

Cait stared at the expiration date on the carton. *It's only a little over a week old.* So, she opened the carton and took a whiff. *It still smells okay.* She shook the bottle around before taking a sip. *Tastes alright.* She shrugged and decided to pour the milk into her coco puffs. Cait was about to sit down when she looked at the clock.

"Shit!" *I'm gonna be late.* She started shoveling the cereal into her mouth and dropped the bowl into the sink before taking off to shower and get ready.

Mikey drew the lottery this year when it came to classes. He got 1st period Advance Math Topics with Miss Yoshi. Miss Yoshi's reputation around school stemmed from her biting humor, which depending on you asked was borderline mental abuse. Nobody wanted to be on the receiving end of her comments, so everybody just followed her rules and shut the hell up during her classes. For an Artist like Mikey it was hell having to listen to her go on about a bunch of imaginary numbers and lines and formulas and yadda yadda yadda. Thankfully Mikey got a seat four rows back so he could work on some drawings without Ms. Yoshi having a clear line of sight. *So long as she doesn't decide to walk down the aisles.* After making sure the coast was clear Mikey pulled one of his notebooks out and began flipping through its pages. *No, no, need to finish that one, no, oh?* He came to a page of young goth woman, with black hair framing her face and a high ponytail. Mike looked up and across the room to look at the model from his notebook. Haley Zimm, one of his previous attempts at romance. Now, Mikey wasn't bad looking, he was a good height at 5'10 and had deep brown eyes and matching hair that he kept nicely gelled. However he was fairly lanky with little muscle and money to woo the girls. So, to compensate, Mikey would use his artistic skills to try and win over girls with flattering portraits. He did all right but last time Haley, while flattered, didn't quite take the bait. So before Haley could turn him down, Mikey said it was just the rough sketch and he would give her the finished piece once he was finished. *Well, now's a good a time as any I guess.*

In his experience Mikey found the best way to get a girl was to embellish details to make her look better, flattery will get you everywhere his mom would say. It didn't require too much work, Haley was already fairly attractive he just needed to clean up some details and redraw a couple lines. Simple things first, erasing some acne and other blemishes to enhance her goth look, to help emphasized that he also made her features more angular giving her a strong jaw line and high cheek bones. Mikey straightened her hair out a bit and lightened the locks framing her face to create a dye job, and he drew her eyelashes out and drew some motion lines to create flutter. *Okay, not bad Mikey, not bad at all.* With just a little bit of art he managed to recreate Haley as Haley, but a fantastical version of herself. The angular features he added gave her a much more regal look while removing her blemishes also forced him to lighten his shading giving her skin an unearthly beauty. To make a long story short she was somewhere between a Russian princess and Middle Earth elf. *And now, a little va-va-voom. A little sex appeal never hurt anybody, probably.* Mikey thought as he decided to give Haley a boost to her figure. It was nothing fancy, just a cup size up, a pop to the hips, and some curves to her back. Mikey looked at the clock and there was 20 minutes left in the period, *maybe just enough time to bring it home.* Mikey reached down into his bag to grab an inking pen and pulled out a few pencils and one ballpoint pen. *Frick, must have left them at home.* He held up the Ballpoint. *Guess I'll break*

in the pen from the arcade. He shrugged and started to ink his masterpiece. Normally he'd have to run new pens hard, especially non ink ones, but the ballpoint felt amazing. It was like it only inked what he wanted it to. Before he knew it, he was done and with five minutes left in the period. Mikey blew on the paper to help the ink dry and looked at his work, it was just what he wanted. Mikey looked up to and saw Haley jotting down notes. He started thinking of how to cut her off during passing when he saw it. It was like a wave moving over Haley. It started from her cheek and rippled out. Mikey did a double take to make sure he was seeing things right. The first thing he noticed was that her skin was changing, her acne vanishing and her skin lightening. It was like reverse shading, instead of spreading shadow it was like light was adjusting itself on her. Her features became more angular. *Just like my drawing* Mikey thought, *But what I drew next was.* Mikey watched as the locks framing her face took a tinge of red at the tip and spread up to her temples. Her lashes extended and gained some flutter, her lips became just a bit thicker emphasized by her black lipstick. Finally, he watched as she began to rise an inch from her seat as her butt began to fill out a bit more and her hips widened. He looked up to watch as her modest chest began to pull against her neckline revealing more and more of her new pristine skin, little by little they pushed against her black top as they filled out into healthy C-cups. Mikey just stared as his work came to life in front him, but Haley just sat there looking bored as she wrote. *Fuck, what do I do, what do I say. Maybe she won't notice and I can sneak out and get to Joe.* Mike started shoving his notebooks and pens into his bag when the bell rang. He was about to get up when he felt a tap on his shoulder, he turned around and saw the new Haley.

"Hey Mikey, you got my drawing?" Haley asked smiling.

"You're, your, you're uh." Mikey stammered not fully processing her new transformation and that the new Haley was talking to him. Haley raised an eyebrow.

"My drawing silly, you said you just had to ink it." Haley said.

"Uh, drawing, yes, drawing." Mikey said.

"Well, can I see it?" Haley asked, as she folded her arms, squishing her new breasts upward and pushing her cleavage in front of Mikey. Mikey could have heard his brain melting if it wasn't for the fact that it was melting trying to comprehend what he was seeing.

"Right, Right here!" He said, and quickly dug into his bag to pull out his sketchbook. He started to try and pull the sketch out but Mikey found he no longer knew how to bend his elbows to do it.

"Here, let me see Mikey." Haley said, she leaned over his desk and grabbed his hands. Mikey froze like a doll just moving his hands where she guided them, and Haley was so close that Mike would smell her shampoo, *Lavender*. Together they tore the page out, and then Haley grabbed it from his hands and looked at it.

"Oh wow, it's amazing Mikey. I love it." Haley said.

"Amazing." Was all Mikey could say.

"Anyway, we're still on for next Saturday, right?" Haley asked.

"Saturday?" Mikey said. Haley turned in her head trying to study him.

"Are you okay Mikey? You seem really off today." Haley said. She tried to reach and feel his head. When Mikey saw the hand coming, he finally snapped out of his trance.

"Saturday, yes, what about Saturday?" Mikey said.

"Saturday, you said you were going to take me that place called Salvatore's." Haley said.

"Salvatore's, best sandwiches, yes." Mikey responded like a machine. It was his favorite lunch spot.

"Alright," Haley said, "Well, I'll see you tomorrow then." She leaned in and gave Mikey a peck on the cheek causing Mike to freeze up like a popsicle. Haley turned to leave giving Mikey a view of her new ass. A heart shaped little shelf in dark denim that he was pretty sure he could bounce a quarter off of if his drawing style was anything to go by. As she turned the corner out though Mikey's senses returned and all he could think was *What. The. Fuck.*