

Jackie of All Trades

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Master of Everything

"If only you spent as much time taking care of yourself as you did studying! Then, you might even have a date for prom...", Marie trailed off as she looked at her own test score.

"Haha, you're just upset that she didn't get a D- like you did! Besides, not everyone's daddy buys their daughters luxury shampoo," Lisa came to Jackie's defense. But Marie was already checking her makeup and hair with a pocket mirror.

Lisa looked back to Jackie and rolled her eyes. "But damn girl, you really must have studied a lot, huh? I barely passed! But it's enough to keep my track scholarship for college, and that's all that matters!"

"Y-yeah, it was really hard. I spent like, a whole hour on it last night," she tried to placate her friend.

Even Marie lowered her mirror as Lisa's eyes widened. "One hour!? I studied 2 days for this!" Lisa scowled.

"Oh, I mean, yeah, of course I studied before that! I just meant that I reviewed it for one hour last night!"

Jackie looked down at her test score. Perfect marks, as always. She learned from many years of experience that it was easy to hide how effortless it was from her friends.

"Anyway, I have to get changed for practice," Lisa grabbed her papers and stuffed them into her gym bag. "See you girls later!"

"Bye Lisa! But really, Jackie, are you going to go stag to prom?" Marie asked.

"I've never thought about it, okay!? Maybe if it were easy for me to get a boy, like you or Lisa," Jackie mused.

"Lisa is a total hottie, of course. But she works out every day. What do you expect? But I can help you take care of your appearance and teach you how to flirt. I mean, you have to take care of yourself! You can't spend all your time studying! Besides, we already got into college, so what's the point?"

"Fine, I'll think about it!" Jackie said, just to get Marie off her case.

But as Jackie lay in bed that night, after playing her MMO all day, every day, as she always did after school, Lisa's words rang through her ears. "If only..." And she never spent any time

studying. It was just easy for her, ever since she was a child.

She pushed her hand down the waistband of her pants as she began her nightly ritual. After watching a few porn videos and practicing on herself, she quickly mastered any techniques they demonstrated. She traced her index finger along her vulva to pick up some wetness and pressed against her own clit, softly at first, rubbing it to tease it out. The thought of actually trying to look like Lisa or flirt with boys distracted her, but within two minutes of stimulation, she had brought herself to her first orgasm. Her body recovered instantly, a phenomenon which happened when she was younger, and her mom walked in on her as she was coming. She had to fake as if nothing was happening, and the post orgasm weakness just left her body. It stuck with her ever since.

"What if I did work out? What if I did let Marie give me a makeover? What if...," as her fantasies and her fingers drove her body to another orgasm. She quaked and shuddered, then threw the covers off herself and climbed out of bed. She had some plans to make.

Hit the Gym

Jackie had decided. She was going to shape her body up first. Her family wasn't loaded like Marie, so how was she going to afford all those luxury things in the first place? But Jackie had always admired, and was even slightly aroused, by Lisa's athleticism.

But how to start? If Lisa was goals, then, might as well ask one of her best friends. After another mundane day of school where Jackie paid half attention to everything and absorbed it all, she and Lisa went out to the track. And before they even stepped out of the locker room, she remembered why she hated this.

Standing next to Lisa's sculpted yet feminine body, Jackie just felt that she couldn't measure up. Lisa looked just like those gorgeous fitness models advertising whatever stupid miracle drink online - not only was she built, but she had the pretty face and flowing long blonde hair tied up in a ponytail to match. Jackie couldn't help but admire Lisa's long, tan, legs. She always did.

"Okay girl, first things first. This is gonna be hard, but we all start somewhere. Don't forget I've been doing this for years. The most important thing is to pace yourself. Average people can sprint, like, 6 seconds, and then they're done," Lisa explained, while stretching. Jackie despaired that she wasn't even able to keep up with Lisa at this point as she watched Lisa effortlessly reach her toes with her fingers. Would this really work?

And so they went around the track, with Lisa talking as Jackie simply nodded, sweat dripping down her brow. After two laps, Jackie stopped to take a breather, letting Lisa go alone at her normal pace. Maybe this was just nonsense. Did she really think she could lose 15 pounds and put on muscle without having to work at it? This wasn't like learning school subjects.

Yet, as she was chastising herself, she found that the sweat stopped flowing as freely, and her breathing came more easily. With renewed vigor, Jackie took another lap, 180 degrees opposite of Lisa, matching her pace. It felt good! Then she did it again. And again.

Thankfully, Lisa didn't notice, or she might have been jealous. She vowed to come back later, on her own, without people watching. She waited for Lisa to finish, acting as if she had been resting the whole time, not conditioning herself into a top athlete in mere minutes.

They went to the gym later, as Lisa showed her how to use the equipment and what exercises to do. Jackie could barely contain her arousal at the thought of having arms as tight as Lisa. They looked like taut cables, so tan and strong, with no excess flesh. Lisa guided her to do it at a low weight before they parted for the day.

Jackie couldn't wait to see the results she would get.

Jackie's Limitless Energy

After everyone went home, Jackie stayed alone at the gym. She got under the squat rack and did as she was told, maintaining her form while lifting just the bar. She felt the burn in her butt and her upper legs, found herself short of breath, and re-racked the bar after a few reps. Still aroused from the exhilaration of her running practice, she called out, "Hello?" making sure that nobody was around. When all she heard was the echo of her voice, she dropped her gym shorts, flopped down by the squat rack, and teased herself into a body-wracking orgasm in 10 seconds flat. As usual, her stamina recovered instantly, feeling no weakness, but simply a warm afterglow as she matter-of-factly went about her business of doing another set.

It was then that she had a realization - she had been advised to take as long as she needed in between sets. "Don't rush it," Lisa had told her. But the burn in her body was gone. She was breathing totally normally. Getting in position again, she squatted the bar for much longer before feeling anything at all.

"Well, this isn't rushing, right?" She added weight.

A few more, and she felt the burn and the lack of air. But her body acclimated to the exercise, and after a few deep, meditative breaths, the fatigue left her body once again.

Jackie felt good. Powerful. Strong. And just like she'd discovered when she was younger, her body re-readied itself after physical exertion, just like her sexual escapades.

But, thinking about orgasming got her all hot and bothered again. So she diddled herself into another orgasm, this time holding onto the bar for support as her body quaked. And once again, her eyes snapped open, breathing completely even, ready to go.

"Oh wow," she thought. "I'll have to bring my dildo next time."

More weight, more squats, more orgasms. She warmed up a bit with stretches before running on the treadmill, discovering that she was easily doing near perfect splits now. She bent forward at the waist as her head met her calf, and her arms stretched forward, fingers grabbing her toes and pulling. It felt divine! And even better, it was easy.

Turning on the treadmill, she set it to the pace she had run this afternoon. After 5 minutes of

nonstop movement, she still didn't feel short of breath, which was a shame. Another orgasm would be nice, but that sounded like a good way to slide off the treadmill and hurt herself. She pumped up the speed, the fast, rhythmic thud of her shoes filling the room. When she finally felt short of breath, she turned off the treadmill, wiped her sweat with a towel, and recharged with another orgasm.

The next three hours were filled with the cycle of stretch, exercise, and repeat. By the end, she was curling the heaviest weights effortlessly, and even decided to try combining all three. With the dumbbell in her weaker left hand, she lifted her right leg completely vertical. Having practiced all of this, her balance and strength were more than adequate to the task. As she curled the weight, her free right hand teased her snatch with her usual expertise, causing her pussy lips to swell and her engorged clit to reveal itself. As she pumped the weight, pussy juice sliding down her leg, she triggered her own orgasm easily with some easy swirling from her fingers, never breaking form or stopping the exercise. Her eyes snapped open as she let go of the weight, the mighty metal falling with a clang, as she smiled at her accomplishments.

Everything was going even better than she had imagined. But how did she look now?

Jackie Runs Home

After her workout/masturbation routine, Jackie stripped off her gym gear. She sniffed herself, expecting to be suffering some severe BO given that she just gained who knows how many years of progress in a few hours, but she found that she smelled fresh and lovely, as if she had just come out of a scented bath. So she just tossed on a pair of t-shirt and jeans.

It was a nice spring evening, and she couldn't wait to get home to check herself out, and log into her computer game for her daily awards. Normally a 30 minute walk, Jackie decided to gauge exactly how she had gained in terms she would understand. Being able to squat at least 300 is great and all, but she had no frame of reference from beforehand.

With her backpack full of school books and a gym bag slung over her shoulder, she began the journey home. A light jog at first, then getting bored, she broke into a full on sprint. She caught up and overtook a cyclist, encumbered by her belongings as they banged rhythmically against her back. She realized that, watching the neighborhood zip by, it seemed as if she were sitting in a car driving through at a neighborhood's speed limit.

Still not tiring, she pushed herself to her newfound limit as the wind whipped over her face. Her legs and lungs were burning, but she pushed on. Only when her house was in view did she slow her pace, standing in front of her doorstep. Bent over doubled as she sucked in oxygen, she checked her watch. Five minutes! She made it home in five minutes!

The endorphins from her brief run were nice, and she stood still for a bit. Each shallow breath grew deeper, more satisfying, and she stood up straight, patting her face dry. No further sweat appeared on her brow.

Her new mastery was turning her on! Desperately wanting to masturbate to recharge herself,

she unlocked the door and went to her room. Her parents weren't home yet, as usual. Before she had even made it to the top of the stairs, her breathing had already improved to incredible efficiency.

"Well, no reason to masturbate now. But, no reason not to..." Jackie thought to herself as she willed her libido to fire up, pulling her panties to rub against her lips and clit as she made her way to her room. She almost made herself come before she even took two steps.

Dropping her bags on the floor, she stripped off her clothing and stood in front of the mirror.

Lithe, Slender, Stronger

Jackie was stunned by the vision in the mirror before her. All of the flab had vanished from her arms and legs, and been replaced with tight, sleek muscles. She wasn't built like a bodybuilder, but the way her calves, thighs, and butt popped, you knew that she was some sort of athlete.

But why didn't she look like a bodybuilder? She tried flexing a bicep in the mirror, and an aesthetic bump formed in her arm. The skin was smooth and tight around it. Maybe she needed to use more weight? Or maybe it had something to do with the fact that she didn't feel much resistance in her exercises? Within a few minutes, she would master whatever new weight she was handling. She'd have to keep an eye on it. Looking at her appearance the way it was now, she decided it was the perfect blend of fit and slender.

Amazingly, it wasn't just her body tone that had changed; even her limbs looked longer! She turned sideways and reached down to her toes. "Too easy," she thought. She tried standing, casually lifting one leg straight up to vertical without any aid, and then pushed on further, pressing on her leg to do a full 270 degrees. "Well that certainly makes it look longer!" she thought, as she rested on her own pose, examining the shape of her leg, leading to a very pleasing, firm butt and pussy lips.

However, she did see that her tummy still had an unacceptable amount of fat, which she pinched between her fingers. It was a complete disgrace compared to the rest of her. For the first time in years, she left her computer off, and got to work immediately. "Why didn't I do this sooner?" she thought.

Hooking her feet underneath her mattress, she lay down flat and began to do crunches. Oh yeah, she was definitely taller now; her head was bumping into a large dresser against the wall when it never would have before. Squatting down, she got her hands on either side of it and grunted. With a cry of surprise, the whole thing rose smoothly into the air! There she was, the spitting image of a fit supermodel, holding a fully loaded dresser casually in her bedroom.

She placed it back down and out of the way. There would be time to explore her new strength later. Going back into a lying position with her feet under the box frame of her bed, she began her sit ups at a breakneck pace. No need to hold back now. When she pushed herself as far as she thought she could go, a slight sheen of sweat covering her body, she would get up and look at herself in the mirror. Every single trip to and from the mirror was a sight to behold. Within

seconds, she recaptured her breath and stopped sweating. It was hard to see at first, but she realized that there was noticeable improvement after every single set. Oh how she laughed! She could take photos of herself as if it were a time lapse slideshow, except it took her an hour to do what other people did in a year!

As her torso tightened and a subtle six pack developed, she noticed that it also emphasized her breasts. The contrast between her pebbled abs and her perky tits was a sight to behold. She was never particularly large, but they fit in her hand nicely, and now definitely had some nice pop to them. Pinching one of her perfume pink, jutting nipples, she wished she were larger, but there was nothing she could do about that, could she? Anyway, maybe Marie would know how to dress them up.

The next set had a surprise for her: as she took her position once again and smoothly did another sit up, she found that the counterweight was no longer strong enough to hold her down! The entire bed rose off the floor, supported by nothing but her delicate feet! Quickly, she let it back down before everything came crashing to the floor. Then she lifted her legs again, and the whole thing rose effortlessly. Smiling, she now began doing leg lifts with the entire bed frame creaking to her rhythm.

She had started the day as just an average looking student. By 8PM flat, now she had the body of a supermodel with inhuman stamina and strength to boot. How far could she go, she wondered, as she jumped down the entire flight of stairs, landing lightly on her feet as she went to fetch dinner.

Get a Makeover with Marie

Jackie didn't sleep a wink last night; her eyes snapped open from her latest orgasm. Having gotten bored of lifting heavy things in the most difficult way possible, she practiced getting herself off in different ways - pinching and flicking her nipples, or fingering herself instead of hammering away at her clit. She was quite skilled with her dildo (obviously), but her newfound flexibility and strength unlocked many more avenues for her to discover pleasure. With her longer limbs, she had an easier time reaching down, her incredibly stronger fingers spreading her lips and curling up to find her G-spot. She did that one 10 times straight, and considered doing ten more if she hadn't had plans already. She'd read up on kegels - she couldn't wait to get started on that. Maybe she wouldn't even have to touch herself in the future.

At 10AM, she ran 15 miles, pushing herself as fast as she could. Stopping four times to catch her breath, she was at it again within seconds, and faster than before. She made it ahead of schedule, and sat in the entrance to the local shopping mall to wait for Marie.

Marie showed up at 10:30 on the dot, excited that Jackie was finally willing to try putting on makeup and letting Marie shop for her. She greeted her friend with a hug, and was surprised by the tight and firm embrace that pressed against her. It was more like hugging Lisa than the Jackie she knew; no, strike that, maybe three or four Lisas at once.

"Damn girl, have you been working out!? You didn't tell us?" she inquired.

"Just a little bit...", Jackie smiled sheepishly. This was a routine she was familiar with, having to hide how little effort she put into her accomplishments. And it wasn't even a lie; she had only worked out for a day.

"So you ARE interested in getting a boy after all, right? I knew it!" Marie reached out for a high five as Jackie returned it. She only now noticed that Jackie seemed taller, by quite a few inches even. "Hey, are you wearing heels? You seem, like, a lot taller."

Jackie cleared her throat. "Just... not slouching anymore. I'm trying to take this seriously, you know?"

Marie looked Jackie up and down. She had a much more commanding presence now. "You look good. Keep doing that. Now let's go!"

New Makeup, New Clothes, New Revelations

Marie hit all her favorite stops in the mall, dragging Jackie along with her. They visited the makeup store first, where she and the employees tested different foundations to match her skin tone, did her lashes, put on eyeshadow, the works. Jackie hardly recognized herself as she looked in the mirror - now she understood why Marie spent so much time on this.

After she got all made up, Marie took her to some retail stores. She pointed out that Jackie had exactly one style - plain tees and jeans. "BORING!!!" she screamed at the top of her lungs as she made a face. The mall stopped to stare at her, but she paid no mind as she dragged Jackie into her favorite retailers. Jackie admired her friend's confidence.

"What size do you wear Jackie?" She asked as she flipped through sales racks, not even looking at her friend.

"Uh, I dunno...", Jackie was being honest. She didn't remember, and even if she did, she had no idea what size she was now.

Marie clicked her tongue. "Don't worry about it. Just take these," Marie threw a whole pile of clothes in her friend's arms, "and go to the dressing room. I'll meet you there."

Jackie followed instructions as she took an unoccupied room. Looking at her face in the mirror with the makeup, she never realized just how light her eyes could be with the eyeshadow accentuating it. She really liked it, she had to admit. The foundation really helped her skin to look completely smooth and even. She remembered one of the tanner colors and wondered how she would look with a bit of a sun.

She took off her plain tee and slipped into a one shoulder t-shirt. Checking herself out in the mirror, she noticed... was her skin darker than before!? She looked at her exposed shoulder, looking for her familiar farmer's tan. No, it was the same tone as her face now, looking completely smooth and supple.

Before she could react to this new discovery, she heard Marie calling for her. Jackie opened the

door to model her first piece of clothing for Marie.

Marie nodded. "That looks good." Without any explanation, she lifted the shirt up just a bit, to expose Jackie's stomach. "OMG!" She stared dumbfounded at Jackie.

"What is it?" Jackie asked, taken aback. Did something weird happen!? Maybe her stomach was a way different color from the rest of her body!? She didn't have the guts to look.

"Your abs are RIPPED! And you must be like, a size 2! No, probably even 0! Holy fuck Jackie! You could have all the boys chasing you! I'm not even into girls, and I'll go gay for you!"

With that, she ran back out into the store, but not before stealing a long, lingering glance. She came back with all manner of crop tops, shorts, anything to show off her hot friend's body.

With three bags full of new clothing, Marie took Jackie by the hand, and the two of them went back to her place.

A Tease Too Far

Back in Marie's room, she made Jackie change into a low cut crop top and a pair of booty shorts. She claimed it was to help Jackie get used to showing so much skin. Jackie, for one, did feel embarrassed. She wasn't used to having a body of a supermodel yet, and she had never worn anything so risque. She felt the air conditioned breeze blow over her thighs and shoulders and shivered. And so much the better for Marie, who just wanted to gaze at this magnificent creature with adoration and envy.

"Okay, so, a lot of it is just being confident, ok?" Marie explained. "You don't have to be a total fucking bombshell, thank GOD," she pointed up and down at Jackie's body, "or the normal girls like me wouldn't stand a chance."

"Oh come on Marie! You're popular with all the boys."

"That's because I've got confidence! I know how to be me."

"Well, I think you're pretty. Really pretty," Jackie blushed as she paid her friend a compliment. Marie felt her heart flutter, but played it cool.

"Like I was saying, you just have to be you. Some chicks are funny, some are smart, some are thoughtful, whatever! The point is, you have to be comfortable in your own skin."

"Okay... yeah... confident. I can do that...," Jackie thought to herself. How did people see her? Was there something she could focus on like Marie had mentioned?

Marie rolled her eyes. "Yeah, very convincing. Anyway, that doesn't happen overnight. You have to practice. At least try to mingle tomorrow at Lisa's party. I'll help you, okay? I know you're great, now the whole world needs to know. NOW, I wanna get to the fun stuff!"

"Fun stuff?"

"Oh yeah! You can talk to a guy, but guys are dense! You have to let them know you're interested!"

"How?"

"Lots of little stuff. Tons of eye contact. Smile at him if he sees you! Or, if you want to play it coy, try looking away and grinning. It depends on the guy."

"I didn't know this was such a science," Jackie lamented.

"No, it's easy! Another one is touch. Lots and lots of touch. Find excuses to touch him, and let your touch linger, maybe like this," Marie got up and ran her hand over Jackie's bare arm, letting her fingers trace just a little longer than necessary.

"Oh god! There's no way I would do that! He might get the wrong idea!" Jackie squealed.

"That's the POINT, dummy! If it's something you like, come up behind him, and greet him like this. Find any excuses you can to touch. Maybe get close and whisper in his ear...", Marie demonstrated, standing on her tiptoes and cupping her hand around Jackie's ear, letting her breath blow against it.

Jackie blushed and giggled from the sensation. "Wow, this stuff really works," she thought.

"Have you ever kissed anyone?" Marie asked.

"No! You know I haven't!" Jackie answered.

"Well I thought I knew you pretty well, but I didn't know until today you were such a fucking hottie! Just thought I'd ask. Now, let's practice."

"What!?" Jackie exclaimed as her face turned bright pink.

"Yeah, it'll be fun. Just like Cruel Intentions! Come sit next to me," she patted her bed as she plopped down onto it.

Jackie fidgeted nervously as she took a seat. Marie giggled.

"Perfect, you're nervous! So it's like the real thing! Now, I'm going to open my lips, and I want you to massage...", Marie began, but Jackie interrupted.

"I know, I saw the movie!" Jackie had definitely seen the movie. And that scene more than a few times. She was getting seriously turned on now just thinking about it.

She closed her eyes as directed and leaned forward, slowly, until she felt her lips make contact with Marie's. They were so fleshy and soft and pillowy. She puckered and gave them a little suck and kiss. When she opened her eyes, she saw that Marie's breathing was a little ragged, as well as hers.

"Now tongue, right?" Jackie prompted. Marie quickly nodded.

Again they locked lips, this time, their tongues snaking out and wrestling with each other. She felt Marie suck on the end of her tongue, and she responded in kind. After exploring each other for a while, Jackie pulled away, only to notice that Marie was still desperately trying to make out.

"Uh, phew, yeah, that was really good," Marie panted. "You sure you've never done this before?" She fidgeted with the blankets.

Jackie smiled and took a gamble on her superhuman abilities. "Yeah, that was my first time. But I think I can do it better."

Without waiting, she put her arms around Marie and locked lips again. Something was definitely different this time. As she traced her hands around Marie's back, her own lips nuzzling Marie's, she felt Marie's whole body begin to tense. Sensing she was on the right track, she began to goad Marie by moaning, exploring her partner's mouth even deeper with her tongue. Marie was totally out of control now, her body quivering as she soaked her panties through. Within a minute of rubbing and kissing, Marie stifled a scream as she shook and came, brought by Jackie's sexual mastery.

They broke the kiss, and Marie fell back onto the covers, her face covered in a sheen of sweat.

"Oh, oh god, I...", she tried to explain the whole thing away.

But Jackie didn't let her finish. She was fucking horny now too, as much by her friend as by her own power. "Hang on Marie," she put a finger to Marie's lips. "I think I can do it better."

Jackie Masters Marie

Marie stared into Jackie's crystal blue doe eyes, her heart racing as this angelic vision before her was about to bequeath another kiss upon her. She watched, squirming her legs, as Jackie's mouth opened to reveal the heavenly, long, pink, delectable tongue that had triggered her orgasm. Their lips met, Jackie lying on top of Marie, as she worked her magic. But instead of bringing her to another orgasm, which was old news for Jackie now, she had other plans.

Sensing and controlling Marie's arousal with nothing but her lips and tongue, she nibbled, chewed, and sucked Marie immediately to the edge of an orgasm, but no further. She felt like a puppet master, controlling Marie, running her to hang onto the edge of a cliff whose canyon was filled with blissful sexual ecstasy, and then forcing her to hang on for dear life. And Marie did her part and hung on the edge, because Jackie did not want it any other way.

Marie moaned as Jackie's tongue continued to penetrate and invade her mouth sometimes in little flicks, sometimes in long, sensuous stimulation. She desperately yearned for release, but never found it. She bucked her hips to grind her throbbing pussy and pulsating clit against Jackie's pelvis, but her movement did not budge Jackie in the slightest. She started wriggling left and right to try to find that familiar pressure that would finish her off.

Jackie broke the kiss and looked coyly at Marie as she writhed. The telltale signs of orgasm were coming, and Jackie knew it. Not allowing Marie's release yet, she leaned back down and

bestowed another kiss.

Marie felt the familiar rush that preceded an orgasm, and the sight of Jackie leaning in for another kiss would surely set her free. But to her frustration, she found that the feelings only intensified, without that explosion that would end her sexual torment. She would have screamed if Jackie's tongue weren't in her mouth. There were tears rolling down her eyes now as her pussy grew hotter and hotter.

Worried that her friend was going to lose her mind if she did this any longer, Jackie broke the kiss, enjoying the heat and flush of arousal she had involuntarily caused in Marie. She effortlessly moved Marie's arms to their sides, and trapped as she moved to a kneeling position over Marie. Marie was still trying to thrust and buck, but no no avail. She flailed her legs in an attempt to trigger her own orgasm.

Jackie reached her arms back and placed her long fingers on Marie's legs, immediately halting her movement. "Now Marie, do you want to come or not?"

Marie wailed.

"Then stop kicking your legs like I'm hurting you! I'm not hurting you, right?"

Marie bit her lip, her nether regions feeling like a volcano. "Pl... ah... please...," she panted, "let me come. Make me come!! Pleaaaaase!"

Jackie hovered her hand over Marie's jeans, now completely sodden. With a lone finger, she traced outlines around Marie's overstimulated twat, watching as Marie tried to obey her commands to stop humping. She just barely held on, so Jackie locked her eyes on Marie again, and making sure she held her gaze, she continued to run her finger in light, maddening circles over the damp fabric. Marie cried out as her hips bucked again.

"Nuh uh, what did I just say?" Jackie chided as she continued her teasing. Marie bit her lip hard to try to contain herself. "Ooh, what a good girl! She's trying so hard!" She felt her own powers soar, still idly tracing, still holding Marie's gaze, as she puckered her lips and blew Marie a kiss. Marie couldn't help but twitch her entire body again, violently, and Jackie could swear she felt a jet of pussy nectar pulse against the jeans and her finger. She slowly licked her lips, tracing her slick tongue over her perfectly shaped, so kissable lips. There it was again, Marie's pussy responding like a hose.

Jackie smiled and removed her hands. Slowly, she placed them on either side of Marie's head, and leaned down. Watching in slow motion as Jackie's silky, light brown hair blocked out the rest of the world, save for the sensation in her body, she watched as Jackie licked her lips, puckered up, got closer and closer, inch by inch... and as Marie closed her eyes, praying for the finishing kiss, Jackie stopped just short.

"Come for me." Jackie exhaled hotly onto Marie.

And she came.

Jackie Waits, Marie Reciprocates

Jackie quickly and gracefully dismounted off the bed as she watched Marie's eyes slam shut, her back arching, whole body spasming, screaming for her life. She reveled at her mastery of touching and kissing, although could it really be called mastery when it was something so supernatural, so exquisitely finely controlled and powerful?

Watching Marie's still unabated thrashing from the ruined orgasm she had knowingly triggered, Jackie felt a sympathetic ache in her own pussy. She could sense Marie's pussy pulsing, trying to grip something inside of it, all in vain of course. She was still fully dressed in her wet jeans. Fuck, Jackie felt so good!

She marveled at her own confidence. She never thought she would be this commanding in bed, and certainly not during her very first time. Her own sexual exploration had only involved watching a few pornography videos. Then, finding that she could bring herself to orgasm as quickly as she wanted. Why would she have needed to watch any more after that? So where did this confidence come from? Maybe she was just naturally dominant in bed. Or maybe, when Marie told her to be more confident, she really took it to heart. And now she was. Beautiful, confident, and domineering.

Could Marie really control her like that? Jackie thought for a few seconds, as she watched Marie's thrashing finally die down after this long period of time. No way, she confidently concluded, giggling to herself. Comparing herself to the sexual frenzy of a mess she had just created was insane. Nobody could do what she was doing now, transforming themselves into some sort of superhuman sex bomb.

Feeling the wetness increasing between her legs, Jackie began to flex her pussy muscles a bit, contracting and relaxing them, just a little bit. She could probably give herself an orgasm before Marie even noticed, but why do it herself? As Marie gasped lungfuls of air, trying to stutter some sort of coherent sentence, Jackie slipped out of her crop top and tiny shorts that she had been modeling. Marie's eyes widened at the sight of Jackie's glorious body.

"Mind doing me?" Jackie asked sweetly, as she walked toward the bed. Marie stared, transfixed at her every movement, watching her put one long, delectable leg in front of the other. When she reached the bed, Marie could see that Jackie's pussy was completely bare and smooth. No sign of stubble at all. Marie drooled at the thought of touching her friend. Her heart raced as Jackie turned to give her a profile view of how absolute flat her belly was, how her tight butt just popped, into smooth sculpted legs. She was almost regretful that she couldn't stare at that vision for hours, as Jackie completed her turn and lay down with her back on the bed.

"God, yes!" Marie cried out.

Marie rolled over onto her side, groping Jackie's heavy, perky breasts that fit just perfectly in her hand. She cupped them, marveling at their firmness, as she flicked her index finger back and forth over her pink nipples. God, they were standing up so straight and so strong! She'd never had to apply so much pressure before.

Meanwhile, she kissed and sucked on Jackie's neck, savoring the taste of Jackie's skin. She breathed in deep, inhaling a subtly floral scent. Hearing Jackie moan made Marie shiver, even without being touched.

Marie kissed her way around Jackie's neck, fingers still pinching and flicking Jackie's nipples (oh wow, were they getting even harder?) as she trailed kisses up Jackie's cheek. Before she went in to give Jackie a proper kiss though, she remembered exactly how Jackie had made her cum. She hesitated.

Jackie turned to look at Marie and smiled, whispering, "It's ok. You can kiss me. And touch me down there, while you're at it." When she saw the fear in Marie's eyes, Jackie leaned in herself, locking Marie in a gentle kiss.

Marie felt her body fill with warmth, but no intense burst of sexual arousal. Gratefully, she returned Jackie's kiss as she slid her hand down Jackie's pebbled abs, past her completely bare pubic mound, and fingered the outside of Jackie's lips.

Jackie lay back and luxuriated in the feeling. Marie's touch was light and feathery compared to her own. It excited her to feel someone else's hand rubbing her, but it just wasn't as good. Already a minute and no orgasm.

Jackie grabbed Marie's hand and guided her to rub against her protruding clit. Marie got the hint and pinched the sheath, giving it a bit of a squeeze. "Harder!" Jackie commanded. Marie squeezed harder and was amazed by the fact that it seemed to grow even larger.

Marie pinched and stroked Jackie's clit, up and down, hearing the rhythmic slickness of her ministrations, feeling Jackie's nectar coating her hand and fingers. Her hand was getting sore from applying so much pressure, but Jackie only ever urged for more. Her wrist and arm were burning from exertion, but she was determined to give Jackie back some of what she got.

She moved to put her fingers directly on Jackie's oozing clit, thinking that the direct stimulation would allow her not to have to squeeze as hard, but still Jackie urged her to press harder. She grinded her fingers as hard as she could, in circular motions, right over the head of Jackie's stiff and wet clit, relieved that Jackie finally began to moan and thrash. Marie watched intently as she pushed her overworked hand as hard as she could, rubbing Jackie's femininity, finally sending her friend over the edge.

"I'm gonna come! Keep going!" Jackie yelled out as she gripped the bedsheets and began to shudder. Marie did her best, rubbing all the way throughout, watching her friend quiver and shake, admiring the curves of Jackie's body, watching her mouth form an O as she finished.

Marie removed her hand, thinking she would have a bit of respite to herself. But to her surprise, Jackie turned over, looking no worse for wear, smiled at Marie, and unbuttoned Marie's still sodden jeans.

"This is how I would do it," Jackie said, as she thrust her hand down Marie's sticky panties.

The touch of Jackie's silky long fingers was too much. Marie felt herself drowning in a pit of arousal as she bucked and came, again and again, while Jackie merely rested her fingers on Marie's pussy, occasionally giving her clit a little flick to send her into another orgasmic tidal wave, which she could only ride and hope to survive.

Jackie Controls Her Appearance

Jackie removed her slick hand from a truly comatose Marie. As she rinsed off in Marie's bathroom, she looked at her own face in the mirror. It looked like something from the cover of a beauty magazine. Her complexion was perfect and soft, blue eyes sparkling, magnified by her dark mascara and eyeshadow that the makeup place had done for her. Her nose was cute and pointed, her lips full and pouty, showcasing an array of perfectly even and bright white teeth when she smiled. She cupped some water in her hands to prepare to remove the makeup.

She dunked her face in and rubbed, and reexamined herself in the mirror. The water slid off without leaving a messy trace of anything at all. Her face still looked perfectly made up, and even her lashes stayed in place. Annoyed, she tried again and rubbed harder. Still nothing, as the water slid off her skin. She pinched her lashes between her fingers, but nothing happened as she removed them. Was her makeover permanent?!

She remembered the different eyeshadows they had put on her. As she contemplated the more vivid, weird colors they had applied, she noticed the effect taking place right before her very eyes. She willed it from one end of the spectrum to another, from a gauche bright orange color to pitch black. Oh my god, this was so exciting! What other part of her could she change?

Drawing inspiration from X-Men, she recalled the way Mystique's body would just smoothly transform from its blue scales into her intended appearance in one single wave. How would that even work? And why was her body originally all scaly anyway? This was way too out there.

Jackie opened her eyes, and was absolutely shocked at what she saw. No, she didn't look like Mystique, all blue with reptilian eyes, but her previously perfect complexion had started to turn a little blue and scaly! She yelped in panic. "Come on, come on...", she whispered, as she stared intently at the mirror, hoping just to go back how she looked before. Her face seemingly shimmered, and settled down back into perfection.

She took a deep breath before she realized what this meant. She really could do it! Maybe it just needed more practice. That was okay - Jackie knew she was good at that. She started slow, simply changing her hair to a dark, velvety black, in order to emphasize her eyes more. Hell, why not just emphasize her eyes directly? She watched her reflection as they lightened and lightened, until they were glowing. "Oops, too much!" she giggled. It was cool as fuck, but she didn't need to shock everyone who saw her. She went back to a beautiful pale blue.

"Marie? You're home?"

Oh shit! Marie's parents! She looked back into the bedroom. Marie was still out cold, clothes strewn all over, and covered in her sexual juices. Quickly, she picked up Marie effortlessly and

slung her over her shoulder as she threw the blanket off. Then, she placed Marie down, tucked her in, and threw all of the dirty clothes into the closet and closed it.

Leaning in close to Marie's ear, she traced her fingers over Marie's face and whispered, "Thank you for this wonderful day. You have no idea what you've done for me," as she gave her earlobe a little lick. Then, she grabbed her shopping bags, opened the second floor window, and leapt out.

What Doesn't Kill Jackie Makes Her Invulnerable

Landing with a soft thud on the pavement after jumping out from the second story, Jackie sprinted home at a blistering pace. She hadn't worked out in a whole day, and this was a free opportunity. And she knew she wanted to play with her new shapeshifting power more.

Parked cars rattled as she breezed by them, and a trail of dead leaves followed in her wake. It took her a whole block to decelerate from her run, watching the foliage settle. Making a mental note to practice her quick starts and stops, she took off again.

Back at home, she put her shopping bags down and went to get a glass of water. Sitting at the dining table, she concentrated on simple things, like changing her hair color, seeing it transform from the root to the tips into the color of spun gold, as it lengthened down to her waist. Then, from the deep golden hue, it became paler and paler, almost white in appearance, while transforming from arrow straight to large curls.

Spending all her mental energy on her transformation, Jackie didn't realize just how tightly she was still gripping her glass of water. Her new strength was too much for the container to withstand, as it cracked and shattered into fragments. She gasped in pain as she released her hold immediately, and the rest of the shards fell to pieces on the ground.

"Fuck!" she yelled, nursing her bleeding hand. Clutching her hand and running to the sink, she put it under cold water and started to reach for the paper towels. Oh god, she hoped it wasn't bad. What a terrible way to end the second day of her self improvement and discovery.

But as the water cleaned the blood from her hands, she noticed the flow was receding incredibly quickly. Maybe it wasn't as bad as she thought. Turning her hand, she saw the skin on the palms of her hands reforming, resealing themselves shut. The blood and water ran down the drain, leaving her hand looking as pristine as before.

"Oh my god...", she whispered. With quivering hands, she went to pick up a shard of glass from the floor. Grimacing, she steeled herself as she dragged a piece of it lightly over her arm, expecting it to scrape some skin. When nothing happened, she applied more and more pressure, but her skin was barely giving way. What was happening?

Again she underestimated her own strength. The shard now cracked, leaving a chaotic spiderweb pattern. Her skin was still unharmed. She tried dragging it over her palm where it cut her the first time, but now it just crumbled into pieces and fell into the sink.

"Did I... did I just learn not to get hurt?!" She took a knife and again, gingerly placed it on her skin. She could still feel the cold steel, but it wasn't uncomfortable, and it didn't feel sharp. She grabbed a tomato and easily pushed the knife through it, making a clean slice.

Putting the knife back in the block, she took a deep breath to calm herself as she shook her head, causing her platinum blonde locks to flow back and forth. Two days ago, she was a high performing academic. Now, she was a high performing academic with superhuman strength, seemingly infinite stamina, invulnerable skin, and the ability to turn her best friend into a writhing mess with a single touch. Her heart beat with excitement as she felt herself getting turned on from her power.

She couldn't wait to unlock her potential further.

Jackie Prepares to Party

In the end, Jackie just wound up making small changes. Everything was happening so quickly for someone like her, who spent her life going with the flow, sticking to a routine (go to school, fall asleep in class, ace tests, then come home to video games.) She was worried that she would forget what she originally looked like, or maybe someone would notice a feature that she had forgotten to reverse, or whatever. She sighed. Maybe she wasn't so confident after all.

She spent the afternoon working out again, but nothing in her room was giving her any resistance. Making sure her parents weren't paying attention, she went into the garage. Squatting down, with both hands under their sedan's rear bumper, she grunted as she tried to lift. She could feel the car creak, but it wasn't really leaving the ground. Not to be deterred, she held that position, putting all of her strength into it. When she felt her strength give out, she finally let go.

The soreness left her body before she could even take a single breath. Shrugging, she repeated the exercise, but this time, the whole rear came off the ground, angled to where the front of the car met the floor. She almost shouted in delight before she remembered that she had to control herself. She pressed the car up and down a few times.

She set it down, gently, and took a deep breath, just to calm her nerves. Then, she got under it and lifted the whole thing up, effortlessly. The sight of an absolute beauty holding a car tilted 45 degrees would have left anyone speechless, but Jackie felt absolutely no strain at all. She removed her right hand and kept it up with her left. A little something now. She pressed with her left arm, up and down, giddy with power.

It was still too easy. Cautiously, she started removing her fingers from the car, moving into its center of gravity, and kept it up with her left pinky. And for good measure, she pressed the car up and down with just that solitary finger. Striking a pose, her right hand on her hip, her left pinky supporting 3 tons, she examined her fingers, controlling the color of her nails.

"Jackie, isn't it time for your party?" she heard her mom yell out.

"Gurp!" A startled Jackie twitched and the car started to tilt, losing its balance. With incredible

reflexes, she quickly ran to the side it was going to crash down and caught it with her right hand. Then she eased the whole thing down gently.

"Yeah mom! I know!" she yelled, wiping the metaphorical sweat from her brow.

"Do you need a ride?" her mom yelled back.

"No that's ok, Marie will pick me up," Jackie lied.

She went back up to her room to change. Seeing her reflection, she thought, "what the hell?". Cupping her hands over her breasts, she imagined them filling her palms, and then overflowing just a bit. Her flesh reshaped itself, remolding to her will. Her breast swelled as her nipples grew to match. She gave them a rub and some pinches as she willed them to keep going, enjoying the sensation. When she felt that her fingers weren't enough to completely cover her newfound mammaries, she stopped.

She thought they looked fantastic. Large, tasteful, and most importantly, round and perky. The orbs just looked like they popped off her chest, demanding an audience's undivided attention. Pleased with her little enhancement, she threw on some of the new clothes that Marie had shopped for her. Time to see if she could be more than just a wallflower at a party now.

Jackie Arrives at the Party

Marie heard Jackie's signature knock on the door and rushed to get it. The two girls shared a gleeful hug as Marie breathed deep, inhaling as much of Jackie as she could. She stepped back and checked out Jackie's outfit - it was a dress that she had just picked out for her.

"Damn girl! I think you look even better than you did when we bought it yesterday!" Marie exclaimed.

"Well, you know, I've been working out." Jackie smiled.

"Come on, let's go get you a drink."

Marie led Jackie to the punch bowl where Lisa and her boyfriend, along with all his jock friends, were. All of the guys stared at her, including Lisa's boyfriend Steve. Jackie was embarrassed by the attention, but more than that, she discovered that she also was flattered by it and enjoyed it. Lisa gave her a quick elbow, "Looking good, girl! Let's catch up later."

As they walked away to a gaggle of boys that Marie had corralled, the jocks all began asking Lisa who this absolute hottie was. They didn't believe that it was her bookworm friend. When Marie rejoined her little circle, it was clear that there was a new alpha at the party, and it wasn't Marie.

When the boys asked what she liked to do, she mentioned mostly playing her MMO, reading, that kind of stuff. Most of the boys pretended to be interested as the conversation quickly ground to a halt. Marie did a little mental facepalm, but some guy named Kevin was overjoyed to meet another player, in real life even. And it was this unbelievably hot girl!

Just before they could get talking, Derek, one of Lisa's boyfriend's friends, came over to chat her up. The three girls had all talked about how absolutely hot this boy was. For a second, Jackie didn't realize that he was approaching her; she assumed he was going somewhere else. But behind him, he surreptitiously saw Lisa waving for her attention.

"Hey, Jackie, right? Lisa's friend," he commented.

"Uh, um... yeah," Jackie stammered.

"I'm Derek."

"I know. I mean! Um, yeah, we met before once," Jackie was making such a mess of this.

Marie mentally did a double face palm.

"Oh, yeah? Lisa's told me so much about you. You wanna go chill somewhere?"

"Well, um," Jackie felt Marie's elbow attempt to dig into her side, but her powerful body deflected it. Still, she got the hint. "Yeah, let's go!"

Jackie Ruins Derek

As Derek took Jackie upstairs to a bedroom, she saw Marie mouthing to her to check in the drawer. That must be where the condoms were. God, she needed a drink! And Derek, like the true gentleman or scoundrel that he was, produced a fresh beer for her.

They closed the bedroom door and each opened a bottle. Jackie watched as he took a deep slug. If she was really going to do this, and she had definitely fantasized about him before, she would need it too. She grabbed the bottle cap with her fingers and twisted it off with a little pop.

"Whoa, are you ok?! How did you do that?" Derek asked.

"Do what?"

"You just opened the bottle without an opener!"

"Oh, uh, it was already open!"

Before Derek could inquire further, Jackie put the bottle to her lips and chugged the whole thing without stopping to breathe. When every last drop was gone, she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Damn, I guess you were thirsty huh?" Derek smiled.

They both took a seat on the bed, side by side. Jackie's heart fluttered as Derek made the first move, leaning in to kiss her on the lips. She returned the gesture, their lips interlocking gently at first. His hands traveled up her legs, reaching under her dress and grabbing onto her small waist. She held his strong body fast against hers, wrapping her arms around his back.

She began to squeeze him tighter now, letting her breasts push into his body. She also kissed him with more fervor, with just a little of the bite that she had given Marie. In an instant, she felt his manhood surge to full strength against her thighs. He began thrusting his hips and moaning. Not wanting to ruin the moment, she pulled back on the kiss, disappointed that he could barely handle any of it.

Breaking the lip lock now, she saw the hunger in his eyes that she had induced. He was gasping for breath. "Fuck girl! You are fucking hot!" he exclaimed in between sucking down air.

He unbuttoned his jeans, trying to wrestle his hard cock out of his jeans. Following suit, Jackie reached for the bottom of the dress and took it off over her head in a swift motion. She patiently waited for him, watching as his shaky hands hurried to get on with it. He had never needed it so badly before.

When the jeans finally lay detached from his body, he looked at Jackie waiting for him in the center of the bed.

The sight of her slender body contrasting with her full breasts, hair cascading over her shoulders framing a gorgeous face, was almost too much for him. His dick twitched and immediately began oozing precum. He felt as if her beauty had physically reached out and assaulted him. He stared at those luscious orbs that she had ground into his chest, still reveling in the feeling of them pressing incredibly firm and hard against his body. His dick twitched again.

Jackie watched with fascination as Derek just stood there, looking at her, leaking precum out of his dick. He seemed to be in a total trance, unable to move. Not sure what to do, she scooted forward and reached out to grip his trembling, near erupting, shaft.

Derek's eyes widened as he felt her smooth long fingers completely encircle his organ. She simply held him, but it was too much. His eyes slammed shut as he moaned, unleashing the most productive orgasm of his life. He was too busy thrusting in her hand to even notice that she had placed a palm on his shoulder, jumped out of bed, and turned him 180 degrees, making him spew his load all over the floor. Rope after rope of cum splattered onto the ground, until the intensity finally slowed down and Derek could breathe again.

He opened his eyes eagerly, hoping to get another glance of this marvelous creature that was supposed to be Lisa's bookworm friend. Instead of seeing her on the bed, covered in a sticky mess, he was facing the bedroom wall, all his juice spent on the floor. He looked down to see her fingers still wrapped around his cock. Instead of softening like he expected, he remained rock hard in her velvety, iron grip.

He felt her press her body against his back as she began to squeeze his cock more.

"Teach me how to do this," she whispered in his ear. "I've never done this before."

"Oh my god what!?" Derek stammered. He waited for her reply, but all he felt was her inexperienced squeezing and handling of his manhood.

Seeing that he was still hard, he took her wrist and tried to pump it up and down, but instead found her arm unbelievably strong and immovable.

"Tell me," she whispered again, hotly.

Derek took a deep breath, then dictated his instructions. Without the vision of her beauty gripping him, and having just cum, maybe he would be able to hold on.

"Your hands feel fucking amazing. You're gripping it tight, which is good, REALLY good!" he gasped, as she squeezed him again, even tighter. "Stroke it up and down though. And my dickhead is going to be super sensitive, so if you run your fingers over there..." Derek tried to instruct, but as she carried out the things he mentioned, he felt his knees tremble and buckle. He was completely unable to speak again, as he crumpled into a sitting position on the floor, legs splayed out, dick sticking straight up in Jackie's hands.

Jackie's hand still gripped his shaft, stroking up and down. She reached out with her index finger and rubbed the tip of his penis, where the precum was oozing again. Tracing circles over his hole, she lubricated his organ, the wet patch slowly growing outward. Finding that he liked it, she ran her entire index finger against his bulbous cockhead, with more and more pressure, until he yelped in pain. Loosening up, she continued the motion, and felt his cock began to tremble. Having already experienced it once, she knew what this meant.

Quickly, she let go, hoping that it would deny his release. Derek whimpered as he felt his dick about to explode, followed by absolutely nothing.

"Fuck! Why did you stop!?" he growled.

"Don't you think it's my turn now?" she gestured at her waiting pussy.

"Okay! Just finish me off!" His angry, overstimulated cock desperately needed release.

"Not until you touch me," Jackie insisted.

"Fuck!" Derek reached for his own cock and began to pump away. Amazingly, it didn't feel nearly as good as when this virgin goddess bombshell had touched him. He stroked furiously, trying to finish himself off, but his own ministrations felt useless. Jackie waited in frustration for him to finish.

"Fuck!!!!" Derek wailed, still stroking. "I need to come!" His precum continued to leak, but his efforts were futile.

"Asshole," Jackie spat. She grabbed his wrist firmly, and lifted it away from his angry cock. Giving it a slight trace with her finger, she sent him over the edge, and let go of him. His dick spasmed violently and shot huge arcs of cum into the air, his entire body out of his control. When he opened his eyes again, she was nowhere to be seen.

Jackie Looks for Another

Horny as all hell from her encounter with the worthless jock, Jackie washed her hands and checked her own appearance. She still looked as flawless as when she'd arrived, so she threw on her clothes, left an still-ejaculating Derek in the room to finish by himself, and went down to find Kevin. He had seemed genuinely interested in her; maybe he could do something for her that Derek wasn't able to.

Finding her target by the drinks, she caught his eye and gave him a bright smile. He fidgeted nervously and visibly gulped at the attention from this goddess, as he managed to smile back. Before she could make it to him, one of Derek's jock friends approached her.

"Hey babe, back already? Where's Derek?"

"Oh, he had too much to drink," Jackie lied.

His eyes visibly brightened as he thought this was his chance. "Damn, his loss! Want to spend some time with me?" he asked, grabbing her arm.

Jackie glared daggers at him from the unwanted touch. She decided to teach him a lesson.

"Sure, if you can hang on," she sneered. She grabbed his wrist with her free hand and broke his grip on her arm with a casual little pull. She squeezed just hard enough for it to be painful for him. Seeing the grimace on his face, she traced her fingers down his cheek, letting her touch linger, as he watched his face contort with arousal simultaneously with the pain. She peeked at his crotch, where she could see the obvious bulge she was inspiring.

Her fingers continued their downward tour as she placed them on his chest. She gave him a little shove as she let go of his wrist, and sent him flying through the air to land on the sofa.

Jackie looked around. Nobody had been paying any attention. She looked back at Kevin, who was staring at her open-mouthed. Shit, Jackie thought. She went up to him and noticed the telltale sign of arousal too. Interesting, she thought. Putting a finger to her lips, she whispered a "shh" softly at him, and he acknowledged. Grabbing two beers, she gave him an inquisitive look and a little head tilt. He eagerly nodded, and the two made their way upstairs.

All to Themselves

Jackie cracked open the door and scanned the room for Derek. No sign - not even a sound. Excitedly, she dragged Kevin into the room, almost pulling him off his feet. Kevin mistook her strength for enthusiasm. Wow, was this really going to happen for him?

They looked at each other in awkward silence, both not sure what to do. After some fidgeting, Jackie asked him what he liked to do.

"Well, um, movies, and tv shows, and games, you know...," Kevin stammered.

"Games? Which ones?!" Jackie enquired.

"The Elver Scrolls, Online." he answered, without thinking. Immediately followed by an internal

dialog of, "Shit! Why the hell did I say that? Why didn't I just say something like NBA3k48 or...,"

"No way!" Jackie said. "I don't know anyone in real life who plays! What character/server are you on?"

"You... you know about this game?" Kevin said in disbelief.

"I spend like all my time playing!" Jackie said. She pulled out her phone to login to her account. "See?"

Kevin just watched as she swiped through her characters. It couldn't possibly be a prank now. She really did play. He pulled out his phone and logged on as well. He quickly tried to thumb past his highest leveled character, an embarrassingly busty and slender elvish woman, but Jackie's superhuman reflexes caught it.

"Wait, YOU'RE Jezebella?!"

"Um, yeah... I mean, I don't think most people online think I'm actually a girl, uh...," he stammered. He was revealing way more than he intended to. And he'd probably ruined his chance at being with a girl as beautiful as this.

But she wasn't turned off at all!

"Dude, I'm pretty sure everyone who plays online is a guy. But holy crap! They had to rewrite parts of the game because of how hard you abused it!"

Kevin couldn't believe it. This gorgeous girl was DEEP into this game. "Yeah, I mean, I just tried a lot of stuff and practiced the strats and stuff, you know? I had to keep it quiet until some loudmouth saw me doing it and ruined it for everyone."

Jackie swiped his phone back to Jezebella and admired his account. She led him to the bed where they both sat down. Looping her arm under his, she pressed herself against him. She hadn't expected the most respected player in the game to be so cute in real life.

"So is that what you like?" she asked him, gesturing at the character on his screen.

Kevin's cheeks burned. Why had he set those sliders to such extremes? "Yeah, I mean, I guess, it's just a fantasy game. You're way hotter than this character, you know?" he tried to play it cool.

"Oh yeah?" Jackie replied. "So you wouldn't want me with boobs like that?" Simultaneously, she tried to will her boobs to grow larger, perkier, just like the character on the screen. She closed her eyes and imagined her legs even longer, her waist cinched even smaller...

She felt her breasts fill out her dress to its breaking point, stretching the fabric as it tried to keep together. Her nipples were stiff, hard, protruding nubs that poked aggressively through and were clearly visible. At the same time, she felt her dress rising higher and higher as her legs grew longer, ending barely above her thighs.

"Um, no, it's ok...", Kevin was getting seriously turned on by Jackie's questioning and rubbing. He could feel her breasts pressing insistently against his arm.

Jackie opened her eyes and looked down at herself. She grinned at the sight of her own bosom, which was now big enough to swallow his arm if she wanted.

"Well, that's too bad," she said, as she raised her hand to his chin and tilted his head to look at her new endowments. He gasped at the glorious vision before him, right before Jackie pressed her lips into his.