

GIFT OF A GODDESS

A transformation story by JohnManTD

The digital ghost of Sister Friede and her infuriatingly patient father evaporated from the screen for what felt like the hundredth time. The words 'YOU DIED' burned in angry red, a familiar and unwelcome brand on Jack's evening. He tossed the controller onto the beanbag chair with a sigh that was more air than sound. It was 11:45 PM on a Friday, and this was the thrilling climax of his week: losing to a video game boss he'd been stuck on for the better part of a week.

His life felt like that boss fight: a repetitive cycle of effort, near-success, and ultimate, frustrating failure. He managed a local bar, a job that was less about cool cocktails and more about managing inventory and telling drunk college kids they were cut off. He lived with his best friend, Shawn, in a two-bedroom apartment that always smelled faintly of stale pizza and drying climbing shoes. His one true passion, bouldering, was a constant battle against his own body. He wasn't fat, not by a long shot, but he carried a stubborn five-to-ten pounds that made holding onto those tiny crimps feel like a Herculean effort. Every kale salad was a step toward a V7 send, and every late-night beer was a step back.

And then there was the dating. Or, the lack thereof. The most recent casualty had been Francine. Three dates. It had seemed promising until last week when she texted to call things off. She'd laughed at his dumb jokes, she thought his bouldering hobby was "cool and rugged," and she didn't seem to mind that his idea of a fancy dinner was the Italian place that used real tablecloths. Still though, he didn't seem to be able to get anyone into bed before things ended.

Yesterday morning, his phone had buzzed.

Francine: *Hey. I had a really nice time with you, but I just don't think we're a match. I don't really feel a spark. Wish you the best.*

A text. After three dates, a fucking text. It wasn't heartbreak, not really. It was more like the dull ache of a bruise you don't remember getting. It was the exhaustion of putting yourself out there, of trying to be charming and interesting and vulnerable, only to be dismissed with the same emotional investment one gives to canceling a free trial. He hadn't even replied. What was there to say? 'k'?

So here he was. Beaten by a video game, ghosted by a girl, and bored to the point of existential dread. He shut down the console, the sudden silence of the room feeling louder than the clang of digital swords. He stood up, stretched, and headed for his bedroom, the familiar path worn into the cheap carpet. He peeled off his t-shirt and jeans, tossing them to the floor.

He sat on the edge of his bed in his boxers, phone in hand, scrolling through nothing. Reels, news headlines about things he couldn't control, pictures of people from high school getting married or having babies. It was a digital anesthetic. He was about to set his alarm for his morning climbing session when a sudden, inexplicable chill swept through the room.

It was like someone had opened a freezer door right next to him. The hairs on his arms stood on end. He looked at his window. Closed. The vent on the floor was silent. Where had that come from? He frowned, a prickle of unease crawling up his spine.

Then, a light bloomed above his bed.

It wasn't a soft glow; it was a searing, brilliant white that bleached all the color from his room, turning his posters into pale ghosts and his furniture into stark, geometric shapes. He threw a hand over his eyes, his retinas screaming in protest. It was so bright it felt hot, like standing too close to a bonfire. He squeezed his eyes shut, spots dancing behind his eyelids.

When he dared to open them again, the light had condensed, coalesced into a form. A figure. It was a woman, floating a few feet above the foot of his bed, bathed in a soft, internal luminescence.

His first thought wasn't fear. It was, quite simply, wow.

She was... perfect. That was the only word. Not 'hot' or 'beautiful' in the way a model or actress was. Her beauty was an objective fact, like the law of gravity. It was sculpted from starlight and ancient marble, with eyes that held the depth of nebulas and hair that cascaded like liquid silver. She wore something that wasn't quite a toga and not quite a gown, a fabric that seemed to shift and shimmer like heat haze. She was matronly in her presence, exuding an aura of immense power and serene confidence, yet her form was that of a goddess in her prime. The curve of her hip, the swell of her breasts, the elegant line of her throat, it was all an exercise in divine geometry.

He should have been screaming. He should have been scrambling for his phone or a baseball bat. Instead, he just stared, a strange sense of calm washing over him, dulling the edges of his panic until it was little more than a distant hum. He felt like he was watching a movie, detached and strangely serene. Maybe, he thought, this was just a really, really vivid dream. His brain, starved for novelty, had finally snapped and cooked up this celestial hallucination.

"Hello, Jack," she said, and her voice was like wind chimes and cello strings. It didn't just enter his ears; it resonated in his bones.

"Uh... hi?" he managed, his own voice sounding thin and reedy. "Am I dreaming?"

A smile touched her perfect lips, a small, knowing curve that made his stomach do a little flip. "A common question," she said, her voice laced with amusement. "And no, this is quite real. Though, I can understand your confusion."

She drifted closer, the air around her smelling of night-blooming jasmine and ozone. "My name is May. I am what your ancestors would have called a goddess. The Goddess of Beauty, to be precise."

Jack just nodded, as if she'd just told him she was from Idaho. "Okay. Cool. So... what's a goddess doing in my bedroom in suburban Ohio?"

"Entertainment, mostly," she said with a disarming frankness. "We are beings of immense power and near-infinite lifespan. We get bored. Every few centuries, we find it amusing to select mortals and bestow upon them a sliver of our power. A gift. It always leads to the most interesting results." She gestured vaguely with a slender hand. "Think of your myths. Hercules, who your people mistakenly believe was a demigod, was simply a stonemason from Thebes whom Zian found amusing. Oh, sorry, you probably know him as *Zeus*. Such silly names you mortals give us. Anyway, he was granted the gift of Strength to Hercules. Cleopatra, a woman of middling looks by our standards, was gifted with Charm by Fray, who you would know as *Aphrodite*, making all who beheld her fall under her spell. Some are famous. Most are not. We just like to watch the ripples."

Jack's mind, lubricated by this strange, magical calm, was actually processing this. "So... you're here to give me a gift? Like, super strength?" He flexed a bicep instinctively. It was not

impressive.

May let out a light, tinkling laugh. "Oh, no. Nothing so crude. Each of us bestows a gift in line with our domain. As the Goddess of Beauty, my gift is that of the Form. I am going to grant you the ability to alter the physical body of any mortal you choose."

He blinked. "You're going to let me... play God with people's bodies?"

"In a manner of speaking," she confirmed. "You can make the plain beautiful, the weak strong, the skinny voluptuous. My intention, my purpose for the gift, is to spread beauty. But," she added, a sly twinkle in her cosmic eyes, "we've found over the millennia that the way mortals, particularly mortal men, choose to use such a power is always the most... unpredictable outcome. So, it is your lucky day, Jack."

The calm was starting to fray at the edges. This was too detailed, too specific for a dream. "And the not freaking out thing? Why do I feel like I'm just having a casual chat about divine intervention?"

"Ah, yes. A necessary precaution. When we reveal ourselves, we also imbue the mortal and their immediate surroundings with what you might call a 'reality-easing' energy. It prevents your mind from collapsing under the sheer impossibility of it all. It smooths over the panic and allows for acceptance. A helpful little feature, don't you think?"

He had to admit, it was. "Okay," he said, deciding to lean into the absurdity. "Let's say I believe you. Prove it."

A full, radiant smile broke across her face. "This is my favorite part! You silly mortals and your delightful skepticism. Very well. I will grant you a trial period. Three uses of the power, free of charge, to do with as you please. They will expire tomorrow night at midnight. At that time, I will return, and you may choose whether to accept the gift permanently or decline."

Jack's mind immediately went to practical applications. "So, I can give myself a bigger dick? Make myself six-foot-two?"

She laughed again, a sound so lovely it made him feel warm all over. "No, darling. The power can only be used on others. A fundamental rule. You cannot alter your own form."

"But what if I wanted to change? To get upgrades?" he pressed.

She giggled, a playful, conspiratorial sound. "Oh, Jack. Accepting the gift, the full power... that comes with its own upgrade. The only one you'll ever need. Trust me."

She winked, a gesture that was both charmingly human and divinely potent. With that, she began to fade, her form becoming translucent. She drifted backwards, passing through the solid glass of his window as if it were smoke.

"See you tomorrow night," her voice echoed in his mind.

And then, as if a switch had been flipped, the world went black. Jack collapsed back onto his pillow, unconscious before his head even hit the mattress.

Sunlight, thick and dusty, streamed through the gap in his curtains. Jack groaned, his head feeling fuzzy and thick, like it was stuffed with cotton. He rolled over, blinking crust out of his eyes. He fumbled for his phone on the nightstand, squinting at the screen. 10:17 AM.

"Shit," he mumbled, sitting up. He'd slept through his alarm. Then he remembered he hadn't set one. Luckily, it was Saturday. No work, just a chill climbing session.

He swung his legs out of bed, and the memories of the night before came flooding back. The cold air. The blinding light. The goddess. May.

What a dream, he thought, shaking his head as he padded out of his room. It had felt so impossibly real, the details so sharp. The scent of jasmine, the sound of her voice. He must have eaten some bad pizza before bed.

He found Shawn in the living room, perched on a stool at their small kitchen island, sipping coffee from a mug that said 'World's Okayest Roommate.' Shawn was the picture of average. Average height, average build, a friendly face that was neither handsome nor plain. He was a good guy, loyal to a fault, even if his primary motivations in life were video games, beer, and trying to convince Mandy to move in with him.

"Morning, sleepyhead," Shawn said without looking up from his phone. "Rough night with Sister Friede?"

"You have no idea," Jack said, grabbing a mug from the cupboard. He poured himself the last

of the coffee from the pot. "Had the craziest dream of my life."

"Oh yeah?" Shawn finally looked up, a flicker of interest in his eyes. "Was it the one where you're naked in a high school math test again?"

"Nah, weirder," Jack said, leaning against the counter. "I dreamed a super hot ghost-goddess-thing floated into my room."

Shawn snorted, nearly spitting out his coffee. "Dude, you need to get laid. You're starting to have sexually frustrated hallucinations."

Jack chuckled, shaking his head. "No, seriously. She was like, a legit goddess. Said her name was May, Goddess of Beauty. And she offered me the power to change people's bodies."

"Holy shit," Shawn said, putting his phone down. He leaned forward, intrigued. "I wish that were real. Man, the things I would do."

"Oh yeah? Like what?" Jack asked, taking a sip of the lukewarm coffee.

A greedy, mischievous grin spread across Shawn's face. "First things first, I'd give Mandy a pair of massive E-cup tits. For sure."

Jack laughed. Mandy was Shawn's girlfriend... or something like it. They'd been "exclusive" for about a month, after three months of an on-again, off-again dance. Jack liked her; she was smart, funny, and could hang with their brand of nerdy humor. But she was a departure from Shawn's usual type. Mandy was petite, athletic, and fairly flat-chested, a stark contrast to the busty, thick-thighed women Shawn typically drooled over.

"And then," Shawn continued, warming to his theme, "I'd use one of those wishes for a million bucks."

"That's not how it works," Jack said, the words coming out automatically, repeating what the dream-goddess had told him. "It's a use of a power that can alter the form of any mortal. Body modification stuff."

Shawn raised an eyebrow. "That's an oddly specific rule for a dream. So what's it good for, then? Besides giving my girlfriend a boob job?"

"I don't know," Jack mused. "Bigger muscles, I guess?"

Shawn's eyes lit up. He stood up and flexed, his bicep a modest lump under the sleeve of his t-shirt. "Yeah, sure. I'll take 'em. Come on, dream-weaver. Grant me big muscles." He struck a classic bodybuilder pose, puffing out his chest.

Jack rolled his eyes but decided to play along. It was stupid, but it was more interesting than thinking about Sarah's text message. He held out a hand dramatically, mimicking a wizard from a fantasy game. "Shawn... I use my power... to give you big muscles."

As he spoke the words, he closed his eyes and, for the sake of the joke, pictured it. He imagined Shawn's frame swelling, his arms thickening, his chest and shoulders broadening. He pictured the lean muscle he had now tripling in mass, morphing him from an average guy into someone who clearly spent six days a week in the gym, all lean muscle and defined sinew.

And then, something strange happened.

Deep in his mind, in a place he didn't know existed, he felt a... flex. It was like discovering a new muscle, a psychic bicep that had been dormant his whole life. He focused on the image of Shawn, and he pushed with that mental muscle. A warmth spread from his core, down his arm, and seemed to project towards his roommate.

He opened his eyes. Shawn had stopped posing. His face was pale, and he looked like he was about to be sick.

"Whoa, dude," Shawn mumbled, clutching his stomach. "I feel... weird. Like... tingly."

They both stood there in confused silence for a moment. Then, they saw it. A ripple. It started in Shawn's shoulders, a visible tremor under his skin. His t-shirt, loose a moment ago, suddenly seemed tighter.

"What the hell?" Shawn whispered, his eyes wide with a mixture of fear and awe.

His muscles began to... expand. It wasn't a cartoonish puff, but an unnerving, organic growth. The sleeves of his shirt strained as his biceps and triceps swelled, becoming harder and more defined. His shoulders broadened, the seams of his shirt groaning in protest. His chest rose, forming hard, sculpted pectorals where a flat chest had been just seconds before. The fabric of his shirt stretched taut across his abdomen, revealing the distinct outline of a six-pack.

The whole process took maybe ten seconds, and it freaked them both out completely. Jack took a step back, his coffee mug clattering to the floor. Shawn just stood there, breathing heavily, looking down at his own body as if it belonged to a stranger.

When it stopped, he was transformed. He wasn't a monstrous bodybuilder, but he looked like an athlete in peak condition. Like he'd just completed a five-year body transformation in the span of a single breath. He looked... incredible.

"Holy... shit," Shawn breathed, his voice filled with reverence. He slowly raised an arm, staring at the thick, vascular bicep that now resided there. He poked it with a finger from his other hand. It was solid as a rock. "Am I dreaming?"

Jack stared, his own mind reeling. The dream. The goddess. The power. He looked at Shawn's new physique, then down at his own hand, the one he'd held out. He had done that. It wasn't a dream.

"Dude," Jack said, his voice barely a whisper. "I... I think my dream was real."

Jack was pacing back and forth in their small living room, running his hands through his hair. Shawn, on the other hand, was acting like a kid on Christmas morning. He'd taken his shirt off and was admiring his new musculature in the reflection of the dark TV screen. He'd lifted the sofa with one hand, done fifty perfect push-ups without breaking a sweat, and was currently trying to see if he could crush a beer can with his hands.

"Do you have any idea what this means?" Shawn asked for the tenth time, flexing his abs. "This is insane! We can do anything!"

"Yeah, it means I wasted one of my three uses on giving you a vanity upgrade," Jack shot back, the stress making him irritable.

"Ouch," Shawn said, though he didn't look hurt. He was too busy admiring his own reflection. "This is not a waste, my friend. This is an absolute win. You should give yourself muscles like these! It's awesome!"

Jack stopped pacing and glared at him. "One, I've told you a million times, extra muscle mass doesn't help with bouldering. It's all about power-to-weight ratio. This would just weigh

me down."

Shawn rolled his eyes. "Always with the climbing."

"And two," Jack continued, ignoring him, "if I remember what she said correctly, the power only works on other people. I can't use it on myself."

"Well, that blows for you," Shawn said, then his expression brightened. "Wait! You said she mentioned something about an upgrade if you took the power for good, right? Dude, it's a no-brainer! Take the power tonight. You'll probably get beefed up, maybe a bigger dick or something, and then you'll be able to alter anyone you want! We could be kings!"

"We?"

"Yeah, we! Your power, my... awesome body and brains."

Jack just shook his head, starting to pace again. "It's just... weird. How are we not freaking out more? Your entire body just changed in front of my eyes. That's not possible. But it feels... normal now."

"Hey, you're right," Shawn said, finally pausing his flexing to consider it. "It felt super weird when it was happening, but now... it just feels like I've always been this jacked. It's awesome."

"She said something about a reality-easing energy," Jack mused. "It must make people just... accept it." A sudden, giddy thought bubbled up in his chest, and he couldn't suppress a small, disbelieving laugh. He had temporary magic powers.

Shawn's grin returned, wider and more predatory this time. "Oh, dude. You know what this means, right? We have to try this on Mandy. Give her those big tits, or that bubble butt I've been dreaming of. Come on, man. For me."

Jack leveled a stern look at him. "Dude, I am not wasting one of my two remaining uses on your girlfriend's chest. I don't even know if I want this power permanently. This is... this is a lot."

Shawn shrugged, pulling his now-tight t-shirt back on. "Okay, fine. Your loss. Well, my loss, but whatever. I'm gonna go over to Mandy's right now. She has got to see my new body. I wonder how she'll react." He practically bounced to the door, giddy with anticipation. "Let me

know what you decide about the power. But I'm telling you, you'd be an idiot not to take it."

With that, he was gone, leaving Jack alone in the quiet apartment. The silence pressed in on him. He had two uses left. Two chances to prove to himself that this was real, to test the limits of this impossible gift before May returned at midnight. He couldn't just sit here. He needed to see it again.

An idea formed in his mind. The climbing gym. It was his sanctuary, the one place where he felt competent and in control. It was the perfect place to test this.

The familiar smell of chalk and sweat hit Jack as he walked into 'The Crux'. The cavernous warehouse was his home away from home, a vibrant landscape of colorful plastic holds bolted onto towering, angled walls. He needed to ground himself, to do something normal before he started playing god again.

He changed into his gear, chalked up his hands, and approached a new V5 route that had been set last week. It was a nasty, overhanging problem that required a powerful, dynamic move to a sloper near the top. He'd tried it three times last week and failed.

He took a deep breath, pictured the sequence of moves, and started to climb. He flowed through the initial holds, his body remembering the familiar tension. He reached the crux, his fingers burning, his forearms screaming. He gathered his strength, swung his body, and threw his hand towards the final sloper. His fingers brushed against it... and held. Barely. He gritted his teeth, engaged his core, and matched his hands, completing the route.

He dropped to the padded floor, exhilarated but exhausted. As he sat there, catching his breath and nursing his burning forearms, he thought, if I had this power permanently, I could just give myself unbreakable grip strength. Then he remembered the rule: only on others. A pang of disappointment hit him. What good was a power you couldn't use to improve yourself?

His gaze drifted across the gym. That's when he saw them. A trio of girls, all curves and effortless confidence, the kind of casuals the gym seemed to get on the weekends. People doing this as a one-off fun activity. Their bodies were more designed to attract men than send even a V3. They were gathered near the water fountain, laughing. And their laughter was

directed at a smaller, younger-looking woman who was trying to shrink into herself.

Jack recognized her. Chloe. She was in here a lot, quiet and diligent, and a decent climber, but she seemed shy. She was petite, almost bird-like, with a boyish figure that was perfect for climbing, but lacked the curves of the other women in the gym. The three athletic girls were making some joke, and while Jack couldn't hear the words, he could see the sting of them on Chloe's face. Her shoulders were hunched, her eyes downcast. After a moment, the trio moved off, their laughter echoing behind them, leaving Chloe standing alone, looking like she was about to cry.

He didn't know what possessed him, but he found himself walking over. This was it. Test number two.

As he approached, she quickly wiped at her eyes with the back of her chalky hand, trying to hide her tears. "Hey," Jack said softly. "That looked rough. You okay?"

Chloe sniffed, not looking at him. "Yeah... thanks. They're just..." She trailed off, unable to finish.

"I get it," Jack said.

She finally looked up, her eyes swimming with frustration. "I just wish I had developed like them," she burst out, her voice tight. "Instead, I'm stuck with this... this prepubescent body. I swear I'm the only twenty-one-year-old who still looks like a damn sophomore in high school." She suddenly realized she was unloading on a total stranger and her cheeks flushed. "Sorry, uh... I didn't mean to..."

"It's Jack," he supplied. "And don't worry about it." He leaned against the wall next to her. A thought, dangerous and exciting, sparked in his mind. "What if I could help with that?"

She gave him a confused, watery look. "What? Are you gonna magically make me go through puberty? Look, I appreciate the concern, but honestly, I'm fine."

He lowered his voice, leaning in a little closer. "What if I could do that?"

Her brow furrowed. She clearly thought he was either crazy or hitting on her in the weirdest way imaginable. "Look, man..."

"Indulge me," he said, his voice steady and confident in a way it had never been before. "If you could change one thing about your body, right now, what would it be?"

She raised an eyebrow, but something in his gaze held her. "You're serious?" He just nodded. A slow, speculative smile touched her lips, the tears forgotten. "Okay, fine. I'll play your weird game. My tits. Definitely my tits. I've always wanted big tits."

"How big?" he asked, his heart starting to beat a little faster. This was real. This was happening.

"Uhhh... C cup," she said, then reconsidered. "No, wait. D. Actually, you know what? E cup. Big, obnoxious, cleavage-baring bags. My flat chest is so depressing. I want to feel like a woman."

A grin spread across Jack's face. He was starting to feel that intoxicating hum of power again. "A pair of big breasts, coming right up."

He focused on her chest, on the flat plane of her athletic top. He pictured what E-cups would look like on her small frame. He flexed that strange muscle in his mind, and pushed.

Chloe's eyes went wide. She looked down. "Oh my god," she whispered.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, the fabric of her top began to rise. It was a gentle swell, a subtle rounding where there had been nothing before. She let out a soft gasp, a sound that was equal parts shock and pleasure. She tentatively reached up and cupped her chest.

"No way," she breathed.

The growth accelerated. Her chest pushed forward, filling out her top, stretching the fabric. They were already a full A-cup, then a B, the swell becoming prominent and undeniably female. She looked up at him, her eyes shining with a wild, ecstatic light. Instead of fear, there was only pure, unadulterated joy on her face.

"Oh my god, this is fucking awesome!" she squealed. She stood up straight, and her new breasts, probably pushing a B-cup by now, sloshed with a delightful weight beneath her shirt. "Come on!"

She grabbed his hand, her grip surprisingly strong, and dragged him away from the main climbing area towards the changing rooms at the back of the gym. "Come on!" she urged, her voice a breathless whisper thick with excitement. She pulled him into the small, private family changing room and slammed the lock on the door, the click echoing in the sudden, charged silence.

Without a word, she turned to the large mirror on the wall. Her chest was already fuller, the athletic top stretched over what looked like a pair of firm, perky B-cups. She looked at her own reflection with wide, disbelieving eyes, then at Jack. "I need to see," she panted.

With trembling hands, she hooked her thumbs under the hem of her top and ripped it over her head in one fluid motion, tossing it onto the floor.

She was wearing nothing underneath.

Her bare breasts were on full display. They were already perfectly shaped, round and high on her chest, the skin glowing with a faint, pinkish blush as it stretched to accommodate the new mass. Her nipples were tight, dark-rose pebbles, exquisitely sensitive and pointing directly at her own reflection. They watched, mesmerized, as a subtle, visible pulse seemed to emanate from her sternum, each wave of energy adding a fraction of an inch to their size. The skin was impossibly smooth, stretched taut and gleaming under the fluorescent light.

"Oh my god," she breathed, her voice filled with a lustful reverence. She reached up with both hands, not to cover herself, but to explore. Her fingertips ghosted over the swelling curves, tracing the undersides where they were beginning to grow heavy. "They're so... full." A soft moan escaped her lips as another pulse of growth washed over her, pushing her from a B-cup into the territory of a solid C. She could feel the density of them, the pleasant, aching weight that was starting to build. "It feels so... tight. So good."

The sight of it, the raw, erotic power of his will made manifest in her flesh, was intoxicating. The growth accelerated. He watched as her areolas expanded, the pigmented skin stretching from the size of a dime to a quarter, then a half-dollar, their color deepening to a dusky pink. The tops of her breasts began to swell over, creating a deep, shadowy valley of cleavage between them.

"It's turning me on so much," she whispered, her voice husky. Her eyes were glazed over,

fixed on the impossible, wonderful sight in the mirror. She turned away from her reflection, her pupils blown wide with desire. She grabbed the front of his shirt, pulling him towards her until their bodies were pressed together. "Come here."

She crashed her lips against his. It was a hungry, desperate kiss, fueled by the impossible thing that was happening to her body. His own hands, moving on instinct, found their way to her chest. He gasped into her mouth as he felt them. They were hot to the touch, alive with a vibrant, magical energy. He could feel the flesh plumping and swelling even now, expanding against his palms. He spread his fingers, trying to encompass their sheer size as they pushed larger than a C-cup and continued their relentless journey.

She broke the kiss, breathing heavily, and started fumbling with the drawstring on her climbing pants. "I want you," she panted, her eyes glazed with lust. "Now."

He didn't need any more encouragement. They tore at each other's clothes in a frenzy. As she pulled down her pants, his eyes were drawn back to her chest.

He pushed her back against the cool wall of the changing room, and she wrapped her legs around his waist. He entered her with a single, smooth thrust, and she cried out, a raw sound of pure pleasure. They moved together in a frantic rhythm, their bodies slick with sweat. Jack couldn't take his eyes off her chest. He cupped her breasts as he thrust, marveling at their size and weight. He could feel them swelling more, the magic putting the finishing touches on his work as she pushed past a D-cup and the flesh starting spilling out of his palms.

The feeling of her body, the sight of his creation, the raw, intoxicating power of it all, was too much. The growth stopped, her breasts settling into their final, magnificent size. The cessation of the magic seemed to trigger something in her. Her eyes rolled back, she arched her back and screamed his name, her orgasm crashing over her in violent waves.

Her climax triggered his. He pulled out just in time, bracing a hand against the wall and blasting his load all over her new, enhanced chest, coating her perfect, E-cup breasts in a thick layer of white.

They stood there for a long moment, panting, their bodies trembling. Chloe looked down at herself, at his cum dripping down her cleavage, and she started to laugh. A wild, joyful, liberated sound.

They cleaned up with paper towels, their movements giddy and surreal. She tried to squeeze back into her top. The thin cotton did little to hide her new assets. Her breasts moved with a heavy, hypnotic sway, her nipples poking cheekily against the fabric.

She grabbed them through the shirt, giving them a squeeze. "Oh my god, thank you, Jack!" she said, beaming at him. "You've made my day! This is... this is incredible!"

She gave him another quick, hard kiss, then unlocked the door and practically skipped back out into the gym. Jack followed a moment later, his legs shaky. He watched as she marched right up to the trio of athletic women who had been teasing her.

"Check me out now, girls," Chloe said, her voice ringing with newfound confidence. She puffed out her chest, and her huge breasts jutted forward.

The three women stared. Jack braced himself for screams, for confusion. But the magic held. Their jaws dropped, but not with disbelief. With envy. The magic was making them accept it.

"Awww, lucky!" one of them whined. "Where did you get those? I wish that would happen to me."

Chloe just grinned, turned, and walked away, her new breasts bouncing with every step. Jack watched her go, a profound sense of satisfaction washing over him. This power... it was more than just changing bodies. It was changing lives. And seeing her breasts grow like that, feeling them in his hands... it had turned him on more than anything in his entire life.

He saw her attempt to get back on the bouldering wall a few minutes later. She reached for a hold, and her new chest bumped against the wall, throwing off her balance. She tried again, but her center of gravity was completely different. Her breasts were a magnificent, but cumbersome, new variable.

He chuckled to himself as he gathered his things to leave. "Careful what you wish for," he muttered, a wide, god-like smirk on his face.

He walked through the front door of his apartment, the thrill of the gym still buzzing under his skin. He found Shawn and Mandy sitting on the sofa, looking at him with wide, expectant

eyes. Mandy jumped to her feet the second she saw him.

"There he is!" Shawn announced. "Told you he'd be back soon."

"Jack! Oh my god!" Mandy rushed over and threw her arms around him in a tight hug. When she stepped back, she was looking at him with something akin to worship. "What you did to my boyfriend... Shawn... thank you, thank you, thank you!" She gestured to Shawn, who was pointedly flexing a bicep.

"Uh... yeah, of course," Jack said, feeling a flush of pride.

"He looks like a Greek god," Mandy gushed. "I didn't even freak out when I saw him. It was just like... of course he looks like this now. It's better! He told me how it happened.

Jack grinned. "You think that's something? You should have seen what I did at the gym." He proceeded to tell them the story of Chloe and her miraculous breast expansion. Mandy's jaw dropped further with every detail.

"No way!" she said, giving him a playful punch on the arm. "You just... gave a random girl E-cups? And she just... loved it? That's insane!"

Her expression shifted then, from awe to pleading. "Jack," she said, her voice dropping. "You have to alter me. Please? There's so much I'd want to change."

Jack looked from her earnest face to Shawn's hopeful one. "I only have one trial use left," he reminded them.

"Please, please, please!" Mandy begged, clasping her hands together. "You can't use it on yourself anyway, so you might as well use it on me! I want a change! Please?"

Jack looked at her. She was a good person, and she was Shawn's girlfriend. And he couldn't deny the selfish, thrilling part of him that wanted to use the power just one more time. The feeling was addictive.

"Ah, what the hell," he said, collapsing into an armchair. "Fine. Last one's for you."

Mandy squealed with delight and sat on the floor in front of him, practically vibrating with excitement. "Okay, Mandy," Jack said, leaning forward. "What do you want to change?"

"Big tits like that girl at the gym!" Shawn cut in immediately from the sofa.

Mandy shot him a withering glare. "Shut up, Shawn. I want more of an hourglass figure. I'm too... square. Too boxy. I want curves."

"Come on, Mands, imagine the cleavage!" Shawn argued.

"Yeah, and imagine trying to do pilates or go for a run with huge knockers getting in the way, you idiot!" she retorted. "I want to be toned, but shapely."

They continued to bicker, their voices fading into a background buzz for Jack. He looked at Mandy, really looked at her. He saw her boxy frame. He heard her desire for an athletic, hourglass shape. He heard Shawn's desire for a busty, thick woman. His god complex, which had been quietly budding all day, bloomed into full flower. He knew better than both of them. He knew what they really wanted. He knew the perfect compromise.

While they were still arguing about the practicality of D-cups, Jack focused. He pictured Mandy's lower body. He imagined her hips flaring out. He pictured her flat backside swelling, rounding out into a perfect, heavy bubble butt, supported by thick, powerful thighs.

He flexed the muscle in his mind. Push.

The bickering stopped abruptly. Mandy gasped, her hands flying to her hips. "Whoa... what's happening?"

They all watched, transfixed. Her waist seemed to pull inwards, creating a dramatic, feminine curve. At the same time, her hips widened, the denim of her jeans groaning under the strain. The fabric pulled tight across her rear as it began to swell outwards, growing bigger, rounder, and fuller with every passing second. It was a dramatic, profound shift in her entire silhouette.

When it was over, she possessed an ass that could only be described as magnificent. A huge, juicy, shelf-like booty that stretched her jeans to their absolute limit, paired with thick, shapely thighs and a newly tiny waist.

Shawn's jaw was on the floor. He was speechless, his desire for big breasts completely forgotten in the face of this new, spectacular reality.

Jack felt a pang of worry. Maybe he'd gone overboard. This would almost certainly make her running more difficult. He'd completely ignored her request. He braced himself for her to be angry.

Mandy slowly stood up, wobbling for a moment as she adjusted to her new center of gravity. She twisted, trying to look at her own backside. She reached back and cupped one of her new, heavy cheeks. And her face broke into a massive, disbelieving grin.

"This is fucking awesome!" she shouted to Jack's surprise, turning to the TV to get a look in the reflection. "Check me out!" She started posing, turning this way and that, watching her new booty jiggle. Shawn, finally breaking out of his trance, scrambled off the sofa and grabbed her ass with both hands, his expression one of pure ecstasy.

"Won't this make running hard?" Jack asked, testing his theory.

Mandy laughed, not even looking at him. "Fuck running! Look at my booty!"

Jack leaned back in his chair, a slow, satisfied smile spreading across his face. It was true. The magic didn't just make them not freak out. It made them accept whatever change he bestowed upon them. It overwrote their own desires with a deep, profound acceptance of his vision. This power wasn't just about changing bodies. It was about changing minds. He was a god, bending mortals to his will, and they thanked him for it.

Shawn and Mandy, hands all over each other, stumbled towards their bedroom, Mandy's new ass jiggling hypnotically with every step. The door clicked shut, followed by the sound of muffled giggles and tearing fabric.

Jack sat alone in the silence, the implications of what he'd just learned crashing down on him. He could make anyone into anything he wanted, and they would be happy about it. The power was absolute.

He'd used up his three trial runs. But it didn't matter. He was addicted. The feeling of that power flowing through him, the sight of flesh reshaping itself to his design, the erotic thrill of it... he needed more. God, the sex he could have. The women he could create. It had been so long since he'd felt anything other than boredom and disappointment. He needed this. He wanted this.

He went to bed that night, but he didn't sleep. He lay there in the dark, his mind racing, dreaming up all the things he would do, all the people he would change. He was a sculptor, and the entire human race was his clay.

Midnight couldn't come soon enough.

He watched the red numbers on his alarm clock tick over. 11:58. 11:59. As the clock struck 12:00, he held his breath. And then he saw it. A shimmer in the air by his window, like heat rising off asphalt. The shimmer solidified, and the goddess May floated through the glass, as serene and impossibly beautiful as he remembered.

She smiled at him. "How was your day, Jack?"

"It was incredible!" he burst out, sitting up in bed, his voice brimming with excitement. "I gave my roommate muscles, and this girl at the gym these huge tits, and then Mandy..."

She held up a hand, her smile widening. "I know, I know. I was watching. You did a kind thing for that young woman, though perhaps a bit excessive." She winked. "And what you did for Shawn and Mandy... let's just say their sex life will thank you for years to come. I must say, I am impressed. And thoroughly entertained."

Jack felt a surge of pride, like a student who had earned praise from a master.

"So," she said, her voice dropping to a soft, serious tone as she floated closer. "The trial is over. The choice is yours. Will you accept this gift? Will you become my agent of beauty in this world? Will you be my goddess?"

"YES!" Jack shouted, the word exploding out of him before his brain could even process the sentence. "Yes, yes, I want the power!"

A slow, triumphant smile spread across her perfect face. "So be it."

She backed away, floating up towards the ceiling until she was hovering above him. She steadied herself, then started to descend, her form glowing brighter and brighter. It was only then, as this radiant, divine being drifted down towards him, that her last word finally registered in his frantic mind.

Goddess?

"Wait, what?" he said, his eyes widening in confusion.

But it was too late. She entered his body.

It wasn't a gentle merging. It was a collision. A lightning strike of pure energy slammed into his soul. He arched his back, a scream tearing from his throat as he felt his very essence being rewritten. His body seized, and he felt a profound, horrifying shifting.

He lay there, paralyzed, as his body began to morph. What's happening? he thought, his panic absolute.

The power, a voice echoed in his mind. It was her voice, but it was inside his own head.

I'm giving you the power, along with enhancements I mentioned.

Enhancements. He'd expected his muscles to swell like Shawn's. Instead, he watched in horror as the muscles in his arms seemed to dissolve, his arms slimming down, becoming slender and toned. What? He looked down his body. His legs were doing the opposite. His thighs were thickening, the muscles of his quads and hamstrings swelling. Are my quads getting jacked while my arms get weaker? What is going on?

Then, his view of his legs was suddenly obstructed. His oversized t-shirt was rising up, tenting outwards from his chest as if something was pulling it up. He reached up a trembling hand, his mind refusing to accept what his senses were telling him. His fingers brushed against his chest.

And he almost fainted. It wasn't pulling it shirt up, something was pushing it out from his chest.

Breasts.

There were fucking breasts growing on his chest.

A raw, guttural scream ripped from his lungs. "What's going on?!"

He heard the goddess's voice in his head again.

To wield my power, your form must be fit to wield it. You are becoming my mortal goddess. Oh, and this particular transformation does not come with the calming, accepting effect. I'm sorry. The transfer of power is always rather intense, I know.

"Intense?!" he shrieked, and was horrified to hear his own voice cracking, rising several octaves. "You're turning me into a chick!"

He scrambled out of bed, his new, wider hips making his movements clumsy and unfamiliar. He stumbled into his attached bathroom and flicked on the light, his heart hammering against his ribs. He stared into the mirror, and watched the final, horrifying moments of his transformation.

His jawline softened, his shoulders narrowed, his waist cinched in. His hair lengthened, cascading down his back in shimmering silver waves. His eyes, once a plain brown, now swirled with cosmic light. When the shifting finally stopped, the man in the mirror was gone. Jack wasn't there.

Staring back at him was a perfect, physical, mortal replica of the goddess May.

As he stared, her spiritual form detached from his new body, coalescing in the air beside him. The sudden departure left him feeling hollowed out and shockingly cold. She floated there, looking his new form up and down with an appraising, satisfied expression.

"God, I do love doing that," she sighed contentedly.

He spun around, his new voice a furious, feminine shriek. "What the fuck?! You made me into you!"

May laughed, the sound no longer comforting but mocking. "This was the deal, darling. You accepted it. I told you the power came with an enhancement."

"Yeah, but I didn't expect this!" his new voice cried out. "How do I change back?! I change my mind!"

But May was already beginning to fade, drifting back towards the bedroom. "Sorry," her voice echoed, distant and final. "There is no going back. The power is yours now. Use it as you see fit... my goddess."

And then she was gone.

Leaving Jack, or whatever he was now, utterly and completely alone.

The silence in the small bathroom was absolute. He stared at his reflection, and as he did, he realized something... his internal monologue had also shifted, from him to her. She tried to think of herself as a he, but it just felt... like he couldn't? She figured this was probably to aid with the transformation, but it did little to ease her panic about the transformation with everything else still feeling alien.

She raised a hand, and the reflection did the same. The hand was slender, with long, elegant fingers and perfectly manicured nails. It was not her hand. She touched her face. The skin was impossibly soft, the cheekbones high and delicate. Not her face. Her gaze dropped to her chest. Her large, perfect breasts, identical to the ones she'd seen on the goddess, rose and fall with her panicked breaths. She reached out and cupped one. It was heavy, real, and exquisitely sensitive. A jolt, half-horror and half-something else, shot through her.

She was trapped. This was her body now. A sob escaped her lips, the sound foreign and musical. She stumbled back and slid down the wall to the cool tile floor, pulling her knees up to her chest. But even that felt wrong. Her new, wide hips and thick thighs made the position awkward. She was a stranger in her own skin. She wrapped her arms around herself and cried, the tears tracking clean paths through the thin layer of chalk dust still on her cheeks.

After what felt like an eternity, the tears subsided, replaced by a numb, hollow exhaustion. She pushed herself to her feet, her new body feeling graceful and powerful despite her emotional turmoil. She looked in the mirror again, this time with a grim, scientific curiosity. She pulled the t-shirt over her head.

The body staring back at her was a masterpiece. A tiny waist, flaring hips, long, toned legs, and those spectacular, gravity-defying breasts. It was the body men dreamed of, the body women envied. It was the body of a goddess. And it was hers.

Hesitantly, she began to explore. Her fingers traced the lines of her new form, mapping the foreign territory. The softness of her belly, the curve of her ass, the impossibly smooth skin. She ran her hands through her long, silver hair. When she touched herself between her legs, the last, desperate vestige of hope died. Everything was... different. She was fully, completely,

and irrevocably female.

A wave of dizziness washed over her. She stumbled back to her bedroom and collapsed onto the bed. The weight of her new breasts on her chest was a constant, heavy reminder of what had happened. She lay there, staring at the ceiling, her mind a whirlwind of rage, despair, and a tiny, terrifying flicker of something else. A flicker of curiosity. A flicker of... power.

Eventually, mercifully, exhaustion claimed her, and she fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

The next morning, Jack woke up to an entirely new set of problems. The first was the weight on her chest. The second was the long, silver hair tangled around her face. For a blissful second, her mind was blank, and she just thought a woman was in her bed. Then the memories of the night before came crashing back, and a groan of despair escaped her new lips.

She sat up, and the world felt... different. She felt taller, but also more delicate. When she stood, her balance was off, her center of gravity shifted downwards to her hips and ass. She looked down. Her old, baggy boxer shorts were gone. In their place, she was wearing a delicate pair of silk panties that fit her new form perfectly. Her worn-out band t-shirt had also transformed. It was now a form-fitting, low-cut women's version of the same shirt, the faded logo stretching tightly across her ample bust. All her clothes had morphed, a parting gift from the goddess, she assumed.

She wanted to scream, to punch a wall, but she just felt... tired. Defeated. She walked into the living room, steeling herself for the inevitable confrontation with Shawn and Mandy.

They were at the kitchen island, just like yesterday. Shawn was making a protein shake, his new muscles flexing with the motion. Mandy was scrolling on her phone, her incredible new ass perched on a stool.

"Morning," Shawn said cheerfully, not looking up. "Dude, love the new look. Very ethereal."

Mandy glanced over. "Oh, wow, Jack! You look... amazing! When did this happen?"

Jack just stared at them. They weren't shocked. They weren't even surprised. The goddess's magic, that "reality-easing" energy, was clearly still at work, smoothing over the seams of their perception. To them, this was just another change, as normal and acceptable as Shawn's

muscles or Mandy's butt.

"Last night," Jack mumbled, her voice still feeling alien in her throat.

"Well, it totally works for you," Mandy said, before turning back to her phone.

Jack felt a surge of frustrated rage. She was trapped in this female body, and her best friends reacted like she'd just gotten a new haircut. She needed to escape. She needed to do something normal, something that belonged to the old Jack.

"I'm going to the gym," she announced, and stalked back to her room before they could reply. Her old climbing clothes were gone, replaced by women's athletic wear. She pulled on a pair of tight leggings that clung to every new curve and a sports bra that offered a surprising amount of support. Looking at herself in the mirror was a fresh wave of dysphoria. This wasn't her.

At The Crux, things were even worse. She tried to climb, but everything was wrong. Her powerful new legs were an asset, but her arms felt weak. Her wide hips bumped against the wall, and her breasts were a constant, cumbersome presence, getting in the way, blocking her view of the holds below. Her whole climbing style, built on years of muscle memory in a male body, was useless. She fell off a V3, a route she could have done in her sleep a day ago. She slumped onto the mats in frustration, tears welling in her eyes.

She looked up, her gaze scanning the gym, and saw him. A guy, about her old height and build, climbing with an easy, familiar grace. He moved effortlessly up the same V5 she had conquered yesterday, his body flowing with a power and efficiency that she now lacked. A bitter, ugly jealousy twisted in her gut. He had what she had lost.

And then, a thought slithered into her mind. A dark, tempting thought. The power is yours now.

She looked at the man, hanging from the wall near the top of the route. She focused on his chest. She pictured Chloe's transformation. She thought about how good it had felt, how powerful she had been in that moment.

Without even consciously deciding to, she flexed that muscle in her mind.

The man on the wall grunted, his grip suddenly faltering. "Whoa, what the...?"

His chest began to swell. Beneath his loose tank top, two distinct mounds started to form, pushing the fabric outwards. He looked down, his eyes wide with confusion, but not panic. The climbers below stopped to watch, their faces curious.

The man's pecs continued to expand, softening, rounding, becoming unmistakably breasts. C-cup. D-cup. They grew with astonishing speed, becoming heavy, pendulous orbs of flesh that pulled at the fabric of his shirt. The sudden new weight and shift in his center of gravity was too much. His fingers slipped from the hold, and he dropped to the mats below with a surprised yelp.

He landed on his feet, stumbling a bit, his new breasts jiggling wildly from the impact. He looked down at his own chest in stunned silence. A crowd started to gather, not with alarm, but with murmuring fascination.

The man reached up and tentatively cupped one of his new, heavy tits. He gave it a squeeze. A slow, goofy grin spread across his face.

"Whoa!" he shouted to his friends. "Guys, check this out! I grew tits!"

His friends rushed over, laughing and poking at his new additions. There was no fear, only a bizarre, festive atmosphere.

And Jack, sitting on the mats across the gym in her new goddess-like body, watched the scene unfold. The initial bitterness and jealousy had evaporated, replaced by something else. A dark, thrilling sense of amusement. A feeling of absolute control.

A slow, dangerous smirk spread across her perfect, feminine lips.

Maybe, just maybe, this wasn't so bad after all.