

## Outside Looking In

*A man jealous of his friend's excellent relationship with his girlfriend goes to extreme measures to have what they have.*

As I see my girlfriend standing at the altar, ready to marry another man, I can only be happy for her. Truly, I mean it.

For five years we had dated. Nik and Nellie, an inseparable couple. She tolerated my bad jokes and anxieties, and I loved her even if she wasn't a supermodel, even if her chest wasn't as well-developed as either of us would have liked. But she had a soul of kindness, and that counts for more than anything. We were happy, and we got by. Even the days we struggled, we never raised a voice against each other.

That counts for something.

But all of that changed just one year ago. I was walking with Nellie in the park to meet up with my best friend. He had had a bad breakup recently, and we thought a day outdoors would help him. Besides, Nellie had been trying to lose some weight recently, and I had been encouraging her. Besides, the fresh air was good for both of us. I walked behind her, taking in the beauty of the park, and occasionally giving my wife's ass a whispered little comment that made her roll her eyes and tell me to stop.

"That's where I'm trying to lose some of the weight, you dolt!" she said jokingly.

"Just don't lose it everywhere, honey," I said, nodding towards her chest.

Again, a roll of the eyes. "Sure, like I have much there where it counts. Look at that one, I bet she doesn't have my problems."

She indicated to a gorgeous woman jogging past in a sports bra and fitness shorts. From the bounce in her chest, the woman was very amply built, and her slim figure made her very attractive. I swallowed, and tried to make it look like I hadn't held my gaze on her.

"She may look okay," I had said, "but she's not you."

She touched my arm. "Thanks honey, but it just hurts sometimes. I'll get over it."

We continued on.

My friend David was waiting, as we expected, but seemed oddly agitated. David was good-looking and much fitter than me, but he had always had relationship problems. He was a good man, and had a great wit, but it seemed he was a magnet for women looking to take advantage of the fact that he was a high-earner. As we approached, he looked to us a little nervously.

"Nik! Nellie! Great to see you both, come over here!"

Nellie and I looked at each other. We hadn't expected such an attitude. He was at once fidgeting and elated; we had expected him to be despondent. Hayley had only left him last week.

"It's so good to see you both."

"It's great to see you too, my friend. I'm sorry to hear about Hayley. Plenty more fish in the sea though, mate."

He gave us an interesting look I couldn't quite figure out.

"Yeah, you're right. It's just that you and Nellie share something special. Something I wish I had. But no matter what, I know I'll never manage it."

Nellie soothed him. "Oh, you say that now David, but give it time."

He gave a wan smile. "Time is the one thing I have had. You both know I work at a nanotech company, but what you might not know is that I have an off-the-books project. I'd planned to share it with Hayley, but now she'll never know. Her loss. Really, it's for the best."

He removed a strange silver pad, like a remote control for a television - from his pocket, and waved it in front of him.

"This is the nano-reassembler. It can manipulate a person's body, and make them your ideal. More than that, it can also change their very minds, their feelings."

Nellie and I laughed nervously. I looked around and noticed that the section of the park David had suggested was quite empty. In fact, I couldn't see another soul.

"C'mon David, no need for this science fiction talk -"

"I knew when Hayley left that it would never be enough to simply make a woman into what I wanted. I needed the core of her; the part that made her special, to remain, but the rest altered to be loyal to me."

"David, you're making me nervous," Nellie said.

"Don't be," David said. "In a moment, you're going to be deeply in love with me, and you and I will share the bond you once had with Nik."

"David, this is insane, what's really going on?" I went to grab his arm but he had already caught mine. The controller was in his other hand.

"I'm sorry Nik, truly. You're a good friend. For what it's worth, you'll still be a good friend to me afterwards, the nanites will take care of that."

He pressed a red button on the silvery controller, and a grey mist exploded out over both of us. I shouted out for Nellie, concerned for her safety, but the mist cleared in moments.

"You asshole!" I yelled at my friend, "what are you, a lunatic?"

"Just wait," he replied, calmly. "Soon I will have all the happiness you had, and you will be happy for me as well."

I was about to bark a reply when I heard Nellie give an extended groan. I turned to see that her face was contorted in agony and confusion, her body trembling as the grey mist settled first on her skin, then appeared to disappear *into it*.

"What - David, I don't understand -" she managed, then clutched her gut.

"It begins," gloated David.

I rushed to the side of the woman I loved, and pulled her against me.

"Oohhh," she moaned, "NNgggnghhn . . . what is h-happening to m-meeee!?"

She wrenched her head back, and I took a step back in shock, still holding her shoulders by my hands. Her face . . . it was changing. Getting thinner, blemishes disappearing. She looked at me with wide eyes, and even as we shared a fearful glance, they warbled in colour, turning a rich emerald green.

"Aaahh, m-my chest . . . ooohhh, it feels so sore!"

She clutched at her chest, and to my surprise the fabric over her breasts began to tent out, slowly out first and then more rapidly as her breasts filled in. My girlfriend has always been adorably petite, but now they were expanding, with no sign of stopping.

Nellie clutched me on the shoulder with one hand for support, panting heavily as she crouched, taking in the strange changes.

"MMmhhmmhnn, it feels sooooo wrong!"

I jolted, turning to David, who was staring impassively, with only the merest smirk. The sound she had made could have come from our bedroom. Nellie clutched her breasts as she moaning, tweaking her nipple beneath the fabric as it became tauter and tauter.

"I always did like a big pair of milkers," David said, "and I'm sure you'll come to love them too, my Nellie."

"Stop this madness!" I yelled, and I looked around to call for help, but there was no one. Meanwhile, my girlfriend was rooted to the spot as further changes occurred:

The slight flab she had wanted to lose melted away, her thighs and arms thinning as she became incredibly slender, creating an even greater contrast to her growing breasts. It was as if any spare fat was being redirected to her increasingly ample front, as three buttons, one after the other, pinged off to accommodate her now-massive mammaries. She grabbed her head, wailing now in a voice that was a little higher than before, and long waves of strawberry blonde hair cascaded down where she had once had a simple black bob.

"I'm - I'm a blonde?" she gasped, but had little time to soak in the information, as she suddenly fell backwards onto her ass, which had rounded out somewhat. I ran to her side.

“What now? Love, talk to me?”

She groaned, writhing. “NNgghh . . . aaaahhh . . . m-my feet. It’s my f-feet. Get these shoes off aaahhhhh!”

I hurried, pulled her stiff shoes from her feet, socks as well. I couldn’t help but reel at what I saw; my girlfriend’s feet had grown in size. They were now without blemish and perfectly beautiful, but larger than average for certain. I turned to David, even more confused. He simply shrugged.

“What can I say? I have a foot fetish. I love a woman with big, beautiful feet. Don’t worry Nik, her changes are nearly done. Just some mental stuff to go now.”

My girlfriend was almost unrecognisable. She was a slim, busty supermodel of a woman, with perfect wavy hair and full lips. She gave one last gasp of what I increasingly suspected was a deep bodily pleasure, and leaned back on her hands. Her already tight shirt exploded upon as her mighty boobs expanded one last time, and a button pinged off, hitting me straight in the forehead. She fell back, panting, a hand on her large globular breast. She appeared as if she was in post-coital bliss, and it horrified me.

“Ohhhh . . . Nik, Nik . . . Dave. David. Thank you, Davey.”

I took a step back. “Nellie, what do you mean?”

She bit her lip sexily, and got up slowly, wobbling a little on her larger feet and a high centre of gravity. “I’m sorry Nik,” she said, grabbing her head, “it’s the nanites . . . I can feel my thoughts changing. I really like David now, I can’t help it. He’s . . . he’s everything I want in a man. I know this isn’t fair on you but I think I *love* him.”

If it was like she was in a trance, it would have been easier to cope. Mind control, or something. But she retained all her body language as she stood, even with her wobbling rack and rounded backside and hourglass figure, her way of speaking, that diplomatic tone, it was all *her*.

Only it was a *her* that suddenly loved *him*.

She gave me a deep hug, during which I could feel her large chest pressed against mine. Nellie gave me a platonic kiss on the cheek and stared me in the eyes.

“I know this is crazy, Nik, and what’s happened makes no sense, but it’s like my world has just changed. I should have seen David all those years ago, and I’m only just now realising that the love I could have with him is so more than the love I could have with you.”

“Nellie, I . . .”

“Shh,” she said, placing her finger on my lips as she often did playfully. “It’ll be okay, Nik. Trust in the nanites.”

She walked, impressive hips swaying, over to David. The man I thought was my friend looked exceedingly pleased with himself.

“Nellie will have the same love and devotion to me that she once had for you, Nik. We will be a perfect pair, as you were. I always wanted what you two had, and with these nanites, I could make her body into my perfect dream girl even as I preserved the essence of her personality . . . with the exception, of course, of redirecting her affections to me.”

I balled my fists in anger, though for some reason I didn't feel as angry as I thought I would. 'Irritated' was more an apt description, and even that was fading into confusion.

“Turn her back. Please.”

He simply shook his head. “Sorry Nik, it's a one-way street. There's no going back or reversing the mental changes even if I wanted to. You'll be mine forever now, Nellie.”

The gorgeous super model that had been my girlfriend simply pressed herself against his side, staring up at him with adoring green eyes. Her cleavage was pressed against him, two soft pillowy mountains. Between the two was a love that mere moments ago only existed between myself and Nellie. And it was stolen from me.

“David, I need you to kiss me. Now.”

“As you wish, my love.”

And he did. It was a deep, passionate kiss, so full of tenderness, adoration, and attraction that I knew the nanites had worked in full. For both Nellie, and myself.

“Congrats, you guys,” I said, and I couldn't help but mean it.

I was so happy for them.

That was only six months ago, and I've come to terms with what happened. Really, thanks to the nanites, I came to terms with it pretty much immediately. I even helped Nellie move in with David, and told him all the things she enjoyed in bed, which he appreciated. I have no doubt they go at it like rabbits each night; David confessed to me one night that the changes also increased her libido significantly.

Am I sad? Sometimes I can be, when I force it. When I remember who Nellie was to me, and the woman I lost. But in truth, I am just so grateful to have both of them as good friends, and to be the Best Man and Man of Honour both at their wedding. I even helped David pick out the ring. And she looks so utterly gorgeous as the bride; a tasteful line of deep cleavage on display in a white gown that trails behind her just slightly. Her strawberry blonde hair has been done up elegantly, and her slender figure shows through the thin material. She positively glows.

I know they'll have a wonderful life together; they're already talking about kids, and I think I'll be a good uncle to my former girlfriend's kids. But now that my woman has been taken by my best friends, sometimes I get a little lonely. I guess I'm like my friend used to be; always outside looking in. I understand now why he did what he did, it can

hit you hard, sometimes, even when you're happy for others. I just hope one day I get to experience the kind of love that David and Nellie share.

I share a smile with one of Nellie's bridesmaids. She's already in a relationship, but we've enjoyed each other's company during rehearsal so much that I enjoy being in her presence quite a lot.

Say, I wonder if David is willing to program some nanites for me?

**The End**