

Disclaimer:

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Time to reflect

By JEP

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock. Slowly but steadily the clock on the living room wall marched out its persistent beat. Staring at the clock wasn't making it progress any faster. Brook, mostly immobile on the floor, took a moment to reflect her current situation. Her eyes returned down from the wall and to take another look at herself. The transformation was different this time, definitely a first. She had been expecting some type of smooth, latex skin catsuit, or solid gold coating on her skin, but instead transformation made her into some kind of oversized, stuffed toy. Just like Tigger, Orange and black with a white tummy. The fur had already grown up to her neck, but strangely it stopped there and proceeded no further. Come to think of it, no changes of any kind had happened above her neck, yet. She was still a tall, blonde twenty something for the time being.

Brook tried to roll off of her back towards her roommate. The lack of knees or elbows and her over sized tummy made moving all but impossible.

"See, I told you, you're not going anywhere." Said Kelly with an evil grin. "Yeah, well you know I really wasn't expecting this kind of a change. When Rob said fetish I had kinda pictured a black, French maid costume or a catwoman or something." Replied Brooks with a slight scowl.

Kelly walked over to the kitchen table where two bottles awaited. Brooks had already drunk her potion. Kelley now feeling a little more secure opened the second and quaffed it down. "Bottoms up."

Kelly resurrected her evil grin again. Brooks wasn't sure if her expression was from her comment or maybe Kelly was just enjoying watching her squirm on the floor. If squiring and struggling was turning her on, she wasn't saying anything.

Kelly stepped over and grabbed Brooks by both shoulders, sat her upright and leaned her against the base of the sofa. "Here let me help you with that."

Brooks managed a smile "Thanks" she said with a slight pant. "Not that this isn't fun and all, but I was really expecting a little more stimulation"

"Remember Rob said this transformation was timed. Maybe it just hasn't gotten there yet... Let's see, is this any different?"

Kelley reached her hand down to Brooks' sex, only to find that there was nothing there except a another scowl from Brooks. "Hmmm.. That's strange" Thought Kelly.

"See."

Brooks was actually taken back. In the course of events she hadn't realized or noticed the loss of her Femininity. Nothing was there. Nothing to arouse her, stimulate her. She couldn't even go to the bathroom! A small pit of fear

developed in the bottom of her stomach. What had Rob done to her? What was next?

"See what you have to look forward too." Stated Brooks. The remark was almost vindictive.

Kelly withdrew her hands, regained her posture and crossed her arms about her chest as if to protect her self from the impending condition. It was only a matter of minutes new. Kelly had taken her portion of the potion about 20 minutes after her roommate due to a phone call. Come to think of it, wasn't it Rob she was talking too? Well, at least someone knew where they were and what they were up to. Then again, maybe that wasn't such a good thing.

Kelly smiled in an effort to cover up slight fear she was feeling. She had played some of Rob's games before and was used to encasement, but the loss of well,.. herself was a first even for her.
"I'm not so sure this was actually the intended result, perhaps I should call."

"What? Of course it is. You know what Robs is like." Truth was Brooks was unsure at the moment. He was always fun and games but this was new territory.

Kelly was clearly getting nervous, and for no good reason. The process would run its course and eventually end and return her to normal; no worse for the wear. Kelly knew this. Perhaps it was from the unknown of where she was about to go. Again she was slightly, shaken.

Kelly started again "Yeah, I think I am going to call him, this isn't..."

Kelly stopped mid sentence. She raised a hand to her right breast carefully examining herself. A frown grew across here face. She lifted here hand and reached down her shirt and under her bra.

Completely smooth, her nipple was completely gone. Nothing remained except the smooth curve of her breast.

With equal speed and precision, Kelly placed her hand in her jeans. Much the same was found or wasn't found there. Nothing but slick skins and smooth surfaces. This couldn't be right. What was Rob doing?

"Brooks, why didn't you tell me this was going to happen?" Demanded Kelly.

"I didn't notice."

"DIDN'T NOTICE?!!!"

Brooks was grinning from ear to ear.

"Honestly, I found the growing size of my stomach and the loss some of my joints to be more distracting. Incidentally, you probably need to get out of those blue jeans..."

Kelly's arms, now crossed again like a battlefield rampart, flew into action. Quickly she unbuttoned and unzipped and relieved herself from her denim. No way she was going to let one of her best fitting pairs of Levis be reduced to torn fabric. No sooner had she stepped out of her legs and started heading for her panties did she really start to feel the effects.

Kelly could feel her legs giving way, getting weak. She slumped to the couch to find her arms were limp as well. Her equilibrium was going and the room was starting to spin.

"Oh well, at least the landing was soft..." She mused. "So much for my undergarments." Not wholly able to move, Kelly's lead filled arms and legs began to show the first signs of change. She could feel her arms and legs straightening out. It was like being a mannequin she thought, her smooth arms and legs seemed to be getting fuller and stockier. She could still bend her limbs ever so slightly, but that freedom was quickly being taken away.

Kelly looked down at her towards where her sex once was and noticed a growing patch of fur. Black at first and then white slowly creeping up her stomach. She wasn't sure if her belly button was down there somewhere; but the thickening white fur had definitely covered it. Instinctively, she tried to lift an arm to feel herself and verify its existence but lifting her arm, let alone bending it around to her stomach was no longer an option. She grunted and threw her head back in defiance of her body being under a control that was not her own.

Fur was starting to come up every where. Orange and Black was about half way down her legs and arms. It was unstoppable. Like a frontline of soldiers on a European offensive, its edges continued to meet and overcome what was once her smooth skin and claim it for their own territory; permanently, sentenced to color and texture that was not her own, or at minimum, not her choosing. Kelly could feel the two fronts coming together at the small of her back, working its way up her spine and to the base of the neck. It felt warm, inviting, and comfortable. It seemed that the process had stopped for the moment. Kelly sighed deeply. "Well that wasn't so bad." She thought to herself.

Kelly took another long look at herself. She was actually looked rather sexy for the moment. For the most part her torso and core mostly had retained her feminine shape. Her stomach was still flat and her bosoms were still appropriately located and sized. Although it did appear as though she was wearing a sports bra or similar one piece top under her still existent clothing. From the neck up she was still all Kelly, thin face, brunette hair and all. There were no visible signs of her nipples or her belly button, no doubt still smooth under all of the fur.

Strangely, Kelly could feel her sex, but that couldn't be right. Her previous exploring had indicated it to receive the same fate as the rest of her feminine form, smooth and devoid of function. But still, she felt something. Kelly tried to move her arms again. Much to her surprise she had regained some control of her body again. A slight smile crept across her lips, as if to honor minor control of the situation. Yes, it was a small victory.

Surely something was down there, if she could just reach down to her... About that time she realized that her hands and feet were more stuffed toy than human. Nothing more than mere blunt ends were at her wrists and ankles.

"Well..." Kelly sighed.

Undeterred by her obvious limitations, she managed to twist her torso and reached her unbent arm to her sex. Touching and rubbing her appendage across she could only slightly feel herself. It was like she was wearing a stiff pair of jeans or something.

"ZZzzipp" Kelly paused for a moment and then returned to her probing.

"ZZzzzzzzipp" It was a zipper, of some kind, running vertical for some length of her sex. "Were is this going?" she thought. Actually she had a pretty good

idea but in her current state that wasn't a whole lot she could see or do with it.

Turning her attention back to her roommate Brooks, Kelly inquired "Well what is this..." Kelly jumped slightly. Apparently Brooks had undergone some other transformations of her own. Her once blond haired roommate no longer bore and resemblance to being a flesh and blood person. Everything from the neck up had changed. Brooks was now a complete stuffed toy. Tiger ears, wide eyes, orange fur. A smile almost appeared to be creeping out from Brooks' feline mouth; Nah, couldn't be, that was just the way the toy looked thought Kelly.

"Are you still in there?" Asked Kelly Brooks remained largely immobile. Held down by the size of her overstuffed body, her head turned ever so slightly towards Kelly and then slowly back to its original position. For a moment she thought she heard a scream. Or maybe a gasp.

A surge of adrenaline suddenly hit Kelly's stomach. She WAS next, her fate lied before her and there was nothing she could do about it.

Was this it? Kelly fumed. All this trouble simply to be an idle, oversized, stuffed toy for who knew how long? "Damn him." Kelly thought.

Kelly could feel her breathing change slightly. With each steady breath, her torso was starting to expand and rise slightly higher than with the breath before. She could feel her bra tightening, her arms and legs completely straightening out. Her belly was beginning to rise.

The changes were coming fast now. The width of her stomach and breasts were wider than her hips. Her increased size was forcing her to arch her back slightly, which wasn't working so well with the couch. In fact, her increasing volume and more linear structure was interacting with gravity in a downward way. Kelly could feel the traction give way as she slowly slid to the hardwood floor. With a soft thump her shoulders hit the floor.

Kelley looked down to see her belly rising like sun of a new day. Large, rising and on it's unstoppable approach to the heavens. Her size was now somewhere between a very large duffel bag and small bean bag.

It was too much too fast. Kelly was gasping for air. Not out of need but out of sheer panic. Bigger, straighter, furrer? She was well on her way with no signs of stopping. Grunting in defiance she tried to arch her back again as if to defy the changes. Panic was starting to set in. Kelly looked to her roommate.

Perhaps she could help her.

Right.

Kelly only fueled her own fear. She wasn't as big as Brooks, she was bigger. What was happening, why wasn't she stopping?

"Ugh," she groaned. The sports bra could take no more and with a rip it was gone. Was she next? Was she going to start tearing next? She couldn't stop it. Someone had to help her.

"Brooks! I can't..." She gasped.

Clenching her eyes "Oh God, some body..."

"Just breathe Kelly, you're almost there, just a little more." A reassuring hand placed itself on Kelly's forehead. Kelly slowed her breathing.

"You started to panic right at the end. You've been done since I walked in."
"You know, you girls really should remember to lock the door when you do this sorta stuff. No telling who might walk in."

Kelly eased her eyes open to see Rob standing over her.
"I was afraid it wasn't going to stop." She said.

"You're taller, so the potion makes you a little bigger." Rob looked over to Brooks. She was just sitting idle. A slight twist visible every so often.

"Well, I have got a little more to go. We've been here since this morning, how long is this gonna last anyways?"

A silent yet mischievous expression started to spread across Rob's face. "Well where would the fun in that be if I told you?"

"I really don't appreciate being setup like this." Stammered Kelly.

"Looks like your in too deep to argue. Tell, you what I'll help you out a little." Rob said trying to cover another mischievous grin.

Rob walked over to Kelly and grabbed her by the shoulders. Sliding her on the floor he laid her on her back with her head next to Brooks and a common pillow between.

"There, that's better. Comfy?" He inquired.

"Better than before. Tell me, is there more to it than this; Brooks has been hanging out over there for a while."

"Nah, you just think that because she started before you did. Truth is the transformation only takes about 30 minutes. It's the intermediate time that is, well, more than you expected." Rob scratched his forehead perhaps because it itched, or maybe because it made him feel more intellectual since he had the upper hand.

"This isn't funny Rob, I know its Saturday, but E ont ant ho spen..." Kelly stopped not fully understanding what was happening.

"Yep, time for the next part." He mused.

Kelly attempted to mouth a few words but nothing came out other than a few non-distinct sounds.

"Well, I want you girls to have a good time."

Rob reached into his satchel and produced a pair of eggs, almost as big as ostrich eggs.

"This was actually a request of Brooks"

He walked over to Brooks and unzipped her sex to reveal a small inner liner of pink satin. Rob twisted the egg with both hands and gently pushed it into the pocket. It didn't quite fit. He withdrew his hand.

"Hmm... Oh, duh. That's the wrong direction," He mumbled.

Again, Rob delicately reached into Brook's open self and rotated the egg in the pocket. This time his hand penetrated almost to his wrist. Giving it a little harder push, and pulling the zipper down. A slight squeal could be heard from Brooks as he sealed her fate. Whether it was from the force of the egg being fitted into her form, fear of the impending to come, Rob had no idea. The fact remained that Brooks could only acquiesce to her fate.

It was a little too late to whimper for mercy. After all, she had request it. The egg fit tight and snug like a glove, but it did fit.

Rob walked over to Kelly. He picked up her torn bra and panties and threw them towards the trashcan in the kitchen. Rob looked down at Kelly and smiled. She returned his smile for a moment but it quickly faded to an uneasiness that could be read a mile away. Kelly opened her mouth to say something but nothing came out. Rob could read the down right fear in her eyes. He reached down and unzipped her sex.

Kelly had surrendered her fate and was accepting of this path she had chosen for the afternoon. Some where in the back of her mind, she knew she wanted all of this. Maybe the fear was the stimulation. Or maybe it was the near helplessness or the situation.

Kelly was snapped back from her reflection as Rob began inserting the egg. It was a tight fit, and required some pushing, but its course was true and quickly reached its nest.

"Point of no return girl." With his hand still in her about the egg, he gave the egg a slow but firm push. Kelly gasped and moaned in response, throwing her head back. Rob withdrew his hand and zipped her up.

Rob took a step back to admire both of the girls. Brooks had completely transformed and Kelly was almost there. Kelly looked at him with a hard stare. "What now?" She thought.

"Like you don't know what's coming." Said Rob with another evil grin. Clearly he was taking a sadistic pleasure in Kelly's predicament. "Just a special simulator. Guaranteed to vibrate, expand, wobble, rotate in every possible way." Obviously satisfied with his well-rehearsed description Rob took a step towards Kelly and rested his hand on Kelly's abdomen.

"The real trick however isn't the random stimulation sequences, it's the random stimulation after your transformation spell has worn off. That's a pretty big and special egg and it'll do some real magic when you have sized back down to your normal self. It should be one hell of a ride. You'll get to carry it for a little while until I figure out how we're gonna get it back out. I haven't quite decided how we are going to do that yet. Best case scenario, nature will run its course and you'll just deliver it, but that won't happen until it grows to be larger and that part of the spell will take the better part of a week. I am guessing we'll do some other transformation before then. Brooks really didn't specify this part of what she wanted."

Kelley clenched her eyes for a moment. "What the hell, was this Brook's idea of fun?" She looked over to see her roommate starting to endure the effects of her egg. Not that she knew if the egg was doing anything or not, but the obvious squirming and squeaking of the adjacent, oversize, stuffed kitty was a pretty

good indicator that something significant was happening inside of her. Kelly's knitted brow told the tale. Her eyebrows were indicative of a mixture of excitement, expectation, helplessness and fear.

Rob picked up his backpack and started heading for the door. Kelly protested the obvious abandonment by a combination of squirming and vocal admonitions. She was trying to say something but all Rob got was a bunch of incoherent mouthing and a few odd vocal projections. Rob stopped and turned back to Kelly.

Kelly's egg was kicking into high gear. Inside it was starting to vibrate, expand and contract. She could swear it was changing in shape from an egg to a sphere or maybe a football? What ever it was doing it was doing it well. The stimulation stuck a nerve from her sex straight to her brain. Kelly arched her back and threw head back to writhe in pleasure. She could feel the waves of euphoria passing over her. She wiggled her position as if to accommodate for a better position. It was unstoppable, relentless and merciless. It was fantastic.

Rob sat down in one of the living room chairs and looked up at the clock. Kelly's final changes were starting, here eyes were glazing and the fur was coming up around her head.

"At least your timing is good, is 11:30 now. This transformation should be done some time late tonight. You'll probably be ready for something to eat by then; if you're not to exhausted to eat."

Kelly didn't comprehend a word he was saying. By now she was getting lost in ecstasy. Wiggling, arching, squirming, swaying, she took any contortion that relieved but accentuated the delicate balance between pleasure and pain as if to defy what she really wanted. It was sensory overload. The egg was unbelievable. It was serving her only carnal need at the moment. Thrashing her head back, she could feel herself losing some more of her mobility. It was like the earlier changes, unrelenting and unstoppable. Vibration, expansion and adjustment of form. The egg, or what ever shape it had become, was perfect match to her inner self. Or maybe it wasn't, in the end its dissimilarity to what she was internally and what it was trying to be was the catalyst for the emotion she felt deep in her loins. A different shape was forming. Flushed in euphoria Kelly tried to roll her head to one side and open her mouth to scream. Her actions were accompanied only with the silence of a small irk. The pressure was building and she needed release. Limited by her changing form, all the external visible signs of movement and stimulation were slowing; Her insides, though, told a different story. All of her internal components were on full alert. It was becoming quite a ride.

Rob paused for a moment. Clearly he was enjoying the show. He surveyed his girls again.

"You girls look like your having a good time. I'll stop by tomorrow and see how your doing with you new passengers. You SHOULD be back to normal by then." Clearly, Brooks was already in her happy place and Kelly was close behind. "On second thought, I'll tell you what. I'll hang around for a few minutes and keep you both company."