asian beauty.

"That's that one, dear," she said in her altered accent. She flicked her head from side to side, feeling the generous weight of her new hair. The inside of her thighs were becoming a little wet, slick with her feminine juices, her need becoming stronger. But still the desire to change further came over her. "What about my ass? It's so flat."

A big change is in the cards

She nearly fell backwards, her centre of gravity shifted so fast. Immediately, Calvin's behind swelled, flesh pooling magically into her cheeks and making them stretch the material of her alluring panties, making them almost akin to a sexy thong instead. She pulled her hand away from her pussy, and grabbed her cheeks with both hands. To her astonishment, her fingers sank into the flesh, causing both of them to wobble. She turned, examining herself in the mirror, and laughed out loud.

"My God, I certainly have a bottom now!" she proclaimed. She shook it in, appreciating that it simultaneously had a sexy wobble to it, but retained a wonderfully peachy shape, though it was certainly bigger than most peachy asses she'd ever seen!

"It's almost too much!" she said. She looked at the 8-Ball. "But I like it. Good lord, there's no limit to you, is there?"

Again that urge, those images of being taken by a man and pounded till she cried out in multiple orgasms. She caressed the nape of her neck, imagining him kissing her there, this phantom man who her body needed. Night was fast approaching, and he was sorely tempted to hold off on her immediate needs and go out into the city centre, and let the best man pick her for his prize. To be on the receiving end of a one-night stand, and have her body ravished, her legs parted to receive. To cry out in a high, womanly voice, pleading for more until she could only grip him and moan sweetly as they came together.

"F-ffuuuck," she groaned, as she continued to masturbate, imagining it so clearly. She was an absolute turn on now; her body a perfect hourglass, her ass the kind you could bounce a quarter off of, a gorgeous Asian face and complexion, and an accent that alone could make a man erect or a woman's heart flutter.

"S-something to w-wear," she said, shaking the 8-Ball of Change.

Possibilities open to you, it said, and she smiled.

"Good! I want to try on a few things!"

She managed to stave off masturbating for a moment as she cycled through various costumes. The 8-Ball was clearly having its own fun; each was sexy, but there was a hint of humour to its choices as well. A sense of silliness. A Southern Belle dress completed with such an immense hoop skirt that it nearly knocked the mirror over. It looked absolutely adorable, and was followed by a Russian winter coat and bear hat that was surprisingly stylish - except that it was currently a hot summer. Another change, and her clothes altered to become a sexy nurse outfit. She took the time to grope herself a little, imagining what it would be like to play the role of sexy nurse to a willing 'patient.'

Other clothing followed, including a prehistoric 'furkini' that looked like it had been taken from a sabretooth tiger, complete with a necklace of teeth and tusks. Her libido rose as she witnessed herself in a beach one-piece outfit, her breasts and hips generously outlined by its tight material, and her ass even more so.

"Another, please?" she pleaded, stroking her hips and pinching her hard nipples, which by that point were throbbing with need.

And then the perfect outfit came. She recognised it, of course. The Little Black Dress, almost identical to that worn by Audrey Hepburn in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Classy and sex. Figure hugging but not concealing. It pulled tight against her voluptuous body, but left the viewer wanting to see more. Desperate to see more, even.

"Now *that* is perfect," she said. "I think I may even fill it better than her."

She cycled through the makeup, scoffing when the mischievous 8-Ball gave her clown make up to start with, but eventually set upon a classy look with light purple eyeshadow and curled eyelashes, and a soft pink-red lipstick.

"Mhmm," she sounded with approval. Even her heels felt comfortable on her feet, somehow. As if she already knew how to walk in them. It gave her ass an even more

magnificent curve, and she made several poses in the mirror, some classy, others not so.

And still the heat built. Her nipples pressed against her sexy bra, her womanly opening was damp with need to be filled. She wanted to be perfect, and now she felt so nearly there. An idea bloomed in her head, and she took a tube of metal from her pile of scavenged and recently-cleaned trash.

“Can you transform this into something that can . . . relieve me?” she said.

A shake of the 8-Ball, and once more it seemed almost enthusiasm to put up its answer.

A welcome change is on your hands

She chuckled, even as she licked her lips in anticipation. The magic thing *did* have a sense of humour, but it also had a clear sense of what she truly wanted as well, because the metal tube altered, becoming rubbery and slightly thinner, taking on the shape of a big blue dildo. A *very big* blue dildo.

“Whoa, can that even fit inside me?” she gasped, as it wobbled a little in her hands.

But there was only one way to find out, and she felt like her body was on fire with the amount of arousal that was cascading over her. The 8-Ball had really done a number on her libido. She took the dildo, admiring its shape, and placed its head between her thighs. She groaned as it pressed against the sensitive folds of her sex, as it parted her, stretching her wide. There was only a little discomfort, and then her passage *swallowed* it, taking its hefty girth and obscene length into her. She slid it in slowly, imagining it was the powerful cock of a handsome NBA player or NFL star, mighty and cocky and strong. Calvin moaned, her voice sweet and high and deeply arousing. It felt good. It felt so damn good.

She was beyond words for a moment, as her vaginal muscles pressed against it, milking the dildo, allowing it to slide in and out of her while stimulating every available nerve. It was unlike anything she had experienced, and she felt a flush of pride that she could take such a big cock within her and remain so tightly upon it. She groped her tits with her spare hand, admiring their own sensitivity as well.

“S-sooooo goooood,” she whimpered, pressing her body against the wall and keeping the mirror in view, to turn her on all the more.

There was just one thing missing. One final thing she wanted to change to make herself perfect. To make the coming orgasm which was already starting to bloom a moment of perfection. She continued to thrust the dildo deep inside of her, but with her spare hand shook the 8-Ball one last time.

“C-can you - ahhhh! - g-give me b-bigger boobs?”

The words formed through the clear plastic.

The biggest change yet is to come

Her eyebrows raised. Even lost in pleasure, she recognised a hint of amusement in the 8-Ball's response. And then it happened.

All at once, her breasts erupted. Her flesh expanded rapidly, magically gaining mass from no available source and yet swelling all the same. She grunted, still sliding the dildo in and out of her, making it rub against her clit, as her 'girls' grew far beyond their C-cup size. They strained the bra painfully, stretched the material of the dress, but still they grew. D-cups to DD-cups, DD-cups to E-cups, E-cups beyond F, and soon they had exceeded the cantaloupe range, had burst past the melon stage, and were reaching a size and volume that was far beyond the natural.

"Oh G-God! Stop! T-too b-big! What have you d-done!"

Her bra snapped, fat nipples finally free to dent through the fabric. The fabric gave way moments later, seams burst like a dam before a mighty flood. Her breasts were larger than her head each now, and they were still expanding, creating a heavy weight on her shoulders and back. They grew, and she toppled forward beside the mirror, landing upon her gargantuan tits as if they were cushions. They absorbed the impact, becoming beachballs, then beanbags. Her nipples were the size of Coke cans, and still expanding.

"What - what is h-happening!?" she yelled, but her libido was only heightening, and she continued to thrust the sex toy into her waiting tunnel, savouring each and every nerve of pleasure.

Her breasts *sloshed* like she was pressed against a waterbed. They wobbled, and she felt a pressure begin to expand within them.

"N-no! O-oh no! Oh yes! Yes! YES YES YES YES!!!"

Her enormous nipples tensed, dilated a little, and then they *showered*. Enormous streams of milk erupted from her lounge seat-sized breasts, dousing the wall. The orgasms that washed over her were greater than any other feeling she had ever experienced. They rose and rolled and crashed and thundered through her core, leaving her to writhe and moan and cry out in pure ecstasy, wobbling atop her ginormous mounds, helpless to their sheer weight, caught in a seemingly never ending rhythm of bliss that coursed through her massive mammaries, pulsed through her nipples, poured through her very being as much as her milk poured from her.

"NNGGGGGNHHH!!! NNRRGGGGHH!!!"

It was too much. It was all too much. The sexy, gorgeous, yet aberrantly and unnaturally large-chested Asian woman passed out.

Calvin woke much later, still drenched in her own former produce. To her shock, her breasts had reduced in size, now the large, jostling Double-D's she had wanted from the

very beginning. They were firm yet soft, bouncy yet pert, and while they had a definite weight to them, they were a far cry from the beanbag-sized monstrosities from before.

She looked to herself in the mirror, in her tattered, soaked dress, and sighed. It was fast approaching dawn, and she'd missed her chance to be serenaded by a handsome man. Her chance to be a sexy Asian seductress with voluptuous curves.

All because of the 8-Ball playing a ridiculous trick on her.

"Still," she said, eyeing herself once more. "I do look absolutely wonderful. A monument to change."

She eyed the 8-Ball, lying on the ground innocently, yet imbued with the most amazing talent she'd ever witnessed. She licked her lips.

"I'll clean the place up, get myself sorted out. See if I can't make just a few teensy adjustments, if that thing will let me."

Another look in the mirror. God, she was perfect. If she was able, she'd never go back to being Calvin. Who knows? She could even ask the 8-Ball for a new name. Even a new identity. Who could say what its limits were?

"Can I still use you as long as I want?" she asked it, thinking about the next night, when she could go out and experience a man thrusting between her legs for real. She shook the 8-Ball of Change, and waited for its response.

Lots of fun in your future

The End