

True Blue

Commissioned by loamlife

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Chapter 1

"It is done."

"Send her back."

"We wait now."

Mary awoke at 6AM with a sudden jolt. What a vivid dream! She could feel the freezing night air still blowing against her skin as she levitated downward, lying on her back, parallel to the earth. A column of warm blue light enveloped her, and she felt a platform supporting her slow and steady descent. She floated right through the roof as if she were insubstantial. It had placed her right back in her bed, on top of her blankets.

She looked up. The roof was still intact. She wiped the sweat off her forehead with the back of her hand. It was just a dream, it was just a dream, she chanted like a mantra.

After a few minutes just sitting there, she shook her head, clearing her mind. She had steady work lately, what with one of the regular teachers getting pregnant. If only she had been as in demand twenty years ago as she was now. Then, she might have actually had a career in education. Oh well, she could muse about the dream later.

Kicking off her sheets, Mary made her way to the vanity and examined her face. Time had not been kind to her, and loneliness was its harsh handmaiden. Her short, wispy brunette hair was thinning, the roots starting to grey. The sun had beat down on her during her farmhand days, leaving her skin cracked, leathery and spotted. Stress and worry had left their mark around her eyes and lips, her skin wrinkled and sagging.

She still lived on this childhood farm by herself. Her mother and father had passed away at 70, leaving her the sole inheritor. No siblings, and no real relationships to speak of. Mary had tried, but she was already quite advanced in age when she started dating, and with the responsibilities of maintaining the property and the sorrow of losing her parents, she felt she had lost her window. She was 50 now, but as she examined herself, she thought she looked at least a decade older.

She applied makeup to hide the dark bags under her eyes and put some blush on her cheeks to give her blanching skin some color. With a sigh of despair, Mary lumbered her short and stocky frame out of the chair and began to get dressed. The dilapidated floorboards creaked under her feet. She made sure to avoid the rickety steps on her way downstairs.

Still, despite being emotionally drained, she felt alert and awake today. Maybe she would actually manage to dust inside the house and organize some things. The entire farm was in disrepair, but there was no way she could manage the dozen acre property by herself. One thing at a time... if she could ever get to the first thing.

Mary drove her old, beat-up sedan to the single school that served the entire rural area. She rolled the window down, enjoying the smell of the fresh countryside. Even the bumpy, uneven ride didn't bother her that much. She felt unnaturally optimistic as the sun shone brightly on her face. Wow, what was it about today?!

Realizing that she had completely forgotten to eat breakfast, Mary parked and made her way to the classroom. She could almost feel a bounce in her footsteps. I hope I don't get hungry and grumpy later, she thought, knowing that her hunger often dictated her mood. Still, she was bouncing off the balls of her feet as she strode forward confidently. This is ridiculous! She thought. But if this is ridiculous, it's not so bad.

In no time, she made it to her classroom. She took out her science textbook, sat up straight, smoothed her blouse, and took a deep breath. The bell for first period rang, and the 9th graders rolled in.

She even smiled at them instead of just sullenly looking at her desk. All of them seemed to do a double take at her new attitude and smiled back. This was nice!

When everyone had taken their seats, she put on her thick-rimmed black reading glasses, opened the textbook, and began to read from it. She wasn't a biology teacher by training, and this was way above her pay grade. But the district just needed someone to keep the children in line and occupied for the duration of the class.

So day after day, the print on the textbook was always in her eyes and out her mouth. She really didn't understand what she was reading, or even how to pronounce some of these words. What on earth was "chromosomal" or "allele"? But today, she felt like she understood what was printed on the page. In fact, the conclusions to be drawn even seemed obvious! But it was important to make the lesson clear for the students.

After she completed the chapter, the kids had time to ask questions. By this point, they knew better than to seek knowledge from her, so she just tasked them to do their homework. However, today, her reading was so fluent, her tone so confident, that one of the students dared to raise her hand on the biology homework.

"Mrs. Adams?"

"Yes, Stella?"

"Um, well, I guess... can you... um..." she was still nervous about asking. It was embarrassing for everyone when Mrs. Adams clearly was out of her depth.

"Spit it out, dear." Mary tried to suppress her panic at being asked a question.

"Well, I don't understand about these squares we're making. How do I know if Mr. and Mrs. Brown's child will have... um... sickle cells?"

Before she could begin to madly leaf through the pages of the textbook looking for the answer, she recalled the lecture she had just given.

"That's a fine question, Stella. Let me ask the whole class: if both Mr. and Mrs. Brown do not have sickle cell anemia, will their children have it?"

"No," most of the class shot back.

"That is not necessarily true! It depends if Mr. and Mrs. Brown are both carriers."

So saying, she drew the Punnett Squares on the chalkboard, illustrating all four possibilities with their sixteen outcomes. Her chalk flew through the air, drawing the beautiful diagrams and explaining clearly the whole way. When she put up the final square, she threw the remaining stub of white chalk into the air with a flourish, catching it in her palm and turning to face the class, hands on hips, bright smile on her face.

They were absolutely stunned by her brilliant display of virtuosity.

"Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Adams! I get it! But the next question, it asks if it depends if the child is a boy or a girl. I don't get it, why would that matter?"

"Boys obviously don't get tickle cells!" one of the students chimed in.

"Yeah, well boys smell!" another girl retorted.

"Now, class," Mary lectured them, commanding all of their attention at once. They had never paid attention that quickly either! "Let me show you what that question is asking. You see..."

When lunch period rolled around, a class full of happy students exited the classroom. Some even stopped and told her how great she was and how much they had learned. And that they looked forward to the next class, or wished that she was their regular teacher! Mary was so delighted!

She strolled around the small campus, waving at the children on the playground. They giggled and waved back at her. Mary was enjoying herself so much, lost in her thoughts. Maybe I should try dating again, she thought. Relating to people doesn't seem to be too hard today.

Only after half an hour did she realize that she hadn't eaten yet! But she still felt great; no growling stomach, no hunger pangs at all. But just to be prophylactic, she went to the small school cafeteria and bought a cup of mac and cheese. The noodles were overcooked and mushy, but that didn't stop her from enjoying the cheesy goodness. She dabbed her lips with a napkin and looked forward to her next class.

Mary's improved mood continued through the evening. She plucked some fresh green beans, tomatoes, and zucchini from her small garden and went to prepare dinner, before she realized that she still wasn't hungry. Also, she didn't recall having to bend down this much when harvesting her crops. Maybe she was just carrying herself with better posture now.

She rinsed off and relished the crunch of the fresh, juicy green beans as she blanched the zucchini and boiled spaghetti. She sprinkled salt into the bubbling water, instinctively knowing just how much was enough. Dicing a clove of garlic quickly and efficiently, she tossed it into a frying pan with olive oil and went to work on her garden tomatoes and zucchini like a professional chef. She couldn't believe her knife skills, but it all came so easily! Soon, they were cubed and thrown into the pan as well.

She ran the spaghetti through a sieve, then threw it into the frying pan as well along with a splash of the pasta water. When all was said and done, fifteen minutes later, she sat down with a beautiful plate of food, garnished with fresh parsley from her windowsill. Grating some cheese onto it, she nibbled a piece of the pasta—perfectly cooked, wonderfully seasoned, and utterly mouthwatering. She wished she had a glass of wine to pair it with. She licked the plate clean.

Mary wasn't hungry when she began, and she was neither hungry nor full when she finished, but she luxuriated in the aftertaste of her fresh, homecooked, delicious meal. Putting the leftovers in a tupperware, Mary cleaned her dishes and prepared for bed. Another early start tomorrow.

The wooden planks of her staircase seemed to creak less under her footsteps this evening as she ascended to the bedroom. Stripping off, she turned on the shower and hoped that the water heater was working. It would truly be the perfect end to her perfect day.

She held her hand under the stream of water to gauge the temperature and finally caught a glimpse of her naked body in the bathroom mirror. Was she imagining things, or had she lost some flab in her belly? Her arms looked a bit tighter as well. She swiveled her torso, examining herself from different angles. No way. She must be seeing things.

When she came to her senses, she realized the water was still running. Still cold. Oh well. She gave up and jumped right in, preparing for the shock of ice water to hit her body. To her surprise, she wasn't too bothered by it! Yes, it was chilly, but she could weather it just fine. Still, Mary rinsed off quickly, not wanting to catch hypothermia or anything like that.

She crawled into bed at 9:00 PM, and drifted off like a baby.

Chapter 2

I could barely keep my eyelids open. Three blurry, out-of-focus bodies hovered over me. A harsh, overhead light shined brightly behind them. It looked like I was in an operating room. Two of the mysterious beings were attaching (or detaching) tubes from me. The third saw my eyes opening, my pupils probably out of focus. It reached out with a hand and closed them. I fell back into a sleepless slumber.

Mary woke up a full hour before her 6:00 AM alarm. She moaned and tossed in bed, expecting to have trouble going back to sleep and then waking up groggy a few minutes later, but... she realized she wasn't tired at all! Just bored. With a shrug, she got out of bed and prepared for her day.

She squeezed the end of a tube of toothpaste onto her toothbrush and brought it to her mouth. And then promptly dropped the whole thing into the bathroom sink. She didn't recognize the creature looking back at her!

The bags under her eyes were gone. Her thin, greying, stringy bob of hair was now lush and voluminous, traveling down to her neck in thick waves. She ran her fingers through it, every strand feeling silky and smooth, leaving tingles on her skin. She quickly grabbed a hand mirror to examine it from behind—perfectly even, perfectly shiny, lusciously lustrous.

The wrinkles that bordered her eyes and lips were completely gone. It looked like she had regained more than a decade of her life, except she had never looked this good in the first place! No sign of sun damage on her face at all, nor any moles she had been so self-conscious of. As she touched her cheeks, she noticed that even her hands looked smooth and delicate, as if they'd never seen a day of wringing out laundry or plucking weeds in the harsh summer.

And her body! She was definitely losing weight. Or maybe redistributing in the right places. Turns out she wasn't hallucinating during last night's shower. Her tummy really had tightened, as well as her thighs. Her pear-shaped figure was a thing of the past. With her smaller waist and tighter legs came wider, stronger shoulders, providing the necessary framework to accentuate her fuller breasts! She cupped them, marveling at their heft. She had never even come close to a handful before. Mary kneaded those full, fleshy breasts. They felt so good, so sensitive... and that wasn't even all of it.

Her legs were inexplicably longer. Somehow that was the most shocking thing of all to Mary. How could someone just gain inches in their legs? But it was undeniable. Her hips rose above the bathroom vanity, giving her a glimpse of her privates in the mirror. She had definitely not seen herself like that before.

It was a good thing she woke a full hour early. She spent all of it just admiring the curves of her new body, not bothered at all by the chill of dawn. Only when she stretched and flexed did she notice that even all of those deep aches in her bones were simply gone!

Finally, she grabbed her toothbrush and scooped the little blob of toothpaste back on it. She had to get ready for school. She glanced at her makeup bag, then back to the mirror. Nah, not today. Maybe not ever again.

Getting dressed was a challenge. Her pants were too baggy to fit over her new hips, despite the fact that they looked so seductively wide. Of course, they were much narrower than her frumpy shape from before. It was a pleasing optical illusion borne from her new hourglass shape. She didn't even have a belt that could loop tightly enough! Never mind the short pant legs.

She put on a loose dress, which covered her down to the knees. That was a pleasant change. However, the swells of her breasts refused to quit, and her large, stiff nipples poked visibly through the garment. Shoot!

She tried to put on a bra to cover up those pokies, but they were too tight for her now! Just how much had she grown!? She threw away her A-cup in frustration. Ultimately, she found a piece of cloth, and carefully wrapped it around her breasts, serving as a sort of binding. She tied it behind herself. Hopefully that would do.

And now, Mary was going to be late. So much for waking up an hour early. She bound down the stairs gracefully, footfalls feather-light. Sprinting to the fridge, she grabbed her leftover pasta and ran out the front door. She floored it to the school, her car bumping and stuttering ominously.

Shoot! The bell for the first period rang just as she parked her car. Mary sprinted toward her classroom, not feeling any exertion from running at all. She gathered herself just before she walked in.

All of the student chattering ceased as she entered.

"Uh, are you a different sub today?"

"What do you mean? It's me, Mrs. Adams."

The entire classroom gasped. In her rush, she'd forgotten that she looked, and dressed, like a totally different person. She smiled at the admiration.

"Now, let's get started shall we?"

She opened the textbook and began to read from it, her glasses untouched and still sitting on the desk.

After the lecture, the students asked more questions.

"Mrs. Adams, could you please show me how to do this geometry problem?"

She recalled the textbook page in her mind's eye down to every last detail. "Yes, of course dear."

She stood up, extending her long legs, bare from the knees down. Her hips swayed naturally as she walked to the chalkboard. She could even hear the titillation from the students.

Mary drew a perfect circle unaided by any tools.

"You see, the radius starts from the center and is a straight line to any edge of the circle."

Suddenly, she stopped talking and simply continued drawing. There was no rhyme or reason. She moved deliberately, zigging here, zagging there, and then finally putting a straight, vertical line through the whole thing. And then she just stared at it.

"Mrs. Adams? Mrs. Adams? Are you okay?"

"Huh? Oh, yes. Um.. I'm not sure what came over me." She erased the alien-looking diagram which she had already committed to memory after coming out of her trance.

"Like I said, this is the radius of a circle..."

After another rousing success at school, Mary began her commute home. On the way, her car sputtered and stalled. A plume of thick smoke hissed out from under the hood.

Oh fuck. She was halfway in between the middle of nowhere. She slammed her palms on the steering wheel, denting it and shuddering the whole car. Wait what?

Mary opened the door and stepped out, bumping her head against the roof, creating yet another huge dent in it. She instinctively clutched her head, but didn't feel any pain at all. How could her head have hit the roof like that?! And why was the car the misshapen one?

Putting the car in neutral, she thought to try and push it to the side of the road. It was... easy. Really easy. In a few seconds flat, it rested on the shoulder. She instantly killed its forward momentum by gripping the frame, her fingers sinking into the metal again, and then stood still. She could barely register the weight of the car as it supposedly tried to roll forward.

Mary placed the car in park. It was probably a few hours by foot to home, but... since she didn't seem to feel hungry anymore, maybe it would be fine. And tomorrow was a weekend. She could figure out what to do then.

She started the long journey home. It was dreadfully slow. She sped up into a trot, her dress fluttering behind her. That was comfortable as well, but she didn't want to run out of stamina. Her cloth binding felt tight around her chest; she untied it and unbound her new fuller breasts, then tied it underneath to support them from bouncing painfully during her voyage.

After 30 minutes, she still felt no shortness of breath. She turned it up to a jog.

Soon, she was kicking up a trail of dust in her wake as she whooped and hollered! What probably would have been a four hour walk took her only one! Arriving at her garden, she picked some more vegetables for dinner and headed inside.

Mary began the preparation for the same meal as last night. She would really have to pick up some wine next time. In fifteen minutes flat, just like yesterday, her sumptuous meal was ready.

She jabbed her fork in it, swirling and taking a big bite of her spaghetti. As she worked through her meal, there remained a few loose, long strands. Idly, she arranged it into a perfect circle with her fork. Then she snapped her green beans into various lengths and decorated it over the circle. Finally, she took one long piece and bisected the whole diagram, right down the center.

Mary came back to her senses again. She gasped as she stared at the bizarre hieroglyph, or whatever it was, she had just recreated. She wasn't even aware she was doing it!

In a panic, she emptied the scraps into the garbage. It was freaking her out! She didn't want to see it again. Maybe it would go away when she awoke in the morning...

She climbed into bed and passed out.

Chapter 3

"It's working."

"Of course it's working. When has it not worked?"

"I mean, she's taking to it well."

"Good."

I began to open my eyes and saw a blurry image of a strange, alien diagram. I couldn't get a clear view thanks to the harsh operating light.

I fell unconscious again.

Mary awoke at 4:00 AM, shivering and trembling. What were these dreams!? And what was she drawing? Would she be okay?

She rolled around under her sheets, but knew that she wouldn't find the answer there. Climbing out of bed, she reached for her glasses, only to realize that she had left them in school! And they wouldn't be open today. Damn!

Still, she seemed to have no trouble seeing perfectly clearly in the twilight. Not only that, her vision seemed to be perfectly sharp. She glanced around, marveling at all the details she could read. Even the little labels on the clothing in her closet displayed in perfect resolution!

She swung her legs out of bed. Oh my god! Legs! They were so long and so tightly muscled, strong yet still feminine.

Mary ran to the bathroom and turned on the lights, not that she needed them now. Force of habit.

She was beautiful. Absolutely striking. How tall was she now? Just as she thought it, a mental image of a ruler appeared in her mind. She laughed at the absurdity, knowing that her invisible measuring stick was perfectly accurate. Quickly stacking them up, she measured in at 5'8". She had grown eight inches!

And what an eight inches it was! Every inch of her was perfectly, naturally tanned. Her skin seemed to be hairless, save that on her face and some silky strands neatly decorating her vagina.

She started at her small, delicate feet, toes perfectly formed and nails perfectly clean and polished. Her calves were so long, so sinuous, strong, lean muscle running along their backs.

Amazingly, they looked like they had been given the perfect shave—no bumps at all, no sign of irritation, just hairless, flawless stems that would make men lust after her and women green with envy.

Her thighs were thick, strong, and perfectly symmetrical. She flexed them, watching those muscles bunch into view elegantly and then disappear back into pure, seductive flesh. She traced her fingers over it, shivering from how soft her skin was, and how much resistance her legs gave when she tensed. Despite their size, she could see a perfect triangular gap formed by the space in between her crotch and her quads.

She ran her hands over her pussy, feeling a light shiver of arousal as she traced those perfectly smooth lips, moving upwards through her thin, silky, perfectly trimmed bush.

Her butt was... large, but none of it was fat. This was hard-earned muscle, a result of regular dedication and discipline at the gym—except she'd never actually been to a gym. Her cheeks were so firm, so tight... Mary rolled her hands behind to her behind and gave it a squeeze. Someone could probably bounce quarters off of her bubble butt!

She was sporting a beautiful six-pack for her abs. They rippled with every movement, looking so luscious, so strong to the touch. She tensed her core for a moment and gasped as they presented themselves to the world, demanding its attention. Mary stood in the mirror and simply flexed and relaxed, back and forth, back and forth.. Rock-hard and rippling, softly seductive and defined, built like a brick wall, feminine and strong. Her breathing was getting shallow now.

And despite all of this muscle, her breasts were absolutely enormous. How could someone this fit have natural breasts this large?! Okay, maybe they weren't natural. Supernatural? They certainly weren't fake.

Perfectly round spheres of healthy, evenly tanned flesh sat high on her chest, without any need for support. They were so full, so round, probably a hint of them visible from behind, with the most wonderful gap of separation between them. Her bosom overfilled her hands now as she kneaded her firm, mouth-watering flesh. Mary still couldn't believe that body in the mirror was hers.

She was mesmerized for minutes, enjoying the ripe firmness of her breasts and pinching, flicking, tweaking her nipples in circles. As she moaned in arousal, swaying her sculpted body back and forth, she felt the swish of her hair on her lower back. Wait, lower back!?

She ran the back of her hand through the lustrous mane. It was so silky and thick. This was like something out of a shampoo commercial, but even better. She examined her roots—strong and healthy. She luxuriated in the feel of it as she ran her fingers through her hair, over and over. No tangles at all. No split ends either. She wouldn't spend time obsessing over them and constantly trying to break them off.

Mary tried something she'd always wanted to do. She flipped her hair outward and turned,

letting it spill along her tight, toned arms and sexy flank, placed her finger in her mouth and struck a come-hither look at herself in the mirror. She was sexy!

Examining that bedroom look she was giving, she noticed that every last wrinkle was gone while her face was resting. Her eyes looked clearer, brighter, no longer cloudy with age. Eyebrows thick and arched, eyelashes long and individual. When she smiled, the cutest creases formed at the sides of her lips.

Brushing her hair back, she finally examined her arms. No hint of fat on her underarms. Unreal. Like most of the rest of her body, they were perfectly smooth and hairless now. She flexed her biceps, giggling at the beautiful little swell of muscle that formed. Once more for good measure, she stared at herself, completely in the nude, struck a pose, and flexed. Swells of tightly packed muscle decorated her arms, her abs, her thighs. She was built, but still undoubtedly feminine and beautiful.

Oh no! How am I going to get dressed!? She thought to herself, as if this were suddenly some sort of disaster.

Not only was her entire body shape different, but how on earth was it going to account for eight new inches in height, almost all in her legs! Mary recalled the images of fitness models on the magazines in her grocery store, wearing yoga leggings and cropped sports bras. If only she had some of those... they would probably be stretchy enough.

And just like that, a pair of black leggings began to form along her lower body. She screamed as she watched the mysterious black fabric crawl along her legs, not realizing what it was. It immediately halted its progress.

Mary panicked and scraped the unknown element off her legs. She thought for sure she was in some horror movie and was about to be consumed alive... until she examined the scraps of cloth under her perfectly manicured fingernails. It was just clothing? She was expecting some sort of living, alien slime!

The remaining bits of fabric broke off and fluttered to the ground. She shook her hands clean, watching the scraps under her fingernails join their brethren. With a deep breath, Mary closed her eyes and focused on that image of the model on that magazine cover.

She felt the stretchy garment form over her legs again, hugging every succulent curve tightly. It was strange to feel her pants being put on "upside-down," from the calf up. She could tell just from the sensation how incredible her proportions were, as they took forever to climb up her endless legs and crept outward to cover her flared hips. Finally, they were topped with an elastic waistband right before her bellybutton, leaving her rock hard six-pack visible to the world.

Skippping a few inches, the fabric began to stitch itself together once again as an elastic band right beneath her bust. And once again, she could tell just from her mind's eye and clothing's touch how large the swells on her beautiful chest were. As the sports bra began to cover up that

fabulous bosom, she flexed her pectorals, causing her breasts to bounce, testing the limits of her conjured fabric. No problem at all. Her outfit was simultaneously a part of her, yet not.

Leaving it low cut enough to display her hypnotic cleavage, the straps formed over her perfectly carved collarbone and wrapped over her back, over her shoulder blades, attaching to itself. Finally, she opened her eyes.

Fitness model be damned. She was an absolute goddess. There was no way any magazine covergirl could compare to Mary now.

Experimentally, she crossed her arms and pulled her top off. It came off fluidly in one piece, not disintegrating or disappearing. She tossed it onto her bed, watching closely in mid-flight. It seemed just like a regular piece of clothing.

With a shrug, she conjured an identical top, but in white, this time watching the process as it happened. Oh, she would definitely have to play with this later.

Feeling dressed for the part, Mary decided to head into the city and try out a gym.

Without putting on any shoes, Mary stepped out the front door at 6:00 AM as the sun began to rise. Taking a brief moment to conjure a cute pair of trainers—the complicated rubber, nylon, and shoelace mechanisms not bothering her at all—she began to run.

Faster and faster she pushed, her long, lean, toned legs never feeling the burn of exertion. Soon, she could tell from the blurred countryside that she was going much faster than her old lemon ever could, and much more smoothly too. She laughed with joy as she put on another burst of speed. Passing her car on the side of the road, she spit at the broken down machine, her blob of saliva launched with such force that it actually pinged off the metal frame and left a dent! Mary didn't notice and kept running.

She covered the one hour drive in a mere ten minutes, showing up at the doorstep of the gym. Stepping inside, she saw some early patrons using some of the machines. Her enhanced vision made out every detail about the gym's badge, and she conjured one in her pocket, the glossy lamination and plastic rectangle perfectly recreated just from a quick glance, and flashed it at the receptionist.

Mary really didn't know where to start, so she started at the beginning. Walking to the dumbbell rack, she picked up the smallest weight. A few bicep curls didn't even cause her muscle to flex. She waved the two pounder every which way, feeling nothing at all.

A few more steps up, and still nothing. She moved to the ones marked 55 and began to play with those. At this point, she'd caught the eye of one of the male gym rats, and he approached her.

"Hey, hey! Be careful! You could hurt yourself!" he warned her.

"Oh. Oh! I'm sorry, I'm not quite sure what I'm doing," Mary said demurely. She looked at the

bodybuilder and felt an unfamiliar flush of arousal. He couldn't have been more than 25 compared to her 50, but 50-year-old Mary didn't look quite so 50 these days.

"Well, you gotta be pretty strong," he said, as he admired her muscles. "Actually, how can you have a body like this if you don't work out?!"

"Lucky, I guess." Mary smirked.

"Here, try this." He did a simple curl with the weight.

"Yup, I already did that."

"How many times?"

"I dunno, how many times am I supposed to do it?"

"Well, let's find out."

He handed her back the weight, and she began to curl it effortlessly. Faster and faster she went, 15, 16, 17... at some point, he could barely track her movements!

"Whoa, okay! That's way too many. You're really not tired?"

Mary shrugged. "Felt like I could've gone forever." She actually flexed for real, allowing a smooth bulge to rise. There was no sign of perspiration or pump on her.

"Wow, girl. That's wild. Why don't you try a pull up?"

"Where do I do that?"

He placed a palm on her back and guided her toward a rack. "Can you jump up and grab those bars?"

"Like this?" With a little hop, Mary grabbed onto the overhead bar with one hand.

"Yeah, but use two hands! You're gonna need it. Girls don't have as much upper body strength as guys, you know."

Mary did as she was instructed.

"Okay, now keep your body still and try to pull your own weight up until your chin clears the bar."

Mary smoothly rose above the bar in an instant. "Like this?"

"Okay, now come all the way back down to hang loose and do it again."

Rep after rep, Mary's body ricocheted up and down. This man seemed to know what he was doing, but she still didn't feel anything at all! "Are you sure this is right?"

He didn't answer. He just stared at her tight read as it bobbed up and down. Even her back was sexy. He licked his lips.

"Hello?" Mary asked again.

"Oh, uh, huh. Yeah. How many was that?"

"I'm on 25 now."

"25!? Hey, hey, come down here."

Mary shifted to one hand and did a couple more, much to his amazement. Then she dismounted and landed silently on her feet. "Did I do okay?" she asked. "I still don't feel anything."

Wow... he mouthed. He put his hand on hers, laying it on thick.

"Hey babe, yeah, you did great. Would you want to go and have some coffee with me? Right now?"

Mary blushed furiously. Was this young man really asking her out?! She entertained the thought more than a little, but as he wrapped both his hands around hers and began to rub, she felt... a dark impulse flow through his body. She could see herself spread against a table, him pushing her down from behind, and beginning to unzip his belt...

She quickly removed her hands from his, and the feeling went away.

"No, I'm afraid not," she replied curtly. "Thank you for the help."

Still shuddering in disgust, Mary quickly made her way toward a group of women taking a class at the other end. Their class had just ended, and they all walked past Mary, single file, admiring her body. One girl approached her.

"Hey, are you a trainer here? I don't recognize you."

"No, I'm not. First day here."

"Wow, last gym wasn't working out for you or something? Sure doesn't look that way to me! I'm Steph."

"Hi Steph, I'm Mary. Yeah, I'm a substitute teacher. Just looking around, I guess."

"You're a teacher!?" Steph's eyes grew wide as saucers. "Well, whatever you're teaching, I wish I could get some of those lessons!" She winked.

"If you want some math, or um, biology lessons, you can call me. Want my number?"

Steph stared blankly, shook her head, then made a decision on the spot. "Okay, let me be straightforward. Would you like to go on a date with me?"

Mary smiled at the shorter woman. She seemed to radiate warmth, unlike the guy who had

approached earlier. Feeling emboldened, she reached out to touch Steph's hands, sensing a strong sexual attraction and genuine curiosity towards herself from the young lady. Mary had never considered other women before, but she found that she was quite open to the idea of dating one. Besides, being suddenly interested in a woman was definitely the least weird thing to have happened to her in the last few days.

"Okay. Okay," Mary answered, more to reassure herself than anything. She, an aging, lonely recluse, experiencing new horizons at this age? She tried to calm her beating heart. "Yes, I would like to go on a date."

"Great!" Steph handed her phone over.

Mary quickly tapped her digits into Steph's phone and handed it back. Steph nearly jumped with glee as she looked at those seven numbers. "I hope I get a lesson from you soon, teacher Mary," she winked.

Mary smiled and walked out of the gym. It seemed pretty clear that there was nothing else of value there for her.

Mary's long legs pounded the road as she made her way home from the city gym. Running at hundreds of miles an hour, she tested her agility by slipping in some cartwheels. Pushing off the ground with her fingers, she flew forward even faster, shattering the Guinness record for "longest distance cartwheeled," if that was a thing. Landing back on her feet, she performed a long jump, flying through the air, curly waves of dark brunette hair splayed out behind her. A few more front flips, twists, and she was like a gymnast performing a tumbling routine, except over a one hundred mile distance.

On the way, she judged a one mile jump perfectly, her dainty feet landing on top of her broken down sedan, flattening the hood like a pancake. Her impact sent a shuddering shockwave echoing in a circle from her impact. Hah! Just for good pressure, she stomped on the car some more, exploding the tires as the whole thing hit solid earth. Then, she hopped off and continued her homeward journey.

When she reached the vast acreage of her run-down property, she considered changing into a more normal outfit for doing chores, but it felt like a shame to discard her gym wear even though she could probably just remake it. It was her first ever outfit, after all.

Her hypersonic travel through the house picked up all the dust that had gathered. She went to her closet, peeled off her tight, flattering leggings and crop top, all no worse for wear, and hung them up. Keeping her trainers on, which were also completely undamaged, she conjured a pair of tight jeans and a loose flannel shirt, tied off above her midriff. In that same breath without missing a beat, she ran right out of the house again, sucking up all the dust in her wake and blasting it outside.

Mary's first stop was the tractor shed. One of the tires had long since been damaged, and it sat useless and idle for years. Leaning forward at the waist, she placed one hand underneath the

chassis and smoothly lifted the whole front half off the earth, tilting it at a 45 degree angle.

She pressed it up and down, causing the heavy machinery to groan, but it still felt no heavier than the lightest weight at the gym. Using her free hand, she unscrewed the 12 tight bolts around the rim of the tractor, her hand much more powerful than any mechanical power tools could ever be. In no time at all, she had the entire thing detached.

Moving at superspeed, she grabbed the new tire that had sat in the corner for years. Before the tractor could fall even an inch, she was back in place, supporting its weight again. Mary lifted the heavy tire into place and screwed it tight with just her slim fingers.

The complex, heavy task was done in minutes. She climbed into the driver's seat and gave it a try. The engine turned over, and she excitedly took it out for a quick drive. Everything seemed to be working perfectly!

Still, it was a bit slow for her tastes now. She killed the engine, hopped off, and lifted the whole thing overhead. The entire scene would have looked ludicrous—a piece of machinery weighing over 10,000 pounds, supported by a fit and toned sub 6' girl. She jogged back to the shed and put it back in its resting place.

A bunch of old wire, tubing, and assorted rubbish sat in the corner of the shed. She grabbed the metal pipe and ran with it to the front of her driveway where recycling could pick it up. On the way, she idly bent it with her arms, reshaping it into a perfect circle effortlessly with her endless strength. She rubbed her fingers over the ends of it at superspeed, welding the bits together to complete the seal. Wrapping her slender digits over the join, she smoothed the piping out so that it looked absolutely seamless.

Resting it on the stone, she went back for all of the dangerous, sharp wire that was left over. Sticking her hand straight into the rusted material, it left no mark on her skin as she picked up the entire loop and threw it over her shoulder. She pinched off lengths of it with her fingernails and scratched at it, causing the rust to flake off. When she reached her circular tube, she placed various lengths down on the circle, forming the diagram once again. Only then did she regain awareness of what she was doing.

No! What is going on! She gasped when she saw the familiar, alien piece of art.

The sun was setting now. Nervous and uneasy, she headed to bed, wondering what dreams would haunt her tonight.

Chapter 4

I was parallel to the earth, enveloped by a blue beam of light. It carried me upwards. Quickly, I scanned the world around me to try and figure out where I was. It must have been a clearing in a large field. I memorized the trees around me and looked into the night sky, attempting to commit the star map into my mind as well. My view was blocked by a large UFO, which opened up to swallow me whole.

Three blurry beings awaited me inside.

Mary had something to look for now. A clearing, the position of some stars, the look of some treetops...

First things first. She began to crawl out from under the sheets when she realized that her feet were dangling off the edge of the bed!

Making her way to the vanity once again, she revelled in the anticipation of checking out her new body. It was already perfect; how much perfecter could it get?

She gasped at the sight of the long, flowing, bright neon blue hair in the mirror. It just seemed... right. It whispered to her as she stroked it, promising Mary that she still had amazing changes to come.

Still to come? Did that not include the extra inches she had gained, once again all in her legs? Mary gasped as she stood on a single stem, slowly raising the other one straight up without any support. She marveled at her legs in her perfect standing split, her pointed toes and flexing foot far exceeding the height of her head, noticing that her silky, tasteful pubic hair had also turned the same shade of blue.

She gazed into her own iridescent blue pools of her eyes. They also seemed to be enhanced. Not only that, she seemed to be boring into her own soul, digging deep into her own mind and creating a feedback loop as she read her own thoughts. Ouch!

Shaking her head clear of the confusing kaleidoscopic fractals she had just seen, she discovered that she had a new power! With a little beckon of her finger, her jeans and flannel shirt flew from the closet and hovered in front of her. A dismissive wave, and they flew back, perfectly folded and hung. She had telekinesis!

Giggling, Mary took her time strolling through the house as she mused about various outfits she could wear. She conjured denim cutoff shorts, low cut tees, tight sweaters, all those things she saw in fashion magazines that she'd never thought she could pull off with her previous stocky, stodgy build. Now, she was a blue bombshell on legs. Legs that lasted for days.

Every outfit she conjured flew off of her body and lined up neatly in her closet. Her house was just a whirlwind of new clothing, created out of nowhere and filling her wardrobe. Short, scandalous and low cut black dresses, evening gowns, lacy lingerie, long flowing chiffon dresses, casual blouses, tee-shirts, leather jackets... her closet was long since full, but the excess just "piled" up in midair along her walls. She clucked her tongue when she realized that her old, discount-store clothing was still taking up space. With a thought, her front door swung open, and her old moth-eaten rags all flew outside to wait for her.

Dressed now in a pair of pajama shorts, Mary paced around the living room, her luscious legs on full display, as well as the delectable tight spheres of her butt. She also wore a far too small t-shirt that molded perfectly to her skin, emphasizing every curve as well as the large bumps of her nipples. She skipped outside, enjoying the length of her new stride. She knew just what to

do with the old clothing.

Her eyes flashed a bright hue of blue, and a translucent azure beam of light shot from her pupils. They incinerated that undignified bundle of rags that reminded her of her old self, leaving only ash in the wind.

Cutting off the laser beams, she combed her fingers through her wavy ocean hair once more. Mary knew there was still so more to come—much more than mere incineration via a glance of her cerulean bedroom eyes. They blazed in anticipation.

Back inside her modest house, she hovered cross-legged in the air, eyes closed. Bringing her newfound telekinetic powers to bear, bright blue hair floating up vertically, Mary shunted all the windows open and sent all of the dust flying outside. She even deconstructed her rickety staircase, prying all of the old nails out of the wooden boards. The age-worn metal straightened out under her power as each floorboard hung in midair. The wood smoothed and evened out under the force of her will, all holes and splinters scrubbed clean and reintegrated. Every wooden plank simultaneously flew black into place, with every nail effortlessly sinking into the boards. She exercised the pressure of her weight upon it with her telekinesis, happily noting that it was far sturdier and didn't creak, thanks to her masterful craftsmanship.

She was just in the process of "buffing" her countertops and removing the effects of Father Time on her dilapidated walls when her cell phone rang. She tapped the answer button with her mind and commanded her phone to hover before her.

"Hello?" Mary answered, still scrubbing her walls with her mind. It was an unknown caller.

"Is this Mary the teacher?"

"Steph?" Mary recognized the voice. She had a perfect memory now, after all.

"It is! Would you like to go on a date with me, say, this afternoon?"

Mary's house stopped repairing itself. She gathered herself and extended her beautiful legs to the floor, one at a time.

"Um, yeah! Sure Steph! Where and when?"

"How about a coffee at Brewers on 6th and Washburn, and then a walk or jog in the park?"

"Okay, sure! Hey, um, I hope this doesn't sound too lame, but... what should I wear?"

"You really haven't done this before, have you? Are you sure you're okay with this?" Steph asked cautiously.

"Yes! Yes! Just... help me out. Please."

"Why don't you just dress comfortably? I'm sure you'll look utterly beautiful. Just wear what you wore when I met you, if you're not sure."

“Okay Steph! I’ll see you at 11:00?”

“Looking forward to it!”

Mary arrived second, traveling the entire distance with her superspeed strides. Smoothing out her newly conjured yoga pants and much more modest sports bra, she caught not only Steph’s eye in the independent cafe, but all of the other patrons as well, what with her neon blue hair, splayed all the way down to her lower back.

“Whoa Mary. You dyed your hair blue?”

“Do you like it?” she asked, as she reached out to touch Steph’s hand.

“It’s cool and all. I just didn’t really expect it from a teacher. You really are a mystery! Everyone’s looking!” she whispered the final bit.

Mary looked around the cafe, finding that she could hear all of their minds in clear focus, even without physical contact. Surface thoughts ranging from a flattering “Wow, she’s beautiful and exotic” to a vulgar “She’s a freak I’d like to fuck!” all flooded into her mind. With a frown, she projected a wish that nobody would stare at her or bother her about it, or even think it... and then they didn’t. Everyone returned to their business.

“I’m sorry, you were saying?” Mary asked, focusing her attention back on Steph.

“Oh, uh... I dunno. Suddenly lost my train of thought. Come on, I’ll buy you a drink. Don’t say no. You’re a teacher; I owe it to you!”

They sat by the window, cradling their foamy, sweet, milky beverages.

“So how’s the teaching gig?” Steph asked.

“It’s okay. I’m actually just a substitute teacher in a small town. Work can be... unsteady.”

“Oh for real? Where are you from?”

“Castroville, about an hour and a half from here.”

“Mary, you drove that far to come meet me?! You’re making me think I have a shot with you!” Steph gushed sincerely.

Mary smiled at the compliment and couldn’t refrain from reading Steph’s mind. “You’re a business consultant?”

Steph was taken aback. “How did you know?”

“Oh, uh... don’t worry about it,” she thought into her date’s mind.

“Okay, I won’t!”

Wow, she'd have to be more careful about this.

"Anyway, I'm a little surprised you agreed to meet me. You've never dated a girl, have you? Sorry I was so forward. The last time I tried to be subtle, halfway through the date, it became clear that she wasn't interested in girls. She thought we were just hanging out! At some point, I asked if she liked tacos, and she..."

"Said that she did, and recommended a Mexican restaurant? That's funny!" Mary guffawed.

"Yes!!! Man, you must be a mind reader! Anyway, that's why I try to be direct. I'm so happy you're here," Steph smiled. Mary felt Steph's genuine emotion, and could only smile in sympathetic response.

"It's such a nice day outside," Mary remarked. "Want to go for a walk?"

As Steph discussed her love and personal life, Mary felt a gentle wave of affection constantly exuding from her companion. It was warm, comforting, and safe. She didn't even realize that she was flying without her telekinesis, but everyone else did.

"Hey Mary, uh, people are staring at you, and it's not cuz of your hair. Actually, you're freaking me out too! Are you a street magician!? Don't tell me you're a substitute street magician!"

"What do you mean? Whoa!" she gasped as she wiggled her feet in midair. Mary panicked and reached out with her mind in a wide swath. "You are not disturbed by my beautiful hair or the fact that I can fly," she implanted her command into everyone within a five mile radius.

"What was I saying?" Steph blinked. "Oh, yeah, so mom and dad don't really approve of my 'lifestyle...'" she air quoted the word.

Mary paid attention to Steph as she floated alongside her, accentuating the difference in height even further. But without realizing it, she had unconsciously begun twisting trees with her telekinesis, warping and re-forming their branches. In no time at all, one of them had been transformed into that damned alien symbol once again!

"...so it's been hard. I'm sorry, have I been rambling too much? I can't believe I just spilled all my problems to you! Oh my god! Stupid me! I just felt... you were really receptive and in tune with me."

"It's not a problem, Steph! Really, it's not! I had a lovely time."

Steph looked absolutely crestfallen. "Had? This one is over already? So... no second date?" Her lip trembled.

"Oh, no, no! I'm sorry, that's not what I meant. I just meant, I think you're really beneath me."

"What?!"

"No, not just you... I mean, humanity. Look, I just... have some issues I need to sort out. I

promise, we will meet again!” She touched a finger to Steph’s forehead. “And forget what I just said about that beneath me bit.”

“You mean it? I’m so dumb! I promise I’ll be better next time!”

“Shh,” Mary leaned in for a hug, gently touching Steph’s mind and relieving her anxiety.

“Okay, okay. Thanks Mary. I had the most amazing time.”

Mary knew she was speaking the truth. And Steph was adorable. She could see Steph’s fantasies of them living together, Steph preparing a romantic meal to surprise her, making gentle love... but the fact was, Steph and the rest of humanity seemed more like little puppies to Mary now.

She needed to find her alien experimenters. Not concerned about being noticed, Mary rocketed off into the sky to begin her search.

Everyone in the public library turned to stare at the towering, leggy, blue-haired model who had just stepped in.

“Do you have any books on aliens?” the majestic creature asked.

The librarian chuckled. “You mean like how your blue hair makes you look?”

“Do not disrespect me again.”

The librarian withered under her command. “Ch-ch-check the alternative beliefs section...” she stammered in fear.

Mary floated above the crowd, silencing their gasps of awe with but a thought. She wasn’t sure what she was looking for, so she began to leaf through the books one by one. Pinching the leaves in between her fingers, she let the pages riffle as her eyes scanned every page, capturing every detail.

This was too slow. She floated backwards out of the aisle, and grabbed every book with her mind. They floated in front of her in a perfect grid, all of the pages riffing loudly in perfect sync as her sapphire eyes darted back and forth. When she was done, they all collapsed to the floor in a messy heap.

What a useless pile of garbage. Conspiracy theories of government cover-ups with so-called evidence, wildly differing images of what alien life forms looked like, and nothing that remotely resembled the symbol that she continually felt compelled to draw.

Mary immediately thought of something more concrete she could research.

Scanning the library, she looked for maps and star charts. Only when she had found the proper shelf did she realize that she was looking right through solid objects! With a little practice, the blue-haired ascending goddess managed to pick apart every page, despite the fact that they

were yellowed, faded, and all pressed together.

Still, nothing looked quite right. There was still the rotation of the earth to take into account, how long ago the map was drawn... and the UFO blocked the northern star from view. This was so frustrating!

Another scan of the library revealed that these meager humans had no further knowledge that would be of use. As she hovered by the Alternative Beliefs aisle, she paused to glare at the useless manuals, blasting it with the intense lasers from her eyes. The fire alarm went off as the sprinklers began to rain.

Mary transformed her exercise outfit into a chic waterproof overcoat and floated out of the building that housed so-called human knowledge.

Chapter 5

I was conscious but paralyzed. I tried to turn my head to view my surroundings, but my body wouldn't listen. Three forms that looked distinctly humanoid and... female, approached me. I could tell they were tall—extremely tall.

“Is this one worthy?”

“I think she will be.”

“We have not had a success in the last 61132000 years. We are fading away.”

“This one will find us.”

Mary experienced the dream as she lay horizontal above her bed. She didn't feel the need to sleep at all anymore. By merely closing her eyes, she received the dream images that had been haunting and guiding her.

In those few brief seconds where she experienced what must have been the source of her ascension, her body had changed once more, and she somehow knew, for the last time.

Ducking under the doorway, she laughed as the vanity mirror only covered up to her enormous, jutting bosom. She wasn't able to stand up straight in the bathroom anymore, what with her seven foot tall stature. Closing her eyes, she walked back to her bedroom, smashing the top of the frame and blowing it to pieces with her invulnerable head and shoulders.

The wreckage froze in midair and then reformed, thanks to her telekinesis.

Eyes still closed, she examined her body using just the tendrils of her mind. The feathery caress of her invisible touch washed over her, following every swooping curve of her torso, every bump and ridge of her fit and toned body. Her mental powers kneaded the firm orbs of her jutting chest, the carved musculature of her sinuous legs. She was a Goddess. Seven feet of luscious, fit, female perfection. Too good for mortal males to gaze upon and lust over. The mere thought

disgusted her.

Mary fashioned clothing that would really set her apart. No more of these earthly ties. Bright, blue latex formed from her upper right shoulder and crawled diagonally down her torso, hugging the firm flesh of her breasts and the brick wall that was her abs, covering her intimacy and ending just above her left thigh. It left both of her opposite limbs bare, looking completely luscious and succulent. And to finish it off, a pair of blue stiletto heels, adding even more to her prodigious height.

Out of obligation more than anything else, Mary flew to school to teach her Monday class. Every student gawked at the sculpted goddess before them.

“Are you... Mrs. Adams?”

She almost laughed at the thought of being called that. She knew that this couldn’t be her true name. She needed to be free of Earth.

“Maybe at one point, but no. No, I am not. Not anymore. My name is Revernia.”

When all the students were seated, still chattering over the appearance of their wonderful substitute teacher, Revernia remained standing, towering over her little desk. She opened the textbook with her mind and began to read. But using human speech felt incorrect as well.

Revernia touched their minds with her telepathy, inserting all of the lesson and its hidden nuances into her students’ minds. Their eyes glowed as they sat in trance for the full hour, learning such mundane concepts. When the bell rang, they regained their senses and cheered loudly at how wonderful their new teacher was. But she was gone.

Growing tired of this drudgery, Revernia flew back into the city soon after she’d touched down at school. She could sense all of the perverted sexual thoughts as she hovered past various males. With a little tweak, she shut off their ability to fantasize such things about her ever again. What was left for her here? She could take control of the planet and erect statues of herself, but why would a goddess need to rule a planet of ants?

She thought of Steph, the only person she had felt any sort of bond with during her rise to power. Revernia dialed her number.

“Mary?” Steph answered.

“It’s Revernia now. Steph. Meet me at the cafe.”

“Right now? I can’t, I’m working!”

“Yes you can. It’s important. I will make it so that nobody will bother you. Start walking.”

“Whoa, uh, okay! I’m walking,” she hissed into the phone, unable to refuse Mary—no, Revernia’s—edict. “My boss is just waving me along, telling me to go! Did you talk to him already?!”

“Of course he is. And I suppose I did, in a sense.”

“Okay, okay, I’ll be there! See you soon... Revernica.” Steph slammed the car door shut and floored it.

Revernica waited patiently, hovering two feet above the ground. Five minutes later, Steph came speeding down the street and slammed the breaks as she parked her car.

“Re-revernica?” Steph trembled at the might and beauty that towered over her.

“Yes, Steph. I told you that I was above you, and that there’s something I need to do. You... are the only regret I have for leaving this world. I do not know where I am going, and I do not expect to be back. I am sorry.”

Steph began to sob. She had never met a true goddess before! And she had no doubt that Revernica was. In fact, a goddess. “Please, please don’t leave me! I’ll worship you! I’ll do anything you ask! I love you!”

“Hush, little earthling,” Revernica ordered with a push of her telepathy. Steph’s pleading cries ended. Revernica wiped the salty tears off of her pet’s face.

She reached a long arm behind Steph’s head and lifted her with her telekinesis. Closing her eyes and parting her lips, Revernica pressed her delicious folds against Steph’s, feeling her loyal pet respond. Revernica nibbled Steph’s lips, darting and flicking her tongue into her helpless pet’s mouth, triggering Steph’s moans of arousal, causing her body to writhe in ecstasy.

“I will miss you,” she let Steph fall to the floor, still shuddering in orgasmic bliss, and flew off.

Hovering high in the atmosphere, Revernica scanned the entirety of Earth and the stars beyond with her x-ray vision, looking for signs of her abduction site. She found none. Suddenly, a revelation came to her. There were never any aliens, at least not like the ones depicted on Earthly media. Her own mortal mind had been trying to rationalize the experience the best it could, and the only way it could save her sanity was to tie it to something she was familiar with. But as she had ascended, the dreams—no, visions—had become clearer and clearer. Her mind had expanded to accept the truth. The star charts, the forest clearing, the blue beam of light... it was all an illusion conceived by her mortal form’s inadequate insight and knowledge of the world.

The only thing Revernica had left to go on was that symbol. Sonic booms echoed in her wake as she arrived high above her old, humble abode. Focusing her eyes, she drew the hieroglyph deliberately, purposefully, focusing all her attention on it instead of going through the subconscious movements. She would no longer be scared of it. Her lasers blasted deep into the Earth’s crust, powerful and precise, obliterating all matter in her path and turning it to atoms.

She drew the circle. The earth crackled as its dirt was vaporized. The very measured zigzags. Her entire tractor shed caught on fire for a brief moment before disintegrating as well under her

casual glance. A pair of zigzags on the opposite end. And then, for the finishing touch, a swift, deliberate stroke down its middle.

And suddenly she understood. They were instructions for building a wormhole, and the final line represented her plunge into it.

Chapter 6

Revernia stood on the surface of the moon. She gazed upon the Earth, her previous home which she had outgrown. With a snap of her fingers, she wiped everyone's memories of her and said her final teary farewell to Steph.

She flew out into deep space beyond light speed. There was only... black. A vast nothingness. Carving through the vacuum, she began to build the wormhole. A large golden sphere began to form, thickening and coming into view from her beyond-lightspeed wake. Extreme velocity and energy put precisely in one end. The same on the other. The glowing portal opened, and she dove in, headfirst.

As she flew through the tunnel of her making, she saw a bright light at the end of it. Without pause for thought, she reached for it with both arms, exiting the wormhole at beyond light speed, coming to a full stop in an instant.

She was in a bright, asymmetric crystal palace. Jagged gleaming peaks of refractive gemstone decorated every single surface. Revernia looked closely, her x-ray vision piercing through the illumination. Every inch of every gem detailed a map of a different quadrant of the universe. Her mind absorbed the information in an instant as she scanned for her old home, Earth. She found the blue planet and the curvature of spacetime that her old galaxy influenced. She fixed some inaccuracies.

"Revernia, you have come." A voice brought her out of her universal exploration.

"We are glad."

"You are one of us now. We have not birthed a successful goddess in eons. The subjects we chose to kiss were not worthy in the end."

Three goddesses appeared in the middle of the room. All of them were tall, up to one or two feet more than Revernia herself. They approached her in perfect synchronicity, fluid hips swaying, jutting bosoms bobbing, long toned arms swinging languidly. A beautiful red-skinned one with blue hair like Revernia's was on the left, a dark green-skinned one with emerald hair and emerald eyes on the right. In the center was the tallest, most regal of them all. She was fair-skinned, smooth and beautiful like porcelain. Her long platinum-blond hair flowed down past her butt and seemed to change lengths nonstop. Even her outfit was flowing, constantly shifting across her goddess' curves, shimmering in and out of existence at random. Revernia could see the depth of wisdom in all of their eyes, especially from the one in the center. She knew she was but a child among this pantheon.

"Goddesses, I am humbled to be found worthy by ones such as you," Revernica responded reverently.

Ending 1

"Now be with us, child. We have 1,5283 of your Earth years before we shall try to birth another. The cycle must continue."

Three crystal studded thrones emerged from the floor, directly in the center of the universe where it had all started. All three goddesses snapped their fingers, and a fourth appeared, right next to them. Revernica took her throne as the newest ruler of time and space.

Meanwhile, back on Earth, the very same day that Revernica had kissed her, Steph had a dream of being enveloped in a blue light, slowly descending and being placed back into her bed.

Ending 2

"Now, we know that the cycle will continue. You will carry on our legacy."

"Do you wish to join us?"

"Do you still have any mortal ties, despite wielding all this power?"

Revernica thought back to her life as Mary. A long, arduous journey, accented by loneliness and defined by inactivity. An unfulfilled dream of helping to influence the lives of children. A beautiful, sincere woman that she'd never known she needed until far too late, and that she'd been chasing the wrong gender all along. Reliving her mortal experience took merely a second.

"Yes, yes there is, my fellow Goddesses. I am sorry."

"No worries, child. You have 1,5283 years before you need to help us continue the cycle. With your birth, our future is secure for millenia to come. Now go. We will partially bind your powers so that you may finish your business."

Mary dismissed her university students from her first ever two hour lecture. She was the youngest ever tenured professor. Her recommendation from her colleagues and the administration had been unanimous.

Her phone rang.

"Heeeey, young hotshot professor. When do I get office hours, hmm?" Steph giggled at the other end.

Mary smiled. "Soon, my naughty beloved, soon. I'll be home in a jiffy."

She walked down the distinguished hallways of the scholastic building, scanned for an empty room with her x-ray vision, and walked into it. With just a thought, her glasses vanished, her hair turned bright neon blue, and her clothes disappeared, only to be replaced by a skintight

latex suit with a blue crest on her chest decorated with an 'R' insignia.

And then she blurred, leaving a trail of fluttering papers in her wake.